

JOHN HERDMAN

# Four Tales

with an Introduction by  
Macdonald Daly

Zoilus Press  
London  
2000

*Four Tales* by John Herdman, with an  
Introduction by Macdonald Daly

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ISBN 1 902878 45 0

Printed by Antony Rowe Ltd.,  
Chippenham, Wiltshire, England.

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## INTRODUCTION

by MACDONALD DALY

### I

In 1968 a twenty-five page booklet, printed by Macdonald of Edinburgh for 'The Fiery Star Press', priced at six shillings, made an unassuming, and largely unnoticed, appearance on the shelves of certain of the capital's bookshops. At the same time, the privately published work was posted to a number of its author's friends and acquaintances, provoking a sheaf of personally communicated responses which has, thankfully, been preserved.<sup>1</sup> These epistolary reactions ranged from the tersely appreciative to the amicably perplexed, from the morally horrified to the theologically corrective. One of the respondents referred accurately to the text as being full of 'savage outbursts of autophobia', and felt that 'such a work has a valid existence in publication only when the author has rendered himself interesting for some other reason'.

John Herdman's *Descent* is indeed among the oddest of literary *débuts* and, had it not been supplemented by later, more substantial and mature work, its inglorious neglect would be entirely pardonable.<sup>2</sup> Part of the difficulty in understanding *Descent* is that the reading protocols one might bring to bear on it are not self-evident. The text is a monologue in ten sections, some of which take the form of short philosophical disquisitions, while others are the meditations of a distressed and tortured psyche wrestling with itself. Beyond the intimation of certain anecdotal facts in his personal history, we learn little about the outward identity of the nameless narrator. Herdman, who has categorised *Descent* as a 'confessional essay', has acknowledged that its voice 'is my own, though obviously filtered through a lot of literary influences' and that he was, at the time, 'a distinctly dysfunctional individual'.<sup>3</sup> The indebtedness to Rimbaud's *Une Saison en Enfer* and *Les Illuminations*, to Dostoyevsky's *Notes from Underground* and Rilke's *Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, may not have been uppermost in the minds of the personal acquaintances to whom Herdman sent

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<sup>1</sup> The correspondence can be consulted in the Herdman materials in the manuscripts section of the National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh (hereafter referred to as 'Herdman Papers'; see ACC. 11089/5/vii).

<sup>2</sup> Herdman's most accomplished works to date are the novella *Imelda*, in *Imelda and Other Stories* (Edinburgh, Polygon, 1993), and the novel *Ghostwriting* (Edinburgh, Polygon, 1996). *Descent* remains available from Zoilus Press: see the order form in the end papers of the current volume.

<sup>3</sup> Macdonald Daly, 'An Interview with John Herdman', *Southfields* 6, 1 (1999), p. 86.

the text in 1968: the indeterminateness of the distance between the author and narrator, and the consequent uncertainty as to whether masks are being cast off or assumed, clearly caused difficulties for several of them.

Yet *Descent* is anything but a psychoanalytic outpouring. It structures itself by appropriating or reworking the hellish imagery and existentialist themes of the texts cited. The narrator, unable to achieve anything more than a 'deadly confusion' in the relationship between his inner and outer worlds, tells us (in section II) that he holds his inner world dearer, but that at times it seems 'endowed with a crablike malice'. He describes it as a cancer upon the life he leads 'in the world of human intercourse', but he has already described cancer, with self-conscious perversity, in terms of 'the miraculous principle of its growth and the hidden beauty of its development'. He waxes lyrical about intoxicating moments when he does experience ties and obligations and a sense of communal belonging, even fashioning 'masks' which allow him to indulge in this sense of social authenticity. But these moments, which he calls 'happiness', disappear as his 'inner life' reassumes dominance. His existence oscillates between these incommensurable worlds. Before the external world can demand a share of his attention it seems hugely antagonistic, and there is a brooding passage in which, at such moments, he feels like Roderick Usher, the expiring character in Poe's tale; and then, finally, he remarks that in this confusion between 'the tortuous vagaries of the mind' and the 'grasping for the actual' he feels 'at one with my weary time and culture'. The section closes with an explanation of what it is that 'nourishes' the inner self, and it turns out that these are virtually all things from the past: 'old history books, quaint Victorian drawings of Elizabethan voyages, Old Testament phrases, exotic place-names like Bhutan and Tegucigalpa, mathematical symbols, old coins, obscure species of sea-life, [...] ruined keeps'. Thus is the inner life mapped on to the past, richly resonant, while the outer life belongs in a spiritually, culturally, morally impoverished present; and this disjunction is said to be typical of contemporary experience.

The dichotomy also determines the unreadable form of *Descent*. Appalled by the diversions of the outer world — the ways it has of seducing one from 'minding the business of one's own soul; which is after all a full-time occupation, and very hard work' — the authorial personality 'descends' into itself, and the text correspondingly eschews narrative, event, and dialogue ('I am quite done with speech — speech, that most dangerous form of action') in favour of melancholy broodings on will and pride, and the relation of appalling dreams full of oppressive half-significance.

One could say that *Descent* presages much that Herdman's later work would come to focus on. To speak of content, these are: questions of will and pride; of the possibilities of spirituality in a grossly corrupt material world; theological obsessions; existential anxiety; psyches on the brink of collapse; and an all-

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pervading fascination with physical and situational abnormality. To speak of style, there is a distinct flair for short set-piece passages which, by accretion, allow the text to develop segmentally, as a series of distinct but related meditations or mini-stories. On the other hand, one might argue that Herdman's later work has essentially been an elaboration (but, most crucially, as we shall see, a *narrativisation*) of *Descent*. Either way, this early production, written when its author was only twenty-three years old, is a key to understanding not only Herdman's potential, but also his achievement.

## II

John Herdman was born, 'with the umbilical cord twisted round my neck',<sup>4</sup> in Edinburgh on 20 July 1941. He was the elder child of parents who enjoyed considerable affluence, his father being a grain importer in Leith; and who shared the still 'almost Victorian' value system of the professional upper middle class of the city. Herdman has written that "in spite of all the resentments and hard edges in our domestic relationships we were in many ways a very, and even unhealthily, close family: "discord," as I put it in one of my novels, 'being an infinitely more compelling bond than harmony'".

At the age of two-and-a-half months Herdman was baptised in the Church of Scotland. In his childhood years he 'plunged indiscriminately' into the 'basic resources of a traditional Victorian and Edwardian library' offered by his parents' and grandparents' homes. He claims that from this early age his favourite reading matter was the Bible, especially the Old Testament, and that this was of considerably more significance than the family's 'usually fortnightly' visits to St Cuthbert's church. He started writing prose and verse pieces at the age of seven ('In content they would be a psychoanalyst's paradise, characterised as they were by a pre-occupation with cruelty and violence and a repelled fascination for dirt'), but his talents in this direction 'went into a hibernation from which I sometimes think they never wholly emerged' at adolescence. He was sent to Angusfield House, an independent Edinburgh prep school, for five years, a period which he remembers mainly as one in which he came to be aware of a general alienation from his own body and his lack of sociability. At eight or nine his father began to take him regularly to

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<sup>4</sup> Most of the biographical information and all of the unfootnoted quotations in this Introduction are taken from Herdman's unpublished and alarmingly candid 'spiritual autobiography', *From Whence Comes My Aid* (completed 1985). A copy is among the Herdman Papers, but will be generally unavailable until the author's death. I thank John Herdman for his permission to consult and quote generously from the manuscript.

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Scottish National Orchestra concerts in the Usher Hall, from which developed a passion for classical music, but from his early attempts at music-making he was forced to conclude that this was not the direction in which his future pointed.

In the autumn of 1952, Herdman's parents sent him to New Park, a preparatory boarding school in St Andrews, where the family had relations (Herdman's cousin was the school doctor). It was here that the eleven-year-old came to feel not only 'acutely exposed and lost' but also became convinced of the 'absolute reality of evil, both in others and in myself ... For New Park in the early fifties had horrors on offer which seemed to come straight out of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*.' These mainly took the form of physical and psychological bullying among the boys, which the teachers turned a blind eye to or 'tacitly encouraged ... as character-forming and backbone-stiffening'. It was here that Herdman first made the acquaintance of D. M. Black, later an accomplished poet,<sup>5</sup> the pair sharing their nascent literary efforts with each other; and developed a devouring passion for Sir Walter Scott's novels, reading 'about a dozen of the monsters in a couple of years', and producing short stories in imitation of 'the Wizard of the North':

One of these stories could almost have been inspired by Samuel Beckett, had his great trilogy been available to me at that time. It concerned a 'hermit-miser' called Hezekiah Finch who resided in a hovel in the Borders, living by theft and beggary and continuously drunken ('And if he was given not the spirits free, he always had a stout stick to wield over the back of the unfortunate bar-boy.'). Hezekiah 'was about sixty-five years of age, over six feet in height, and thin as a rake. He had a long, matted grey beard, stuck together with dried egg-yolk, soup and other food. His sparse grey hair came over his ears, and his beak nose stuck out like a vulture's. He wore foul, tattered clothes, and was covered with lice, as he had never had a bath for twenty-eight years.' This unattractive personage, who of course was the black sheep of a family descended from Norman barons, had amassed by theft and mendicancy the unlikely sum of £850,000, but he kept his ailing son Leonard a prisoner in his repulsive hovel. Leonard, a talented but consumptive youth, was writing 'a book telling of the wretched life of his father, which he hoped some day to give to some passer-by, accompanied by a letter to the police advising them to arrest his father as the foulest thief and vagabond for miles around.' Losing patience, however, this filial young man brought the story to an abrupt and premature

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<sup>5</sup> The friendship was renewed in later life and has resulted in a voluminous (and ongoing) correspondence, much of Black's contribution to which can be consulted in the Herdman Papers.

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conclusion by cleaving Hezekiah's skull with an axe when he came home drunk one evening. It is good at any rate to relate that this cautionary tale had a happy ending, for 'with the dead brute's fortune he was cured of T.B.'

After two years at New Park, Herdman won an entrance scholarship to Merchiston Castle public school in Edinburgh, where his 'unhappiness was more low-keyed and less spectacular', and the fact that he began to envisage a career as practical as law suggests the extent of the influence its over-systematised regime had on him. It was at Merchiston that Herdman's acquaintance with modern literature began. He recalls 'starting not with the giants but with those who were most talked about at the time — Hemingway, Steinbeck, Graham Greene, George Orwell and Pasternak'. He also read Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and was introduced to T. S. Eliot in the classroom, but 'understood him scarcely at all'. Specialising in History, Herdman took his A-levels and prepared for entrance to Cambridge. Shortly before leaving the school he was admitted to full membership of the Church of Scotland.

By the summer of 1959 Herdman had secured a place at Magdalene College, Cambridge, his official aim being to pursue a History degree followed by studies in Scots law at Edinburgh and a career at the bar, 'though I had a private idea that I might write novels as a hobby'. In the December he won an open scholarship to Magdalene and, in the New Year, 'a temporary position was manufactured for me in the family business on my mother's side, Melroses the tea and coffee merchants, who had their head office in Leith'. This was his parents' way of helping him gain some experience in the 'real world'. There followed an extended period of travel on the continent, and in October 1960 he went at last to Cambridge.

Herdman stayed in Magdalene for his entire three years. His account of the time is perhaps the least relentlessly melancholy of his autobiography. During his first term he spent more time on Joyce's *Ulysses* ('it took me about six weeks') than the History he should have been reading. This was a significant turning point. Not only did Herdman embrace Joyce's *non serviam* ethic, but he also nursed an ambition to emulate his artistic achievement: 'from that time on I was single-mindedly determined to be, in Eugene O'Neill's phrase, "a writer or nothing"':

My hero-worship of James Joyce — it could not be described as anything less — had a number of far-reaching consequences for my future life and development. In the first place it encouraged a certain *folie de grandeur* in terms of my literary aspirations and my estimation of my own talent. My discovery of the possibilities of the pseudo-priestly role of the artist gathered up all the dangerous potential that lay buried in my nature

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for a compensatory self-aggrandisement; a self-assertion, indeed an almost mystical self-certainty, which at once gave meaning to my inveterate sense of aloneness and difference, and compensated my equally deeply-rooted feelings of physical, practical and sexual inferiority. It also made for a perilous single-mindedness, a commitment to put all one's eggs in the basket of literary ambition, and to regard any such compromise with the bourgeois-philistine world as a safe or conventional career as disqualifying one from the status of artist-priest, indeed as almost a kind of mark of the Beast in such a context. It goes without saying that the nurturing of such an attitude involved the growth and conscious cultivation of a truly demonic pride.

Secondly, the Joyce-identification defined in a new way my sense of alienation from my parents' world, and turned it into a conscious rebellion against their values. This of course is a familiar enough story, but the form it took in my own case was very much determined by a Joycean sense of style. It was within this influence, too, that I came to be aware for the first time of my Scottish cultural heritage; but here the effects were more complicated, and modified by other factors. Cambridge has made me aware of being Scottish in a way I had never been before; but at first, after the example of Joyce, my reaction was to reject the local, the provincially limited, in the life I had known, in favour of a championing of European culture, in a spirit which assumed the relative unimportance of national cultural differences compared with the shared insights and perceptions of the great artists of the west. Soon, however, my reading not only of Joyce but also of Yeats and Beckett made me stress equally the divergence of the Celtic consciousness from the Anglo-Saxon stream. I felt more intimately at home with these writers — and, indeed, with many continental writers — than I did with most English poets and novelists; and with my discovery of the poetry and politics of Hugh MacDiarmid a year or two later, my conversion to a Scottish nationalist cultural position was not long delayed.

His '*folie de grandeur*' could only have been encouraged by the award of a runner-up prize of one guinea in the short story competition of the magazine *Granta*, in recognition of 'a sub-Lawrentian tale written before my Joycean experience had completely taken over my approach to writing'. There were two additional practical consequences of this suitably epiphanic conversion to Joyceanism. Firstly, Herdman changed course and began reading for the English Tripos, lapping up Lawrence, O'Neill, Beckett, Brecht, Yeats, Dunbar, Henryson, Marlowe, Donne, Swift, Blake and Coleridge (among others), taking Dickens as a special author and the Romantics as a special period in his final year. He also abandoned his Christianity virtually overnight, recognising his beliefs as shallow, and acting under the pressure of a sense that being a modern

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writer and being a Christian ('the provoking exception of T. S. Eliot could safely be dismissed as an aberration') was a contradiction in terms. He claims, however, never to have become an atheist.

Herdman was awarded a double first and received his degree in June 1963. From the age of twenty-one he had been in receipt of 'a small income from a trust fund, which was enough for me to live on, though I was not to have control of the capital until I reached twenty-five'. It was this which enabled him to turn his back on both legal and academic careers, much to the disappointment of his father. He sailed to a New York for a three-week sojourn, during which he witnessed the 'dumb trance' of its citizens at the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Back in Edinburgh, tensions increasing between himself and his father, he moved out of the parental home and tried unsuccessfully to apply himself to writing, becoming 'very subject to hypochondria and morbid brooding', as well as anxiety attacks and symptoms that sound close to psychosis. He associated this condition with his lapsed Christianity, and tried in vain to revitalise a sense of religious vigour. Eventually he found a 'palliative' in a book edited by Christopher Isherwood, entitled *Vedanta for the Western World*, which 'sought to introduce the wisdom of the east to the children of the west ... and [whose teaching] accorded well with the religious-minded artists whom I admired, especially Blake'. Further reading in the *Bhagavad Gita* and the *Upanishads* helped to keep his recurring 'apocalyptic terrors' at bay.

The June of 1964 found Herdman in Cambridge once more, visiting old friends and reading Rimbaud and Rilke. In July he gained suitably Joycean work in an appropriately Joycean city (Zürich, where Joyce had, of course, written the greater part of *Ulysses*). He found both his job (as an English teacher in a private language school) and his lodgings (with an evangelical Christian landlady) oppressive, but stuck it out for two months before returning to Edinburgh in September. It was in Zürich that the 'distinctly dysfunctional individual' began to write the prose poems which would later become *Descent*. The work was finished in Edinburgh during the following winter of worsening 'apocalyptic anxiety neurosis'.

## III

The texts collected in the present volume are the most substantial fruit of his writerly activity in the decade following the composition of *Descent*. While they represent both the development and variety of his style and themes, they also exhibit certain constancies of influence and preoccupation.

Herdman himself has characterized the thematic development in his novellas as one which begins with a concern for questions of the will and of

self-assertion, 'with the individual pitting himself against society in some way, seeing himself as marked out to defy society by being an individual, perhaps not in any more social a sense than that, but simply by being an individual and asserting a sense of his own rightness over against the claims of society. But I was always aware at this time of the *hubris* involved in such an attitude, and I think what ... *A Truth Lover* and *Pagan's Pilgrimage* ... are really about is the religious dilemma, ultimately, of where this form of self-assertion (which I suppose could be called Nietzschean) leads the individual.<sup>6</sup> Where it often leads the protagonist is away from dominance by 'will' to an acceptance of 'truth', the latter involving at least a partial integration into the society which he had earlier been in revolt against. This development is explored in modes which are meditative and primarily existential (*A Truth Lover*), but also comic (*Pagan's Pilgrimage*).

The constant influence is Dostoyevsky, 'the colossal presence' and 'supreme novelist' whose ethic of redemption through suffering Herdman came to embrace wholeheartedly in the nineteen-seventies. The text which hovers over *A Truth Lover* is clearly *Notes from Underground*, although Herdman's spleenful narrator, unlike Dostoyevsky's, emerges partially reformed, Raskolnikov-like, from his misanthropy; and while the narrator of *Pagan's Pilgrimage* comes consciously to understand that he is *not* a Raskolnikov (see p. 102, below), this very insight makes it clear that the novella takes its cue from *Crime and Punishment*.<sup>7</sup>

In his autobiography, Herdman explains at some length his thematic intentions in these novellas. Here he is on *A Truth Lover*:

The misanthropic Straiton is a man whose excessive devotion to 'truth' and the idea of his own integrity is revealed as a function of pride. Witnessing a gratuitous act of violence in a pub, he decides for arbitrary reasons of his own that he will refuse to give evidence if called as a witness, determining to use this occasion as a touchstone of his self-belief. Accordingly he decamps for Paris and Switzerland, where a series of picaresque encounters underlines not only his wilfulness but also a certain perverse cruelty in his nature, which sours his relations with those he meets.

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<sup>6</sup> Daly, 'An Interview with John Herdman', p. 87.

<sup>7</sup> *Crime and Punishment* is, in every way, Herdman's master text. Its influence can be found even in the details. For example, the scene in 'Clapperton' in which the eponymous anti-hero plants his wallet in an umbrella stand to incriminate his host (see p. 123, below), owes something to Part Five, Chapter Three of Dostoyevsky's novel, in which Luzhin plants a hundred rouble note on Sonia (an ill-fated stratagem which is similarly exposed).

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In his enervating idleness he makes himself believe that he is performing 'invisible work, the work of the spirit', but gradually he begins to feel sick at himself and decided that the time has come for him to return home and face the consequences of his act of will. ...

... Unwilling however to take the risk of disturbing the motive structure of his life, 'my belief in truth and the efficacy of my own will', he retreats into a womb-like passivity, hiding himself away as a kitchen-hand in a Highland hotel. He is capable of honesty, though scarcely yet of therapeutic action; but he does form the resolve to drive out the 'burrowing beast' within him, with the only weapon he possesses, 'the resource of understanding, of knowledge, of intelligence'.

The final scene of the novella, in which Straiton takes an epic walk through the Lairig Ghru pass in the Cairngorms, is consequently meant to be read as a redemptive passage, in which he 'sees his journey to the bleak summit of the pass as imaging his ascent into the chilly abstractions of his will and his mental life, and his return to the warmth, richness and friendliness of the lower slopes as corresponding to the possibility of re-entering life and humanity'. The figure who comes down from the heights is at last aware that he is no Zarathustra descending from his isolation in the mountains to preach the will-to-power to his fellow *übermensch*.

Redemption through suffering never was fashionable stuff. Does this make it difficult for the many readers who do not share the ethic to appreciate Herdman's achievement? I think not. It is possible to read *A Truth Lover* in a much more Nietzschean mode than its author perhaps thinks — that is, to see Straiton's accommodation to conventional societal modes of living as a capitulation in which he abjures his freedom and fails to see through the consequences of acting in accordance with it. His interest as a character certainly resides in his defiance. Nowhere is this more so than in the centrepiece of the novella, the clash between Straiton and the Sheriff Substitute (pp. 21-3, below), a verbal *tour-de-force* which, although it results in his being given a prison sentence — or *because* it so results — Straiton must surely be seen as winning? Such a reading makes Straiton's dilemma more ambivalent than his author perhaps knows or cares to admit. The issue at stake may therefore be to what extent Straiton's distinction as a free individual is threatened *both* by his will (how *free* is it if it is an alien within, a 'burrowing beast?') *and* by his accommodation to the dictates of his society (which seems to produce a dampened, quiescent identity robbed of much of its autonomy). We might legitimately enquire whether the balance between these two extremes which Straiton can be read as having finally achieved is, in fact, the 'truth' he really desires or not. The power of *A Truth Lover* resides in its posing, rather than solving, these questions.

It does so in a vein of fairly high seriousness. However occasionally comic Straiton's sometimes self-indulgent confession is, comedy is never the dominant mode or tone of *A Truth Lover*. Much of Herdman's later work is, however, primarily comic, although it seldom fails to be underwritten by the signature of a prevailing mordancy. Thus, 'Clapperton' offers us an hilariously awful day in the truly wretched life of its eponymous anti-hero, but with the disturbing suggestion that every day is, by and large, as equally terrible for him. 'Memoirs of My Aunt Minnie', although the most light-hearted and pointedly comic of the texts in the present collection, nonetheless lays bare in alarming detail the hysteria and violence which sometimes attend intellectual deprivation.

In some instances the choice of comedy has clearly been dictated by the genre in which Herdman has chosen to work. Thus he realised that *Pagan's Pilgrimage*, which is a narrative of a 'holy killer', could not be done 'straight' in the manner of his main inspirations (*Crime and Punishment*, Hogg's *Confessions of a Justified Sinner* and Hoffmann's *The Devil's Elixirs*), partly, no doubt, because the genre itself can no longer enjoy the ideological support of widespread religious faith but also, more practically, because Herdman's killer is destined to fail by persuading himself (or finding himself persuaded) not to commit the final deed. The disproportions between his executionary fervour and the quotidian realities of his life are the rich source of the novella's humour. However, by the end of the narrative Herdman has managed again partially to redeem his anti-hero. While his impracticality as a schemer and his inadequacy as a person have set him up to be the butt of the story, Pagan appears at its conclusion to have come to an effective half-understanding of his limitations, or to be the recipient, as he contemplates the poignancy of the family relations and character of his intended victim, of what 'I suppose that those with religious inclinations might term ...grace' (p. 102). The ambiguity of his new condition is, however, also emphasised by the missionless status it brings — without a fantastic personal crusade to channel his evaporated sense of rebellion, Pagan at last feels a kind of humble contentment. But the novella's final paragraph insists that there is also an emptiness at the heart of this peace, into which 'the restless ghost of my dead dreams insinuates itself' and might once again take hold.

The present collection brings into print again the most valuable work of John Herdman's youth and allows readers once more to chart the development of a presence in Scottish literature which now spans almost four decades. Despite his varied and voluminous activity, Herdman's work has been consistently overlooked by critics, a neglect which would seem inexplicable only to those unaware of many parallel cases in literary history. The present introduction and the comprehensive bibliography below will have served their purpose if they offer resources to readers and researchers interested in pursuing his distinctive contribution to Scottish letters.

Appendix — John Herdman: a Bibliography 1961-1999<sup>8</sup>

1. 'Rat's Progress' (short story), *Plain Words*, Cambridge, June 1961.
2. *Descent* (confessional essay/prose poem), The Fiery Star Press, Edinburgh, March 1968.
3. 'Using the Enemy's Weapons' (article), *Catalyst*, Spring 1969.
4. 'Literature and National Self-Confidence' (article), *Catalyst*, Autumn 1969.
5. 'Hugh MacDiarmid as Essayist' (review article), *Akeros* 14, April 1970.
6. Editorial Comment, *Catalyst*, Spring 1970.
7. 'Self-Determination?' (article), pseudonymously as 'Tom Anderson', *Catalyst*, Spring 1970.
8. Review of *The Serpent*, by Neil M. Gunn, *Catalyst*, Spring 1970.
9. 'Snawed Up' (poem), *Scotia* 5, May 1970.
10. 'The Death of the Anglo-Saxon Idea' (article), in *The Celt in the Seventies* (annual volume of the Celtic League), 1970.
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14. Reyjew of *The Penguin Book of Scottish Verse*, ed. Tom Scott, *Catalyst*, Summer 1970.
15. 'Scottish Poetry, 1959-1969' (review article), *Akeros* 15, August 1970.
16. 'A Fever Image' (prose poem), *Scotia* 11, November 1970.
17. 'The World of D. M. Black' (article), *Scottish International* 13, February 1971.
18. 'Against Comfort' (article), *Knowe* 2, February 1971.
19. 'Towards New Jerusalem: The Poetry of Tom Scott' (article), *Akeros* 16, April 1971.
20. 'The Condition of Prose' (article), *Knowe* 3, April 1971.
21. 'James Hogg and his Reputation' (article), *Scotia* 16, April 1971.
22. Letter to the Editor, *Akeros* 17, July 1971.
23. Review of *Scottish Short Stories 1800-1900*, ed. Douglas Gifford, *Scottish International*, August 1971.
24. 'Politics III' (essay), in *Whither Scotland?*, ed. Duncan Glen, Gollancz, London, August 1971.
25. Letter on Alan Jackson's 'The Knitted Claymore', supplement to *Lines* 38, September 1971.
26. 'Gaucho Verse' (article), *Scotia* 21, September 1971.

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<sup>8</sup> I would like to thank John Herdman for his assistance in compiling this bibliography, from which only letters to the press are excluded.

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27. 'Tearan Raip' (poem), *Scotia* 23, November 1971.
28. 'Sharp's Trilogy So Far' (article), *Scottish International*, January 1972.
29. Review of *Collected Poems*, by Helen B. Cruickshank, *Agenda*, Autumn/Winter 1971/72.
30. Review of *The Albannach*, by Fionn MacColla, *Lines* 41, July 1972.
31. 'Addict' (prose piece), *Scotia Review* 1, August 1972.
32. 'Clapperton: A Day in His Existence' (short story), *Scottish International*, November 1972.
33. Review of three books by George Mackay Brown, *Lines* 42/43, September/February 1972/73.
34. 'The Progress of Scots' (article), *Akros* 20, December 1972.
35. 'Twenty Numbers of *Akros*' (article), *Akros* 21, April 1973.
36. *A Truth Lover* (novella), Akros Publications, Preston, April 1973.
37. 'An Aspect of Fionn MacColla as Novelist' (essay), in *Essays on Fionn MacColla*, ed. David Morrison, Caithness Books, Thurso, May 1973.
38. 'A View of the Conference' (article), *Scottish International*, May/July 1973.
39. 'The Sugar Plum Revelation' (short story), *Scotia Review* 3, June 1973.
40. 'A Paragon of Falsehood' (extract from *A Truth Lover*), *Scotia Review* 3, June 1973.
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