Indexes reviewed

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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 omitted; Obiter dicta.

Indexes praised


Students looking for a particular term, rather than a subject, will find the index in the front of the book helpful. [In the front? Good idea!]


The current book – generously designed, with fine paper and attractive font, with a full and thoughtful index, so handsome an object I hesitated to mark up the wide margins – is a fitting tribute to an academic luminary who has never hesitated to promote Milton and himself, alertly, confidently, and in a manner productively attuned to the political realities of his chosen world.


Over 800 pages long, with some 22 pages of index (most useful!) and around 700 references, this is a significant reference work and a useful addition to any health-care researcher's library.


A detailed index and meticulous cross-referencing makes this volume useful for dipping into as a reference text.


It is well produced and has a glossary and a good general index as well as a useful taxonomic index.


In Kavanagh’s company, the reader is often tempted to exclaim ‘That’s good’. It is partly his eye, the descriptive exactitude ‘beyond decoration’, as one of his poems puts it. It is partly the variety of his interests, reflected in the index here, a delight in itself: ‘Deal (Kent), exquisite fishmonger’s shop in: Bus, pleasures of; Cows, dignity of; Grass, nature of wetness of; Yeats, W B, hypochondriachal [sic] uncle.’ I was complaining to myself at the lack of an entry for ‘Matches, no boxes in New York’ when I found the reference under the entry ‘England’s Glory matches, Fifth Avenue sensation’. For the next edition, as a signpost to ‘The Rule’, a mysterious poem he quotes by Richard Wilbur, I suggest the inclusion of: ‘Manchineel, squatting beneath deadly’.


It also has an excellent Index which enables the reader to locate specific topics easily.

[Index by AusSI member Clodagh Jones.]


The index to *The Road to Delphi* is an amusing read in itself, ranging as it does from Suetonius to Tom Cruise, from Adorno to WC Fields, from Oedipus to Nancy Reagan (she kept a court astrologer, as did, more surprisingly, François Mitterrand). Wood takes a pandorer’s delight in pushing strange bedfellows under the blankets together, so that we find Kafka snuggling up to Clark Kent, while, in the index again, ‘Trial, The (Kafka)’ is followed immediately by ‘Truman Show, The (Weir)’.


To prevent you from getting lost, there is a first-class index listing funding sources by name and location and, if you thought this was making fundraising all too easy, there is a chapter on tax and VAT.


It is often difficult to find a particular website within a book of internet resources; here, the index resolves this problem by listing each website under either the name of the parent body or the disease.


... it is thorough, intelligent and impeccably indexed.


Downing’s excellent book includes a three-page list of biographical material and a useful index.


Flowerdew writes as he speaks, which makes for a lively narrative and an index that has to work overtime.

The index is comprehensive and can be used as a glossary.


A well thought-out index contains a wealth of helpful direction finders; I am tempted to use the word ‘comprehensive’ myself.

[Index by SI Accredited member Sue Lightfoot.]


Familiar names like Blue Star Line, Jardine Matheson and Sassoon jostle with names now forgotten, but all are readily accessed through the index.

The index is comprehensive and can be used as a glossary.


The Oxford Companion to the History of Modern Science has great breadth, it contains numerous entries that are a pleasure to read, and its index makes it easy to use.


The book aims to be comprehensive and occasionally the reader feels bombarded by a series of examples from a variety of contexts that seems to have been assembled from a stack of index cards (as on pp. 38–39). So this is, in a sense, a reference book as well as an analysis. The index of passages cited will prove useful to many scholars.


Incidentally, the index (9 pages) proves to be very useful whenever you want to clarify a particular point or wish to reread an essay...


Entries are listed alphabetically by the musician or group for whom the recordings are named, as in a record shop, but there's also a substantial index which allows you to track down any musician individually.


... it offers a wealth of information for those interested in understanding the workings of the real world, and its thorough index will make it an excellent resource for research on global warming and the history of the issue.

Two cheers!


The index is adequate, although most of the headwords are proper names of people and places; a greater array of thematic topics would have been welcome.


The entries are arranged alphabetically by name of library (not always obvious, e.g. the Bodleian is under 'U' for 'University of Oxford'), and although the index is extensive, there is no separate listing of entries by country, which would have been helpful in a global work.


I would like to have seen a subject index as well as the name index which is provided.

Macmillan: The cradle of thought, by Peter Hobson (2002, 304 pp, £20). Rev. by David Potter, Autism, 7 (2). The publishers should be congratulated for including an index, although it could have usefully been expanded given that there are several blank pages at the end.


Articles are ordered alphabetically by title but some titles seem a little idiosyncratic, and in any case most users will access the content through the subject index. This is itself a major reference work, consisting of more than 200 pages in small font. The problem is that the index is also idiosyncratic. Individual authors have clearly provided their own index terms. This is not unusual, but some have been more diligent than others, and different authors often index related topics under different terms. Furthermore, in attempting to be comprehensive, the index is nearly overwhelming. It is certainly of limited use for common terms or broad topics, which may be cross-referenced to many articles. Also, the index does not indicate the level of difficulty of the articles to which it refers, so users cannot focus their search.

Given the difficulties of providing the perfect index in print form, it is odd that there are no plans for an electronic version, which could offer greatly enhanced cross-referencing facilities. An online version, offering updates, would be even better.


... in usability terms it is not an easy book to read.... Even the otherwise good index uses a mixture of bold and normal fonts.

Indexes censured


... where the book does fall short is its index. A more professionally compiled index would have been a great asset, helping readers to better steer a course through the jungle and jumble of words.


There are no references in the text and only a limited index.


A better index would help uninitiates who may be thrown when they find 'pandanus leaf' (bai toey, rampe, daun paandan) as a 13th ingredient for the prawns, though none of these names appears in any of the book's alphabetised lists (after 20 minutes' searching, I found 'pandanus' under 'Screw Pine', 'the vanilla of South-East Asia'. I am a public-service reviewer.)


The pages in the index bear no relation to the pages of the book itself, and may even be derived from the Hebrew text from which it has been translated.


A vast categorised bibliography takes 48 pages, but the index is not madly helpful—to look up the Vatican Council you have to seek the word 'First'!
Indexes reviewed


... she has been poorly served by her publisher: the proofreading is bad, the editing non-existent (characters are introduced at their third or fourth mention, dates don't always tally), and the index is absurd, conflating Dante Gabriel and William Michael Rossetti, omitting page references entirely for several entries, including the one for Whistler's mother (who appears only under her maiden name) and, perhaps my favourite, listing Nicholas I under 'Czar'.


I have only one complaint about this charming book: the index is a bad joke and not worthy of its name.


I would wish for a better index to this book. There are far too many omissions (e.g. affirming, Anabaptists, book/stock selection, faceted classification, Enlightenment, information explosion, interacting, plagiarism). Some cited authors are indexed but others are not: for example there were no entries under Foskett or Waller to help me write this review! I presume the index was not compiled by a professional indexer.


The book is immaculately produced and well illustrated. My only gripe concerns the index, which should have been long and detailed so that readers can easily find and retrieve information from its 779 pages. Alas, the index consists of only ten pages, and I often found it let me down when I sought a lost gem that I had neglected to reference. This would be well worth correcting in the next edition.


The thematic listing at the front of the volume of main headings and subheadings was more useful than the index. Thus, the index entry of 357 for 'civil rights' leaves the reader scanning two densely printed columns in search of the elusive reference.


Yet, for a text with complex arguments and concepts, the index is quite inadequate, covering a scant two pages.


The facts are all here and much original thought, but the high noise to signal ratio makes it difficult to find what one is looking for. I still don't know when I should use odds ratio and when relative risk reduction, when sensitivity and when positive predictive value, and when I looked up the latter terms in the index, to have a second go, I found they weren't there even though they are dealt with in the text. Bayes' theorem, one of the cornerstones of EBM, is also missing from the index although present in the text.


My advice is to note the page of anything that captures your attention since the index is not comprehensive – a tall order, perhaps, in a book teeming with names.


Another gem Stourton plucks out of the air is Kenneth Clark on Lord Hertford, of Wallace Collection fame: 'He sometimes failed to recognise that between a silk shirt of Watteau and a satin doublet by Meissonier lay the whole secret of art.' (By the way, this reference is wrongly indexed as 'Juste-Aurele Meissonier', who was an 18th-century rococo silversmith and designer, not the flashy 19th-century painter to whom Clark was referring.)


The publisher has skimmed on the index, which is inconsistent. It is essential that every mill site mentioned in the text should have an entry in the main alphabetical listing. Some do not, being found, in a subset of monastic mills. Other categories of mill (industrial mills, horizontal wheels, etc) do not have named subsets, merely lists of page references.


The infuriating aspect of the book is its idiosyncratic index: some chapters are fully covered, others most erratically.


Scholars will be disappointed by the limitations of its index.


When searching for specific topics one needs to go through the chapter details in the front rather than the index at the back: I wanted to find something on vegan diets and vitamin B12. V in the index gives the page for vegetarianism but not vegans and the vitamins list shows only the fat-soluble ones. However, the text includes tables that contain exactly the information needed.

Indexes omitted


There is no index.


A glossary would have been a significant step forward and a bibliography useful, while the absence of an index is just perverse.


Her detailed accounts of the produce, customs and dishes of each region and town are fascinating. If only it had an index.


... Lentin and McVeigh's collection is full of useful material about legislation and the publications of reports and reviews (but why no index?)


As the book is effectively a collection of vignettes and stories, the lack of an index is frustrating.

Although the contents list is analytic and helpful, there should have been an index too.


Alas, HarperCollins, with inexplicable incompetence, have failed to provide an index, so that if one wants to look up the vexed question of Bulgarian lipstick, for example (and it is worth the effort), it takes a very long time.


Given the high quality of the argument, it’s a great pity, though, that the editors didn’t find the necessary space to provide an index, which would have been particularly helpful for those wishing to explore issues on a subject-by-subject basis.


A useful bibliography rounds off this remarkable little book. My only criticism: an index would have been useful.


There is no index.


The risk of playing in the premier league is the familiar one of burnout; poor editing, over-hasty composition, the elimination of complex items of important literary apparatus. A Royal Duty, for example, has no index. For the likes of Paul Burrell, such concerns are probably irrelevant.


Excellent, brief and will be popular as Cork becomes European City of Culture in 2005; still the discursive style, lack of index, are pedants. We are dandruffy and dry and awful. We believe in rubbernecking.


Anderson’s fascinating biography has its faults – no index, dammit – and, one has to suspect, its omissions.


A good introduction, but no index.


Given that, together, the 1993 and 2002 papers present a major reappraisal of an entire subject area and will serve as an important source of combined reference, it is regrettable that the BAR volume, unlike its predecessor, does not include an index.


Every essay in this book stimulates further thinking. It is churlish to ask for more but an index would have been useful.


... the volume does not even have an index, let alone any illustrations (which might have shown us some scenery and buildings that still survive as Battutah would have seen them).


[The author] claims her punctuation enables her to ‘coast on air, loop the loop, suspending the laws of gravity’ while the rest of us are pedants. We are dandruffy and dry and awful. We believe in indexes. Readers should beware that she does not.


The lack of an index, so necessary for the likely buyers – students and lawyers – is also frustrating.


Conspiracy theorists will be delighted by [this book]. The ‘index’ consists of four suspiciously blank pages.


Just one complaint: it is a pity that on this reprint the opportunity was not taken to index the works. It is very difficult to look up a particular piece without an index. The only way is to go through the whole list of works, find the year the piece was composed and then browse through the relevant years of the biography in hope.


On June 29, Katharine Hepburn died at the impressive age of ninety-six. The UK publication date for Kate Remembered was just over two weeks later. ... it might not have killed Simon and Schuster to hold out for a couple of weeks and endow the book with an index.


Even though there is no index beyond the chapter headings and one cannot be expected in a book of this kind [why not?] – I can see that I’ll have to pick up later on what I may have missed.


This book should carry an intellectual health warning. It is more labyrinth than book. You can get severely lost in it (an index would have been helpful).


Highly interesting, although imperfectly proofread and lacking an index....

**Obiter dicta**


I am not without bias. I know the author of this biography. I knew Martha Gellhorn. My name is in the index. This is the kind of thing
that gives book reviewing a bad name. Blame the literary editor, who decides these things.


But this long book replete with numerous quotations from contemporary sources reveals that court factions were complex structures peopled by a host of minor characters and hangers-on. Starkey might have saved his readers the weary task of tracing their careers in the index by providing an appendix with brief notes on their functions in the court jungle. [Now there's a thought.]


... I was only able to find one error in this book: the omission of ‘to’ between lines 4 and 5 on page 117. The book is otherwise well-edited and produced, and I think I can guarantee that nowhere else will a single index be found that contains ‘doodahs, Ruritanian, ‘fishmongers’, ‘Leeds Castle’, ‘systemic linguistics’; and ‘Zog – a Martian’.


Sidney Blumenthal, journalist turned Clintonist, has written a deeply reported, deeply partisan book about his time as a senior White House aide. Scores are settled, both petty and portentous, and the book is being passed around Washington, samizdat-style, so the various players can check the index for their names.


*Bestseller*, for example, is one of the most excoriating satires of the modern publishing industry ever written, the hardback published with a false index that had every hubristic publisher rushing to read about themselves, only to have their hopes dashed.


There is also a great deal of soul-searching as Wilson struggles to come to a settled view of Murdoch – a pre-requisite, one might think, of a serious biographer.

This process has its unintentionally comic side, confirmed by an index which sometimes manages to suggest that Murdoch is a walk-on player in Wilson’s own autobiography. Thus the entries for ‘Murdoch, Dame Iris’ include ‘as “parent” to ANW’; ‘regrets ANW’s divorce’; ‘ANW visits for lunch’; ‘gives Italian books to ANW’; ‘influence on ANW’; ‘and ANW’s religious convictions’; ‘interest in ANW’s courtship’.


In this newest boiling of bones for the memorial soup-kitchen, the author’s motives become easier to grasp once we understand the book as essentially an essay in autobiography. As with most such works, we have only his word to go on, and this is not necessarily a guarantee of veracity. His name is ostentatiously omitted from the index, yet there in the text he palpably and unavoidably is, passim as it were, the Rugby schoolboy, the Oxford undergraduate, the fledgling don hankering after a dog collar, the novelist, critic, journalist and biographer of Jesus, the husband, lover and father.


Edwina Currie claims that she was provoked into writing of her affair with John Major because he did not mention her in his autobiography. Would that Lady Falkender was so lucky. The longest chapter in [Bernard] Donoughue’s book [*The heat of the kitchen: an autobiography*] is devoted to her and the indexed references to her in Haines’s exceed two full pages.


There is a cumulative index for the first 70 volumes, although many libraries do not have either this index or a complete set of 80 volumes. The release of the Organic Syntheses Database now provides access to all 80 on your computer screen. [The website is at http://www.interscience.wiley.com/db/os.]

Is indexing the new rock ‘n’ roll?

Jade Jagger – jewellery designer, Ibiza-dweller, semi-reformed wild child and daughter of Mick, definitive rocker – likes her music. ...

Jagger’s Ibiza estate, an artfully converted finca in the north of the island, encompasses a big split-level outhouse which is part studio, part disco space. A vast glitter ball dangles from the ceiling; turntables and a mixer sit on a central desk and four vast speakers dominate the space. Her thousands upon thousands of 12-inches, albums and CDs (‘True music lovers aren’t meant to have CDs, are they?’) silt up the walls of the room. She’s categorised them: ‘By genre, obviously, then by artist, in alphabetical order. How else do you do it?’ Next labels, which Jagger spent hours typing up herself, subdivide hip hop from R’n’B, reggae from ragga, Classic R’n’B Masters etc from Curtis Mayfield’s soundtrack to Superfly.


**A life to be indexed**

Talking about his diaries at Cheltenham [Festival of Literature], Tony Benn recounted how he’d taken 16 garages-worth of his jottings to the British Library. ‘They said they couldn’t afford to index them,’ he explained. ‘I said, “I’m still alive, I’ll help.” Then I went to a charity and asked for a grant to pay for my diaries to be available at the British Library.’ In this case, Benn’s longevity was the problem. ‘They said, “But you’re still alive.” I tell you, I wasn’t prepared to make that sacrifice.’

Pandora (Sholto Byrnes), *The Independent*, 14 October 2003. [The diaries were eventually fully indexed by SI member Howard Cooke.]