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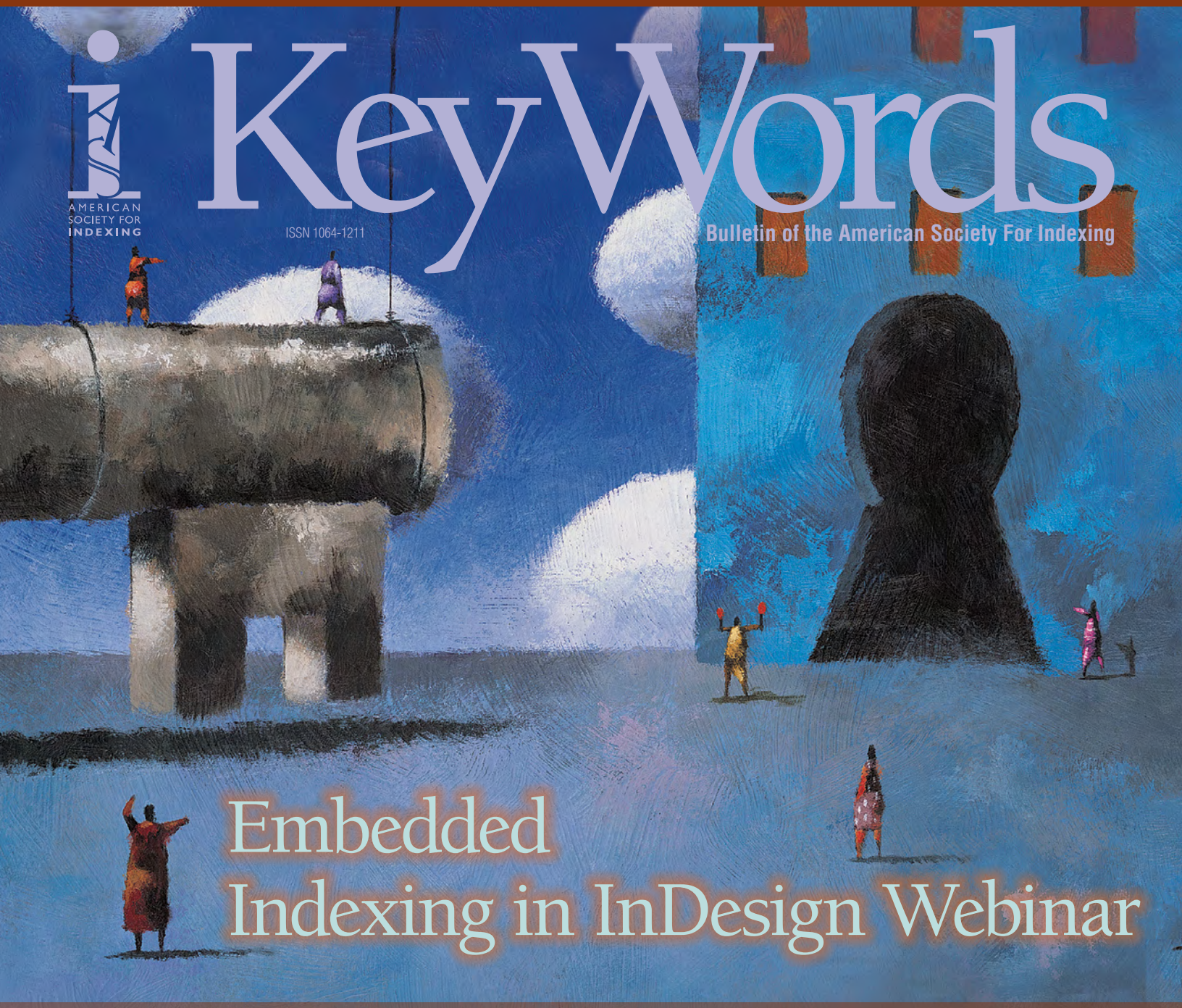

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Indexes, in Praise of

By Sasha Archibald

Sasha Archibald is a writer and curator in Los Angeles, California. Many years ago she tried to index *Madame Bovary* and found the task so impossibly difficult that she wrote this essay instead.

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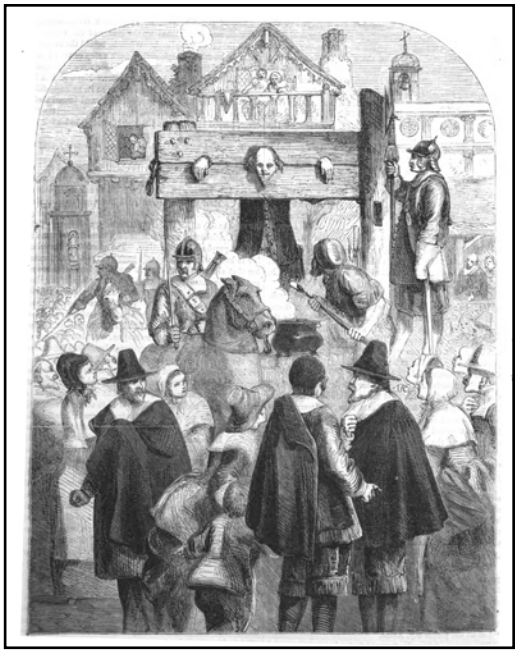
> "Make a long arm, Watson, and see what V has to say." I leaned back and took down the great index volume to which he referred. Holmes balanced it on his knee, and his eyes moved slowly and lovingly over the record of old cases, mixed with the accumulated information of a lifetime. "Voyage of the Gloria Scott," he read. "That was a bad business. … Victor Lynch, the forger. Venomous lizard or gila. Remarkable case, that! Vittoria, the circus belle. Vanderbilt and the Yeggman. Vipers. Vigor, the Hammersmith wonder. Hullo! Hullo! Good old index. You can't beat it."
>
> — Arthur Conan Coyle, "The Adventure of the Sussex Vampire," 1927

The book index, that handy back-end compendium that matches subject with page number, is by nature modest and self-effacing. Like its twin namesakes—the forefinger and the needle on a dial—the index points elsewhere, deflecting attention toward the subject of inquiry. A good index does not advertise, promote, or flaunt itself, but crisply details a series of perfect routes, from heading to subheading to page number to morsel of information. The less time spent considering the index, the better the index. And yet, the apparent humility of the form is deceptive, for indexes are never as neutral or silent as they promise to be. More so than other finding aids, indexes retain the imprint of a handmade object, constantly wavering between objective schematic and subjective commentary. Indexes proceed from a book, on which they parasitically subsist. Yet, in subtle and not-so-subtle ways, indexes exercise autonomy, parsing out which queries will be answered and which will be ignored, which passages will be a destination and which will be left to the roadside, using one word or two to identify



Prynne in the pillory. The seventeenth-century indexer ***William Prynne***, punished for the scandalous index he created for his book *Histrio-Mastix*. Illustration from *Cassell's Illustrated History* of England, 1870s.

the true subject of a passage of text. Even the most traditional index murmurs about the book to which it is attached. In a glance, an index gives a sense of the density of the writing, the time span of the book, the erudition of the author. Upon closer inspection, it reveals the shape, character, and scope of a book's argument, whether the author's style is brisk or digressive, light-hearted or grave, focused or eclectic. An index can have a foreboding effect ("hermeneutic, discussion of the Cartesian ontology of the 'world'"; "potentiality-for-being, factical"[1]) or it can intrigue ("apple-tree, barren women roll under, to obtain offspring";

"clothes, magic sympathy between a person and his"[2]). An opinionated index might continue the book's invective or subtly pervert it; it might even dare to work at cross-purposes to the text: "King *See* Treason"; "Title *See* Pretended Title."[3] Heeding the experience of a colleague, Lord Macaulay demanded of his publisher, "Let no damned Tory index my book!"[4] An airy index gives the impression of vacuous content, and a dense one of heft and breadth. William Clarke complimented the indexer of his book on coins in 1767: "What a flag, too, do you hang out at the stern! You must certainly persuade people that the book overflows with matter, which (to speak the truth) is but thinly spread."[5] Indexes usually condense and foreshorten, but they are occasionally loquacious; John Ruskin, for instance, used his indexes to ruminatively amend and correct his texts. ("Artists are included under the term workmen, [page] 11, 8; but I see the passage is inaccurate, —for I of course meant to include musicians among artists, and therefore among working men; but musicians are not 'developments of tailor or carpenter.' Also it may be questioned why I do not count the work given to construct poetry, when I count that given to perform music; this will be explained in another place.")

An index can withhold information—the feminist Dale Spender banished terms she considered male- oriented from the index of her book *Women of Ideas and What Men Have Done to Them* (1982)[7]—but is equally capable of spilling secrets, making plain what a book might only suggest. If a man's mistress was more important than his wife, the index will show it. Likewise, a charming vintage joke book, *The Laughter Library*, seems less so when the index's longest entries are "Negro" jokes.[8] Most obituaries can just as well be told by an index, and many biographies as well. There is a special irony to poetry indexes, customarily compiled by first line, which can seem as cogent as the poems to which they refer.

In 1634, William Prynne became the first and only martyr to the genre when his ears were cropped for the piquancy of his index to *Histrio-Mastix*. Unfortunately for Prynne, the book condemned theater right at the height of its fashion, and was published just shortly before Henrietta Maria, the wife of King Charles I, acted in a court play. Prynne's book was so poorly organized that it was considered unreadable, but his exemplary index was all too clear. entries such as "heaven—no stage plays there" and "women actors: notorious whores" left no mistake as to his argument.[9] The prosecution quoted Prynne's index during his trial, and he was convicted, fined, and imprisoned, in addition to suffering the ear cropping; *Histrio-Mastix* and its index were burned. (The bits of Prynne's ears left dangling were later removed as punishment for a different crime.)

It is not clear when exactly indexes were invented. The form required a confluence of factors—customs of continuous pagination and of alphabetization, the rise of the printing press, and the development of sophisticated hierarchical classification systems—each of which emerged at different times along different trajectories. To confuse things further, the word index was used for many centuries to refer to other textual addendums that were not what we would call indexes—the most famous being the Vatican's *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*—while many early indexes were termed "lists" or "tables."[10] Seneca employed the logic of the index, if not its name or formal strategy, when he bundled with his writings a page of notes that directed his longtime correspondent Lucilius to relevant sections, sparing him the trouble of reading the entire work. Indexers have found evidence of their trade in the ancient Chinese text *I Ching*, for example, in Ptolemy's annotations on his *Geographia* (150 AD), and in medieval biblical concordances, but indexes began to take a more familiar form in the early modern period.[11] Erasmus supplied an index to the first edition of *De Copia*, a handbook of Latin grammar published in 1512. It preceded the text and was not alphabetized, but many of the entries—"Forgiving, 477"; "Cursing, 494"; "Straining after, 505"—have a familiar indicial character.[12]

The most momentous period in the history of indexes was not their invention, but the Battle of the Books, an argument at the turn of the eighteenth century between men of letters about what exactly constitutes learning. Indexes and their ilk (footnotes, appendices, lexicons, bibliographies) became a surprisingly polemic subject in the battle of the books. The battle is usually remembered as the occasion for Jonathan Swift's satires, but it involved a great number of writers who squared off over the meaning of scholarly expertise, identifying themselves as either "Ancients" or "Moderns." The Ancients ostensibly represented the values of ancient Greece and Rome, and vehemently argued that indexes were an unwelcome, intrusive imposition on a text.

Neither did they disguise their disgust with the scholars who created indexes. It was a new sort of scholar who appreciated the clinical detail of an index, one devoted to the meticulous work of verifying, dating, attributing, and correcting. The Ancients saw such men as pedantic scholar-wannabes.

To the Ancients, indexes seemed to encapsulate all that was reprehensible about modern scholarship. Alexander Pope, for instance, used "index-learning" as an insult in 1728 in reference to the superficial understanding that could supposedly be gained by reading an index as a substitute for reading the book. Index-learners, the Ancients alleged, were lazy and eager for shortcuts. (A similar criticism surfaced after the invention in the late 1950s of Cliff's Notes,

whose readers were accused of being unwilling to tackle primary texts.) The Ancients also sneered at writers who included an index to their own books, characterizing the gesture as self-aggrandizement, an attempt to inflate one's status by tacking on the trappings of scholarship. Swift spoke often of the evils of indexes. He focused his assault on the fact that an index appears at the back of a book—the form's posterior position a sure sign of its shamefulness. Real scholars expend the time and energy to enter the "palace of learning" by the front "great gate," he sneered, while index-learners sneak in through the "back door."[13]

Although the Ancients hated indexes, neither could they avert their gaze. They used the form extensively for their own satires and were thus responsible for the first creative indexing, a practice that resulted in what is sometimes called a "soft index." William King's 1698 "a short account of Dr. Bentley by Way of Index," for instance, was penned to mock both Cambridge scholar Richard Bentley and indexes.[14] The piece has just one heading—"Dr. Bentley"—followed by subheadings along the lines of "His Ingenuity in transcribing and plundering," "His happiness in confident assertions for want of judgment," and "His modesty and decency in contradicting great men"—this last followed by a list of men, beginning with Plato and ending with "everybody." (Bentley was a man of immense erudition and the quintessential Modern; his meticulous methodology is credited with laying the groundwork for contemporary scholarship.)

The Ancients voiced a deeply conservative impulse, and offered more invective than logic to substantiate their claim that indexes threatened the integrity of the book to which they were attached. But their intuitions were not baseless. As the writer Julian Barnes recently observed, indexes, unlike other kinds of textual appendages, have the peculiar effect of doubling the original text.[15] An index produces a copy of its host that contains the same content, rendered as diagram rather than prose. This change in form, from narrative flow to logistical coordinates, is a dramatic conversion; an indexed book is no longer a temporal entity to be read over time, but a spatial entity. The difference is akin to that between trekking through unmapped virgin terrain and helicoptering into a precise location mapped with GPS. A schematic map of a book undoubtedly represents a great gain in practicality but, as the Ancients suspected, it entails a loss as well—of narrative momentum, of encountering information in context, of the reader's subordination to the will of the author.[16] A reader is at the whim of the writer only until the book is indexed, and then the writer is at the whim of the reader.

The way in which an index simultaneously adds and subtracts value is made clear by Isaac D'Israeli, who, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, makes a tongue-in-cheek suggestion that the invention of the index be credited to the first anatomist, Hippocrates. Hippocrates mapped the inner terrain of the human body, D'Israeli reasons, in the same way that the index "laid open the nerves and arteries of a book."[17] The metaphor serves well. An anatomized corpse bears little relation to the person who inhabited that body; it is difficult to poke around in the innards of a person and simultaneously conjure that person's humanity. Likewise, an index adds usability, accessibility, and efficiency—practical,

The stately Wheatley Medal, given by the UK-based Society of Indexers for the year's best contribution to the field. Courtesy Society of Indexers.

important values indeed, but values not dear to the heart of literature.

The ascent of modern scholarship was a foregone conclusion, and the battle of the books a lost cause from the start. But even had the index remained in the balance, it surely would have surfaced again as an innovation compelled by sheer necessity. In the coming centuries, the amount of printed matter in the world multiplied exponentially, necessitating various means of information control—the index card, card catalogue, file cabinets, tabbed folders, Dewey Decimal System, and so on—and indexing underwent a period of professionalization and standardization. In 1876, Henry B. Wheatley, clerk and librarian at the Royal Society, published the seminal text in the field, *What Is an Index?,* followed twenty-six years later by the more substantial *How to Make an Index*. Wheatley, who is sometimes referred to as the "father of indexing," also co-founded the Index Society and headed its first major initiative—not surprisingly, to compile an index of indexes. (Their long-term goal, unrealized, was to create an index to "Universal Literature.") In Britain, the Wheatley Medal remains the highest honor awarded an index.[18]

Wheatley didn't promote indexes so much as suggest that books lacking an index were doomed to critical oblivion. In Wheatley's view, an index was the difference between a book that would be known and a book that would be forgotten. An index, like a monument or a keepsake, was a "standing warning against forgetfulness."[19] No longer an optional postscript or a topic of speculative debate, the late-nineteenth-century index was requisite for any self-respecting book.

Wheatley's plea was not just the carping of a librarian. Scholars, lawyers, and doctors were also eager for more indexes. The precision of the form, and its ambition—to account for every detail, everywhere—was a perfect fit for the era's mania for classification. In the mid-nineteenth century, Lord Campbell had gone so far as to propose a bill in Parliament that would strip copyright from authors who published without an index, while classicist Paul Shorey, whose scholarly reputation was established in the last years of that century, declared that it was the indexer, not the "more pretentious author," who has the best chance of immortality.[20] Most vociferous of all was the historian Thomas Carlyle, who frequently ranted about poorly organized scholarship. One such passage occurs early in his *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* (1845), where he reports that the existing writing on Cromwell is an inchoate mess, and then uses a series of haunting images to describe the fate of books without indexes:

> The documents and records of it, scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie there, printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion; —yielding light to very few; yielding darkness, in several sorts, to very many … huge piles of mouldering wreck … a wide-spread inarticulate slumberous mumblement.[21]

In Carlyle's figuration, unorganized scholarship is the antithesis of scholarship. Instead of speaking, it mumbles; instead of providing clarity, it confuses; instead of yielding light, it yields darkness. Whereas the Ancients and Moderns bickered over whether the index had a positive or a negative affect on a text, scholars of the late nineteenth century decided a book without an index might as well not exist.

It would seem a resolute victory for indexes, except indexes never enjoyed a victorious moment. Contemporary indexes are rarely considered, rarely appreciated, rarely acknowledged. Professional indexers continue to languish at the bottom of the literary totem pole, anonymous and uncredited, their status having changed little since the eighteenth century.

Lord Macaulay records that index-makers were among the lowest literary rank that gathered in coffee shops, the cultural hubs of eighteenth-century life, where they could be identified by their "ragged coats," while Jonathan Swift's indexer toils away in a remote corner, working not at a desk but at a "flock bed" (a mattress stuffed with scraps of rags) and tucked away through an alley, up three sets of stairs, in a "Hole in the Wall."[22] Today, even a lowly fact-checker can expect to ascend the publishing ranks, while an indexer will remain an indexer.

Less stately insignia of other indexing organizations; the awkward albatross, adopted by the Australian and New Zealand Society of Indexers; the neglected kohlrabi representing the American Society for Indexing, who claim that like the obscure vegetable, "no one knows who we are, or what to do with us"; and the gathering magpie of the Indexing Society of Canada, who identify with the bird's penchant for collecting and ordering diverse material.

Readers tend to consider the index only when it disappoints, and neither are they a priority for most writers and publishers. The typical book contract specifies that the cost of hiring an indexer will be deducted from the author's advance, and as a result many authors plan to compile the index themselves; only in the final hours, when

they find it impossible to do so, do they acquire the rushed services of a professional. As the final step of book production, indexes inherit the lapses of each previous stage. Indexes suffer when the text runs long, the budget comes up short, and the deadline is tomorrow. Indexers, who are usually freelancers working from home, are increasingly fearful that their work will be outsourced to less competent hands, or deemed unnecessary in the age of e-books. It would seem that the value of indexes is beyond question, yet it is an expense at which publishers continue to balk. As recently as 2005, the average US rate hovered between $3–4 dollars per indexable page, but has dropped in recent years to $2–3, or even less.[23] As many readers and researchers know, publishers sometimes save money with an index of only proper names. By avoiding the vagaries of a topical index, a name index is a straightforward and relatively quick task. However, for index users who have not already read the book—users browsing for curiosity or research—a list of unfamiliar names can be scarcely better than no index at all, and sometimes worse.Indexes, like books, should not rebuff a curious reader.

Indexing is far more difficult than many assume, and can't always be learned. ***Nancy Mulvany***, the author of *Indexing Books* (which is to indexers what the *Chicago Manual of Style* is to editors), agrees; only a select number of people, she writes, have the potential to become excellent indexers. Mulvany explains that after many years of teaching students, she has resigned herself to the fact that only about 10 percent or fewer of her aspiring indexers (already a self-selected group) will become capable of producing a quality index.[24] The linchpin skill, in her estimation, is that of "term selection," the process of choosing the index's headings and subheadings. These words need to be consistent through the course of the book. An indexer cannot select the term "lighting" early in the process and decide later that "illumination" is more apt, at least without having to start anew; a decision that neither "illumination" nor "lighting" are significant terms cannot later be reversed. The number of headings and sub-headings will determine the length and intricacy of the index. (Novice indexers tend to choose too many.) These selections entail a series of small, strategic decisions, and to do it well requires an ability to quickly synthesize information and conceptualize the thematic relationships within that information, a talent evocatively termed "the skill of consequential thinking."[25] A good indexer excels at communicative terseness. Nothing of significance escapes notice, and nothing of insignificance lingers long. Poets make poetry of experience, and indexers make poetry of information.

There are many poor indexes in the world and many ways in which an index can fail. Some of these flaws are outlined in Wheatley's pitiless chapter "The Bad Indexer." Inept indexers, Wheatley laments, neglect to index significant content, index content that is not significant, and attach references to headings few readers would likely consult. They confuse names of related people, include synonyms under separate entries, and provide headings that are maddeningly self-referential (i.e., wild, see savage; savage, see wild). A particularly odious crime is to list undifferentiated page numbers with no subheadings. An index to Freud's collected works might have one heading, "guilt, sense of," followed by a long list of page numbers, but it is far more useful for this heading to be broken up into various sub-headings, such as "sense of guilt, and masochism," "sense of guilt, Oedipus complex," and "sense of guilt, and remorse, contrasted."[26] As an extreme example, Wheatley exasperatedly cites an index to *The Gentleman's Magazine* that lists 2,411 undifferentiated occurrences of the name "Smith." Based on Wheatley's assumption that it would take two minutes to examine each reference, someone working ten hours a day would need eight days to locate all the references to any specific Smith in the magazine's back issues.[27]

An indexer can assert not enough judgment (indexing "mammoth" in reference to a statement that the work is "mammoth in scope"[28]), or too much: an 1899 index to the London Times indexed an article about a woman firing a pistol and another about a woman stealing a mare under "R" for "Rather Uncommon for Females."[29] Good indexers are aware that indexing a banal assertion comes off as mean-spirited and indexing too bluntly as insensitive. It is poor form, for instance, to index "wire coat hanger" in reference to a statement that an anorexic's clothing will look as if it is hanging on a wire coat hanger.[30] Indexing arbitrarily confuses the reader—if one item in a list of medicinal herbs is to be indexed, all should be—but indexing mechanically, including every offhand reference, leads to an index bloated with entries of no consequence.

The golden mean is an indexer who is objective enough to anticipate the needs of a wide variety of readers and subjective enough to parse the central importance of the work. In theory, the indexer's own bias should be vigilantly contained, even though an index with bias is more charming than one bleached clean of it. Wheatley himself let a bit of personality seep into his indexes: faced with Thomas de Quincey's extended discussion of a pig latin–like language with a bizarre provenance, for instance, Wheatley indexed the passage as "ziph language (!!), i 201," adding a bit of salty punctuation that, like a polite cough, announces the presence of a flesh-and-blood indexer.[31]

In the opinion of at least one professional indexer, ***Diana Witt***, lawyers have a knack for indexing, while scientists, engineers, and doctors do not—Witt reports that the latter have poor vocabulary

outside their field of specialization and little awareness of the needs and interests of a general audience. Less contentious is the general belief that authors are very poor indexers of their own work. A character in Kurt Vonnegut's novel *Cat's Cradle* describes such indexes as "flattering to the author, insulting to the reader. In a hyphenated word, self-indulgent."[32] Authors know the material best, but are too entrenched to make an index useful to someone less entrenched; moreover, the skills that make a good writer are of little help with indexing. Lord Macaulay, the author of a definitive, five-volume history of England, demonstrated such fallibility when he directed his publisher regarding the book's index: "such head[ing]s as Priestcraft, Priesthood, Party Spirit, Insurrection, War, Bible, Crown, Controversies, Dissent, are quite useless. Nobody will ever look at them."[33] Luckily, his publisher demurred. A professional indexer avoids the myopia that is the author's lot.

There are, of course, exceptions to this rule. The French writer Georges Perec, for instance, was an enthusiastic and creative indexer of his own books.[34] John Ruskin indexed himself—he compared the work to tying an effective broom—as did Samuel Pepys and George Bernard Shaw. Virginia Woolf's index to *Orlando* (1928) and Vladimir Nabokov's index to *Pale Fire* (1962) are intrinsic components of those novels; J. G. Ballard wrote an entire short story in index form. Julian Barnes is an index enthusiast, and his index to his collection of essays *Through the Window* is full of catty asides ("Rushdie, Salman: fails to impress, 7"; "Houellebecq, Michel: mediagenic?, 136").[35] Other writers indexed for work or amusement, taking obvious pleasure in alphabetical minutiae. Friedrich Nietzsche prepared indexes for a German philology journal, while the young Lewis Carroll produced what became a twenty-four-volume index to *The Rectory Magazine*, a homemade publication he began as a thirteen-year-old ("Rubbish, Reasonings on").[36] Indexes are fodder for artists as well: Robert Smithson once proposed an index film "based (or debased) on the a section of the index in *Film Culture Reader*," with a thirty-second take for each index entry,[37] and Helen Mirra's practice has recently turned to embedding the index in architecture: phrases culled from various indexes are painted directly on the walls of buildings to which Mirra's sources refer.

Mulvany's ideal indexer possesses a cognitive sophistication that computers cannot yet mimic, and perhaps never will. To be sure, the introduction of indexing software was a boon for the profession. Wheatley devotes six pages to the tedious process of preparing an analogue index: cutting up slips of paper, mixing glue, devising a method of alphabetizing thousands of entries, and, finally, arranging slips of paper on a large table and praying that a gust of wind does not displace them before they can be pasted down. Indexing software not only eliminated such material detritus, but automatically provided pagination, so that a last-minute edit no longer necessitated repaginating the entire index. But the usefulness of computers vis-à-vis indexing ends there. A computer program that simply tracks words will create a useless index, which is to say that indexing has very little in common with the "find" function of Microsoft Word. An author may prefer custard to pudding or melancholy to depression or pyrotechnics to fireworks and a reader vice versa, but only the indexer will match the two.

Nearly all digital formats offer a full-text search function, but such searches consume more time and produce fewer results than consulting an index; index users also gain from the incidental benefit of browsing other index entries.[38] An index's structure of inquiry is especially indispensable, such that interest in Marie Antoinette can be meted out between Antoinette's family, her execution, her clothing, the 1938 film starring Norma shearer, and the 2006 film starring Kirsten Dunst.

Unexpectedly, in 1989, indexing enjoyed an overdue moment in the limelight when Warner Books inexplicably published the 807-page *Andy Warhol Diaries* without an index. The book had been eagerly anticipated for its gossip value, but without an index it was impossible to quickly determine where and when Warhol dined with Jacqueline Kennedy or Susan Sontag; his perspective on the "gay cancer" that claimed the life of many of his friends; his comments on the impudent girl who snatched off his wig. There was a public outcry. Readers finally felt the worth of an index, while indexers presumably chortled with satisfaction. The situation was remedied by the clever editors at *Spy* magazine, who created their own index to the *Diaries*, binding it within an issue of *Spy*. As is true of any index worth the name, it got right to the point. Warhol cited Halston 191 times, making him Warhol's most frequent name drop, followed by Bianca Jagger (132), Liza Minnelli (59), and Madonna (31). It is surely a coincidence that the index's fifteen minutes of fame was gifted by Andy Warhol himself.

Notes

1. Martin Heidegger, *Being and Time*, trans. John Macquarrie and Edward Robinson (San Francisco: HarperCollins, 1964), pp. 541, 557.
2. Index entries to Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough* (1922); cited in Hazel Bell, *Indexers and Indexes in Fact and Fiction* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2001), p. 65.
3. Index to William Hawkins, *A Treatise of the Pleas of the Crown*, vol. 1 (London: C. Howorth, 1824), pp. 786, 803.
4. Cited in Edward Cook, *Literary Recreations* (London: Macmillan and Co., 1919), p. 69.
5. Cited in Henry B. Wheatley, *How to Make an Index* (London: Elliot Stock, 1902), p. 118. Available at https://ia600300.us.archive.org/2/items/howtomakeindex00wheauoft/howtomakeindex00wheauoft.pdf.
6. John Ruskin, *Index to Fors Clavigera* (Sunnyside, Kent: George Allen, 1887), p. 15; cited in Hazel Bell, *Indexers and Indexes*, p. 51.
7. Dale Spender, *Women of Ideas and What Men Have Done to Them* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd, 1982), p. 574. Spender's unorthodox index includes headings such as "men as enemy and as problem" and "reasoning, male limitations of;" she prefaces the index by warning that "it may be meaningless and mystifying to males."
8. John Henry Johnson, Jerry Sheridan, and Ruth Lawrence, eds. *The Laughter Library* (Indianapolis: Maxwell Droke, 1936).
9. Henry B. Wheatley, *How to Make an Index*, pp. 13–14.
10. See Henry B. Wheatley, *What Is an Index?* (London: Index Society, 1876), p. 9. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Shakespeare describes indexes as "small pricks / To their subsequent volumes" that yet reveal "The baby figure of the giant mass / Of things to come at large," but he is likely referring to something more like a preface or table of contents than an index. William Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, act I, scene 3.
11. See, for instance, Hazel Bell, *From Flock Beds to Professionalism: A History of Index-Makers*; cited in book review by Michael Dzanko, *Libraries and the Cultural Record*, vol. 45, no. 3 (2010), p. 374. See also Nancy K. Humphreys, "The World's Oldest Profession: Indexing?" in *The Indexer*, vol. 29, no. 4 (December 2011), pp. 161–165, and Hazel Bell, *Indexers and Indexes*, pp. 17–18.
12. Desiderius Erasmus, *Copia: Foundations of the Abundant Style*, translated and annotated by Betty I. Knott, in Collected Works of Erasmus, vol. 23–24 (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1978), pp. 292, 293.
13. Jonathan Swift, *A Tale of a Tub* (Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co., 1902), p. 146.
14. The index was amended to a book by Richard Boyle and edited by Francis Atterbury and is thus sometimes attributed to one or the other of these men; Wheatley argues that it was actually the work of Dr. William King, who went on to write several other satirical indexes. See Henry B. Wheatley, *How to Make an Index*, pp. 21–28.
15. "Front Row," BBC Radio 4, 1 November 2002. Available at www.aidanbell.com/sound/FrontRow.mov.

16. The film director David Lynch follows this logic in refusing to offer a scene selection option or chapter stops on his DVD releases: "It is my opinion that a film is not like a book—it should not be broken up. It is a continuum and should be seen as such. Thank you for your understanding." See liner notes to *The Straight Story*, dir. David Lynch, 1999 (Disney Home Video, 2000), DVD.
17. Isaac Disraeli [sic], *The Works of Isaac Disraeli*, ed. Benjamin Disraeli (London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, 1859), p. 299.
18. It is not unusual for the Wheatley Medal to go unawarded, as some years no index is judged worthy of the honor.
19. Henry B. Wheatley, *What Is an Index?*, p. 13.
20. Campbell apologized in the same breath that several of his own books lacked indexes, due to "difficulties started by my printers." Lord Chief Justice Campbell, *Lives of the Chief Justices of England*, vol. III (1846); cited in Henry B. Wheatley, *How to Make an Index*, p. 41. Paul Shorey, "Review of Index Aristophaneus by O. J. Todd," in *Classical Philology*, vol. 27, no. 2 (April 1932), p. 208.
21. Thomas Carlyle, *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, vol. 1 (London: Methuen & Co., 1904), p. 23.
22. Thomas Babington Macaulay, *The Complete Writings of Lord Macaulay: History of England*, vol. II (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1899) p. 89. Jonathan Swift, *The Works of the Rev. Jonathan Swift*, vol. 23, ed. Thomas Sheridan (New York: William Durell & Co., 1813), p. 349.
23. Telephone interview with Diana Witt, 30 August 2013.
24. Nancy C. Mulvany, *Indexing Books* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2005), p. 58.
25. Amy Spaulding and Alan R. Thomas, "Book Indexing: Principles and Techniques," *Journal of Education for Library and Information Science*, vol. 31, no. 3 (Winter 1991), p. 259.
26. Sigmund Freud, *The Freud Reader*, ed. Peter Gay (New York: W. W. Norton, 1989), p. 813.
27. Henry B. Wheatley, *How to Make an Index*, p. 67. Wheatley is likely citing *General Index to the Gentleman's Magazine from the Year 1787 to 1818, Both Inclusive*, pages 569 to 571 of which feature a multitude of generic Smiths. Available at books.google.com/books?id=3j9OAAAAcAAJ. Although Wheatley attributes this flawed index to Samuel Ayscough, it was more likely the work of a different, anonymous indexer, as Ayscough was responsible for a previous index to *Gentleman's Magazine* in which the various Smiths are in fact differentiated.
28. Robert Boote, *The Macmillan Guide to Britain's Nature Reserves* (London: Macmillan, 1984); cited in Hazel Bell, *Indexers and Indexes*, p. 88.
29. Henry B. Wheatley, *How to Make an Index*, p. 91.
30. John Vickers, "Unacademic Indexing," *The Indexer*, vol. 18, no. 1 (April 1992).
31. See volume 14 of Thomas De Quincey, *The Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey: Miscellanea and Index*, ed. David Masson (London: A. & C. Black, 1897), p. 447.
32. Kurt Vonnegut, *Cat's Cradle* (New York: Holt, 1963); cited in Hazel Bell, *Indexers and Indexes*, p. 143.
33. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* (London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1881), p. 505.
34. Perec was also the keeper of the "Index," a box of elaborately organized note cards that tracked potential contributors to a magazine he planned to launch with a group of friends but never did. Perec's day job, as an archivist at a medical laboratory, also involved sophisticated indexing techniques.
35. Julian Barnes, *Through the Window* (New York: Vintage Books, 2012), pp. 240, 236.
36. Hazel Bell, *From Flock Beds to Professionalism*; cited in book review by Michael Dzanko, *Libraries and the Cultural Record*, p. 374.
37. Robert Smithson, "A Cinematic Atopia," *Artforum* (September 1971); reprinted in *Robert Smithson: The Collected Writings*, ed. Jack Flam (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1996), p. 140.
38. For more on this, see the work of the American Society for Indexing Digital Trends Task Force.

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But ASI does more. The organization is working hard to be present at industry events so that indexing is recognized as an important part of publishing—a part that is essential in the Information Age as a primary tool for findability. The DTTF has been instrumental in this, but our presence at the last PubWest conference and now our membership in the AAP are both steps in achieving that end.

ASI also exists to provide education for indexers through the Training Course, through the terrific workshops at our annual Conference, through our publications, and through our new ASI Short Courses: Learning Online and On-Demand. Lucie Haskins' October roll-out in embedded indexing in InDesign is the first offering, and more will soon follow. The technology of our profession is rapidly evolving, and ASI will help indexers stay on the cutting edge of change.

Ultimately, ASI exists as an advocate for indexers and for indexing. Our goal? When clients see the ASI Member logo in an indexer's signature line, they instantly recognize that it means "This is a professional indexer who is trained, competent and dependable." And as a result—you land the job.

Happy indexing!

— Charlee

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to share the strategies and processes they have tried, as well as what has worked for them and what hasn't.

About Our Presenter

Lucie has a bachelor of science in technical administration and a master's degree in business management. She was employed in many aspects of data analysis and management during her pre-indexing technical career, and is recognized as a master indexer with deep experience in back-of-the-book, as well as embedded, indexing. Her personal story as a young immigrant from Poland and of overwhelming adversity after her husband's seriously disabling accident is compelling. She has had to learn to work smarter, not harder! Lucie is a polished and entertaining speaker. She is also writing a memoir titled, *Married Widow*.

Registration Details

- Cost: $40/member, $50/non-member, $30/current indexing student
- Coffee, refreshments, and lunch are included in the workshop fee. The optional group dinner following the day's event is at your own expense.
- You can pre-register by sending an email to Teri Lefever at teri@nimbleindex.com containing your contact information and membership/student status. Please complete your registration no later than Friday, September 12, 2014 by sending a check for your fee, payable to ASI Rocky Mountain Chapter, to:

Teri Lefever, ASI-RM Treasurer
6851 West County Road 24, Loveland, CO 80538

Your cancelled check will be your receipt.
For more information, contact Gina Guilinger: gina@weightoftheword.com.

— Gina Guilinger, Chair
ASI/Rocky Mountain Chapter
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