

Passages

IT IS WITH REGRET that we inform *ARIEL*'s readers of the death of George Wing, who, some of you will recall, was the editor of *ARIEL* from 1973-77. These were important years for the journal (which had begun publication in 1970, with Norman Jeffares at the helm); and, as James Black said in his Editorial Note when he took over as editor in 1977, George Wing brought a "Dickensian energy" to his task and saw to it that *ARIEL* adhered to its founding policy of publishing essays of high quality "on literature in English, whatever the country, whatever the period," setting the foundation for *ARIEL*'s emergence today as a journal of International English Literature in its various forms. John Yardley, in his obituary (on the next page), mentions many of George Wing's accomplishments, which include his editorship of *ARIEL*. I would like to inscribe here our appreciation for George Wing's contribution to *ARIEL* and our sadness at the loss of a friend, whom Ezekiel Mphahlele, in his novel *The Wanderers* (1971) fictionalizes as George Wingdon, Head of the Department of English at an African university. Wingdon's colleagues describe him as "a wonderful fellow. . . . Just so deeply charitable. . . . Forward-looking, ready to experiment. How many universities in Africa would be ready to introduce a whole paper on African literature into the honours syllabuses?" This is an accurate portrait of George Wing. We miss this warm, forward-thinking colleague.

I would like also to advise readers that after more than two decades of assessing the large number of poems *ARIEL* receives, Chris Wiseman is giving up the heavy responsibility of Poetry Editor and member of the Editorial Board, now that he has retired as Professor of English at the University of Calgary. We express our sincere gratitude to him for his devoted service to the journal and wish him a productive and satisfying retirement. One of Chris Wiseman's poems is published in this issue; it is a pleasure to have his work appear for the first time in the journal for which he worked so unstintingly.

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