

FROM THE EDITORS

May 2015. Despite the calendar, this is the Summer–Fall 2014 issue (v. 35, nos. 3–4) of *Feminist Collections*. It has been an exceptionally long time between the previous issue and this one. It won't be as long before the next one, or the ones after that — that's for certain, as long as determination and favorable conditions prevail!

Since I last wrote this column, my family members, work colleagues, and I have come through much change and excitement, as well as a few rough patches. I can't speak for everyone else, of course, but I can highlight a few of my own stops along the way:

In September, my 95-year-old father, who for three years had been largely silent, limited by dementia — yet still somehow present, and receptive to love and care — died quietly at home in Pennsylvania, attended by one of my brothers and supported by Hospice. This was a second-parent decline and death; our mother died in 2012, more suddenly, but also after years of progressive memory loss. The loss of my father did not carry quite the same intensity and drama for me as my mother's death had. Still, and despite Dad's advanced age and condition, it has been a deeply felt loss, and there is a sense of closure and finality about that generation's passing that I've found both sobering and unnerving. From my own perspective, at least — that of a 58-year-old daughter and the youngest of five children — it seems that maybe we don't completely grow up until our parents are gone. I see both of my parents in myself more and more, though, and I treasure their presence in my memories and my quirks, even as I still navigate the waves and currents of grief — as I believe I always will.

Not long after I came back to Wisconsin after Dad's funeral, my spouse and I went for a beautiful bike ride on a clear fall day. In a freak incident our handlebars tangled, and she went down. What we first thought were minor abrasions turned out to be more serious, so we were deeply grateful for the three other cyclists — whom we dubbed “angels in Spandex,” and one of whom was a paramedic — who suddenly appeared and helped us. My spouse suffered facial fractures and a concussion and had surgery ten days later, followed by a long and challenging recovery. (She is doing very well now, by the way, and rides again!)



Miriam Greenwald

At the office, we really felt the absence of a half-time editor after Linda Fain's retirement last summer (see “From the Editors” in *FC* v. 35, 1–2). Karla Strand and I both served on the search-and-screen committee whose efforts culminated in the hiring of Becky Standard just months ago. We're glad to have Becky here, already immersed in the shepherding and indexing of this year's edition of *New Books on Women, Gender, & Feminism*.

In early 2015, efforts sped up in the exciting endeavor known as **WISCONSIN WOMEN MAKING HISTORY** (see p. 24, this issue), a project in which our office partners with Wisconsin Public Television, the UW System Women's & Gender Studies Consortium, the Wisconsin Historical Society, the Wisconsin Humanities Council, and Wisconsin Media Lab; and for which dozens of collaborators have contributed research, writing, fact-checking, image gathering, web design, and more. My part has been to copyedit the profile of each history-maker before it is uploaded to **womeninwisconsin.org** — about 75 so far, with many more coming.

In mid-March we learned that our long-awaited office renovation was about to happen! A flurry of packing, archiving, and weeding ensued, and we moved out of 430 Memorial Library and worked for a month from various temporary quarters, the home base of which was Room 112A — the office for the Women's Studies Librarian-At-Large and her staff back in the 1980s! Happily, we're now (just!) back, in a repainted, newly carpeted, and asbestos-abated Room 430, still figuring out where to put things while forging ahead with all we're here to do.

Please take some time to dip into this issue of *Feminist Collections*. I'm absolutely certain it's the first one ever in which discussions of pornography, a nineteenth-century sculptor's letters, Lady Gaga's legacy, and ancient views of the sexed body have shared covers.

And before you close these covers, please tear out (or copy, if this isn't your own *FC*) page 29 and send it in to subscribe to our publications for 2015!

JoAnne Lehman, Senior Editor