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Lost in Austin -- Football and Books

Editor

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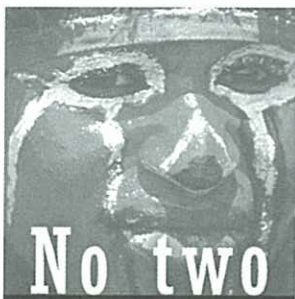
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part of the publisher's responsibility today. The online environment is very demanding. It demands a high level of up-front capital investment to develop a **ScienceDirect** or an **InterScience** with the full range of functionality that academic readers have come to expect. And **Web 2.0** will require another tranche of investment simply to keep up.

The environment in which the content is published, with its search mechanisms, indexing, analysis tools and linking, has become as costly to develop and maintain as the processes of selecting, verifying and presenting the content itself. Publishers need to incorporate IT skills into their mainstream activity to an extent that they would not have dreamed of a decade ago. Investment in people and technology is very expensive, and requires a substantial publishing program to support it. That means that size has become critical.

In the short term, the acquisition of previously independent commercial companies with a portfolio of society journals — **Blackwell** being the most recent and significant — may well lead to society journals changing publishers. The rate of churn will increase. The need to keep track of who publishes what is likely to become more onerous. The result may be that smaller commercial publishers will disappear into the embrace of the large corporations.

There are likely to be significant changes in the not-for-profit sector. There are hundreds of small society and university publishers with a handful of journals. Publishing them made sense in the print world. In the online universe, the range of expertise and publishing skill is just too broad for membership organizations with small publishing staffs to maintain. Not only are societies going to move their journals from one publisher to another more frequently, but those societies that self-publish are likely to give up the struggle and 'outsource' their journals. They will place their journals with the large commercial houses, or work under the umbrella of the large societies. The number of publishers will decrease significantly over



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the next decade.

Does this really matter? It means that publishing will become more 'corporatized'. It is more difficult for entrepreneurial individuals, fed up with corporate or institutional life, to set up their own scholarly publishing houses. The colorful characters that populated my early years in publishing have been replaced by anonymous suits. Variety will become muted.

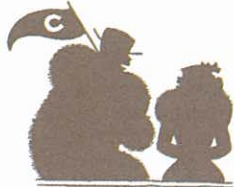
Does this really affect the quality and accessibility of the literature? Probably not. Does it reflect the financial pressures of modern publishing — not only the need for capital investment, but also the subversive influence of the Open Archive? Almost certainly. We are becoming like any other industry. And that saddens me. 🌱

Lost in Austin — Football and Books

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Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin... What's the theme? Where are Iowa, Michigan, Michigan State, Northwestern, Ohio State, Penn State, and Purdue? No, the theme isn't Big Ten football, even though it is that season. But who has time for football and what's it all about anyway? **Andy Griffin** described what it used to be in his classic "What it was, was football," but that was many seasons ago and the game is not the same as it used to be and hardly seems like a game at all.

There are better ways to spend Saturdays on a crisp autumn day after raking leaves and working up a virtuous sweat. My choice is to secure a beverage of choice (if it's chilly and therefore not in Texas, hot buttered rum will do) and curl up with a good book. But what to read? With the tens of thousands of books published each year in English alone, it is all too easy to wind up with something that doesn't live



up to its reviews, if reviewed at all. On the other hand, it can be edifying to try something different and unknown from time to time.

If you have now guessed that Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, and Wisconsin represent university press catalogues flogging the fall/winter 2006 titles, you are right.

The cover of the **University of Illinois Press** catalogue shows Chicago's loop with an El passing overhead and a throng of people below. No, it isn't rush hour, my first guess, and it isn't A Taste of Chicago, my second guess. It's a mass of runners competing in the **LaSalle Bank Chicago Marathon** and on the first page of the catalogue there is a blurb about The Chicago Marathon, by **Andrew Suozzo**. This is not a book that I wish to curl up with. The thought of a marathon makes me tired. However, I do

have a first-hand association with said marathon. I was in Chicago on some ALA business and was paying my respects to **Kitty O'Shea**, an Irish pub in the **Chicago Hilton and Towers**. Guinness always tastes good but never as good as it tastes at **Kitty O'Shea's** and probably anywhere but in Ireland. I remember seeing runners in the mirror and turned around to see a few returning warriors with their numbers, sweatbands, tiny waists, and running shorts. The sight of them inspired me to order just one more Guinness before I set out for the Magnificent Mile where my hotel was.

On page three there is a book, a coffee table book, that I wouldn't mind owning. It is called *city*, and is edited by **Teri Boyd**. "Containing 199 photographs drawn from the **Comer Archive of Chicago In the Year 2000** at the **University of Illinois** at Chicago's **Richard J. Daley Library**, the images in *city* capture the lifestyles, architec-

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ture, spirituality, and personality of this archetypal American city with passion and creativity.”

I am drawn to the book because Chicago is my favorite city. I like the fact that **Comer** stopped at 199 photographs, too. To continue on to 200 or some other even number is too obvious.

This book reminds me of a performance by the **Chicago Symphony Orchestra (CSO)** this past April. The featured piece was **Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto** as played by **Joshua Bell** on his 18th century **Stradivarius**. He is the most electrifying, mesmerizing musician I have ever heard. His stage presence is powerful and remained unruffled when the bridge of his violin slipped and he was unable to play. He gracefully disappeared behind the curtain and emerged a few minutes later ready to finish the piece in style. So we didn't feel cheated, he played it again, not from the top but from several measures before the place where his accident occurred. By the time we finished applauding, on our feet the moment he finished his second round, we needed the intermission that followed. Which leads me to the thought of 199 photographs of Chicago. After intermission, the orchestra played **Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition,"** accompanied by a light show of photographs of Chicago projected onto giant screens placed around the stage.

I have never met a legume that I didn't like but my favorite has to be the peanut. The **Illinois Press** will be releasing a paperback edition of *Peanuts: The Illustrious History of the Goober Pea*, by **Andrew F. Smith**. The blurb for this book begins, “The peanut's rise from a lowly bean to a national favorite,” and then quotes *Science News*: “During antebellum times, genteel Northerners linked the peanut to rowdyism. In the South, peanuts were considered food fit only for slaves.... This ‘nutty tale’ follows the legume's journey to becoming a dietary staple. In the process, **Smith** examines what the peanut's story can tell us about larger social and historical issues.”

This work is also “Chock-full of photographs, advertisements, and peanut recipes from as early as 1847, this entertaining and enlightening volume is a testament to the culinary potential and lasting popularity of the goober pea.”

But does it include anything about the perfect diet alternative to red beans and rice? Peanuts and beer. You get not only the complex carbohydrates and protein, you benefit from the alcohol, in moderation, of course.

If peanuts aren't your thing you might want to try the next book in the catalog, *The Turkey: An American Story*, also by **Andrew F. Smith**.

The blurb tells me all I really want to know but I don't cook. Maybe I should learn and begin with a turkey. “As one of the easiest of foods to cook, the turkey's culinary possibilities have been widely explored if little noted.... From sandwiches to salmagundi (not food poisoning, I looked it up), you'll find detailed instructions on nearly every variation on the turkey [*Meleagris gallopavo*].”

In the *Indiana University Press Fall, Winter 2006* catalogue, I found two books that probably won't interest you because you probably don't think of a tuba very often and you might not even know what a euphonium is and that is too bad. The euphonium is also known as the baritone horn and also as a tenor tuba. The last name probably gives you a better idea of what the euphonium looks like

— like a smaller tuba. There is even an **Oregon Tuba Association** that performs a holiday concert (tubas and tenor tubas) every December, an event that has been going on for 28 years this December. I have heard them only once but not only hope to hear them again, I hope to join them if I can find a decent used baritone horn and get my chops in shape. I actually played the marching band equivalent of the tuba, the Sousaphone, for the **Warwick Junior High School Band** back in 1957. Cornet players were a dime a dozen and the band director made me an offer that I couldn't refuse, a place in the senior band if I switched to Sousaphone.

But I have digressed. The two books that drew my attention are *Guide to the Tuba Repertoire: The New Tuba Source Book*, Second Edition, and *Guide to the Euphonium Repertoire: The Euphonium Source Book*. I can't justify buying either book but I would like to examine them one day just to see what they contain.

There is one other book in the catalogue that intrigued me — *Driving to Stony Lonesome: Jack Welpott's Indiana Photographs, 1936-1959*, with a foreword by **Jo Ann B. Fineman**.

One catalogue note reads, “Stunning, intimate photographs of life in post-Depression southern Indiana.” **Jack Welpott**, Professor Emeritus of Photography at **San Francisco State University**, is “now in his middle 80s [and] provides personal anecdotes along with the photographs.”

Fall 2006 Titles: University of Minnesota Press. On page six of this catalogue the featured book is by **Shannon Mattern** and is called *The New Downtown Library: Designing with Communities*. The featured libraries are located in Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Nashville, New York, Phoenix, Salt Lake City, San Antonio, San Francisco, Seattle, and Toledo. There are others, too, recently completed or being planned, including Austin, Texas. So much for the notion that libraries are going away.

“In *The New Downtown Library*, **Shannon Mattern** draws on a diverse range of sources to investigate how libraries serve as multiuse public spaces, anchors in urban redevelopment, civic icons, and showcases of renowned architects like **Rem Koolhaas**, **Cesar Pelli**, and **Enrique Norton**.” This is one book that I will order to see what academic libraries can emulate to good advantage.

As a young man and on into my adulthood, I used to consider myself a baseball fan and I have enjoyed many a big league game. During the past few years, however, probably since the baseball strike of 1994, I have gradually lost interest in the game even as I lost interest in all other professional sports except college football and basketball. But even before then, I had come to prefer minor league baseball to the major league version. I can almost guarantee that when you watch a minor league game, especially at the A and AA level, you are going to see a play or a variation on a play that you have never seen before.

I saw my first minor league game around 1947 in North Carolina when Shelby had a Class D team. I also remember watching the **Oakland Oaks** and the **San Francisco Seals** in the early 1950s when we lived at **Camp Stoneman**. And when we came back from two years in the Territory of Alaska in 1955, I got to see the **Seattle Rainiers** play in **Sicks Stadium**. There was a knothole in the left field fence. Any player lucky enough to hit a ball through it won a large amount of money. I want to

say \$100,000 but that seems way too much for that era. Named for **Emil Sick**, owner of the **Rainier Brewery** and the **Seattle Rainiers**, the only thing left to remember it by is some memorabilia in the **Lowe's** store that sits on the site.

There is more but I digress. What I wanted to do was mention *Town Ball: The Glory Days of Minnesota Amateur Baseball*, by **Armand Peterson** and **Tom Tomashak**.

“Fondly remembered and celebrated throughout Minnesota, old-fashioned town team baseball was the glue that held a community together and generated a great sense of pride and passion among its residents.”

The book contains “hundreds of photographs, and scores and statistics,” the book covers the years 1945 to 1960, “the year before the **Washington Senators** became the **Minnesota Twins**.” Notes tell us that the authors are both retired and both former town team players. I'll bet that they also saw some plays and variations that never made the major leagues. More's the pity.

The University of Wisconsin Press: Fall 2006 catalogue cover features two penguins sitting on some floating ice in Antarctica. The photo is from the first book featured in this colorful catalogue, *The Ice Cave: A Woman's Adventures from the Mohave to the Antarctic*, by **Lucy Jane Bledsoe**. She is now teaching in San Francisco which makes me wonder if she is related to the late **William “Bill” Bledsoe**, a book seller from the Bay Area in the 1970s and 1980s who specialized in out-of-print scholarly books on economics and related subjects. I got to know him when he would visit the **Stanford University Libraries** book sales (duplicates and withdrawals). He issued regular catalogues and thoroughly enjoyed his life in the book trade. One of my fondest memories of **Bill**, though, has nothing at all to do with books. Two of my children were born in the **Kaiser Hospital** in Redwood City where **Bill** volunteered as a Candy Striper. He had convinced the administration that he could be as gentle and caring as the teen-aged girls who typify Candy Stripers. He might not have been a pretty young thing but he had his dignity underscored by his gray mustache.

There are many notable books in this catalogue but I will close with mention of a book about one of my favorite writers, **Sherwood Anderson**. The book is called *Sherwood Anderson: A Writer in America*, Volume 2, by **Walter B. Rideout** with an introduction by **Charles Modlin**.

“This second volume covers his return to business pursuits; his extensive travels in the South touring factories, which resulted in his political involvement in labor struggles and several books on the topic; and finally his unexpected death in 1941.”

If you have never read *Winesburg, Ohio*, you have missed an American masterpiece but when you look for a copy, make sure that it contains his introduction to the loosely linked stories called “The Book of the Grotesque.” Or you can read it online at <http://www.bartleby.com>.

“The Book of the Grotesque” begins “THE WRITER, an old man with a white mustache, had some difficulty in getting into bed. The windows of the house in which he lived were high and he wanted to look at the trees when he awoke in the morning. A carpenter came to fix the bed so that it would be on a level with the window.” <http://www.bartleby.com/156/1.html>. 🐼