Indexes reviewed
Edited by Christine Shuttleworth

These extracts from reviews do not pretend to represent a complete survey of all reviews in journals and newspapers. We offer only a selection from quotations that members have sent in. Our reproduction of comments is not a stamp of approval from the Society of Indexers upon the reviewer’s assessment of an index.

Extracts are arranged alphabetically under the names of publishers, within the sections: Indexes praised; Two cheers!; Indexes censured; Indexes omitted; Obiter dicta.

Indexes praised

The book has the most comprehensive key word and topic index imaginable, running to 250 pages.

Indexing is an underrated art. The Crystals’ book is a quotation anthology with an index that won’t quit, as befits David’s experience as past president of the Society of Indexers. Half of the 580-page book contains indexes of authors, sources, ‘key words, phrases and concepts.’ I vaguely recollected a quotation about archaic spelling and instantly found it under ‘speller, Chaucer as the worst.’ It’s from humorist Artemus Ward: ‘It is a pity that Chaucer, who had genius, was so uneducated. He’s the wuss speller I know of.’ Here’s a quotation for the Crystals’ next edition: ‘A book without an index is like wine without a meal.’ [The Crystals were awarded the 2001 Wheatley Medal for this index.]

Berkeley Publishing Group: *For the love of books*, by Ronald B. Shwartz (297 pp, $13). Rev. in *Common Reader* catalogue no. 194.
The index alone is a joy to browse.

The references and author and subject indexes are quite thorough.

The index is fairly comprehensive, and the succinct sections should prove more accessible, especially to readers with limited time, than those of the large, more encyclopedic tomes currently available.

The book is produced to the high standards associated with CAB International – clear text, no typographical errors, sharp reproduction of photographs, figures and diagrams and an adequate index.

I found the book pleasant to read with its luxurious presentation, modern and very clear layout, good index, judicious use of iconography and impressive colour plates section.

There is a good index and the book is stoutly bound. [Oh, good.]

Indeed, ‘Pax Romana’ or ‘peace’ do not rate entries in the excellent index.

The indexes of ‘Latin Names’, ‘People’s Names’ and ‘General Subjects’ make information on specific topics easy to find.

The book has a comprehensive index.


In line with their divergent national traditions, the French publishers have provided no index, and the English publishers a good one.

With sturdy 3-D glasses built right in, plus fact-filled captions and a helpful index and glossary, this book will open your eyes to a world of extraordinary creatures.

Naturally an index is vital to such a search, and I’m happy to say that this text’s index is very good indeed.

Basic information such as the genes involved in embryonic and fetal development and normal values are readily found by means of the index and through the logical organization of the book.

The editors . . . have done their job with commendable thoroughness, giving at the end of each essay or review exact details of its appearance and providing each volume with a good index.

Demos Medical: *Multiple sclerosis: diagnosis, medical management, and rehabilitation*, ed. by Jack S. Burks and Kenneth P. Johnson
The Indexer Vol. 22 No. 4 October 2001

Indexes reviewed


The Index is well laid out and easy to use.


With more than 1,000 entries and full index it is an excellent start for beginners and reminder for the more experienced.


His many fans will not be disappointed by this perfect Christmas present. He has judged the length right – 250 pages of personal memoirs and very good stories – and 21 pages of index for the Great and the Good who wish to look up friends and the people they fell foul of on the way.


The material is succinctly presented, with brief headings, and is appropriately indexed.


There has also been a thoughtful ‘non-cluttered’ approach to the index section, where a spacious layout and keyword-bold-type enables the book to double up as an effective quick reference text.


The layout is complemented by useful tools, including an expanded contents listing; comprehensive index; and user-friendly glossary.


It is topped off with a good index, and it is certainly both a resource for future scholarship and a handsome addition to collections on library history.


Bold subheadings, additional sub-sections as well as an adequate index, ensure that specific areas of information may be accessed as required.


All the papers cited are subsumed into a single reference list at the end of the book. It concludes with a comprehensive index.


Although the information could be structured better, there is a substantial index which enables the book to be used as a reference tool. As such, it can be heartily recommended.


A comprehensive index takes up the last 6 pages of the book.


With the help of its superb index, readers may browse pleasurably in this book or look for specific items either by topic or individual.


This should prove to be a suitable popular guide for beginners of all ages. There is a good index.


The index and also the summary of the contents given in the introduction to each chapter are very useful.


The author, geographic, institution and subject indexes offer multiple routes into the material, and include links to the two earlier volumes.


The structure of the work is clear, and the indexing first class.


And, in addition to an extensive index, we are also treated to a pie chart created from, yes, a real pie!


This is a handsome text, with clear organization, easy-to-read print, and a user-friendly index . . . The 98-page index is extensive and easy to use.


Gottlieb and Kimball have also gone back to as many original sources as possible, and supplied various indexes, so that it is easy to find that, for example, the Wodehouse lyric was introduced by Sam Hardy and Juliette Day into a 1917 show, The Riviera Girls.


It is superb in nearly every regard – comprehensive, well-indexed, logically organised and brilliantly illustrated. [Index by SI member Laura Hicks.]


The book is rounded off with a useful glossary and, again, a thorough index with plenty of subheadings and cross-references. [Index by SI member Sue Lightfoot.]

There is also something book-lovers drool over – a terrific index. [Index by SI member Oula Jones.]

St Martin’s Press: Classifying race: labour and difference in Britain, the USA and Africa, ed. by Peter Alexander and Rick Halpern (2000, xi + 250 pp, £69.95). Rev. by Derek Catsm on H-Net (a history listerv).

On a more positive note, the inclusion of a reasonably comprehensive index is applauded by this reviewer. Often essay collections lack an index, but in this book, where there is much possibility for comparison, its inclusion is not merely handy, it is essential.


A detailed index is provided.


As befits a former winner of the Wheatley Medal, Vickers has ensured that the internal indexing is meticulous.


Both texts are A4 format, have a useful glossary, brief bibliography and concise index.


Finally there is a good bibliography and competent index.


Competent author and subject indexes enable the user to navigate with ease.


The niggles about proofing are minor compared with the praise that must be extended to the editor and the publisher for ensuring that the work not only has an index (a declining feature in books), but actually has a professionally produced index. The indexer is even acknowledged. Mr Siebel holds the distinction of not only being a barrister but also Vice-President of the Australian Society of Indexers. Indexes are an expensive business. Firstly the indexer has to be paid, and paid before the book starts producing income. Secondly they are a major delay in getting the product onto the shelves. The temptations to cut corners by having no index, or an unprofessional index, are all too obvious. Kingsley Siebel’s effort runs to not only fifty-eight pages of index proper but also to the production of legislation and case tables.


The detailed index also provides quick reference to particular subjects of interest.


The fullness and quality of the index puts many other publications to shame.


The book’s almost grotesquely encyclopedic range is indicated in the 34-page index, which includes the following entries: ‘Aknels, swollen, 435n’; ‘gingerbread, 91’; ‘Pens, heroic, 429’, and ‘Pigs, learned, 18, 466’.

Two cheers!


The index refers to specific sections and sub-sections, which is most useful, though cumbersome at times. However, it suffers from poor editing of headings, where judicial use of sub-headings could have improved index usability (cf. thesaurus . . . entries).


Most legal textbooks have appalling indexes. The index to this handbook is certainly much better than the legal average, but is by no means perfect. For example, if you wanted to find out what laws relate to electronic signatures, the index provides only limited help (you can only find the index entry under another heading, Electronic Commerce), though the relevant legal text is indeed there (it’s Clause seven of the Electronic Communications Act, 2000). The index works best if you already know what Act or regulation you need, and you are simply checking its precise wording. No interpretation of the meaning of the wording is ever provided.


Packaged neatly and usefully in fewer than 320 clearly laid-out pages, including generous supplements of ‘verse testimonials’ to Ralegh, a list of further poems attributed to him after 1660, a first-line index (though no title index), and bibliographies . . . this edition is essential reading for anyone at all interested in English Renaissance verse and its transmission and editing.


While a useful index fills an entire volume – directing us to topics as obscure and intriguing as ‘Gay and lesbian music’, ‘Nazism’ and ‘Pluralism in jazz’ – a few entries have fallen through its net, leading us to believe, for instance, that Scottish composers Edward McGuire and John McLeod have been neglected. They have not. . .

More than 30 Scottish composers from the last 100 years are featured in the latest version of the New Grove – not that you should rely on the dictionary’s otherwise comprehensive index for that information. Three Macs, Edward McGuire, Gordon McPherson and Edward McGuire are missing from both the general and categorised indices [sic] as is William Sweeney. But they are given proper treatment in the main body text.


I have been looking through the four volumes of George Orwell’s journalism . . . mainly to see if he touches on a subject of interest to me, namely the strange fascination of British seaside towns in winter, especially when these are past their best, as they usually are.

He may write of this somewhere, but I have had no luck. Even the wonderful Index has been unable to help – ‘miscellaneous observations: on blaming skunks for stinking: on authors and pregnant women: on throwing dead donkeys . . .’. This is a pity, because it might have been a subject that interested him, and he would have been able to analyse why this was so. As it is, I am left on my own (distracted for the moment by looking up the page reference for ‘throwing dead donkeys’).
Indexes censured

Bulkly, with an index too cursory to be of practical benefit and lacking a glossary, it fails as [a day-to-day reference book].


I would have liked to have seen a more comprehensive list of possible symptoms even as part of an expanded index. [But if it’s not in the text, why should it be in the index?]


The index mixes long lists of virtually identical publication titles with entries for topics and countries. Two indices [sic] would be easier to use. . . . These are largely jumbles however, and should not detract from its overall value as a reference work.


The index is limited.


Its index is not always as helpful as it might be: there is no entry for the elegant wentletrap shell, for example; you have to know about shells to look under ‘Common wentletrap’.


This information isn’t always directly accessible from the index – e.g. under the index entry for ‘z-value’ reference is only made to the chapter on seafood, whereas information on z-value determinations is provided also in the chapter on meat products (p. 551).


The index is less detailed than that of the 1962 edition, and a few of the references in the new letters have not found their way into it.


The book contains two indices. One is an alphabetical listing of all databases and database vendors mentioned. The subject index has a significant number of flaws, errors and omissions. In some cases, the indexer inserts terms used by an author without attempting to harmonise these through the index. Thus, there are separate entries for ‘cross-file searching’ and ‘multiple database searching’, although these are in effect synonymous. The entry ‘citation pearl-growing’ refers to only one page, although this strategy is discussed in other chapters, except not under that name. The entries ‘information intermediaries’, ‘information seekers’ and ‘end users’ do not have cross-references between them, and they are not listed as subheadings to the entry ‘searchers’. The latter omission may however be due less to the indexer than to an editorial policy of not permitting subheadings. If so, this is a pity, because a number of entries have helpfully long strings of undifferentiated references.


. . . the index inconveniences the reader with its peculiarities. The important Brugada, long-QT, and Wolf-f-Parkinson-White syndromes, for instance, are listed only under the entry for ‘syndrome.’


The final chapter is ‘Indexes’, and this indexer’s eyes were gladened to find there: ‘A good index has the satisfying qualities of all skilled workmanship; an inspired index may be a thing of joy sometimes wittier, more eloquent and more enlightening than the book whose train it follows with such deceptive humility’. Sadly disappointing, then, to find it followed only by an ‘Index Nominum’, listing merely the names of people – giving no titles or topics, both highly likely to be sought by a user. The most informative book. Among the five-line listing of undifferentiated page references for Samuel Johnson, there is no way to pick out passages on his collection of books, his comments on editions of Shakespeare, lectures, patronage or Roman Catholicism; D’Israeli’s or Keats’s comments on him; his English Dictionary, Life of Savage, Lives of the Poets, prefaces, Rambler, or ‘The Vanity of Human Wishes’. Topics are traceable only through the contents list, which gives only the main subjects of chapters: references to others, such as collaboration, criticism, jokes, Latin, lipogram, plagiarism, pornography, satire, translation and copyright, cannot be located. (Possibly just as well in the last case: the assertion beginning, ‘our copyright laws now acknowledge that ...’ (pp. 285–6) cites in support a publication of 1978). These flaws apart, the book makes a wholly fascinating read, widely researched and wittily written.


It is surprising that a book on information organization aimed at those outside the discipline of library and information science should not say something about book (or ‘back-of-the-book’) indexing, since such people often need to compile their own indexes to reports etc. The index to this book is far from satisfactory with a number of errors, too many ‘strings’ of page references and several omissions including Classification Research Group, fixed location, KWIC indexing, MARC, ‘see also’ cross-references, ‘see’ cross-references, thesauri, uncontrolled vocabularies and whole-part relationship. There is a brief comment on indexing on page 46, but it is not indexed. The ISO standard on book indexing (ISO 999) is omitted from the bibliography and from the list of standards on page 59.


Users should be aware that the index which occupies the left of the screen gives only the main entries (FLEUR, but not Fleurs du mal or Larousse’s anthology, Fleurs latines des dames et des gens du monde), and only those that were printed in upper-case letters: it goes from GASTÉROZAIRE to GASTINAIS, omitting Gastibelza, the poem, the song, and the opera.

All the usual Boolean operators are available, but the results are sometimes incomplete. One letter is often mistaken for another. I happen to know that Rimbaud is mentioned in Volume Seventeen under ‘Audition colorée’, ‘Décadent’ and ‘Verlaine’. (There is no separate entry for Rimbaud.) But a search under ‘Rimbaud’ produces only a ‘Pas de resultat. OK’. I was told by Slatkine (but not by the manual) that this is because infrequent words like ‘Rimbaud’ were not indexed, so that everything will fit onto one disk. Apparently, later versions will index all words except those that occur only once. It will therefore be impossible to say that a particular word or person does not appear in the Grand Dictionnaire. It is to be hoped that this will be pointed out to future users.

For word searches, Slatkine claim a 98.6 per cent success rate – presumably only for indexed words. I have not been able to confirm this. By searching manually, before the days of DVDs, I found
forty-four occurrences of Baudelaire, who is indexed. However, searches under ‘Baudelaire’, ‘Baud’*, etc, discovered only twenty-nine of these forty-four.

Compared to the sudden, exhilarating convenience of the modernized Grand Dictionnaire, these are small problems. They would be even smaller if the author of the manual took a lesson from the encyclopedic Pierre Larousse.


Polkinghorne’s book is based on previous lectures and articles. There is some repetition and, because the index is thin, one occasionally has a sense of déjà vu without knowing whether one has read the idea in one of his previous books, or in this one.


There are many things to criticize in Stanford University Press’s edition – typos, references not updated or adapted for an English-speaking readership, the original feeble index unimproved – but merely for having had it translated, the publishers deserve thanks.


On the subject of indexing Whitaker’s almanack itself, D. J. Simpson (ex Open University Library) has written to me complaining that ‘it is so inadequate’, and in particular that the summary of the year ‘which contains masses of material, is almost unindexed’. He cites two pieces on a ‘British Library blunder’ on the dumping of 80,000 books (one of the blown-up media stories) which appears twice but is not indexed. He says that Lauren Hill (the editor) can hardly claim that there is no space for a fuller index, as there are ten blank pages at the end of the book . . . Incidentally, he was driven to write to me because he had been doing the Whitaker quiz, an annual feature that I find most useful for staff training – there is no better way to find out the contents. A fuller index might make the quiz too easy; a CD-ROM version, which would be a wonderful way of getting access to the content, would probably kill it off altogether.


The business of books is nicely produced, but poorly edited and inadequately indexed. I copiededit it as I read it, and will be glad to send my copy to the publishers in the event that they contemplate a second printing.

Rev. by Iain Stevenson, The Bookseller, Nov. 2000. [Schiffirin’s] errors sit uncomfortably in a work that bemoans the low standards of editorial management in modern publishing houses. It appears that Schiffirin’s own work has never been near a copy editor; if it has, Verso should demand a refund. I should also get my money back from the person who compiled the index, the most useless I have ever encountered.


This huge and hugely detailed book should also be a superb work of reference. But Barker has been badly let down by her index – or by her publisher’s policy on indexing. Most of the index might as well have been composed by a computer, consisting as it does of names of persons and places followed by phalanxes of page numbers. It is maddening. What is the point of, say, the entry on Dorothy Wordsworth, which gives merely her name followed by almost four hundred page numbers? Once having finished the book, imagine trying to find any of Barker’s acute discussion of the relationship between Dorothy and Wordsworth’s wife, Mary. Or her examples of Dorothy’s contributions to her brother’s poems. Or simply her account of the breakdown in Dorothy’s health, and its accumulated effects on the household at Rydal Mount. The best biographies, often too large to be read cover to cover more than once, are kept alive by their indexes; Penguin have stupidly limited the afterlife of this one. Perhaps, for the paperback edition, they will consider investing in the index that will do justice to this book?


Although the index runs to several pages, it has been assembled from the titles of the items included and this makes it harder to identify material of interest. For example, a text on computer problems was indexed under Zap! the first word of the title concerned.

Indexes omitted


The lack of an index is a regrettable dereliction of duty on the part of the publishers in a book of this multi-thematic and many-personed nature.


And a better publisher might have insisted on an index, the absence of which is a disgrace.


It does not contain an index, but does have an appendix consisting of a list of additives having ‘E numbers’. It would have been helpful for those readers using the book as a reference document if this list had given page references where data on an individual food additive could be found.


I recommend that you make notes as you read because the lack of an index and sparse contents page makes it difficult to relocate that fascinating nugget of information you read earlier.


It is a great war story, and Mr Sides tells it well . . . It is a pity, though, that his book has no index, no bibliography and no table of contents.


Like so many scholarly books published in France, Lire à Paris au temps de Balzac has no index. [Plus ça change . . .]


‘Now and again,’ Kermode writes, ‘I have had to use some technical language when writing about texts, so I have added an appendix explaining the terms.’ Furthermore, no bibliography or index is supplied; I infer that this remarkable book is, even more remarkably, intended for the common reader, the ordinary playgoer, creatures whom the author generously assumes to exist. [This review is of the US edition, but the UK edition, published by Penguin Books, certainly has what looks like a perfectly good index, but no bibliography – and no appendix of technical terms.]

Secondly, there is no index. This is a major lack in any serious edition; in fact we badly need a comprehensive index in English to all Newman’s works; I am told that the Germans managed to produce one years ago. In the past, the work of producing a complete resetting and index would undoubtedly have been a major undertaking, but these days, with optical character recognition software and sophisticated desktop publishing programmes both these tasks could be accomplished easily and quickly. And when the series was finished, the results of the accumulated indices [sic] could be collated and issued as a separate volume. May I implore Gracewing to take this on board before they have made too many reprints in this series? . . . I would like to end with an appeal . . . Not only do we need a really good index for Newman, but we need a thorough and user-friendly guide to his ideas and writings. [Fair enough, but the indexing might not be quite as easy and quick a job as the reviewer suggests, if a ‘really good’ index is to be produced.]


Aside from a few footnotes, the editorial presence is sparse and there is no index. Still, we should be very grateful to Nayantara Sahgal for making these letters available.


I regretted the absence of an index, which makes cross-referencing difficult.


This is a well laid out publication with a full table of contents, which makes the lack of an index less of a problem than might be expected.


It is regrettable that the work should be published without an index, in a text which refers most entertainingly to Lord LuCaN, Donald Trump, the Revd Gordon Moody of Gamblers Anonymous (a good egg, according to Spanier) and Dostoievsky, among many others.


Finding one’s way around the book is frustrating even for someone tolerably well acquainted with Turner, and I longed for an index. But these are minor quibbles . . . [oh, please, not again.]


Although there is a bibliography, there is no index.


There are no substantial illustrations, maps, bibliography, or index.


One major omission, however, is an index of common plant names. UC Press hopes to include an index in future print runs. In the meantime, you can log on to www.ucpress.edu, type in the name of the book, click on the title, and download the index in a ‘pdf’ file.


The lack of an index is also an irritation. Some readers may wish, for example, to collate the many interesting short pieces from Robert Coles’s ‘Una Anciana’, an account of old age in Mexico, but there is no easy way of doing so.


The Satyr scarcely seems to have been read, never mind edited. It is clearly a labour of love, but it is diffuse and repetitive. It sheds little light on the poems, and with neither index nor illustrations is clearly overpriced.

Obiter dicta


What Walter [the pseudonymous author of My secret life] and Henry Spencer [Ashbee] certainly share is not a love of flesh, responsive or tormented, but a bureaucratic love of elaborate indexing. With a restraint I can only distantly admire, Gibson does not quote Walter’s entry ‘f***ing, struck on pego by hailstone WHILST’ – an entry so memorable that I fear I may have invented it.


But it is Mr. Schorr’s domestic career that reveals how so many journalists see the relationship between reporting and liberalism as one of means and ends. Mr. Schorr takes enormous pride in the fact that lots of politicians called him a ‘son-of-a-bitch,’ mentioning it so often that ‘S.O.B.’ should be in the index.


Zoe earns a little money indexing and copy editing, classic Brookerish occupations, which allows her a freedom of sorts, since freedom is only ever relative. It is freedom from, not freedom to. ‘I wanted to be in the sun, with the money in my bag all to myself. Time and inactivity seemed the greatest endowments any woman could enjoy.’ [And these are attainable by taking up indexing? Please note, ‘a little money.’]


Mansfield and Winthrop have nowhere altered Tocqueville’s meaning. But there is a political slant of sorts to the way they present him. Consider the empyrean reluctance with which they consent to a subject index: ‘We do this somewhat against our inclination, as such an index may give a sense of false security to those users who are pressed for time.’ That’s how the rabbler get in, you know – through the subject index. And once they get in, the rabbler have a known weakness for stylistic flair.

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Indexes reviewed

I modestly claim the record for the compilation of indexes paid for, but unpublished. Their non-appearance before the world, I hasten to add, was not in any case due to rejection on their merits.

My first unseen violet was a chore perhaps we all perform – an early index prepared for a volume lacking one, both for practice, and to send to publishers as a sample. Mine, to a textbook of Chaucerian criticism, did lead to commissions, though my large hint about the availability of this index for possible subsequent editions of the work did not bear fruit.

My next hundred or so indexes did duly appear in print – anon, of course. Then, twice, commissions of utmost urgency; one, a history of the circus; the other, an account of turbulent Nigerian politics. Fast as I worked, night and day, both publishers decided that they could not after all wait for the commissioned index, and both books appeared without the essential key: most frustrating, as not only was the work done, but the need for such guidance had become highly apparent in the course of it.

Then I undertook the cumulative indexing of an undergraduate magazine on linguistics, in its fourth year. Fascinating to work on – both for its erudite text and the urbane letters from its student editor. Before the work was finished, he disappeared to the Casbah. I wrote to the deputy editor for guidance on some points, and he was politely surprised to learn that any index had been commissioned. I completed the index, and after some diffident probing of his embarrassed colleagues on the journal’s editorial board, was paid in full. This outlay must have been the final blow; the magazine subsequently ceased publication, and my index never appeared in print.

Far more prestigious and established was the learned journal the cumulation of whose indexes for the previous (pre-computer) ten years I undertook. Miles of invisible adhesive tape fixed sliced sections (colour-coded with felt-tip pens) of enlarged photostats of the ten printed indexes to my cards, which filled eight foot-long file trays. It was agreed that the printers would work from these, so that I need not retype it all; hours of card-neatening were thus necessitated. But the journal’s editorial board held its annual meeting at a period of intense financial stringency, and decided that first among feasible cuts came the printing of cumulative indexes. So, once more, I was honourably paid, but my product unpublished.

Almost all my indexes have met the crude glare of the reading public, but the unexposed children of one’s labours are those one regards most tenderly. Can other indexers rival this sad story of bushels trampling lights? And – would anyone care to come up and see my indexes...?

Hazel Bell, Hatfield

Free magazine offer

A free introductory copy of newBOOKS.mag is available to readers of The Indexer. newBOOKS.mag is a new magazine for readers and reading groups, with extracts from six or more recent or forthcoming titles – and 500 free copies of each book featured are available to be claimed for only the cost of post and packing.

It also includes articles about the world of publishing in all its aspects, from ‘Things that vanity publishers won’t tell you’ to ‘Joined-up reading’, a project bringing publishers, booksellers and librarians closer together, as well as readers’ reviews and reports from reading groups around the country.

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