

reviewed a book by Acheson, a friend from his Washington years, in the *TLS*. On Carter's cutting of the second review (a copy of which is in my collection), dealing with *Sketches from Life* (21 July 1961, p. 443), Carter placed an asterisk at the end of the second paragraph, where he had pointed out that the reader "enjoys the illusion of being behind the scenes." Then in the margin he wrote a sentence that had been "cut here for space": "We almost, but not quite, expect to run into Arketall on the stairs" (referring to Lord Curzon's valet).

- A "Sadleir Rides Again," *TLS*, 30 October 1970, p. 1280. Signed. Reprinted (with additions) in *AB Bookman's Weekly* (D:1970, November).

#### E2:1971

- R "Cutting Down on the Elaborations," *TLS*, 16 April 1971, p. 456. Unsigned. Review of David Foxon's *Thoughts on the History and Future of Bibliographical Description* and Donald Gallup's *On Contemporary Bibliography*.  
 R "ALC Reprinted," *TLS*, 25 June 1971, p. 744. Unsigned. Review of *Ashley Library Catalogue*.

#### E2:1973

- R "Through the Jungle of Victorian Opinions," *TLS*, 9 February 1973, p. 160. Unsigned. Review of Walter Houghton's *Wellesley Index*, vol. 2.  
 A "From Lubbock's Century to Connolly's," *TLS*, 16 February 1973, p. 188. Unsigned.

### APPENDIX

#### JOHN CARTER'S SUPPOSED NOVEL

Those who are familiar with John Carter's writings have long been aware of the 1934 novel called *The Fall of the Titan*, by "John Waynflete." It has regularly been attributed to Carter, whose full name was John Waynflete Carter and who occasionally used "John Waynflete" (or "George Waynflete" or "Waynflete") as a pseudonym, as on the second edition (1946) of the volume of clerihews that he edited for the Rampant Lions Press, the private press of his brother Will. But the novel has not been read by many people because of its rarity. As of August 2020, WorldCat records only four copies worldwide: at the British Library, the National Library of Scotland, Oxford, and Yale (three of which—all but Oxford—attribute the authorship to Carter in their catalogues). There are also copies at Trinity College Dublin and Swansea University, and there may of course be other institutional copies not reported to WorldCat. In addition, I am aware of a few individuals who possess a copy. Nevertheless, it is clearly a very scarce book.

Because I recently acquired a copy (with the assistance of A. S. G. Edwards), I am now in a position to read it, which I have done. The experience, however, was not what I had expected. Carter's writing is known for its elegance and wit, and this novel is written with ludicrous formality and is full of banal sentiments. One only has to read a few pages to begin wondering: did Carter really write this? The name "John Waynflete" is what has caused people to think that he did. But