In the following story find the phrase: “James burned his notebook”

1. Skim through the story until you find the phrase
2. Use the pre-built index for “notebook” using a **word size of 8** letters “notebook”

The mystique of a writer’s notebook seems still to be with us in this digital age. Perhaps it’s because a handwritten original is unhackable – other than by traditional means, such as burglary. But it’s no doubt a matter too of the way notebooks seem to offer access to no hidden origins, and to the creative processes by which works we value come into being. Notebooks record early versions and impulses, and though sometimes the writer has no eye to posterity, the privacy of self-communing allows things that can’t be shared with others to be said, within what Coleridge, one of the great notebook-keepers, called in 1808 a “Dear Book! Sole Confidant of a breaking Heart”. For Virginia Woolf, her notebook helped to “discover real things beneath the no show”; flashes of perception, phrases, half-formed and potential ideas – and of course stray bare thoughts (see Kafka: “Never again psychology!”; or Mark Twain: “Wife perfect but blamed if she suits me!”).

Henry James wrote in his notebook about the evening when the Archbishop of Canterbury told him the anecdote that became *The Turn of the Screw*. Photograph: The Houghton Library

Jotting things down in a notebook is one way writers shape and discipline the unpredictable flow of ideas. For Henry James, in 1881, just after publishing [*The Portrait of a Lady*](https://www.theguardian.com/books/2012/sep/07/portrait-novel-henry-james-gorra-review), it was already a matter of regret that he had “lost too much by losing, or rather by not having acquired, the note-taking habit”. But he would make up for it over the next 30 years by filling innumerable notebook pages with his records of story ideas, anecdotes from dinner parties and newspapers, things noticed on his travels. He developed note-keeping personal rituals around the process of expressing his thoughts, through the pressure of pen on paper.

Increasingly he saw the notebook as the answer to … well, everything: “the only balm and the only refuge, the real solution of the pressing question of life, are in this frequent, fruitful, intimate battle with the particular idea, with the subject, the possibility, the place.” James burned his notebook, but for some years I’ve been re‑editing those which survived for a new scholarly edition (still in progress, for Cambridge University Press). They’re classics of the form, full of wonderful writing and thrilling passages – such as the account of the evening when the Archbishop of Canterbury told James the vague ghostly anecdote that became *The Turn of the Screw*. They also contain about 60 subjects that he never got round to writing.