

The Jack ^{S.} Ess Factor

--obtuse reviewers; draw on file of letters to and from Bob Boynton--in Hayden file--
about Georgia prof who panned Utopian America for its price.

--if I use the Eng Crk situation of being panned by Seattle critics and nobody else,
put in footnotes at back examples of both sorts of reviews, as evidence.

--Robt Burns, p. 152 of Complete Works:

"Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers..."

WB

That is the writer's justice, that if we write ^{exceptionally}~~well~~, we are written about.

¹
devilish

example: to Archie Satterfield, 30 Sept. '78:

"I'm gonna have to git a new pair of boots; the tongues of you critics are beginning to chafe my ankles through the ^{old} ~~new~~ pair."

--My reviews range from the Sky experience to Timothy Foote in NYTBR spending half his review (count the actual wordage?) disliking Mariah Montana before saying, But Bucking the Sun isn't anything like that...

--Foote had obviously been sicced onto my research, and finding nothing to quibble with, cleared his throat w/ '30's quote of his own.

the long-nailed mandarins (critics)

Irene Warner's criticism in P-I review of Rascal Fair of Angus's sentence,
"levered liquid up to the lips": the Iowa Writers School is not the audience
for that particular sentence.

On Being Compared With Yourself

(situation of a first book, or most famous book, becoming the critics' yardstick for all else you write, regardless of whether it's different. In my case, Seattle reviewers' dismay abt Eng Crk after fast pace of Sea Runners.)

novelists

I would never say historians are as susceptible to anything as ~~novelists~~ are.

But in their 1937 edition of The Growth of the American Republic, Samuel Eliot

Morison and Henry Steele Commager evidently couldn't resist writing of Faulkner

that most of his novels suffered from the connotation suggested by the title of

his novel, The Sound and the Fury--"they were tales signifying nothing." Morison

and Commager hung on to that opinion through the next two editions and thirteen

years, by which time Count No Account had himself the Nobel Prize for Literature--

a case, it seems to me, of the textbook historians not ~~letting~~ wanting to let

(actually, it was a so-so line) even after actuality made it outdated.

what might be called.

*Hi
arr n 7
time*

precise name

25

a long since

irony should have been scrapped.

National Public Radio critic Bob Mondello cited Michener and Clavell; p. 180
and the lava is still cooling.

NOT OPEN TO PUBLIC INSPECTION

I'm not open to public inspection.

Reviewers sometimes recite the plot, to an extent that both thrills and horrifies a novelist. I spent a couple of years putting all those surprise turns of plot in a novel, and reviewers can just wave around an X-ray of it like that? Yeah, they can, and they do.