

ACUTE NEWS



Edmonton, May 27, 1975
(l.to r.) Paul Fleck, F.E.L. Priestley, Mrs. Priestley, Bruce Lundgren.

At a banquet in the Faculty Club at the University of Alberta, ACUTE paid tribute to F.E.L. Priestley and presented him with a silver cigarette box (the appropriateness of which was surely never more cogent) with the inscription:

...the best
Impart the gift of seeing to the rest

Browning

Below are the remarks of those who spoke

Paul Fleck:

A particularly stimulating paper this morning on the game and play of hero gave me occasion to refer to this evening's banquet as a game, and I am sure you will allow me to expand on this morning's occasion somewhat and refer to F.E.L. Priestley as something of a hero to our profession. Before I do, I should point out that our particular game involves a number of players and that its object is to reach the bulls-eye of F.E.L. Priestley. It will involve the elements of romance, in that very best sense in which FELP has so frequently elaborated on that term; and it will involve realism too. I should assure him at the outset, that just as we're not going to present him with any really interesting seductions, so too we don't propose to finish the evening with his beheading.

Our players are four and together they represent the views of friends, colleagues, students, chairmen, deans and vice-presidents. FELP has already been the target of three presidents on the occasions of receiving D.Litt degrees from Canadian universities, so he'll forgive us for not having a presidential player, and he'll understand that as an ex-administrator myself I now feel that there's a danger in having too many such personages in any form of academic play. My function, I suppose, is that of a coach, and as such I would like to describe the target in fairly broad and historical terms before the players begin.

There are perhaps three areas in which we want to recognize FELP's long, valuable, and splendid contribution to our profession. ACUTE as an organization, in my experience, has run hot and cold on the subject of professional concerns. Right now it is running hot, and it is my hope that it will continue to do so, for there is a great deal to be done. FELP has always been both deeply and widely concerned about so-called professional matters: one has only to consult his list of publications to see that it includes such subjects as "Creative Scholarship", "The Humanities Association and the University", "The Humanities: Specific Needs"; "The Future of the Humanities in Ontario Universities", The Humanities in Canada. His own presidency of the Humanities Association of Canada, his own involvement from the beginning in the affairs of ACUTE, his work over a long period of time as advisor and consultant to a number of Departments of English and teacher groups on curriculum, teaching and other important professional matters -- all of these activities bespeak a contribution to the discussion of professional concerns matched by a very very few.

Our profession is one of scholarship and teaching, and in the area of scholarship the most striking feature to me of FELP's work is that it demonstrates how interdisciplinary the discipline of English is and how in an age of specialism FELP is a specialist in just about everything. I think it was Ricardo Quintana who remarked in the 60's: time was when one was an 18th Century man, then one was a Swift man, now one's expected to be a Tale of the Tub man. The interdisciplinary is very much in fashion now, but FELP's work

demonstrates that the best work in our discipline has always been interdisciplinary. It also demonstrates that the fashion for specialism in the 60's was one he could wear with facility. Just when one thought he was an eighteenth-century specialist, there he was in among, indeed on top of, the nineteenth-century lot; and when that seemed settled, his image suddenly appeared elsewhere. Indeed, his position as a scholar always reminds me of the sharp students in the photograph taken annually at the highschool I attended. All of us were in the picture, each in his particular place, but since the photographer worked with one of those cameras which moved slowly over the many faces to be included, there were always those in the top row who once the camera had passed them could run fast enough and with enough skill to appear at least twice more in the picture. Still in the top row. Still clearly in view.

But I want to suggest that notwithstanding FELP's contribution as one who has worked for the profession and notwithstanding the superb scholarship with which he has revealed to us views of literature we might not otherwise have seen, it is as a teacher we should honour him most. We are, after all, the Association of Canadian University Teachers of English. FELP has been a teacher for more than fifty years. He has taught in places ranging from little red school houses to the largest universities in the country. He has taught freshman, engineers, pharmacists, graduate students, generalists, specialists, enthusiasts, iconoclasts, the young, the old, the allegedly intellectually infirm, the actually intellectually infirm. He has taught them all, and he has left them all with knowledge and with something just as precious, wisdom. His gift has been to lead into light that the student creates for himself. One has only to consider the work of FELP's students to see that they have learned from him and that they are their own men.

We want to join with Browning, FELP,

The best impart the gift of wisdom to the rest.

[In an unseemly fit of enthusiasm for his own rhetoric, Professor Fleck misquoted Browning. He could observe a slight twitch in FELP's left ear as it recorded the error].

Harvey Kerpneck:

I feel somewhat like W.H. Auden's Herod, in his poem For the Time Being: you will remember that at the end of his section of the poem, realizing that he has been put on the spot by history and forced to make a choice, Herod wails: "I am a liberal I wish I had never been born." I find myself for the first time really understanding how the poor sot felt; none of the other speakers tonight will find himself, after his return to civilization, seated in FELP's living room defending or interpreting what he said. I will. In the circumstances, I think I had better be very circumspect and very brief.

I am here, I think, not merely as a representative of the sizable body of Canadian academics who began as FELP's students and became, in some sense or other, his colleagues, but as a kind of surrogate for those who studied with him at Toronto, taught with him at Toronto and have become close friends. There are some others in that category here tonight. But I take great pride in the fact that there is no one who has moved through the cycle as completely as I have: from mere quailing freshman to imbiber of hugh quantities of Carman's tea.

I think I know what it feels like - and while I don't intend to tell you - I can tell you - without much fear of what will take place at 269 Woburn after these meetings and FELP's return home - how privileged those of us in my position have always felt. FELP hates sentimentality, so I won't go on about this: but the sense of being received into a peculiar and unique kind of relationship is strong on us. Each one of us. But those in my position, who have also known A.S.P. Woodhouse in a similar relationship, know that the kind of intimacy we enjoy with FELP would not have been possible with Professor Woodhouse. There was never, with Professor Woodhouse, anything about the relationship of what Emily Dickinson calls "the look of distance"; but you knew that at some point there was a kernel of private and personal existence one couldn't enter. One admired and praised whatever gods had made it possible for you to enjoy Professor Woodhouse's intelligence and sense of humour and benevolence - and attempted to go no further.

With FELP, there has never been any barrier. And this is perhaps the greatest thing one derives from a close relationship - or indeed any relationship - with FELP. One is always tempted to convert FELP's qualities, like his receptiveness and openness, into a lesson for oneself: and what these conveyed to me - finally - was how easily possible it was, or ought to be, as with FELP, to each one's students, never relaxing one's personal standards and yet how sympathetic and responsive one ought to be at the same time. It took me a while, even as a colleague, to realize that that was the secret of FELP's relationship with his students - and the reason the weaklings loathed him and the good ones revered him. His standards never relaxed, his warmth was never subdued. A student could respond - if he chose to - to both. If he failed to do so, he missed one of the rare treats of Canadian academic and intellectual life; if he responded reasonably, he might, or would, even as a student, wind up at 269 Woburn pushing away fifth cups of tea and trying to stay sober under inflictions - in the old days - of numerous very large double Scotches.

If one did stay sober, and responded without dogmatism and too much self esteem to FELP's sallies, his quips and baited hooks - I am referring, as many of you will know, to the poised cigarette and the quizzical, unfinished expression -, if one could do these things, one could enter not merely deeply into FELP's personal life, since he never reserved any part of it solely for himself, but into intellectual discussions as taxing and ultimately as useful as anyone could ever find anywhere. I think the word "useful" is the best word to describe the intellectual discussions we

have had with FELP: as another of his former students, who couldn't be here tonight, said to me the other day, "FELP penetrates any problem with a sentence and clarifies - or even reveals - dilemmas that you either didn't see or couldn't fathom just like that."

It would be hard, and I think foolish, to say that one could convert that aspect of a relationship with FELP to one's use very fully. But his former students here tonight will know what I mean when I say that you can always take away from a discussion with FELP a sense of discovery and a resolution not to depart too widely from the rigour of his examination of that particular - or any related - problem. Of course, unless one was endowed with an intelligence as keen and as razor-edged as FELP's - and since the death of A.S.P. Woodhouse, I know of no other - the resolution, at least, was bound to flag.

The sense of discovery, I think, those of us in my position have always managed to carry forward. Since, as I said, I'll have to face the music in FELP's living room sometime soon, I'll make only this final point. FELP has been for all of us, but especially for those who found themselves somehow, suddenly, in my position, a constant reminder of what we ought to be aiming towards. I've always been amused at the view current of FELP among the weakest of my contemporaries in E.L.&L., and later among some graduate students, that it wouldn't do to tangle with FELP because he never departed from a position he had once taken. In fact, the generosity of his critical response, his sympathy with earnest efforts at critical discovery or self-discovery, the range of his interests is known to all of us. FELP has always been the last person to suffer fools gladly; but he always suffered fools to seek to become less foolish. His tolerance, not his intolerance, is what those of us who have known him well, I hope, never stop marvelling at. Whether he is dealing with a student's imperfect attempts to formulate a concept or respond to a line of poetry or is interpreting an event in intellectual history, what one derives from FELP and tries to carry forward - most of us would claim, with some success - is his sense of something beyond the immediate problem or the limited awareness that has caught our attention. I wouldn't want to say that that has been the most valuable intellectual benefit from my intimacy with FELP: it would be very unFELPlike to attempt to resolve things into a kind of Morrison's Pill, to be taken twice daily, with thoughtful Felpian sips (preferably of single malt) and long pauses. But his insistence on the ramifications of any statement, his sense of the echoes given off by any intellectual or critical problem, his annoyance at dogmatism, narrowness and triviality in methodology - what we have learned to call "American" criticism - are what I mean by the "discovery" one makes with FELP. These things aren't really and adequately transportable - away from 269 Woburn or from FELP's aromatic, smoke-filled office. But one can make the effort; and anyone schooled by FELP does.

Thank you.

Murdo MacKinnon:

I could speak about FELP Priestley as the professor who always had time for graduate students. (Not like a certain professor in U.C. Toronto who had a sign on his door "office hours 11:00 - 12:00 every other Friday". It made no difference which Friday you went.)

Or as the stimulating teacher with a friendly twinkle.

Or as the friend who found us a flat in London.

Or as the tireless President of Humanities Association of Canada, 1962-1964.

One of the super stars of the Woodhouse galaxy. In 1945-48, graduate students included Bill Blissett, Chester Duncan, Walter Swayze, Milton Wilson, Ernest Sirluck, Henry Kreisel.

Professors included Clawson, Birnie, Knox, McGillivray, Endicott, Robbins, Pratt, Frye, Shook, Barker, Priestley, Woodhouse.

Woodhouse, the acknowledged great Panjandrum of English studies, placed his viceroys in outposts from Acadia to Vancouver. He controlled most senior appointments, fellowship committees, and research grants. He was very powerful but he used this power for unselfish ends.

He had the great ability to recognize special talents and he fostered these by giving a man the right courses to teach, sending graduate students to him, and helping him with a fellowship application.

Priestley was one of those younger scholars who found in Woodhouse the intellectual challenge that they wanted but at the same time Woodhouse candidly acknowledged Priestley's superior knowledge in such fields as phenomenology, or teleology or the history of science.

In argument they constantly clashed, not in personal ways, but on matters of scholarship and criticism. Intellectual debate with a worthy opponent brought a glow of excitement to Woodhouse's face. He took a fencer's stance, watching his man warily, choosing his words, planning the next riposte:

"Would you not say, Priestley, or rather would you say (I am not for a moment saying that you would) but.....Would you not say that to fully understand Pope's disagreement with the onto-logical philosophers we must first comprehend Milton?"

That is vintage Woodhouse, a man who made his mark. When I first got to know him, at one of those Saturday lunches at the faculty club which went on until 3:30 or so, long after everyone else had left the campus, I had the daring to ask him what his

special field was. Here was a man who gave courses in Spenser and Milton, in the Augustans, in the origins of Romanticism, in nineteenth-century thought, who knew a lot about the classics and philosophy and even Canadian literature. How naive I was to ask but how delighted he was to answer!

"My special field? Well, now, MacKinnon, you see, I have no special field.....BUT I have a METHOD."

FELP Priestley not only had a method but also a special field and his writings like those of his friend A.S.P. Woodhouse are always saturated with thought.

Millar MacLure:

In 1947 I was in Professor Priestley's graduate class in Victorian Poetry. We met in his room (they were called rooms then, not offices --, a significant difference) in the west wing of University College, and every week, after two hours of hard thinking, one of us getting up would bang his head on that steep slope of ceiling. We were, if I may say so, a pretty high-powered lot, but we had sense knocked into us in better ways. Most of us had had our studies interrupted, one way or another, by the war, and many of us, for example, had the Tennyson of "The Lotos-Eaters" and "The Lady of Shalott" in our minds as the Tennyson. But he got those lovely chants put in their proper place, and announced, and proved, in a phrase that has become like the secret grip of a private society among us: "Old Alf was a bit of a thinker."

I can recall other remarks, not always exactly academic: including, when there was some mention of Pacific salmon -- "Of course, they're not really salmon" -- a sentiment that I share, for FELP and I are Atlantic men, though he is very much at home in Alberta.

At home wherever the humanities and the sciences go hand in hand, and there is music and debate.

On this excellent occasion, I recall a long and happy association, as teacher, colleague and friend. Like many others, and by no means only in our discipline, I think of him as a conscience. I have never ventured on a bright idea, an easy generalization, without the sense both of an admonitory presence and an understanding grace. I am happy to add my voice to this tribute of affection and high esteem.

Henry Kreisel:

I'm the fifth wheel here, and thus perhaps redundant. At best useful as a spare. But I am delighted to have been asked

to pay a tribute to FELP, since my admiration for him has remained undimmed since I first knew him as one of his students in 1944. In 1946 I took the famous course on the origins of Romanticism that FELP gave jointly with A.S.P. Woodhouse. FELP assigned me an essay on the English garden, and I've now managed to forgive him for it, even though I have to admit in retrospect that it was a useful exercise, though I didn't think so at the time.

At that time, he was of course Dr. Priestley for me, a somewhat austere, though admired and revered teacher.

When I came to Alberta in 1947, a different image of him emerged for me, since here he was remembered, not simply as a brilliant student, but also as the banjo-playing member of the Varsity Five. For a long time I remained unconvinced that he really had played in a jazz band, until the legend came to life in 1973. The University of Alberta had just awarded him an honorary doctorate, and an old friend of his, Ted Manning, now a Justice of the Supreme Court of Alberta, had a party for him. Suddenly Ted Manning brought out a banjo, and two of the guests, who had been members of the Varsity Five, Walter Sprague, who had played the piano, and Dr. Butch Glasgow, who had played saxophone with the Varsity Five, took their places, and the Varsity Five, now a trio, began to play, and transformed the atmosphere of the party. People began to dance, and I finally believed that Priestley's Ragtime Band was real. Here were three dignified gentlemen, recapturing the mood of a time long gone, and being themselves transformed in the process. They played for an hour or more and never seemed to tire.

A few days ago, I met Ted Manning at a dinner and we recalled that occasion when I told him that FELP was coming to town. He then told me another story about FELP. They had been classmates, and FELP was always the despair of his friends because things came so easily to him, and he could do things without apparent effort. In their third year at the University, Manning was President of the Students' Union, and at the beginning of term was trying desperately to write a speech welcoming the new crop of freshmen. He'd got up at five in the morning, and was labouring away, since writing was never easy for him. Nothing seemed to work. He could produce only cliches. About ten in the morning FELP walked into his room, asked for a cigarette (in those days he never bought any cigarettes) and inquired what Manning was writing. Manning confessed that he couldn't say anything that was at all interesting. "Well," said Priestley, puffing on his cigarette, "why don't you say..." and by the time he had finished the cigarette, Manning's speech was written.

It was duly published in the Gateway. On the day it appeared, Manning met Dr. Alexander, the distinguished classicist, who congratulated him on a most original welcoming message. Manning started to say that it wasn't really his, when Alexander hurried on. At that moment Hugh Beach, a friend of Priestley's sauntered by. "I read your welcome to freshmen," he said. "I see you got

Priestley to do some work. Congratulations. I didn't think anyone could get the bugger to work so early in the season."

Well, early or late, FELP managed to get quite a lot of work done, and his work has enriched us all. We are not drinking toasts Russian-fashion, but if we were, I would propose a simple toast: "To FELP! Long may his Priestly presence shine among us!"

Three telegrams were read:

GREATLY REGRET INABILITY TO BE PRESENT TO HEAP FURTHER PRAISE ON PROFESSOR F E L PRIESTLEY SO RICHLY MERITING GRATITUDE FROM US WHO HAVE PROSPERED AS STUDENTS COLLEAGUES FRIENDS. WARMEST REGARDS TO CARMAN.

JOHN AND ANN ROBSON.

FOR MAY 27TH. THE DAY OF THE VENERABLE BEDE. ALL GOOD WISHES AND AFFECTIONATE REGARDS TO FELP.

ELEANOR COOK
JAY MACPHERSON

DEEPLY REGRET INABILITY TO BE PRESENT AT THE HONOURING OF ONE OF CANADA'S GREATEST HUMANISTS BUT SEND MY MOST AFFECTIONATE GREETINGS AND CONGRATULATIONS WHEN A SCHOLAR AND TEACHER WHO HAS DONE SO MUCH FOR SO MANY PEOPLE REACHES A POINT DESCRIBED IN MUSIC AS AN INTERRUPTED CADENCE HE IS IN DANGER OF BECOMING A LEGEND STOP BUT THE ORIGINAL MEANING OF LEGENDARY IS READABLE AND A CAREER SO VERSATILE AND INFLUENTIAL IS A CONTINUING PART OF OUR HISTORY.

NORRIE FRYE

F. E. L. PRIESTLEY:

I am genuinely delighted, moved, and surprised by the honour done me tonight. When Paul Fleck wrote to me as President to announce the Association's intention and their choice of me as the first to be so honoured, I wrote back that I was not only flabbergasted, but that never in my whole life had my flabber been so completely gasted.

It is of course immensely gratifying to be selected for honour by one's professional colleagues, since it is their judgment that means the most. It is possible to be well thought of by non-professionals or by an audience at large for all sorts of reasons, not necessarily discreditable ones, but having perhaps little real relevance to actual skill and artistry in performance. I never had any wish to be the Eddie Peabody of English studies: for the benefit of you young people I supply a footnote: the late Mr. Peabody was a very popular banjoist on the vaudeville circuits in my youth, highly esteemed by the general public, but viewed with disdain by other banjoists as a showy but rather slipshop scrubber. His arm action was reminiscent of a very energetic old woman scrubbing socks on a washboard. His banjo is now being played, very much better than he

played it, with the same showy tricks more cleanly performed, by Liberace's fourteen-year-old protégé. --End of learned and informative footnote.

When I accepted this banquet offered in my honour by my colleagues and peers, I had no difficulty in imagining its physical splendours. Paul Fleck is trained as a cordon bleu, and once prepared a banquet with his own hands which will never fade from my memory's tastebuds. I was once trained as a third chef on a CNR dining car; you may sense a slight logical conflict in the title, but our kitchen formed a little tribe embattled against the waiters, so we were all chiefs--the waiters were the Indians. My training was not, I fear, to the standard of the cordon bleu, nor the blanc nor rouge--I feel entitled to claim the cordon sanitaire. At any rate, your president and I, with our professional qualifications, had no doubts about the physical aspects of this banquet, and I am happy, as a fellow-professional, to send my compliments to the cooks. I feel very well looked after.

What I had not been able to imagine was the spiritual and intellectual side of the proceedings. I gathered that this might become an annual affair, with someone chosen each year for this very great honour. My rather flighty imagination began to picture, for this academic occasion, the possible presentation of a trophy, something like an Oscar, but not so commonplace and vulgar--a short column, perhaps, representing a pile of essays and theses, surmounted by two stalks, each carrying a blood-shot glass eye; or a large open mouth, from which hangs a pair of leather lungs; or perhaps something more personal: a figure with a cigarette in one hand and a hatchet in the other.

I soon realized that these were impractical designs, and physical trophies gather dust. What you have done is to follow the physical banquet with a four-course spiritual one, each course concocted and served by a different chef. I have found this banquet most palatable, most digestible, and I have swallowed it whole. I shall not mind if it repeats a little. I was relieved to find that the chefs had not made it too spicy, and had been sparing of the vinegar. Given the materials they had to work with, their decoctions turned out remarkably tasty.

I am deeply grateful for this testimonial of your professional esteem, and at least equally grateful for the evidence of personal affection. I have led a most happy life, concerned with two very rewarding aims, the pursuit and promotion of English studies, and the encouragement and aiding of students in those studies. Tonight, with its assurances of my success, is my finest triumph. I must, finally, add very special thanks on Carman's behalf. I have to remember to do this, because we tend to think of ourselves as a single entity, so that one always speaks for both--at least on important matters. We have shared most of our lives together, and it is a very great joy to me, as to her, that you invited her to share this evening.

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Response to the Warhaft Report

At a special meeting held in Edmonton on May 28, ACUTE resoundingly approved the Warhaft Report. In a panel discussion (chaired by Paul Fleck) Alan Bevan, Robert Jordan, Alvin Lee, and Hugh MacCallum began the general examination of the report by giving their reactions to it. Professor Bevan praised the report, but pointed out that it shouldn't be seen as in any way prescriptive: Departments of English will continue to compete for good students and will continue to give individual graduate programmes their own individuality. Recommendations 7.7 (exchange arrangements for students), 7.15 (seminar arrangements), and 7.16 (exchange program, both external and internal) should be implemented, and perhaps ACUTE should play a role in the implementation.

Professor Jordan spoke of the appropriately conservative and reassuring nature of the report and singled out for particular attention the excellence and the timeliness of the report's defence of the integrity of literary studies. He went on to suggest, however, that there was a major issue which the report failed squarely to confront: since registrations in honours and majors programmes are declining, the kinds of jobs our graduate students are likely to get will thrust them more and more into the teaching of the general student and, even more particularly, into the teaching of basic literacy. Professor Jordan cited the staggering failure rate in a test of competence in language written by freshman students at UBC this year (40% failure on the first round; 22% on the second) and suggested that future teachers need to be given more training in the teaching of language than most graduate programmes currently allow.

Remarking on the report's splendid review of the nature of a Ph.D. in English, Professor Lee urged that its recommendations be pressed with the Canada Council. Given the preoccupation of some provincial governments to improve university "productivity" by "improving" (i.e. increasing) the faculty-student ratio and given the likely effects of that preoccupation upon all humanist studies in the university, provisions for outside funding of research, including release from teaching time, become all the more crucial.

In Professor MacCallum's view, the two most important recommendations ACUTE should make to the Canada Council are increased support for M.A. students and increased support for libraries. He wondered whether the suggestion that more time should be available for teaching assistants to teach was a wise one: the present average of three hours a week may well be more than enough. He also warned that the awarding of post-doctoral fellowships needs to be solidly based on the academic excellence of the applicants: it would be unfortunate if they came to be viewed or used as no more than a response to the conditions of the job market.

On the question of the job market, Professor David Jeffrey (in the discussion which followed the panelists' remarks) argued that the report was insufficiently sensitive to the major issue of the present job market: it was irresponsible, he said, to have so many graduate programmes when there were so few jobs. Most of

the ensuing discussion centred, in one way or another, on the extent to which the nature of Ph.D. studies should be shaped by the current demand for university teachers or the demand for a particular kind of university teacher. Some speakers suggested that the unemployment rate for graduate students was being exaggerated; others suggested that there were jobs other than university teaching open to graduate students in English; and still others, that many were pursuing graduate studies in English for reasons which were not primarily "job-oriented". The consensus from the discussion and from the vote supporting the report as a whole was clearly that the nature of Ph.D. programmes in English should derive primarily and centrally from the nature and integrity of English studies as outlined in the report.

Other observations included reference to the need for governments to establish programmes similar to LIP grants for interdisciplinary studies with particular relevance to the media and to the need for a study of the role of the Teaching Assistant in university teaching.

Professor Halpenny impressed upon the association the urgent need to give thought to ways and means of informing the public of our educational objectives. She then moved and Professor Lee seconded: THAT ACUTE support the Warhaft Report. Before the vote was taken, several speakers spoke again of the cogency and elegance with which Professor Warhaft had put our case. The vote was carried.

New Journal: The University of Waterloo is starting a new journal called Canadian Drama/L'Art Dramatique Canadien, which will be published twice a year, in March and September, the first issue to appear in March 1975. It will feature articles about Canadian plays and playwrights. The subscription price is \$2.00 per year. Contact: The Editor, Canadian Drama/L'Art Dramatique Canadien, c/o Dept. of English, University of Waterloo, Waterloo, Ontario, N2L 3G1.

Laval Meetings 1976: Members who have suggestions about the general format of the programme in Quebec City next year should write to the President or the Secretary-Treasurer as soon as possible. Completed papers must be submitted by October 31, 1975.

Conference on Editorial Problems: The editing of renaissance dramatic texts (English, Spanish, and Italian). 31 October to 1 November, 1975. The speakers will be: Beatrice Corrigan, University of Toronto; G. Blakemore Evans, Harvard University; Arthur Freeman, Boston University; G.R. Proudfoot, King's College, University of London; Arnold G. Reichenberger, University of Pennsylvania (Emeritus Professor). For information write to: Dean F.G. Halpenny, Faculty of Library Science, 140 St. George St., Toronto, Canada, M5S 1A1.

1976 Directory: We would be grateful for members' comments on the 1975 Directory before making plans for next year's. Was the format satisfactory? Are there more categories we should be using?