The Master Key...
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—authors, titles, keywords, URLs, publishers can change without any notice. As
a result, what was correct yesterday becomes incorrect today.

Regardless, a past and continuing emphasis of the Libraries’ bibliographic
database is effective authority control. Complete, accurate bibliographic and
item records are provided for materials held by the Libraries since complete
access cannot be guaranteed unless access points (e.g., author, title, subject, etc.) are
consistent, current, and correct throughout WestCat. As noted, with the addition of
online links to sites, assuring that guarantee has been become vastly more diffi-
cult. However, users are demanding such access, and the Catalog Department is
responding as precisely as possible.

One timely example of the difficulty of providing authority control is found in
the area of subject headings. Most searchers are not aware that official subject
headings are suggested by the Library of Congress and used in common across all libraries. (Users are usually sent to keyword searching tools when they begin a
search since such indexes use common language found in actual titles and
descriptions.) The “real” subject heading is a powerful search tool, because all libraries use standardized terminology. Until recently, the official subject heading for books and other resources, originally describing Negroes or blacks, was AFRO-
AMERICANS with appropriate subdivisions or clarifications such as
AFRO-AMERICANS—BIOGRAPHY or AFRO-AMERICAN TEACHERS. The
change to AFRICAN AMERICAN as the official subject heading was made in
December 2000—a change that required updating several thousand records in
WestCat.

Some of the corrections could be initi-
ated using a one-fell-swoop, automated global heading change feature that is built
into our cataloging system, but this could be used only with the main heading. No
longer phrase or subdivision could be corrected without a manual, in-house
intervention so that AFRO-AMERICAN TEACHERS could become AFRICAN
AMERICAN TEACHERS. Moreover, the word “AFRO-AMERICAN” was also
embedded in other major headings such as UNITED STATES—HISTORY—CIVIL
WAR, 1861-1865—AFRO-AMERICAN TROOPS. Traditional searches do not eas-
ily uncover text appearing far down the line in a subject-heading string. In this single example, the cataloging staff even-
tually located some 300 bibliographic records that required the substitution of AFRICAN AMERICAN for AFRO-
AMERICAN. The bottom line is that without accurate and thorough authority
control and database management, online library catalogs are not the useful,
modern tool that they have the potential to be.

The University Libraries’ WestCat is an
amazing catalog or, if you will, search engine of the 21st century. This gateway
links every searcher to a wide range of information resources including, at least:
traditional holdings (books, periodicals, rare books, government documents, etc.);
e-books and journals; images; sound recordings; course reserve materials; CD-
ROMS; remotely accessible databases; and sites of the public WWW. The key to
all of this information is held by the Cataloging Department that shapes and
articulates the definition of WestCat for our user community. No matter how the
nature of our collection and services changes, WestCat, in one form or another,
the Libraries’ online catalog, will remain the backbone and trusted companion to a
world of information that is always there to support the educational, research, and
public service mission of Western Michigan University.

The Trouble with the Library

By Allison Danforth

[Many students help to staff the University Libraries. Allison Danforth is a senior majoring in English and Spanish. She has become a
talented Central Reference aide who has also observed shrewdly and drawn some conclusions about the WMU Libraries.]

The patron enters the library to the sound of the heavy glass doors, crossed with steel, slamming behind him. He stands in the rotunda, feeling almost lost in the depths of a well, as three echoing stories of the library tower over him—topped by a glass dome. More steel bars across the dome (and dirty glass) cut the watery sunlight till it has no strength to warm the patron far below. Still, he forges ahead, and passes through the security gate that paradoxically has a sign that reads:
“Welcome Students.” If the patron glances back to the other set of gates, through which he will later escape, he is less welcomed by signs that warn: “Theft
and Mutilation Will Be Prosecuted.” “Will Be Prosecuted” is in red letters.

The patron, now made timid and self-conscious by the deathly quiet of the rotunda after the echoes of the banging doors have dissolved into silence, enters the belly of the library. Seeking help, he wends his way through the maze of com-
puter stations, each with a patron staring into a glowing screen, to the reference
desk hidden back and to the right of the main aisle. Behind a long, low, mahogany colored desk with a gray top reside the librarians who hold dominion over the four million books and other items that have been stamped as property of Western Michigan University— in purple ink.

Once at the desk, the only standup section is already taken, and the patron must
get on his knees to see eye to eye with the librarian as she guides him through the
research process. The woman skips from page to that page of the Web-based
catalog, clicking on this blue word and that button, and pointing out that he
should take note of this, this, this, and that on a page—all done so quickly, as
she is flying from screen to screen, that he doesn’t even know where she started. She
is flinging words around as fast as she is clicking and typing away: online catalog,
research resources, abstract, citation, microform, general stacks, circulation,
and permanent reserve. On and on, words cascade over his unhearing ears
and links flash by his unseeing eyes. The librarian ends the crash course in research
with a pleasant smile, a quick point at a two-sided, four-part map, and a gesture

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Revisiting Books of Youth

By Diether Haenicke, President Emeritus

In 1998, Diether Haenicke retired as President of Western Michigan University, and returned to the faculty as a Distinguished University Professor. In addition, he prepares a weekly column for the News Plus section of the Kalamazoo Gazette. Dr. Haenicke and the Gazette have given their permission to reprint the following January 10, 2001 column.

One of the great luxuries that I currently enjoy is having time to read for pleasure. For over 25 years, I held academic positions that forced me, day in and day out, with too little time for other reading, to peruse financial statements, office memos, funding requests, general office correspondence, or accreditation reports. Although their respective authors undoubtedly put great effort into these communications to me, none remains memorable or triggers the wish to re-read it. These days I can read exclusively what I want to read, not what I must read, and the treasure trove of history, biography, poetry and novels again lies open before me.

All my life, I have been an avid reader. I was very fortunate to have friends in my teens who also loved to read, and with whom I could exchange and discuss books that fascinated and enthused us. Most of the books that I read when I was 15 or 16, I remember vividly to this day, and also some of the long debates I had about them with my friends at the time.

Occasionally, now, I take some of those books off the shelf and read them again, 50 years later. It is a wonderful experience that I highly recommend. Of course, there are a few books we read many times during our lives, and they become steady and trusted companions. But it is a powerful experience going back to books that defined our youth, and that we have not read in between.

I always found it intriguing that books, which I loved, could make a vastly different, and lesser, impression on other readers. We can fail a book, or a book can fail us—depending on the care with which the reading is done, the mood in which the readers find themselves while reading, or the emotional or intellectual experiences the reader brings to the book. The dissimilar impact on different readers is relatively easy to explain.

It is similarly easy to explain the changed impact of a book on the same reader at a later time in his life. After all, it should not come as a surprise that a lifetime of experience mightly changes a book's impact. But the great pleasure of reacquainting myself with a book of my youth lies not only in noting its changed impact; it also has other benefits. The greatest is the miracle of encountering oneself again, the youthful reader of half a century ago, and the rediscovery of the fanciful dreams and uncertain emotions of one's earlier self. With fondness and nostalgia I remember the particular features of the books that occupied and overwhelmed me then. When I was 12, for instance, I fantasized about slipping into the heroic role of Edmond Dantes, the Count of Monte Christo. A few years later, I sensed, while reading Charles Dickens for the first time, deep anger and indignation about the harsh social conditions, and I was incensed at the religious persecution depicted in Werfel's The Forty Days of Musa Dagh. At 15, with great curiosity and still well-remembered ambiguous and tentative feelings, I read countless times the love scenes between the courageous Robert Jordan and the beautiful Maria in Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls.

Most of us read for content in our youth, not for style, composition, or other artistic elements. The story mattered most. What happened and how it ended drove our interest. But along with the love of reading, an appreciation grew for how a story was presented, in what way it was told, and in what language. Thus the reading for content, powerful in itself, developed into a much deeper involvement and enjoyment that characterizes the adult reader.

Revisiting the favorite books of my youth, I also gratefully remember all the people who read to me as a child, who taught and encouraged me to read, who gave me my first books and thus opened wide the doors to the limitless world of knowledge and enjoyment. A belated blessing on each and every one of them! Would that every child could enter the world of reading as happily as I did.

The Trouble...
Continued from page 4

The patron is again left to wander amidst the four floors of general stacks, the towering shelves, and the rows upon rows upon floors of gray shelves that hold a dull rainbow of books. Their spines are worn; threads stick out like gray hairs. Their gold and silver lettering has been rubbed away long ago by a thousand sweaty hands, leaving only a shadow of their former elegance. Smaller ones hide behind larger ones, some even slip behind the front runners. Each lurks, hidden amidst hundreds; each identified by 10 to 15 letters of the ubiquitous call number that is sometimes further hidden on the cover that is not visible. Each sits in mean silence while the patron searches for his needle in the haystack. Only after he has trekked a mile over the hard, gray carpet, stared blankly at the dozens of signs that all seem alike—PR3671.T85 to PR 6842.9—does he sigh, "I hate this library."

Slowly, without enthusiasm, he returns to his original nemesis, the librarian, and asks for help.

The librarian is calm, cool, and ever smiling in spite of his impatient and frustrated tone when he asks where his book is. She marches to and up a flight of stairs, oblivious that her heels send thunder rolling through the stairwell, and then goes down an aisle, up a row, around a corner and stops. Voila...she pulls a book from the shelf disturbing a cloud of dust. The cloud hangs between the two. The patron's bewildered gaze turns to elation for a moment, but in the next minute has darkened with self-reproach: "Why didn't I find it if it was that easy?" His limp and humble posture betrays his frustration, and he wonders if he will be successful next time. And, the librarian's smile has softened to sympathy because she understands that the library is an intimidating maze to the unpracticed.

"A book ought to be like a man or a woman, with some individual character in it, though eccentric, yet its own; with some blood in its veins and speculation in its eyes and a way and will of its own."

—John Mitchel