

Behind the Scenes: A Case of Cross-Purpose Editing?

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Students of 19th-century U.S. women's literature will be aware that recent investigations of *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl* (1861) have probed the question of editorial interference. There has really been no choice in the matter because the question is not whether, but instead how, where and why, Maria Child made changes to Harriet Jacobs's manuscript. Things get more complicated, and considerably more conjectural, in the case of a slightly later piece of life-writing, *Behind the Scenes. Or, Thirty Years a Slave, and Four Years in the White House* (1868). For instance, though it is routinely acknowledged that this book was ghost-written, discussions of *Behind the Scenes* are just as routinely framed as analyses of what it was that putative author Elizabeth Keckley thought and felt. Thus, scholarship on this text is full of claims such as: "Keckley expected her work to invite some criticism" and "Keckley makes her employer pay."¹ In this essay, I tackle the idea that *Behind the Scenes* is best conceptualized as ghost-written *and* an accurate reflection of Keckley's thoughts and aims. My work contributes to discussions of the apparatus of print transmission while exposing short-fall in Keckley scholarship regarding the complex interaction between writer and editor, where power-imbalances and divergent agendas intervene.

This interaction cannot be probed in the ways that students of *Incidents*

1. Thus Foster's "Historical Introduction" to the Lakeside Classics edition of *Behind the Scenes* (Chicago: R. R. Donnelley, 1998), xxii-xxiii and liv-lv; and Elizabeth Young, *Disarming the Nation: Women's Writing and the American Civil War* (Chicago and London: U Chicago P, 1999) 141.

have employed, since Keckley's "ghost" has never been securely identified. For Frances Smith Foster, the leading name in Keckley studies, this gap justifies the decision to treat Keckley as the moving force behind *Behind the Scenes*. In contrast, I think that the concept of cross-purpose editing – by which I mean, intentionally or at least knowingly cross-purpose editing – reveals the extent to which Foster's work affirms a conceptualization of authorship in which a solitary artist writes, and subsidiary craftspeople amend in small, unimportant ways. This conceptualization bears the marks of an era in literary history which print-culture scholarship has helped to expose as untrue to the experiences of all kinds of writers, but especially those who were socially deprived. This is the era in which, despite the regularity with this *Behind the Scenes* was said to have been ghost-written, no one found time to ponder the sorts of difference it would make if whoever helped bring this book into being worked from notes that Keckley had prepared, interviewed the freed-woman with questions of his/her own, had the dressmaker to both Mary Todd Lincoln and Mrs. Jefferson Davis recall moments from her life and then decided how to organize them, and so on. The tack has been, instead, for admirers to attribute all the courage, wit and auto/biographical information in *Behind the Scenes* to Keckley while blaming outside forces for the furor that the book aroused – and for detractors to express outrage that Keckley dared, all unaided, to tell what she knew of the Lincolns' affairs.

I see a certain amount of corrective, and situationally appropriate, imbalance in the admirers' approach. The only real basis for it, though, is a report that Keckley intimated, to a friend late in life, that *Behind the Scenes* caused affront due to someone else's decision to include in it a handful of personal and private letters, use of which she had not authorized.² I respect this report, and consider it so likely as to be near-certain that somebody *did* flout Keckley's intentions for these memoirs. Yet I find myself unwilling to draw a line between the rightminded and the more sensationalist aspects of *Behind the Scenes* at the spot indicated by the report of a comment from a Keckley grown older, perhaps wiser, and noted for her forbidding dignity. Instead, and precisely because of

2. John E. Washington's unrivalled detective work on Keckley is found in *They Knew Lincoln* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1942), p. 221ff.

Keckley's assertion that she had not had control of the text which appeared under her name, I treat *all* of the information in *Behind the Scenes*, rather than the letters alone, cautiously. I realize that this approach may seem to rob Keckley of something precious, namely: authority. I follow it because I believe that neither history understood as a recovery mission, nor history understood as a guide for the present, is best served by heroization and its moralistic corollary, the simplistic attribution of blame or praise. In this case, I think that history as I understand it is best served by pondering *Behind the Scenes* as a case-study in cross-purpose editing with the potential to affect every published page, including comments that have been treated as expressions of Keckley's deepest personal commitments and driving aims.

The idea that never-enslaved editors tampered with the stories of former and fugitive chattel, is as old as the ex-slave's narrative. An important scholarly attempt to repel attacks on the authenticity of such texts was John Blassingame's statement of faith in the honesty of the abolitionists who claimed to have helped – but *only* helped – ex-slave narrators disseminate their reports. More recently and with a tougher sense of how collaborations across significant power imbalances can take place, John Sekora asked scholars to regard each edited ex-slave's narrative as a "black message in a white envelope." This is the model undergirding recent work on *Incidents* which finds that Lydia Maria Child "encroach[ed]" on Harriet Jacobs's work.³ In Keckley studies, Foster alleges encroachment too, but only with respect to the sensationalist marketing campaign devised by publisher G. W. Carleton, rather than the interventions of Keckley's unidentified "ghost."⁴ I recognize the importance of repelling those who would find *Behind the Scenes* inauthentic or the product of a never-enslaved person's pen. Yet I am concerned about forceful claims concerning passages in a multi-functional text, the prove-

3. See Sekora, "Black Message/White Envelope: Genre, Authenticity, and Authority in the Antebellum Slave Narrative," *Callaloo* 10.3 (Summer 1987): 482-515; and Carla Peterson, "Doers of the Word": *African-American Women Speakers and Writers in the North (1830-1880)* (New York: Oxford UP, 1995), 154.

4. Evidence of an eye on sales includes the titillating title "Behind the Scenes," and the promotional campaign mounted by Keckley's publisher which screamed about a "LITERARY THUNDERBOLT" and "White House Revelations." For vilification of Keckley as an "angry negro servant" and "traitorous eavesdropper," see "Indecent Publications," a criticism of *Behind the Scenes* that was published anonymously in the *New York Citizen* (18 April 1868).

nance of which is murky, and about use of *Behind the Scenes* to illuminate Keckley's character and motives. I am not saying that the freed-woman's name was pasted onto a text with which she had nothing to do; on the contrary, I regard *Behind the Scenes* as a reliable account of Keckley's life (and parts of Mary Lincoln's). At the same time, I am deeply hesitant to judge Keckley's goals or attitudes while knowing so little about how much literacy she could boast, how much of a reader she was and of what sorts of material, and how she found an editor. Confronting this confusion, I view *Behind the Scenes* with suspicion that grows out of recognition that no Keckley scholar has had the opportunity to learn about this woman, her life or purposes other than through the mediated communication of print, and the doubly mediated communication of reports about Keckley which were put into print after her death.

To keep these issues in view, the better to probe the means by, and the extent to, which Keckley entered the conflictual and shifting world of print, I articulate the ideas in this essay according to a rule: when positive about something having to do with Keckley, I show it by referencing her by name; alternately, when my only evidence is the text she contributed to, in some unknown manner, I make the subject of my proposition "*Behind the Scenes*." To give an example of this technique and the distinctions it affirms, I would say that Keckley was born into slavery, had a son, earned his and her way out of slavery by seamstressing and with help from white patrons who advanced her money, and then moved to Washington, D.C. to be a dressmaker. In contrast, I would say that *Behind the Scenes*, rather than Keckley, presents her single most famous client, Mary Lincoln, as a "peculiarly constituted woman" who liked to lisp babytalk, indulge in "wayward impulsive" moods which pained a war-weary President, and fend off feelings of social insecurity by wild expenditure which led to staggering debt.⁵ Continuing with this distinction, I would say that *Behind the Scenes*, rather than Keckley, caused affront, by printing letters that Lincoln had not intended for public view. I admit that this device is clumsy. Yet there has to be some way to show that Keckley was drawn into a larger scheme of things when she committed herself to a work in print. I see this larger scheme being driven, like so much else in

5. See the Schomburg edition of *Behind the Scenes* (New York: Oxford UP, 1988), 182, edited by James Olney. This edition is a facsimile of the original, which was published in New York by G. W. Carleton in 1868.

life and literature, by forces as powerful as political agendas and ideological convictions, a desire to see justice done the freedpersons and restraints put upon their oppressors, professional standards and a profit motive which made it expedient to stimulate less-elevated readerly appetites.

I made this list long-ish, though not as long as it could be, to show how much is missing from treatments of Keckley and *Behind the Scenes* which reduce an intricate and fraught negotiation to the level of arguments whether Mary Lincoln's dressmaker was or was not a good person, or loyal friend. There are several reasons to avoid this level, not the least of which is that it was initiated when *Behind the Scenes* was new, by reviewers who ignored the vast majority of the book to drool over the titillating revelations about the First Widow's oddities. Equally pertinent, this is the line taken by Mary Lincoln biographers who slight the multi-functionality of *Behind the Scenes*.

That this work of life-writing was intentionally multi-functional is apparent, not to say glaring, once you compare this book to ex-slaves' narratives written under abolitionist auspices. Thus, in addition to narrating slavery, *Behind the Scenes* acts as an "up from slavery" account with an unusually forgiving denouement, a chronicle of one person's experience of the Civil War which included significant charitable and relief activities, a record of "private" life in the Lincoln White House and the aftermath of the Great Emancipator's death, the story of a relationship between a privileged but erratic white woman and an employee of mixed-race heritage who seems to have all-but-revered the white woman's husband, a fascinating study of what might be called an inculcated will-to-serve, *and* an insider's perspective on one of the juicier talking-points of 1867, the "Old Clothes Scandal" that made Mary Lincoln a laughing-stock and exposed her "dear Lizzie" to journalistic brick-bats. With so many functions at work, it would not be surprising if purposes crossed from time to time. Yet you would never know of this possibility from Mary Lincoln scholars who accuse Keckley – and Keckley only – of "an appalling breach of friendship and good taste."⁶ One of the most acerbic,

6. N.B.: though Justin G. Turner and Linda Levitt Turner review Mary Lincoln's "habit of confiding in servants" after she became First Lady, in *Mary Todd Lincoln: Her Life and Letters*, the evidence they offer does not support the thesis that the practice "sprang from an essentially egalitarian impulse." See *Mary Todd Lincoln: Her Life and Letters* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1972), 472 and 99.

in this line, is Ishbel Ross, the biographer who sneered that "Lizzie was a century ahead of her time in turning her knowledge into profit." An extrapolation from this position is Jean H. Baker's explanation as to why Keckley acted so badly. "Lizzie Keckley," Baker announced in 1987, with tones as declarative as though she had been the *modiste's* confidante,

read the news of Mrs. Lincoln's inheritance and expected that she might be paid something more than promises and old dresses. [...] But instead of cash ..., Keckley received only descriptions of Mary Lincoln's hard times. [...] Sometime during Keckley's six months in New York the seamstress undertook her own means of repayment, and in the spring of 1868 *Behind the Scenes; Thirty Years a Slave and Four Years in the White House* appeared. The book was subtitled a novel ...

The book was not subtitled as Baker suggests. But apart from errors of fact and the impolite use of a nickname, it is ridiculous to suppose that Lincoln paid her dressmaker with old dresses, and insulting to suggest that Keckley wrote *Behind the Scenes* in the hope of making money from the tribulations of an assassinated man's widow.⁷ Insult does seem to have been intended though, at least by Ross, for she concluded her slam at Keckley with the dismissive comment that the *modiste* whose services had been clamored for, turned into a drifting failure who died obscurely in a "shabby boarding-house." This remark may be based on mere ignorance of the fact that, after the *fracas* over her memoirs, Keckley taught at Wilberforce University, was an active churchwoman and contributed to the Chicago World's Fair. But Ross could easily have found out, and mentioned, that the house in which Keckley died in 1907 was a home for indigent women and children, which she had helped to found.

The methodological oversight behind harsh attacks is, I think, failure to distinguish between a person named Elizabeth Keckley and the text called *Behind the Scenes*. Most obviously, this failure grows out of a desire to find a scapegoat, the better to hoist Mary Lincoln out of mire she herself had made. More broadly, though, attacks on Keckley betray a lapse of the historical imagination which should have led detractors to wonder whether a prominent but by-no-means powerful mid-century

7. See Ross, *The President's Wife: Mary Todd Lincoln* (New York: G. P. Putnam, 1973), 267; and Baker, *Mary Todd Lincoln: A Biography* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1987), 280.

businesswoman of mixed-race heritage had control over the book that appeared – and had to appear – under her name. I say “had to appear” because the only sane reason for Keckley to publish a memoir, when and as she did, was to try to repel the threat to her good name and livelihood posed by press treatments of her role in the “Old Clothes Scandal.” It makes perfect sense, under these circumstances, for *Behind the Scenes* to avow: “To defend myself I must defend the lady that I have served.”⁸ Not so clear, unfortunately, is whether Keckley made this avowal or an editor made it for her, by putting these words into what has been interpreted as her mouth.

Reference to servitude brings up an issue that should be addressed: the extent to which information made public by *Behind the Scenes* increased the likelihood that Keckley’s stories about events in the Lincoln White House would be seen as “backstairs gossip,” the tattle of servants and thus a rather grubby form of reportage. It is all very well to say that Keckley was not a cook or maid, but an independent businesswoman who lived in her own home. Yet certain passages in *Behind the Scenes* subvert this understanding of her role in the Lincolns’ life. These include notice of Abe’s preference that “Madam Elizabeth” brush his hair, though that was a footman’s job; of Mary Lincoln’s insistence that “Lizabeth” arrange her gowns and head-dresses, though this meant acting as a lady’s-maid; and of the watching that “Yib” did at Willie Lincoln’s sick-bed, though she was not a children’s nurse. It is easy to imagine Keckley sharing this kind of information about her interactions with the First Family, with gratification and pride. The problem with this kind of sharing, in 1868, was that it allowed whites ultra-aware of the emancipation of millions of Americans of African descent to interpret Keckley’s role in the life of the Lincolns as that of a trusted upper-servant rather than a respected businesswoman or family friend. Evidence that this option was seized on, by Keckley’s detractors, includes the *New York Citizen*’s decision to characterize Keckley as a “traitorous eavesdropper” and “angry negro servant.”⁹

8. Thus *Behind the Scenes*, xiv.

9. See “Indecent Publications”, a criticism of *Behind the Scenes* that was published anonymously in the *New York Citizen* (18 April 1868).

I have written elsewhere about the effect that ideas about the restrictions rightly placed on domestic servants' speech had on certain ex-slaves' narratives, including *Behind the Scenes*.¹⁰ But since Keckley was not a slave, by the time she met Mary Lincoln, the closer comparison could be that between *Behind the Scenes* and a memoir called *A Lifetime with Mark Twain: The memories of Katy Leary, for thirty years his faithful and devoted servant* (1925). The first thing to know about this memoir is that Leary never expressed a sense of grievance about having been misrepresented by her editor and publisher. Silence on the latter point is intriguing since, in fact, Leary *was* misrepresented in a way that which would have been obvious to her if she ever read the book that bears her name. The point is not that second-generation Irish Americans never had the kind of brogue that crops up in scattered passages in *A Lifetime*, since many did, especially those who grew up in Celtic ghettos. The point is instead that, according to Leary's surviving relatives, she did not say "I t'ink" (for "I think") and "hinny" (for the endearment, "honey") by the time she was interviewed. The decision to adorn Leary's speech with a gloss of Green Erin brings up the topic of race again, in a way which challenges assumptions that women of Irish descent "became white" at the same rate of speed as their brothers, sons, male cousins and nephews.

Why someone put Leary into print as a brogue-ing daughter of the Emerald Isle is clear enough, since this use of non-standard English evoked putative "good old days" in which every happy family was graced by the presence of a faithful "Biddy." Turning to who made this decision, the culprit is probably Leary's editor, an actress named Mary Lawton who was a good friend of Twain's daughter, Clara. Lawton's role in the production of *A Lifetime* has not interested Twain scholars. Attention should be paid, though, and not only because of that fallacious brogue. Equally important, for instance, is Lawton's decision to share a quip of Mark Twain's, in an editorial preface. "Why Katy," Twain reportedly said, "she's like the wallpaper; she's always there." Leary may or may not have been the person who recounted this quip to Lawton; there is no way of telling, now. More pertinent than source-information, though, is realization that Lawton quotes Twain describing his long-time house-

10. See "Kitchen Testimony: Ex-Slave Narrators in New Company," *Callaloo* 22:1 (Winter 1999): 141-56.

keeper in a way that evokes the sentimental ideal of a servant whose fidelity is so unremitting that he or she is said to co-reside as "one of the family." Leary was a good choice to carry this banner since she seems to have been delighted to appear in print as the Clemens's loyal residual. "I'm not living among strangers," she recalled telling another servant, who griped about the loneliness of serving for a wage; "They're my family."¹¹ This was not a claim that Keckley chose to make or, more precisely, which shows up in *Behind the Scenes*.

With loyalty a topic of signal importance for attendant (auto)biographers, there can be little doubt that willingness, on the part of Leary and/or Lawton, to laugh off Twain's heavy drinking and keep mum about his periods of heavy gloom, goes a long way toward explaining the acceptability of this memoir. Pertinent, too, is the information that Leary was laid off after a decade+ of employment, when her employers' finances grew tight, and asked to come back when their finances recovered. Leary was delighted to return. All that is said of the interim period, though, in *A Lifetime*, is that Leary felt lonely and bored when forced to live with her kin. It is possible that that is all Kate Leary had to say about the period during which she lived apart from the Clemenses. It is equally possible, though, that she told a story or two about that time in her life, and Lawton left it out of the book she intended as an *homage* to Mark Twain. Uncertainty about such things contrasts sharply with the tight focus on Keckley's trials, actions, thoughts and triumphs in *Behind the Scenes*.

Though these comments are intended to build a case for the validity of thinking long and hard about the possibility of cross-purpose editing, it is well to acknowledge that that is only one of the ways in which to conceptualize the provenance of *Behind the Scenes*, and the affront it has aroused. It is possible, for instance, that Keckley demanded that whoever helped her produce a book of memoirs agree to vilify her most prestigious client. However, attack would have been an odd strategy-choice for a self-employed businesswoman reliant on the custom of elite women

11. The Twain quip seems to be the reason that Lawton calls her source "Katy," rather than the name that Leary used outside the Clemens home, "Kate." See Lawton, ed., *A Lifetime with Mark Twain: The memories of Katy Leary, for thirty years his faithful and devoted servant* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1925), xii and 127.

with secrets, and perhaps large debts, of their own. Another possibility is that Keckley decided to share a few impressions of Mary Lincoln, some of which were frank, and a market-minded publisher pumped her editor for the dirt. This is, of course, a version of what Keckley said herself, in later years, amended to extend from the unauthorized use of letters to the unauthorized use of opinions she actually held and things she had, imprudently, said. The distinction is not trivial. But either way, the inference would have to be that whoever edited Keckley's recollections into a manuscript ready for print, and attractive to a sensationalist publisher like Carleton, was guided by motives distinguishable from Keckley's. Foster's work on *Behind the Scenes* suggests that she would agree as long as we take "black message" and "white envelope" to be separable entities. Harking back to the importance of history, though, and historical imagination, I wonder if John Sekora's image is not best understood in terms of the letters that many here will have seen while delving 19th-century archives, the sort that were written and posted as one-sheet fold-up notes. I don't say that this epistolary technology makes message and envelope a unity. But I think it does bring these two things into a significantly more entangled relationship, closer to email than to the image of a card or letter which can be saved after the envelope has been thrown away. To demonstrate the utility of an entangled sense of Sekora's image, rather than the separable model that Foster's work promotes, I will conclude this essay by addressing a question that Foster raised, for a non-scholarly audience, in 1998. It is: how could any decent person could remain mute while Keckley was being lambasted by the press and her livelihood put at risk?

The import of this query is, of course, whether Keckley should be considered the true author of *Behind the Scenes*. Foster began work on this topic in *Written By Herself: Literary Production by African American Women, 1746-1892* (1993). Obviously enough, the title of which says a great deal about Foster's goal, the thrust of which is borne out fully in a chapter on Keckley and *Behind the Scenes* that does not differentiate between the two. This way of handling what I see as a tremendously complex text is so current that, for instance, a literary historian named Elizabeth Young recently offered new evidence of a contemporary's recognition that Keckley did not write *Behind the Scenes*, and then went on discussing the text as though it was the product of Keckley's mind

alone.¹² This anomaly is the result, I think, of lack of interest in history as the thing that hurts. The door to the anomaly was opened, though, by Foster's insistence that editorial interference is a minimal issue for students of *Behind the Scenes*. I believe Foster broached this argument because she was determined to forestall the charge that Keckley was a passive victim, or editor's dupe, and I can understand commitment to warding off such an interpretation. I think, though, that finding Keckley complicit in the brouhaha over *Behind the Scenes*, if only because she chose her editor poorly or had an unrealistic sense of her own role in the scheme of things, is the wiser way to go.¹³ This approach would not settle questions as to who wrote *Behind the Scenes*. But it would stand up against the way in which authority over this text was used to Keckley's disadvantage, by Mary Lincoln biographers who accuse her of profit-seeking treachery.

Evidence that Foster gained a sense of this snarl, as the 1990s unwound, is the different case she set forth in an introduction to an edition of *Behind the Scenes* published as a Lakeside edition. What interests me most about this introduction is not its indication that Foster grew dissatisfied enough with her early work to do extensive and excellent historical research on many aspects of *Behind the Scenes*, but instead her willingness to absolve a man whom she and others deem "certainly ... a likely suspect" for the role of Keckley's editor. This decision is as questionable, to my eyes, as the gap in Mary Lincoln scholarship regarding Keckley. Nor am I persuaded by Foster's query about the Radical Republican James Redpath: "Is it probable that even in his zeal to achieve what he considered the greater political good, he would in fact violate the confidence of an African American woman ...?"¹⁴ Call me a cynic but my answer is that I do think it probable, considering the evidence that Redpath veered between intense enthusiasms and near-suicidal moods – either of which could have affected the way he would have worked on *Behind the Scenes* or handled the uproar it aroused – and the desperation

12. I appreciate Young's notice that a woman named Frances Rollin, who knew Keckley, doubted that the dressmaker had written *Behind the Scenes* (*Disarming the Nation*, 125). But I do not see why, having made this point, Young continues attributing authorial agency to Keckley alone, especially as there is nothing to suggest that Keckley was the punster that Young discerns at work in *Behind the Scenes*.

13. See *Written by Herself: Literary Production by African American Women, 1746-1892*, 117ff.

14. See Foster's "Historical Introduction," in the Lakeside *Behind the Scenes*, lxi-ii.

with which his political confreres were struggling, in 1868, against conservative forces led by Lincoln's Southern-born successor, Andrew Johnson.¹⁵ It would have been extremely important, at this juncture, to distinguish between a fallen leader and his errant widow. If, in the process, an individual freedwoman was bruised, well ... the nation's destiny and millions of Americans' life-prospects were at stake. Awareness of this possibility illuminates the otherwise odd inclusion, in *Behind the Scenes*, of brief notice of the rude and abrupt way in which Keckley was treated by members of President Johnson's family. More centrally, though, knowledge of Redpath's politics brings out the extent to which *Behind the Scenes*, rather than Keckley, provided the information needed to distinguish between Mary Lincoln's faults and foolishness, and the sterling qualities of her dead spouse. Still, since it is not at all sure that Redpath was the person who helped Keckley get her memories into print, I find silence on the part of an enabling scribe strong evidence that whatever aspects of the dressmaker's thoughts did reach print were put there by a person or people actuated by purposes other than hers. If so, then there is no question of decent behavior, as Foster suggests. Instead, and unmistakably, Keckley was callously used.

To review: I contend that Foster, trying to "save" *Behind the Scenes* for African American literature, deployed John Sekora's "black message/white envelope" argument in a presentist way. This deployment would be more persuasive if there was anything to suggest that Keckley had drafted a manuscript of, or even notes toward, her memoirs. (This was, we know, the situation with Harriet Jacobs.) Pending discovery of something of that kind, I question the confidence with which Foster – and those who follow her lead – assess Keckley's motives, nature, affections, aims and ego. Perhaps Foster was unwilling, in work for a non-scholarly audience, to expose Keckley to criticism by readers she did not trust to approach *Behind the Scenes* with historical and/or racial sensitivity. Alternately, this careful scholar may have set up a simple model of good writer, bad editor because she expected Lakeside readers to "side with"

15. For the objection described, see Foster, "Historical Introduction." For a record of this intriguing man's accomplishments, which hints at a bipolar condition but does not mention Keckley at all, see Charles F. Horner, *The Life of James Redpath and the Development of the Modern Lyceum* (New York: Barse & Hopkins, 1926).

the Mary Lincoln biographers who expressed repulsion toward the book published under Keckley's name. We do not have to follow this lead, though, any more than we have to stick with Foster's contention that Keckley was misguided due to an unrealistic sense of her importance in the world of her day. More promising across a broader range of writers, it seems to me, would be an enhanced sense that editors and putative authors sometimes work at cross-purposes, not to say loggerheads. That might not be the case in all editing or ghost-writing situations. But I propose that it *was* the case, in the case of *Behind the Scenes*.