

BROADSIDE

NEWSLETTER OF THE THEATRE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

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TLA's 60th Anniversary Year

Spring-Summer 1997

To celebrate TLA's 60th anniversary, we asked several longtime TLA board members to reflect on their careers -- how they came to work in libraries and more especially how they came to work in performing arts collections. The responses from Louis Rachow, Mary Ann Jensen, Dorothy Swerdlove and James Poteat were thoughtful and playful and indicate very clearly how planning had almost nothing to do with the career paths chosen and followed.

Chemistry, Librarianship, and the Theatre by Louis A. Rachow

Tallulah Bankhead opens her book of revelations with the one sentence-paragraph, "Despite all you may have heard to the contrary, I have never had a ride in a patrol wagon." Neither have I! Nor is rumor true that I was one of the founding fathers of the Theatre Library Association. On that historic day I may very well have been frolicking in the field with my grandmother picking cherries from that lone fruit tree with visions of those luscious drupes ending up in a freshly baked pie.

For today's generation, life on a small farm in southeastern Nebraska in the 1930s might just as well be an existence in the age of the dinosaurs. The seven years in a one-room country school appropriately christened Sometown, and another with the unlikely name of Lakeside, were followed by high school initiation where I was somberly miscast in a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. Couldn't sing, couldn't dance, but, in a sense, this treading of the boards heralded my entry into my own special brand of show business. Then, upon my family's decision to leave the farm (the "grapes of wrath" were upon us), we moved to a village where my father operated a Texaco station and where I enrolled as a sophomore and concluded my senior year with valedictory honors. Because those were the war years,

patriotism was uppermost in everyone's being, and 4-H clubs played a prominent role in the cause for freedom. Our town, Strang, Nebraska, had its 4-H activities in the form of the "Hoe Hitler Under" Garden Club of which I was, indeed, one of the founding fathers. A year's apprenticeship as member led to club leadership while still a teenager and elevated me to the role of the youngest 4-H neophyte to hold that title in the state of Nebraska. This recognition (and the club's unique name) gained an appearance on KFAB Radio in Lincoln (shades of show business again).

Then it was on to York College -- a liberal arts institution near Lincoln which was definitely the turning point in what was to become my career and my life. My science teacher had instilled such a burning desire in me to study chemistry that I simply had to make science my college major with a minor in English and in mathematics. With the aid of a small scholarship and part-time custodial

work, I was catapulted into a brave new world in the hope of emulating the teachings of my mentor. Gradually, the study of the composition of matter (organic and inorganic) lost its appeal, and I gravitated to the library where the tomes of erudition and learning proved far more enticing than the power of chemical equations. The seduction was complete when the librarian suggested I trade my janitorial broom for fun and games as one of her trusted student library assistants. As graduation day arrived, I had a B.S. degree but no teaching position. Fate intervened in mid-summer when the college president provided me with an offer I could not refuse -- a position as full-time assistant to Maybelle Taylor, head of the college library. A year later when Miss Taylor left for a more lucrative post in Chicago, I was promoted to acting librarian, with

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the understanding that a Masters Degree in Library Science would be forthcoming. (I might add that the thread of show business remained inactive during my college days, because I believed that my Thespian talents were inadequate for campus productions. This supposition was disproved when my starring role in a faculty melodrama was acclaimed by students and peers alike). Uncle Sam's call to arms in 1954 prompted my Columbia University School of Library Service application to be placed on hold until such time as the military deemed it proper for me to return to civilian life. Lady Luck smiled, and I was miraculously assigned to V Corps Headquarters in Frankfurt, Germany, where as Adjutant's General Librarian, the top brass was at my beck and call. In 1956, the labyrinths of the I.G. Farben Building were exchanged for the halls of Columbia University where library school classes by night and Law Library duties (coupled with Queens College Library charges) by day, dominated my waking hours. In the summer of 1959, my library school labors came to fruition upon completion of Columbia University's first "Theatre Literature and Librarianship" course designed and taught by the founder and first curator of the celebrated Theatre Collection of The New York Public Library, the irascible George Freedley.

Prior to collecting my coveted diploma, the prestigious University Club invaded the Columbia Law Library to lure me into its hallowed chambers for the purpose of reigning as assistant librarian. After three years, ascendancy to the throne was assured upon retirement of the club's esteemed librarian. But, destiny, in the guise of The Players, dealt a crushing blow that sent the club's administration reeling. (That thread of show business again).

The Players -- the club whose purpose was to elevate the social standing of the

The First George Freedley Memorial Award

Presiding over the first George Freedley Memorial Award presentation in the Hotel Algonquin in 1968 -- during my first year as president of TLA -- proved to be an impressive occasion. As the program was about to begin, I was called to the telephone to apprise The New York Times of the results of the nominations. (In the early award years, the winners were not revealed until the day of the actual ceremony). Then, it was back to the podium to honor Louis Sheaffer for his O'Neill: Son and Artist.

As I was about to begin again, a hush fell over the room of attendees (standing room only) when a diminutive figure weaved her way through the audience and plopped cross-legged on the floor and gazed at me with appraising eyes as if to say, "Now, proceed." Never shall I forget that there once was a time when the great Theatre Arts editor, TLA Board member, and founder-director of the International Theatre Institute of the United States, Rosamond Gilder, sat at my restless feet. -- Louis Rachow

actor as ordained by Edwin Booth, America's greatest 19th century Shakespearean actor -- was in need of a professional librarian to fulfill the New York State Department of Education's requirements. The club's library opened for research as The Walter Hampden Memorial Library. (Booth's personal collection forms the nucleus of the library). George Freedley, chairman of the Players library committee, remembered my participation in his course two years before and proposed me as the candidate. His persistence and persuasion endured, and with an ever so reverent reluctance, I relinquished all obligations to the University Club (not without some sacrifices -- mainly financial, I might add).

Before getting the Player's job, I was interviewed but the most dramatic confrontation took place on the set of the Lerner-Loewe classic *Camelot*. Because Robert Downing, secretary of The Players and stage manager for the musical, had been unable to be present at my official interview, he requested

that we meet face-to-face at the Majestic Theatre to review my credentials. With acute apprehension I followed the legendary doorman to the proscenium stage, where I found the Mr. Downing ensconced on the "Queen Guenevere-Julie Andrews" throne. With a royal gesture and a thrust of the hand I was directed to the "King Arthur-Richard Burton" perch where the future library state of affairs was conducted in courtly fashion.

January 2, 1962 -- a date emblazoned in the annals of The Players -- launched me into the world of theatre research and scholarship for all time. And it was at this juncture that I became an active participant in the Theatre Library Association although I had joined the organization somewhat earlier. In 1967, I was appointed president. The rewards of that five-year term included the establishment of the George Freedley Memorial Award and TLA's joint sponsorship with the American Society for Theatre Research of the Sixth Congress of the International Federation for Theatre Research -- the first to be

held in the Western Hemisphere. After the presidency, the next nine years were consumed with the editorship of *Broadside*. Then I served another term as president from 1981 through 1983.

Upon learning of my departure from The Players in 1988, the International Theatre Institute of the United States (ITI/US) took me into its fold. I succeeded **Elizabeth Burdick**, organizer and director of a one-in-a-kind information service. Charged with the systematic collection and dissemination

of world theatre materials dating from World War II and not readily available in this country was a librarian's dream -- and still is.

To be associated with the International Theatre Institute -- the brainchild of the first director general of UNESCO, **Julian Huxley**, and such theatre dignitaries as **J.B. Priestley**, **Jean-Louis Barrault**, **Lillian Hellman**, and **Rosamond Gilder** -- is an honor and an exceptional privilege. The U.S. Center was formed by Miss Gilder under the aegis of the American National Theatre

and Academy where it remained for twenty years until 1968 when, under the leadership of its president, Miss Gilder, and its director, **Martha Coigney**, it became an independent, non-profit service organization. Today ITI/US is one of ninety-two centers on five continents.

From Sodtown to I.G. Farben to Gramercy Park to ITI with seatbelts fastened all the way. What a journey -- and not a patrol wagon in sight!

Both Sides of the Desk: Adventures in The New York Public Library by Dorothy Swerdlove

I was not a precocious reader. I grew up in the Bronx, attended the local public school, and didn't learn to read until first grade. Early memories of the printed word relate to agonizing hours spent in front of the bathroom mirror wrinkling my brow, because the teacher insisted that we have a picture of each word "up here," pointing to her forehead. Finally, I mastered the art of the meaningful frown, and immediately fell in love with reading. As soon as I could print my whole name -- all sixteen letters -- in a tiny space, my mother took me to our neighborhood library branch. It was just a store front, one small room, but it signified Adventure!

After I'd filled out the application, the librarian said that I could take out two books on my children's card. I circled the room, and zeroed in on the two largest tomes that I could find. One was a world history, I think, and the other must have been an encyclopedia of entomology, because the margins were filled with pictures of insects. Not that I was interested in bugs, but it was the biggest book on the shelf. I staggered back to the librarian's desk, and she

picked up her pencil with the date stamp on the end. She looked at the books, she looked at me, and she said, "These are very nice, but I have some that I think you'll like even better," and she led me to a few shelves of children's books. We selected *A Week with Andy* and *The Green Fairy Book* by **Andrew Lang**. Over the next several months, I went through the whole rainbow of Lang fairy books, as well as almost everything else in the children's section. When I could be trusted not to fall off my bicycle in the middle of traffic, I was allowed to bike all the way to a larger branch which had two floors, with the top one devoted to children's and young adult books. It kept me occupied until I went off to Swarthmore College.

After graduating with a degree in economics and political science, I embarked upon a career that led from research assistant in the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, to social science analyst in the Congressional Reference Service of the Library of Congress, assistant editor of a book on international finance (Princeton University Press), research assistant at a

commercial bank, and economist for a major oil company. In need of an antidote to the dismal science (a soubriquet that sticks), I turned to amateur theatricals. Once again, the library came through by providing plays and theatre books at many branches.

One day it dawned on me that the best part of being a research economist was the chance to work in various libraries, where I felt a real sense of belonging. So for three years I gave up moonlighting on the amateur stage in favor of night classes at Columbia University's School of Library Service, spending my evenings there and my weekends at the 42nd Street Library -- which was open seven days a week -- to finish my homework. I remember, in particular, one miserable winter Sunday when slushy snow was falling and the heat and hot water in my building broke down. The Library became, quite literally, my home away from home that day.

In my last semester at Columbia, thanks to a term paper assignment, I met **George Freedley** and **Paul Myers**,

Curator and First Assistant of the Theatre Collection. Fascinated by the work of the division, I began to spend Saturday afternoons as a volunteer, clipping and mounting play reviews, and upon graduation in 1961, I immediately applied for a job. I was offered an advanced position in the Economics Division, but I held out for entry-level in the Theatre Collection, even though it meant a 45% salary cut from my economist earnings. I remained there for almost thirty years!

The Theatre Collection had not changed much physically since its founding in 1931 by George Freedley. Tucked into the northwest corner of the Main Reading Room of the Central Building, the public area consisted of two small reader tables, the librarian's desk, a few shelves of reference books and the card catalog. The reading room was open six days a week for five hours each afternoon. Its holdings were housed in long rows of vertical files or on shelves in a small caged area one floor below, and they were hauled up and down by means of an old-fashioned dumb-waiter. The physical set-up reflected the step-child status of the division, which was considered too "frivolous" to be equated with more serious subjects such as music and literature. But despite its modest outward appearance, George Freedley had worked vigorously to extend the collection's influence and reputation, especially among theatre professionals. I still remember one Saturday afternoon when Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne appeared at my desk. They were preparing for roles as Justice and Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes in a television production and wanted to check some costume details. (By this time, the division was expanding its coverage of film, radio and television, although Mr. Freedley regarded these newer areas as upstarts and spoke of them with some disdain).

Travelin' with TLA

TLA participation in conferences with other associations has always yielded important benefits. We make valuable contacts with colleagues and learn about significant holdings. For those members with a yen for sightseeing, it is also a chance to sample a variety of theatrical and restaurant fare, and to spend a few hours getting acquainted with the host city.

At international conferences, an entire day is usually set aside for bus tours to theatres and theatrical landmarks, often in distant towns. One memorable trip occurred during the International Association of Performing Arts Libraries and Museums (SIBMAS) congress held in Portugal in 1992, when two members of the organization disappeared in broad daylight in the tiny town of Evora. Several hours later, after our Portugese guide had searched for them frantically in the single taxi that the town boasted, and had alerted the local police to our predicament, the lost ones came sauntering down the street -- they had stopped at a cafe for a bit of post-prandial refreshment, and they had found it so relaxing.... All was forgiven, of course, but I have a feeling that our gentle host aged twenty years that afternoon. -- Dorothy L. Swerdlove

In 1965, Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts opened, with space for a library-museum. The Theatre Collection moved into expanded quarters, and almost overnight became a highly visible unit of the library system. It also meant a sudden growth in the size and diversity of our holdings. The contents of a section of general stacks in the Central Building, about one-sixth of a city block, were transferred to Lincoln Center, as well as five hundred performing arts titles from the Manuscripts Division. The enhanced visibility of the new location also brought archival gifts of increasing importance, as theatrical luminaries like Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, Jo Mielziner, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, began to think of repositories where their archives would be both protected and used.

Other important changes also occurred. George Freedley became incapacitated, and Paul Myers was promoted to Curator. Under his cheerful guidance, the staff undertook new tasks and busier

schedules. Further expansion took place in 1970 when the Theatre on Film and Tape Project, a plan to record live theatrical performances for study and research, was set up by Betty Corwin; today, TOFT is known throughout the world. In 1977, the division was renamed the Billy Rose Theatre Collection in recognition of a major endowment gift.

When Paul Myers retired in 1980, I succeeded him as Curator, and that same year I was elected President of TLA, a double distinction that resulted in a biographical entry in *Who's Who in America*. In my ten years as Curator, there was continued growth in acquisitions and in the number and range of readers -- from academics and theatre professionals such as Brooks Atkinson and Hal Prince and Diana Rigg to an Australian couple who took time off from sight-seeing to check the old *Dramatic Mirror* for news of a great aunt whose name had been stricken from the family records after she joined a traveling theatre troupe bound for

America. (They found the information). Study of film and television drew abreast of research in live theatre -- pace, George Freedley! -- as colleges expanded the curriculum in these areas.

In December 1990, I retired from the Theatre Collection, but I could not stay away. For the next six years, until my move to Arizona in September 1996, I did volunteer work of various kinds, including some chores for TLA, some for TOFT, and some research projects. At one point, I spent several weeks pasting movie reviews into scrapbooks for binding -- the wheel had come full

circle, back to 1961!

Looking back over almost thirty years of service in the Theatre Collection, I feel a great sense of gratitude and fulfillment. They were eminently rewarding years, filled with the satisfaction of helping dedicated people from all walks of life to do research in a fascinating field. There is also the thrill of dealing with theatrical treasures, such as the locket that **Edwin Booth** wore as Hamlet, or an early 18th century playbill, or a letter from **Tennessee Williams** discussing his work. But the real treasures of the Theatre Collection,

as of many similar organizations, are not the artifacts but the people who work there with devotion, with humor, with imagination. I cherish my friendships with colleagues in the Library and in the various professional organizations to which I belong, particularly the Theatre Library Association, the American Society for Theatre Research and SIBMAS, all of whom work together and support one another in our endeavors. For me, the most important honor I have or will ever receive is the award presented to me by TLA in 1996 for "Distinguished Service in Performing Arts Librarianship."

The Inevitable Connection by James Poteat

I'm sure that many other members may feel exactly the same but I look upon my connection with TLA as having been inevitable.

Though I never planned to be a librarian when I was growing up in Charlotte, NC, still, libraries were very important to me. I can remember the first time I was permitted to go alone downtown to our large main library. It was a thrill, particularly so because the Charlotte library had a very good collection of plays and books on theatre. It was my intention to attend the University of North Carolina and get a bachelor's and master's degree in drama. Subsequently, I did exactly that -- not with the intention of going into professional theatre, but rather of going into college teaching and I did that a bit later.

My teaching days I remember with great affection. I loved teaching. I loved directing plays, even designing sets. I wasn't so crazy about *building* sets as my abilities were limited in that area. Still, it was part of the job.

While teaching in a small college in Florida, I pretty soon met all the faculty. Socializing with the other faculty, I particularly enjoyed the company of the college librarian. Finally, one day she turned to me and said, "If you've got all these suggestions, I think that you had better become a librarian yourself."

These remarks went to the back burner to simmer. Cut to the following year when I was back in Chapel Hill working on the staff of WUNC-TV, one of the earliest public television stations (called in those days *educational* stations).

My title there was Film Director, and though I did direct a news show every day, I directed no films. Rather I *selected* films to show in the many hours the station had no live programming.

One afternoon day when I was bored, I wandered over to the library school and enrolled. Just a course or two to see if I was interested. The next thing I knew I was very interested and had completed all the course work for an M.S. in L.S. Soon after that I was working in a

public library in New York City. This is the point at which my consciousness of TLA became really strong. (I had joined TLA as a library school student). Now I was in New York and I had to write my thesis.

I wrote my thesis in Room 315 in The New York Public Library at 42nd Street. Over in the corner enclosure where one was able to access the NYPL Theatre Collection. I was very impressed with the multitude of research materials that **Paul Myers** and his staff brought me day after day, and with the staff, too. I soon realized that these were TLA people. I liked the field and I liked the people. Shortly thereafter, I went to work for the **Television Information Office Library and Research Center**. The job was challenging because it consisted of continuously collecting research information and using it daily with large numbers of people, both academics and civilians. It seemed to be the right place for me to be and I soon realized that I found this work, the work of a librarian, very stimulating. Enough to remain with TIO for nearly twenty-

five years.

I soon also came to realize that of all the special librarians I worked with during those years, my interactions with TLA members were some of the most satisfying. When I got the chance to become actively involved with TLA, I was very happy to do so.

Working with **Mary Ann Jensen**, who was president at that time, was gratifying and I rather looked upon her as a kind of mentor. Later, as V.P. and then as

President, I met many many others, too numerous to list here and each offering me, by reflecting so well his or her own particular collection or part of the field, also a kind of mentorship.

It was inevitable from working within the association that I learned a lot about its history, its strengths and its weaknesses. But unquestionably the major impression I've always had of this group is the committed quality of the people who actively work in TLA. They

keep trying and they keep making progress.

I feel that specialists are specialists and you can't fight that, no matter how sophisticated the technology may become or how unenlightened the management may sometimes prove to be. Expertise does count and let's admit it, a large proportion of the TLA membership are experts. And it's not the size of the organization that counts, it's the quality.

My Life in the Theatre -- from Summer Stock to Princeton by **Mary Ann Jensen**

Although I have been interested in theatre and its production for as long as I can remember (having made my debut as a performer at a Christmas gala at 25 months!), I did not wake up one morning when I was six and say to myself: "I wanna be the curator of a really great theatre collection when I grow up!" Nor did I ever set out to be a librarian. It just worked out that way, although I daresay I would not be a curator were it not for the subject specialty.

An only child, I spend a lot of time alone and quickly developed a vivid imagination. My mother had told me that if I wanted to have wonderful dreams at night, I should think about wondrous things before I fell asleep. So I used to imagine a magic box which was large enough for me to enter and in which I could create any kind of world I wanted. Later in life, as a director, I realized that this dream had come true.

My parents took me to the theatre, to operas and concerts, and to the movies. They encouraged my participation in school plays and pageants, and my father even converted a large room in our basement into a theatre where I

could produce plays (written or adapted by yours truly, of course, and directed by and usually "starred in" by the same) for my young friends. It was the same father who, many years later, went to see me in a performance of **John Osborne's *Epitaph for George Dillon***. After the curtain, he was the first to leave the theatre, and waited out on the street for my mother to join him. He was approached by a friend, who asked him whether his daughter had inherited her acting ability from him. "No," he replied emphatically. "I had to send her to college for that!"

By the time I was a senior in high school, there were only two careers which were of interest to me. One had to do with the theatre, the other was the ministry. But at that time women were not eligible for ordination, and my parents were not especially pleased that their only child saw a career for herself in the Church. So in my sophomore year of college I declared my major in a field that they approved even less -- The Theatre! Of course then I had no notion of theatre collections and curatorships or, for that matter, any idea just what in The Theatre I wanted to do.

Nor did I by the time I graduated, but off I went from the midwest to Connecticut to be an apprentice in summer stock. The plane fare was provided by my indulgent parents as a graduation gift, but my ever-encouraging father told my mother that I wouldn't last three weeks in Ivoryton.

I was there for the season and during that direly predicted third week, I not only remained but managed to garner a role in a play starring James Mason (and featuring Pamela and Portland Mason), in which I actually had the privilege of replacing Helen Hayes! Oh, was I hooked! And totally convinced by the experience that I detested acting, and, even moreso, its accompanying stage-fright. The following autumn I returned to my home town for a season of winter stock at the theatre which eventually evolved into the Milwaukee Repertory Company. After that I worked as a costumer's assistant, went into a merchandising training program in San Francisco and Milwaukee, quickly deciding that the "rag business" was not for me, either, in any of its forms. So off I went to the University of Wisconsin, in the hope of getting a

doctorate in theatre so that I might teach. But that was not to be. During the summer that I was working on my thesis, I was hired as a typist for the Wisconsin Center for (now Film and Theatre Research). It was just before photocopying replaced carbon copies, and I had never used an IBM electric typewriter before. My first assignment was to type the finding aid for the Carlton E. Morse *One Man's Family* scripts, and I was to produce an error-free original and five carbon copies.

In no time whatever I had proven myself a dreadful typist but a decent and enthusiastic researcher, so that by the end of summer a secretary was hired and I was named assistant director of the Center. That became for me an invaluable apprenticeship, working for three years with and learning from an extraordinary team of archivists at the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

In early spring of 1966 my mother was visiting me in Madison when I received a call from a friend who was moving to Philadelphia to teach at Temple. It was a Sunday evening, and he asked me whether I had seen *The New York Times* that day. I hadn't, because the paper would be delivered to my office the next day. He reported that Princeton University was advertising for a Curator for its Theatre Collection, and that he thought I should apply. I allowed as to how I wouldn't stand a chance since I had no library degree. He countered that if I didn't send in my resume, he would come to my apartment while I was at work and he and my mother would work up a CV in my behalf and submit it to Princeton. I promised to do my own, thank you very much, and bet him a case of Scotch that I wouldn't get the job.

About six weeks later I left a small carton containing twelve 50-milliliter

bottles of Johnny Walker Red on his doorstep. And so came I to Princeton, as curator of the William Seymour Theatre Collection. In addition to my library duties, in the seventies I was able to find the time (and the energy) to direct undergraduate productions, and I have been privileged to meet and work with some of the brightest and most gifted students anywhere. Of course, the faculty is not exactly made up of dullards, either. And there has been a constant stream of talented and interesting writers and researchers -- thirty years' worth, thus far.

During 1980s I had the privilege of serving TLA for most of the decade, first on the Board, then as vice-president, and from 1984 to 1990 as President of the organization.

I've had the joy of seeing Princeton's Collection more than double in size; in 1966 and for ten years thereafter parts of it were housed in four separate areas of Firestone Library, but in 1976 I was able to bring it all together into a single area of the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections. In 1992 current wisdom separated it back to four areas of the Library, and although I continue to have what is referred to as "intellectual control" over the collections, answering reference questions and assisting patrons takes much more time, and I no longer have any staff. It is my understanding that when I leave Princeton, there will be no subject specialist to take over the position I now hold. But then, I have always contended that Theatre Librarians are an endangered species and should be handled with loving care by those who need their special services!

The possibility of retirement is now somewhere on the distant horizon, I must admit. And I am beginning to look back through a challenging and

exciting career, firmly convinced that it has been just as I would have chosen my professional life to be thus far, had I been in control of my destiny when I was five. That was the year I had a strange dream, one which I remember vividly. I was under ether, having a tonsilectomy, and I dreamt -- as many do in that circumstance -- that I was falling. As a matter of fact, I was descending into Hell! The route I was taking was most curious, for I was falling through theatres, each one a predominantly different color. I never did reach that destination in the dream, although once or twice I may have come close during my tenure at Princeton. But I still wouldn't give it up, and don't intend to do so for a while longer, at least.

About a year ago, however, I applied to study for the diaconate in the Episcopal Church. I have no intention of retiring, of reading and gardening and moving to Florida and all those good things. I cannot see me in that picture. I have too long found my greatest happiness in helping others, and I want to continue to do just that, albeit in another venue. In April of this year, I was accepted into the Deacon Formation Program. In September, I will begin to study part-time and continue to work full-time for several years. It will be difficult, it will be challenging, it will be interesting, and it will be an opportunity for further growth. In those ways, it will be no different than what I have been doing since 1963. And how many people end up with two careers -- one in each of their chosen fields?

CALENDAR

August 6-9, 1997. The Association for Theatre in Higher Education 1997 National Conference "Dramatic Interactions." Chicago Palmer House Hilton Hotel.

November 13-16, 1997, The American Society of Theatre Research-Theatre Library Association meeting in San Antonio, TX. Eight seminars. "No Theme" conference. TLA will hold board meeting at conference.

Officers of the Theatre Library Association (founded 1937): President, Geraldine Duclow, Head, Theatre Collection, Free Library of Philadelphia; Vice President, Susan Brady, Yale University; Executive Secretary, Maryann Chach, Shubert Archive; Acting Treasurer, Jane Suda, The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts.

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PERFORMING ARTS RESOURCES VOL.20 NOW AVAILABLE

After the Dance: Documents of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. Edited by Susan Brady. PAR was mailed to TLA members this spring. Additional copies are available --\$20 for TLA members; \$25 for non-members. Make check out to TLA & mail to: TLA, c/o Shubert Archive, 149 W. 45 St., NYC 10036

FALL issue of **BROADSIDE** will feature

- a report on the Freedley/TLA Awards
- list of past award winners
- a report on TLA at ALA in San Francisco
- The Sheaffer-O'Neill Collection at Connecticut College

Call for Papers!

PLEASURE GARDENS and OTHER OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS

Parks and gardens; band shells and gazebos, human, animal and mechanical entertainments; musical, botanical, zoological, historical and futuristic themes; 19th, 20th and 21st centuries; American or European (unless you have something terrific like Kubla Khan's mighty pleasure dome).

For *Performing Arts Resources* vol.21 --

Submit proposals before SEPT. 1, 1997:
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