In Loving Memory of Noel Peattie, 1932–2005

WHEREAS we remember the librarian, the advocate of social responsibilities, the author:

A Cup of Tea: co-authored with his father, Donald Peattie Peattie (1856–1954); Reston: Hawthorn Mifflin, 1950.


and WHEREAS we remember the lover of cats:

Before we leave the library world, we recollect our long-held belief that a library, and the library profession, find their analogy in our cat. The brain of the cat directs him to go out and find a mouse; this is Administration. He perceives, by sight, sound, and smell, the mouse; this is Acquisition. He digests the mouse; this is Cataloging and Serials. He comes in and tells us about the mouse; this is Reference. He curls up in a ball and enjoys the mouse; this is Circulation. Finally, later on, he produces, for the out-of-doors, an Annual Report, which no one wants to see. So he buries it. However, he loves, and expects, regular supplies of goodies, and adores being brushed and cuddled and told how beautiful he is. And he has no morals, no politics, and no religion.


and WHEREAS we remember the host who kept our wine glasses and our conversations full:

![Image]

and WHEREAS we remember the man to answered the question “What kind of society do you want, anyhow?”:

The answer I propose is: that the society I desire, and which, on a universalizing principle, I want for all, is a society which protects, promotes, and honors the inner life.

I would further suggest, is that the demands, heard from pole to pole, for freedom, justice, security, equality, education, a safe environment, and a better life for the world’s children, — are all grounded in, and reach downward to, this elemental human need: silence, solitude, and the right to rule one’s own thoughts: the sanity of the inner life.

And finally: this inner life, I contend, is an endangered species: assaulted without, and subject to disease within.

from http://www.noelpeattie.com/InnerLife.htm

and WHEREAS we remember the poet:

The Way to Get Through Life

is to try! yes, how?
to forget
most of it.

Like, all the years at school,
but not the lifelong friends,
then, the weekends that were joy;
city adventurers;

and rather hope for, much later:
fast witty banquets,
at which you’ll be honored
— poems of a lifetime; —
under glittering chandeliers.

And welcome: all goings to bed
even those alone:

except the last,
except the last.

by Noel Peattie
from the forthcoming
"The Testimony of Doves"
WHEREAS we remember the man for whom connecting worlds was a vital task:

SIPAPU, a tunnel connecting two worlds: In the kivas of the Southwest, the round huts used by Pueblo and other Indians for religious ceremonies, are two holes: one to receive the sacred fire, and the other, the sipapu, for a tunnel to the other world. Through this underground passage the ancestors of the pueblos are said to have emerged from a subterranean prison through it the spirits of the dead pass; and to this day the sipapu connects the world of spirit and the world of everyday reality. We hope the name SIPAPU will connect in our readers' minds the world of the ethnic minority and radical with the mystical world of the hippie, and the world of the librarian and scholar alert to the subterranean shift in our country's life.

WHEREAS we remember our colleague, librarian at the Los Angeles State University and the University of California-Davis; and

WHEREAS we remember the recipient of the Jackie Eubanks Award in 1995 for "outstanding achievement in promoting the acquisition and use of alternative materials in libraries" from the Alternatives in Print Task Force of the Social Responsibilities Round Table of the American Library Association; therefore be it

RESOLVED that the American Library Association remembers our colleague Noel Peattie and conveys our condolences to his family, friends, colleagues and comrades.

Moved by Elaine Harger, January 17, 2005, Boston MA
Seconded by Norman Horrocks, Al Kagan, Jenna Freedman, Robert Franklin