

IBBSTONE HOUSE: IBBSTONE:

NEAR HIGH WYCOMBE: BUCKS.

November 29, 1968.

Dear Miss Mortimer:

OUT; G. Household. (Doesn't matter.)

Wendy Owen. (Half-wit.)

M. Frayne. (Curiously dull.)

J. Le Carré. (As according to formula.)

Melwyn Bragg. (To name only one defect, how grossly
over-written.)

Famela Hansford Johnson. (Refuse to take oath that
I read this soap opera to the last page.)

J. Farrimond. (This is really scandalously bad.
No observation, no imagination, clumsy
and characterless dialogue, inexpressive.)

J. Reid. (Surely rewritten Hemingway.)

L. Rethe. (Very schoolgirlish.)

P. McCitcheon. (Mediocre nonsense.)

Aaron Judah. (One of those -athetic books which
have evidently been fun to write but are
not fun to read.)

H. Charteris. (The ~~Thd~~ ~~ahasua~~ peculiarly repulsive
stale ~~M~~ ~~hael~~ ~~rlen~~ ~~ishness~~ about it.)

S. Barstow. (Soap opera has found its way into
modern literature in the most odd way.)

P. Callow. (Absolutely nothing to say.)

I. Colegate. (Stale Michael Arlen again.)

L. Clark. (How extraordinary.)

J. Frame. (An allegory to be successful must
hold water on the material plane. This
does not)

~~W.H.S.~~ D. Grant
(Very rebarbative.)

B. Burland. (I think this bad. The story of the
boy's home-life is soap opera - which is

the infection which runs all through this batch. The part about the life on board is completely dead, and the dialogue quite idiosyncratic.)

RIPrauer Jabvala. (Curiously disappointing for this writer.)

M.Richter. (His genito-urinary system keeps on coming between the reader and the page - a pity, he is quite funny sometimes.)

D.Gurney. (Vulgar nonsense.)

K.Amis. (Curiously disappointing, again.)

L.Lang-Sims. (I couldn't have believed it.)

IN.

A.Powell. (Not earth-shaking, I feel, because there is such a high percentage of twaddling on. But some first-rate stuff. But am I wrong in feeling the irony very obvious?)

T.Wiseman. (Very competent and individual. Again not earth-shaking, because not really formed by the imagination. But better than most.)

M.Ross. (I feel I should think The Gasteropod quite good if I could make out what it is about. I think it is only a rather silly and obvious little story very amusingly written, but I'm told, no, it's more than that. Willing to confer with my betters. I am bound to say that, page by page, I like reading it.)

P.H.Newby. (I admire some of this man's work so much that I cannot bear to admit that I cannot make out what this book is about, either. I suspect Graham Greene and a bogus Christ-schlemihl. But I enjoyed reading it page by page.)

P.Scott. (How long-winded. He and Walter Scott should have a wonderful time together in the next world. But good. All except the sexual part, which seems to me quite out of the time span.)

Rebecca West.