

Graham Greene as Publisher

Judith Adamson

On 11 October 1933 Graham Greene turned down a publishing job with Ian Parsons, then a junior partner at Chatto & Windus. He said he did so “very reluctantly, because I’ve always wanted to be in a publishing office.” There was still a half-year to go on the lease of his flat in Oxford, and his wife Vivien was expecting their first child in December. Had he been in London he told Parsons, “I could have gone gently on with my own work of an evening.”¹

He had tried a similar arrangement between 1926 and 1929 when he wrote *The Man Within* in the mornings and sorted grammar, redundancies, and clichés at *The Times* from four in the afternoon until midnight. In *A Sort of Life*, he said his sub-editor’s job “was a symbol of the peaceful life” (131), but he also said that by the time Charles Evans took *The Man Within* and agreed to pay him an advance of £600 for a couple of years, he had decided that his writing was handicapped by his hours in Printing House Square.

To save money, he and Vivien moved to Chipping Campden at the end of 1929, then to Oxford where he wrote full time. That year *The Man Within* sold over twelve thousand copies and made him a celebrity. The possibility of living entirely by one’s pen seemed assured. However, *The Name of Action* and *Rumour at Nightfall* did not live up to expectations, and his biography of

Rochester was rejected at the beginning of 1932. In December, *Stamboul Train* was a best seller. But even before the threat of J. B. Priestley’s lawsuit obliged Heinemann to reprint some twenty pages and rebind 13,000 copies of the book, Greene was in financial trouble with Evans, who would make him no further advances until the losses of their agreement had been recovered. That was not to be until the publication of *Brighton Rock* in 1938.

When Ian Parsons offered him the job at Chatto & Windus, Greene knew what a dicey business it was to make a living as a novelist. At the same time, after some financially rough years, he was earning a regular, if modest, income as a reviewer for *The Spectator*, and that spring MGM bought the film rights to *Stamboul Train*, enabling him to return to London. So one wonders if he was serious when he told Parsons that he had always wanted to be in a publishing office or if he was cunningly hedging his bets.

When three years later he accepted Parsons’s offer of the literary editorship of *Night and Day*, which was published by Chatto & Windus and owned mostly by its partners and printers, Greene’s circumstances were very different. He had become part of London’s literary scene. He entertained at his house in Clapham, London, badgered his agent to place his literary reviews and articles almost as quickly as he wrote them, had become a scriptwriter and film critic, and was working as a sometime scout for the publisher Bobbs Merrill and as a reader and proofer for James Hamilton. In 1976 Parsons told Norman Sherry that at *Night and Day* Greene was “a

¹ This talk was delivered at the 2016 Graham Greene International Festival. Unless otherwise indicated the letters quoted herein are from

Richard Greene, *Graham Greene: A Life in Letters*, Little, Brown, 2007.

model literary editor, hardworking, completely conscientious, and with such a large circle of gifted literary friends that not only the book pages, but many of the features, were of an exceptionally high order.”²

Greene was competitive, ambitious, and hard-nosed at business, and when he became a full-blown publisher at Eyre and Spottiswoode at the end of the war, he quickly proved his mettle. Since wartime paper rations remained in effect until 1949, Greene went to Amsterdam to buy paper for their best sellers, one of which was the profitable Bible. He brought in Mervyn Peake and R. K. Narayan. He signed up François Mauriac and started a thriller list as well as a reprint list of neglected masterpieces called The Century Library. He asked Orwell, Pritchett, and de la Mare to suggest titles and to write introductions. And as he had done when he edited the *Oxford Outlook* as an undergraduate, he chased literary editors for reviews and obliged agents to get books advertised.

Dorothy Glover was commissioned to design book-jackets and became indispensable as the imaginary Mrs. Montgomery in one of Greene’s most memorable pranks. Whatever amusement that elaborate joke was for him, it indicated his early and restless boredom with the mechanics of publishing life. His ambition to rise above it is evident in his morning office routine. On 15 March 1952, Douglas Jerrold, Eyre and Spottiswoode’s chairman, wrote in *Picture Post* that Greene would ring his bank manager first thing, then his stockbroker, his insurance agent, his literary agent, and his film contacts. When he spoke to

literary editors about reviewing Eyre & Spottiswoode’s books, he also lined up reviews for his own and made sure Heinemann sent whomever a copy of his latest. Of course, his own publishing interests were, in part, what made him valuable to Jerrold, who thought him to be an excellent businessman. Greene knew about production from watching his own books through the process, so he kept a careful eye out for libel, misprints, and what went on dust jackets. His type preference was Mono Goudy for its clarity and blackness. It also had the advantage of making a book slightly longer.

But he and Jerrold rarely agreed on much else. Both Catholics, as was the press’s owner Oliver Costhwaite-Eyre, Jerrold was so rightwing politically that he admired Mussolini and helped charter the plane that flew Franco from the Canaries to Morocco to launch his attack on the Spanish Republican government. In the autumn of 1948, when Greene agreed to release Anthony Powell from his Eyre and Spottiswoode contract for *John Aubery and his Friends* because the press had not published it within the requisite time, Jerrold said he had no right to make such a decision. Graham thought it “a bloody boring book”³ anyway and used the occasion to resign. In a letter to Powell on 14 December 1948 he said that the “case really [only] brought matters to a head”—which could be interpreted as Greene’s having had enough of his publisher’s job.

Footloose again, he bragged to Catherine Walston from Paris on 22 January 1949 that his books were “in every shop—a whole display in the Rue de Rivoli” and that three people were

² Norman Sherry, *The Life of Graham Greene*, Vol. 1 (London: Jonathan Cape, 1989), 609.

³ Sherry, Vol. 2 (1994), 200.

writing monographs about him “for three different publishers.” His two great films with Carol Reed would win prizes in 1948 and 1949, and from then on his political reporting fueled his novels and paid his travel expenses. It is easy to follow that progression from 1950 to 1956—Vienna, Indochina, Kenya, Indochina again, Cuba, Haiti, Vietnam, Poland, Cuba again. By June 1957 when he met Max Reinhardt, the balance that satisfied his restlessness and fed his fictional imagination was well established and he had a secure economic base.

The two met at a luncheon soon after Reinhardt bought The Bodley Head from Sir Stanley Unwin on a fifty-fifty basis with Ansbacher’s Merchant Bank.⁴ Getting Greene to join the board of his new company and to help revamp its list was a coup for Reinhardt, who was ten years younger than Greene and eager to succeed. He had grown up in Istanbul in a large family of secularized Jews who owned a shipping, insurance, and trading conglomerate, been educated there at the High School for Boys run by the British Council, then sent to HEC in Paris where his uncle, Richard Darr (who treated him as a son), had opened a Parisian branch of the family business. Reinhardt was expected to work with him when he graduated, but Hitler put an end to that. On the eve of the Second World War, Darr had to return to Istanbul and Reinhardt went alone to London, which was where he wanted to live anyway. He was twenty-three and carried an Italian passport.

He rented an office in the accountancy firm of Spicer and Pegler and after the war bought from them a company called H. Foulks Limited (or

HFL), which published accountancy textbooks for a correspondence school of the same name. Within two years he had turned this money-losing venture into a profitable enterprise. Then, on the suggestion of his two squash partners, Ralph Richardson and Tony Quayle, he started Max Reinhardt Limited to publish theatre books. Richardson and Quayle sat on the board of the new firm whose first book, *Ellen Terry and George Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence*, turned Reinhardt from a successful printer of accountancy texts into a real London publisher. He was so quickly respected that in 1953 Sir Frances Meynell sold him his beloved Nonesuch Press and in 1956 he was asked by Boy Hart, a friend of Richardson’s and a director of Ansbacher, to buy The Bodley Head with them. Reinhardt maneuvered the sale brilliantly and got Priestley to sit on his board of directors along with Richardson, Quayle, Richard Pegler, Charles Evan’s son Dwyer (who was a director of Heinemann), and Francis Meynell; from Ansbacher he got Hart and George Ansley.

The account of Greene telling Reinhardt when they met that he missed publishing and was looking for something to do after he had written his five hundred words a day is deeply entrenched. But it misses the back story. Among the thousands of Reinhardt’s papers used to write his biography were a few letters from Derek Verschoyle to Hart dated as late as 10 November 1956 when Reinhardt and Hart were negotiating to buy The Bodley Head from Unwin. Verschoyle was *The Spectator*’s literary editor in the 1930s when Greene was its film reviewer. He

⁴ The information hereafter and all further quotes are from Judith Adamson, *Max*

Reinhardt: A Life in Publishing (London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2009).

had published one of Greene's earliest essays there, "Death in the Cotswolds," and Greene had published Verschoyle's piece about Malvern in *The Old School*. They knew each other fairly well. Verschoyle had recommended 14 North Side to Greene when the family moved to London and he worked for MI6 during and after the war. It was Verschoyle who suggested to Hart that Ansbacher should buy The Bodley Head. One of the letters implied that he and Hart had discussed the possibility of Ansbacher buying the firm with Greene, Verschoyle's idea being that he would manage the press himself with Greene as his adviser (48-49).

Hart evidently preferred Reinhardt as a business partner, and Reinhardt was so quick on the uptake that their deal with Unwin was struck before the end of the year. So at the beginning of June 1957 Hart arranged the Ansbacher luncheon where Reinhardt asked Greene to sit on The Bodley Head board. Since the *Stamboul Train* affair Greene had disliked Priestley, who had already joined the board, but he liked Reinhardt immediately and permanently. His letters to Reinhardt came two or three a week. He suggested books; Reinhardt followed them up. Greene was a superb scout. He knew the foreign and British publishing scenes well; he read reviews and met authors everywhere he traveled. He suggested British editions. He checked translations for what he called "translator's English" and thought up better titles. He picked out interesting scholarship that might be republished, scholars who might be of use as ghost writers or editors of particular editions. He supplied quotes for dust jackets. He helped Reinhardt get books they wanted. He passed along the latest literary gossip and his own hunches about what was worth printing. He knew

children's books, read manuscripts, and replied to even the most recalcitrant authors. And he took on Priestley over a new edition of Ford Madox Ford knowing that Priestley was not enthusiastic. "I admit I am a fanatic on the subject of Ford and would like to see a revival of his work" he told Reinhardt on 23 September 1957, who told Priestley they would do what Greene wanted (64).

In 1958 the possibility of publishing *Lolita* arose. In December 1955 Greene had named it one of the three best books of the year in *The Sunday Times* and was denounced for doing so by its editor in chief, John Gordon. Greene and John Sutro then created the John Gordon Society Against Pornography, their shenanigans making *Lolita* an instant cause célèbre. Greene was ecstatic about publishing *Lolita* in Britain. Frere at Heinemann had turned the novel down in case of an obscenity charge; he had been in the dock in 1953 over Walter Baxter's *The Image and the Search* and had not wanted to make a return visit. On 13 October 1958 Priestley said he would resign if Reinhardt published muck like that. Reinhardt sided with Greene, only to discover that because of contractual problems they would have to publish jointly with Weidenfeld & Nicolson, which he refused to do. Greene insisted that Nabokov wanted them to have the book because of his advocacy of it in 1955. So Reinhardt made a larger offer to Nabokov, and because of the pornography law Greene said he would sign the contract himself. If prosecuted, publishers were taken to court but not allowed to defend themselves. Greene, however, would be allowed to argue the novel's literary merits in his own defense and he was highly excited by the prospect (64-67).

Lolita was a gamble they lost. Weidenfeld outwitted the law by printing a very short first run, and when no writ came from the Director of Public Prosecutions they went ahead with 200,000 hard copies that quickly sold. Priestley muttered smugly that the book would only encourage dirty old men. Greene, who had failed to maneuver the deal, was bruised and angry. He had wanted to challenge the obscenity law, a privilege that went to Allen Lane with *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in 1960. And Greene had been trying to impress Reinhardt. "We were right not to publish with them," he told Reinhardt privately; "The way we were treated was very unsatisfactory. I'm going to the Nice casino" (66).

Before *Lolita* became an issue, Greene discovered that Charlie Chaplin was writing his autobiography and told Reinhardt they must buy it. Two telegrams were sent to Chaplin at the very beginning of December 1957: from Greene—"Am now connected with publishing house The Bodley Head and would be delighted if allowed to make competitive offer for your autobiography" (68), and from Reinhardt—an appreciation of Chaplin and an offer for £10,000. Greene had defended Chaplin against the McCarthy Act so when by 8 December no reply came, he felt he could send another telegram: "Shall be in Switzerland end of February. Could I drop in on you and seriously discuss your autobiography" (68). Reinhardt sent a letter promising to make the book universal and to do it full justice. There was still no reply. At the beginning of March 1958 Reinhardt drafted a letter for Greene to sign saying the two of them were coming to Switzerland. Could they invite Chaplin to dinner? This time there was a reply. Chaplin said he had just begun to write,

was finding the process slow, and if Reinhardt wrote again to make sure he put his name on the front of the envelope. Chaplin never opened mail unless he knew who had sent it (68).

Reinhardt began to telephone regularly and on 20 March put his name prominently on the front of another envelope. He and his wife Joan were going to Vienna with Greene. Could they stop by? Joan and Chaplin's wife Oona discovered they had attended neighboring schools in New York. When the women retired Chaplin read what he had written to Reinhardt and Greene. Next morning Greene told Reinhardt the autobiography was going to be wonderful. He told Chaplin he did not believe in many things, but he did believe in good writing, and what Chaplin had read to them was first rate. Chaplin agreed that Reinhardt should publish the book. Because Chaplin was uneasy about contracts, Reinhardt agreed there need not be one until the writing was finished (69).

Reinhardt immediately arranged joint American publication with Simon & Schuster in New York and urged Chaplin on with a much larger advance. Chaplin liked the advance but worried about taxes. Reinhardt said Chaplin could make a gift of his incomplete manuscript to a trust company in Lichtenstein from which Reinhardt would buy the copyright for £50,000. In a letter dated 26 October 1992, Reinhardt explained this to Greene's niece, Amanda Dennys:

Greene thought it would be an interesting experiment to form a small company which would acquire the world rights of books, and I suggested we call it Solitas (Société Littéraire Anglo-Suisse), which name appealed to Greene immediately. The partners were Graham, Oona

Chaplin, and a relative of mine [Uncle Richard]. The first books we bought were Graham's four children's books, and we appointed Verdant [Greene's holding company] as our agent. Solitas then instructed Verdant to sell them to The Bodley Head, and the Swiss company made a small profit on the deal which was distributed to the three parties. We had great fun over the whole project, which proved profitable. (69)

The arrangement sounded fine to Chaplin but it did not make him write any faster. He refused to use a secretary saying he preferred to write in longhand. Then he claimed he could not write without Reinhardt being in the room with him. Reinhardt went to Vevey. Chaplin read what he had written and they discussed it. "Chaplin was very touchy," Reinhardt recalled; "He didn't like being criticized" (70). And he was uneasy working alone. Greene went to cheer him on. Reinhardt went back. In November 1960 they turned up together and escaped with half the typescript. The rest arrived in London fairly soon after. It was about a quarter of a million words which Chaplin said he would reduce to 150,000. Greene read it at the end of the month and told Reinhardt on 5 December, "I treated it quite cavalierly. It took about a fortnight to get through and I have only made rough corrections, but I find that I have shortened it by about 15,000 words. I'd like to talk about these to you in general terms, and how best we should make suggestions to Chaplin" (72). On the 29th Reinhardt congratulated him "on his editing job. I had not realized you had worked so much on the typescript and how very much you have improved it. I have added a few more corrections and I hope that Charles Chaplin will accept our recommendations" (72).

Chaplin readily agreed to Greene's cuts and despite what some have heard differently, including from Greene himself, other than these cuts, the manuscript is surprisingly clean of Greene's hand.

This does not mean that the book was otherwise without Greene and Reinhardt's touch. In June 1961, and still without a contract, Reinhardt got Chaplin to agree to stop revising by the end of the year. By November Reinhardt still had no contract and on Chaplin's word that The Bodley Head had world rights to the book, he was arranging for serialization in *The Sunday Times*. He then told his board they should make a final offer to Chaplin of half a million American dollars. Only Greene was not shocked by the amount. The board agreed to the then-enormous sum but not until Reinhardt agreed to borrow it from his own bank, Ansbacher being unwilling to underwrite it without a proper contract. Even Chaplin realized the impossibility of borrowing so much without his signature. So on 25 November 1961 he wrote Reinhardt what he considered to be sufficient: "Dear Max, For your business convenience, this is to confirm our verbal agreement whereby you will have the world publishing book rights of my autobiography on the conditions we have discussed, subject to contract. This, of course, does not include the stage, film and serial rights. Yours, Charles Chaplin" (72).

By the beginning of 1962 Simon & Schuster and The Bodley Head were sharing their editors' corrections. On 22 May Greene was reading "the proofs of the first part ... with enormous pleasure" (73). But Chaplin was still not satisfied with the rest. Reinhardt sent his new chief editor, James Michie. Two days later Chaplin sent Michie back to

London. Michie recalled that Chaplin “was an impossible monster of egotism” (73). Reinhardt then sent him a typist he insisted Chaplin use. She used to sneak into the village to telephone Reinhardt. Then the telegrams began. “I am really at the end of my tether. I am leaving for a holiday on Friday 21st Sept. and hope I do not have a breakdown before I get there. Please come to my rescue and arrive as soon as possible, and stay as long as possible” (74). Reinhardt returned to Vevey within the week.

It took Reinhardt until 25 October 1963 to get Chaplin to agree to the serial rights on paper, by which time the galleys were being pulled. Reinhardt remembered that at one point when he, Greene, and Chaplin were together in the south of France, Chaplin suddenly got up and said he was going, which he did, leaving his luggage behind. Reinhardt had no idea why he was upset and when the telephone rang repeatedly (Reinhardt presumed from Chaplin) he was too angry to answer it. Then Chaplin’s lawyer, Maître Paschoud, arrived and said Chaplin had not understood a particular line in the contract. “Tell him to cross it out” (74), Reinhardt said. And that was the end of it.

There were four sets of galleys and Chaplin kept changing one while another was in progress. In April 1964 he was still giving Reinhardt corrections on the telephone for the serialization proofs and still needing almost daily assurance from Reinhardt that his rights were well protected. When *The Sunday Times* published the first installment of the serialization, the editor of *Izvestiya* rang Lord Thomson to ask if he could print 1,000 words of the second installment. Russia was not yet part of the International Copyright Agreement, so having assured Chaplin that his rights

were protected, Reinhardt now had to tell him he could not stop *Izvestia*. Chaplin paused only a second before replying, “Get them to pay us in caviar, Max. And make sure it’s beluga” (76). The book was launched at the Savoy in September 1964 with many kilos of beluga caviar, plenty of champagne, and Oona Chaplin telling everyone “that no one else living could have managed to deal with Charlie through these past years as Max did” (76).

Publishing requires the close integration of editorial, marketing, and financial concerns, and without The Bodley Head team, which at that point was tightly controlled by Reinhardt and operating almost seamlessly, he and Greene might not have succeeded so well. That said, Chaplin’s biography was their first joint publishing coup. It gave the firm international stature and made it money. Like Greene’s film collaboration with Carol Reed in which two men acted as one *auteur de cinema*, Greene and Reinhardt worked together brilliantly. Greene’s editorial skills were indispensable and, as the Solitas enterprise shows, he and Reinhardt were both astute at business.

Meanwhile, back at the firm, Greene and Priestley had argued about publishing *Candy*, Terry Southern’s Rabelaisian satire based on *Candide*. It had been published in France, banned, and reissued under the title *Lollipop*. This time Ansbacher’s George Ansley, who was then Chairman of The Bodley Head board, agreed with Priestley: *Candy* was a very naughty book which they must not touch. Greene insisted on publication but by the time he and Reinhardt made an offer the book had gone elsewhere. Ansley considered this his personal victory and decided he really must get more involved in literary decisions. “Dead against any control by

the Board of the choice of books” (84), Greene thundered at Reinhardt.

But Ansley’s ambition was larger than choosing books. In 1961 he and Lionel Fraser, who was Chairman of Tillings, the industrial conglomerate that owned the majority of the Heinemann group, made a deal to merge it with The Bodley Head. Although at the time Heinemann had the best fiction list in English, by the end of the 1950s the firm was close to bankruptcy because its system was designed for long runs of hard cover books and the directors had failed to deal with the paperback revolution by either selling or refitting their printing works at the Windmill Press. Instead, they had bought up smaller publishers, among them Secker and Warburg and Rupert Hart-Davis (77-78).

In trying to fix the Heinemann problems the year before, Greene’s friend Frere, who was then Heinemann’s chairman, had—without telling his directors—arranged with Fraser to sell the company to McGraw-Hill in New York. When Warburg and Hart-Davis found out, they convinced Fraser behind Frere’s back that to sell the company to the American firm was anti-British. Frere evidently also didn’t alert Fraser to the seriousness of Heinemann’s financial situation, and when it became known at the final meeting with McGraw-Hill (to which Frere was not invited) the deal fell through. After that Fraser didn’t trust Frere. He bought the rest of Heinemann and placed several of his Tillings’s people in high positions at the publisher’s office where Frere was soon ostracized (78).

The plot continued in 1961 when Fraser contrived with Ansley to merge Heinemann with The Bodley Head. The new conglomerate was to operate under a holding board with Fraser as chairman

and the two subsidiary companies being run, the Bodley Head by Reinhardt, and Heinemann by Peter Ryder from Tillings. Frere would be president of the merged companies and allowed to look after his own authors including Greene, and Greene was to be on the holding board as its literary adviser, which would give him counsel over all the Heinemann authors, including himself and Priestley (78).

Reinhardt did not like the deal because it meant losing tight control of The Bodley Head, but Greene insisted it would be beneficial and encouraged Reinhardt to accept it. Did Greene conspire with Frere and Ansley in this? On 18 May he passed the plan off to Catherine Walston as “my great merger” with “myself on the board of the Heinemann companies and Frere back in control with me.” He then further bragged, “I’m really becoming a tycoon!” On Sunday 28 May it was Greene who gave Fraser his approval in principle for the merger. He then met Reinhardt at the Brompton Grill to toast his success with champagne. The next day Greene approved Fraser’s proposed press announcement. But on the Tuesday Reinhardt discovered that, as with the McGraw-Hill deal, Frere had never told the Heinemann directors about the merger. They were hostile to it, and in a letter to Frere on 16 October of the following year Greene said that his “presence on the [new] board was considered undesirable by other members of the Heinemann group” (79). It was probably Dwey Evans who complained the most. He had been on The Bodley Head board with Greene when the Chaplin contract was discussed and said it did not matter how much they agreed to pay Chaplin because Heinemann would get the book. Greene had answered him: “If you think

that then you shouldn't be on this board" (79), and Reinhardt paid Evans to resign. Be that as it may, Fraser got scared and backed out.

Greene was outraged. He moved his books to The Bodley Head taking Eric Ambler, George Millar, and the very profitable Georgette Heyer with him. Priestley refused to move. Heinemann "made me," he said. "I must stand by them now" (82). Reinhardt soon convinced Priestley to leave The Bodley Head board. Greene expressed no such loyalty to Heinemann, although he and Frere continued to be close friends, as did Frere and Reinhardt. When his reasons for moving were publicly questioned, he famously wrote to the *Observer* in July 1961 that he refused to be associated with a bus company, that "authors are not factory hands, nor are books to be compared as commodities with tobacco, beer, motor-cars and automatic machines." Frere left Heinemann a year later and joined the board of The Bodley Head (80).

So a new chapter there began. "Writing is a lonely process," Reinhardt said at the time, "but with support and encouragement writers learn to trust their publisher, and out of trust is bred loyalty, to the benefit of both" (80). But who benefited more? Reinhardt was a benign enabler. From his school days he had wanted to be a British subject and as an adult he thought of himself as an English gentleman. The fact that he was one of the brilliant immigrants who revitalized English publishing after the war meant nothing to him. He was horrified if anyone suggested he was an immigrant, and although he had an accent, he was always surprised. He called his authors his friends and could not have taken more pride in their books had he written them himself. Caring for

his authors was his life and Greene was his top catch.

Like most writers, what Greene wanted was a publisher who would do what he said, and perhaps this was what he thought he would find at Chatto & Windus in 1933 when he told Ian Parsons he had always wanted to be in a publishing office. His scheme to rescue Frere and move himself into a position at Heinemann where he would have been in control of his own work and of those authors he championed suggests this. Would he have preferred such a partnership with Frere? In a letter to his brother Hugh on 17 May 1971, he said he continued to turn to Frere for editorial advice, that he "couldn't trust Max's judgement but I do trust Frere." However, in 1961 it was Reinhardt and not Frere who was in a position to give him the publishing support, financial and otherwise, that he wanted, to provide him with the kind of publishing freedom few novelists of his generation had.

Very soon after the failed merger Reinhardt found a way to buy the remaining Anshbacher stock in The Bodley Head. He and Greene then connived for years without success to get his back titles transferred from Heinemann. The battle stalled in a sort of Mexican standoff with the joint publication of Greene's Collected Edition. The first four volumes appeared on 6 April 1970 in their now familiar dark green jackets that Reinhardt insisted be designed by The Bodley Head's John Ryder and Michael Harvey, revised and with new introductions by Greene. Reinhardt estimated that producing those initial 5,000 copies of *England Made Me*, 4,500 of *It's a Battlefield*, 7,000 of *Brighton Rock* and 7,000 of *Our Man in Havana* reduced his 1970 profits by about £7,000 (86).

Depending on whether real price or purchasing power is being measured, that would mean from £90,000 to over £200,000 today. It represented a good deal of Reinhardt's profit for that year.

Even after Greene left The Bodley Head board and moved to France in January 1966 when Reinhardt's uncle told him he had to leave England for tax reasons, their friendship and publishing relationship persisted uninterrupted. Reinhardt continued to provide endless personal kindnesses to Greene, and Greene continued to suggest books Reinhardt should publish, to write introductions and blurbs for many of them, and to negotiate contracts for writers he thought worthy. And being the good businessmen both he and Reinhardt were, they knew how to recycle everything—stories into editions, editions into collections, collections into selections—the possibilities for profit were as many as they could imagine.

Of course, not all their publishing schemes were great successes. Among other strange stories in Reinhardt's archive is that of Mary Connell's little book *Help Is on the Way*. In 1983 Greene sent Reinhardt a novel by this Texan writer and artist. It had been rejected by Knopf. The Bodley Head reader judged it "fairly pedestrian ... heavy-handed even ... an honest attempt ... but nevertheless a chore" (168). Connell took Reinhardt's rejection with equanimity but continued to send him letters addressed to "Dear Max of the House of Reinhardt" or "Max Reinhardt, an Angel [which] is higher than a prince, and even higher than a sheriff" (168). Greene too was persistent, and a year and a half later he suggested Reinhardt

publish a small selection of her poetry. In desperation Reinhardt turned Connell over to his wife, Joan, and told Greene they would print a very small book of Connell's poetry under the Max Reinhardt Ltd. imprint which, Joan suggested to Connell politely, "We often use ... for books in a special category" (168). Then Greene discovered that Connell's brother was Jim Wright, the majority leader in the House of Representatives. So Reinhardt got off the hook by selling the book to a small American distributor and having it passed around Washington cocktail parties along with Greene's endorsement on the front cover and on the back his favorite Mary Connell lines, "Am I kissing wrong frogs?/ Or am I kissing frogs wrong?"

Then came the endgame, which took all their combined strength as friends and publishers.⁵ The Bodley Head had joined Cape and Chatto & Windus in 1973, keeping its own editorial, publicist, and rights people while sharing their sales, distribution, and management departments. Reinhardt was the largest shareholder of the merged outfit and things seemed pleasurable until the 1980s. By then publishing had changed from the model Reinhardt and Greene had followed whereby the advances paid to authors represented a portion of the royalties they expected the book to earn in hardback. By the early 1980s agents were demanding larger advances or moving their authors elsewhere, book chains wanted larger discounts, and a sale or return policy was pretty standard. The consortium had no paperback imprint at the time,

⁵ What happened that led to the sale of The Bodley Head to Random House NY and the setting up of Reinhardt Books is one of the most interesting stories in modern British publishing.

The full account can be found in Judith Adamson's biography, *Max Reinhardt: A Life in Publishing*, 140-75.

profitable library sales were falling because of government cutbacks, and its problems were exacerbated by several large expenses incurred shortly after the merger—the price of a new warehouse, computer system, and the expensive refurbishment of 32 Bedford Square for Cape where Greene’s nephew, Graham C. Greene, was in charge. Carmen Callil said that when her profitable firm Virago joined the group in 1982, she saw “pretty fast that it cost her more to publish a book through the service company than it had when [she] was alone” (145).

In the next five years things got increasingly contentious between the partners, and Reinhardt lost his shares to Tom Maschler and Graham C. Greene. When in May 1987 they sold The Bodley Head to Random House in New York without his consent, Greene encouraged and helped him set up Reinhardt Books, which became their last imprint. During the very tense months they plotted their way against what had been done to Reinhardt; London’s trade journals, literary, and business columns were rife with comment. Finally, on 13 October *The Times’s* literary editor, Philip Howard, reported that Reinhardt, “Graham Greene, Alistair Cooke, Maurice Sendak and other valuable and distinguished authors [were] striking a blow for the old-fashioned small publisher against the big new conglomerates” (171). The Reinhardt Books list was not going to be a big list, but it would be a classy one. Reinhardt had lost The Bodley Head but won “a notable victory for the publisher as civilized literary friend and mentor as opposed to publisher as Big-Bang, whizz-kid accountant” (171). On 28 October *The Independent* called him “a particularly British kind of hero” and said that a shudder of glee went through

London’s publishing circles at his decision to carry on “as though a national treasure (Graham Greene) had somehow been airlifted out of New York, spirited away and brought home safe and sound” (172).

And so at Reinhardt Books, as at The Bodley Head, Greene continued to publish his own books (starting with *The Captain and the Enemy*) and to instruct his old friend about what *WE* should publish. Both were old men when they regrouped under the Reinhardt Books imprint and added The Bodley Head to the list of publishers from which they schemed to get back Greene’s rights. And both were unwell.

In starting again Reinhardt made a protest against the commercial pressures on editors and authors and returned to the ideal literary relationship he had had with his writers before and for a few years after the merger. It was based on the principle that the author should call the tune. Greene wanted that too, and their success in getting Reinhardt Books off the ground in 1987 showed their loyalty to that publishing principle as much as to each other.

Graham Greene died in 1991, Max Reinhardt in 2002.

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