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 readers have sent in. Our reproduction of comments is not a stamp of approval from The Indexer 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


. . . there is an extensive reference list and index.


The third and final volume also bears a cumulative index running to over 50 pages, which covers all three volumes: like the footnotes, this index places all other scholars of the period in the editors’ debt, as it makes Tone’s writings more accessible and easier to handle than was previously possible.


The indices [sic] of subjects and names are useful, though there is no page of abbreviations.


There is a good index and the book is well produced and laid out.


This is a very approachable book, which is well laid out and indexed.


This publication concludes with a comprehensive bibliography and index and is supplemented by a useful list of websites. This is a text to be recommended for the library staff bookshelves.


There is a good index which will facilitate use of the text as a reference work.


A picture index at the end of the book annotates the images and provides a little insight into the creation of these works of art.


Although key terms are explained in the text, there is also a useful glossary, along with a handy index and list of additional resources.


His bibliography runs to 27 pages, and the book is admirably footnoted and indexed.


The book is rounded off with an extensive list of references, a subject index that reads like a who’s who of plastic surgery, and some recommended further reading.


There is a good index and bibliography, but it is a pity that the book has no map of Glastonbury Abbey.


Apart from an invaluable eighteen-page bibliography, and a full eight-page index, A Companion to Golden Age Theatre is complemented by three appendices.


Finally there is an exhaustive index of persons, places and themes.


It is not a particularly well-organised book, though redeemed by an excellent index . . .


There is a comprehensive index and a substantial bibliography.
Two cheers!


The index, a paltry eight and a half pages, has no entry for ‘hair’ to help a curious reader discover why lots of hair on their loins and thighs would signify lasciviousness: the reason, to be found in an Arabic version of the Greek treatise just quoted, is that it matches the hair distribution of billygoats. . . . What survives of Polemon’s original Greek is just one sentence: ‘Eyes that are moist and shine like pools reveal good characters’. This fragment is neither indexed nor quoted as such anywhere in Swain’s massive tome. It does occur, almost verbatim, in one of the texts printed, a later Greek adaptation of Polemon’s book by Ademantus the Sophist (third or fourth century AD), where it is followed by the explanation ‘For such are the eyes of children’. A tiny footnote, easy to overlook, is the only indication readers are given that this is the Master’s voice. The index does have an entry ‘Polemon’s Physiognomy, general: eye, importance of’ . . .

Indexes censured


There is no mention in the index of libraries, even though the text refers to the suggestion by Teresa Hackett of Electronic Information for Libraries that nominated libraries should be provided with ‘clean’ copies of copyrighted work with no embedded DRM technology.


Such a book cries out for a detailed index but does not get it. There is, however, an entry for ‘flashlight’ (‘a small flashlight is good for examining shadowy areas in the gutter’). The index of manuscripts is particularly unsatisfactory.


It is easy to niggle about small points in such a book, but a brief review is not the place for minor quibbles. I was going to give, as ‘niggle’ examples, inconsistencies in definitions of such terms as ‘recall’ and ‘relevance’. I checked the index and realised the latter has no entry. Nor is it in the jargon-buster (‘glossary’). The index entry for ‘Recall’ is: ‘139 see also Precision’ (while that for ‘precision’ is: ‘139 see also Recall’)! I then looked up ‘indexing’ in the index, only to find the entry: ‘Indexing process 1161’ – in a 329-page book. Perhaps it will be covered in Vol. 2! Neither index nor glossary was very useful. [Sue Bosanko, who submitted this item, comments: ‘What’s 20 per cent of XX? IV’?]


TNW has two indexes – an easily missed short topic index and an extensive author/title index. The topic index lacks specificity, referring only to sections; a search for Freedom of Information produces see references to two subject fields with more than 150 entries when just five are relevant. Many users will find relevant information by serendipity rather than design.


Sadly, an inadequate index lets the publication down. Dealing with telephone queries is treated in some detail, yet there is no mention of this in the index and a number of other topics are also omitted.


One irritation is a sloppy, inadequate index, important in this kind of book. Page numbers did not always match the information, and there were gaps in the listings. Quebec, for instance, is mentioned many times throughout the book, but cannot be found in the index. Recipes are not listed under their origins, either, which would have been a great help. [This review was posted to the Index-L email list with the comment, ‘Do cookbook indexes get beat up more than average?– Seems so to me.– And maybe the text would change my mind but gathering recipes under “Quebec” seems a strange way to slice. ‘Then followed a discussion on what sort of topics in a cookbook should be indexed. Another contributor commented, ‘The title seems to me to give a clue that this is not “strictly” a cookbook . . . there are stories, anecdotes, other items of interest. If you were doing a cookbook of the Old South, for example, with regional or state specialties, I would expect that listing recipes under those designations might be useful. Not necessarily, but possibly.’]


However, the author is done a disservice by the publishers with unnecessary mistakes here and there. In the index, for example, Newry is placed in county Armagh instead of Down.


A better index and a bibliography of sources would not have spoiled the picture.

Indexes omitted


Hosken does not offer a sophisticated analysis of Livingstone as mayor and his book, wretchedly without an index, is useless as any record of London government.


. . . (the only slight blemish on this fifth volume being Gallimard’s
suppression of the index of letters, a useful feature of its four predecessors.) ['Slight?']


The lack of a name index in this otherwise richly informative edition (which, moreover, includes critical introductions of the highest scholarly order), makes it difficult to chart the numerous writer friends, artist friends and lovers – other than [Elsa] Trioté – who profoundly affected Aragon’s writing.


Bizony is a terrifically eager guide. . . . But his book cries out for two things: an index and some illustrations.


This is a collection rich in social historical and political material, and serves as an invaluable prelude to how we should think about the centenary celebrations of 2016. That very richness of material, however, cries out for a good index!


Sadly there is no index, the bibliography is not so organised that one can see how publishers contributed at the time, there is no list of contributors (we know who they are but not every reader will) and there are no photographs or other illustrations other than a photo of the GPO in 1916 which is used on the endpapers.


Stanfords, though, are rotten publishers. The book is littered with typos, it lacks an introduction or index, and the original illustrations have been omitted. Yet there is a gap in science publishing today. Too few of science’s great books are readily available, and one of the large foundations such as the Royal Society should republish them, lovingly and accessibly.

**Obiter dicta**


A glance at the index reveals not only Sigmund Freud and St Augustine but also Martin Amis and John Carpenter’s *Halloween*, revealing the broad scope of the discussion.


There is a strange kind of poetry created by the alphabetical assembly of unrelated words in encyclopedias. The word and phrase clusters in *All Things Darwin: An encyclopedia of Darwin’s world* are not just poetic but also, of course, reveal the breathtaking – and sometimes comic – range, scale and juxtapositions of Darwin’s world. Under R the volume lists: ‘Recapitulation, Reconciliation, Red Notebook’ and under P: ‘Patagonia, Peppered Moth, Planaria, Punctuated Equilibrium’, and M, my personal favourite: ‘Maori, Marsupial, Marx’.


‘Only the nastiest of sexists’ would now deny that Walters ‘gives great memoir,’ said Jeff Simon in *The Buffalo News*. In *Audition*’s ‘600-plus compulsively readable pages,’ the 78-year old broadcast legend plays the ‘Now It Can Be Revealed’ game with flair, and turns her index into a ‘name-dropper’s Olympics.’


Fortey’s book offers . . . a botanist, after whose death ‘a card index was found which contained a series of neat entries filed in alphabetical order. On each card was the name of one of his sexual conquests accompanied by a neatly pinned sprig of pubic hair. They might have been so many delicately coloured ferns.’


Never quite intended as a book of synonyms (Roget thought there ‘really was no such thing,’ given the unique meaning of every word), the *Thesaurus* was constructed as a crystal palace of abstraction, each of whose 1,000 lists pushes a reader, often antonymically, to the next, ‘certainty leading to uncertainty’ leading to ‘reasoning’ leading to ‘sophistry.’ The truth is that most users of the *Thesaurus* have never made head nor tail of the system and have just availed themselves of the index – added by Roget almost as an afterthought – to find what they are looking for.

**How to increase sales**

The only thing worse for a politician than a morning newspaper without his name in it is a political book without his name in it. Newspapers are daily, and each new edition provides renewed hope. Books hang around, and if you’re not mentioned they just sit there as constant reminders of your insignificance. When a new political book comes out, MPs hit the bookstores – always at odd hours, to avoid detection – and discreetly examine the index to see if they are mentioned. If not, the book is banned from the MP’s office. If you are mentioned, you buy multiple copies for friends and family. (Note to publishers: to increase sales, pack your indexes with as many politicos as possible.)


**The first port of call**

As it happened, the doings of 17th-century Peterhouse featured in the splendid collection of essays [Hugh Trevor-Roper, later Lord Dacre of Glanton] published in the year of his retirement, *Catholics, Anglicans and Puritans*. The index entry for ‘Cambridge Colleges, Peterhouse’ betrayed uncanny parallels, some believed, with Trevor-Roper’s perception of its members in the 1980s: ‘high-table conversation not very agreeable . . . four revolting fellows of; main source of pervers’. Just as admirers of his hero Gibbon often head straight for
A poet’s index

As well as shorter lyrics [Louis] Zukofsky wrote an 800-page poem entitled A. [ . . . ] Zukofsky has the non-native speaker’s fascination with the English language. He is interested in words as self-enclosed, individual entries within a poem, objects unto themselves, as he would put it. He has the Talmudic scholar’s zeal in running any given word, especially small neutral ones like ‘a’, ‘the’ and ‘all’ (All is the title of an earlier edition of Zukofsky’s collected shorter poems), through every conceivable permutation: semantic, phonological, morphological, even graphical, and not just the word itself but its constituent parts, and the entire range of valencies possible in the relation to the words and sounds around it. A has an index of words at the back, which is curious enough, but originally the index was to contain only the words a, an and the.


Rescued from anonymity by the index

It is only with the recent compilation of the TLS contributors’ index, covering the period from its foundation in 1902 till 1974, that the quite remarkable scale of [E. H.] Carr’s writing for the paper has become apparent. . . . In the half-century following his first review, in 1930, Carr contributed several hundred reviews and articles, mostly on international affairs and Russian history; when his letters to the Editor and other lesser items are added in, he turns out to have made more than 900 contributions in total. [Until 1974, reviewers in the TLS had no bylines.]


Asthmatic rabbit not found

All went swimmingly at first between me and the new Vauxhall Agila. But then, fully 20 seconds into our relationship, I signalled to pull away from the kerb. At which point a small, battery-operated toy rabbit, imprisoned somewhere under this nippy little urban runabout’s dashboard, began to suffer a strangely rhythmic asthma attack. . . .

I pulled over at the earliest opportunity and dived into the glove compartment for the owner’s manual. You had to be able to turn this thing off, didn’t you? Or at least, change it. Maybe the car had been fitted with an innovative, customisable, multitone indicator system, aimed squarely at the ringtone generation. Maybe ‘Asthmatic Rabbit’ was just one of a selection of indicator sound options the driver could choose between, including ‘Panicked Thrush’, ‘Hospital Heart Monitor’ and (for jazz lovers) ‘Trapped Scat Singer’.

If so, the manual wasn’t saying. I checked in the index. The pages flagged ‘T’ for ‘Turn signals’ said nothing about silencing said signals. Disbelief mounting, I looked under ‘N’ for ‘Noises, unwanted, from indicator, elimination of’. Nothing. Nor under ‘M’ for ‘Mistake, incredible, on Vauxhall’s part, surely’. No mention—like it was completely normal.

It is not normal. . . .

My favourite photo in the brochure shows a woman leaving her Agila parked kerbside in what appears to be Paris. She’s in a crop top and track pants, bursting away from the car with a laughing tot in an all-terrain stroller. Because that’s how things will be in your Agila, right? You’ll be pulling over all the time to snatch a jog. [Or to search through the index?]


Logical thinking

I spend the night glued to a criminal procedure manual, like those students who expect to master perhaps not the whole subject but at least the basics the day before the exam. [. . . ] To be honest I must say that in my search for these basics I was helped by the fact that I was able to restrict my field to what was about to happen, i.e. the validation of an arrest. So, while still at the bookshop, the manual I later bought in my hand, I went straight to the letter V in the index. But there was no entry for ‘validation’!

At that point I got into a panic (you always get into a panic when theory runs up against practice) because I was confronted with a typical case of self-concealment of something basic that is not to be found where you would logically expect to find it. You find an entry for ‘vagrancy’ and right after that, ‘verification procedures’. In between, nothing. So where the hell is ‘validation’? You get worked up about it – this is supposed to be in alphabetical order, isn’t it? You are face to face with your own stupidity. Later, when you find ‘validation’ (and you do find it after rummaging through the index), you feel like saying to yourself: ‘Oh well, yes, of course.’ Truth is you are an idiot and you know it, because your instinct sent you to look in the wrong place, just where an idiot, not thinking straight, would look for it.’

Translation by Silvia Benvenuto

[Passo la sera su un Simone di procedura penale, come quegli studenti che il giorno prima dell’esame pretendono di farsi nascere tutto il programma ma almeno le cose fondamentali. [. . . ] A onore del vero va detto che nella mia ricerca di fondamentalità ero facilitato dal fatto di poter limitare il campo all’attività che deve svolgersi fra poco, cioè la convalida dell’arresto, per cui, già in libreria, li su due piedi proprio, sono andato subito alla lettera C dell’indice analitico del manuale che poi ho comprato, ma la voce ‘convalida’ non c’era. Al che mi ha preso un principio di panico (danno sempre il panico, le teorie che trovano riscontro nella pratica), perché ero davanti a un tipico caso di auto-occultamento di cosa fondamentale che non si fa trovare dove ti sembrerebbe logico trovarla. Tu leggi ‘contumacia’, e subito dopo ‘correità’. E in mezzo, niente. Dove cazzo sta ‘convalida’, t’infervori, e o non è un ordine alfabetico, questo. Ovviamente che in quel momento stai semplicemente toccando con mano la tua ignoranza. Dopo, quando la trovi, la convalida (perché a forza di rovistare nell’indice la trovi), hai voglia di dirti: ‘Ah, ma certo, come no’. La verità è che sei un asino e lo sai benissimo, perché il tuo primo istinto ti ha mandato a cercare nel posto sbagliato, quello dove vanno gli asini che la cercano.’

Translation by Silvia Benvenuto

Diego De Silva, Non avevo capito niente (Einaudi, Torino, 2007, pp. 179–80)

Ooops . . .

NOTICE

Owing to the Addition of 12 Unnumbered Pages Indexing is Incorrect. To Locate References, Please Subtract 12 From Each Page Number.

Note to index, Ghost railroads of Colorado, by Robert Ormes, 1976
Indexes reviewed

Warm thanks to the contributors to this section:

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Contributions of review extracts welcomed by the editor of this section,
Christine Shuttleworth (please see inside front cover for further details).

Index, Washington

In May 2008, the tiny town of Index, Washington, USA (population 157) was threatened with clear-cut logging of Heybrook Ridge, a heavily wooded area just above their community. An advocacy group, the Friends of Heybrook Ridge, started a campaign to raise $500,000 in donations to purchase the Ridge for an educational and recreational preserve.

Indexers in the Northwest have long been familiar with beautiful setting around Index, and view the town as their ‘namesake’ community. So PNW/ASI chapter members Jan Wright and Martha Osgood quickly spread the word to the indexing community via various indexing discussion lists about the conservation effort. It paid off

Within three months, the Friends had raised $550,000, and the Snohomish County Council contributed an additional $700,000 from county conservation funds, making the purchase of the $1.2 million property feasible. In an article in the Seattle Times on July 31, the contributions of the indexing community were acknowledged as instrumental in the success of the fundraising drive:

Money poured in from all over, in amounts small and large. The most dogged were the indexers – professional book-index compilers, who took the town’s name to heart, and sent in checks from around the globe to save the trees. The farthest postmark was from Egypt.

According to David Cameron of Friends of Heybrook Ridge and a resident of Index, ‘I guess sometimes it’s nice having a screwball name like Index.’

The full story is at http://seattletimes.nwsource.com:80/html/localnews/2008082919_heybrook31m0.html.

Submitted by Carolyn Weaver