

## Editorial

SHAKESPEARE'S RICHARD III, before he becomes king and just after he makes a public display of offering friendship to a tidy list of his political enemies, finishes a long speech with the laconic line, "I thank my God for my humility" (2.1.73). This is funny because it's paradoxical: you can't be genuinely humble if you assert your claim to humility in such an ostentatious way. The virtue of modesty has some of the same features, and perhaps that's why it's not often celebrated in a skeptical age like ours. Anthony Cunningham, in the first article printed here, sets out to remedy this deficiency. He offers a cogent philosophical account of the sense in which modesty is indeed a virtue, and in doing so he argues, persuasively I think, that modest people can take legitimate pride in their accomplishments without losing their modesty.

The other essays in this issue deal with Shakespeare's *Othello*, Freud's uncanny presence in today's culture, and Derek Walcott's autobiographical poem, *Another Life*. There's a generous helping of creative writing too. Cameron Tully's short story, "Vitacare," plays deftly with the ironies implicit in a teenage boy's discovery that his father is vulnerable after all. Craig Russell's "Crab" offers a window from which to observe a particular kind of maladjustment. Harold Skulsky's "Postcard" asks us to look again at a familiar image, Picasso's *Girl Before a Mirror* in the Museum of Modern Art, New York. Karen McElrea's "Wishes in the Almost True" invents a speaker who can't make us believe (precisely because she works so hard at it) that she's content with her new-found celibacy. And there's more to explore, as always.

Our next issue, devoted entirely to medieval culture and scheduled for publication four months from now, will include articles by Melissa Furrow (on the Tristram and Isolde story), Richard E. Zeikowitz (on Chaucer's Pardoner), Jenny Rebecca Rytting (on Gower's *Confessio Amantis*), and Sharon Kaye (on William of

Ockham); reviews by Elizabeth Archibald, Tom Shippey, Cynthia Neville, and A.S.G. Edwards; and a poem by John Nixon, Jr. about King Louis IX of France. Readers who want to purchase copies of this issue as a separate item may do so by sending \$10 (\$15 for orders outside Canada) to our mailing address.

Now a brief word about recent personnel changes at *The Dalhousie Review*. It is with pleasure that I welcome Samuel E. Scully to the Editorial Advisory Board. Sam is at present the Vice-President Academic and Provost of Dalhousie University. He is also a scholar of classical literature and culture, and he knows from experience what it's like to be the Editor of a journal. His advice will be valuable in many ways. It is with gratitude and admiration for a job well done that I say farewell to Kathryn Harvey, whose work as Production Manager kept us moving forward for a period of twelve months. Jennifer Lambert has resumed the Production Manager's role, after a very successful maternity leave, and I am delighted to welcome her back.

R.H.