

Publications awaiting copyright clearance

1. Graham Swift, 1996, *Last Orders*. London: Picador. pp 1-3.

2. Stevie Smith, [1949] 1981. *A London Suburb*. In *Me Again, Uncollected Writings of Stevie Smith*. Jack Barbera & William McBrien, eds. London: Virago Press. p. 100.

Contacted Virago Press 06/08/2013 – no response

3. Stevie Smith, [1958] 1981. *On the Dressing gown lent me by my Hostess the Brazilian Consul in Milan, 1958*. In *Me Again, Uncollected Writings of Stevie Smith*. Jack Barbera & William McBrien, eds. London: Virago Press. pp. 246-247.

Contacted Virago Press 06/08/2013 – no response

4. Jean Rhys, [1934] 1991. *Jean Rhys The Early Novels with an introduction by Diana Athill (Voyage in the Dark)*. London: Andre Deutsch. p. 81.

5. Jack Kerouak, [1957] 1991 ed. *On the Road*. With an introduction by Ann Charters. Harmondsworth: Penguin Classics. pp. 17-18.

Penguin have granted non-exclusive electronic website licenses in this titles but this extract requires approval, so they will get back to us with fee estimates once they have approval from the agent.

6. Denton Welch, [1948] 1963. *The Trout Stream*, in *Denton Welch Extracts from his Published Works*, edited with an introduction by Jocelyn Brooke. London: Chapman & Hall Ltd. pp. 108-109.

7. Elizabeth Taylor, [1976] 2006. *Blaming*. Introduced by Jonathan Keates. London: Virago Modern Classics. pp 78-79.

Contacted Virago Press 06/08/2013 – no response

8. Virginia Woolf, [1925] 1976. *Mrs Dalloway*. London: Granada. p. 6.

9. Philip Larkin, [1955] 1988. *Mr Bleaney*, in *Philip Larkin Collected Poems*, edited with an introduction by Anthony Thwaite. London: The Marvell Press and Faber and Faber. p. 102-103.

Faber have been contacted and I have been in email correspondence with them concerning extra information required. They have a 8-10 week turnaround time on permissions requests and I contacted the right person finally on 19/08. I will chase appropriately.

10. Clifford B. Poultney, 1923. *Mrs. 'Arris*. London: Herbert Jenkins. p. 106.

Random house have been contacted - they no longer hold the rights and have referred me to the agents for the estate A M Heath, which I am following up now

11. Ian Duhig, 1991. *I'r Hen Iaith A'i Chaneuon*. In *The Bradford Count*. Newcastle upon Tyne: Bloodaxe Books. p. 33.

Author has given permission has the copyright is with him (LT has email)

12. Anita Brookner, 1986. *A Misalliance*. London: Grafton Books. p. 33

HarperCollins have referred me to Random House and so have contacted them

13. Penelope Fitzgerald, 1979. *Offshore*. London: Magnum Books. pp. 46-47.

14. Laurie Graham, 1998. *The Dress Circle*. London: Black Swan Books. pp. 46-47.

Random House contacted and they have been in touch to refer me to another agent (Mic Cheetham Literary Agency) as they no longer deal with the rights in this title. I am following this up.

15. Lee A. Tonouchi, 2001. da mayor of lahaina. In "da word", issue 78 of *Bamboo Ridge, Journal of Hawai'i Literature and Arts*. Honolulu, Bamboo Ridge Press. pp. 96-97.

Has emailed to grant permission to use this - LT has email

16. Zelda Fitzgerald, [1932] 1993. *Save Me the Waltz*. Edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli. Introduction by Mary Gordon. London: Abacus Books. pp. 171-172.

17. Sam Selvon, [1956] 1999. *The Lonely Londoners*. Harlow: Longman/Pearson Education Limited. pp. 92-93.

The copyright to this publication has in fact reverted to the author. Please contact their agent directly - I have written to them with no response to date

18. Peter Carey, 1991, *The Tax Inspector*. London: Faber and Faber. p. 4.

Faber have been contacted and I have been in email correspondence with them concerning extra information required. They have a 8-10 week turnaround time on permissions requests and I contacted the right person finally on 19/08. I will chase appropriately.

19. Graham Greene, [1938] 1976. *Brighton Rock*. Harmondsworth: Penguin. p. 71-72.

Penguin replied (23/09) to say that the rights are held by Random House so will get in touch with them now

20. Muriel Spark, 1960, *The Bachelors*. London: Macmillan. p. 70-72.

21. M. J. Farrell (Molly Keane), [1941] 1985. *Two Days in Aragon*. With a new Introduction by Polly Devlin. London: Virago Modern Classics. pp. 96-97.

Contacted Virago Press 06/08/2013 – no response

22. Raymond Chandler, 1953. *The Long Good-Bye*. Harmondsworth: Penguin. pp. 31-32. (Libby no modern date; the ISBN is 0-14-010895-5)

Contacted Ed Victor Ltd (Penguin informed that they do no deal with this item – currently exchanging emails over details)

Come confusion over this one as I also have an email from Penguin giving us a non-exclusive electronic website license for this item. (email received 23/09)

23. Ivy Compton-Burnett, [1931] 1984. *Men and Wives*. London: Allison & Busby. pp. 25-26.

one-time non-exclusive licence granted by www.petersfraserdunlop.com

24. E. M. Forster, [1905] 1985. *Where Angels Fear to Tread*. Edited and Introduction by Oliver Stallybrass. Harmondsworth: Penguin. pp. 48-49.

Penguin replied (23/09) to say that the electronic rights are held by Hodder and Stoughton so will contact them. Have already also contacted HLUK by letter. No response.

25. Evelyn Waugh, [1930] 1953. *Vile Bodies*. Harmondsworth: Penguin. p. 52.

Contacted <http://www.petersfraserdunlop.com/> having been recommended to try them from Penguin; they no longer deal with the estate so am in the process of contacting United Agents In the meantime Penguin (23/09) have been back in touch and say that the rights have reverted to the Wylie Agency! Will try one or other or both!

26. Kingsley Amis, [1986] 1987. *The Old Devils*. Harmondsworth: Penguin. pp. 111-113 and 203-204.

Penguin replied (23/09) to say that the rights have reverted to Random House so I will need to contact them now

27. Henry Green, [1950] 1992. Introduction by Jeremy Treglown. *Nothing*. London: Harvill. pp. 67-68.

Random House have been contacted and I am supplying them with further information

28. Ben Okri, [1998] 1999. *Infinite Riches*. London: Orion. pp. 236-237.

Orion has been contacted – they no longer hold the rights and I have contacted the agency they referred me to with no response.

29. W. H. Auden, [1956] 1981. *First Things First*, in *W. H. Auden Collected Shorter Poems 1927-1957*. London: Faber and Faber. p. 281.

Faber have been contacted and I have been in email correspondence with them concerning extra information required. They have a 8-10 week turnaround time on permissions requests and I contacted the right person finally on 19/08. I will chase appropriately.

30. Mervyn Peake, [1946] 1998. Introduction by Anthony Burgess. *Titus Groan*. London: Vintage. p. 91.

31. Stella Gibbons, [1932] 2000. *Cold Comfort Farm*. Harmondsworth: Penguin. p. 83-84.

Penguin have granted us non-exclusive electronic website licenses in this titles

32. Seamus Heaney, 1979. *Glanmore Sonnets*, VII. In *Field Work*. London: Faber and Faber. p. 39.

Faber have been contacted and I have been in email correspondence with them concerning extra information required. They have a 8-10 week turnaround time on permissions requests and I contacted the right person finally on 19/08. I will chase appropriately.

33. Dylan Thomas, [1954] 1991. *Under Milk Wood A Play for Voices*. Preface by Daniel Jones. London: J. M. Dent and Sons. p. 11.

Contacted Orion who look after Dent publications who don't deal with this quotation rights for this and I have since contacted <http://www.davidhigham.co.uk/> submitted details to website below on 15/08/2013 with no result yet.

34. A. C. Jacob, [1976] 2004. *N.W.2: Spring*. In *New Poems on the Underground*. Edited by Gerard Benson, Judith Chernaik, Cicely Herbert. London: Cassell. p. 73.

35. Derek Walcott, 1990. *Omeros*. London: Faber and Faber. pp. 193-195.

Faber have been contacted and I have been in email correspondence with them concerning extra information required. They have a 8-10 week turnaround time on permissions requests and I contacted the right person finally on 19/08. I will chase appropriately.

36. Jeanette Winterson, 2004. *Lighthousekeeping*. Oxford: Isis Publishing Ltd. p. 31.

HarperCollins have granted a licence to use the material

37. Harold Pinter, [1981] 2005. *Family Voices*. In *Harold Pinter: Plays 4*. London: Faber and Faber. pp. 131-133.

Faber have been contacted and I have been in email correspondence with them concerning extra information required. They have a 8-10 week turnaround time on permissions requests and I contacted the right person finally on 19/08. I will chase appropriately.

38. David Mamet, [1984] 1993. *Glengarry Glen Ross*. London: Methuen. pp. 47-49.

Bloomsbury have been contacted and they replied saying that they will need approval from the author's agent for use of this title and will be in touch when they have it.

39. Ogden Nash, [1938] 2000. *Columbus*. In *The Nation's Favourite Poems of Journeys*. Foreword by Benedict Allen. London: BBC Worldwide Ltd. p. 107.

Has been contacted by LT August 2013, no response – will get back to them

40. Mervyn Peake, [1959] 1998. *Titus Alone*. London: Vintage. pp. 11-12.

Contacted Random House LT August 2013, no response – will get back to them

41. Caryl Churchill, 1982. *Top Girls*. In *Churchill Plays: Two*. London: Methuen. pp. 58-59.

Has been contacted by LT August 2013, no response – will get back to them

42. Elizabeth Bishop, [1952] 2000. *Arrival at Santos*. In *The Nation's Favourite Poems of Journeys*. Foreword by Benedict Allen. London: BBC Worldwide Ltd. pp. 108-109.

43. Thom Gunn, 1992. 'All Do Not All Things Well'. In *The Man with Night Sweats*. London: Faber and Faber. pp. 52-53.

Faber have been contacted and I have been in email correspondence with them concerning extra information required. They have a 8-10 week turnaround time on permissions requests and I contacted the right person finally on 19/08. I will chase appropriately.

44. Stevie Smith, [1942] 1978. *Lady 'Rogue' Singleton*. In *Stevie Smith Selected Poems*. Edited by James MacGibbon. Harmondsworth: Penguin. p. 105.

Penguin replied (23/09) to say that the electronic rights are held by James & James Publishers Ltd. I emailed them a month ago with no reply.

45. Edwidge Danticat, *Seven*, 2002. In *The Dew Breaker*, 2004, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, pp. 48-49.

Still lacking references:

Mack Gordon, 1941, *Chattanooga Choo-Choo* (song lyrics of first two verses, downloaded from web)

John Betjeman, 1972, *Thank God it's Sunday* (extract from TV programme, downloaded from web)

F. Tennyson Jesse, 1934, *A Pin to See the Peepshow*

Nell Dunn, 1967, *Poor Cow*

Tama Janowicz, 1992, *The Male Cross-Dresser Support Group*

Here is the text for F. Tennyson Jesse:

Customers were pleased at first when l'Etrangère would provide them at a moment's notice with a suitcase, or a fox fur, or a pair of dress-preservers, or some gloves; but when the moment came, as it generally did, when there was some trouble over a fitting, or the delivery of a frock on time, then the shop people thought: 'And after all the trouble we have taken getting her a suitcase, dress-preservers, tooth-paste, and what-not, with no profit to ourselves ...' And the customer thought: 'After all, I daresay I could have got that suitcase, dress-preservers, tooth-paste, or what-not much better at a proper shop, and they can't be very real dressmakers or they wouldn't do such a thing, and if they only had been real dressmakers my frock would have fitted.' Meanwhile, Marian, Gipsy, and Julia would all be sitting up after hours frantically stitching, planning, and even eventually delivering the frock in a taxi so as to meet the requirements of a customer, who, quite unaware that a 'little' shop has no particular means of delivery, would remain as calm and unperturbed as though the gown had arrived in the natural course of events from Debenham & Freebody's.

F. Tennyson Jesse, 1934, *A Pin to See the Peepshow*

Here is the text for Nell Dunn:

Emm picks up her false teeth off the draining board and sticks them in her mouth.

'I owe my tallyman fourteen pound. Mind you I had a pair of black tights and they've all shrivelled up, gone all funny.'

There was a loud banging on the door. 'Three knocks Emm, that's us.'

'This time of morning. You go Joy.'

'Frit the blacks out of me that did.'

Jonny ran to the door and Joy picked him up and carried him downstairs. She unlatched the door. There on the step stood Tom.

'You've lost weight,' she said. 'I thought you weren't coming out till tomorrer.'

'No today, trust you to get it wrong. Well aren't you going to let me in?'

'I don't know as I should seeing as there's a divorce proceeding.'

'Let me come in Joy – I want to see Jonny.' Jonny was hiding his face in his mother's neck. She led the way up the stairs.

'Emm it's him – I've said he can have some tea.' On the landing mad Bet shrieked, 'Men, men, men, always men in there.'

Tom sat on a chair, his face was blotchy from prison, his hands coarsened.

Joy curled her pony tail round her fingers.

‘So what do you want?’ Jonny still clung to her.

‘Hasn’t he come on lovely Joy.’

‘You make the tea,’ said Emm. ‘I’m going across for a packet of fags.’

‘I met this bloke inside, given me the address of a place out at Catford. Two bedrooms, kitchen and balcony – only three quid a week and in perfect nick.’

‘So?’

‘Come back with me – give it a try for little Jonny’s sake – I’ll never lift a finger to you I promise.’

She stood apart from him and watched the tears run down his ugly face.

‘I love you Joy.’

‘I’ve got a lot to give up,’ thought Joy. She looked round the room. ‘At the same time I haven’t got a lot to give up.’

Nell Dunn, 1967, *Poor Cow*

Here is the text for Tama Janowicz:

But on the seventh ring she answered the phone and the operator asked her to accept a collect call from Pamela. “Will you accept?” she said.

“Yes, I will,” my mother said.

Why it was just as if I had been wandering some Yorkshire moors for many days, through gorse and snow and sleet, even though it was practically ninety degrees outside! “Ma!” I said.

“Where are you?” she said.

“I’m at a pay phone,” I said, “in the middle of a store.”

“So you can’t talk?” she said.

“Not really,” I hissed, blinking over at the man. Now that my eyes had adjusted, I saw what a mockery of humanity this guy was. Gaunt, dressed in overalls with a soiled bib, swollen nose, and greasy red-blond hair and beard – he was playing some type of board game, alone, and there was something vaguely familiar about him. “Are you at your father’s?” she said.

“Near,” I said.

“And how is he?” she said.

“Uh-huh,” I said

“Deceased?” she said.

“Uh-huh,” I said.

There was a pause. “But otherwise, are you having a good time?”

“I can’t hear you very well,” I said. “There’s a fly in my ear.”

“Do you want me to drive there?” she said. “If I can find a substitute to teach my classes?”

"No!" I said. "That would only make things worse." Much as I loved my mother, I knew that very quickly after I saw her I would revert to adolescent behavior, due to the fact that during my adolescence I had never rebelled, and some part of me was making up for that now.

"Are you depressed?" she said.

"A little," I said.

"Maybe you're getting your period," she said.

There was something strangely unsatisfying about the conversation. Maybe too much time had gone by since we had last spoken and she had changed. "Well, this isn't much of a conversation," she said. "I guess you can't talk."

"That's right," I said.

"Something remarkable has happened here," she said.

"What?" I said.

"One of my students put her blue jeans in the washing machine and when she opened it she discovered a British Revolutionary War uniform. It's in excellent condition, practically new, and we're going to take it to the costume and clothing department of the Metropolitan Museum."

"Aw, Ma," I said. "She probably had one lying around or made it."

"I don't think so," she said. "It would be impossible to fake it; they can do tests to determine its age through the fabric."

"So what do you think happened?" I said.

"I believe the washing machine was temporarily attached to some conduit opening onto the past. Now somebody in the Revolutionary War has a pair of new Levi's."

"If only something like that would happen to me!" I said.

"I know," my mother said.

"I would give anything for just one experience like that. Or if aliens landed and took me in their spacecraft, and injected me with some painful substance and then deposited me on the highway!"

"Have you seen any spacecraft out there?" my mother said.

"No," I said.

"Why don't you and Abdhul go out at night and look?" she said.

"Mm," I said, keeping one eye on Silas Marner. He was really rank, too, just my luck. Didn't it offend him to live with his own odor, or did he enjoy it? It reminded me of a man I had once found through an ad in the local paper to type some of my essays and my thesis in college. He had smelled, too. Human beings were very odd, I had forgotten this after being away from them in the woods.

"You really should keep your eyes out," my mother said. "I was just reading, how recently the CIA captured an alien, and apparently he's escaped. I'd send you the clipping, if you had a mailing address."

"Does the alien – have a strong scent?" I said in a hiss.

"What are you saying?" my mother said. "Does somebody there smell?"

"Yes!" I said triumphantly. That was all the proof I needed just now that my mother and I were still attuned to one another.

Tama Janowicz, 1992, *The Male Cross-Dresser Support Group*

