risen by sheer gravitation, too industrious by acquired habit to stop working, 642; . . .

Socialism . . . the great obstacle to its realization is the repugnance of the average man to public regulation of his life, 306; the only possible socialism is the socialization of the selective breeding of man, 185; the real opposition to Socialism comes from the fear that it would cut off the possibilities of becoming rich, 340

Stage . . . why the critics do not accept great original dramatists as dramatists, 204; is it possible to treat the artistic quality of a play altogether independently of its scientific quality? 681; . . . refusing to write down to the level of that imaginary monster the British public, 681; . . . the musician, not the playwright, now presents dramatic sensuousness on the stage, 227, 228; the theatre, behind the scenes, has an emotional freemasonry of its own, 744, 745; there can be no new drama without a new philosophy, 718-721; . . .

Women . . . entirely preoccupied with affection are nuisances, 9; . . . home life makes them unfit for human society, 7, 690; . . .

INDEXERS IN FICTION

In The Indexer 14 (4), p.278, Judy Batchelor wrote of the hero of Penelope Lively's novel, According to Mark (Heinemann, 1984), 'Here surely is the indexerly mind floating free, creative, full of possibilities: the world its book, world and mind alike to be enlarged, and simultaneously diminished, by the delicate momentary attachment of a network of cognitive relationships.'

There are other characters in Mrs Lively's delightful works who practise indexing and allied research. The predicament of the hero of a short story, 'The art of biography' (in Corruption, Heinemann, 1984) gives a most salutary and absorbing warning of the dangers of too enthusiastic an immersion in one's subject. Initially, however, he is more weary of the work:

Seventeen card index boxes. Seven hundred and nineteen letters in the British Library and the University of Texas and in God knows how many box files and drawers of desks. Notes and footnotes and references and cross-references; checks and cross-checks and headings and sub-headings. Names and places and times and dates. All sewn up and stashed away, or just about. A man's life reduced to paper—and print—or rather, card and tempo pen. The material, the valuable laboriously gathered material for the definitive biography of Edward Lamprey, poet and man of letters . . .

(That seventeen may seem a mite excessive . . . but one knows just how he feels.)

In Perfect happiness (Heinemann, 1983) there is a gratifying, Pym-like affaire that may let us smile tenderly and believe, ah, indexing can lead to romance . . .

* . . .

. . . She told him about her new house, and the job, and he told her about the progress of his book and his problems with compiling such things as bibliography and index. 'I'm a mere journalist,' he said. 'I've never had to deal with these refinements before.'

'I once did an index for Steven,' said Frances. 'It's not so difficult. The thing is to have all these little cards . . .' Morris Corfield nodded gravely as she talked, appearing to take careful note. The conversation, it occurred to Frances, was becoming somewhat banal. She said, 'All this is rather dull.' Morris nodded in acquiescence and then jumped slightly. 'Not at all. Absolutely not.' Frances laughed. 'You were getting a glazed look.' 'I was concentrating,' he said.

. . . She had given him some guidance about indexing, of which she apparently had experience, and he had tried to give the impression of taking note while searching for some way to ensure another meeting. Consequently, he could no longer remember what she had said about indexing.

'Tell me about indexing,' said Morris.

'I told you about indexing, at Zoe's party. Didn't I?'

'Yes,' said Morris. 'I'm afraid I didn't listen properly.'

Frances laughed. 'You can't really want me to tell you the technicalities of indexing for the second time at . . . at a quarter past midnight.

'I've been putting into practice your advice about indexing. The thing begins to look more shapely.'

'Good,' said Frances. And beamed. 'It's nice to be useful.'

* . . .

We thank Penelope Lively for permission to quote the above extracts.

Unfair to women