

EDITORIAL

THE DALHOUSIE REVIEW has been in continuous operation for 95 years. During the first few decades its contributors included notable political thinkers, historians, literary scholars, poets and novelists: for example, Archibald MacMechan, Sir Robert Borden, Eliza Ritchie, Owen Barfield, and Charles G.D. Roberts were published here. Over time, the journal has undergone a variety of transformations, including the practice of printing works of short fiction and poetry alongside discursive articles: in the second half of the twentieth century, Margaret Atwood, Chinua Achebe, Earle Birney, Nadine Gordimer, Frederick Philip Grove, Thomas Raddall, George Woodcock, Miriam Waddington, Alden Nowlan, Malcolm Lowry, and Guy Vanderhaeghe were all published in the pages of *The Dalhousie Review*.

In recent years, the journal has renewed its focus on what it has historically done best—providing a forum for the fiction and poetry of new and established writers. And it's working: stories first published in *The Dalhousie Review* have appeared regularly in McClelland & Stewart's *Journey Prize Anthology*; in the last five years, two of our authors have won the coveted \$10,000 Writers' Trust Prize, the most significant monetary award given in Canada to a developing writer for short fiction; last year one of our Associate Editors, Sue Goyette, received the Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia Masterworks Arts Award for her fourth poetry collection, *Ocean*; and just last month, David Huebert, whose "A-Word" won our 2015 short story contest, received the 2016 CBC Short Story Prize.

While preparing this issue for print, I was reminded of a line from Huebert's "A-Word": with reference to his twenty-something lover, the narrator of that story remembers, "You wooed her with your Wookie call after noticing her Yoda t-shirt." It is a line that my colleague Jerry White will appreciate: with altogether admirable dexterity and trademark gusto, White begins the film review essay published in this issue with a paean to the Wookie call and to all things *Star Wars*, before moving on to celebrate the altogether different films of Chantal Akerman. "When I was six, *Star*

Wars was my *Star Wars*; when I was 19, [Ackerman's] *Jeanne Dielmann* was my *Star Wars*," writes White.

Sean Howard's laugh-out-loud poem "Child's Play" also remembers the images and art forms that shaped many a twentieth-century North American childhood, but whereas White recalls how Han and Luke marched through the rebel throngs to get their medals from Princess Leia, Howard remembers how all of us were marched at the end of every August through the aisles of department stores laden with school supplies. With wonderful wit, Howard reassembles texts from a STAPLES "back to school" flyer so as to evoke both the heady promise of September and the advertiser's pledge of "(Giving / great HD)."

Plus ça change: The Dalhousie Review began and remains a Canadian journal dedicated to publishing consistently high-quality work by emerging and established writers. In my four years as Editor I have been very proud to be associated with the journal, and I have learned a great deal from the very thoughtful and knowledgeable members of the editorial advisory board, and from Jennifer Lambert, our Production Manager, without whose shrewd eye and expert advice I would have been lost.

This issue of *TDR* marks my last as Editor. I am grateful to have had the opportunity to serve the journal, and am very lucky to be leaving it in the capable hands of my colleague, Anthony Enns, who takes over in July, but who has already shown great initiative by securing Marina Endicott as the judge for the upcoming short story contest. (A coup!)

Finally, I'd like to say a heartfelt thank you to the journal's contributors: reading your submissions and working with you to edit them has been an education and a delight.

Carrie Dawson
Editor