

EDITORIAL

IN MY EDITORIAL FOR THE Fall 2008 issue I mentioned that our first editor, Herbert Leslie Stewart, used the editorial space for “Topics of the Day,” and that I have tried to return to that use of the editorial. Stewart’s editorials now have the effect of serving as snapshots of the historical record at their times of writing, and it seems to me that there is a lot to be said for that effect. Looking back over the history of a publication is a lot like looking back over a life, and such a survey cannot help but bring bittersweet memories to mind.

At some point, we all must turn our minds to death. This reality was recently brought home to me with the death of one of the members of the *Dalhousie Review’s* Editorial Advisory Board. Sue Campbell, a member of the Philosophy Department at Dalhousie University since 1992, and a member of our Editorial Advisory Board since 2005, died on February 12, 2011.

With the possible exception of love, no human subject attracts more of our attention than does death. And yet, even as we turn our minds to death, we also—if we’re lucky—get the opportunity to reflect upon love. Jan Sutherland, Sue’s partner of many years, organized a memorial for Sue at their favourite local pub. The memorial, as opposed to being a somber affair, was the sort of occasion that anyone would want upon their own passing. Friends, family, casual acquaintances, and colleagues crowded into a very small space in order to say how important Sue had been to them. Occasions like this mark an opportunity to thank someone who has meant a lot to us, to remember that person in the presence of others who knew and loved her, and to enable us to be mindful of our love for those who remain with us. These occasions, while emotionally draining, to be sure, can also have the effect of revitalizing our engagement with the world around us. There is no doubt that Sue would have enjoyed seeing so many of her friends and admirers (of which I am one) gathered together in an otherwise unprepossessing bar in what is conventionally characterized as an unfashionable neighbourhood in Halifax. But the complete lack of pretense in the setting captured one of Sue’s many great personal gifts, her ability to make you

feel important, irrespective of who you happen to be. There may be few gifts more admirable than this, especially when conveyed by one so accomplished as Sue. Her personal warmth and ingenuous charm made her a delight to be around, and her incisive intellect meant that you would always learn something important when you were in her presence. It was my great pleasure to know Sue and to be counted among her friends.

I will miss her, and would like to celebrate her many strengths and virtues by dedicating this issue to her.

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