

Chronicles

Newsletter of the UCSD Emeriti Association

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March 2003

President's Report

— by Sandy Lakoff

Brian Schottlaender, the University Librarian, appearing recently in Provost **Pat Ledden's** valuable luncheon seminar series, described the revolution in academic publishing that is affecting university libraries and all who depend upon them. The gist of his remarks was that in response to skyrocketing serials and permissions costs, the librarians have created the Scholarly Publishing and Academic Resources Coalition (SPARC), with the aim of developing new, "open access" ways of soliciting, archiving, and disseminating research findings using the internet. As their efforts take hold, the printed journal will become increasingly obsolete, except insofar as hard copies may have to be stored (along with nuclear wastes, presumably, under the Nevada desert) to hedge against some unpredictable massive failure of computerized storage and retrieval.

There are obvious virtues in virtual publishing, such as cost saving, speed of publication, and easy access to the latest work in every



field and subfield; and provided the gatekeeper function

of peer review remains in place, these virtues need not come at the cost of quality control. The new system will take some getting used to, however. Here at UCSD, CAP is balking at accepting peer-reviewed articles "published" on websites, but sooner or later, if the standard for academic success in the research university remains "publish or perish," even CAP will have to accommodate the brave new world of the cyberbiobib.

I came away from the talk with a feeling that an even more comprehensive and radical transformation is in prospect, one that could eventually make the library itself — and maybe even librarians and booksellers — obsolete. **William Pereira's** striking open-book design for what is now the Geisel Library will probably assure that it will long remain UCSD's signature building, but it may someday house nothing but a satellite-linked supercomputer and workstations, except perhaps for items stored in what will redundantly be called "rare book" collections. That way, the cyborgs to follow us — who by then will be implanted at birth with cell-phone chips connecting their neural-networked brains directly to the internet — will be able to examine the quaint old curiosities

Mark Your Calendar!

UCSD Emeriti Association Meetings

Wednesday, March 26, 2003

4:00-5:00 PM

Conference Room 111A
(Chancellor's Complex)

Regent Peter Preuss

"Reflections on UCSD
by One of Its Pioneer
Graduate Students"



Thursday, April 10

4:00-5:00 PM

Wilma Westmoreland,
UCSD Healthcare Facilitator
Title and location not yet set

that predated hard copies. (They will find "books" as arcane as we do the Gutenberg Bible or incunabula, steles, and papyri.) Already, any computer terminal, not just those in the libraries themselves, provides access to a host of catalogues, databases, encyclopedias, on-line journals, and documents issued by governments and NGOs. And since prices for texts and low-circulation scholarly monographs are rising just as fast as those for journals, it seems logical to sup-

pose that an effort will be made to make many if not all of them also available only via the internet.

Again, there are obvious advantages: whole forests will be saved, costs will be lower, publication will be faster, and newly minted Ph.D.'s in the humanistic disciplines will have a much easier time finding a publisher and therefore employment. From a consumer's point of view, the result will also be better in some respects. Books — in the latest edition — will always be available, never off the shelves or missing. (And while reading them, we can eat lunch or spill coffee on the printouts without feeling the least bit guilty.) We won't need all those shelves taking up space in our offices and homes or have to wonder where the devil we put that tome we know we have somewhere. The big difference between journal articles and books, of course, is that authors of books expect royalties. Arranging for royalties on books accessed via the internet will certainly be tricky, as it is now for the downloading of popular music, but some ASCAP-like system will probably be devised to reward authors and "content providers" (formerly publishers) without unduly restricting circulation.

Such musings bring to mind a flood of emotions and memories. As in the case of most academics, I suppose, my love affair with libraries began in childhood. Our town's public library, one of those built with the fortune **Andrew Carnegie** began to give away in 1902, was my refuge from an unhappy home life. On a frieze ringing its external concrete walls were inscribed the names of great writers and scientists. Inside were spacious, well lit, and warm reading rooms. After devouring the contents of the Children's Room, I moved on to the periodical hall and from there to the stacks full of

literature, history, and social theorizing. (In the last category, I was especially taken with the work of the American moralist **Philip Wylie**. When I mentioned my passion for Wylie in the preface to my biography of **Max Lerner**, the historian **Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.** wrote to say that he and I must be the only ones still around who were so enamored of his work.)

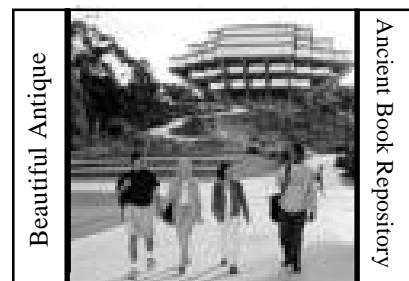
There is no love quite like a first love, to be sure, and no library after that ever felt so much like a home away from home. In college, at Brandeis, the still minuscule collection was initially housed in a converted medical school stable. When anyone needed a missing title, the librarians would simply order it for us. Then the Brandeis Women's Committee took on the library as its special project and did such an amazing job building the collection that even before my graduation, in the second class, crates of books were coming in from chapters across the country — each one, it seemed, with a bookplate commemorating some grandchild's Bar Mitzvah — and my personal library began with discards of duplicates.

In graduate school at Harvard, there was not only Widener, with its impressively rich holdings, but also, next door to it, Lamont, the undergraduate library, in which many books bore marginal commentaries, sometimes witty, sometimes sarcastic and scatological, from the students for whom they were assigned reading. Widener could never keep in stock a copy of **Herbert Marcuse's** *Reason and Revolution* because it was always being stolen. ("What do you expect from the radicals who read such books?" a European teacher explained, "They are all *verbrecher*" — i.e., law-breakers.)

In Europe, on a Harvard travelling fellowship, I discovered the libraries of Paris, which, like every-

thing else French, were, *naturellement*, different. (*Vive la difference* may as well be the French national motto.) In order to be admitted to the Bibliothèque Nationale, you had to produce six photos showing your right ear. (I swear this is true. The French may have invented fingerprinting, but they evidently trusted the unique curvatures of the ear even more than the fingertip whorls relied on by the FBI. This of course explains why **van Gogh** cut off his ear: he wanted to travel incognito.) And you had to do all your reading in the reading room. Neither that library nor any others in the city allowed any books to be taken out of the building. When a fellow American graduate student tried to wheedle just one volume out over the weekend from a smaller library, pointing out that in the U.S. it was common practice to allow books to circulate, the librarian shook his implacable Gallic *tête* and said solemnly, "Not a page. What if you should die?"

For the time being, then, let's be grateful to our founding librarian, the late **Mel Voigt**, and all his co-workers, including emeriti **Anita Schiller** and **Marc Gittelsohn**, and now also to Schottlaender and his Dewey-eyed deputies, for giving us real libraries with thoughtfully chosen collections of real books, real journals, and the equally real privilege of being able to take them out for as long as a year. The library may be old fashioned, but then, so are we. To paraphrase that old French king, *Après nous le deluge électronique!*



Reminiscences: Early UCSD History

This article and the next continue our series of personal histories by early faculty with insiders' perspectives

The Beginnings of the Philosophy Department at UCSD

— by Richard Popkin

In 1963, I was professor of philosophy at Harvey Mudd College and the Claremont Graduate School. Earlier that year, I was asked by Professor **Stephen Pepper** of UC Berkeley if I was interested in helping develop the new UC campus at La Jolla. Pepper was one of the main advisors to UCSD on recruitment in the humanities.

Up to that point, I had always avoided any administrative tasks and concentrated on my teaching, research, and the founding of some scholarly periodicals and book projects. Soon, I received a call from either **Jim Arnold** or **Martin Kamen**, who were recruiting people in the humanities for UCSD. Getting acquainted with people at UCSD from a suite at La Valencia hotel was very enticing. Having been involved in pioneering a new program at Claremont, I was intrigued by the possibilities of what could be done in a new university. I took a long walk with Chancellor **Herbert York** along the beach during which he told me of hopes and plans and asked me what sort of philosophy department I might be able to set up. I told him it would be a department unlike any other in the country.

I realized that, at most, once in my lifetime would I be asked to start a philosophy department from scratch and create a department that could make what I regarded as a maximum contribution to a university program. I told the people I encountered at UCSD (Arnold, Kamen, **Gustav Arrhenius**, **Jonathan Singer**, who had been a classmate of mine at Columbia, and **Ben Volcani** among others) that I wanted to create a diverse department in which a wide range of philosophical perspectives could be presented. I wanted to find creative scholars who enjoyed both undergraduate and graduate teaching and were making serious contributions to their areas of scholarship.

Once offered the post, I nominated **Avrum Stroll** and **Jason Saunders** to be fellow members of the department — the latter because of his expertise in Greek philosophy, and his interest in twentieth century Anglo-American and Continental philosophy. Avrum I had known since 1953, when I was a visitor at Berkeley. An excellent analytic philosopher with broad



interests, he did not have the dogmatic outlook or missionary attitude of many others who pursue the same path. In the summer of 1963, we worked to create a department and the curriculum for the first college of UCSD, Revelle College. It has been said that changing the curriculum is harder than moving a graveyard. It took a good deal of discussion, pushing and shoving to work out what became the humanities curriculum in Revelle College — a two-year sequence in literature and philosophy.

I hoped to incorporate Catholic philosophical thought into the department, a subject that had usually been cut off from other kinds of philosophy. So I turned to a good friend, Belgian Jesuit **Paul Henri** from the Institut Catholique in Paris. He finally agreed to a partial appointment starting in 1965. I believe he may have been the first priest to hold a chair at the University of California. He was outgoing and enjoyed his fellow colleagues and students very much.

In the first year, there was a party at the Chancellor's house when **Maria Mayer** won the Nobel Prize in physics. During the party, Dean **Keith Brueckner** asked me why the philosophers did not do something to enliven the intellectual atmosphere on campus. Avrum and I threw some possibilities at him, one of which was to have a symposium on Karl Marx. We were authorized to invite four speakers. We invited **Herbert Marcuse** as one of the participants. Later, the university administration started to worry about what might happen in conservative San Diego if such a meeting took place. (We had had a similar brush with administrative restraints when we wanted to invite a U.S. senator to discuss his opposition to the war in Vietnam.) The Marxist symposium took place under wraps; people could only get tickets to it by applying to the Chancellor's office. Two of the stars of the meeting were Marcuse and **Stanley Moore**. About a week after the symposium I found that Marcuse was

The Advent of University Extension at UCSD

— by Martin N. Chamberlain

Sitting in Chancellor **John Galbraith's** outer office in the summer of 1965, having just flown in from Dar es Salaam, the Capital of Tanganyika (soon to become Tanzania), where I was nearly finished with a two year stint as Director of the U.S. Peace Corps program, I wondered what I could say to him to enhance my likelihood of being accepted as Director of University Extension at UCSD. Extension had been a part of the University of California since 1914. Unlike most statewide programs it was headquartered at UCLA under the guidance of Dean **Paul Sheats**, and the small UCSD program was operated from there. I had known Paul when I was doing similar work at the University of Washington, so I had called him, in anticipation of my return to the U.S. He'd offered me the position at UCSD, subject to the Chancellor's approval.



in one of the temporary buildings since removed.

Knowing no one in San Diego, it seemed wise to have an advisory group from the community. **Shelley Lewis**, who had headed the program for UCLA helped to create a stellar one, headed by **Bob Smith**, CEO of

Phillips Ramsey, San Diego's best advertising and public relations firm. Others included **Larry Lawrence**, manager and later owner of the Hotel Del Coronado, and leading lights from the banking community and newspapers. This group was very helpful in getting me started.

Another big help was hiring a young man, **John Woods**, to create the *Explore* brochure. It was mailed to a large constituency and described for them our new program. *Explore* soon became a valued commodity around La Jolla. Gradually acceptance came both on campus and in the community. Enrollments built up encouragingly. When the new Chancellor, **Bill McGill**, decided he needed someone to take over community relations, he asked me to add this activity to my extension work, carrying the title of Assistant Chancellor. Public Relations, Development (fund raising) and press releases became my responsibility. Later Summer Session was added. When **Bill McElroy** became Chancellor he brought his own staff and I was relieved of these additional jobs.

John Galbraith was friendly and delighted to learn that I had just come from East Africa, since — I was to learn — his field of academic interest was British Empire History. He was full of questions about what was happening in East Africa; Tanganyika, Kenya, and Uganda had recently gained independence, so it was an exciting place and important for John to know more about it. Thus I had no problem making an impression. That got me the job. It helped that John had been at UCLA and knew Paul Sheats well.

La Jolla attracts many "snow birds." These are people who escape winter in the east by spending those months here. Two of these showed up in my office one day, having escaped from New York's winter. They wondered if we could start a program such as they had enjoyed at the New School — an activity which brought together retired persons to teach each other. We thought it was a good idea and, with their help, started the ICL (Institute for Continued Learning), which prospered and became a model for such programs at other institutions.

The Chancellor gave me an office on Urey Hall's top floor when I arrived in early January 1966. He provided a secretary and someone to help me find a place to live. To introduce me to the campus he asked **Herb York** to be my advisor. The Academic Senate had established a Committee to oversee the activities of University Extension, chaired by **Stanford Penner**, I believe. You'd think I'd be sure because of the indelible impression he made on me

Having those enthusiastic seniors regularly on campus helped us to get a substantial grant which enabled us to build the Extension complex which spreads along Torrey Pines Road and houses the flourishing program today.

I soon met with this committee. It opened with the chairman stating that UCSD had not had an Extension program before and didn't need one now. I was flabbergasted, but rallied to tell the committee my plans and thoughts. There was some discussion but the dismissal was still there. Herb York was reassuring when I discussed the incident with him.

It was true that the Extension program in San Diego came from UCLA but operated from a downtown office. That was to change. We brought the small staff to the campus, officed beside the Dean of Students

Bill McGill called me one day, suggesting a meeting. He told me he was getting pressure from a number of local people about the "liberal bias" in Extension programming. Could I do something to offset that

belief? So I approached the chairman of the County Republican Party asking if he would be interested in putting together a lecture series featuring conservative ideas. He jumped at the chance. We offered his series, though most of the speakers were not persons we'd normally hire. The lead-off lecturer was a Nazi type with a reputation of anti-Semitism. When **Herbert Marcuse** learned that this lecturer was appearing on campus he blew a fuse. I was excoriated by him in the campus newspaper although he never came to me directly. I responded by saying that a university campus typically is a forum for all ideas and that such a freedom was something that Marcuse cherished. We were concerned that he would try to disrupt the lecture — the series had sold out — as he had threatened to do, and indeed a number of his students did show up. The Republican sponsor cleverly paid their admission with their promise not to be obstructive. It came off quietly.

One of the problems I had in public relations was making certain that the public knew that the Scripps Institution of Oceanography was a part of UCSD. All of **Bill Nierenberg's** press releases, and there were many of them, ignored this relationship. I always added "at UCSD" to the release before approving it. We had some laughs over that.

Most of Extension's courses were taught in the evenings and on weekends by qualified persons from the community. We couldn't afford to hire UCSD faculty except for brief appearances, such as a lecture series featuring members of a department speaking on the subjects of their current research. Many were willing to do that. **Paul Saltman** was very popular and his frequent courses with Extension were well received.

When I arrived here, the Extension programs on all campuses of the University received between 15 and 25% of annual budgets from state funds. This changed soon when **Ronald Reagan** took over as Governor. His seeming antipathy towards public higher education resulted in a huge budget shortfall for the University. To offset this trauma the President recaptured all of the funds under his control including the million-dollar-plus reserve that University Extension Statewide had managed to put aside over the years. With that gone we had nothing to fall back on. Thereafter, we had to become completely self-supporting from student fees. It was a continuing challenge.

Fortunately towards the end of my time as Dean computers began making such an impact that everyone needed to learn how to operate them and create the software needed to run them. Suddenly computer related courses became big money winners and saved us financially.

Another financial help was the need of non-English speakers to learn the language or improve their

use of it. Many Japanese needed help, but many other foreigners had that need too. With the help of **Leonard Newmark** and the Linguistics Department we offered a variety of classes to meet this demand. The classes filled regularly.

We became involved with the media. This happened when someone, having just returned from the UK, mentioned seeing a broadcast of **Bruno Bronowski's** TV epic produced by BBC, called "The Ascent of Man." My informant said it was terrific and soon would be broadcast in this country. Bruno was then working at Salk Institute and I knew him, so I called him about this and received an invitation to see one of the thirteen programs which made up the series. They were exceptional and gave me an idea. With Bruno's help we created a course in which the principal content was the BBC programs. Through Little Brown, publisher of Bruno's book with the same title, we made arrangements to have the book made available to students taking the course. Then we offered it to universities and colleges all over the country, providing resource lists, exams, and suggestions for publicizing the course. Over 600 institutions responded positively and the "Ascent of Man" course became a national success. It created a new way of acquiring learning. Others followed.

Later, we created "Courses by Newspaper," an idea supported by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Newspapers throughout the world took to the idea. Even courses by magazine followed. Now computer-based courses threaten to change the very nature of teaching and learning at the University.

Mary Walshok succeeded me. By then a search committee was instituted to recommend a successor. Mary's chances were enhanced when, about that time, the President deplored the lack of women and minorities in leadership positions within the University and instructed the Chancellors, in making new appointments, to remedy that situation. Her record as Dean shows that her selection was a good one.

Pleasant Announcement

The University of Salamanca has announced that one of the members of our Association, Professor Emeritus **Gabriel Jackson**, the first chairman of our Department of History, has been awarded its "Premio Antonio de Nebrija," given annually to a foreign scholar for outstanding contributions to the study of the Spanish language and Spanish culture. Nebrija was the most important humanist involved in creating "standard" Castilian during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The award ceremony will take place on July 3, at the opening of the University's summer session.