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Number 35, Fall/Winter 1997

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From the director

Seeking alternatives

Commercial publishers of research information have created a "black hole" of price increases at taxpayers' expense, and the UW-Madison is taking a national lead in saying enough is enough. The cost of journals has risen 140 percent on average in the last decade for research libraries. Yet University of Wisconsin libraries have not seen a state-funded increase in the acquisitions budget for eight years. In addition, a UW System request for an additional \$5.2 million for collections was stripped from the governor's budget for 1997-98.

Commercial publishers are increasing their prices and will continue to do so as long as libraries pay whatever price is demanded for their journals. Because of these aggressive pricing policies, I believe that it is essential that we develop a strategy for reducing subscriptions that includes the objective of capping total library expenditures for costly commercial publications at their 1997 levels. As a result, UW students and faculty will witness significant cuts in core research collections in all subject areas.

There are already indications that new models for print and electronic publishing are beginning to emerge. Stanford, Johns Hopkins, and several other research universities are directly sponsoring new publishing ventures. At the American Library Association meeting in San Francisco I was fortunate to be part of a group of forty research library directors discussing ideas for encouraging and, if necessary, creating new systems of research communication that can offer alternatives to commercial publication.

Of course, none of these initiatives offers a short-term solution to student and faculty needs for access to research information. During the coming biennium, we have no choice but to allocate substantial library budget resources for increased reliance on interlibrary loan and document delivery services.

We will not passively allow library services to become second-rate. Judged by any standard, the UW-Madison still has a great academic library system and there are plenty of us determined to find ways to sustain the quality of library services to this institution.

The past support of the Friends has been essential in maintaining the libraries' margin of excellence. I ask for your continued support as we meet the difficult challenges ahead.

Kenneth L. Frazier
Director
General Library System



About the cover

This image is taken from the title page of *Dante's Inferno* (Talfourd Press, 1883) by Tom Phillips. The book was a gift to the Kohler Art Library from Teddy and Beth Kubly in memory of the late Harold Kubly, a business professor on campus for thirty-seven years (see page 2). The Phillips illustration is based on the portrait of Dante Alighieri by Italian Renaissance artist Luca Signorelli (1445-1523).

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Teddy Kubly and her daughter, Beth, have given the Kohler Art Library a fine arts press book, *Dante's Inferno* by Tom Phillips. The Kubly family has also established a \$100,000 endowment for the library.



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In the *Messenger's* second Writer's Page, nationally-recognized author Lorrie Moore describes why being "deeper and sicker" may be better for writing.



Standing the tests of time 11

Stanley and Rita Kaplan have given the UW-Madison libraries one of the most comprehensive collections of Judaica in the world. The gift includes 11,000 texts reproduced on microfiche.



Reading rights: Reflections on censorship, freedom 14

Paul Boyer, the Merle Curti Professor of History and director of the Institute for Research in the Humanities at the UW-Madison, addresses censorship in the '90s.



Reading rights: Being there 16

This year, Librarian Ginny Moore Kruse and the Cooperative Children's Book Center on campus were named winners of the 1997 Intellectual Freedom Award.



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John Toussaint, a volunteer in the campus libraries has created one of the largest single used book sale events in Southern Wisconsin, raising more than \$34,000 for the Friends in only eighteen months.



Quit kickin' my dawg aroun' 20

More than five thousand long playing records have been donated to the Mills Music Library, including folk, work, and spiritual songs, blues, bluegrass, mountain, popular, international, hootenanny, and jazz.



New in the libraries 22

A growing online archive of full-text journals offers faculty and students easier access to research material. The libraries have also acquired the Peace Collection, which includes *Pax Mundi* by statesmen from sixty countries. Only 300 copies were printed in 1932.

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Egg shapes and possibilities

When asked what her favorite art form is, Theodora “Teddy” Kubly replies drolly, “Anything egg shaped.”

It is a metaphor for something self-contained, well-made, yet full of possibilities. Not much different from the design for living she espouses.

Teddy (as she prefers to be called) insists on living totally in the present without yesterday’s regrets or tomorrow’s fears.

“Life isn’t just years or decades. It’s a continuum,” she says. “I hate regimenting time by minutes and hours.” She has great respect for Native Americans and their natural measure of time, using dawn, midday, and dusk.

“I can look out at the sky and guess that it is about 9 a.m. Usually, I am right.” But she adds



Beth and Teddy Kubly

A gift to the libraries: *Dante's Inferno*

Few media, electronic or otherwise, can match the breadth and intensity of *Dante's Inferno*, a fine arts press book by Tom Phillips. Its rich imagery matches Dante's breadth—encompassing everything from Greek mythology to the Berlin Wall. Its graphic techniques include silkscreen, etching, letterpress, mezzotint, stone lithography, four-color offset, blind intaglio, plus various combinations of these with hand additions. Modes of expression range across calligraphy, maps, and collage to altered photographs, quotations, and doctored computer graphics.

After reviewing the book upon its arrival, one artist was heard commenting, “These are some of the most wonderful images I have ever seen. I think I am now blind. I am going home to take a nap.”

The book, recently purchased for the Kohler Art Library on campus by mother and daughter Theodora and Beth Kubly, is a gift in memory of the late Harold Kubly (see story on page 5).

This verse translation of *The Inferno* was published in London by Talfourd Press in 1983. It presents a visual commentary on Dante's text through 139 images that often present a parallel text. The edition consists of 432 pages in two buckram case boxes.

William Bunce, director of the Art Library, says the work by this internationally-known artist was something “we coveted, but knew we could never afford. The gift money targeted for this purchase was a surprise.”

Although revered, such art books are not locked away from library users. Bunce points out, “This is a collection in front of which we do not genuflect. It is a teaching collection first—to be used by students studying graphic techniques and the structure of books. They must be able to handle them.”

Opposite page:
Canto IX, First illustration
in *Dante's Inferno* by
Tom Phillips (1983).

"It's the craftsmanship that I love, seeing and being a participant in things being made . . ."

(Center of page): *Fire* by Daniel E. Kelm and Timothy C. Ely (1989).

dryly, "Thank goodness there's an electric clock in the kitchen."

She also admires resourcefulness, again using the example of Native Americans who fashioned blades from stones and medicine from herbs.

When former neighbor Ed Felber, an official with a local utility company, asked her if she might have any use for discarded phone poles, Teddy not only said "yes," but joined him on the other end of a two-man bucksaw to cut them into usable lengths. With these she made some improvements around the family "cottage." The cottage, Teddy's father's summer retreat, is one of the last surviving such structures on Lake Mendota in Madison.

Teddy has built bird houses, shelves, and small boxes, using her jigsaw and other hand and electric tools. "I love wood and picking it out at the lumber yard," she adds.

"She was the only mother I knew who had a tool kit," notes her daughter, Beth Kubly.

Like an earlier version of Martha Stewart, Teddy glides naturally across many different worlds, always focusing on creative efforts and what they bring to the quality of life.

Her favorite artist is Winslow Homer. Yet, she finds Matisse to be very exciting and she cherishes the delicacy of Japanese prints.

"One of the first things I found beautiful was a Japanese print. That was when I was 10," she says. Textiles also capture her attention.

"When I am in a strange city, I look at the textiles as much as the art," she adds.

It is the process of creation that fascinates her as much as the result, probably a holdover from studies in art education at the UW in the 1930s.

As an example, she refers to the process of making lithographs at the Tandem Press at the UW-Madison.

"It's the craftsmanship that I love, seeing and being a participant in things being made, such as handmade books and paper," she says. "Some papers are so fine, I would hesitate to ever put ink on them."

Teddy's entire family has shared this love of art in various forms. Her late husband, Harold,

a professor of business administration for 37 years at UW-Madison, was president of the Madison Art Center and served as chairman of the Elvehjem Art Center Council. Teddy's late son, Vincent, earned his Ph.D. in art history from the UW-Madison.

In Vincent's memory, the Kubly family gave to the Kohler Art Library a unique twenty-sided book, an icosahedron, called *Fire* by Daniel E. Kelm and Timothy C. Ely. The twenty sides are isosceles-triangular leaves with colored drawings on both sides. The book is heavily used as a teaching tool in art classes.

Her daughter, Beth, lived in Italy for two years while pursuing her master's in art history. Beth is currently studying what can be best described as an interdisciplinary approach to the history of books and printing. She is

working with a rare book librarian, an art historian, and a communications professor. Her focus is on the physicality of the book and the materials and techniques used in creating books.

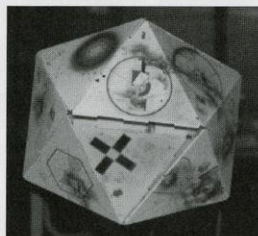
With the family interest in art and Beth's interest in Italy, it was a natural step for Teddy and Beth to

make this major gift to the Kohler Art Library at UW-Madison in memory of Harold. The 432-page Talfourd Press book published in London is a verse translation of Dante's *Inferno* by Tom Phillips. It includes commentary and 139 large rectangular images created by Phillips using all possible print techniques.

The libraries would not be able to acquire such an item through existing budgets. "It takes private donations for libraries to acquire items of this caliber," says Beth. "It was something we knew the Kohler wanted. It's a work of art in itself and will also be an excellent resource for printmaking students."

With admiration for both book artist and the work itself, Teddy adds: "The images in this book are some of the most wonderful I have ever seen."

Wonderful enough to change her favorite art form to, say, a rectangle? "No, I still prefer an egg shape."



Don Johnson

In memory of Harold "Kube" Kubly

During his ninety years, Professor Harold Edward "Kube" Kubly (1905-1996) witnessed significant changes in Madison, and he was often part of those changes.

Kubly taught in the UW-Madison School of Business for thirty-seven years. After his retirement in 1973, he contributed much of his time to civic activities.

He was president of the Madison Art Center and later chaired the Elvehjem Art Center Council. Kubly was also president of the Madison Opera Guild and served as chairman of the board of trustees for the University Book Store.

For more than twenty years Kubly served as campus liaison for the Brittingham Viking Scholarships (now called the Madison Viking Program), which beginning in 1952 brought students from Scandinavian countries to Madison to study at the university for a year. Later, those who had studied in Madison created and subsidized a "Reverse Viking" program, which for a number of years selected two UW students to study at the University of Oslo. Through various iterations during four decades, the Kubly scholarship program brought some 120 Scandinavians to Madison and sent more than forty Wisconsin students abroad.

Kubly was born in Madison and was among the first students to attend the newly constructed Lincoln Grade School on East Gorham Street. After graduating from Madison High, later known as Central High School, he earned his bachelor's, master's, and doctorate from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. In addition, he did graduate work at Cornell University and the University of Munich.

In 1938 he married Theodora "Teddy" Herfurth, whose family lived a block away from his on Gorham Street. Incidentally, Teddy was born one day before Kube's tenth birthday. Teddy also was a graduate of Central



UW Archives

High School and attended the university in the 1930s. Her father, Theodore Herfurth, was the author of *Sifting and Winnowing: A Chapter in the History of Academic Freedom at the University of Wisconsin*.

Harold's bequest to the Kohler Art Library, which created an endowment worth more than \$100,000, provides income for the purchase of art books. The endowment is a memorial to Harold and Teddy's late son, Vincent, who earned his Ph.D. in art history from the UW-Madison under Professor Jane Hutchison and taught at Louisiana State University and several of the state universities in Texas.

Writer's Page

by Lorrie Moore

*This is the
Messenger's second
Writer's Page.*

Better and sicker

Recently I received a letter from an acquaintance in which he said, 'By the way, I've been following and enjoying your work. It's getting better: deeper and sicker.'

Because the letter was handwritten, I convinced myself, for a portion of the day, that perhaps the last word was *richer*. But then I picked up the letter and looked at the word again: there was the *s*, there was the *k*. There was no denying it. Even though denial had been my tendency of late. I had recently convinced myself that a note I'd received from an ex-beau (in what was a response to my announcement that I'd gotten married) had read 'Best Wishes for Oz'. I considered this an expression of bitterness on my ex-beau's part, a snide lapse, a doomed man's view of marriage, and it gave me great satisfaction. *Best Wishes for Oz*. Eat your heart out, I thought. You had your chance. Cry me a river. Later a friend, looking at the note, pointed out that, Look: this isn't an O. This is a nine—see the tail? And this isn't a Z. This is a 2. This says 92. 'Best wishes for 92.' It hadn't been cryptic bitterness at all—only an indifferent little New Year's greeting. How unsatisfying!

So now when I looked at *deeper and richer*, I knew I had to be careful not to misread wishfully. The phrase wasn't, finally, *deeper and richer*; it was *deeper and sicker*. My work was deeper and sicker.

But what did that mean, *sicker*, and why or how might this adjective be applied in a friendly manner? I wasn't sure. But it brought me to thinking of the things that I had supposed fiction was supposed to be, what art was supposed to be, what writers and artists were supposed to do, and whether it could possibly include some aesthetics of sickness.

I think it's a common thing for working writers to go a little blank when asking themselves too many fundamental questions about what it is they're doing. Some of this has to do with the lost perspective that goes with being

so immersed. And some of it has to do with just plain not having a clue. Of course, this is the curse of the grant application, for instance, which includes that hilarious part called the project description (describe in detail the book you are going to write) wherein you are asked to know the unknowable, and if not to know it then just to say it anyway for cash. That a grant-giving agency would trust a specific and detailed description from a fiction writer seems sweetly naive—though fiction writers are also allowed to file their own taxes, write their own parents, sign their own checks, raise their own children—so it is a tolerant and generous or at least innocent world here and there.

What writers do is workmanlike: tenacious, skilled labor. That we know. But it is also mysterious. And the mystery involved in the act of creating a narrative is attached to the mysteries of life itself, and the creation of life itself: that we are; that there is *something* rather than *nothing*. Though I wonder whether it sounds preposterous in this day and age to say such a thing. No one who has ever looked back upon a book she or he has written, only to find the thing foreign and alienating, unrecalable, would ever deny this mysteriousness. One can't help but think that in some way this surprise reflects the appalled senility of God herself, or himself, though maybe it's the weirdly paired egotism and humility of artists that leads them over and over again to this creational cliché: that we are God's dream, God's characters; that literary fiction is God's compulsion handed down to us, an echo, a diminishment, but something we are made to do in imitation, perhaps even in honor, of that original creation, and made to do in understanding of what flimsy vapors we all are—though also how heartbreaking and amusing. In more scientific terms, the compulsion to read and write—and it seems to me it should be, even must be, a compulsion—is a bit of mental wiring the species has selected over time in order, as the life span increases, to keep us interested in ourselves.

For it's crucial to keep ourselves, as a species, interested in ourselves. When that goes, we tip into the void, we harden to rock, we blow away and disappear. Art has been given to us to keep us interested and engaged—rather than distracted by materialism or sated with boredom—so that we can attach to this life, a life which might, otherwise, be an unbearable one.

And so, perhaps, it is this compulsion to keep ourselves interested that can make the work seem, well, a little sick. (I'm determined, you see, if not to read sicker as richer then at least to read sicker as OK.) Certainly so much of art originates and locates itself within the margins, that is, the contours, of the human self, as a form of locating and defining that self. And certainly art, and the life of the artist, requires a goodly amount of shamelessness. The route to truth and beauty is a toll road—tricky and unpretty in and of itself.

But are the impulses toward that journey pathological ones?

I took inventory of my own life.

Certainly as a child, I had done things that now seem like clues indicating I was headed for a life that was not quite normal—one that was perhaps 'artistic'. I detached things: the charms from bracelets, the bows from dresses. This was a time—the early sixties, an outpost, really, of the fifties—when little girls' dresses had lots of decorations: badly stitched applique, or little plastic berries, lace flowers, satin bows. I liked to remove them and would often then re-attach them—on a sleeve or a mitten. I liked to re-contextualize even then—one of the symptoms. Other times, I would just collect these little detached things and play with them, keeping them in a little bowl in a dresser drawer in my room. If my dresses had been denuded, made homely, it didn't matter to me: I had a supply of lovely little gew-gaws in a bowl. I had begun a secret life. A secret harvest. I had begun perhaps a kind of literary life—one that would continue to wreak havoc on my wardrobe, but, alas, those are the dues. I had become a magpie, collecting shiny objects. I was a starling in

reverse: building a nest under eggs gathered from here and there.

When I was a little older, say eleven or twelve, I used to sit on my bed with a sketch pad, listening to songs on the radio. Each song would last three to four minutes, and during that time, I would draw the song: I would draw the character I imagined was singing the song, and the setting that character was in—usually there were a lot of waves and seagulls, docks and coastlines. I lived in the mountains, away from the ocean, but a babysitter I'd had when I was nine had taught me how to draw lighthouses, so I liked to stick in a lighthouse whenever possible. After one song was over, I'd turn the page and draw the next one, filling notebooks this way. I was obsessed with songs—songs and letters (I had a pen-pal in Canada)—and I often think that that is what I tried to find later in literature: the feeling of a song; the friendly, confiding voice of a letter but the cadence and feeling of a song. When a piece of prose hit rhythms older, more familiar and enduring than itself, it seemed then briefly to belong to nature, or at least to the world of music, and that's when it seemed to me 'artistic' and good.

I exhibited other signs of a sick life—strange, elaborate crush on Bill Bixby, a belief in a fairy godmother, also a bit of journalism my brother and I embarked on called Mad Man Magazine, which consisted of our writing on notebook paper a lot of articles we'd make up about crazy people, especially crazy people in haunted houses, then tying the pages together with ribbon and selling them to family members for a nickel. But it was a life of the imagination.



Jeff Miller, UW-Madison News and Public Affairs

*Lorrie Moore teaches in the Department of English at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. She has written two collections of short stories, *Self Help* and *Like Life*, and two novels, *Anagrams* and *Who Will Run the Frog Hospital?* She regularly publishes stories in the *New Yorker* and was recently named one of the twenty best young American novelists by *Granta*.*

When I was older, I suppose there were other signs of sickness. I preferred hearing about parties to actually going to them. I liked to phone the next day and get the news from a friend. I wanted gossip, third-handedness; narrative. My reading was scattered, random, unsystematic. I wasn't one of these nice teenaged girls who spent their summers reading all of Jane Austen. My favorite books were *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald and *Such Good Friends* by Lois Gould. Later, like so many (of the 'afflicted'), I discovered the Brontës. One enters these truly great, truly embarrassing books like a fever dream—in fact, fever dreams figure prominently in them. They are situated in sickness, and unafraid of that. And that's what made them wonderful to me. They were at the center of something messy. But they didn't seem foreign in the least. In fact, very little written by a woman seemed foreign to me. Books by women came as great friends, a relief. They showed up on the front lawn and waved. Books by men one had to walk a distance to get to, take a hike to arrive at, though as readers we girls were all well-trained for the hike and we didn't learn to begrudge and resent it until later. A book by a woman, a book that began up close, on the heart's porch, was a treat, an exhilaration, and finally, I think, that is why women who became writers did so: to create more books in the world by women; to give themselves something more to read.

When I first started writing, I often felt sorry for men, especially white men, for it seemed the reasons for their becoming writers was not so readily apparent, or compelling, but had to be searched for, even made excuses for. Though their quote-unquote tradition was so much more celebrated and available, it was also more filled up. It was ablaze. What did a young male writer feel he was adding? As a woman, I never felt that. There seemed to be a few guiding lights (I, of course, liked the more demented ones—Sexton, Plath, McCullers), but that was enough. Admiration and enthusiasm and a sense of scarcity: inspiration without the anxiety of influence.

"Writing is both the excursion into and the excursion out of one's life. That is the queasy paradox of the artistic life. It is the thing that, like love, removes one both painfully and deliciously from the ordinary shape of existence."

I feel a little less like that now, in part because I know the main struggle for every writer is with the dance and limitations of language—to honor the texture of it but also to make it unafraid. One must throw all that one is into language, like a Christmas tree hurled into a pool. One must listen and proceed, sentence to sentence, hearing what comes next in one's story—which can be a little maddening. It can be like trying to understand a whisper in a foreign accent: did she say *Je t'adore* or *Shut the door!*

To make the language sing while it works is a task to one side of gender. How often I've tried to shake from my own storytelling the phrase *And then suddenly*, as if I could wake up a story with the false drama of those three words. It's usually how I know my writing's going badly; I begin every sentence that way: *And then suddenly he went to the store. And then suddenly the store was brick. And then suddenly he had been asleep for eight hours.* The writer marries the language, said Auden, and out of this marriage writing is born. But what if the language feels inadequate, timid, recalcitrant, afraid. I often think of the Albert Goldbarth poem 'Alien Tongue' wherein the poet thinks wistfully, adulterously of an imagined language parsed to such a thinness that there is a tense that means 'I would have if I'd been my twin.' What an exquisite, precision tool such a tense would be for a writer! Whole rooms could be added to scenes; whole paragraphs to pages; books to books; sequels where at first there were no sequels.... But then excessive literary production, George Eliot reminds us, is a social offence. As far as language goes we have to live contentedly, and discontentedly, with our own, making it do what it can, and

also, a little of what it can't. And this contradiction brings one back, I suppose, to a make-shift aesthetics of sickness.

Writing is both the excursion into and the excursion out of one's life. That is the queasy paradox of the artistic life. It is the thing that, like love, removes one both painfully and deliciously from the ordinary shape of existence. It joins another queasy paradox: that life is both an amazing, hilarious, blessed gift and that it is also intolerable. Even in the luckiest life, for example, one loves someone and then that someone dies. This is not *acceptable*. This is a major design flaw! It says nothing of the world's truly calamitous lives. The imagination is meant outwardly to console us with all that is interesting, not so much to subtract but to add to our lives. It reminds me of a progressive Italian elementary school I read of once in which the classrooms had two dress-up areas with trunks of costumes—just in case, while studying math or plants, a child wanted to be in disguise that day.

But the imagination also forces us inward. It constructs inwardly from what has entered our inwardness. The best art, especially literary art, embraces the very idea of paradox: it sees opposites, antitheses co-existing. It sees the blues and violets, in a painting of an orange; it sees the scarlets and the yellows in a bunch of Concord grapes. In narrative, tones share space—often queasily, the ironies quivering. Consider these lines from the Alice Munro story, 'A Real Life': 'Albert's heart had given out—he had only had time to pull to the side of the road and stop the truck. He died in a lovely spot, where black oaks grew in a bottomland, and a sweet, clear creek ran beside the road.' Or these lines from a Garrison Keillor monologue: 'And so he tasted it, and a look of pleasure came over him, and then he died. Ah, life is good. Life is good.' What constitutes tragedy and what constitutes comedy may be a fuzzy matter. The comedienne Joan Rivers has said that there isn't any suffering that's one's own that isn't also potentially very funny. Delmore Schwartz claimed that the only way anyone could understand Hamlet was to assume right from the start that all the characters were roaring drunk. I often think of an acquaintance of mine

who is also a writer and whom I ran into once in a bookstore. We exchanged hellos, and when I asked her what she was working on these days, she said, 'Well, I *was* working on a long comic novel, but then in the middle of the summer my husband had a terrible accident with an electric saw and lost three of his fingers. It left us so sad and shaken that when I returned to writing, my comic novel kept getting droopier, darker and sadder and depressing. So I scrapped it, and started writing a novel about a man who loses three fingers in an accident with a saw, and *'that,'* she said, *'that's turning out to be really funny.'*

A lesson in comedy.

Which leads one also to that paradox, or at least that paradoxical term 'autobiographical fiction'. Fiction writers are constantly asked, is this autobiographical? Book reviewers aren't asked this; and neither are concert violinists, though, in my opinion, there is nothing more autobiographical than a book review or a violin solo. But because literature has always functioned as a means by which to figure out what is happening to us, as well as what we think about it, fiction writers do get asked 'What is the relationship of this story/novel/play to the events of your own life (whatever they may be)?'

I do think that the proper relationship of a writer to his or her own life is similar to a cook with a cupboard. What that cook makes from what's in the cupboard is not the same thing as what's in the cupboard—and of course, everyone understands that. Even in the most autobiographical fiction there is a kind of *paraphrase* going on, which is Katherine Anne Porter's word, and which is a good one for use in connection with her, but also for general use. I personally have never written autobiographically in the sense of using and transcribing events from my life. None—or at least very few—of the things that have happened to my characters have ever happened to me. But one's life is there constantly collecting and providing and it will creep into one's work regardless—in emotional ways. I often think of a writing student I had once who was blind.

He never once wrote about a blind person—never wrote about blindness at all. But he wrote about characters who constantly bumped into things, who tripped, who got bruised; and that seemed to me a very true and very characteristic transformation of life into art. He wanted to imagine a person other than himself; but his journey toward that person was *paradoxically* and necessarily through his own life. Like a parent with children, he gave his characters a little of what he knew—but not everything. He nurtured rather than replicated or transcribed.

Autobiography can be a useful tool: it coaxes out the invention—actually invention and autobiography coax out each other; the pen takes refuge from one in the other, looking for moral dignity and purpose in each, and then flying to the arms of the other. All the energy that goes into the work, the force of imagination and concentration, is a kind of autobiographical energy, no matter what one is actually writing about. One has to give to one's work like a lover. One must give of oneself, and try not to pick fights. Perhaps it is something of a sickness—halfway between 'quarantine and operetta' (to steal a phrase from Celine)—to write intensely, closely—not with one's pen at arm's length, but perhaps with one's arm out of the way entirely, one's hand up under one's arm, near the heart, thrashing out like a flipper, one's face hovering close above the page, listening with ear and cheek, lips forming the words. Martha Graham speaks of the Icelandic term 'doom eager' to denote that ordeal of isolation, restlessness, caughtness an artist experiences when he or she is sick with an idea.

When a writer is doom eager, the writing won't be sludge on the page; it will give readers—and the writer, of course, is the very first reader—an experience they've never had before, or perhaps a little and at last the words for an experience they have. The writing will disclose a world; it will be that Heideggerean 'setting-itself-into-work of the truth of what is'. But it will not have lost the detail; detail, on its own, contains the universe. As Eudora Welty said, 'it's always necessary to remember that the fiction writer is much less immediately concerned with grand ideas than he is with putting list slippers on clerks.' One must think of the craft—that impulse to make an object from the materials lying about, as much as of the spiritual longing, the philosophical sweep. 'It is impossible to experience one's own death objectively,' Woody Allen once said, 'and still carry a tune.'

Obviously one must keep a certain amount of literary faith, and not be afraid to travel with one's work into margins and jungles and danger zones, and one should also live with someone who can cook and who will both be with one and leave one alone. But there is no formula, to the life or to the work, and all any writer finally knows are the little decisions he or she has been forced to make, given the particular choices. There's no golden recipe. Most things literary are stubborn as colds; they resist all formulas—a chemist's, a wet nurse's, a magician's. Finally, there is no formula outside the sick devotion to the work. Perhaps one would be wise when young even to avoid thinking of oneself as a writer—for there's something a little stopped and satisfied, too healthy, in that. Better to think of *writing*, of what one does as an activity, rather than an identity—to write, I write; we write; to keep the calling a verb rather than a noun; to keep working at the thing, at all hours, in all places, so that your life does not become a pose, a pornography of wishing. William Carlos Williams said, 'Catch an eyeful, catch an earful, and don't drop what you've caught.' He was a doctor. So presumably he knew about *sicker* and *better* and how they are often quite close.

Standing the tests of time

When he was 19, Stanley Kaplan had a friend at a Quaker school who genuinely feared tests.

"This friend had such a phobia that he was about to drop out of school. We arranged for the school to give me the tests to administer. He took the tests in front of me, one-on-one, in a comfortable, non-threatening setting. This went on for three years. Finally, he was able to take the SAT and he did well," says Kaplan. "Fifteen years later I ran into him. He had gone on to medical school. This was someone who had been about to give up on going to college."

That story has repeated itself thousands of times in various forms. A tutor while in high school, Kaplan created a new industry nearly sixty years ago, when he established the first Stanley H. Kaplan Educational Center, which focused on helping people prepare for admissions and licensing examinations.

Often he does not have to depend on chance encounters to learn how someone has benefitted through his efforts or those of his company.

"Students used to call me—before calling their parents—to tell me about test results," he adds. Like most teachers, his greatest thrill occurred "whenever an idea got across to a student," Kaplan says. "It felt like a home run."

"People were coming to Brooklyn from out-of-town and staying in hotels to take the courses," Kaplan explains. He decided it was time to offer the classes in other locations. The Kaplans opened a center in Philadelphia that helped 500 students its first year. Since then the Kaplan organization has grown to include more than 1000 centers throughout the United States and in twenty-one locations abroad including China, Saudi Arabia, Russia, and Europe.



Rita and Stanley Kaplan

Left to right: Stanley Kaplan, UW-Madison Chancellor David Ward, Rita Kaplan, '48, Jewish Studies Professor David Sorkin, Rosalie Kaplan Sporn, '48, and Leslie Sporn Symonds, '75.



Don Johnson

In the past half century, the Stanley H. Kaplan Educational Center has become the world's leading institution for test preparation. During those years more than 2.5 million students have enrolled in Kaplan courses.

"Word of mouth," says Kaplan, "is a tremendous vehicle."

His love of teaching goes back as early as he can remember. "When other kids were playing doctor, I wanted to play teacher." So abiding was that desire, he earned a master of science in education after graduating Phi Beta Kappa from City College of New York.

Kaplan has held tight to the service philosophy of teaching. He makes sure that the Kaplan Centers provide thousands of scholarships each year to financially disadvantaged students.

"The biggest issue education faces is reaching the underserved. It's not as important to teach people *what*, as it is to teach them *how* and *why*," he adds. "We have to get down to teaching children how to think—teaching critical reasoning is crucial. And teachers must perform well regardless of how long they have been there. I hope the time will come when we won't have to say 'underserved'."

Kaplan proposes a "Teach for America" challenge in which volunteers teach for two

years in an education corps like the Peace Corps. "It should include good people who think on their feet and get children excited and enthusiastic about learning."

Rita, Stanley's wife, met him at his sister's "Sweet Sixteen" party where he was taking pictures, an avocation he still pursues. In the early years, she helped build the Stanley H. Kaplan Educational Centers. She handled investments and financial matters for the centers. In addition, she was one of the Kaplan Center's substitute teachers in English and math.

"I love the magic of words," she adds.

She graduated summa cum laude from the UW-Madison and later earned a master's degree in social work from Columbia University. Rita Kaplan is a psychiatric social worker with advanced training in family therapy.

Both of the Kaplans see public service as the highest calling. Of her many roles, Rita says that handling crisis intervention for twenty-two kids at a clinical center was probably the most gratifying job she has held.

"I also loved being a therapist and working with families and helping them with the troubles they were having."

For many years, she practiced social work at Brookdale Hospital in Brooklyn and was a therapist for the Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services. She now serves as the secretary of the executive committee of JBFCs.

Rita is an activist who has taken their service to a national scale. She helped establish the Senior Citizen Center of the National Council

"The biggest issue education faces is reaching the underserved. It's not as important to teach people what, as it is to teach them how and why."

of Jewish Women in Brooklyn, which became a demonstration project for such centers throughout the country.

The Kaplan family philanthropy has also been felt throughout the country. In fact, last year the couple was named Philanthropists of the Year at the annual Fund Raising Day in New

York conference sponsored by the Greater New York Chapter, National Society of Fund Raising Executives. In addition to their leadership support of the Kaplan Comprehensive Cancer Center at New York University Medical Center, the Kaplans have supported a broad range of organizations in the arts, education, social services, and Jewish causes.

Notably, the Kaplans have funded an important acquisition for the UW-Madison libraries. The Harvard University Microfilm Library of Judaica and Yiddish Literature was acquired on behalf of the Center for Jewish Studies.

Reproduced on microfiche, the collections offer more than 11,000 texts, including both rabbinical and secular works. The Hebrew collection, one of the most comprehensive collections of Judaica in the world, encompasses works from ancient, medieval, and modern times. The Yiddish collection includes many previously inaccessible works with primary research value.

The Kaplan Family Foundation gift was made in honor of several family members with connections to the UW-Madison. Stanley's sister, Rosalie, graduated in the same class as Rita. Rosalie's husband, Eugene Sporn, and daughter, Leslie Sporn Symonds, are both UW-Madison alumni. One of Rita and Stanley's daughters, Susan, also graduated with a degree in English.

Rita explains that the Rita J. and Stanley H. Kaplan Family Foundation gives a minimum of 50 percent of all its grants to Jewish causes.

For example, the Kaplans support a Hillel Fellow at the UW-Madison. The remainder goes to the fields of health, arts, and education.

From that description and the list of beneficiaries, it is clear that the range of Kaplan interests is vast. However, the role of education is always present. "Part of it is to preserve our traditions, our culture. And education is the cornerstone in that effort," says Rita.

"It is important to me to see Jewish traditions continue. I lost eighty-seven members of my family in Auschwitz and other concentration camps. Through this gift to the UW-Madison libraries, we are restoring something from Jewish libraries of the 1930s and 1940s. This becomes part of educating the world."

What advice do the Kaplans have for other philanthropists?

"Be hands on," says Rita. "Don't give unless you know how it's going to be used. It is important to see your gift working."

"Donors must also have an emotional need to do something for someone else—something that touches their hearts . . . like education and religion."

Don Johnson

Commentary

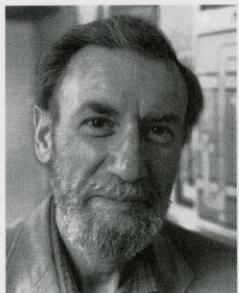
Reading rights

This summer the U.S. Supreme Court struck down the online censorship provisions of the Communications Decency Act. If enforced, the law would have limited communication on the Internet to only what is suitable for minors and, in effect, would have required librarians to act as censors.

In its first opinion involving cyberspace, the court agreed with the 57,000-member American Library Association that the law was so broad and poorly defined that it violated the free speech rights of adults. "It means librarians can do their jobs without fear of prosecution," reports the director of ALA's Office of Intellectual Freedom.

Challenges to information in libraries, however, are not new. A century ago, the author of *Little Women* helped to remove from a library Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, a book that still makes the short list of literature marked for removal. Even Shakespeare's works have been frequently targeted. During the last four centuries, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and the *Tragedy of King Richard II* have been banned or challenged. This year, *Twelfth Night* was removed from a New Hampshire library.

In the following articles, two national experts on censorship and intellectual freedom provide their perspectives on censorship in America.



Paul Boyer

Jeff Miller, UW-Madison News & Public Affairs

Reflections on censorship and freedom

When I set out some thirty-five years ago to research a doctoral dissertation on book censorship in America, many veterans of epic censorship battles were still around, and happy to enlighten a naive graduate student. I interviewed Morris Ernst, the New York censorship lawyer whose triumphalist 1928 account of the press-freedom struggle, *To the Pure...A Study of Obscenity and the Censor*, had anticipated his own landmark victory in the 1933 *Ulysses* case. I interviewed Alfred A. Knopf, the legendary publisher who as a young man had participated in the censorship wars of the 1920s. I corresponded with Upton Sinclair, who had peddled an expurgated "fig leaf" edition of his 1927 book *Oil on Boston Common* after local authorities tried to ban it. I had a fascinating exchange of letters with Roger Baldwin, founder of the American Civil Liberties Union, who recalled the censorship of the World War One era. Henry L. Mencken had died in 1956, but his vivid personality suffused his papers at Baltimore's Enoch Pratt

Free Library. (I was working on the Mencken Papers at the Pratt on November 22, 1963 when a librarian informed me in a trembling voice that the library was closing early: President Kennedy had been shot).

In those days, people like Ernst and Mencken, who had themselves fought memorable battles for press freedom, shaped the dominant interpretation of the censorship story. Understandably, their version was heroic and inspiring. It told of the inexorable spread of First Amendment freedom thanks to courageous battlers like themselves; of the ever-expanding scope of what could legally be printed, sold, and circulated; and of the ignominious defeat of the prudes, puritans, and pecksniffs whom they tirelessly ridiculed.

It was a simple, appealing, Whiggish narrative, and it had much to recommend it. But it encouraged an insidious sense of complacency, in suggesting an historical inevitability in the decline of censorship and the steady expansion of freedom of expression. Further, as a historical account, it was deficient in crucial respects. As my research deepened, the story grew increasingly complicated, and it became harder to sort out the heroes and the villains. From the late 19th century through

the Progressive era, the advocates of censorship had included figures who ranked high in the annals of social reform. Even Anthony Comstock of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, a man whose very name George Bernard Shaw turned into a laughing-stock ("Comstockery"), was supported in his heyday by a panoply of reformers and civic leaders. The New England Watch and Ward Society, ridiculed by Mencken in the 1920s as a citadel of reaction and prudery, had earlier been widely praised as a valued reform organization, working to protect the urban immigrant masses from dangers both moral and physical.

Nor had the anticensorship crusade been as united and clearcut as the heroic version of the story suggested. Well into the early twentieth century, I found, most book and periodical publishers espoused a standard of morality and propriety only marginally less rigorous than that of the vice societies. Similarly, leading bookstores and booksellers' associations routinely proclaimed their devotion to the highest standards of purity in print and repudiated any publication that offended the dominant cultural mores. Speakers at library conventions and writers in library periodicals urged their colleagues to permit only pure and uplifting literature to reach patrons, especially children and the morally vulnerable.

Of course, forces were gathering on the other side as well, and in the turbulent 1920s those forces grew increasingly articulate and influential. Younger publishers, booksellers, and librarians abandoned moral guardianship and championed greater freedom for taboo words and taboo subjects. A series of notable legal victories lent credence to the conviction that soon the battle would end in final victory for the champions of press freedom and a total rout of the censors. Even at the time, however, some observers warned that in the realm of ideas and values, few victories are permanent and the pendulum can easily swing in the other direction.

In *Purity in Print: The Vice Society Movement and Book Censorship in America* (Scribner's, 1968), I tried to qualify, contextualize, and "problematize" the triumphalist account of inexorable progress toward ever greater

permissiveness. Shifting the focus from the courts to a broader cultural arena, I noted the complexities of the story, both on the side of "the censors" and on the side of publishers, booksellers, and librarians.

The cultural history of the three decades since 1968 confirms my sense that it is risky to assume a final outcome of the struggle for press freedom; in fact, the battles are ongoing, and all triumphs are provisional. Victories in the courts can quickly erode as the cultural climate changes. As concerns about pornography, public morals, and "traditional values" fueled America's culture wars from the 1950s to the 1990s, pressures on publishers, booksellers, librarians, and mass-culture producers continued. While the courts contin-

"The answers seem to me no easier today than they did thirty years ago."

ued to wrestle with "where to draw the line," countless grassroots skirmishes erupted in pulpits, library committees, editorial columns, corporate corridors, TV talk shows, and school-board meetings across the nation.

And just as in the Gilded Age and the Progressive era, the questions were often far from simple. How, for example, should one view the effort to repress the murderous or misogynist lyrics of some rap groups, the racist spewings of white supremacists, the violence-tinted publications of survivalist groups, or the recent vogue of "heroin chic" among fashion advertisers? What stance should one take toward well-intentioned efforts to force the media and indeed all who engage in public discourse to display proper sensitivity to women, minorities, homosexuals, or persons with disabilities?

The answers seem to me no easier today than they did thirty years ago. But one general point remains clear: the issues that arise as each generation interprets the First Amendment, and seeks to balance the ideal of abso-

lute freedom against other social goods, remain deeply contentious, and seem destined to continue so. The confidence of a Morris Ernst or an H.L. Mencken that they had once and for all vanquished the perennial impulse to censor offensive or repugnant ideas now looks premature. The battlefronts shift; the battle goes on. The cultural historian can offer

perspective and historical context, but the process of formulating even provisional answers to the tangled questions embedded in the language of the First Amendment is an ongoing one. It is a process not ultimately centered in the courts, but in the continuing civic and ethical discourse of the American people as a whole.

Paul Boyer

Paul Boyer is the Merle Curti Professor of History and director of the Institute for Research in the Humanities at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. He is also the author of Purity in Print: the Vice-Society Movement and Book Censorship in America. Boyer is participating in the Friends Fall Lecture Series on campus with a lecture titled "From Anthony Comstock to Larry Flynt: Censorship and Freedom of the Press in Historical Perspective," which is cosponsored by the Center for the Study of Print Culture in the School of Library and Information Studies.

Being there

"They are always scary," comments Ginny Moore Kruse. "Each book challenge was alarming at the time. They never occurred on a day or during a week when there was adequate time for reflection or clarity of thought. There is no good time."

As a nationally-recognized expert in responding to book challenges and as head of the Cooperative Children's Book Center, Kruse is often called upon to help respond to such challenges. In fact, two decades ago she created the CCBC Intellectual Freedom Services on campus as a response to those early experiences with book complaints. The CCBC is the School of Education's non-circulating library for the research and study of young people's literature, and it is considered one of the finest such facilities in the nation.

While a flotilla of teachers, librarians, and citizens may swirl around one another in debate, Kruse maintains her calm in the eye of the storm. She has been a classroom teacher, a school librarian, a public librarian, and a college teacher of children's literature. You might say she has seen it all.

When a book is challenged, a school's librarian or administrator can turn to the CCBC for assistance. Kruse and her colleagues

quickly gather reviews and any other materials they can find about the book, all within a 24-hour response time.

The range of complaints is broad—profanity, sexuality, treatment of authority, sexism, racism, elements of realism. "We have whole lists of categories into which complaints fall."

Nevertheless, the definition of censorship is hard to nail down. "There is no 'it' for what gets banned or 'who' asking to ban a book," says Kruse. "We have no *single* way to say *this* is censorship."

"Sooner or later, everyone working with materials for children will field a complaint of some kind or another," she says. Her first experiences with book challenges? *The Outsiders* by S.E. Hinton was targeted; another claimed that a book was sexist.

"These exemplify that complaints are not from just one side or the other," she notes. "We think of a kind of extremist or far right attempt to limit what kids have access to."

Organized efforts do have high visibility and often represent one end of the political spectrum. Kruse indicates that in the past decade people in public school settings have seen a rash of complainants claiming a book is not "Christian," something she had not seen before. A newly visible movement is the Family Friendly Library group, which espouses "traditional family values." Organized groups, however, are not the whole picture.



Ginny Moore Kruse

Brent Nicastro

"There always has been and always will be a genuine desire to express one's own values. No matter how many major literary awards a book may have won, that citizen will probably never like that book," she says. "The people to convince are the people on the review committee."

Kruse has great faith in that review process, and the importance of convincing citizens that the review process is fair, even if they disagree with the outcome. In some cases, the school board or library board might actually agree with the complaint.

Will she talk about the specifics of cases on which she has consulted? "No. The CCBC staff are bound by the library ethic of confidentiality. We are not in a position to tell anyone else who called, why, or which book(s) had been questioned," she observes.

She returns instead to the democratic principle in the process. Citing the visit of a German scholar interested in intellectual freedom in the U.S.A., Kruse recalls the scholar's departing reaction: "'This is amazing. People who are very, very angry about a book will take a piece of paper, write down what they feel, and meet with a committee to discuss it. In Nazi Germany we were *burying* books.'"

"The hidden curriculum has been taught well," says Kruse, "those little lessons about living in a democratic culture that children learn in the process of learning. It's all about being families and communities and living in a democratic culture. We really do believe that people can make up their own minds and most of us are able to live with that. It's really very exciting."

Postscript

Ginny Moore Kruse is the director of the Cooperative Children's Book Center on the UW-Madison campus. In addition to providing information about the best in children's and young adult literature, the CCBC operates Intellectual Freedom Services. The service provides a 24-hour response hotline for information about a children's or young adult book that has been challenged in a school or library setting. Since its founding twenty years ago, the service has documented 1,486 intellectual freedom requests.

Kruse's efforts and those of the CCBC were recognized nationally this year. They are the winners of the 1997 Intellectual Freedom Award presented by the American Association of School Librarians and SIRS, Inc. Kruse was cited for dedicating "most of her professional career to the mission of promoting intellectual freedom in a positive way by dealing with issues before the censors strike."

Kruse has served on the American Library Association's Intellectual Freedom Committee, as well as on the board of trustees of the Freedom to Read Foundation. In addition, she has chaired many literature award committees including the prestigious Newbery, Caldecott, and Batchelder awards.

Most challenged books for 1996

Title	Author
1. <i>Goosebumps Series</i>	R.L. Stine
2. <i>The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn</i>	Mark Twain
3. <i>I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings</i>	Maya Angelou
4. <i>It's Perfectly Normal</i>	Robie Harris
5. <i>The Chocolate War</i>	Robert Cormier
6. <i>Catcher in the Rye</i>	J.D. Salinger
7. <i>Bridge to Terabithia</i>	Katherine Paterson
8. <i>Forever</i>	Judy Blume
9. <i>My Brother Sam is Dead</i>	James Lincoln Collier and Christopher Collier

From the ALA Office for Intellectual Freedom.

John Toussaint is a volunteer in the University of Wisconsin-Madison libraries. He is credited with creating one of the largest single used book sale events in Southern Wisconsin. The Friends semiannual sales have generated more than \$34,000 in less than two years, which has been used to establish a new specialized small grant program for campus libraries. The sales also help fund an annual lecture series, special purchases for the library collections, and a visiting scholar support program.

A life of service

"You should not worry about what you expect from life, but what life expects from you."

Viktor Frankl
in *Man's Search for Meaning*

When they crisscrossed the country—26,000 miles—with a three-year-old son and all their belongings in the back of their station wagon, John Toussaint and his wife, Carol, focused only on what life expected of them.

As the founding medical director for the Central Wisconsin Center for the Developmentally Disabled (then named Central Wisconsin Colony and Training School), Toussaint visited state institutions for the developmentally disabled throughout the country. He wrote copious reports to the state agency administering the project and incorporated many ideas into the Wisconsin institution.

"In the process, my wife learned the locations of a lot of Laundromats and children's parks around the country," he says.

The program started with nothing more than three employees. By the time Toussaint retired in 1991, Central Wisconsin Center included multiple buildings along the north shore of Lake Mendota in Madison, and had peaked with more than 1100 residents and 1000 staff.

"We were working with those who were extraordinarily handicapped, either mentally, physically, or both," explains Toussaint. "Sometimes in frustration, I wondered, 'Why are we doing this and using these resources?'"

"The answer would come back in the personalities and unique capabilities of the people we served. You had to keep on going, sharing, and helping the residents' lives become as normal as possible."

Toussaint was just as impressed by the staff at the center. "The people I worked with were incredible in their skills and their concern for the welfare of the residents."

He recalls making a distinct decision to become a doctor when he was in the sixth grade. "I never changed my mind about a

course of study after that." His son made a similar choice, also in the sixth grade.

Toussaint earned his bachelor's and medical degrees from the UW-Madison and took specialty training in neurology at the UW Hospital. He also did post residency practice in the field of developmental disabilities for children and adults. In addition to heading the medical program at Central Wisconsin Center for the Developmentally Disabled, he commanded the medical unit of the Wisconsin Air National Guard in Madison and retired as a full colonel.

His connection to the Air National Guard actually came through this son who graduated from the Air Force Academy, went to medical school, and became a career medical officer in the Air Force as a pediatrician.

"The influence seems to flow from father to son to father," he says. Another son is a supervisor of information services at Pleasant Company in Middleton.

Toussaint served in the Army Infantry in World War II, landing in France six months after D-Day. His unit was badly battered in the Battle of the Bulge (December 1944-January 1945). His life was probably saved because he was hospitalized for pneumonia.

His first foray into voluntarism started in the 1970s when he was named to the board of Madison Public Library by Madison Mayor Joe Sensenbrenner. He also became the second president in the history of the Wisconsin Public Radio Association.

Toussaint also has a long abiding interest in music. He has been a member of church choruses and has been playing the piano since he was ten years old; he learned to play the organ when he was twelve. For the last twenty-five years, he has sung second tenor in the Madison Symphony Chorus.

"It is time for people to start giving to the university instead of getting something out of the university."

He has an enormous taped library of classical music that has accumulated since high school. His favorites include nineteenth century English and Russian Romantics—Vaughn Williams and Tchaikovsky.

Other than music, his greatest outside interest is in books and libraries.

"I have been literally surrounded by books since I was a small child," Toussaint says. "I practically lived in the Fort Atkinson Public Library."

As parents, John and Carol never had fewer than thirty library books in the house at any one time. His favorite literature is nonfiction, although he says the best book he ever read was *War and Peace*.

Toussaint has kept a diary of books read since 1970. It includes 1500 titles, mostly nonfiction and a great deal of science, an average of about one book read every week.

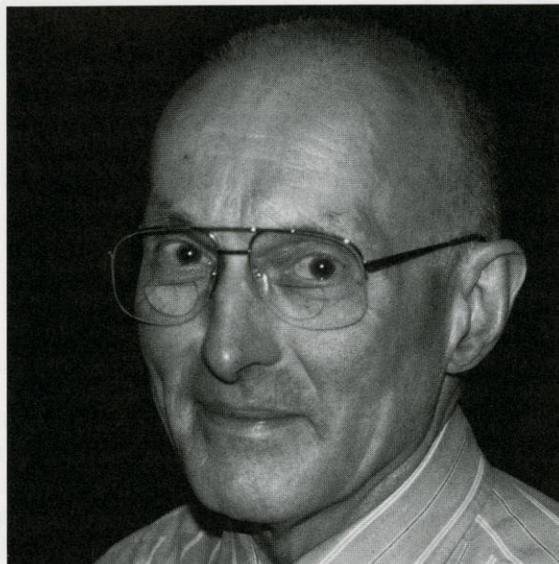
His volunteer work has taken him through many avenues. He worked with Project Opportunity, sponsored by the Christ Presbyterian Church, the school system, and the Madison Community Foundation. Twelve children considered "at risk" from sixth through twelfth grade were assigned mentors and tutors. Toussaint has also volunteered to convert textbooks to audio tape for visually impaired and dyslexic persons.

He also helps process books for the Madison Public Library used book sales. "In fact, much of what I learned there, I've applied in the UW-Madison book sales."

In the Department of Special Collections at Memorial Library, Toussaint has been updating chronological and geographic catalogs. His latest effort has been entering computer data related to a Spanish manuscript collection. "I've picked up quite a bit of Spanish in the process," he adds. The first item he entered was a handwritten manuscript dated 1213.

His latest "adventures" as he describes it, is being a "user guide." "It is so gratifying to take someone to the stacks and find what they are looking for. They are so happy."

Toussaint has also been working in the State Historical Society Library putting bar code labels on books to help get the collection ready



Don Johnson

John Toussaint

for automated circulation. On average he works about twenty hours as a volunteer each week in the campus libraries.

"I've got 5000 out of 3.1 million done so far. People ask 'why do you do this?' My reply is simple. The possibilities for service are simply overwhelming. It is time for people to start *giving* to the university instead of *getting something out* of the university."

He credits his wife for much of his volunteer involvement—first, because of her voluntarism and second, because of her supportive nature.

How can someone become a volunteer?

"Make a list of areas of interest and ask 'How can I help?' Whether working with people or libraries or community organizations, there is a wealth of opportunities. For people who are about to retire, I cannot urge them strongly enough to plan ahead before retirement" regarding volunteer activities.

"The opportunities are so enormous, particularly at the university, I wish I had more time available to do other kinds of volunteering."



Marshall Granros

Quit kickin' my dawg aroun'

The simple poetry from a 1912 country novelty song provided the theme for *Kicking the Dog Around*, one of the regular weekly radio programs that Marshall Granros (1929-1997) hosted in Appleton during nearly three decades until the early '90s.

His Woody Guthrie approach to music and the American experience earned Granros a sizable and devoted audience.

Starting in the mid-'60s, Granros broadcast *Kaleidoscope for Kids* on WLFM at Lawrence University in Appleton. The program later evolved into *Kicking the Dog Around*, an eclectic mix of folk, blues, country, jazz, and gospel music. Granros wove a singular commentary around the music.

His shows, ranging from thirty minutes to two hours, were originally broadcast only in Appleton. Later, they also aired on WPNE-FM, Green Bay. Wisconsin Educational Radio also picked up the program for statewide broadcast.

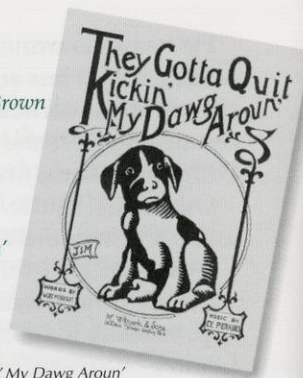
According to his son, Michael, the program appealed to the "thinking working person." He credits his father's joie de vivre and his passion for music for making the program so popular.

"He was very outspoken. He was a crank, very purple, very ribald," says Michael. "He went to the point of being intentionally inflammatory, if he was outraged enough."

This spring Michael donated his late father's personal collection of more than 5200 long playing records to the Mills Music Library on campus. They include mainly folk, work (especially mining and railroad), and spiritual songs, blues, bluegrass, mountain, popular, international, hootenanny, and jazz. The collection also includes 78 rpms, 45s, cassettes, books, magazines, and large loose leafs of discography and program scripts. The future of the sizeable collection had worried Marshall in later years.

Wunst me 'n Lem Briggs 'n ol' Bill Brown
Tuk a load of cawn to town.
An' ol' Jim dawg, the onry cuss,
He jes' nachelly follered us.
Every time I come to town,
The boys keep kickin' my dawg aroun'
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
They gotta quit kickin' my
dawg aroun'.

They Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dawg Aroun'
Webb Oungst and Cy Perkins, 1912



When Michael contacted music librarians at the University of California-Berkeley, they immediately referred him to Geraldine Laudati, head of the Mills Music Library at UW-Madison.

The Music Library is noted for its collections of regional music, including the Wisconsin Music Archives. It is also one of the few libraries among major North American research library systems that seriously collects indigenous music.

"Madison was my first choice. I never thought the gift could be handled so smoothly," says Michael.

Tapes of the Granros programs elicit uniquely American cultural icons. For example, listeners to an Independence Day broadcast in 1986 heard an Atomic Cafe recording from 1945, a 1911 recording by George M. Cohan, circus music from a steam calliope, and a dramatic reading of "Fresh Peanuts" by Frank Warner. These were followed by guitar blues recorded by Johnny and Albert Crocker in the late 1920s.

Before making his mark in radio, Granros had been a member of General Douglas MacArthur's Honor Guard in Japan after World War II. In addition, he worked for the *Appleton Post-Crescent* newspaper, WLUK-TV in Green Bay, and the Miles Kimball Company of Oshkosh until his retirement.

Granros and his wife, Sue, were active members of the Community Theater in Appleton in the early years of their marriage. They both participated in the Fox Valley Human Rights Council, supported the NAACP, ACLU, and other progressive political and social organizations.

Sue Granros was crippled by polio early in her marriage. As a paraplegic, she was confined to a wheelchair for the rest of her life. Granros had attended the UW-Madison in the mid-'50s on the GI Bill, but gave that up when his wife became ill. In his last twenty years, Granros suffered from a basal cell carcinoma that was difficult to treat. Due to the aggres-

sive treatment of the disease, he later needed extensive reconstructive surgery.

"Both of these people had very troubled lives," explains Michael. "They were able to live and work and produce something of value to other people. This gift is partly a testament to their will to struggle against adversity."



Friends award two grants-in-aid

The grant-in-aid program sponsored by the Friends of the UW-Madison Libraries provides a one-month stipend to support visiting scholars conducting research in the humanities. In the half-decade since the program began, it has supported scholars' visits to the campus from as far away as Italy and Germany. More than fifteen grants have been awarded for scholars to study topics ranging from African-American women writers to Mediterranean slavery in the Middle Ages.

For information about the grants, contact: Friends of the UW-Madison Libraries, 976 Memorial Library, 728 State Street, Madison, WI 53706, (608) 265-2505, friends@doit.wisc.edu. The following describes two recent grants.

**Tricia Welsch*, assistant professor of film studies at Bowdoin College in Maine, used her Friends grant-in-aid to research the early theatrical work of German expatriate film directors who arrived in Hollywood during the 1920s and 1930s. She examined the Alfred Jahn Collection of German plays produced in the 1920s. The Jahn Collection is located in the Department of Special Collections.

**Alex Shannon*, who recently earned her doctorate in diplomatic history from Washington State University, made extensive use of Memorial Library's German and American periodical collections for an analysis of the successes and failures of Nazi propaganda in the United States from 1931 through 1941.

College Library awarded \$5000 Friends grant

Oak bookshelves now line the walls of the Ethnic Studies Reading Room at College Library thanks to a \$5000 grant from the Friends of the UW-Madison Libraries. The remodeling "makes this an attractive area for studying," says College Library Director Donna Senzig.

"This simple remodeling has made the collection highly visible. Since more than 3000 students walk through this area on their way to library instruction classes, this helps to attract browsers and readers." In addition to shelving, new seating and carpeting was added to the room.

The Ethnic Studies requirement for all incoming students has created a high demand on the materials. The collection began in 1975 as a cooperative effort between the Dean of Students Office, the Multi-Cultural Council, and College Library and is considered an important part of the diversity initiatives of the campus.

The collection provides books and journals by and about Asian Americans, African Americans, Native Americans, and Spanish-speaking Americans.



Don Johnson

Friends book bags

The Friends are providing the libraries with plastic book bags to give users. The bags, which feature the Friends of the UW-Madison Libraries logo, help preserve books during bad weather.

New in the Libraries

A store of electronic journals in JSTOR

A few short years ago, finding a key article in a scholarly journal could be a challenging task. Missing pages, checked out issues, and limited library hours could frustrate veteran professors and procrastinating freshmen alike.

In today's digitized world, faculty and students are less likely to encounter such roadblocks.

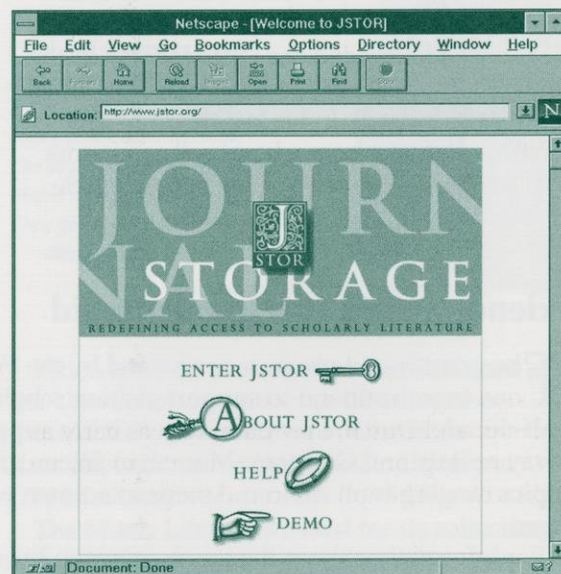
Members of the campus community can access a new electronic archive, which contains a growing collection of U.S. journal titles in the humanities and social sciences.

JSTOR (jay-store, an acronym for "journal storage") is a nonprofit organization that provides users access to newly-digitized collections of core scholarly journal literature. Users can view and print articles using standard PC equipment any time and from any networked location.

Five library sites tested this online journal concept, conceived by William G. Bowen, president of the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation; shortly after, a JSTOR pilot project was running at many of the nation's elite learning institutions.

UW-Madison was one of the eighteen pilot sites along with the University of Chicago, Stanford University and the Ivy League's Harvard, Princeton, and Yale universities. Now more than 200 universities and colleges subscribe to the archive.

The JSTOR collection contained twenty-seven U.S. journal titles recently, but the addition of more titles will soon push the total to more than fifty. Journals currently available include the *American Historical Review* and the *American Economic Review*. The *Annals of*



Mathematics is also one of the journals being digitized this year. Volumes available date from the turn of the century.

Over time, JSTOR hopes to alleviate pressures besetting libraries, including expanding subscription costs, shrinking budgets, and greater expectations from library users. The growing number of scholarly journals published, the expanding size of journals, and acquisitions over time all contribute to dwindling stack space, another problem for libraries.

Publishers that offer an electronic subscription, however, often tie it to a print subscription and usually charge an additional 10 to 30 percent. So costs actually rise.

Although the database does not yet include the most recent journal volumes from the last few years, the database is expanding dramatically.

Students and faculty can use the archive through the Electronic Library at:

<http://www.library.wisc.edu/>

Select:

- "Resources in the Electronic Library"
 - "Electronic Journals, Texts, Images, GIS & Other Data Sets"
 - and click on "j" to find "JSTOR" in the list of databases.

Adding Peace to the collections

In 1911, German socialist and anarchist Gustav Landauer wrote a pamphlet advocating international strike to prevent war. The German government destroyed almost all the copies before the print run could be distributed and Landauer himself was killed in 1919 by troops of the German Federal Government. What may be the only surviving copy of the pamphlet is part of a new Peace Collection acquired for the Department of Special Collections in Memorial Library.

The collection consists of nearly seventy books and pamphlets, mostly written in German and Dutch; they date from as early as 1819 and explore issues of peace, pacifism, and militarism. The collection can serve as a research tool for historians and political scientists interested in Germany and European responses to German militarism.

A centerpiece of the collection, *Pax Mundi*, contains copies of manuscripts, letters and drawings about world peace by statesmen from sixty countries. Only 300 copies were printed in 1932.

A mixture of artwork, correspondence, rare books, pamphlets, and monographs lends the collection broad appeal for anyone interested in nineteenth- and twentieth-century European history, according to Social Sciences Bibliographer Vicki Hill. There are reproductions of etchings by Goya documenting the atrocities committed by the French against the Spanish during the Napoleonic conquest in Spain. It also includes a 1968 reprint of Bertold Brecht's "Kriegsfibel," a montage of news photographs and critical commentary, first published in East Berlin in 1955.

"The library has a long tradition of purchasing and building collections on the subject of peace and disarmament," says Hill. The materials complement existing library holdings in the areas of European political movements from the nineteenth century through World War II.

The collection also includes works by contemporary political activists and literary figures such as Romain Rolland, as well as essays by Albert Einstein and Sigmund Freud and letters and poems written in prison by conscientious objectors.

According to Louis Pitschmann, associate director for Collection Development/Preservation, "The UW-Madison libraries are fortunate to have acquired this collection. It supplements our well-rounded collections on peace and militarism and gives scholars access to new materials on issues related to the contemporary world situation.

"The collection is also a good example of the kind of special collections the library can acquire with gift funds contributed by alumni and other friends of the university," he says.

An exhibit in the Department of Special Collections is tentatively scheduled for later this academic year.

Louisa Downey



"If stones could talk."
Teo Otto, *Nie Wieder:
Tagebuch in Bildern*.
Berlin: Verlag Volk
und Welt, 1949.
Department of Special
Collections.



Friends celebrate golden anniversary

Former Friends President Richard Knowles, an English professor on campus, recalls that he was "astonished when people actually came to the Friends lectures," which were first being introduced in the mid-1980s.

"We published a mimeographed newsletter then, and look at us now," he says.

With the help of John Tedeschi, then curator of the Department of Special Collections, Knowles inaugurated the Friends lectures, began used book sales, and spearheaded a new library addition to Memorial Library, which created the present quarters for the Department of Special Collections.



Since then, the Friends programs have evolved dramatically.

❖ The small monthly book sales have become semiannual events—one of the largest single used book sales in Southern Wisconsin, each raising more than \$11,000 on average.

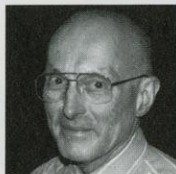
❖ Under the direction of Friends board member John Tedeschi, a grant-in-aid program provides two to three grants each year for visiting scholars to conduct library research

in the humanities. The grants are modeled on fellowships awarded at the Newberry Library in Chicago.

❖ An annual lecture series, usually including a half dozen or more lectures each year, features nationally recognized speakers. These have included authors Nancy Willard and Anne Lamott, Bodley's Librarian David Vaisey of Oxford University, Art Professor Walter Hamady, and historian William Cronon.

❖ The Friends publish the *Messenger Magazine* semiannually and various exhibition catalogs.

Photos (from left to right across top): Curator Emeritus of Special Collections John Tedeschi, General Library System Director Ken Frazier and Ann Nelson with gift of Shakespeare's Second Folio, English Professor and former Friends President Richard Knowles, Friends President ellsworth snyder, former Friends President Pat Bender, Art Professor Walter Hamady, longtime Friends members Mary Ellen and Thomas Higgins, Friends Board member John Toussaint, Professor Emerita Lenore Landry, former Friends President Frederic Cassidy, the Reeder family with exhibit of gift materials.



❖ This year, fourteen libraries received \$17,000 through a new specialized small-grant program for campus libraries supported by the Friends.

The Friends of the UW-Madison Libraries were created by the University of Wisconsin Board of Regents on Dec. 13, 1947. According to a letter from A.W. Peterson, secretary of the Board of Regents at the time, the Regents identified three purposes for the Friends:

“❖ to stimulate interest in the Library, especially with a view to enriching its collections and holdings;

❖ to procure gifts of both books and money; and

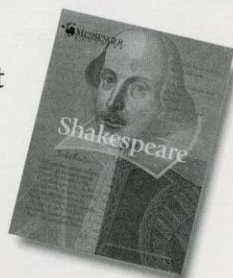
❖ to build up an endowment fund from which special purchases may be made or which may be used for the publication of bibliographical studies, a journal devoted to the interests of the Library, or in such other ways as the Board of the organization may direct.”

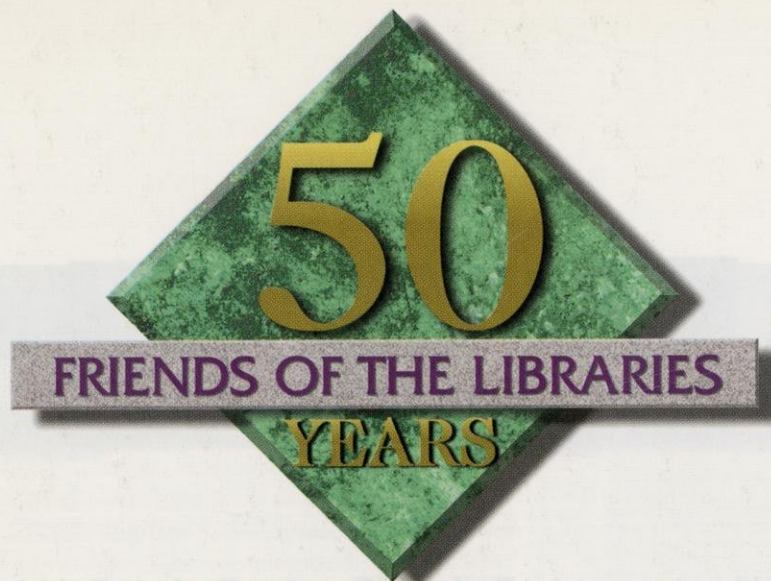
Presidents of the Friends organization have included internationally-known poet Felix Pollak, English

Professor Emeritus Frederic Cassidy (editor of the multi-volume *Dictionary of American Regional English*), and musician/artist ellsworth snyder.

Cassidy distinctly recalls that during his presidency of the Friends, the libraries received a “press and typographical riches” through a bequest. The press from the estate of Robert Shaftoe, art director at the Ford Motor Company, was aptly named the Silver Buckle Press after the nursery rhyme *Bobby Shaftoe’s Gone to Sea*.

“For me, libraries are the life blood of the university,” he adds. “The Friends came out of the same readers’ and literary clubs of the times. Just get one good librarian into such a group and that should have the effect of yeast.”





*This year the Friends of the University of
Wisconsin-Madison Libraries
celebrates its fiftieth year.*

*Founded by the Board of Regents on
December 13, 1947, it is one of the oldest
academic library friends organizations
in the nation.*

(See story on page 24.)



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