

Editorial Postlude

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In my youth I enjoyed the job of church organist in a small Anglican church in northern Ontario. At the time (when I started I was thirteen and an impetuous soul), I found it unjust that I was entrusted with the role of ending the Sunday service, since it was my sole decision when to start playing the postlude. Having, so-to-say, ended the service first, I was nonetheless always the very last person out the door. Mine was the job, many a Sunday, of locking the church, because the minister was away to the next obligation, the deacon had counted and double-checked the take, the Altar Guild had polished and replenished, and the choir (my sidekicks) had cleverly got out first. It was, however, understood that having a postlude, and a post-postlude, and a spot of extra practice since I was there, provided a pleasant backdrop to the rest of the ecclesiastical business. I played on.

Now, however, I can resolve the paradox. Here, with this issue of the journal, I can not only decide where the end to the issue and to my editorship will come and thereby get stuck into a good postlude, but I also “get out first,” as it were, since I will enjoy the *frisson* of uncertain delight and anguish with which I will tear the shrink-wrap; check the binding; mourn briefly over the error—as always, in the Table of Contents—that will be the first thing I see; page anxiously through looking for problems of layout, missing pages, lost headers; check the pagination and fonts and illustrations; worry over the things I put in and the things I left out: in short, I will be the first person to look at this volume. And so, a postlude seems much the most appropriate thing for a departing editor to write—still making decisions, still in control, still using experience and instinct to make judgments.

My editorial judgments are not very difficult to explain. Over the past six years *Florilegium* has slightly, though not greatly, increased its circulation; the percentage

of papers accepted has dropped somewhat, so that—I hope—the quality of the journal has marginally improved; the cover and layout have changed, at first radically and then more gradually as a developing sense of what to do with “white space” dictated further alteration—as did the need to balance price against quality in the difficult endgame of negotiating with a printer. The journal has slightly increased its disciplinary range, and has on occasion ventured into medievalism and into review essays of recent scholarship in particular fields. My copy-editing has gained steadily in ruthlessness, and also in consistency. I hope my successor will continue to change and to grow the journal. *Florilegium* has been a lovely bouquet of flowers of wisdom and knowledge, of learning and teaching, in my life. I hope it will continue to serve that purpose in the lives of others. *Floreat semper.*

