

Behaviour of the Sheriffs is highly culpable, as they prostituted their Authority to a vile and scandalous Purpose, to stop a legal Prosecution of a very Notorious Offender, upon an Unwarrantable Motive, for his having served the Party in a Dishonourable way, and to the Encouragement of Villainy in such as should Espouse their Cause. The Action of the Criminal, which was *Boy-stealing* is so flagitious and detestable, that the bare mention thereof sufficiently exposes its baseness and Turpitude. The part the *London* Grand-Jury acted in Skreening this Offender by an *Ignoramus*, is Infamous enough, and shews what slight hold Oaths had taken of the Consciences of these true blue Protestants, when they judged their Cause might be promoted by Perjury. These Crimes of *Wilmore*, the Sheriffs and the Grand-Jury are untaken Notice of in the Index, which instead of pointing out these vile Practices, endeavours to mislead the Reader into an Opinion of the Innocence of the Criminal, who is there said, contrary to all Truth, to be *Maliciously Prosecuted*. When therefore such an *Index-writer* shall set up for a Discoverer of Secrets, for profound skill in History, and shall have the presumption, *per Honestas Ire Domos*. Then 'tis most necessary for the Reader to guard himself against all his Artifices and design'd Impositions, following this advice of *Horace*

Hunc tu Romane Cavelo.

FINIS

In at the back door?

The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold: either, first, to serve them as men do lords – learn their titles exactly and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is, indeed, the choicer, the profounder and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms, therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door.

Jonathan Swift, *A tale of a tub* (1701)

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

ALA TechSource: *Implementing virtual reference services*, ed. by Beth C. Thomsett-Scott (2013, xi + 152 pp, £56.95). Rev. by Elizabeth Melrose, *CILIP Update*, November 2014.

Each chapter ends with a list of references and along with biographies of the authors there is a useful index.

Fourth Estate: *Eat: the little book of fast food*, by Nigel Slater (2013, 464 pp, £12). Rev. by Martin, 'Nigel's a genius', www.amazon.co.uk, 27 November 2013.

The easiest index I have ever found! Find an ingredient in the garden, cupboard or fridge and the index gives a group of recipes to go with it. [*Nigel may be a genius, but the index was by SI member Christopher Phipps ...*]

McFarland & Company: *Continuing education for librarians*, ed. by C. Harrod, K. Smallwood and V. Gubnitskaia (2013, 216 pp, \$55). Rev. by Vasoulla Costas, *CILIP Update*, December/January 2014/15/

There is a comprehensive index ...

Mosby Elsevier: *Ferri's practical guide: fast facts for patient care* (9th edn), by Fred F. Ferri (2014, 616 pp, £36.99). Rev. by Jacob F. de Wolff, *British Journal of Hospital Medicine*, **75**(10), October 2014.

There is a detailed index.

Oxford University Press: *Vascular anaesthesia* (Oxford Specialist Handbooks), ed. by Jonathan Thompson, Richard Telford and Simon Howell (2014, 576 pp, £44.99). Rev. by Michael Jarvis, *British Journal of Hospital Medicine*, **75**(11), November 2015.

As with all Oxford handbooks, this is designed to be a pocket companion for the vascular anaesthetist, and with the detailed sections, a good index and references throughout, it is designed well to allow this.

Simon & Schuster: *As you wish: inconceivable tales from the making of*

The Princess Bride, by Cary Elwes (2014, 256 pp, £11.29). Rev. by Hadley Freeman, *The Guardian*, 4 February 2015.

And any book that includes in the index 'Andre the Giant, breaking wind: 123–126' should be required reading for all.

Yale University Press/National Museums Liverpool: *The upholstered furniture in the Lady Lever Art Gallery*, by Lucy Wood (2 vols, 2009, xii + 1178 pp, £125). Rev. by Reinier Baarsen, *Furniture History Society Newsletter*, 176, November 2009.

Even this 'perfect' catalogue – which includes an admirable glossary, many diagrams, an appendix listing all the seat furniture formerly in Lord Leverhulme's collection, a superb index, and even a 'ground-breaking' essay by John Griffiths on the history of the British screw – has not exhausted the fascinating subject of British seat furniture.

Two cheers!

Facet Publishing: *Library and information science: a guide to key literature and sources*, compiled by Michael Bemis (2014, 256 pp, £49.95). Rev. by Diana Dixon, *CILIP Update*, February 2015).

At first glance, an alphabetical list of 39 topics looks reasonable but navigation can be problematic. For instance works on preservation and conservation sit uneasily in 'Miscellaneous' alongside books on diversity, museum partnerships and public libraries and the internet. Fortunately a full author/title index overcomes most of these problems. However, not all titles are self-explanatory, such as Primary genreflecting; Haney's keepers and a Place at table, so relying on the index may mean some relevant material is missed.

University Press of New England: *Windsor-chair making in America: from craft shop to consumer*, by Nancy Goyne Evans (1996, 496 pp, \$65). Rev. by Glenn Adamson, *Furniture History Society Newsletter*, 167, August 2007.

It is surprising, indeed, that in a book devoted to a form that was more often than not mass-produced, the very well-prepared index for the volume lacks so much as an entry for the concept of 'industry'. Put simply, Evans is not interested in the big historical picture.

Indexes censured

Ashgate: *Lewis Carroll's Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass: a publishing history*, by Zoe Jaques and Eugene Giddens (2013, 248 pp, £65). Rev. by Clare Imholtz, *The Knight Letter* (the magazine of the Lewis Carroll Society of North America), Fall 2014.

Their long discussion of textual changes of course leans almost entirely on the work of Selwyn Goodacre – it makes one wish they had spelled his name correctly in the index There is nothing kind that can be said about the index, which appears to have been constructed by people who themselves have never encountered one. Illustrators, publishers, titles, characters, and concepts are included or omitted willy-nilly. Lewis Carroll does not make an appearance! Nursery Alice and Under Ground are there, but not Wonderland, Looking Glass, or the Stamp Case. There are no cross-references, and no subheadings. Several entries lack the necessary identifiers. For example, Format has five undifferentiated references (format of what?); Preface, fifteen undifferentiated references (upon checking, I found that some refer to specific

prefaces, some to prefaces in general, and at least one to the verb 'prefaces'; Wonder, Octavo, Restaurant, each with one reference, and so on. This in a supposedly serious academic book.

Thames & Hudson: *The yellow peril: Dr Fu Manchu and the rise of Chinaphobia*, by Christopher Frayling (2014, 352 pp, £24.95). Rev. by Frances Wood, *Times Literary Supplement*, 9 January 2015.

The paucity of reference and the abysmally brief index are greatly to be regretted.

Yale University Press: *Irish furniture, woodwork and carving in Ireland from the earliest times to the Act of Union, including a dictionary of Irish furniture-makers by John Rogers*, by the Knight of Glin and James Peill (2007, 324 pp, £50). Rev. by Claudia Kinmonth, *Furniture History Society Newsletter*, 168, November 2007.

It is a shame that the index is rather short; it omits objects or materials and does not do justice to a book of this breadth and stature.

Indexes omitted

Jung und Jung: *Die letzten Tage der Menschheit* (The last days of mankind), by Karl Kraus (2014, 800 pp, €28). Rev. by Leo A. Lensing, *Times Literary Supplement*, 9 January 2015.

All theatrical productions have in common that they inevitably contract and distort the dramatic text. Jung und Jung, a small Salzburg press, deserves thanks, therefore, for publishing the drama in a reliable, unabridged edition. Since the once estimable Suhrkamp Verlag, which has been plagued for years by management disputes, allowed the book to go out of print, only print-on-demand versions have been available. Gratitude diminishes considerably after perusal of the editorial apparatus, which consists of a ten-line note referring the reader to the glossary and appendices in Christian Wagenknecht's excellent Suhrkamp edition, the out-of-print one. The editor's afterword, which had already been published in a Viennese newspaper and would be reprinted in the programme for the Burgtheater-Salzburg production, might have profitably surrendered its twenty pages to an index of names at least.

NYRB: *Theater of cruelty: art, film and the shadows of war*, by Ian Buruma (2014, 425 pp, £19.99). Rev. by Matthew Walther, *The Spectator*, 6 December 2014.

Bourke's naivety and Buruma's lack of an index notwithstanding, these are two worthwhile, intelligent books about violence, which, I'm afraid, will be with us until the trumpets blow. [*The other book reviewed was Wounding the world: how military violence and war-play invade our lives, by Joanna Bourke, Virago, 2014.*]

Profile: *My grandfather's gallery: a legendary art dealer's escape from Vichy France*, by Anne Sinclair, tr. by Shaun Whiteside (288 pp, £15.99). Rev. by Gillian Tindall, *Times Literary Supplement*, 20 February 2015.

This whole account cries out for a good editor, but these hardly exist for non-academic scripts in Parisian publishing houses. And, as is also usual for such books in France, there is no index. [*Not just for 'such' books.*]

Obiter dicta

Bloomsbury: *How Paris became Paris: the invention of the modern city*, by Joan DeJean (2015, 320 pp, £18.99). Rev. by Joseph Rykwert, *Times Literary Supplement*, 27 February 2015.

Joan DeJean's text is peppered with references to unnumbered engravings which in fact appear a page or two further on, and the index refers repeatedly to numbered footnotes of which there is no sign. [*Probably not the indexer's fault.*]

Profile: *Adventures in stationery: a journey through your pencil case*, by James Ward (2014, 280 pp, £12.99). Rev. by Catharine Morris, *Times Literary Supplement*, 20 February 2015.

Ward has found stationery celebrated in art – Claes Oldenburg's 'Typewriter Eraser, Scale X' (1999), to give just one example – and manages to draw into his narrative the films *Eraserhead* (1977) and *Brazil* (1985); the television programmes *The Prisoner* and *The Simpsons*; the song 'Back in Judy's Jungle' by Brian Eno; and Stephen King's novel *The Dark Half* (1989). (He is a chatty writer – too chatty for some tastes, no doubt.) The sixteen-page index is testimony to his eclecticism.

Yale University Press: *Rembrandt: the late works*, by Jonathan Bikker et al. (2014, £19.95). Rev. by Brian Sewell, *The Oldie*, January 2015.

This is not, as I understand the term, the catalogue of the National Gallery's exhibition. It has all the disadvantages of a book for the hapless visitor foolish enough to think that he has bought a catalogue that will function as his *vade mecum* as he blunders round the exhibition. Two small elements of the catalogue's apparatus appear at its very end, three pages of chronology and a list of exhibited works; the rest is essay after essay on such perceived abstractions in Rembrandt's work as Light, Intimacy, Contemplation, Emulation, Inner Conflict and Reconciliation And what has the National Gallery to offer? A page of sympathetic observations facing a full-page illustration of every exhibit? No. A chronological order of exhibits so that the enquirer can see for himself what a cat's cradle of advance and development Rembrandt's was? No – the very reverse. The only assistance offered to the ordinary mortal is the index, from which he learns that Rembrandt's 'Self Portrait at the Age of 63' is spread over forty pages, and as 'The Apostle Paul', over two hundred.

Map with no index

By the middle of the summer of 1799, all was done. What resulted from Smith's labours was a map that, for all its age and weather-beaten looks, still has a strangely ethereal beauty. It may not have been of very great use: it was very limited in extent, it showed the outcrop of only three types of rock; and since it had no index it was hardly much of a guide to the underside of the Bath countryside. But the map hangs in the apartments of the Geological Society of London in Piccadilly to this day, and though it is dwarfed by its more famous successors and so rarely noticed, it amply deserves to be memorialized.

The map that changed the world: the tale of William Smith and the birth of a science, by Simon Winchester (Viking, 2001)

O little town ...

Flicking through the list of tunes in any hymn book can sometimes

feel like looking at the index to a road atlas. From Aberdeen and Aberystwyth, through Bangor and Belgrave, on to Capel, Doncaster, Eton, Forest Green, Gloucester and Hereford, and all the way to Wigton and Yorkshire, it seems that place names are the most fruitful source of titles for hymn tunes.

Mark Browse, 'O little town: hymn tunes and the places that inspired them', *Church Music Quarterly*, December 2014.

First lines

I grew up mostly with poetry books and my mother's fascination for an index of first lines. She thought every great poem must reveal itself in the first line and I've written every rock'n'roll song with that in mind. When my first hit came out [with the Teardrop Explodes], the first line was 'Bless my cotton socks I'm in the news' – it was written with my mother in mind. I want to go to my grave with a colossal index of first lines.

Julian Cope (musician), 'My family values', *The Guardian*, 10 January 2015

Implications of an index

Anything that distracts you from your writing is to be avoided, [Anthony Burgess] said. Offered a post as distinguished professor, he turned it down, fearing acceptance would make him an 'extinguished novelist'. But journalism was the great Satan, and Burgess's memoirs show a peculiar desperation to devalue the part it played in his life. In the index, there's not a single entry for the *Observer* (for which he wrote for many years), though there are several for the *Yorkshire Post*, where he began his reviewing career. The implication is clear – that his own trajectory was the opposite of the typical hack, not downwards but upwards, and ending in international celebrity, with Hollywood producers and Broadway theatre directors desperate to avail themselves of his talents.

Blake Morrison, *The Guardian*, 21 February 2014

Honeymoon reading

World Order by Henry Kissinger (Penguin, £25). Kissinger is unique. I recall reading his first book, *A World Restored*, on my honeymoon because my wife had compiled the index.

Paul Johnson, 'Books of the Year', *The Spectator*, 15 November 2014

[*Marigold Hunt (1905–1994) was an author and psychotherapist. She married Paul Johnson in 1958.*]

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