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'Library' outdated?

Dr. Kathleen D. McCook, director of the School of Library and Information Sciences at USF, spoke to SAPL at its annual membership meeting in April.

She stated that the term "library" is suffering replacement by other nomenclature that is deemed more politically correct. Departments of Library Science are designating themselves departments of "Informational Science," while the institutions, themselves, are metamorphosing into "Information Centers." The Library Journal proposed that soon librarians may be referred to as something equally technically appropriate, such as information brokers, Internet specialists or infonauts.

Part of the reason for this change is that, as libraries launch themselves into the computer age, the term library seems somewhat out-dated and under-sized. Even President Clinton, in his State of the Union speech, emphasized the importance of such institutions connecting with the Internet in order to provide the highest quality of informational dissemination.

Poynter Library stands in the forefront of this thrust, boasting state of the art capabilities.

In spite of expanded purpose, it seems that the object of libraries

See Gould on page 7
A fond farewell to retiring board members

— Niela Eliason —

There is a book that is currently popular called *Simplify Your Life*, and it exemplifies Niela Eliason today. I interviewed Niela and she welcomed me into her inner sanctum where she writes. Though the day was warm, the room had a cool calmness that came from the uncluttered walls and the elegant simplicity of the office.

Niela is retiring from the SAPL board after having been a member since its early years. “Soon after I joined the Board, we were searching for projects that the Board could support. It was my husband, actually, who suggested starting the fiction contest. Niela has been a champion of the Fiction Contest ever since. She is proud that this is the only SAPL activity that directly benefits the students. Now in its 12th year, the contest has grown to be an eagerly awaited event that attracts student writers from all USF campuses.

Also a great supporter of the university, Niela remembers when she moved here from Denver, where she worked as a psychiatric nurse. In St. Petersburg, she decided to study for a bachelor's degree in English at the St. Petersburg campus.

“I started out in Dr. (Dan) Wells’ American Literature class. I remember being scared after having done nothing but nurses’ training, but after 10 minutes, I knew I was in the right place.”

She says the professors had a profound effect on her academic development, especially Wells and Bob Hall. After graduating in 1980, she couldn’t part with the campus — she soon found herself in a magazine fiction writing class. She took her assignment and submitted it to the now defunct *Evening Independent*.

“They published the article, and I didn’t know it was unusual until many rejection slips later,” she says.

See Eliason on page 6

— Anne Von Rosenstiel —

“I like to feel books and read them. I like the print....”

One can understand why Anne Von Rosenstiel served 11 years as a board member of SAPL.

Anne came to St. Petersburg from Princeton, N.J., in 1974. She is married to Werner Von Rosenstiel, a historian and humanitarian who was born in German and witnessed and recorded events in Germany through the early and mid-century.

As Historian for SAPL, Anne has captured in “hard copy” the first 10 years of the organization’s history. She begins her chronology, “It was an unstructured group of people who wanted to find a way to reinforce Nelson Poynter’s belief that a library must become the center around which the University of South Florida’s St. Petersburg campus would be developed.”

She recalls the names of early “friends” of the library, the inception of the official title of the organization, the writing of the by-laws, the printing of the first newsletter, the advent of the Bayboro Fiction Contest, and finally, as early as 1991, the assurance that a new library would soon be constructed on the campus.

In 1987, Anne generously donated to the library 66 volumes of books dealing with art, and two autographed letters that she inherited from her family. Each letter discusses day-to-day affairs — one drafted by Benjamin Franklin in 1782 while he was living in Paris and negotiating terms for a Franco-American alliance, and the other penned by George Washington in 1786 when he had briefly retired from public life. In 1987, a SAPL reception honored Anne in appreciation of this gift, which is an outstanding addition to the library’s collection.

Anne’s time has not been de-

See Von Rosenstiel on page 6

— Bill Wallace —

Bill Wallace and his wife, Sally, both St. Petersburg natives, have volunteered their time for the SAPL board. Both attended the initial organizational meeting, held at Marion K. Poynter’s home, prior to the first meeting held on campus in 1984.

“People realized that an organization was needed to help the USF library pursue its goals and assist in its formation and growth,” said Sally, who was the first president from 1984-86 of what was then called the Friends of Poynter Library.

Bill, who spent two years in the Army from 1950-52, retired in January 1993 from the insurance agency of Wallace, Welch and Willingham Inc, a company begun by his father, John Wallace. Over the years, the firm merged with other insurance agencies.

Seeming reticent by nature, Bill doesn’t brag about his famous relatives in the political realm. His uncle, Henry Wallace, served as vice president from 1940-44 under Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Bill’s nephew, Peter Rudy Wallace, had a distinguished career in the Florida House of Representatives and was speaker of house the from 1994-96. Sally herself sat on the St. Petersburg City Council from 1979 to 1985 and helped facilitate the expansion of the campus.

Bill and Sally enjoy travel and spent a month in Alaska this summer. They make frequent visits to their place in North Carolina, and are often seen on the USF St. Petersburg campus, attending university related events. Both have been staunch supporters of USF St. Petersburg.

Until recently, Bill also served on the board of Barnett Bank, and was president of the Florida Orchestra. He remains a boards member of West Coast Public Television.

— Rita Gould
The St. Petersburg Times is donating $1 million to USF to fund scholarships, an eminent scholar lecture series and improvements to the library at the St. Petersburg and Tampa campuses.

The gift is expected to receive a $750,000 match from the state.

The Times, one of USF’s larger corporate sponsors, is earmarking $200,000 for USF libraries. Andy Barnes, editor and CEO of the Times, said “USF is the future of Tampa Bay.”

Lanny Greaves
Director’s View

It seems like many things have moved toward becoming “virtual” during the past several years of cybermania. The virtual office, where one can conduct business from home while dressed in pajamas comes to mind. I’m sure it comes as no surprise that USF’s library system has joined the movement to become virtual.

During the past year, a task force of librarians representing the various libraries at USF have been planning and working to come up with a game plan for moving our libraries toward this concept. Tina Neville and Ed Sanchez are key players in this important group, and the library directors have in their hands a document that helps define what the virtual library is, and how to reach this level of Nirvana.

This document is much more substantive than a “blue sky” or “Star Wars” approach, and gives a solid base of planning which will move the library system toward more access to various computer databases and computer-based, full-text materials. To clarify just a bit on what is meant by access, we are talking about access for those who are outside the walls of the library as well as those who are inside. One can see the need for such access as more and more of our users are “wired” via modems in their homes and businesses.

There are many benefits to be derived from the virtual library. The planning committee lists the following:

• Improved access for USF students, staff and faculty through a single interface that merges diverse databases into a seamless information source.

• The development of resources that ensures on-site and off-site access to all USF users.

• A stronger collection for all the USF libraries through the addition of full-text commercial databases, electronic journals, government information, academic resources and locally produced databases which can include full text, image, sound and video.

• The development of resources that will support distance education initiatives.

• The avoidance of costly duplication between USF libraries though a cost-effective approach to information delivery.

• The use of standards, both internal and external, to ensure ease of access to multiple formats, archiving and preservation of information, and consistent application of technology across functions within the USF libraries.

• The strengthened skill and knowledge of the staff of USF libraries as they participate in the implementation of this collaborative project.

The Virtual Library Project is an ambitious one, and will require cooperation and commitment from the members of the USF libraries system, and from the University Administration. Projects that extend the boundaries of knowledge and learning usually require an infusion of funding, and this project will require additional support from an already tight budget.

However, when one considers that USF wants to provide the very best resources for its faculty and students, and give support to a growing Distance Learning program, we must agree that the funding will be found.

I look forward to reporting to you on the progress of this important project as we move toward becoming virtually virtual.
people to do what I want. I take it for granted. You were just helping me for the money.”

“Fair enough. So give me the money and I’ll split.” The fat man laughed heartily this time and his cheeks reddened. He drained another pitcher of sangria and called for more.

“Not just yet,” said the fat man. He paused for a moment and leaned conspiratorially over the table as much as his great gut would allow. “I’m going to confess something to you. Something that could put me into jail for quite a number of years. I’m telling you for a couple of reasons. One: I can see you’re much more intelligent than you let on. I can see by the contemptuous look in your eyes that you hate most of the people in this world the same way I do — so you’ll be able to appreciate my crime.” Burke let the straw he’d been chewing drop back into his glass.

“And two: Your status as a socioeconomic peon means that I can indulge in my confession with impunity. If you tried to be some sort of hero, or think you could collect some sort of reward, I would squash you like a bug.” The fat man let this sink in a moment. Burke squirmed imperceptibly in his chair. He noticed the black suitcase sitting under the table.

“Now before I go on about myself, let me speculate a bit more — you’re a college drop-out. So you’ll be able to appreciate my crime.” Burke let the straw he’d been chewing drop back into his glass.

“Some of it, fat man. So what’s your big secret?” the fat man raised the empty pitcher over his head and Burke simply shrugged.

“Some of it, fat man. So what’s your big secret?” the fat man raised the empty pitcher over his head and Burke simply shrugged. Burke noticed the black bag had been scooted out of sight. It was somewhere beneath the table.

“Well, my little misanthrope, it’s your turn to guess. Put your long dormant powers of reason to work and tell me about my crime.”

SECOND PLACE

The Weight of Darkness

By Michael Albright

“There it is!” They were both quiet. Billy slowed the truck to get a closer look, but it was hard to tell; it was so damn dark. Something was there, though, in the road. They passed it again slowly.

“Go back!” Jen’s eyes were widening. She was looking out the rear window, her hands gripping the back of the seat. He turned around again and they crept back in the opposite direction, the headlights revealing the surface of the road only a few feet at a time. She suddenly sucked in her breath. “Oh my god...”

See Darkness on page 6
Defenders of the flag
By Michael Arrington

With three days remaining in the camp, the counselors sat at dinner. This time, however, the conversation centered on Bruce and Marie. “So tell us about her,” Alicia asked.

“Yes, tell them,” Sherry remarked slyly.

“Well,” Bruce began, “What do you want to know? I’ve told each of you bits and pieces about her, but I don’t remember who knows what.”

“From what I’ve already heard, she sounds very special,” Carla sweetly noted.

“She certainly is. I’ve never met anyone like her before. Even if it doesn’t work out between us, I don’t think I’ll date anyone else for a while. I’ve been spoiled.”

Sherry could hardly wait to see her colleagues’ responses. “Tell them how old she is,” she requested with a smirk.

“O.K., Sherry, I don’t mind saying it.” And he really didn’t mind, but he hoped he wouldn’t have to lose any friends over what he was about to say. “Today is her birthday; she’s 40.”

“Whoa!” Nick interjected. “And you’re...?”

“Twenty-four.”

The entire group was speechless for the next few seconds. Sherry nodded with disapproval, but that came as no surprise. She had voiced her concern to him days ago, when he first told her about the age difference.

Carla broke the silence. “I think that’s wonderful!” she declared, smiling amiably, “You’re in love, you’re happy; what difference does age make?”

“And what about the children?” Sherry warned. “Three kids, Bruce? You don’t know what you’re getting into. My first husband had children from an earlier marriage, and it was a disaster.”

“She’s got a point, Bruce,” added Michelle. “And besides, I thought you hated children.”

Bruce looked across the cafeteria at the young campers. “No, I don’t hate kids. I don’t want 80 of them, though. I’ve thought about what it would be like to be a parent or a step-parent, and I’m still thinking about it. I don’t think I want to have any more children with Marie, but who knows? Whatever happens, we’re going to do what we feel is right, not what appears right to other people.” He looked around the table and was pleased to see the congenial smiles of his co-workers — except for Sherry, who still looked skeptical.

“What could you possibly have in common?” she chided. “Do you listen to the same kinds of music?”

“Some. I listen to a bit of everything...” The Nick boldly intervened. “If they love each other, I don’t think it matters if they like the same music.” The other counselors smiled in agreement.

Sherry sighed in apparent concession. She even managed a smile. “You know, with all these differences between the two of you, the only other thing that you’d make you completely different would be if she were white.”

Bruce smiled, braced himself, turned to Sherry, and told her the one thing she did not want to hear. “She is.”

THIRD PLACE

Reuben's Vision
By Tracy Gamlin

Reuben stepped into the empty elevator and took a breath, filling his lungs with a pseudo-fresh aerosol disinfectant. He pressed the button for the seventh floor and waited for the cold reflective steel doors to shut tight, bracing himself for the jerk upwards. The red digital displayed one, two, and then a disorienting up-down stop on floor two. The silver doors parted and in stepped sunshine personified.

Without giving more than a cursory glance at Reuben, she coolly asked, “Floor eight, please.”

Reuben, always fumbling at the most inopportune times, mumbled something which was probably “Sure, no problem.”

Reuben saw her reflection in the steel doors and mirrors on top of the elevator. Going against every rule of etiquette, he stared at her and the old telescope warning came to mind: Never stare directly at the sun. It'll blind you.

She filled the elevator's impersonal, harsh fluorescence with a pleasant warmth and replaced the unnatural sterility with a toasted woody fragrance which seemed to exude from her very pores. He pondered her billowing marigold hair — how it would radiate in the sunlight and how her desert bluebell eyes would scintillate like precious gems beset in her lily skin. He dared to let his gaze linger over her strawberry daiquiri lips, he longed to taste them, to be inebriated by them.

She was angelic. Surely, he conjectured, her name must be Celeste. Of the heavens. Reuben had been blinded. He closed his eyelids and imagined her not ascending to the eighth floor of the dusty library, but ascending to the stars-to-heaven. He envisioned her head of golden curling ribbon streaming behind her. He opened his eyes and realized it was a glaring obscenity that she should be encased in this clunky...
DARKNESS from page 5

“What?” Billy looked at her. “Oh my god!” Her voice was rising in pitch.

Billy put the truck in reverse and pulled up to where Jen was laying in the road, just off to the side. His skin tingled as he stopped the truck.

“What are you doing? Don’t stop!”

“We have to stop, what — "

“Please don’t stop — I don’t want to!” She reached for his hand and squeezed it, her fingernails dug in.

“Billy let’s go! Now!”

“Calm down Jen! We might be able to help.”

She shook her head. “Let’s go... please!” Her eyes kept darting back toward the side of the road.

Billy looked at her... then out into the darkness. “I just can’t leave someone lying there.” He lowered his voice to almost a whisper. “Jen this is serious. Don’t you think we should try and help?”

“I don’t know... I just don’t want to stop... please... keep going. When we get back to town we can call an ambulance.”

“We’re over an hour from town, it wouldn’t be right to leave without first seeing if we can help.” The truck had stopped a couple of yards form the body. “You stay here if you want to. I’m getting out.”

“Please Billy... don’t. I’m scared.”

“There’s nothing to be afraid of. Just stay here.” He turned off the ignition. The engine died and that’s when he noticed the silence.

Opening the driver’s door slowly, he stepped out onto the road. The air was thick and humid and the darkness seemed to creep up around him from all sides. Jen reached across the seat and slammed the driver’s-side door. He jumped at the sound. Reaching in through the driver’s-side window, he turned on the brights.

Volunteer is 'ray of sunshine' 

Marion Ballard, longtime SAPL volunteer, received a “Ray of Sunshine” award for her devoted assistance to the University of South Florida St. Petersburg.

Ballard has demonstrated her commitment to education in various ways. A key member of the SAPL, she has chaired successful Book Fairs which raise needed funds for the library. In addition to organizing the event, she performs chores like book pick-up, book sorting, volunteer training, and accounting duties.

“Marion is a very visible friend of the campus, who is always on hand to share significant moments in USF St. Petersburg’s history with us,” said Executive Officer and Campus Dean Bill Heller, who nominated Ballard for the award. “Over the years, she has dedicated her time, energy and good counsel to benefit a multitude of USF programs.”

Ballard formerly was a member of USF St. Petersburg’s Campus Advisory Board and been involved in many academic seminars and programs on campus. She and other community volunteers were honored at a luncheon on May 13.

VON ROSENSTIEL from page 2

voted solely to USF’s library. As a board member of Selby Gardens in Sarasota for 12 years, she satisfied her interest in scientific research, making several trips to Equador, outside Guayaguil, under the aegis of the Gardens.

“There were wonderful birds, and the canopy of the forest dripped with orchids,” she remembers. Plants and seeds were carried back, and many survive today. As a testimony to her interest, one sees in her home pots filled with spires of delicate blooms.

Anne is leaving the SAPL board and will be missed, but she is not retiring from all volunteer work. She plans to devote time to the Free Clinic, remain on the Board of American Stage, and continue as president of the Toastmasters.

About Toastmasters she says “Holding this office, I’m allowed a little time to talk myself.” One is surprised that this quite-spoken person enjoys the podium.

— Rita Gould

ELIASON from page 2

It was that first article that led Niela into her long association with the St. Petersburg Times. Now as the author of Kitchen Tables, and a regular contributor to the Times, Niela is working on her second book.

As Niela steps down from her Board position, she assures us that she is not leaving SAPL or the Nelson Poynter Library. For her, the library is both refuge and resource.

“I'd rather be in trouble with the police than the library. That would be the worst thing that could happen to me — taking my library card away.” — Joyce Van Horn

REUBEN from page 5

jerking man-made contraption—a feeble attempt for human ascension. Yes, it was most definitely a profanity, her pure exquisite beauty besmirched by the dirty floors where hundreds, perhaps thousands of unrepentant humans tread. The thought became unbearable. Reuben could not allow this thought to pervade his unarnished image of her. He had to somehow cleanse this unholy cage, he had to set her free—send to heaven. Yes, this was all quite clear now. Reuben had received divine illumination.

Free borrowing privileges at the Nelson Poynter Library

If you’re a member of the USF Alumni Association or SAPL.

Many other benefits are also available with membership.

Call 553-1561 for details.

Curl up with a good book!
A sneak peak at new videos at Poynter Library

What distinguishes an academic media collection from other library collections is its inclusiveness of subjects. While some may describe that as more obscure, what it really means are those titles which are not necessarily popular, but are nonetheless essential. Among our newly arrived titles SAPL members may be interested in viewing:

**Delicatessen**

The French-filmed *Delicatessen* is set several years after a nuclear war has wiped out most of humanity. An ex-circus clown tries to get work as a butcher's assistant. He never asks himself why this job is always open, nor what has happened to his predecessors, nor even why his boss insists upon feeding him so well.

What we know (but our hero doesn't) is that the butcher trades in "prime cuts" of human flesh. You won't see this film sponsored by Oscar Mayer on TV. *Delicatessen* is, despite all evidence to the contrary, a comedy, and at times a chillingly uproarious one. The film's American release was arranged by a past master at black comedy, director Terry Gilliam.

**Guimba**

An African legend forms the basis of this African and German-produced drama that is set within an ancient desert town, Sitakili. It is a prosperous town filled with beautiful mud palaces, and is ruled by the despotic tyrant Guimba Dunbuya who spends his day supine on a dais surrounded by servants and his lascivious, dwarf son, Jangine. Though Jangine has been betrothed to the lovely Kani from another complex to program, and students directly to a computer for resource dissemination, libraries might be overlooking other important functions, such as reader's advising, storytelling and preservation management, to name a few.

There is no question that this generation is on the cutting edge of technological innovation, which reaps great benefits. But one realizes that, at times "hard copy," or print sources still prove to be efficient tools for research, sometimes unearthing sources more rapidly than rummaging through the Internet.

In this on-line, information era, when automated voice mail replaces a live person, a computer conquers a chess expert, VCRs are often too complex to program, and students frequently bypass librarians to go directly to a computer for resource material, a human being at the Reference Desk of a library seems an agreeable perquisite.

Besides, many people simply enjoy the feel of books.

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**Rambling Rose**

*Rambling Rose* is the most part a flashback, related by grown-up Southerner Buddy Hillyer (John Heard). The bulk of the film takes place in 1935, when rambunctious backwoods housekeeper Rose (Laura Dern) virtually invades the Hillyer household.

Daddy Hillyer (Robert Duvall), a bed-rock Southern gentleman, welcomes the congenitally amoral but basically goodhearted Rose into his house, carefully fending off her ill-timed romantic advances. But Rose can't help herself, and soon she is sexually initiating young Buddy (Luka Haas).

Disturbed at the number of lascivious young swains hanging around his yard, Daddy grudgingly agrees with a narrow-minded local doctor (Kevin Conway) that perhaps Rose should be "fixed" so she won't become pregnant. This is prevented by the heated intervention of Mother Hillyer (Diane Ladd), who despite her initial resistance of Rose steadfastly defends the girl's right to be herself—even if that self is perpetually in heat.

The film returns to the present, with the adult Buddy returning to the old homestead to discover that Rose has recently died. Based on the novel by Calder Willingham, *Rambling Rose* should have been the box-office-hit breakthrough that director Martha Coolidge has long deserved; while it fizzled financially, the film did manage to secure Oscar nominations for both Laura Dern and her real-life mother Diane Ladd.

**Dutchman**

In this claustrophobic drama, filmed in a New York subway car, a racist woman with dubious morals seduces a young middle-class black man. As soon as they finish, she begins humiliating and teasing him until he flies into a rage. He begins stating all his pent up feelings about whites. This makes the woman angry and she stabs him to death. She then goes on to find another victim. The film is adapted from a play by LeRoi Jones.

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Jerry Notaro, Librarian

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Do you have a Casablanca in your attic?

Or any other popular video you may own?

If you've enjoyed watching it, chances are others will, too.

Now you can share your videos with the Poynter Library. We're always in the market to increase our collection of popular titles. And as a SAPL member, you can always check out your film once it's on our shelves.

For more information, Call Jerry Notaro at 553-3409 or e-mail him at Notaro@bayflash.spt.usf.edu

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GOULD from page 1

remains the same — to educate and inform as well as to storehouse, critique and disseminate knowledge. The Library Journal expressed a concern of librarians — as institutions concentrate on informational dispersion, libraries might be overlooking other important functions, such as reader's advising, storytelling and preservation management, to name a few.
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