DEAR MISS MORTIMER:

NOVEMBER 29, 1968.

OUT: G. Household. (Doesn't matter.)
Wendy Owen. (Half-wit.)
M. Fryne. (Curiously dull.)
J. Le Carré. (As according to formula.)
Melwyn Bragg. (To name only one defect, how grossly over-written.)

Famels 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 characterless dialogue, unexpressive.)
J. Reid. (Surely rewritten Hemingway.)
L. Petite. (Very schoolgirlish.)
P. McCutcheon. (Mediocre nonsense.)
Aaron Judah. (One of those m-slematic books which have evidently been fun to write but are not fun to read.)
H. Chaferis. (Thdiasosa peculiarly repulsive stale H haal rlenliness about it.)
S. Barstow. (Soap opera has found its way into modern literature in the most odd way.)
P. Callo. (Absolutely nothing to say.)
I. Colgate. (Stale Michael Arlen again.)
L. Clark. (How extraordinary.)
J. Frame. (An allegory to be successful must hold water o the material plane. This doesn't)

V. Grant. (Very rebarbative.)

B. Burland. (I think this bad. The story of the boy's home-life is soap opera - which is
the infection on which we are all through this batch. The part about the life on board is completely dead, and the dialogue quite idiosyncratic.)

RIPrawer Jabvala. (Curiously disappointing for this writer.)
M. Richter. (H's 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 twiddling 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 GrahamGreenery 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.)