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Sandy Leach,
Team Leader, Collection Development

The University Libraries' Collection Development department coordinates the expenditure of the materials budget and facilitates communication between Library Representatives selected by the University's academic departments and librarians who select materials for each discipline. In 1993-1994 the materials budget totals \$3,966,000, of which \$2,770,000 is designated for journal and other serial subscriptions. The remainder, \$1,196,000, is spent by the selectors and representatives, who in close consultation determine the library resources needed to support teaching and research at the University of Tennessee. The Libraries adds around 50,000 volumes and media items to its collections each year. The Libraries' collections will reach two million volumes this year. Monitoring the world's vast publishing output for identification and selection of just the material we need and can afford is a daunting challenge. Given more resources, we could easily spend double or triple the amount allocated. The teamwork of concerned individuals assures that our funds are wisely spent and that the students and faculty of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville have the information essential to their work.

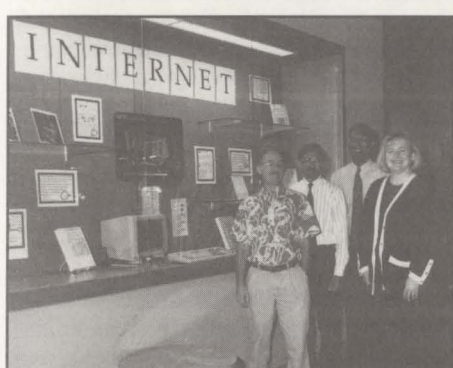
Library Selectors profile departmental Library Representatives and some varying approaches to selecting materials for the different academic disciplines

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Dean of Libraries Paula Kaufman,
Coach Pat Head Summitt, and Lady Vols

Honoring Our Library Representatives and Selectors

Botany: Dr. Alan Heilman

by Martin Courtois, Reference Librarian

Seeing the extensive library that occupies shelves on two walls of his office, it's clear that Dr. Alan Heilman is the right person for the job of Library Representative for the Botany Department, a position he has held for over 15 years. An avid reader and book collector, Dr. Heilman shrugs off the label and states simply, "Most of my books are at home." Dr. Heilman's broad reading interests seem appropriate as he explains that he teaches Botany 309, Biology and Human Affairs, a class that deals with the survival of human cultures as much as it does basic biological principles.

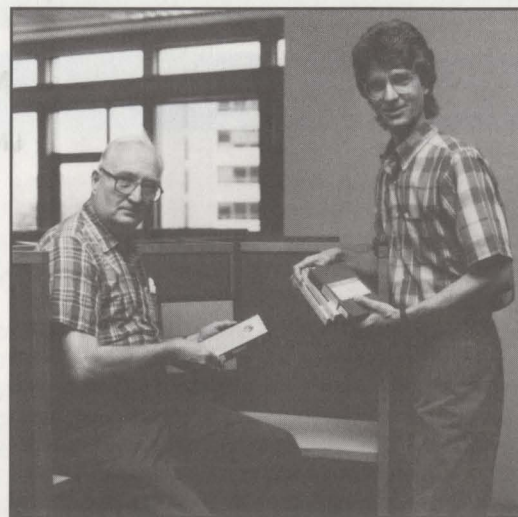
Even though Dr. Heilman has a great interest in books and reading, he avoids the wholesale acquisition of everything and anything that is published. Dr. Heilman takes great care to select those titles that will be of lasting value. He explains that with so many books published, particularly on popular science topics, we need to make sure we select the best titles and not waste precious acquisition dollars. In his efforts to select the most appropriate books for the library, he consults with other faculty in Botany. He also has a sign

placed in the department office, along with a supply of request cards, encouraging faculty to recommend books for purchase.

Keeping up with new publications is also a part of Dr. Heilman's approach to selecting library materials. He visits local bookstores and reads books reviews in *Science*, *Scientific American*, and other research journals, as well as the *New York Times*. As new books are received in the library from approval plans, Dr. Heilman visits the library to review the titles and recommend those we should purchase.

Dr. Heilman describes the botany collection at the Hodges Library as very strong in the areas of field botany and taxonomy, developed largely in support of the work of UT botanists such as Aaron Sharp and L.R. Hesler. With the move toward more laboratory work in botany, the Libraries will need to acquire materials to support molecular level research, as well as to provide for undergraduate teaching.

A strong concern for teaching is



Alan Heilman and Marty Courtois

evident in Dr. Heilman's interest in acquiring audiovisual materials, particularly videotapes. He explains that videos and slides can be used to illustrate places and problem situations that the class can't visit in person. Audiovisual materials can also bring a "hands-on" component to the classroom that otherwise would be missing.

Political Science: Dr. Lilliard Richardson

by Jane Row, Reference Coordinator for the Social Sciences

Dr. Lilliard Richardson of the Political Science Department is a researcher interested in presidential/legislative relationships, social security policy, and Congress. However, as the Library Representative for his department, he finds he has to move beyond his own research and teaching interests and pay attention to the curricular and research needs of the whole department. It's not an easy assignment, since the department offers the Ph.D. in American politics, public administration, comparative politics, and political economics.

Dr. Richardson finds several ways to keep up with the literature of his field. He is quick to give credit to his colleagues in the department who suggest material. He quietly mentions his own active research agenda as being very helpful. In addition, he pays attention to the many publishers' catalogs that come across his desk. He

also finds the book exhibits at the various meetings he attends to be useful. In talking about the exhibits he says, "In fact, that is how I learned about the Purdue Video Archives, which houses a wonderful collection of videos for political science" (from which the Libraries has ordered several titles). In a further comment, Dr. Richardson mentioned that his own viewing of film has triggered selection decisions. "The PBS series on the Russian Revolution is an example of that."

Richardson is complimentary of the library's handling of the University's ICPSR (Inter-University Consortium for Political and Social Research) membership. He relates that he came to UT about the time the library began to manage the data tapes. Says Richardson, "This has been a very positive situation to see develop. Researchers know what data we have and where to go to get it."

Another plus for Richardson in being a Library Representative has been the opportunity to review approval books. He finds this one way to keep up with new material to incorporate into his teaching.



Lilliard Richardson and Jane Row

College of Nursing: Dr. Mildred Fenske

by Lana Dixon, Reference Librarian

Dr. Mildred Fenske has been the Library Representative for the College of Nursing for several years. As the College embarked upon the graduate program in Nursing, Dr. Fenske was very enthusiastic about participating in the development of a collection that would support the instruction, study, and research of graduate students. Since then she has been an important part of shaping the collection to meet the needs of both graduate and undergraduate students of Nursing.

One of the more demanding aspects of collection development for Dr. Fenske is the sheer volume of relevant books and serials. In addition to needing titles specific to Nursing and biomedicine broadly, Nursing also draws upon the literature of many other fields, including behavioral and biological studies. Developing a research collection in the medical sciences at an institution that does not have a medical school poses even more challenges for selecting only the most pertinent titles from among the thousands of biomedical materials published each year. In short, the choices are often difficult.

Decisions concerning journals are particularly complicated and always require extensive consultation by Dr. Fenske with her colleagues. Access by students to the

CINAHL (Cumulative Index to Nursing and Allied Health) and MEDLINE databases through the Library's CD-ROM network will continue to increase the demands placed upon both the Libraries' journal collection and access services such as Interlibrary Services. Nursing students and faculty are among the heaviest users of interlibrary loan.

When asked how being well informed about the literature has helped her in teaching and research, Dr. Fenske's reply is: "To know what's essential."

In terms of how being the Library Representative has changed over the years, Dr. Fenske feels that she is getting more feedback from the Libraries. She finds the acquisitions printouts to be particularly useful. Access to the Libraries' catalog from computers within the College of Nursing building is a significant development. As the liaison for the College, I have found my e-mail link with Dr. Fenske to be a tremendous improvement. We can confer quickly and conveniently.



Lana Dixon and Mildred Fenske

Collection development is very much a collaborative effort, and Dr. Fenske is an extremely active, involved selector. Her input is essential to the acquisition of materials reflecting the interests and needs of the faculty and students in the College of Nursing. With budgets continually unable to keep up with rising prices, Dr. Fenske is an invaluable resource in the process of identifying what is most relevant and appropriate for our collection.

Graduate School of Library & Information Science: Dr. William Robinson

by Deborah Thompson-Wise, Collection Development Librarian

Recipe for an insightful Library Representative: begin with a lifelong interest in current awareness, add several years of professional experience as a librarian, combine with advanced study and two decades of instructing students in library materials selection and collection development—*et voila*, Dr. William Robinson, the Graduate School of Library and Information Science's Library Representative.

Dr. Robinson admits to a happy concurrence of professional development activities with his duties as Library Representative. While the collections benefit from his perusal of library and information science book review sources, current periodicals, electronic journals

and discussion lists on the Internet, Dr. Robinson's direct involvement in collection development provides him with a wealth of "real life" examples for the classroom as well as research questions.

The phenomenal growth in the bibliographic base and curriculum of library and information science since the information age dawned twenty years ago has made collection development much more daunting. Dr. Robinson stresses that collection development work is cooperative. More than ever, Library Representatives must rely on input from colleagues to create a balanced collection.



Bill Robinson and Deborah Thompson-Wise

Internet: Slightly Beyond the Essentials

by Biddanda Ponnappa, Coordinator, Interlibrary Services

In an insert to an earlier edition of this publication I described some basic procedures to accomplish SMTP (E-mail), Telnet and FTP protocols. (Note: That insert, "Internet: The Essentials," is included again in this issue.) In this article, I want to describe basics of **ARCHIE** searches and searching **LISTSERV** databases.

Using Archie Servers

"Archie" is a service available over the Internet to get addresses of FTP sites which maintain archives of programs and data made available to anonymous FTP users. There are many Archie servers located around the world. Some examples are:

archie.sura.net
archie.rutgers.edu
archie.mcgill.ca
archie.funet.fi

Following are two examples of a typical "Archie" search. The commands you must enter are in **bold italics**.

Someone has told you that an interesting introductory document about the Internet, called "Libcat-guide," could be FTP'd. But you don't know which host site has the document. The solution is to do an Archie search.

\$ telnet archie.sura.net

login: **qarchie** (Note: On most of the sites you can log-in as "archie," but this particular site uses "qarchie" for a quicker search.)

[Welcome Message]

> **prog libcat-guide** [Enter]

After a few seconds, you will see messages as below:

Host tasman.cc.utas.edu.au

Location: /doc

FILE -r--rw-r-- 109226 Sep 30 1991 libcat-guide

Host mailer.fsu.edu

Location: /pub/dduke

FILE -rw-r--r-- 109226 Oct 7 1991 libcat-guide.txt

Location: /pub/doc/.cap

FILE -rw-r--r-- 0 Nov 24 1992 libcat-guide

Location: /pub/doc

FILE -rw-r--r-- 92254 Nov 24 1992 libcat-guide

Host ftp.scri.fsu.edu

Location: /pub/dduke

FILE -rw-r--r-- 109226 Sep 30 1992 libcat-guide.txt

Host net-1.iastate.edu

Location: /pub/netinfo/libraries ...

(Use "space bar" to page through the screens, and, when finished, type **Q** to get back to the > prompt.

> **quit**

\$

In the above example, you can anonymously FTP to any one of the hosts, change the directory as indicated in the Location field, and retrieve the document. Remember to retrieve the document in "**binary**" mode if the file is not a text file. By sending the command **help** at the > prompt, you can learn about more options you can use.

Example 2:

You have heard that one can FTP a graphics (GIF) file known as "REDROSE." You want to find out from which host sites you can FTP the file. Follow the procedure:

\$ telnet archie.rutgers.edu

login: **archie**

[Welcome Message]

archie> **set pager** (To page through the results; there are other features you can find out about by typing **help** at the > prompt.)

archie> **prog redrose**

After a few seconds, you will see the result as below:

Host ftp.wustl.edu (128.252.135.4)

Last updated 20:43 2 Oct 1993

Location: /multimedia/images/gif/r

FILE -rw--rw-r-- 29272 bytes 01:00 1 Nov 1989 redrose.gif

Host ftp.sunet.se (130.238.127.3)

Last updated 12:12 2 Oct 1993

Location: /pub/pictures/views

FILE -r--r--r-- 29312 bytes 07:39 16 Apr 1993 redrose.gif

(Use "space bar" to page through the screens, and, when finished, type **Q** to get back to the archie> prompt.

archie> **quit**

\$

In the above example, you can anonymously FTP to one of the hosts, change the directory as indicated in the Location field, and retrieve the document. In this example, because it is a graphics file, you will have to retrieve "redrose.gif" in binary mode.

Internet: The Essentials

by Biddanda Ponnappa, Coordinator, Interlibrary Services

The Internet is a worldwide network of networks that provides access to thousands of computers around the world. The software used by the Internet is called TCP/IP. TCP/IP (Transmission Control Protocol/Internet Protocol) is a set of protocols that helps link different computer systems over local-area and wide-area networks. With the help of this software, one can:

–Send electronic messages over the network. This protocol is called SMTP (Simple Mail Transfer Protocol).

–Log into remote host computers to access library catalogs and other information databases. This protocol is called the TELNET or tn3270. TELNET is used most frequently and will connect to most VAX and UNIX hosts. Usually this protocol emulates “vt100” terminal type. tn3270 is used to connect with IBM mainframe hosts and emulates a 3270 type terminal.

–Copy files from/to various computers. This protocol is called FTP (File Transfer Protocol).

Following are some examples of commands to use to execute the above protocols. (NOTE: 1. I have used the \$ prompt, which is the VMS system prompt, for the following examples. It might as well be the % prompt, which is the UNIX prompt. 2. The commands, which are in **bold italics**, must be typed in by the user. 3. I have assumed that the reader knows how to get to the \$ prompt and then to logoff from that prompt!)

Basic SMTP (E-mail) Procedures

To get a list of various discussion groups:

\$ **mail**

MAIL> **send**

To: **in%"listserv@UTKVM1"**

Sub: (leave this field blank)

Enter your message below.

Press CTRL/Z when complete, or CTRL/C to quit:

list global

Ctrl-Z

\$

(You will receive the list in your e-mail within a few hours after this message is received by the host computer UTKVM1.)

To subscribe to one of the discussion groups:

Example: Group-L@HOST (Where Group-L is the name of a discussion group and HOST is the address of the group's host computer)

\$ **mail**

MAIL> **send**

To: **in%"listserv@host"** (Where “listserv” is the term used to send a message to the administrator of the group)

Sub: (leave this field blank)

Enter your message below.

Press CTRL/Z when complete, or CTRL/C to quit:

SUB Group-L Firstname Lastname (This command is to subscribe to a group.)

Ctrl-Z

\$

Some other useful commands which could be used in the message field:

UNSUB Group-L (To unsubscribe from a group)

REVIEW Group-L (To get a list of all the subscribers)

INDEX Group-L (To get an index of archived messages)

SET Group-L nomail (To temporarily stop receiving messages from the group)

SET Group-L mail (To resume receiving mail from the group)

To send a message to a discussion group:

Example: Group-L

\$ **mail**

MAIL> **send**

To: **in%"Group-L@host"**

Sub: **Internet Demo!**

Message...

Ctrl-Z

\$

Basic Telnet Procedures

To access a remote library catalog:

Example: University of California System

\$ **telnet melvyl.ucop.edu** /or/ **telnet 31.1.0.1**

Terminal type: **vt100**

To exit: Type **end** and follow the instructions

Example: Deakin University Library, Australia

\$ **telnet sol.deakin.oz.au** /or/ **telnet 128.184.1.1**

login: **alice**

To exit: type ~. (i.e., tilde, dot) and Press Return

To access campus-wide information systems:

Example: University of North Carolina Campus Information System

\$ **telnet uncvx1.acs.unc.edu**

/or/ **telnet 128.109.157.1**

username: **info**

(Follow the instructions)

To access other miscellaneous databases:

Some examples:

I. Environmental Protection Agency Information System

\$ **telnet epaibm.rtpnc.epa.gov**

/or/ **telnet 134.67.208.25**

(Follow the instructions)

II. Weather Underground (a complete U.S. weather service)

\$ **telnet madlab.sprl.umich.edu 3000**

/or/ **telnet 141.212.196.79 3000**

(Follow the instructions)

III. To access a "GOPHER" database which in turn provides access to other databases

\$ **telnet 134.84.132.4**

login: **gopher**

terminal type: **vt100**

(Follow the instructions)

IV. Wide Area Information Server (WAIS)

\$ **telnet quake.think.com** /or/ **telnet 192.31.181.1**

login: **waiz** (in lower case)

terminal type: **vt100**

(Type ? to see the commands to use)

V. FEDIX (for Federal Agency Information)

\$ **telnet fedix.fie.com** /or/ **telnet 192.111.228.1**

login: **fedix**

(Follow the instructions)

The University of Tennessee, Knoxville Computing Center (UTCC) has loaded some programs to automatically connect to some of the catalogs and discussion groups. Type **HYTELNET** or **VNEWS** at the \$ prompt and follow the instructions to navigate through the system.

Basic FTP Procedures

FTP is a high-speed method for transferring files over the Internet. Many sites allow an "anonymous" user to log in for the purpose of downloading files. Following are two examples to illustrate a typical "ftp" session with a remote computer.

Some useful FTP commands:

ascii	set transfer mode to ASCII (plain text)
binary	set transfer mode to binary (software or wp files)
bye	quit ftp
get	command to download a file (from a remote computer)
put	command to upload a file (to a remote computer)
cd	change directories
dir	list directories
?	list commands available

1. To get an introductory document on the Internet:

\$ **ftp tasman.cc.utas.edu.au**

Name: **anonymous**

Password: **(your e-mail address)**

(The prompt will show ftp> or *)

ftp> **dir** (shows directory listing)

ftp> **cd doc** (to change directory to doc)

ftp> **dir** (shows contents of this directory)

ftp> **get libcat-guide** (to get the file called libcat-guide)

ftp> **bye** (to exit)

\$

2. To get a list of e-mail conferences related to academic interests:

\$ **ftp ksuvxa.kent.edu**

Name: **anonymous**

Password: **(your e-mail address)**

ftp> **dir**

ftp> **cd library**

ftp> **get acadlist.readme**

ftp> **bye**

\$

There are hundreds of other sites from which one can ftp various types of information. Following are some of the addresses: ftp.unt.edu, ariel.unm.edu, hyda.uwo.ca, wuarchive.wustl.edu, dartcms1.dartmouth.edu, think.com. I suggest that you look into their "pub" directory (**cd pub**) and select the files you are interested in getting. Once the file is downloaded into your account, you can use the type, print, or edit function to look at the downloaded file.

For further assistance, contact Biddanda Ponnappa
at 974-6866 or PONNAPPA@UTKLIB.LIB.UTK.EDU

University of Tennessee, Knoxville Libraries, Fall 1993

Searching and Retrieving Documents from Listserv Groups

There are hundreds of discussion groups organized under the Listserv system. Sometimes you may want to search the archived messages of a particular discussion group to retrieve messages on a given topic. Following is an example.

Here I have used as an example a Listserv group called WMST-L, which is devoted to issues related to Women's Studies. The host for this list is UMDD.UMD.EDU. The topic I am looking for is "Syllabus."

```
$ mail
MAIL> send
```

```
To: in%"listserv@umdd.umd.edu"
```

```
Sub: [Leave this field blank]
```

```
Enter your message below.
```

```
Press CTRL/Z when complete, or CTRL/C to quit:
```

```
//
Database Search DD=Rules
//Rules DD *
Search syllabus in WMST-L
Index
/*
```

Ctrl-Z

Sometime after sending this message, you will receive two responses from Listserv@umdd.umd.edu. One will be about the summary of resource utilization, and the other, the index, will look something like:

```
Subject: File: "DATABASE OUTPUT"
```

```
> Search syllabus in WMST-L
--> Database WMST-L, 165 hits.
```

```
> Index
```

Item #	Date	Time	Recs	Subject
000007	91/05/22	06:12	8	Re: Request for Information
000008	91/05/22	09:18	12	Re: Request for Information
000009	91/05/22	10:22	67	Outline
000010	91/05/22	08:59	13	Re: Request for Information
000011	91/05/22	11:47	24	slight confusion
000030	91/05/27	16:45	11	women and the media
000114	91/06/05	10:27	29	Re: HELP ON AFRICA
000354	91/06/25	10:27	15	Women's studies vs. feminist studies
000470	91/07/12	17:47	10	Re: GREETINGS FROM A NEW SUBSCRIBER
000496	91/07/18	13:24	40	Syllabi for WMST-L
000497	91/07/18	14:25	23	More about Syllabi
000593	91/08/01	14:00	21	Syllabus for a Capstone Course
000604	91/08/04	17:08	62	...

Looking through the above printout of the index, you identify items 000009 and 000593 as the ones you want to look at. So, again, you send a message, as below:

```
$ mail
MAIL> send
```

```
To: in%"listserv@umdd.umd.edu"
```

```
Sub: [Leave this field blank]
```

```
Enter your message below.
```

```
Press CTRL/Z when complete, or CTRL/C to quit:
```

```
//
//Rules DD *
Search syllabus in WMST-L
Print all of 9, 593
/*
```

Ctrl-Z

After a few minutes you will again receive two responses from Listserv@umdd.umd.edu—one a summary of resource utilization, and another the copy of messages you requested.

One can also search by using the Boolean commands (AND, OR, NOT); limiting searches by date; nesting search terms, etc.

Examples:

```
Search syllabus OR syllabi in WMST-L
Search syllabus AND graduate in WMST-L
Search (syllabus OR syllabi) AND graduate in WMST-L
Search syllabus in WMST-L from 93/8/1 to 93/9/30
Search syllabus in WMST-L since 10/92
```

To learn more about advanced search strategies using this batch process technique, one can send a message *info database* to one of the Listserv hosts and retrieve a detailed document to study.

For further assistance, contact Biddanda Ponnappa
at 974-6866 or PONNAPPA@UTKLIB.LIB.UTK.EDU

Leading the Lady Vols

An Interview with Coach Pat Head Summitt

by Angie LeClercq, Special Assistant to the Dean of Libraries

Q: You've got some amazing statistics. Ninety-nine percent of your students have graduated, which shows real commitment to their academic program. Eighteen of the 28 active coaches in basketball nationally have worked for you in some capacity (either played or been student assistants). Your team has an average attendance of over 6,000 per game. You have the national NCAA highest attendance. It's pretty extraordinary. Your team has incredible chemistry. How do you build that ethos?

A: The philosophy of this program is that we are family. We have a lot of love, and we have a lot of discipline.

Q: I understand the love part, but how do you manage discipline in today's world?

A: I think young people today are looking for discipline. We've tried to incorporate into our program a philosophy that we want to live by, called "the definite dozen."

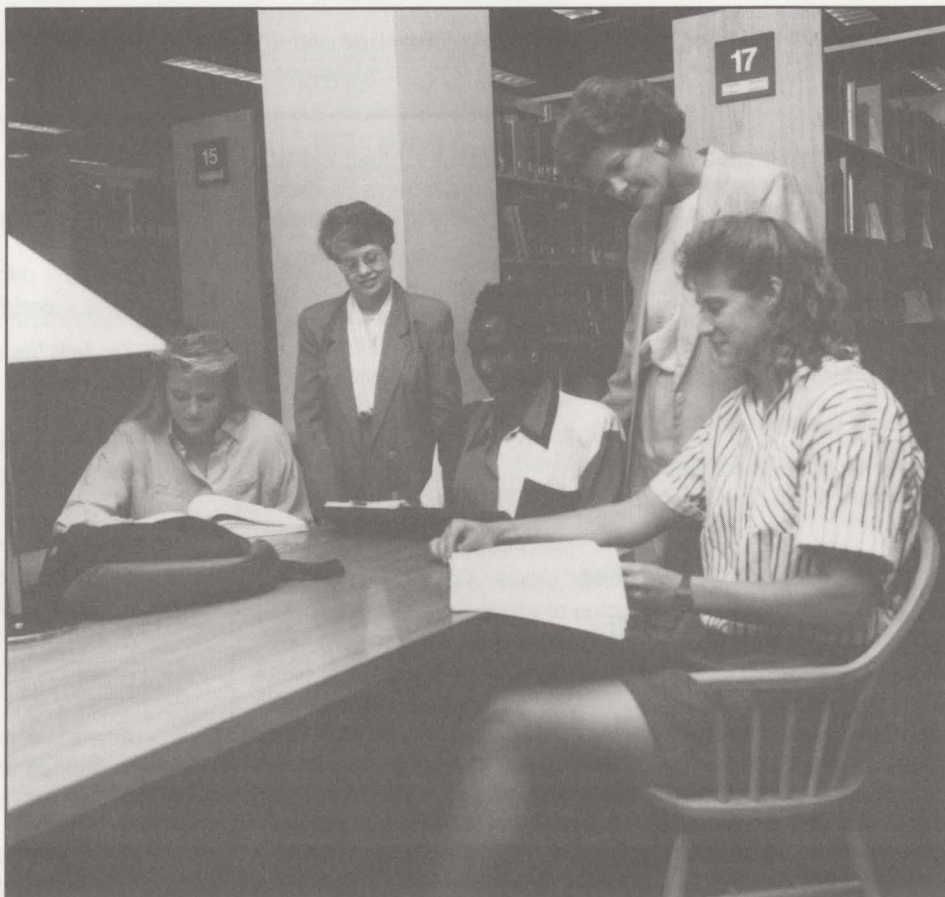
Number one is: we have to be responsible. They understand the responsibility of going to class, being on time—because the ultimate is that we expect a degree, and they are responsible for getting their degree.

We have an "in-class-and-up-front" rule.

And then, to learn to treat people in a respectful fashion. Our philosophy is: treat people the way you want to be treated. They understand how important it is that you treat that person as a family member.

Loyalty is third. Honesty is fourth. I can't say enough about how important it is that we are loyal to each other. And we're honest with each other. And, then, the remaining part deals more with basketball, and being a smart team, and putting the team before yourself.

We have an "in-class-and-up-front" rule. Our players are expected to be in class. They don't miss class if we're in town. And they sit in the front three rows. They turn in a weekly timesheet, and they have mandatory study hall until they get their GPA at a level that we feel that they're on their way and they don't have to have the structure from us.



Lady Vols Michelle Marciniak, Rochone Dilligard, and Vonda Ward get some high-level tutoring from Dean of Libraries Paula Kaufman (standing, left) and Coach Pat Head Summitt (standing, right).

Q: It's so important, if you're going to be part of an academic community, to encourage your players to be part of it.

A: I think that's the first thing that we talk about in the recruiting process. It is a priority. And it has to be a priority. We wouldn't be here if it weren't for the academics and the institution as a whole. That's important to me. And not only, I guess, to sell it to our recruits, but once they get here, to see that they understand along the way that it is top priority.

Q: Do you use the nice facilities, such as the Hodges Library and Thompson-Boling Arena as part of the recruiting process?

A: Oh, most definitely! We take every one of our recruits through the library. What an impressive facility! And take the parents. We're very proud of it—most definitely.

Q: Your team plays fast tempo, aggressive, exciting basketball. Does it reflect your personality?

A: Oh, I think most people say that a team is a reflection of the coach, but...I think that it would reflect our entire staff. I think our staff is...we're very focused. "Intensity"

We take every one of our recruits through the library.

probably describes me better than any word you could think of. I grew up with three older brothers, and my father was very intense—a very business-like person. Our team understands that we go about business, and we want to play hard. And intensity just goes with playing hard.

Q: *Your team does not play controlled ball.*

A: Well, I think that's because, when you play the type of defense that we like to play, it's so aggressive in nature—it's not meant to be passive. We play baseline-to-baseline. It makes for an exciting brand of basketball.

*We play
baseline-to-baseline.*

Q: *Do you feel that the Lady Vols are fairly treated in comparison to men's teams in terms of scholarships and your other coaches, in terms of salary?*

A: I think that our situation is one that I am extremely proud of and very comfortable with. And I'm proud of the University for the commitment that they've made to women's athletics and the opportunities. Yes, we're treated very fairly here.

Q: *How many scholarships do you have?*

A: Right now I have 12 on scholarship, but we can give up to 15.

Q: *Scholarships are based on need or merit?*

A: Merit. What you take into account is their academic and athletic ability. But the scholarship is awarded to the best student athlete in the country that we can identify and convince to come to Tennessee.

Q: *You have an academic assistant, right?*

A: We have a full-time academic advisor, Kerry Howland. Kerry has two graduate assistants. Kerry's responsibility is to work closely with each of the teams academically. She has a lot of contact with our staff and keeps us informed as to how each student athlete is doing in the classroom. [Howland later noted that sometimes a mandatory study hour is held in the library because of the important resources and services.]

Q: *Can you think of an instance where you have not recruited someone because their GPA was lower than you wanted?*

A: There have been at least a few. There are some great players out there that we can't recruit because of their lack of academic background and success.

Q: *Your team is really a cohesive unit. How do you do it?*

A: I don't know that there's a magic formula. I go back and think family. I think what's very important—in athletics, in business—is that you let people know that you care about them and that they have needs outside the classroom and off the basketball court, just as people.

And I think that is so important: that you sincerely care and that you're there for them, to help them, and that they should be there for each other. I get to know each individual; our staff gets to know the families of all our student athletes. They know that they can come to us, and we're more than just a coach.

We're a lot of different hats in this profession. I mean, a lot of different hats! Whether it's to be a mom, a counselor, a friend, a coach, a disciplinarian—whatever you might have to be, you're going to have to be a lot of things to a lot of people.

Q: *This is the off-season? When can you start officially practicing?*

A: November 1st.

Q: *And what can you do in the off-season?*

A: They can do as much as they want to do in terms of conditioning and strength training. We had three players on the U.S. Junior World Championship Team. We had one on the U.S. Junior Select Team. We had one on the Senior World Championship Team. So, we had players playing in Korea, Brazil, and Taiwan.

Q: *You've coached Olympic teams; you've*

played in international events. Why? Is it because it's just fun?

A: Well, I think for me, as a little girl growing up, the ultimate in competition was the Olympics, and fortunately I had an opportunity to compete in Montreal in '76. And because it was such a wonderful

*We wouldn't be here if it
weren't for the academics...*

experience for me, I think that that served as a motivation, not only to want to pursue international coaching, but to see other student athletes and particularly Tennessee players have a chance to train for and compete in the international competition—particularly at the Olympic level.

Q: *Does making money make a difference to you?*

A: Well, it's important, because I've never had the mentality of: I'm going to hold my hand out and beg. I want to feel that in women's athletics we're working extremely hard to be as self sufficient as possible in terms of generating revenue and opportunities for women.



Dean Kaufman and Coach Summitt enjoy a few minutes of conversation in the Hodges Library reference room.

On the Internet—UT's Manuscript Collections

by Curtis Lyons, Archives Specialist, University Archives

The University of Tennessee manuscript collections contain different types of papers whose topics range from literature to history to sociology to business. In fact, when one encounters a collection that spans over 100 boxes, it is possible to have several hundred different topics just in that one cataloged unit.

Because of this, there are actually two levels of cataloging that one must handle for a large collection: (1) the standard bibliographic record just as one would create for a book, CD or microfilm and (2) a written guide to the collection.

The standard record is the one that a researcher would see in, for instance, the National Union Catalog of Manuscript Collections. The guide is much larger and more informative. While the longest bibliographic record might cover 2-3 pages including 20 different subjects, a guide to a large collection can be 200-300 pages with thousands of different subjects represented by folder titles.

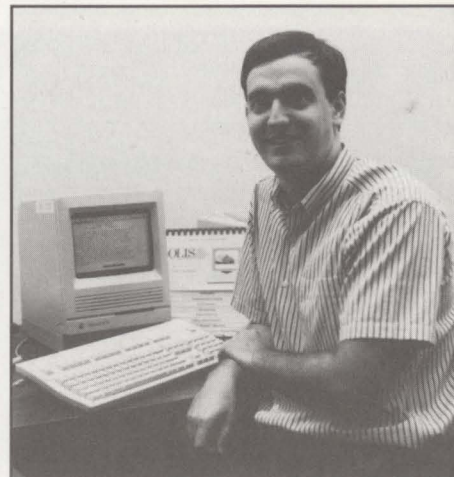
This has always led to a problem: how can we alert researchers to the wealth of resources buried in a large collection? Of course, printed guides are available for the asking in Special Collections. But how many

researchers have time go through a 100+ page guide that seems to contain nothing relevant to their research on the off-chance that there is a single folder of interest?

But now the researcher doesn't have to scan lengthy printed guides. In February, the University of Tennessee Libraries began entering guides into its Online Library Information System (OLIS). Not only does this provide researchers from around the country access to our guides (anyone on the Internet can enter into the UTK system by using telnet to library.utk.edu), but it also provides a simple and convenient indexing system.

Are you looking for information on Hamblen County? Just enter "Hamblen" at the search prompt and the computer will scan all the guides, retrieving those guides that contain that word. You can then skim the shorter guides for the word, or download the larger guides to your own personal computer and use your word processing software to locate the word.

This new technology has provided easy access to manuscript collections, long considered an important source for original research, that far surpasses any previous system. We are one of eight universities to



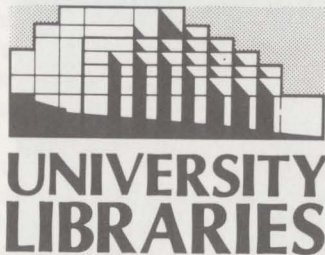
Guides to manuscripts in Special Collections are now available electronically. Curtis Lyons was among those who worked on this project.

implement a process such as this, the others being: Yale, Virginia, Wheaton College, Johns Hopkins University, Oregon State University, University of California-San Diego, and Trent University in Canada.

In OLIS, look under "UTK Libraries Holdings" and then "Manuscripts" for guides to the manuscript collections.

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UTK Libraries Adds Its Two-Millionth Volume

The University Libraries observed a milestone on March 15, 1994 with the addition of the two-millionth volume to its collections. To celebrate the dual occasion of The University of Tennessee's Bicentennial and the acquisition by the University Libraries of its two-millionth volume, it is appropriate that the volume selected reflect in some way the early development of Tennessee and its legacy of the printed word.

The volume acquired specifically for the occasion is the 1841 edition of a serial publication, *The Crockett Almanac*. This item is of particular importance to the Libraries' holdings since it completes the entire series of *Crockett Almanacs* published in Nashville that are held in Special Collections.

The acquisition of this seventh and last Nashville-published *Crockett Almanac* to be added as the two-millionth volume to the University of Tennessee Libraries is symbolic of the University's recognition of its inextricable links to the history and people of Tennessee as well as its commitment to scholarship and teaching in the larger context. It is an act appropriately celebrating the University's Bicentennial year.

Two events on March 15th marked this important occasion. The two-millionth volume was presented to Dean of Libraries Paula Kaufman at a noon ceremony at which Dean Kaufman shared the platform with UT President Joe Johnson, Chancellor Bill Snyder, Chair of the Library Friends Executive Committee Mike Jaynes, and Student Government Association President Brett Carter. Dr. Richard Marius offered an evening lecture that featured accounts of his own library experiences as a historian and a novelist. The text of Dr. Marius' lecture is included in this issue.

The University Libraries' Bicentennial events were sponsored by the University of Tennessee Library Friends and the University of Tennessee Bicentennial Steering Committee.



Above: Dean Kaufman proudly displays an 1841 Crockett Almanac, the Libraries' two-millionth volume. With her on the platform are SGA President Brett Carter, Chancellor Bill Snyder, Library Friends Chair Mike Jaynes, and UT President Joe Johnson.

Right: Brett Carter presents Dean Kaufman with the two-million-and-first volume, a CD-ROM version of the Oxford English Dictionary.



Dean Kaufman began her remarks at the noon ceremony by remembering other significant occasions in the life of the University Libraries, including the first official appropriation in 1825 of \$161.63 to

purchase books for a library collection and the rededication of the John C. Hodges Library in 1987. As the Dean said, "today we have another wonderful reason to gather—this time to celebrate the contents of our libraries, for it is primarily for their contents, after all, that we build buildings as magnificent as this one."

The Dean emphasized that having a collection of two million volumes provides "ready access to more core books and journals [so that] UTK students and faculty can better read, study, and research the knowledge that has already been created....And, by building on the knowledge other scholars communicate, UTK researchers can produce and disseminate new knowledge—knowledge that serves everyone, for most research and scholarship is not really esoteric at all."

The Dean went on to applaud her talented staff of information professionals whose skills serve adeptly to guide users down the "infobahn." As she said: "Today is a celebration of the many dedicated library faculty and staff who make our libraries work."

In concluding, Dean Kaufman noted that our University's library ranks 76th in size among all the nation's academic libraries: "Despite emphasis on access and service, the size of a collection still does matter, and it matters especially to faculty and students at research universities like the University of Tennessee, Knoxville."

Chancellor Bill Snyder followed Dean Kaufman to the podium and welcomed the crowd of enthusiastic library supporters. He commented that "a major challenge of higher education today and in the future is to help its constituents become information literate. This means an ability to recognize when information is needed and be able to locate, evaluate, and use effectively the needed information."

Chancellor Snyder stressed that the University Libraries is the nerve center of sources of information needed by the many constituents served by the University, and that the "information and knowledge contained [in the libraries] were empowering and ennobling resources for the human mind and spirit."

In concluding, the Chancellor stated: "It is particularly appropriate that the two-millionth volume is being added during our Bicentennial year, a year in which we reflect on our past accomplishments in the full belief and faith that the greatest years for this fine university are yet to come. The library will continue to play a central role of providing access to information so essential



Above: The official presentation of the two-millionth volume was held in the Galleria of the John C. Hodges Library.

Above, right: Dean of Libraries Paula Kaufman celebrates the pioneer spirit in a coonskin cap.

Right: Library Friends Chair Mike Jaynes and local author Wilma Dykeman chat following the noon ceremony.

to ensure productive teaching, research and scholarship."

The President of the University, Dr. Joe Johnson, began his remarks with the comment: "How clever and thoughtful to pick the two-millionth volume to celebrate in the midst of the two-hundredth year birthday of the University! If you look back over the 200 years, you see how far the library has come. Its development has been intertwined with the history of the University." President Johnson went on to say, "The Libraries are based on the notion that mankind and society profit from the free flow of ideas and a ready access to information—facts, thoughts, and ideas."

President Johnson noted further: "What a tremendous resource our libraries are! Where would we go to study, to explore, to expand our minds, to let ourselves be challenged? And that's the reason that the libraries have grown and have reached the two-millionth volume."

In conclusion, President Johnson challenged the group to use and respect that "place where we can come to examine the papers of our first governor, John Sevier, the papers of Presidents Jackson, Polk, and Johnson, and such literary authorities as Alex Haley and James Agee—all of that store of information is here."

President Johnson closed by compli-



menting Dean Kaufman and her staff for the openness of library services to students, the Knoxville community, and the region.

After the above remarks, Mike Jaynes, Chair of the University of Tennessee Library Friends Executive Committee, presented the beautifully boxed volume of the 1841 *Crockett Almanac* to Dean Kaufman as the two-millionth volume of the Libraries' collection.

Dean Kaufman spoke to the importance of the *Crockett Almanac* in the publishing history of the State of Tennessee. Kaufman noted that this volume reflects Tennessee's early development and its legacy of the printed word.

The ceremonies concluded with the presentation of the two-million-and-first volume, the second edition of the *Oxford English Dictionary* on CD-ROM. Student Government Association President Brett Carter presented the disc to Dean Kaufman, noting that "the library really means a lot to the students—its computers, its periodicals, its two million volumes...The students have a tradition of supporting the Libraries: the Library Fun Run, the Adopt-A-Periodical Campaign." As Carter concluded, "Choosing a volume in an electronic digital format symbolizes the fact that the Libraries will be at the heart of this transformation of our information world."

Libraries as Treasuries of the Past

The Dr. and Mrs. A.H. Lancaster Library Friends Lecture

Celebrating the Addition of the Two-Millionth Volume to the University of Tennessee, Knoxville Libraries

by Richard Marius

March 15, 1994

[Dr. Richard Marius, Director of the Center for Expository Writing of Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, is a historian by training, a distinguished educator, and an acclaimed novelist. A native of East Tennessee, he received his baccalaureate degree from the University of Tennessee and returned subsequently to Knoxville as a professor of history.]

I want to say—as best I can—how honored and grateful I feel for the invitation to speak to you on this occasion. When Dean Paula Kaufman wrote to ask me to this event, I felt the warm air of memory blowing like a breeze through a window open onto a spring night, filled with the fragrance of roses.

Tennessee is my state. The University of Tennessee is my university—so much a part of me that I cannot imagine my life without it. I think of UT sometimes as a parent whom I've always wanted to please.

People in the Northeast seem to think Universities came to the South only about the time football was invented. I feel like Tennessee's missionary to set them right.

We have convened to celebrate the UT Library on the anniversary of our university's founding—its birthday, if you will—and the two-millionth book to be added to our collections. It's an achievement to be two hundred years old—older than our state, almost as old as the Republic itself. Old universities are venerable. I have been wearing my UT 200-year pin in the lapel of one of my jackets. People ask what it is, and I tell them. They nod appreciatively and in some surprise. People in the Northeast seem to think Universities came to the South only about the time football was invented. I feel like Tennessee's missionary to set them right.

Institutions age more gracefully than people. I am now sixty years old. My age

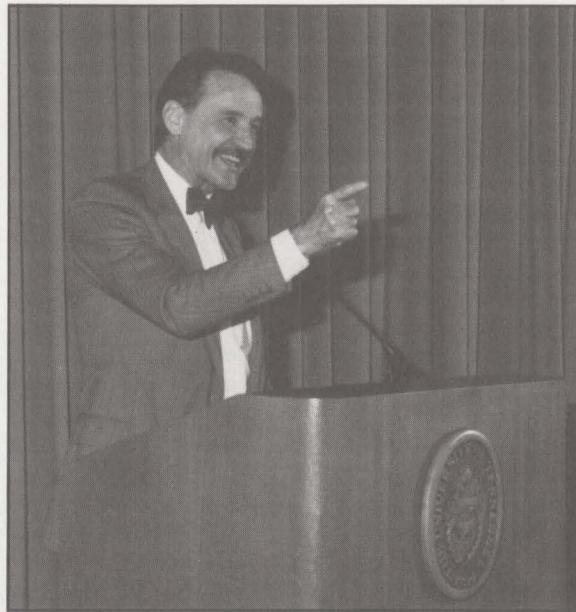
startles me, especially in the morning when I peer at myself in the bathroom mirror and wonder how this old stranger slipped into the house during the night. Like most of us—especially those of us who write fiction—I feel formed by the world of my childhood, and it is unsettling to think how quickly childhood disappeared.

I am old enough to remember the last years of the Great Depression, the irregular procession of wanderers walking up the long driveway of our farm at Dixie Lee Junction, asking my mother to feed them. I remember the aroma of work horses in harness, the smell of human sweat and wood shavings when carpenters worked to finish our house, the sublime stillness of hot summers when at midday nothing seemed to move for miles around, the peal of church bells on Sunday mornings, the sight of people in their Sunday best walking to church along gravel roads to Midway Baptist because so few had cars.

Like most of us—especially those of us who write fiction—I feel formed by the world of my childhood, and it is unsettling to think how quickly childhood disappeared.

I am old enough to remember the last years of the Great Depression, the irregular procession of wanderers walking up the long driveway of our farm at Dixie Lee Junction, asking my mother to feed them.

I remember Pearl Harbor and our third grade at Farragut School gathering around a radio to hear Franklin Roosevelt ask the Congress to declare war on Japan.



Richard Marius takes questions from the audience.

Most children in our class lived on farms within five or six miles of the school. I remember the seemingly endless convoys of trucks painted army brown rolling past our farm, laden with young men in uniform. I remember victory and UT's beautiful wooded hill suddenly swollen with gray trailers and prefabs to house veterans home from the war resolved to get an education.

It was a world close to fields and forests. Knoxville itself was a small, smoky town, and beyond the Bearden Hill open country rolled out to the West, fenced off into small farms abutting wooded hills. When I enrolled at UT on June 11, 1951, two weeks out of Lenoir City High School, the university seemed gigantic. I believe that about 2000 students took courses in summer school that year. In the fall enrollment swelled to over 6000. Freshmen wore green beanies.

President C.E. Brehm, a kind and decent man, had been elevated to the Presidency from the College of Agriculture. He addressed us in Alumni Memorial Auditorium at the beginning of fall term and told us about the farmer who had a good cow. "How much milk does that cow give?" a friend asked. "That cow doesn't GIVE you a damned thing," the farmer said. "But if you grab hold with both hands

and PULL, you'll get about three gallons a day." President Brehm said UT was like that cow. It wouldn't give us anything, but if we grabbed hold and pulled, we'd get an education. We laughed. We were all near enough to the farm to understand what he was talking about.

I did not own a car while I was in college. I paid a neighbor a quarter a day to ride to school with him early in the morning. Once in a great while I drove my father's 1950 Chevrolet and parked in the great honeysuckle patch that is now the paved parking lot behind the College of Education.

I scheduled morning classes. After zealously attending noonday devotions at the Baptist Student Center located where Clement Hall rises today, I put up my thumb and hitchhiked back to Lenoir City to work on the *Lenoir City News*.

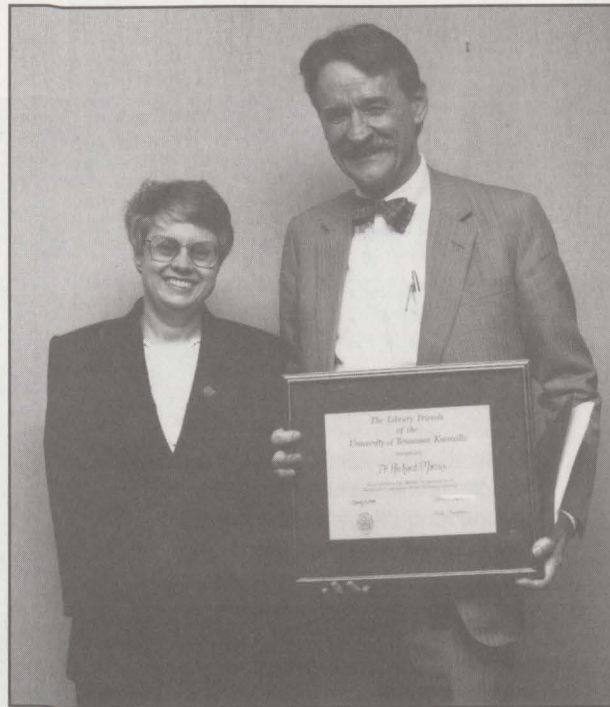
I remember one still summer day being dropped by someone who turned off on Gallaher Road. Everything was calm, and fields and woods undulated northward in still green waves beyond the shallow valley where now I-40 and I-75 thunder with traffic. For some reason that defies explanation, that moment stays in memory like a hymn of praise—the sunshine, the peacefulness of the fields, the long intervals of silence between cars, the white farm house where my friend Bill Ritter lived, a frame house standing in a shady grove of trees down a gravel drive just beyond the highway.

The UT Library was essential to my education. I came to UT expecting to fail. At Lenoir City High School I made A's in only two subjects, English and chorus. I suppose I made A's in English because I loved to read.

On Saturday afternoons when I was a child I haunted the fine old Victorian building that was the Lenoir City library where Miss Tutterow presided over her bookish domain. The building was so crowded that it ran out of shelf space. I recall sitting on the top floor amid books piled around me, feeling that I was in heaven where feasting would never end. I especially remember a blue-bound set of the complete works of Nathaniel Hawthorne and how I sat there in the lazy afternoons by an open window in summer, reading his matchless tales.

I made A's in chorus only because I was a tenor. Tenors were rare. My friend Clyde Pardue and I sang in a gospel quartet

that after school belted out old favorites such as "I'll Fly Away" and "I've Got a Mansion" and "Many Years I've Been Looking." Mr. Wallace McMurray, the choir and band director heard us one day. He drew us aside and promised us each an A



Dean of Libraries Paula Kaufman presents Richard Marius with an Honorary Life Membership in the University of Tennessee Library Friends.

if we would be his tenor section in the high school chorus. Without us he had to resort to girl sopranos singing the tenor parts. Clyde and I lived up to our part of the bargain, and Mr. McMurray lived up to his.

It seemed unlikely that I could make such a deal with anyone in college. My

On Saturday afternoons when I was a child I haunted the fine old Victorian building that was the Lenoir City library where Miss Tutterow presided over her bookish domain. The building was so crowded that it ran out of shelf space. I recall sitting on the top floor amid books piled around me, feeling that I was in heaven where feasting would never end.

friend Roy G. Cardwell, a G.I. Bill of Rights student here in 1951, told me with dour prediction that if I didn't work harder at UT than I did in high school, I'd be kicked out

after one quarter. I recall my terror when Roy G. told me that I would have to maintain a C average to graduate. I spent every possible moment studying, and the place I studied was the big reading room at Hoskins Library.

Hoskins was then only a part of the building that now rests on its familiar rise beyond Cumberland Avenue. The western extension including the Kefauver Room had not been built. The stacks were not open to undergraduates, and I don't know where the books were shelved. I went to the circulation desk with a request, and in a few minutes, like answered prayer, the book miraculously appeared.

I made a pest of myself, I suppose, by calling up bundles of newspaper files from the past. I would choose a random month out of a random year, and a sweating stack attendant would haul up a huge bound volume with newspapers crumbling inside it, and I would sit at the long tables completely absorbed in reading about Philadelphia in 1914 or 1935 or 1929.

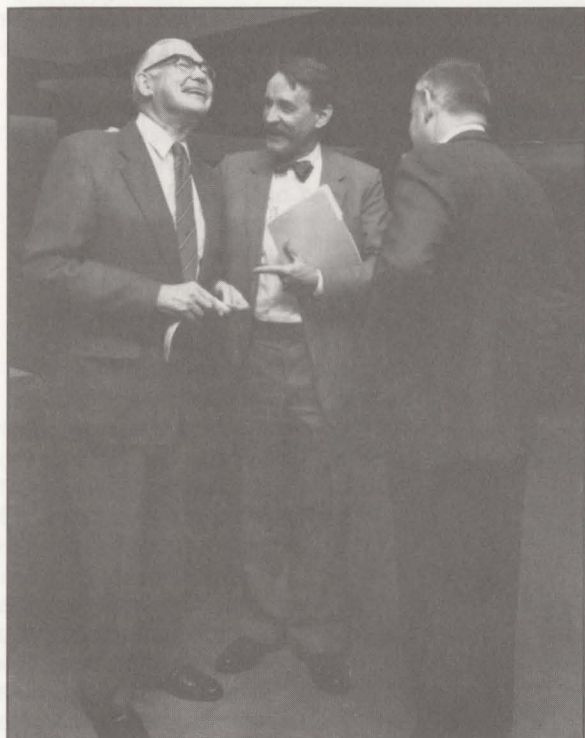
I always sat at the last table in the room on the Cumberland Avenue side. In those days a small statue of an Arab on horseback stood there on a pedestal. He looked as if he might have come out of the movie *Beau Geste*. I sat close to him—as Calvin stays as close as possible to Hobbs in my favorite comic strip today. (I don't know what happened to that statue.)

Young Mack Abel worked behind the circulation desk. I remember still how eager he seemed to help a skinny young kid get books. Later I came back to UT to teach and acquired a little study up over the circulation desk on the second floor. It was unheated in winter and without air conditioning in summer. It made me feel like king of the mountain. I worked up there editing Thomas More for the Yale Edition of the Complete Works of St. Thomas More. My name is on the spine of six of those twenty-six volumes—more than that of any other editor, though others did far more work on the edition than I did—and most of my labors went on in Hoskins.

I loved Hoskins with its stone arches and quiet stairways, its two slender stained-glass windows, and its large oil painting of the Smokies with a magical mist hanging over a valley floor. As some of you may remember, my teaching career at UT was

and learned that in 1885 Ulysses S. Grant was dying in New Jersey. I came out of the microfilm files one afternoon with that knowledge and created a character called Brian Ledbetter, a Southern veteran of the Union Army in the Civil War. I decided to

accomplished. But surgeons are expensive, even in consultation, and why use a surgeon when a reference librarian is available? So I went around to our senior reference librarian Miss Eleanor Goehring.



Richard Marius chats with members of his audience...

not always serene. But when I walked through the arches of Hoskins Library, no matter what turmoil was going on in the rest of my world, calm descended. To me those were the first golden arches.

In 1948 I had the great good luck to fail Latin as a freshman at Lenoir City High School, and I was sent off in disgrace to live with my Aunt Bess in Philadelphia and to attend summer school at Simon Gratz High School. I quickly found my way to the Philadelphia Public Library at Logan Square. I made a pest of myself, I suppose, by calling up bundles of newspaper files from the past. I would choose a random month out of a random year, and a sweating stack attendant would haul up a huge bound volume with newspapers crumbling inside it, and I would sit at the long tables completely absorbed in reading about Philadelphia in 1914 or 1935 or 1929.

By the time I returned to UT to teach in 1964, microfilm had long since replaced bundles of newspapers in libraries. When I began writing my first novel, *The Coming of Rain*, I set it in the year 1885. Following old habits, I sat in Hoskins Library reading the *Knoxville Morning Journal* for the summer of 1885—

make something in my fiction of East Tennessee's loyalty to the Union cause in the Civil War. I'm one of the few Southern writers who remembers that we did not all leap up to Confederate gray and butternut brown.

I decided to make something in my fiction of East Tennessee's loyalty to the Union cause in the Civil War. I'm one of the few Southern writers who remembers that we did not all leap up to Confederate gray and butternut brown.

In my second novel, *Bound for the Promised Land*, I wrote of people migrating from East Tennessee to California in 1851. I again burrowed down into Hoskins Library. At one point on the Western plains, I had to amputate an arm. At least I had to have my character Harry Creekmore amputate an arm. Now I personally have never amputated anything more serious than a toenail. I thought about consulting a surgeon to ask how this task might be

"How do you suppose I could learn to amputate an arm if I had to do that in 1851?" I asked Miss Goehring.

She didn't blink. "Why you would read *Gunn's Domestic Medicine*, and follow directions," she said in her quiet Virginia voice. This little handbook of medicine, she said, was in every home that could afford it in regions where doctors were scarce. Off we went to the Kefauver Room

At one point on the Western plains, I had to amputate an arm. At least I had to have my character Harry Creekmore amputate an arm....I thought about consulting a surgeon to ask how this task might be accomplished. But surgeons are expensive, even in consultation, and why use a surgeon when a reference librarian is available?

and to a glass case where a tattered edition of *Gunn's* reposed—printed in Madisonville in 1831. I studied the book carefully. With

text and diagrams Gunn's told you how to cut off just about anything that required amputation. It was dauntlessly optimistic. It conveyed the impression that if you just followed the directions, everything would come off fine.

Detail by detail I wrote the process of amputating an arm down in my novel *Bound for the Promised Land*. Several doctors who have read the book have commented on that passage. "I think it would work just the way you describe it," they have said. "Where did you learn to do that?" Only recently a doctor asked me if I had studied medicine for a time, posing the question delicately in a tone that implied I surely must have flunked out of medical school. I tell these doctors that my medical education began and ended in the University of Tennessee Library.

Naturally I thanked Miss Goehring profusely for her help. "Oh that's nothing," she said in her quiet and modest way. "What really gives me trouble are women who call in wanting to know why their blackberry jam won't jell."

I might say, too, that the UT library preserves encyclopedias from the nineteenth century, and in all my novels I have consulted those works about various topics, including diseases, to see what the state of knowledge was about them at the time I was setting my stories.

But just here I would like to make a caveat: novelists make things up. I would not want anyone to suppose that in every detail my novels are historically accurate. When I wrote *Bound for the Promised Land* I had in memory the tale told me by an elderly man I met when I was at Yale—Horace Bradley Way. He told me he had been a paperboy in New Haven before the turn of the century, and he remembered a whorehouse on State Street where the whores stood around a piano and sang hymns in the morning.

The most wicked character in *Bound for the Promised Land* is a disciple of Ralph Waldo Emerson whom I named Jason Jennings after that Jason who sought the gold fleece from Argos. People who sacrifice everything to seek the golden fleece today are crazy, and Jason is crazy. I wanted my Jason to visit that whorehouse and to hear Emerson lecture at Yale. I spent days in the third floor stacks of Hoskins, going through the Harvard University Press Belknap Edition of Emerson's journals. I saw that Emerson was never invited to speak at Yale. He was too radical. So I had a choice to make—move the whorehouse to Cambridge or Emerson to Yale, either one

violating historical truth. Mr. Way had pointed out to me the very house on State Street in New Haven where the whores sang hymns. I decided to move Emerson to New Haven, and there he is in my book where he never spoke in reality.

He told me he had been a paperboy in New Haven before the turn of the century, and he remembered a whorehouse on State Street where the whores stood around a piano and sang hymns in the morning....I wanted my Jason to visit that whorehouse and to hear Emerson lecture at Yale. I spent days in the third floor stacks of Hoskins, going through the Harvard University Press Belknap Edition of Emerson's journals. I saw that Emerson was never invited to speak at Yale. He was too radical. So I had a choice to make—move the whorehouse to Cambridge or Emerson to Yale, either one violating historical truth.

I mention these memories not merely for nostalgia's sake but to make a point. From at least Mark Twain until very recently, Southern literature has been haunted by melancholy romance. That is changing now; Southern writers are becoming as modern as everybody else. But even in modern writers such as Lee Smith and Toni Morrison, the past puts its head into the present in a way rare for novelists in the Northeast or elsewhere in the country.

Twain scorned romanticism. In *Life on the Mississippi*, published in 1883, Twain castigated Sir Walter Scott:

Then comes Sir Walter Scott with his enchantments, and by his single might checks this wave of progress and even turns it back; sets the world in love with dreams and phantoms; with decayed and swinish forms of religion; with decayed and degraded systems of government; with the sillinesses and emptinesses, sham grandeurs, sham gauds, and sham chivalries of a brainless and worthless long-vanished society. He did measureless harm; more real and lasting harm, perhaps, than any other individual that ever wrote. Most of the world has now outlived a good part of those harms, though by no means all of them; but

in our South they flourish pretty forcefully still.... There, the genuine and wholesome civilization of the nineteenth century is curiously confused and commingled with the Walter Scott Middle-Age sham civilization and so you have practical, common-sense, progressive ideas, and progressive works, mixed up with the duel, the inflated speech, and the jejune romanticism of an absurd past that is dead, and out of charity ought to be buried.... It was Sir Walter that made every gentleman in the South a Major or a Colonel, or a General or a Judge, before the war, and it was he, also, that made these gentlemen value these bogus decorations. For it was he that created rank and caste down there, and so also reverence for rank and caste, and pride and pleasure in them.... Sir Walter had so large a hand in making Southern character, as it existed before the war, that he is in great measure responsible for the war.¹

Yet Twain himself could be as romantic as anyone on earth, looking backward, as he does in *Life on the Mississippi* to his own golden age, the age of his youth. As Jonathan Raban tells us in the introduction to the Library of America edition of

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the work, Twain had previously set down the "guts of the project," in seven articles that he had published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1875 under the title "Old times on the Mississippi." "The *Atlantic Monthly* pieces," says Raban, were suffused with the roseate style of Tom Sawyer." Raban observes, "In both, Twain re-created his own youth and wrote of a lost age when America itself was still young."²

¹ *Life on the Mississippi*, pp. 284-5.

² Jonathan Raban, "Introduction," Mark Twain, *Life on the Mississippi*, Library of America, Vintage, 1991, p. xi.

The lostness of the age lends a persistent thread of melancholy to Southern writers. They grow up; their defining world changes, and they feel adrift in time. Here is Mark Twain again, writing to his wife Livy in May 1882 when he was on the great river to refresh his mind and heart in preparation to writing *Life on the Mississippi*.

*That world which I knew in its blossoming youth is old and bowed and melancholy, now; its soft cheeks are leathery and wrinkled, the fire is gone out in its eyes, and the spring from its step. It will be dust and ashes when I come again. I have been clasping hands with the moribund.*³

This sense of elegiac memory crops up time and again in Southern literature after Twain. Faulkner is full of it; so is Eudora Welty; so is Toni Morrison. So are most Southern writers born before 1960.

Again and again in Southern literature one finds reflections on time and change; in most of the other literature of America, we find the present, given to us without much reflection on the past that produced it.

I would like to propose a sub-thesis to this talk. It is that Southern writers have looked backward, preoccupied with time, because in their lives they have seen their childhood worlds physically and

I believe that a common stereotype outside the South sees the South standing still or else moving sluggishly. The South is conservative in religion and in politics, its folkways and its mores. I believe that the conservatism arises because Southerners feel change erupting in their lives, always threatening to dissolve the familiar landmarks of childhood that define who we are.

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is conservative in religion and in politics, its folkways and its mores. I believe that the conservatism arises because Southerners feel change erupting in their lives, always threatening to dissolve the familiar landmarks of childhood that define who we are.

Many of us in this room can look



...autographs his books...

back on a lost East Tennessee and think that we, at least, have lived through a silent tempest whose effects, slowly cumulative, we noted suddenly at a moment have torn away our landmarks. When we think of what was and see what is, we feel at times displaced as though our real world had by some trick of light been snatched away from us, replaced by an illusion, and yet the illusion hangs on and becomes the solid wall-to-wall malls that now stretch from Knoxville to our farm. I sometimes feel like a foreigner, exiled to the country of age.

Yet every generation of Southerners has experienced similar displacements, saturating our literature with a nostalgia that may be the sublimation of longing for a lost childhood.

I have pondered what it might have been to be 60 years old in 1794 when the University of Tennessee came into being here as Blount College. I would certainly

have migrated here from somewhere else, making my way—probably on foot—down the Great Valley, penetrating vast forests, fording rivers, arriving in farmland and hunting grounds and running waters where the Cherokees ruled supreme and unchallenged. By 1794, I would have lived through the wars of the 1760s when the dominion of the Cherokees came to a bloody and tragic end, and I would have heard the distant rumor of war that was the American Revolution. But I would have seen the King's writ dissolve on this side of the blue mountains long before the Revolution came. In 1794 my memories of older times would have been fresh enough to make me think it astonishing that I could get from Knoxville to Washington, the new national capital, in only a month by road. At age sixty I would, of course, have been taken for a venerable old gentleman known for his stirring tales about the wild frontier that was now tamed.

Had I been sixty in 1854, I would have lived through statehood for Tennessee, Andy Jackson's Victory at New Orleans, the coming of railroads and steamboats, and above all



the Louisiana Purchase, the War with Mexico, and the cotton gin. The cotton gin made slavery profitable; the Louisiana Purchase and the Mexican War raised the question of slavery in the territories. That question made the Civil War inevitable.

Had I been 60 sixty years later, in 1914, the Civil War would be a vivid, childhood memory. Slavery would have

³ Raban, p. xvii.

disappeared, but Jim Crow segregation would have replaced it. A Northern migration of blacks and whites looking for better jobs would have been under way. Southern cities would be growing, and slowly and tentatively industry would have been changing the Southern landscape.

Had I been 60 in 1974, I would have lived through two world wars with the Great Depression in between, the Korean War, and the War in Vietnam, all making tremendous changes in the way Southerners thought of themselves and their relation to the nation. I would have grown up in an almost airtight system of racial segregation, but I would also have lived through the life and death of the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. I would have seen the advent of air conditioning and the growth of Southern cities into metropolises, the transformation of the South from the Cotton Belt to the Sunbelt.

"Oh come now," you say. "Everything in America changes." Yes, granted. But I argue that the psychological and emotional perception of change on the Southerner has been more dramatic, more sweeping, more revolutionary in one lifetime than it has been in any other part of America. The effects of change have shown up in Southern writers in driving them back to the vanished worlds of their childhoods and beyond that to a vanished history that they feel just beyond themselves.

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I can see changes now in the Philadelphia I knew in 1948. But Philadelphia in 1948 was a crowded metropolis, and it remains a crowded metropolis today. In

1948, Knoxville, Atlanta, and Nashville—the Southern Cities I know best—were scarcely more than small towns. But drive now from here to Dixie Lee Junction on a Saturday and see how small Knoxville is today.

Southern literature has been agrarian



...and autographs more books.

or fixed on the small town, but every year the farm population declines. Only a few more than five percent of Americans live on farms now. Small towns are dying, even in the South where for some of us the small town was the center of life. Our young people rush towards the cities, towards the action. The present ideal, even in the South, seems to be to get as close to the benefits of the city as possible without getting mixed up in its most threatening problems. So settlement goes on in roughly concentric circles carefully zoned without taverns or parks or cafes or soda fountains where neighbors get together and talk. We don't even live in suburbs or neighborhoods anymore; we live in "developments." To my mind the disappearance of the sidewalk is one of the calamities of community life in the nation and in the South.

All this is hard on a tradition of Southern literature that has been shaped by the farm and the small town. That tradition is hard to give up. My generation cannot give it up any more than we can give up our childhood. It is our romance—and it sometimes seems exotic to the rest of the country.

A year or two ago I attended the Southern Literary Festival in Nashville. I heard Louis Rubin speak at a luncheon. Rubin is the publisher of Algonquin Press in North Carolina, and he has not only good taste but a good business eye, and he seems to have made a great success

of his enterprise. He was given an award. In his response he spoke fervently of the mission he had conceived for his press. Algonquin Press, said Mr. Rubin, operated on the confidence that the Southern farm and the Southern small town and the Southern family were still worthy subjects for literature. He was repeating the credo of the Vanderbilt Fugitives of the 1920s—themselves backward looking, steeped in nostalgia because they felt the changes in their times, more than sixty years ago, were unbearable.

I wanted to take Mr. Rubin to Lenoir City and walk him

down Broadway on an empty Saturday morning. I wanted to take him down to Farragut where I went to grade school and where my brother John graduated in 1954 in a class of 43 seniors. How many students does Farragut have now? 2300? I have not seen anybody milking a cow around Farragut for a good many years. Young Southern writers now growing up cannot write about the small town and the farm because they know nothing about such things.

To my mind the disappearance of the sidewalk is one of the calamities of community life in the nation and in the South.

Now what does all this have to do with libraries, especially with the UT library? Well, I suppose it is all my own feeling that libraries are places where time stands still. I don't imagine a group of

librarians wants to hear that. Libraries are zooming down the information highway, bursting with computer technology, CD-ROM, flatbed scanners, and on-line services. I'm for all those things. I think it's fascinating to pop a CD-ROM disk into

That was very much my feeling in the old Victorian house where Miss Tutterow exercised her benign authority over the library in Lenoir City. The aged bindings of many of the books, their smell, the feel of the pages in my hands, all brought up

the wind filling the parachute, emptying it, making the corpse rise and fall in the gloom. Hearing the story, the boys take the corpse to be a god, a blood-loving god, as Darwin called such deities in *The Descent of Man*. And they resolve to offer it a human sacrifice.



a computer and bring up the entire *Oxford English Dictionary*. The Sunday *New York Times Book Review* on March 6 carried a review of a CD-ROM disk that contains on it all the paintings in the National Gallery in London together with a "hypertext" file of about a million words that will tell you everything you might ever want to know about those paintings and a great many things you didn't know anybody wanted to know.

And of course there is the Internet. I have all my students on the Internet; I log on daily and talk to a half dozen of them at least, and we can all use the wonderful program called Gopher and tune in to the libraries of the world. I investigate the quality of libraries all over America by checking to see if they have my books.

Many people in this room know far more about these wonders of technology than I do. I prefer to talk about the feeling I have had since childhood, that to walk into a library like ours here at UT is to walk into the past and to recover time. Libraries keep things nearly everybody else throws away or donates to rummage sales. I hope it is not entirely amusing that my feelings on walking into a great library are similar to those I have in taking a stroll through a beautiful old cemetery. The books and the monuments remind me that other people lived, that they had their little time on the earth and departed, and that their lives were as interesting, as wonderful, and as troubling to them as mine is to me.

the feeling that other people had lived. And thanks to librarians, all this wealth was open to me. Libraries were the first places where I was treated as an adult.

I would not want anyone to suppose that I have an uncritical love of the past or indeed that anyone should. Years ago at Yale I heard William Golding lecture on

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his novel *Lord of the Flies*. Most of you remember the story. A group of English boys is marooned on an uninhabited island in some unspecified war. The island has everything they could want. All they must do, as Golding said, is pick life off the trees. But the human silence of the island is unsettling to them.

Then one night the corpse of an airman killed in combat high in the sky lands by parachute on the island. Two of the boys see the corpse in the darkness,

Golding told his audience that afternoon that his dead airman was a metaphor of history. History is dead. But we take it to be alive, a deity, and generation after generation we offer it human sacrifice.

How much better it might be, we may suppose, if some collective amnesia could fall over the Near East and Palestine so that Israelis and Arabs could forget the outrages they have committed against one another and stop the daily slaughter that reduces both sides to barbarity. How good it would be for Protestants and Catholics in Northern Ireland to forget their history.

But Southerners know that the past is always with us. Golding told us that afternoon that the history his dead parachutist represented was "folk history," history passed down as an oral tradition, vague, anecdotal, deeply colored with the prejudices of the moment. That history lives in the storytelling tradition of East Tennesseans as it lived in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of the ancient Greeks. It is the story of families binding themselves together against time and the world outside the clan. It is the story of the formation of the values that help us define ourselves against a world that threatens us with what a friend calls the "misery of our unimportance."

That oral tradition is a collection of stories many of my generation shared in family gatherings on summer nights when choirs of insects sang in the woods and a warmth hung in the soft darkness, a

darkness that throbbed with the almost palpable presence of the past. Just beyond our circle of voices, the uncertain shapes of what had been long before loomed close in the dark. These are memories that some of us cherish.

The trouble is that these stories are too good. They are far less "true" than a carefully thought out novel about the past. In the oral tradition we get a sanitized past, its hard crusts turned into meringue, its bitterness sugared over, the protagonists too heroic. The oral tradition is legendary history. It may be harmless; it may also prevent us from understanding some of the real history whose effects we must somehow deal with in the present.

In the oral tradition we get a sanitized past, its hard crusts turned into meringue, its bitterness sugared over, the protagonists too heroic... Over against a beguiling but deceitful oral tradition, our folk history, repose our libraries, quiet repositories of the past as it was, awaiting the eye of the student or scholar to resurrect a past world from the dead.

Over against a beguiling but deceitful oral tradition, our folk history, repose our libraries, quiet repositories of the past as it was, awaiting the eye of the student or scholar to resurrect a past world from the dead.

I grew up here believing that East Tennessee had always been more charitable towards its black citizens than the states of the deep South where lynch law and the lash prevailed. East Tennessee stood for the Union during the Civil War, and black Knoxvilleians were able to vote long before the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Every one of us in this room has heard someone declare fervently that we've really been pretty good to "our" blacks and that therefore any black Tennessean who complains about treatment here in good old Knoxville town is just trying to make trouble or to be a crybaby.

One summer here a few years ago in looking at old microfilm newspaper files in Hodges Library while I was writing my last novel, I stumbled on Knoxville's only race riot in the twentieth century and the case of Maurice Mays. I photocopied large

batches of newspaper stories on the case taken from the old *Knoxville Sentinel*, the ancestor of today's *News-Sentinel*, and this last fall I had writing students in a freshman course on writing about history write about the *Sentinel's* coverage of the trial that eventually put Mays in the electric chair.

The story that can be extracted from the *Sentinel* may be briefly summarized. On the night of August 29/30, 1919, a black intruder carrying a flashlight entered the home of a woman named Bertie Lindsey and shot her to death about 2:00 a.m. Sleeping in the same room with Mrs. Lindsey was her cousin, Miss Ora Smyth. The black man fled. Miss Smyth ran next door for help. Her neighbor summoned the police. On the way to the scene, a white patrolman named Andrew J. White said that he bet the killer was that "goddamned n_____ Maurice Mays."

Mays was a dapper man about town, a bootlegger, a gambler, a political organizer, someone who stood out in a crowd. My friend Bob Booker, Director of the Beck Cultural Center here in Knoxville, has supplied me with three photographs of Mays. They show the kind of man whites in those days could easily call an "uppity n_____."

Andrew White led a group of police to Mays's home and woke him up. They did not tell Mays why they were there. They had no search warrant. They ransacked his house and found a .38 revolver—the kind of pistol many people at the time owned. It was fully loaded. There was a great deal of argument over whether the pistol had been recently fired. Patrolman White testified that it smelled of gunpowder—but after smelling it a long time, he asked Mays if he had another gun in the house. White said at the trial that one of the bullets looked as if it had been replaced "recently." No one in those days knew anything about ballistics tests that now can identify bullets fired out of any gun. Still not being told anything of the murder, Mays was led through the streets to a meeting under a streetlight at Eighth Avenue and Gillespie Avenue with Miss Smyth.

Here was a woman who had just witnessed a murder and who had feared for her own life. She had told police that the intruder was a "low, heavy-set man." Mays stood 5'8" and weighed 127 pounds. But when the police hustled Mays up to her and said, "Is this the man," she affirmed that it was. As his lawyers pointed out at the trial, Mays was not picked out of a line-up. Miss Smyth identified him firmly after having seen him in a dark room with a

flashlight shining in her eyes.

Some of my students became so absorbed with the case that they tried to replicate the identification. They sat in a dormitory room with the lights turned out and got various friends to come in and shine the light around. They could not immediately identify whichever friend held the flashlight. They had seen these friends before; Miss Smyth had never seen Mays before in her life.

On the strength of her testimony, Mays died in the electric chair. The prosecution thundered that he had no alibi. Since he lived alone, no one could testify that he had been in bed at 2:00 a.m. He *could* have committed the murder. This theme came up again and again in the trial.

The *Sentinel* left no doubt about its own judgments. Everyone mentioned in the stories was called "Mister" or "Miss" or "Mrs." or else given a title—"Attorney General," "Patrolman," or whatever—everyone, that is, except Maurice Mays. He was always called simply "Mays."

The lawyers for the defense said that Miss Smyth had been too distraught to recognize the killer under the conditions that she identified Mays. In its story about the first day of the trial, on Thursday, October 2, 1919, the *Sentinel* reporter wrote:

The people in the court room gave close attention, especially when Miss Smyth was relating the incidents connected with the horrible crime. Miss Smyth made an exceptionally fine witness, answering the questions of both sides promptly and clearly. She was well composed, particularly in view of the ordeal through which she had gone, and which she was recalling.

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The *Sentinel* reported the summing up of Attorney General R.A. Mynatt. Mynatt spoke of the testimony in the case and asked a question: "Are you going to believe that of the defendant, or are you going to believe that of officers of the law, who defend your home and my home?"

Mynatt had help. Governor H.A. Roberts had appointed a sort of special prosecutor, a Knoxville lawyer named

S. G. Heiskell to help out, and Heiskell made his own summation to the jury. "You have your choice," Heiskell said. "You must either believe the testimony of these splendid officers, or you must believe Mays. If you take that of Mays, we had better disband our police force."

And a little later Heiskell concluded:
I request you in the name of the attorney general, in the name of the governor, in the name of law and order, in the name of the women who do not want to be raped and the good men who do not want their wives, daughters or sisters thus assaulted to convict this man. Not because he is a negro, but because he is guilty.

Libraries are repositories of our past with its drama and its triviality, and sometimes, as in a good detective story, items that seem trivial at the time end by being key parts of the puzzle.

It is worth saying that at no point was Mays accused of rape and that no motive other than robbery was suggested.

According to the *Sentinel*, many members of the all-male and all-white jury had formed opinions about the guilt or innocence of the suspect *before* the trial. But the defense had the right to only 15 challenges. Defense lawyers exhausted these challenges quickly and could not exclude men who said they had formed opinions on the case. Several such men were allowed to serve. Why? Because they told the court that they were sure they could be fair. In the event, when the trial was concluded the jury brought in its verdict of "guilty" after deliberating only 18 minutes.

The *Sentinel* responded with a jubilant editorial with this headline: "Maurice Mays Doomed; His Habits Betrayed Him."

The editorial began:

A jury of his peers has pronounced Maurice Mays guilty of the murder of Mrs. Bertie Lindsey as charged in the indictment returned against him. This means, in all human probability, that the convicted man will expiate in the electric chair the heinous, pitiless crime committed doubly against the poor defenseless woman in the stealthy, black night, Tarquin-like raid upon her sleeping chamber and against organized society whose own life is at stake if midnight murderers and rapists

can prowl abroad and prey upon the houses of the people with impunity and security in themselves.

The editorial is very long, and I will not read it all to you. To me it is a fascinating piece of prose, not only for its purple prejudice, but for its simple message. I will quote two sentences:

Maurice Mays primarily pays the penalty of his life for the character he had built up in the community within the sight of all men. When the facts and circumstances of the murder of Mrs. Bertie Lindsey were made known the finger of suspicion was pointed at Maurice Mays because his life and habits suggested the probability that it was a crime of which he could be guilty.

There it is. Maurice Mays was the sort of black man who could be accused of this crime; therefore he was. And if a black man put his word against a white woman's, the black man was obviously guilty. I have the feeling that to the writers on the *Sentinel* and to white Knoxvilleans in general, one black man more or less didn't matter.

A week after the trial another editorial appeared in the *Sentinel*. It was headlined, "South Wants Negro; The North Does Not." Blacks had gotten a message. They were migrating North in 1919. A source of cheap labor was departing. The *Sentinel* solemnly quoted the sentiments of a correspondent from Atlanta.

Individually the North does not want the negro around. On the other hand, the South wants the negro, recognizes his good qualities as well as his bad qualities and as an individual protects him, gives him work, and will defend him to the utmost so long as he behaves himself.

These are passionate times, full of shallowness and skedaddle, with almost no time for reflection. It is the day of the sound bite and the scandal sheet.

A black student of mine from Oklahoma wrote an essay on the Mays case and made much of this editorial. He said that its attitude towards blacks was much the same that it might have been towards dogs.

The editorial writer ended on his own hopeful note. His syntax is garbled, and all of this is one long sentence, not put

together with much respect for coherence. Here is his conclusion:

Alien, Bolshevistic adventurers and trouble-breeders and negro leaders and publicists at the north who hope to make a living by stirring up the race to strife and war on their white neighbors in order to redress imaginary wrongs and obtain social equality and other rights and privileges impossible of attainment and unnecessary to their happiness, may succeed in making the conditions of the race in the South uncomfortable for a time, but they will never gravitate in the bulk to the north or the west and leave their "once happy homes" in the South simply because the north that loves them at a distance will keep them at a distance.

Most newspaper reporters I know draw implausible conclusions from their ignorance of the facts. But in a few days of repetition, these conclusions become the facts the newspapers write about.

Despite the efforts of the newly formed N.A.A.C.P., despite a new trial granted because the judge had been so blatantly unfair in this one, despite another hearing by the Tennessee Supreme Court, Maurice Mays went to the electric chair on March 15, 1922, protesting his innocence to the last.

In 1927 a white woman named Sadie Brown confessed to murdering Mrs. Lindsey. Mrs. Lindsey's husband was away in Akron, Ohio, working when the murder took place. Mrs. Brown claimed that her husband was having an affair with Mrs. Lindsey. Mrs. Brown said she dressed in blackface, slipped into the house, and shot her rival to death. The police refused to take her confession seriously. My good friend John Edgerton has written the story in the summer 1993 issue of a journal called *Southern Exposure*. I did not know John was even interested in the case until Bob Booker sent me the article in December. Was Mrs. Brown telling the truth? Who can tell? John Edgerton hunted her and discovered that she was dead.

I have spent so much time on the Mays case because I think it tells us something essential about libraries. They are repositories of our past with its drama and its triviality, and sometimes, as

in a good detective story, items that seem trivial at the time end by being key parts of the puzzle. They sit quietly in our midst, filled with treasures that help us correct the easy folk history that may both hide the past from reality and prevent us from understanding problems of today that are legacies of our history.

No, I do not claim that the case of Maurice Mays is either typical of Tennessee justice today or that hidden in it somewhere are the solutions to the problems of race relations in our society. It is a piece of information. Yet what a shattering effect it has on the smug and simple-minded pronouncements we hear on every hand nowadays about both race and justice.

Let me close by making a couple of observations. I don't know what the statistics are for the use of libraries, but I suspect that, although our absolute numbers may be large, those of us who use libraries regularly represent a minority of the population. Libraries are bastions of study and reflection and patient uncovering of truth.

These are passionate times, full of shallowness and skedaddle, with almost no time for reflection. It is the day of the sound bite and the scandal sheet. I recall with appalled amusement a moment I witnessed on CNN during the Gulf War of

1991. An interviewer asked an Arabist scholar to explain Islam and cut him off in three minutes to go to a commercial. I believe an argument can be made that our daily newspapers are now worse than they have been at any time in our history, bad in subtle ways and therefore in my view more irresponsible than they were a few decades ago. How many times have you in this audience read a newspaper story about a subject you knew well and have thought to yourself, "That reporter got it right."

Libraries stand for the hard work of discovery, for ambiguity, and for the mysteries that hide in every text, every relic, every thought left over from days gone by.

Most newspaper reporters I know draw implausible conclusions from their ignorance of the facts. But in a few days of repetition, these conclusions become the facts the newspapers write about. Television offers us some remarkable

benefits, but it does poorly at explaining anything complex, and it thrives on blood, scandal, and self-righteousness.

I like to think that truth has weight. Libraries are keels to the ship of state that keep us stable and upright amid the winds of passion that from time to time blow over any society. They stand for the difficulties of truth, for deliberation, for the silences that nourish thought, and for the patience required to know the past as it was and just what its legacies to us have been. They stand for the hard work of discovery, for ambiguity, and for the mysteries that hide in every text, every relic, every thought left over from days gone by.

I like to think of libraries as the keel of the ship of state. Granted freedom, the truth they preserve holds us finally upright no matter how high the seas or how strong the winds that blow across us.

Everyone does not use libraries. That is a pity. And how odd it must be to those who do not use them—the hurrying, busy people, the bureaucrats and politicians, the journalists and the television personalities and all the celebrities—that some of us love the bookish quiet and anonymity of libraries. Yet how much all that world depends on us! And how much more blown about and lost it would become without us!

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