

# Bernard Levin and *The Indexer*

Hazel K. Bell

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After the death of Bernard Levin in 2004, obituaries hailed him as a 'great journalist', making much reference to his contributions to *The Times* and the *The Spectator*. Levin was also a contributor to *The Indexer*, and corresponded with the journal's editor.

He first appeared in this journal in 1977, when an article of his from *The Times* (17 December 1976), titled 'A haunting, I promise, for those who refuse to tell who's who and what's what' ('those' being 'publishers and authors who put forth their works without an index') was reproduced in full (*The Indexer*, 10(3) (April 1977): 139–41).

My first letter to him, as then editor of *The Indexer*, was sent on 12 July 1978:

Dear Mr Levin,

First, may I thank you for so much enjoyment derived over the years from reading your columns, both theatrical and now general in *The Times* – always superb, whether serious, disturbing or comic, often cut out and passed on to friends.

I know you have joined the Society of Indexers, after writing the lovely piece we reproduced in *The Indexer* in April 1977. Could I now ask your permission to reproduce there, as a brief filler, the first two paragraphs from your article in *The Times* of 11 July, 'London pride . . .', concerning the use of the term 'books' to denote pornography?

I hope it is not troubling you too much, if I add that I have been trying to trace, also to mention it in *The Indexer*, a journal devoted to the meanings of words which I think you wrote about some time ago. I thought the name was *VERBATIM*, but my local library cannot trace any journal of that name. Could you tell me if this is right, and if the journal is still available?

Yours sincerely,

Hazel Bell (Mrs)

He replied:

19th July 1978

Dear Mrs. Bell,

Thank you for your letter and your most kind words. By all means use the two paragraphs; strictly speaking, you should also get the permission of *The Times* but for what is in fact only a quotation I do not think that you need bother. But it should, of course, be attributed to *The Times* as well as to me.

The magazine was indeed called *VERBATIM* and it is published in America at the following address – Post Office Box 668, Essex, Connecticut, 06425.

Yours sincerely

Bernard Levin

The two paragraphs appeared in *The Indexer* 11 (October 1978): 109, observing and deploring:

. . . when nowadays one sees, above a shop window, the word 'Books', unaccompanied either by the name of the bookseller or by an indication of the nature of the books sold, it is probable that what the shop is selling is pornography, mostly in the form of magazines . . .

Bernard Levin, *The Times*, 11th July

Next in my file appears a letter from him dated 17 April 1979:

Dear Miss Bell,

Thank you very much for your letter. I am most flattered that you wish to make use of my index in this fashion, and am entirely happy for you to do so.

Yours sincerely

Bernard Levin

On 17 Oct 1979 I wrote:

Dear Mr Levin,

Thank you for your letter of 17 April, giving us permission to quote in *The Indexer* your index to *The pendulum years: Britain and the sixties*.

I enclose a copy of an account of a talk given to us last year by R. C. Latham on indexing Pepys. I should like in this article to quote from your enthusiastic article on the Bell edition of the Diaries of Pepys, in *The Times* in 1976. I have quoted it twice; on page 1 and at the end. May I have your permission to do this? And do you have the exact date of this article? – I kept it in my own Pepys copy, but undated.

How we miss your regular column in *The Times*!

With apologies for troubling you again,

Yours sincerely,

Hazel Bell

The extracts from Levin's index appeared under the heading 'Bias in indexing' in *The Indexer*, 12 (April 1980): 54, filling a column. Levin's comments on Latham's index to Pepys were quoted in 'Indexing Pepys' Diary', *The Indexer*, 12: 34–35. And *The Indexer*, 13 (April 1983), 'Indexes reviewed' includes two extracts from reviews by Levin, both from the *Observer*. Under 'Indexes praised', he writes of John Murray's *Bernard Shaw and Alfred Douglas: a correspondence*: 'There is also an outstanding index, truly a model of its kind, though its compiler is not so much as named, let alone thanked, in the acknowledgements.' Under 'Indexes censured', Philip Snow's *Stranger and brother: a portrait of C. P. Snow* fares less well: 'Macmillan's should look to their editing . . . And the index is useless.'

A reply from Levin to my next letter to him is dated 30 August 1983:

Dear Miss Bell,

Thank you very much for your letter and Oula's delightful note.

Of course you may use it.  
Yours sincerely,  
Bernard Levin

Levin's gracious tribute to Oula Jones as indexer in the acknowledgements of his *Conducted tour* was reproduced in *The Indexer*, 13 (October 1983): 52 under the heading 'Kind words indeed', and in the same issue (page 259) there was the following item, supplied by Oula:

**Floral emendations**

Indexer – on very hot day – typing up 14 pp index, is interrupted by call from publisher announcing complete repagination of page proofs . . . however, 1500 amended entries later, feelings much soothed by arrival of superb basket of flowers from West End florist. The thoughtful author? Bernard Levin, of course, member of SI and champion of the index. (Next time, Bernard, just send a microcomputer, *with instructions*.)

I wrote with another request:

24 October 83  
Dear Mr Levin,  
We are considering having in *The Indexer* a symposium of the views of authors of indexes to their own works (not compiled by themselves); how they feel on seeing the book broken down in this way, whether they feel the index adds to the book in any way, whether it is as they would have expected it to be, and so on. We would be most grateful if you would contribute your own views and reactions. However, we do not offer payment to our contributors, as ours is almost a voluntary society, so perhaps you may regard this as an impertinent request. If so, my apologies.

The new issue of *The Indexer* is out this week, including Oula's note about your 'floral emendations', and quoting your reviews of *Man of Wars*, *Quest for the golden hare*, and the index to the Bell edition of Pepys' diary. How frequently your name graces our pages!

Yours sincerely,

He telephoned in reply to my request for a contribution to our proposed symposium, agreeing to write it, and asking when I wanted it by, and how long it should be. He phoned again on 26 January 1984 to be reminded. On 8 February I received:

Dear Miss Bell,  
Here is something for your journal as requested. I hope you think it suitable, but please do not hesitate to say if it is not.  
Yours sincerely,  
Bernard Levin

I replied on 17 February:

Dear Mr Levin,  
Thank you so very much for your lovely article on your attitude to indexes. It is delightful; I've sent a copy to Oula, wondering if she wants to add anything. The only problem now is that the other contributions to our proposed symposium are all so thin that I'm not sure whether to include yours with the rest, or print it as a separate thing altogether!

One way or another, it will be in our October 1984 issue; the April issue has now all gone to press.

With many thanks again,  
Yours sincerely,

The article appeared as the first item in 'Authors' attitudes to indexes', *The Indexer*, 14 (October 1984): 85–6. It began:

I indexed my first book (very badly) because I wanted to know what this strange but to me intriguing job required. I finished it with a mighty vow to the effect that I would rather be dead than do it again.

and included:

I have been fascinated to see how my indexer has worked herself into my mind so that she can see the book through my eyes and give me the extra element, which consists of themes, concepts, principles, attitudes . . . The ultimate test of an index to a book that is composed of the author's feelings . . . is: could the reader construct the author's outlook . . . from the index alone? I think, in the case of my books and my indexer, the answer is yes.

Oula Jones, the indexer in question, commented on this in a Letter to the Editor, Vol. 14, page 211:

Indexing Bernard Levin is both terrible and delightful, in equal measure. Delightful because I know he's as concerned about the minutiae as I am (do you enter Diana and Duff Cooper under their noble titles?); because he's On My Side (though even he can't prevent publishers repaginating after the index is finished); and because he observes the courtesies of life in scrupulously acknowledging my work every time and sending me a copy suitably inscribed: but terrible because he reads the index manuscript with his horrid penetrating gaze and picks up all my little slovenlinesses – initials where full names should be, titles of nobility avoided, over-abbreviated entries, as well as my (I hope) occasional appalling mistakes (I've just confused Vladimir Ashkenazy with Stefan Askenase and invented a poet called William Herrick, but then I've Been Ill . . .) The fact that despite all this he kindly refers to me as infallible I find terrible too.

Oula Jones  
London W3

*The Indexer*, 14 (April 1984) included in 'Indexes reviewed' part of Levin's comments in the *Observer* on Peter Heyworth's *Otto Klemperer: his life and times*: 'There is an outstanding index, its compiler – Frederick Smyth – for once acknowledged: *O si sic omnes*'.

In the same issue of *The Indexer* I reviewed Levin's collection of journal articles, *The way we live now* (Vol. 14: 279–80), under the heading, 'And a good book, too', beginning:

Bernard Levin is the undoubted literary champion of the cause of indexing, and has written many doughty words on our behalf. He must forgive us, then, if we take his vaunted sentiments to their extremes and regard his latest book merely as an adjunct to its index . . .

After all, though, indexers may with equal pleasure approach the book from the front, finding on its first page the most graceful acknowledgment: 'The index is again the work of Oula Jones, of the Society of Indexers, who has brought to what is always an exacting task, and too frequently a thankless one, all her skill, patience and good humour.' To quote the author on the subject of acknowledgements – '*O si sic omnes*'!

He sent this response, a handwritten letter:

November 12th 1985

Dear Mrs Bell

Thank you very much for those kind and charming words in your review of Oula's Index (a capital letter, of course, for so noble a thing). What I would do without her I cannot imagine, though it would certainly not include doing my own.

Thank you again,

With all good wishes

Yours sincerely

Bernard Levin

On 23 December 1985 Levin wrote in *The Times*, 'Enter the lists for this noble minority', including, 'Indexing . . . is an appalling and prolonged labour . . . a very high level of technical skill . . .'. This article was recorded and profusely quoted in *The Indexer*, 15(1) (April 1986): 8:

#### **Apotheosis of the indexer**

'The undoubted literary champion of the cause of indexing', we dubbed Bernard Levin in our last issue (*The Indexer* 14 (4), 279), and again he wields his mighty pen splendidly on our behalf in *The Times* of 23 December 1985, under the heading, 'Enter the lists for this noble minority'. In a full article he addresses himself to questions of the difficulty of indexing ('it is an appalling and prolonged labour (no wonder Hercules published his autobiography without one)'); the qualities demanded; the SI Register; rates of payment ('the truly shocking level of payment that this very remarkable and responsible work commands'); publishers' attitudes; quality and absence of indexes. In conclusion, 'This is a plea for an admirable profession, equipped with real skills, to be accorded both the respect and the reward that it deserves . . .'.

Thank you, Mr. Levin, for gladdening our hearts with such a Christmas present.

Levin's *In these times* was reviewed in *The Indexer*, 15: 190:

The fourth anthology of Levin's journalism, selected from articles published in *The Times* and *The Observer* since 1984, includes ('Easy as a, b, d') the acclamation of indexing and indexers whose original publication gave all *Times*-reading indexers a joyful and triumphant Christmas (see *The Indexer* 15 (1) April 1986, 8) and his contribution to our symposium of authors' attitudes to indexing (*The Indexer* 14 (2) Oct. 1984, 85–6) – something over six pages to boost our egos and our image.

Again he properly provides his book with both decent general index (14 pages. for xii + 283 pages of text) and full and most gracious acknowledgement/tribute to his indexer, Oula Jones – this must be the pattern and exemplar for all time of the author/indexer relationship. For the rest of the book – its scope, wit, trenchancy, and opinions may well be gauged from sample index entries.

The April 1987 issue of *The Indexer* included an article by John Vickers, 'Index, how not to' (pages 163–166). Levin sent a letter to the editor of *The Indexer* in response to this. I replied:

13 August 1987

Dear Mr Levin,

Thank you very much for your letter about authors' responsibilities for indexes, which I shall be delighted to include in the October issue of *The Indexer*.

We have yet another reference to yourself and Oula elsewhere in this issue, at the end of an article on 'The business side of indexing': I enclose that passage. I think we may account this *The Indexer's* very own soap opera!

Yours sincerely,

This passage was in 'The business side of indexing' by Elizabeth Wallis (*The Indexer*, 15 (October 1987): 209):

the likelihood is that you will never meet any of those you do business with. There are, of course, exceptions. The rapport, for example, between author Bernard Levin and indexer Oula Jones has been remarkably constant, and there are few authors with such high regard for indexing and understanding of the intricacies of the art.

Levin's letter to the editor was published in *The Indexer*, 15 (October 1987), page 238:

#### **Authors and indexes**

May I enter a tiny demurrer to Mr. John Vickers' comprehensive demolition of a dreadful index, published in your April 1987 issue under the heading 'Index, how not to'?

Mr Vickers rightly castigates the hopelessly inadequate indexer and – again rightly – lays the principal blame on the publishers. But he entirely absolves his friend, the author of the maltreated book.

That won't quite do. He says that the author 'got no sight of the index until he saw it in all its full horror in the printed volume'. Why not? Why didn't he insist, and go on insisting, that it should be submitted to him before it was printed? Why do such authors supinely allow their publishers to behave like that? As my readers know (to say nothing of yours), my own beloved indexer is without fault or flaw, yet I go through her work with a powerful magnifying-glass, and she is plainly glad that I do.

This authorial willingness to be left out of the picture is widespread; I cannot count the number of fellow-authors who have complained in my hearing about, say, a rotten jacket for their books. When I ask why they did not demand to see the jacket in all its stages, from the first sketch, it almost invariably transpires that it never occurred to them to ask, whereupon I have a struggle to refrain from telling them that they have no one to blame but themselves. When I wrote my first book, some seventeen years ago, I announced that I was going to interfere in every stage of the publication, right down to the typeface it was set in, and I have done so ever since. And surely if a book includes an index, a self-respecting author should be as jealous of its quality as of his own. Incidentally, I have found that the more involvement I demand in the publication of my books, the more my publishers like it.

Bernard Levin  
London, WI

The Society of Indexers' Annual General Meeting 1989 was held on 9 November. The newspapers were full of the unexpected opening of the Berlin Wall. The following day, the 10th, *The Times* published a quarter-page article by Levin, 'Don't come to me for a reference', denouncing the 'full, almost heroic awfulness' of the index to Ian Ker's biography of Cardinal John Henry Newman. The article was accompanied by a large cartoon showing a finger labelled 'Index' severely pointing the way of disgrace to a humble book-carrying scholar, and three-line subheading, 'Bernard Levin finds Cardinal Newman lost without trace in the index of his latest biography'. The text read, in part:

Indexing is a highly skilled science . . . There is a highly professional body, the Society of Indexers. . . . If you wish to be sure that your book is in properly expert hands, you must go to the custodian of the Register . . . the noble and meaningful heading 'Index' . . .

While acclaiming the text of the Newman biography as wholly admirable, Levin gave detailed criticism of the index: paragraphs of undifferentiated page numbers, subheadings 'as ridiculous as they are otiose . . . listed only in the order in which they appear in the book'. His gravest censure was reserved for the person at Oxford University Press, publisher of this work, who passed the index for press.

I wrote to him about this:

16 Nov. 1989

Dear Mr Levin,

What a wonderful article on indexing you wrote in *The Times* last week! I am sure you know how delighted members of our Society are with it.

May I ask your permission, please, to quote from it in *The Indexer* as in the enclosed piece?

I received in reply:

*The Times*

23rd November 1989

Dear Miss Bell,

Thank you very much for your kind letter. Mr. Levin is away from the office at the moment, but he would be happy for you to quote from the column in *The Indexer*.

He also wanted you to know that he had originally intended that the column should run on the day of your conference, and was most frustrated when news from Germany squeezed it out!

Thank you again for writing.

Yours sincerely,

[signed] Catherine M Tye

Secretary to Bernard Levin

In the April 1990 issue of *The Indexer*, I wrote an article summarizing and quoting all Levin's efforts and essays on our behalf to date ('Thundering about indexing', 17: 45). It began:

How pleasant to know Mr Levin. And to read his witty, penetrating articles, and to have him as a champion.

I wrote to him again on 19 January 1991:

Dear Mr Levin,

*The Indexer* has done very well out of your diatribe against the Newman biography index! We had a page on it and the following *Times* correspondence in April 1990 (I assume you noticed that – page 45). For our April 1991 issue we have a review of the revised index; I enclose a proof copy of our review. Now that your original article is out in hard-back, we would like to take yet another bite at the cherry and add a postscript to our review, as enclosed. Will you give us permission to print this, please?

Yours sincerely,

Hazel Bell

I sent him John Vickers' article on the revised index to the biography of Newman that had been so castigated by Levin,

'Could still do better: the revised index to the Newman biography'. Levin replied:

The Times

22nd January 1991

Dear Miss Bell,

Thank you very much for your most kind comments and for letting me see Dr. Vickers' article. Naturally, I am delighted to give you permission.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Bernard Levin

Vickers' article appeared in the April 1991 *Indexer*, pages 189–90. Following this article, on page 190, appeared:

**Post script:** Bernard Levin's original *Times* article, retitled 'The index finger points', is reprinted in his latest (sixth) volume of journalism, *Now read on* (Cape, 1990). Its four still-stirring pages have, among others, the following index entries:

Indexers, Registered 156, 157

indexes: bad 157–9; good 156; strings, undifferentiated 157–8

indexing, skilled 156

Oxford University Press, appalling scandal of 57, 158, 159

Society of Indexers 156, 157, 159

The acknowledgements include another gracious tribute to the indexer.

On 12 August 1991, I received this, handwritten from him (such thick paper, almost card, but letter-size!):

Dear Mrs Bell

Thank you for your letter; of course you may use my references.

But surely you can't mean (p. 123) 'a whole complicated strata'; the singular 'a' cannot govern the plural 'strata'. Tut!

Yours sincerely

Bernard Levin

*Mea culpa!* I hang my head. (I had sent him for approval the passages in my then forthcoming *Indexing biographies and other stories of human lives* that referred to or quoted him. On one of those pages, he must have spotted the sentence that finally appeared in print as: 'Robert Latham evolved a whole complicated stratification to cope with Samuel Pepys himself in the index to the diary'.)

1.10.91

Dear Mr Levin,

Once again I am quoting your splendid article on indexing from *The Times* in print – a highly cited article by now. I have begun almost to assume your kind permission, but think you may like to know of this attempt at a counter-blast. I am sending it as an open letter to *The Author*, as well as intending it for either a review article or the next editorial of *The Indexer*.

Yours sincerely,

Hazel Bell

He replied:

*The Times*

3rd October 1991

Dear Mrs Bell, [handwritten]

Thank you very much for letting me see what you want to print, and of course you are most welcome to do so.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely [handwritten]

Bernard Levin

I think this must refer to a short article of mine in *The Indexer*, **18**: 29–30, ‘An author’s guide to disparaging indexing’, reviewing (and denouncing) Michael Legat’s *An author’s guide to publishing*. This concluded by quoting from Levin’s article, ‘Don’t come to me for a reference’:

One of the delusions which writers entertain is that if you can write a book you can also index it. Delusion indeed .

...

From 5 November 1991 I have notes of a phone call from Levin, asking to know of the earliest indexes for the article he was proposing to write, and speaking vehemently of the ‘splendid translation’ of Montaigne with a ‘terrible index of names only and only page numbers’. The 1600 translation by John Florio had had ‘an admirable index’, he said, including subject indexing.

I sent him *The Indexer* with Hans Wellisch’s article on herbals, and later (16 November) faxed him this additionally:

Dear Mr Levin,

I am sending you a passage on earliest printed subject indexing from Hans Wellisch’s new book, *Indexing from A to Z*. I am so sorry not to have thought of these when you asked me about the subject earlier.

Yours sincerely,

Hazel Bell

He replied:

Dear Mrs Bell [handwritten]

I don’t know whether these two copies were precious file copies or superfluous, so I am sending them back to you anyway.

Stand by for fireworks!

Yours sincerely [handwritten]

Bernard Levin

This was sent three days before *The Times* published, on 28 November 1991, an article by Levin, ‘Why Montaigne matters’, regarding a newly published volume, *Essays of Montaigne* translated by M. A. Screech. The article proved to be a fine fourth paean of Levin’s to indexing and cry of distress at its depreciation.

The first two columns praise alike Montaigne, his essays, and Dr M. A. Screech, translator of this volume of the essays, which Levin welcomes.

And then I turned to the index. I have made so much uproar about inadequate indexes that you might think publishers would by now always provide proper ones, if only to ensure they are not pelted with ordure from the hand of Levin, the Indexer’s Champion. Well, I give notice that I have just signed a new contract with my ordure-merchant, who assures me that his stocks are sufficient to last well into the next century . . . Screech’s ‘index’ is an abomination . . . it is nothing but a list of proper names . . . nothing but a string of undifferentiated page-numbers . . .

and it continues in Levin’s full fine fettle.

I wrote to him on 20 December:

Dear Mr Levin,

It has taken time some time to write up your wonderful latest article on indexing in *The Times*; although you may have good stocks of ordure in reserve, I have exhausted my approaches to writing you up! I have scrapped two attempts, and produced now this straight history of your penmanship in our behalf. Do I have your permission to print this, please, and to quote the whole article from ‘And then I turned to the index’?

I enclose also another write-up about a strange new method of achieving disaster in indexing, which may interest you.

With very many thanks for all your splendid championship of indexing,

Yours sincerely,

Hazel Bell

My write-up of his article was ‘Levin writes again’, in *The Indexer*, **18**(1) (April 1992): 41–2. It began

There are anthologies of articles on indexing, and there are collections of newspaper articles of single journalists. We look forward to the glorious appearance of the collected articles in *The Times* of Bernard Levin on indexes.

pointing out: ‘Since [1977] each volume index of *The Indexer* has included an entry, LEVIN, BERNARD, with attendant subheadings’, and ending, after recounting the tale of a terrible mess of an index that an editor had boasted in *The Times* letters page of producing by computer:

This seems to prove once again that blind reliance upon computers can produce only a travesty of an index, while correct choice and form of entry, and proper subject indexing, require full human intelligence and skill – as Bernard Levin was saying so eloquently when we came in.

23 Dec 91 [handwritten from him]

Dear Mrs Bell,

Thank you very much for your most charming words. I am, of course, happy to be thus immortalised – indeed honoured.

Did you see the reply from Allen Lane in the letters of *The Times*? The man must be crazy – we are all in favour of ample indexes, but 150 pages??!

Anyway, be sure that I shall continue to uphold the noble cause of indexing.

With all good wishes, and the compliments of the season,

Yours sincerely,

Bernard Levin

P.S. (I imagine you took photocopies of the enclosed, but just in case . . .)

I think the ‘write-up about a strange new method of achieving disaster in indexing’ must have been my ‘Distortion and mutilation – it can happen to us’, which appeared in *The Indexer*, **18** (April 1992): 40–1. It concerned Douglas Matthews’ index to *Dickens* by Peter Ackroyd, which for the paperback edition of 1991 appeared to have been reset or run through a computer program that most

unintelligently and disastrously rearranged many of its subheadings.

9 April 1992

Dear Mr Levin,

As *The Indexer* is despatched to members of the Society of Indexers direct from our printers, I am never able to put in a note directing your attention to the pages which regularly seem to feature you. However, the April issue will be out next week, and you will find the write-up of your sequence of articles on indexing in *The Times* on pp 41–2.

I am enclosing meanwhile a copy of the other journal I edit, *Learned Publishing*, which refers to your lovely article in *LOGOS* on page 114.

My booklet on indexing biographies is also out now, including as usual references to your writings.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Hazel Bell

*Learned Publishing* reviewed *LOGOS* in its April 1992 issue (5: 114–115), particularly praising Levin's article, 'Author (British) meets librarian (American)'. This was Levin's response:

13th April 1992

Dear Mrs Bell [handwritten]

Thank you very much indeed for your most kind words;

*The Indexer* did indeed appear today. You are too kind.

Yours sincerely [handwritten]

Bernard Levin

I sent him a copy of *Indexing biographies and other stories of human lives* on its first publication in 1992, and received this letter:

Dear Mrs. Bell,

Many thanks for the copy of your booklet, which I will keep safe for Mr. Levin to study when he returns from his long trip abroad. Now I begin to understand why a good index is such a work of art!

Yours sincerely,  
Catherine M Tye

Secretary to Bernard Levin.

*The Times*

7th July 1992

Dear Mrs. Bell,

Thank you very much for your generous words of support. Mr. Levin is again enjoying an extended trip abroad, but you may be encouraged to know that he has received a large number of letters in support of this particular article. Your support will of course be especially appreciated.

Thank you again for writing.

Yours sincerely,

Catherine M Tye

Secretary to Bernard Levin.

Finally, I wrote:

14 Nov 94

Dear Mr Levin,

The University of Chicago Center for Continuing Studies has requested our permission to photocopy for one-term use for 20 class sets for an educational course, 'Introduction to Editing', a selection of items that have appeared in *The Indexer*. These include your own contributions:

'Authors' attitudes to Indexes', Oct. 1984, pp 85–6

Letter, Oct. 1987, p 238

Please let me know as soon as possible if you have any objection to this.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Hazel Bell

On this, handwritten and ringed in red, Levin wrote:

Dear Hazel

Nihil obstat.

Yours

Bernard

### **Indexing biographies and other stories of human lives by Hazel K. Bell**

Society of Indexers Occasional Papers on Indexing, No. 1. 3rd edn, 2004, 106 pp., ISBN 1-871577-29-2.

£17.50 (£20.00 overseas); £15.00 (£17.50 overseas) for members of indexing societies

Books dealing with human lives – be they history, biography, autobiography (including diaries), letters or fiction – can be difficult to index. Precisely defined concepts from a thesaurus cannot be used, and the indexer often has to make subjective judgements as to the choice of language for index entries. What better guide to the genre than Hazel Bell, who has written extensively on this subject and is herself an experienced indexer of biographies?

Nearly three times the length of the first edition, *Indexing Biographies* has a new section on letters and fuller treatment of many other topics, with extra examples from recent indexes. Display boxes throughout the book give references to relevant articles from *The Indexer*. New to this edition is an appendix, 'Using the Internet' by Noeline Bridge. There is, of course, a comprehensive index.

The indexing world should be pleased to welcome a new edition of Hazel Bell's classic book . . . [Her] approach to narrative indexing is flexible, subtle, interpretive and respectful, qualities to which all indexers should aspire. (*The Indexer*, Oct. 2004)

#### **What they said about previous editions**

A joy to read and enjoyable to use . . . both invaluable and delightful. (*American Society of Indexers Newsletter*)

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Bernard Levin, who died on Saturday aged 75, was one of the best newspaper columnists of his age, latterly celebrated chiefly for the column he wrote in *The Times* from the early 1970s to the late 1990s; even before he was 30, though, he had enjoyed a career of striking brilliance and precocity in *The Spectator* as "Taper" (a name taken. From Disraeli's *Coningsby*). Colin Welch, in *The Telegraph*, had already set a new style for the Parliamentary sketch, treating the view of the Commons from the Press Gallery as though he were looking on to the stage from the stalls and reviewing a performance which was part high drama and part cabaret. Levin added a ferocious wit and disdain for politicians, long before such iconoclasm became commonplace. Broadcaster Bernard Levin, one of the UK's most respected journalists and columnists, has died at the age of 75. He died on Saturday, after fighting a long battle with Alzheimer's. Levin was famous for his *Times* column between 1971 and 1997, and also wrote for the *Spectator*, *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express*. In the 1960s he was a regular on the satirical BBC TV show *That Was the Week That Was*, where his prickly style often drew criticism. [Click here to tell us what you thought of Bernard Levin.](#) *That Was the Week That Was* broke new ground for the world of TV comedy. It featured David Frost, who has gone on to become an established face on BBC TV. Levin, Bernard H.; Clowes, Darrel A. From *Positivism to Post-Modernism: Can Education Catch up with the Paradigm Shift?* Mar 91 11p.; Paper presented at the Annual Meeting of the Virginia Social Science Association (Newport News, VA, March 22-23, 1991). On balance, however, the lack of faculty involvement may be good, as SECA, and the larger assessment movement of which it is a part, reflects an outmoded logical positivist approach to education. Since the 1960's, intellectual and academic thought has been undergoing a significant epistemological shift led by critical theorists and radical deconstructionists. Bernard Levin, who has died aged 75, after many years of Alzheimer's disease, was one of the most famous as well as one of the most controversial British journalists and broadcasters of the second half of the last century. His ever-restless pen provoked emotions that varied from rage, even hatred, to affection and admiration. Employed during the last three decades primarily on the *Times* and the *Sunday Times*, his career had also taken him to such publications as the *Observer*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Spectator*, the *New Statesman*, the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express*. Bernard's mother was the daughter of Ukrainian Jewish emigrants. His father, of Lithuanian extraction, a St Pancras tailor, left her shortly after Bernard's birth in London. LEVIN, BERNARD (1928–2004), British newspaper columnist. Levin was one of the best-known and most controversial newspaper columnists in contemporary Britain. He was educated at the London School of Economics and became prominent in BBC's television satire programs of the 1960s. He is best remembered for his biweekly columns in the *London Times*. Originally on the left, and a lifelong liberal opponent of censorship and excessive punishment, after about 1970 he became nationally known as one of the most vocal champions in the British press of Soviet Jews and dissidents. Renowned for his biting wit, Levin was critical of aspects of Israel's policies and regularly championed the playing of Richard Wagner's music.