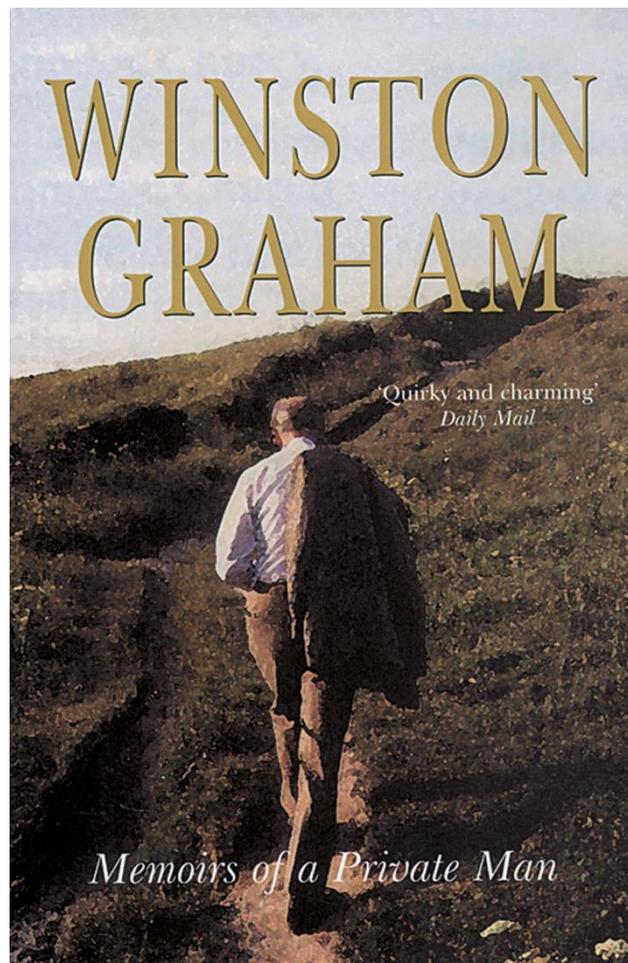


WG and Privacy

Good artists exist simply in what they make, and consequently are perfectly uninteresting in what they are. (Oscar Wilde)

Winston Graham left a memoir to be published after his death, and you might expect to see his face on its cover. He is, after all, not only the book's author, but also its principal subject. But though his name is prominently displayed on the cover's upper half, there is no face below that, or anywhere. He chose instead to present his back to the camera, from which he walks away – a subtle reference, perhaps, to the last and irrevocable leave-taking precipitated by his demise; but underscoring more pointedly and less subtly, too, the single aspect of his character he considered defining enough to write into the title of his valediction, *Memoirs of a Private Man*.



In *Memoirs*, WG refers to a letter he sent to *The Daily Telegraph* in 1992 concerning poet Stephen Spender's plea for "discretion in the publication of his letters after he was dead".¹ Here's what WG wrote:

Writer's privacy

*Kirsty McLeod's remarks on Stephen Spender and uninvited biographies ... are interesting and well researched until the last paragraph when she says: "As for the great man himself: be he painter or writer, he has – despite what Spender says – been trying to draw attention to himself from the very moment he first picked up a paintbrush or wielded a pen." She does not seem to understand the vital difference between a creative artist and his work. Every writer and painter needs and wants his work noticed: it is his life's blood. Some, too, may be self-seeking exhibitionists, but many are not. Miss McLeod's argument would seem to differ little from the justification which every tabloid journalist gives for his revelations.*²

Spender died in 1995 at the age of 86 with biographies appearing (the second "authorised", the first not) in 1999 and 2005 – and can it really be considered strange that lovers of literature should take as much interest in the poet as the poem? Especially if it should be a particularly evocative, well rendered or accomplished poem? Yes, WG has a point: every person, no matter how public their profile; what degree of celebrity or notoriety they enjoy or endure, is entitled to at least a modicum of privacy. Most people go through life without feeling challenged in that regard, their anonymity sufficient unto itself. Others may need to take active steps to safeguard their privacy. Some seem happy to trade it away for a brief dance under the klieg light of fame, be it to bloom or burn. But, getting down to cases, what of WG? I never once saw his name or face on the front of *The Daily Mail*, so in what sense did he feel his privacy invaded or threatened? Does he protest, albeit mildly, in the letter above, and in the chosen title of his memoir, too much? When we buy his books, does he owe us anything more than a few hours of pleasure as we read – or, speaking more generally, when artists offer their creations to the

world and have them accepted, what kind of pact is made? If I make and sell a table and chairs or a thousand fence posts, I wouldn't expect the buyer to take the slightest interest in me, the maker, and I might justifiably feel aggrieved if they did take any kind of prurient interest after the fact, so why should a writer or painter be any different? For they sell not their soul but their art – or do they? For what is it that distinguishes the best art; that raises it above the journeyman, lumpen efforts of the uninspired? Is it not that infusion of divine fire, that secret, mystical, quickening essence that comes from who knows where; that may be just as much of a puzzle to the artist as to his public, and every bit as intriguing? I would have little interest in researching the manufacture of fence posts, but when it comes to *The Merchant of Venice* or *The Night Guard* or *The Marriage of Figaro* or the Poldark novels,³ it's a different matter. That's not, I might add, an attempt to invest that miscellany of artefacts with equal status or worth, but merely to name four among many works of art that, because they succeed in beguiling the consumer, draw attention not just to themselves *but also their begetter*.

Yet not every artist suffers intense scrutiny, so is it a trick, this knowing how to play with the Divine Fire but not get burned, or is it, rather, a question of degree, of approaching and then transgressing a tipping point beyond which there is no return? Either way, if the artist's glory is his willingness to sacrifice everything to his conception, his tragedy is that this may include his mundane self, privacy and all. By his own estimation, up to March 1962, WG was "the most successful unknown (and thereby contented) novelist in England"⁴ – but then came Hitchcock's casting of Princess Grace of Monaco (the former Grace Kelly) in the title role of *Marnie*, the director's film of Graham's 1961 book, which, for a while, changed everything. Following that, time alone might have set matters right had not the BBC chosen in the mid-seventies to commission two series of *Poldark*, which inevitably reawakened slumbering public interest in the period saga's author. That in setting out on the path of creation he never foresaw or wanted such "interest" is beside the point, and also somewhat tendentious, since, in offering their work for public scrutiny, artists also, like it or not, offer something of themselves. They barter some element of their soul, Faustian as that may be, and pay the price. Here, from *The New Yorker*, is Roxana Robinson:

*We writers reveal ourselves through our work, and in some ways it's absurd to think that we can maintain our privacy: we gave up privacy when we mailed off that first manuscript ... in which we revealed our most burning and intimate selves ... If it ignited the flame of public interest – and isn't that what we hoped for? – then that flame will consume us.*⁵

WG reports being advised by his "second publisher" what common sense must in any case have told him: that if he "wanted to avoid publicity (he) had chosen the wrong profession."⁶ Nonetheless, he tries at the end of *Memoirs* to make the contrary case first put in the Spender letter above, claiming that, if a writer chooses to opt out of the "hell" of publicity in all its guises his wish should be respected; he then goes on to name four authors – Graham Greene, John Fowles, John Le Carré and William Golding – who, like himself, feel or felt that way. Of course, students of human nature, as the best writers invariably are, will understand that the fascination they and their kind exert is, while potent, not rational and therefore not subject to reason and cannot be simply wished or argued away, This the artist must intuitively grasp; only the man, apparently, either can or will not.⁷ Besides, a writer needs and writes for a readership whom it would be odd to misgive or repudiate. Indeed, in 1984 WG told David Clarke:

*There are pains and perils in authorship, but meeting the public is one of the rewards.*⁸

So who is to be believed – the author who lives by and therefore needs a public or the one who, from the grave, can finally afford to tell the truth? It would be easier to accept the *Memoirs* line were the book not so disingenuous in other respects. For example, though WG's headstone proclaims him a "playwright", of the only one of his plays professionally produced in his lifetime⁹ *Memoirs* makes no mention. Not one word. The book's "envoi", which he claims was written "a few years ago" in fact first appeared, at least in part, in 1939.¹⁰ And the text is wilfully obscure concerning its author's father's family, in contrast to his mother's, the Mawdsleys, whose name he eventually took in the same act that saw him disown his patronym¹¹ (more

below). Yet "there would be little about my private life that would merit the unearthing," he asserts, since his "modest share of sinfulness ... unmuddled by complexes or fixations ... (was) ... all very dull." Let the books suffice, he says, where, having "revealed a fair amount of my own nature and personal feelings", the "writer" (to quote Tolstoy) "... is incarnate".

If further investigation was pursued with ill-intent, looking for revelations of a salacious or disreputable nature, I would agree. And it doesn't take much looking into WG's background to discover that his birth name was Grime – a name he kept, lived by, got married and had children by (with "Winston Graham" no more than a pen-name) until on 7 May 1947 he changed his name, formally and legally, from Winston Grime to Winston Mawdsley Graham. His silence in *Memoirs* on this point presumably indicates a wish on his part that this truth might remain buried, which suggests in turn at least some failure to reach an accommodation with his past, if not its outright rejection. He was similarly circumspect (probably, despite claims to the contrary in *Memoirs*, for the same reason) about revealing his true date of birth, declining in *Who's Who* to record one and "in four other similar publications around the world (giving) different dates, all of them wrong."¹² But, once the facts behind the façade are established, there is no issue, no shock or shame. Let's pass on, rather, to more interesting matters. But not before stopping to ask whether a disclosure so mild as that constitutes a fit reason to deny or deliberately frustrate the pursuit of legitimate biographical studies? Of course it doesn't. And if a writer was serious about trying to hide such information, why leave behind for public display a school report and publisher's letters all bearing, plain as day, the "secret" name? Behaviour so inconsistent, so self-contradictory, makes no sense. Besides, his mother (once married) and brother Cecil both lived long lives with the surname Grime, rendering this a "secret" barely worthy of the name. It would seem, then, that want of privacy is not the issue here, but, rather, a surprising reluctance¹³ to openly acknowledge a simple truth.

So much for the canny, partial memoir, but what of letters, personal, unguarded and thereby all the more potentially revealing? Spender was not alone in wishing to exercise some form of control over the use to which others

(most notably biographers) might put them. In her will, Willa Cather (1873-1947), a great American writer, forbade the *post-mortem* publication of or even any quotation from her letters and it was not until 2013 that *The Selected Letters of Willa Cather* could be published. Matthew Arnold, George Orwell, T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden similarly instructed their heirs not to cooperate with biographers (though serviceable biographies of each nonetheless appeared). The supremely gifted but socially unorthodox George Eliot dismissed literary biography as a "disease of English literature ... something like uncovering the dead Byron's club foot." In a review of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *French and Italian Notebooks* in 1872, Henry James complained that "whatever the proper limits" of biographical investigation may be, "the actual limits will be fixed only by a total exhaustion of matter." Writers "will be likely to take the alarm, empty their table-drawers, and level the approaches to their privacy. The critics, psychologists, and gossip-mongers may then glean amid the stubble."¹⁴ Advocates all, then, of WG's my-work-not-me stance. Yet in their 2013 Cather book, editors Andrew Jewell and Janis Stout argue persuasively that:

*The concerns that we believe motivated her to assert her preference [that her letters should not be published] are no longer valid. Cather's reputation is now as secure as artistic reputations can ever be, and her works will continue to speak for themselves. These lively, illuminating letters will do nothing to damage her reputation. Instead, we can see from our twenty-first-century perspective that her letters heighten our sense of her complex personality, provide insights into her methods and artistic choices as she worked, and reveal Cather herself to be a complicated, funny, brilliant, flinty, sensitive, sometimes confounding human being. Such an identity is far more satisfying – and more honest – than that of a "pure" artist, unmoved by commercial motivations, who devoted herself strictly to her creations and nothing else ... Cather is now a part of our cultural history. Her works belong to something greater than herself. It is time to let the letters speak for themselves.*¹⁵

Roxana Robinson again:

*If we burn (our) letters, we won't put out the (flame of public interest). It will continue, now fueled by speculation. Maybe the real question is not, "Should we restrict our letters after we die?" but "Should we sit down at this desk and start making sentences?" That's the biggest risk.*¹⁶

But who owns a letter? If I send you a letter, is it yours or mine? If I give you a book, the book becomes yours, so is a letter any different? You might think that the moment a writer posts a letter, his ownership of it and control over it is compromised, if not surrendered altogether, leaving the writer, by his own hand and choice, a hostage to fortune. But that is entirely wrong. For though the recipient of the letter owns the letter itself – the paper and ink – and, as with a book, may sell it, give it to a friend, donate it to a library or destroy it, transfer of ownership of the document, also as with a book, does not carry with it transfer of the copyright of its content: you may buy *The Twisted Sword* or *Bella Poldark*, but, though they are yours, that doesn't give you the right to reproduce them. That is why Willa Cather could forbid the publication of her letters, even though many others, usually at her behest, "owned" them. In WG's case, though very few letters written to him seem to have been preserved (see more below), dozens written by him are to be found in a diversity of public places (for detail, see [ARCHIVES](#)) – in addition, of course, to the unknown and unknowable number that rest in private hands around the world. But archived letters may not be reproduced in full (though "fair use" is allowed) without the permission of both the archive keeper and the copyright holder; in some cases may not even be *seen* without such permissions and the text of even privately held letters remains subject to copyright control. Thus is the author, both alive and until seventy years dead, protected. But do the archives repay the effort necessary to access their booty – in short, is the correspondence worth reading? Re the Cather letters, Joan Acocella noted that:

Like so many other collections of letters, this one involves a great deal of non-earth-shaking material. "Dear mother," she

writes, "The napkins you sent are so nice." "Dear mother, I'm so sorry you have a cold." Still, as in other collections ... these ordinary matters silt up to create a personality in a way that biography never can.¹⁷

I haven't read all of WG's archived letters by any means, and none of those I have read stand in danger of being mistaken for "literature" (which is fair enough, since that is not why they were written).¹⁸ Nonetheless, I have seen enough of them and found enough in them to recognise the veracity of Acocella's words. In *Memoirs* WG says that he reveals himself in his books, which is true to a point, but so, too, in his letters – slipped in among the family news and record of professional activities are snippets, often throwaway lines, that shed light: for example, despite professing to dislike public speaking, we learn that he not only undertakes it but on one occasion put off a "pretty big" operation in order to fulfil a *Yorkshire Post* Literary Luncheon speaking engagement;¹⁹ also that before his marriage he used to lecture in "this county" (i.e. Cornwall i.e. *not* just in Perranporth) to WEA and Toc H groups.²⁰ He acknowledges his mother's "somewhat possessive nature".²¹ He assures Richard Church just after his third marriage, "it is not good to be alone."²² Late in 1965 he wrote to the same man: "I have struggled all my life to keep in existence a view of a benign element in the universe: as I grow older, this is more constantly attacked, not so much by the larger disasters as by the relatively small personal tragedies which are major in their effect on loving hearts."²³ He reveals that (contrary to what he claimed in *Memoirs*) even before leaving the South West for a 1960 summer on the French Riviera, Sussex as an eventual destination was at the forefront of his mind.²⁴ We learn that, having bought his final Buxted home, he considered it "rather horrid"²⁵ and that Chapel Porth, St Agnes, looking west, was his "favourite Cornish scene".²⁶ He found it "dreary to be indoors for long."²⁷ As late as 1970, at the age of 61, he was describing himself as a "(still) self doubting writer"²⁸ and confided thirty years later that "If I had my time again, I would wish for little different, except to be a better writer."²⁹ He said of proof-reading: "One needs microscope eyes."³⁰ After a conversation at a party, he sent Victor Gollancz a presentation copy of *Greek Fire* but only after removing its "pretty terrible" jacket.³¹ He was a Galsworthy advocate³² and considered Swinnerton's *The*

Georgian Literary Scene "a classic indeed and an outstanding volume in Everyman's Library".³³ He professed himself "an admirer of [Hitchcock's] work for so very long"³⁴ but didn't like the director's *Marnie* one bit.³⁵ Though an early acolyte himself, by his mid-fifties, WG had become "a bitter opponent" of F. R. Leavis and found "his apostles ... intolerable."³⁶ He records that the UK's devastating October 1987 hurricane left his garden looking like "a cross between Flanders fields and a timber yard".³⁷ He grouses about the relaxation of student dress code when already "99 per cent of the time undergraduates may dress like refugees, and often do."³⁸ He beseeches Glyndebourne admin to give patrons advanced warning of operas which are "the subject of experimental or very modern staging" so they may be more easily avoided.³⁹ He is in favour of a privatised train service.⁴⁰ The life sentence imposed on burglar-shooting farmer Tony Martin in April 2000 left WG with a "passionate sense of injustice".⁴¹ He felt strongly enough about the unfairness of points allocation in rain-affected cricket matches to devise and propose an alternative and allegedly more equitable system⁴² and also deprecated moving the clocks back in winter resulting in the "hideous dreariness" of dark afternoons, wherein "the fall of night at four o'clock is like the war-time black-out which offers nothing better until the next day."⁴³ He frets about "the inexorable move downwards of the Polar ice cap."⁴⁴ *Windsor Magazine's* going rate for a short story in 1938 was fifteen guineas, with the publisher's advance on each new novel £25.⁴⁵ The writing of *The Grove of Eagles*, his "first truly historical",⁴⁶ which he found "tedious",⁴⁷ left him with "combat fatigue".⁴⁸ As early as 1937 he was selling serial rights to a Swedish translation of *The Dangerous Pawn*⁴⁹ – talking of which, though he "suppressed" his early novels and would have liked them "to sink without trace", he acknowledged in 1987 that "they were invaluable to me at the time".⁵⁰ We even learn that, back in 1959, there was still a postal delivery on Christmas Day!⁵¹

So much for letters from WG in other hands, but what of the thousands he must have received through the course of a long life? Is the Truro Graham archive not bloated with myriad such missives? Though he didn't, it seems, go so far as to leave instructions concerning his papers in his will, WG does in *Memoirs* make the heartfelt plea, noted above, for a clear distinction to be made between "an author's private life" and his "work". And, though he is

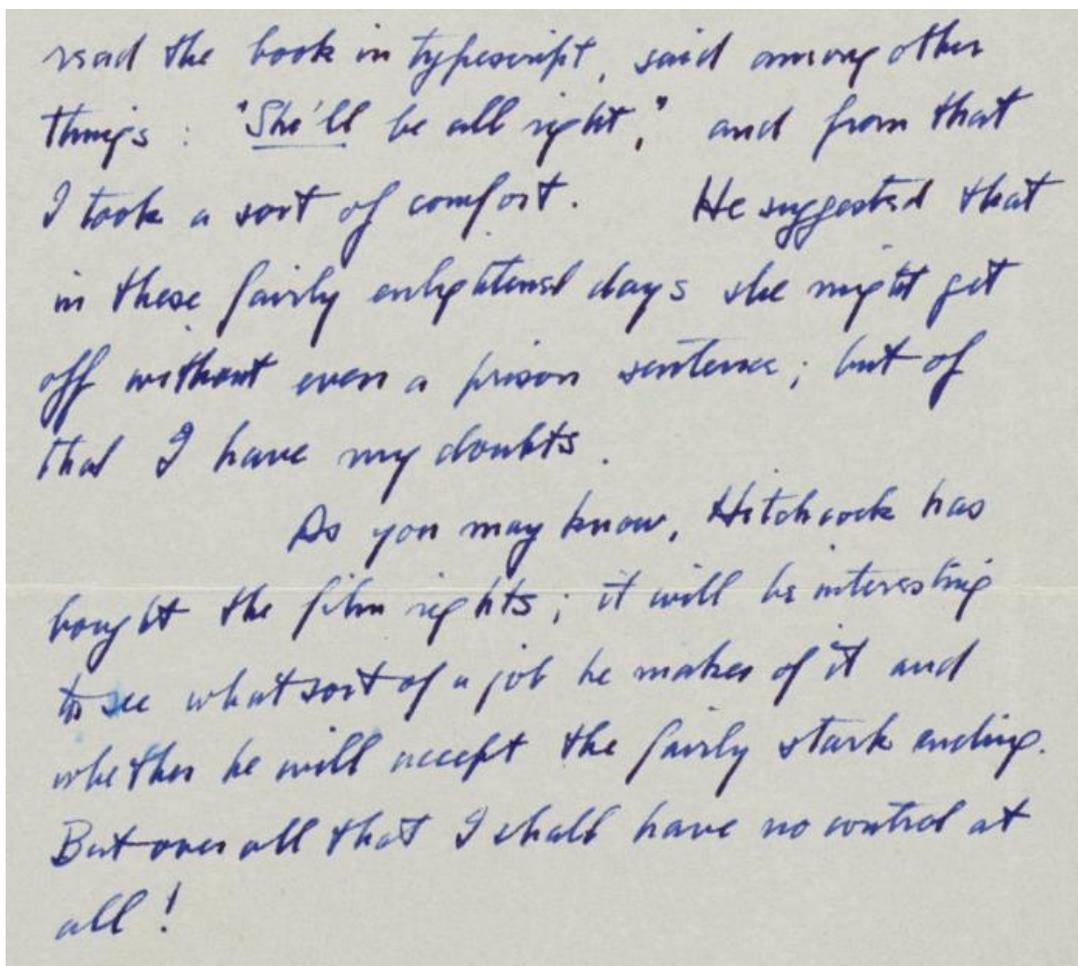
known to have been a correspondent over many years with friends such as Richard Church and Frank Swinnerton, there are no letters from either man in the Winston Graham papers lodged by his children in 2011 with Truro's Royal Institution of Cornwall⁵² – indeed, with very few exceptions, perhaps because he did not consider them "work", *there are no letters from anyone at all*. It is perfectly possible, of course, that WG did not retain letters from friends – but we know that is not so, because when a Warwick University PhD student wrote to him in 1985 asking for the loan of Frank Swinnerton letters to help with her thesis, he sent her five original such letters written in the period January 1943 to December 1947. Though she copied and returned them, they did *not* subsequently appear in the Truro archive. Indeed, the only non-business letters to be found there are a set of nine written by Tom Attlee in the period 1938 to 1954, and those concern the writer's opinion of assorted WG manuscripts rather than touching on anything more personal.

So did WG, in accordance with his privacy-first policy, burn or otherwise destroy the letters of Swinnerton, Church and others? To have done so would have put him in select company: Dickens, Trollope, James, Whitman, Hardy and Maugham are six among many writers to have committed letters and papers to the flames in a fruitless and arguably misguided effort to keep biographers and their like at bay. WG apologists might claim, as did Spender in 1992, that he was perhaps thinking less of himself than his correspondents – but Swinnerton and Church both sold their own papers to American institutions of learning in the 1960s, indicating personal unconcern regarding the prurience of posterity, so why should WG show altruistic concern on their behalf? In electing to destroy their letters to him (if that, as their absence suggests, is what he did), WG deprives scholars the chance to read their thoughts and so, perhaps, better understand the man – an opportunity that Swinnerton and Church themselves saw fit to offer by virtue of the sales noted above. WG's presumed actions are hard to justify; are at best (given the establishment of the Truro archive) schizophrenic, at worst hypocritical – and why? Because to have destroyed *everything*, leaving no papers, no draft manuscripts, no archive, would have been to make real (or as real as possible) WG's fanciful contention that his works alone contain him; are not only the major facet of him but the only one he wishes to present to the world; would

have been, in short, to put his money where his mouth is. But, in rejecting such nihilism in favour of creating an archive, a residuum, that his name, his life and work may be the better sanctified, that job should have been done wholeheartedly and comprehensively, with candour and care, for the benefit of scholars and posterity alike.

When Swinnerton and Church sold their papers to the Universities of Arkansas and Texas at Austin in 1964 and 1966 respectively, both sides must have acknowledged the merit implicit in such transactions, or they could not have happened. The present unsatisfactory Truro half-and-half doesn't diminish WG or his legacy, but it doesn't help either.

* * * * *

A photograph of a handwritten letter on lined paper. The handwriting is in cursive and appears to be from the mid-20th century. The text is written in dark ink and is somewhat slanted. The paper has horizontal lines and a vertical margin line on the left. The handwriting is clear but shows some signs of age and haste.

read the book in typescript, said among other things: "She'll be all right," and from that I took a sort of comfort. He suggested that in these fairly enlightened days she might get off without even a prison sentence; but of that I have my doubts.

As you may know, Hitchcock has bought the film rights; it will be interesting to see what sort of a job he makes of it and whether he will accept the fairly stark ending. But over all that I shall have no control at all!

Letter from WG to Richard Church, 22 April 1961: detail

NOTES AND SOURCES

¹ *Memoirs of a Private Man* (Macmillan, 2003), Book Two, Chapter Eleven. In addition to this 1992 letter, WG sent another to *The Daily Telegraph* in 2000 plus others to *The Times*, *The Guardian*, *The Independent* and *The Spectator* (for detail, see [DEAR SIR](#) plus notes ³⁷ to ⁴⁴ below).

² *The Daily Telegraph*, 26 August 1992

³ By Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Mozart and WG respectively. Addressing this vexed question in *The Tumbled House*, WG wrote [paraphrased]: *It doesn't matter twopence if Rembrandt was a rogue or Beethoven a bore – an artist is judged by his art.*

⁴ Though this remark is widely quoted by e.g. Pottersman, Barker and Moral in *Argosy* (December 1967), *The Guardian*, 14 July 2003 and *Hitchcock and the Making of Marnie* (The Scarecrow Press, 2013) respectively, no one cites the original source. One, though perhaps not unique, is this article from *The Sydney Morning Herald* of 8 April 1962, which contains enough of interest to merit reproduction in full:

Fame comes at last to the rich author

Grace Kelly has forced the spotlight on a writer who has quietly made a fortune

From ANTHEA GODDARD in London

Since Princess Grace of Monaco chose his book "Marnie" for her comeback film, English author Winston Graham has been describing himself ruefully to his children as "the most successful unknown novelist in England."

Since 1944, he has been earning his living by writing, but now he is wondering whether anyone has ever noticed his name until the announcement about the film.

A neatly-built, balding, blue-eyed Lancashireman, he has written more than 20 books, of which four have already been filmed.

Two have been chosen as Reader's Digest condensed novels and he has made up to £120,000 from one book.

Yet when Princess Grace announced that she was emerging from her rocky principality to play his "Marnie," so many strangers ringing to inquire about it confessed they had never heard of him before that he began to question where his money had come from.



Winston Graham

That it has come is irrefutable. He has just bought a great Victorian Gothic house on the fringes of the expensive stockbroker belt in Sussex, about 40 miles from London.

He has gutted and rebuilt inside, and his floor-to-ceiling study windows look across the green lawns of his four-acres of orchard and wood, to the Sussex hills.

He has a Jaguar in the garage, his son, aged 19, is at Oxford, having left one of England's leading Public schools, and his daughter, aged 16, is at boarding school.

He and his wife travel widely, and they have covered most countries in Europe – many of them used as background in his books – and America.

All this has been done on the output of one novel every eighteen months, although he is resigned to the fact that to most people he will be known in future as "the man who wrote that thing for Grace Kelly."

Acting test

Before the announcement that shook most conservative Monagesques to the core, he had known for some time that Alfred Hitchcock wanted to use his book for a film.

But he had no idea Princess Grace would star in it.

Since the news, he has been sorting out his reactions to the idea because she is hardly the type he visualised.

"As she is an actress, I think the part will be a tremendous challenge to her," he said.

"Marnie is a pretty tough character. Whether Princess Grace can imply that toughness will be a test of her ability, but she does have a touch of iciness which is also part of the character.

"My chief trust is in Hitch. I've seen all his films and enjoyed them all.

"My book was set in England but I know it's to be located in America for the film.

"I don't think this will matter. If he keeps the girl's essential character."

Mr Graham wrote "Marnie" several times before he was satisfied with it and did a great deal of research into the character.

As the book progressed, he found himself actually thinking in the character of a girl who lies and steals to get ahead, who is horrified by a man's touch and who eventually discovers her mother, for whom she has always had love and respect, was once a prostitute.

Before starting to write the book, he discussed Marnie's character with a leading criminal psychologist, who had wide experience with kleptomania and later had his scenes of Marnie with her psychologist checked by two doctors.

He also put her hypothetical case to the Chief Constable of an English county to ensure the police reactions were accurate.

Rush for book

"This was a little awkward at first.

"The Chief Constable was by no means sure this was a hypothetical case."

Today, with the world's Press wanting to interview him and supplies of "Marnie" rapidly selling out in London book stores, Winston Graham has come a long way since at the age of 23 he made £35 from his first novel.

He is possibly unique among authors in that he has been a professional writer all his life and has never done another job apart from a stint as a coast-guard during World War II.

Born in Lancashire, he moved to Cornwall at the age of 17 when his father became ill and had to retire. He died soon afterwards.

He wrote his first novel at 21 and had a discouraging series of publishers' rejections.

Finally, an encouraging letter came from one firm saying they would like to see his next book.

It was accepted.

He went on writing and learning his craft, always conscious of experimenting with words.

By the time war broke out he had had several books published, but none had been a runaway success. The breakthrough came in 1944 [*sic*] with "The Forgotten Story," a historical novel to which film rights were bought.

Although the film was never made, he made about £3,500 from it.

Since then, his success has been steady and all his books have been lucrative.

His study is lined with books of reference and several copies of each of his own novels.

On the wall are pinned set designs for films from his books: "Take My Life," "Night Without Stars" and "Fortune is a Woman."

⁵ Roxana Robinson, *The New Yorker*, 22 May 2013

⁶ As 1

⁷ Before dismissing the distinction as specious, consider these lines from Arnold Bennett: "An artist works only to satisfy him-

self ... I would not care a bilberry for posterity. I should be my own justest judge, from whom there would be no appeal; and having satisfied him (whether he was right or wrong) I should be content – as an artist. As a *man*, I should be disgusted if I could not earn plenty of money and the praise of the discriminating." In other words, though the artist need not engage with the world, the man (as all men) must. (*Arnold Bennett : Journal*, 28 January 1897)

⁸ *Between The Lines* : The David Clarke Column, *Cornish Life*, January 1985, from an interview conducted in late October or early November 1984

⁹ *Shadow Play* (1978) aka *Circumstantial Evidence* (1979)

¹⁰ See *Strangers Meeting*, Book Two, Chapter XIV

¹¹ The formal Notice of name-change published in *The London Gazette* of 6 June 1947 states "that by a deed poll dated the 7th day of May 1947" WG "**renounced and abandoned** the surname of Grime ..."

¹² *Memoirs*, Book Two, Chapter Three

¹³ In father and son both. When in 2014 I approached Andrew Graham for his blessing to write a biography of his father, he said he could only give it if I agreed, in accordance with WG's wishes, to make no reference to the Grime / Graham name-change. It is perhaps worth remembering, whether relevant or not, that Andrew Graham, born in 1942, passed the first five years of his life as Andrew Grime.

¹⁴ Information in this paragraph from "The Resurrection of the Author: Why Biography Still Matters" by Gary Scharnhorst in *Lives Out of Letters* edited by Robert D. Habich (Farleigh Dickinson University Press, 2004)

¹⁵ *The Selected Letters of Willa Cather*, edited by Andrew Jewell and Janis Stout (Knopf, 2013)

¹⁶ As 5

¹⁷ Joan Acocella, *The New Yorker*, 9 April 2013

¹⁸ The "private man" can rest easy – I don't think *The Selected Letters of Winston Graham* will be published any time soon.

Make do, instead, with *The Poldark Cookery Book* (Macmillan, 2017), *The Poldark Colouring Book* (Boxtree, 2017), *The 1000 Piece Poldark Puzzle* (Falcon, 2015) and *The Poldark Official Wall Calendar 2017* (Danilo Promotions, 2016) while listening to those cash registers ring.

¹⁹ Letter to Frank Swinnerton, 16 December 1963

²⁰ Letter to Frank Swinnerton, dated 17 January 1942 but actually written (presumably on 17 January) in 1943.

²¹ As 20

²² Letter to Richard Church, 18 December 1967

²³ Letter to Richard Church, undated, 1965

²⁴ Letter to Frank Swinnerton, 25 December 1959

²⁵ Letter to Frank Swinnerton, 14 December 1961

²⁶ Letter to J C Trewin, 5 May 1980

²⁷ Letter to Richard Church, 11 April 1965

²⁸ Letter to Richard Church, 6 February 1970

²⁹ Letter to this author, 2 August 1999

³⁰ Letter to Richard Church, undated, late 1963

³¹ Letter to Victor Gollancz, 8 August 1958

³² As 20

³³ Letter to Irene Campbell, 20 August 1985

³⁴ Letter from WG to Hitchcock, dated 4 April 1961, quoted in *Hitchcock and the Making of Marnie* (The Scarecrow Press, Inc., 2013) by Tony Lee Moral

³⁵ WG in 1995: "I didn't like the film at all. The story was distorted and a lot of subtler points were lost. When it came out, the critics disliked it, but now they look on it as one of the most important of Hitchcock's canon. God knows why." (*Daily Express*, 18 November 1995)

³⁶ As 30

³⁷ Letter to *The Times*, 21 December 1987

³⁸ Letter to *The Times*, 13 November, 1991

³⁹ Letter to *The Times*, 23 July 1994

⁴⁰ Letter to *The Times*, 16 October 1998

⁴¹ Letter to *The Times*, 24 April 2000

⁴² Letter to *The Times*, 31 July 1954

⁴³ Letter to *The Guardian*, 23 January 1970

⁴⁴ Letter to *The Guardian*, 11 August 1975

⁴⁵ Letter to R P Watt, 16 January 1938

⁴⁶ As 30

⁴⁷ As 19

⁴⁸ Letter to Commander Tredinnick, 13 October 1965

⁴⁹ Letter from WG dated 4 August 1937, recipient not stated

⁵⁰ Letter to Brenda Francis, 29 November 1987

⁵¹ As 24

⁵² The archive is held by the Courtney Library at the Royal Cornwall Museum, The Royal Institution of Cornwall, 25 River Street, Truro TR1 2SJ

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