

Editorial

ALMOST EVERY ISSUE of *The Dalhousie Review* includes work by American authors, either in prose or verse, and reviews of books by American writers. This is both inevitable and desirable; no Canadian enterprise, cultural enterprises included, can afford to ignore what happens south of the border. Our current issue takes particular notice of American writing, thinking, and myth-making. Yet I think it does so in ways that most readers will find surprising or at least unusual. Henry McDonald's discussion of *The Wings of the Dove* approaches Henry James by means of a set of categories derived from the philosophy of Nietzsche. John Baxter's rethinking of Yvor Winters' poetry invokes the example of Ben Jonson. And Anne Lancashire's treatment of *Attack of the Clones* opens the way to thinking about *Star Wars* not merely as entertainment but as ideological critique.

A number of the creative works in this issue are by American authors: Kim Bridgford's eloquent story about the pathos of aloneness, for example, or Oscar Mandel's poems about the imbrication of animals and human beings. Other works, like Drew Milne's "Go Figure," comment on the semiology of American culture. But not everything in these pages has an American slant. If indeed the Canadian situation is like that of a mouse sleeping with an elephant, then the mouse has a point of view that's not just equivalent to the elephant's writ small. And so there's room here for thinking and writing that's not concerned with American issues or themes.

The next issue of *The Dalhousie Review*, edited by Trevor Ross, will draw together a number of essays under the heading, Eighteenth-Century Speculations. It will be followed by a number of regular issues, with the proportions of discursive and creative writing that our readers have come to expect. The next special issue, to be published in 2004, will take as its subject the question of pleasure. Rather than explaining this initiative, I ask you to con-

sult the Call for Papers on the last page of this issue; submissions connected in any way with this general theme will be most welcome.

The name printed within a black border at the bottom of this page identifies a long-time friend of and subscriber to *The Dalhousie Review*. Malcolm Ross is with us no more. Readers who wish an account of his life and a description of his many accomplishments should consult Mary McGillivray's tribute, "The Scholar Visionary: Malcolm Ross at Ninety," published in these pages not long ago (80.3: 337-49). I will add only one comment of my own, and it will require the context of a general observation. Among the characteristic vices of the academic profession is the competitive desire to make other people feel stupid. Malcolm Ross wasn't guilty of this. Either by nature or by habitual practice, he wanted to make others feel confident about the value of their work and about their ability to carry it out. Partly for this reason, his mentorship had a powerful and widespread influence among scholars and writers of a younger generation than his own. Like many others, I remain in his debt and feel the loss of his presence.

R.H.

Malcolm Ross

1911-2002