

SPINNING FORWARD AND EASTWARD

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As an example of typography, the earliest book printed with movable type, the Gutenberg, or "forty-two line Bible" of about 1455, has never been surpassed.

– William Morris, "Printing"

During this thirtieth anniversary of our *Journal*, the early issues from the 1970s remind me of the technological changes each generation has faced since the Victorians first felt their world spinning at an irreversible momentum, as expressed by Tennyson in "Locksley Hall" – "Forward, forward let us range, / Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change" – and by Hardy in *Far from the Madding Crowd*: "To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement." How easy it is for most of us to relate in our own small ways.

As an undergraduate in the 1970s at Acadia University amid the arcadian countryside of apple and pear orchards in the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia, I happily wrote an honours thesis on Swinburne's poetry. I was required to type my forty pages with two sheets of carbon paper because three copies were needed and there lingered a distrust of photocopy machines whose pages it was feared would fade. The tradition and formality of the honours thesis at a small school demanded the permanence of smudged-looking carbon copies, which had passed the test of time.

We are supposed to grow, develop, mature, and change with experience, but the older I grow the more I find I stay the same. With our laptop computers at our office desks, Kristine and I prepare camera-ready copy for the printing of the *Journal*, and yet I still feel excited by the arrival of each new shipment twice a year: the knock at the door, unloading the truck, and filling two rooms with boxes stacked like bales of hay. I open the first box, feel the cover, and smell the Spring or the Fall issue. It is not the scent of lilacs in spring or of wet