

LADY MARGARET HALL

 **LMHA**  
for all LMH Alumni

# THE BROWN BOOK 2023





Lady Margaret Hall  
Oxford

# THE BROWN BOOK



2023

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# EDITORIAL

In recent years, I have started the editorial with reference to a change and this year is no different. In College, Stephen Blyth has taken up the reins as Principal, and he introduces his plans for the next few years in his report. Sadly, Richard Hunt, the Development Director, and Kate Hall, the Head Gardener, have left this year. Both have contributed their Reports before leaving, thankfully, and Kate has provided us with many of the photos which have brightened this and recent editions of *The Brown Book*, leaving us with plenty in stock for the future. Kate introduced the glorious wild flower meadow in the Wolfson Quad, shown in one of her photos of its most recent incarnation opposite. In addition, LMH is without a Chaplain at the time of writing, as the Revd Andrew Foreshew-Cain left earlier this year and is yet to be replaced. As a result, we have no Chapel report, but we do have a new addition with a report from Nicole Jones, the Head of Wellbeing. Finally, you may notice that we no longer have the Gazette at the end of this volume. Copies of *The Brown Book* are now available on the LMH website, and this has led to potential issues if a student does not wish to have their name made public. A few years ago, it was decided that we could no longer publish the names of schools in the matriculation lists, nor the degree classes in the exam lists. With this new concern about privacy, we have decided to stop publishing the lists previously found in the Gazette. Last, but by no means least, in her report as outgoing President of the LMHA, Harriet Kemp discusses fundamental changes to the role of the LMHA and the introduction of the LMH Volunteer Network.

As part of these changes we no longer include details of the LMHA Committee which gives me more space to flag up the highlights of this edition of *The Brown Book*. The articles include two pieces that arose from interesting contributions to the News last year and two that were submitted to the editorial team. We are particularly pleased to include spectacular images from the James Webb Space Telescope, described by Hashima Hasan who worked on it. We are always happy to consider suggestions for articles, as well as requests for book reviews or for obituaries. In the latter this year, there is a running thread where obituaries make reference to how important College was to the person concerned. Nandini Iyer 'cherished her days at LMH till her final breath', Sali Denning's favourite places included LMH, and Cathy Avent said that the honorary title she most appreciated was 'the vice-presidency of the LMH Association – because I owe so much to those three years at Oxford'. It says much about LMH that so many of us retain such a strong feeling about our time there. Meg Rothwell was another member of the LMHA Committee whom we have lost this year. Her extraordinary life in the Diplomatic Service is described in an obituary written by her niece.

This year we have reviewed a wide range of books, beginning with Mary Jacobus's reflection on the themes of migration and displacement, and Susan Wollenberg's work on music in twentieth century Oxford. Our thanks go to the





reviewers of all these books, who have enabled us to include such an interesting collection of titles, from poetry, history and novels to art, cuisine and gardening. It is important to have a record of works by LMH alumni, and we are delighted to showcase the talent of LMH authors here annually. Among the reviews we include a reprint of one written for *The Brown Book* in 1965. This is for a book by Alethea Hayter which has recently been re-published and, as we had a perfectly good review in our back-catalogue, it made sense to use it!

In this time of change to the LMHA, *The Brown Book* will remain a publication produced by alumni for alumni and we are justifiably proud that this is so. I am immensely grateful to Alison and Judith for all the work they do each year, and to Jo Godfrey who brought her skills from the publishing world to help us with proof reading.

Carolyn Carr  
Editor





# REPORTS

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# REPORTS

## FROM THE LMHA PRESIDENT

As ever, the year has been about saying goodbye to some and welcome to others. We wish Richard Hunt, the departing Development Director, all the best with his new role at Sherborne School and thank him for everything he has done for LMH over the last three years. It has not been the easiest of times. Richard was interviewed for the position over Zoom. We all really liked him and felt he was the right person, but we also wanted to meet him face to face since a key part of the role is interacting with others (and we wanted to know how tall he was!). Given that this was in 2020, it was a challenge, but we eventually managed to arrange a meeting in the Fellows' Garden with four benches arranged in a square, all suitably socially distanced. Many congratulations to Anna Bates as she becomes the new Development Director. Anna has worked in the Development Team as Associate Development Director since 2019. We wish her all the best.

We have also welcomed Stephen Blyth as Principal this year. We hope that many alumni have had the opportunity to meet Stephen already. He has been very active, with a number of overseas visits.

Last year I wrote that the Committee had been discussing the future of the LMH Association (LMHA). Its origins go back to 1892, when the Lady Margaret Hall Old Students Association published a small volume with a dark brown cover. This publication reported on a meeting in College in July 1891 at which 'it was resolved to form an Association of Old Students to help keep up the feeling of comradeship among students after they had left the Hall'. The Association was to meet twice a year. In 1905 changes were made. The title of Senior Member was adopted and the constitution of the new Senior Members' Association stated that 'The Committee be responsible for editing the Brown Book'. The constitution was silent on other activities which the Committee would undertake, other than encouraging alumnae to remain connected with the college.

The role of the Committee has changed over time. In the early days, in addition to *The Brown Book*, it was the body which arranged alumni events. With the establishment of the college's Development Office, much of this work was taken on by the Development Team, but with the Committee playing an important role in suggesting venues and assisting with the planning, particularly for the Autumn Social Meeting. With the pandemic came further change and the

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creation by the Development Team of a rich and diverse range of events, with a mix of in-person, hybrid and virtual. With all these changes, the Committee has been discussing for a while what its role could be and how it could complement and support the work of the Development Team. The conclusion which we reached was to retain the title of LMHA, with all graduating members of LMH automatically joining the Association. It is an essential part of the college family and a body to which all alumni belong. However, the formal structures within the LMHA – the Committee, officer roles, and AGM – had probably run their course. After extensive discussion with the Principal, Fellows and the Development Office, it has been agreed that these would be dissolved.

Nonetheless, the college greatly appreciates the voluntary support of alumni in achieving its objectives and is keen to encourage greater involvement. Opportunities for alumni to contribute their time and expertise will now be structured through a 'Volunteer Network' with working groups set up to focus on particular projects. Alumni can sign up for a distinct project to best make use of their skills with a clear structure and time commitment. One of the working groups of the Volunteer Network will be the production of *The Brown Book* (everyone agreed it was very important that this should continue to be led by alumni) and oversight of the Oral History project. Opportunities for alumni to engage will grow organically alongside the needs of the Development Team, and will include becoming involved in local Chapters, helping out with the 150th Anniversary celebrations, mentoring etc. Please keep an eye on communications from the Team for further updates.

We have every confidence in Anna Bates as she helps shape the new Network. But at its heart, the LMHA Volunteer Network will continually seek to engage alumni with the life and activities of LMH and find ways for them to remain connected with both the college and each other. There will be more from the Development Team and in the next *Brown Book* on how the Volunteer Network is developing.

This change also coincides with the end of my six-year term as President of the LMHA. I have really enjoyed my time both as President and prior to that on the Committee, and have felt enormously privileged to have had the opportunity to engage so closely with the life and work of the college. I have had the chance to work with three Development Directors and three Principals as well as a number of Fellows and many alumni. It has been a great experience. I would like to thank all the Committee members I have been lucky to work with, and all the past Presidents and members of the Committee for everything they have done for alumni and the college during their terms of office.

*Harriet Kemp*  
*Retiring President*

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## FROM THE PRINCIPAL

It's a pleasure for me to write to you for the first time as Principal in *The Brown Book*. I have hugely enjoyed my first year at LMH. It has been particularly wonderful meeting so many members of the LMHA community in Oxford and at events around the UK, Asia and the US. I am honoured to head a college which has had such impact on higher education and which benefits from such a richly varied and accomplished alumni body. This is a special place.

LMH has come a long way since the night of 11 October 1879 when our first nine students moved from room to room to avoid smoking chimneys. I am proud that, thanks to the support of our alumni community and the work of all who have come before, we now are able to house all our undergraduates on site for three years. The college has also come far since one of those students in 1879 commented that, 'we were allowed only condensed milk, and by an unwritten law if we had jam, we had no cake'. Our kitchens, which undoubtedly serve the finest food in Oxford, recently featured in the journal *Nature Food* for efforts in reducing our carbon footprint; and LMH was once again awarded Investors in People Gold accreditation for its support staff, the only Oxbridge college to be so recognised. I am myself particularly glad for our students that LMH has certainly progressed from its early years when 'the great feature of our life which made it the education we all found it to be was the conversation with the Principal'. While I love chatting to our students, I am relieved that the academic mission of the College is carried forward by our outstanding Tutorial Fellows and lecturers.

As I have written before, I see a core priority as Principal to champion and celebrate the academic endeavours of our students and Fellows, and to attract the finest minds regardless of background. I have particularly valued the opportunity this year to be on several appointment panels for new College Fellows. Of those we have replaced, one Fellow was appointed to a Regius chair; one left for a named chair at a major US public university; and one moved to another Oxford college. These departures reflect three of the realities within which LMH operates: first, that our academics are world-leaders in their field and fill some of the most prestigious positions in academia; second, that we operate within a globally competitive environment for the finest minds; and third that the wealth inequality between colleges at Oxford directly impacts on LMH's ability to fulfil its academic mission, and I will return to this later.

As Principal I am privileged to experience the richness and vibrancy of College life in all its dimensions. Our students excel academically and in extracurriculars. LMH obtained the top Firsts in Roman, Criminal and overall Law Mods last year and provided a member of the Oxford Jessup moot team that won the UK title. One of our undergraduates is a leading young ornithologist, with several firsts to his name; another represents England in amputee football. We recently celebrated the unveiling of the Blades won by our women's 1st and 2nd VIII's in the



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past two years. And Danial Hussain, a former LMH Foundation Year student, was elected President of the Oxford University Student Union, standing on a platform centred around college inequity and its impact on the student experience.

I have been greatly encouraged and motivated by many meetings with alumni through the year. I will mention one particular highlight, the visit to College from 98-year-old Elizabeth Kaser (Piggford 1943 English), as far as we know our last surviving alumna to have served at Bletchley Park. It was an extraordinary experience as a mathematician to speak to someone personally involved in the legendary codebreaking efforts at Bletchley.

LMH continues to be a leader in Oxford in increasing access to an Oxford education and ensuring all talented students can flourish here. As you know, the college launched and developed the Foundation Year, a transformational programme that has had an impact far beyond LMH. This year we celebrated the graduation of the last cohort of LMH Foundation Year students: from next year, Oxford will run the University-wide Astrophoria Foundation Year, in which LMH will participate and lend its expertise. LMH was also the first college to provide dedicated study skills provision and the first to employ a professional Head of Wellbeing, two initiatives that ensure our students are equipped to fulfil their academic potential and tackle the challenges of an Oxford education. These initiatives have been made possible by the innovative and open-minded nature of LMH, and by the commitment and leadership of our alumni and supporters. LMH has a powerful platform from which it can continue to make a difference.

In Trinity, we had the honour of welcoming Professor Claudine Gay for my first 'In Conversation' event as Principal, three weeks before her installation as Harvard University's 30th President. During my time at Harvard, I was inspired by the huge investment the university makes in its undergraduate low-income financial aid initiative – over \$240million last year – the majority of which is endowment funded. This programme has eliminated cost of attendance as a barrier to access, with one-quarter of undergraduates last year paying nothing to attend, and has transformed the sociodemographic make-up of the student body. Harvard firmly believes that attracting the finest minds regardless of background leads to diversity of thought and talent in the classroom and is fundamental to the overall goal of academic excellence. LMH shares this belief and has from its foundation championed opening up education and career opportunities to the previously excluded.

LMH has been brave, bold and innovative and it has done so despite being at a financial disadvantage relative to other Oxford colleges, a situation that dates back to our foundation. Exactly one hundred years ago, 'The Appeal Fund for the Four Oxford Women's Colleges' was launched. The US ambassador was a campaign leader, which perhaps explains the bold face language: 'WANTED: £185,000. ON THE UNIVERSITIES depends the intellectual development of the NATION!' The campaign was focused: '[The Colleges] have NO ENDOWMENTS so cannot maintain the standards of the past without help.'

Thanks to the efforts of our alumni and my predecessors, we now have an endowment of approximately £50 million. However, the median Oxford college endowment is roughly three times as large. Our endowment distribution covers approximately 10 per cent of our operating budget, so we in effect start each year with a budget 20 per cent lower than that of the median college. This, sadly, impacts on both our students and academic staff: our student rents are in the top quartile among Oxford colleges; and our ability to provide our Fellows competitive academic support such as living and research allowances is limited.

I have told the Governing Body of the college that I see three key priorities for me as Principal: championing the college's core academic mission and celebrating the academic endeavours of our students and Fellows; continuing to lead on increasing access and reducing barriers to an Oxford collegiate education; and reinforcing our finances to provide security and flexibility for the future. I look forward to sharing more about the college's plans with you as we head towards our 150th anniversary in 2028. Thank you in advance for your engagement, counsel and support. It is an honour to serve the college as Principal.

*Stephen Blyth*  
*Principal*

## FROM THE DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR

One of the great pleasures in my role as Development Director is to meet many, many alumni from diverse backgrounds, geographies and generations and hear your stories about what LMH has meant to you. One of the common threads in these conversations is the sense that LMH was yours for the three or four years that you were here. That sense of ownership is so strong and so reassuring that what we did 60 or so years ago we evidently still do today. Perhaps it is because change comes slowly to Oxford that this continuity of memory is so resonant. Perhaps it is that slow change that helps to create the brilliant thinkers that LMH sends out into a fast changing world.

I may have become assimilated, but LMH feels like it changes faster than other colleges. We created the Foundation Year in Oxford and it is now adopted by both Cambridge and Oxford universities. We are transforming our wellbeing support (both academic and pastoral) so that all students can thrive and flourish in the Oxford tutorial system. I have no doubt that LMH will continue to create change both large and small as we adapt to the challenges that we and our students face.

Fellows, Principals, Development Directors all change. Alumni are the continuity. I want to thank all of you who support the college through your time.

To the *Brown Book* editorial team, I salute you. I am extremely grateful for your professionalism and dedication in creating this important and very readable record each year. The amount of time and effort you put into gathering content, chasing contributions and editing is immense. You have your ear to the alumni ground and you provide such an important contribution to our community.

Others support LMH through committees including Investment and Remuneration and through projects as diverse as helping us explore plans and ideas for the gardens through to capturing memories of LMH through Oral History recordings. Each contribution helps to build and sustain this great college, your great college.

The Development team has run some 60 events over the last year. Each has enabled a different group to hear from the college and for us to hear from you. For me, some of the highlights have been the Memorial Day for Clive Holmes, a greatly loved History Fellow, and the many opportunities to hear about our current Fellows' research. The vibrancy of academic rigour and enquiry is undimmed.

Thank you to all of you who make LMH the community that it is today.

*Richard Hunt*  
*Development Director*

## FROM THE HEAD OF WELLBEING

I am delighted to have the opportunity to share with you my experiences as the first Head of Wellbeing at LMH. It has been a very busy but thoroughly enjoyable year, and I am grateful for the chance to contribute to the wellbeing of our students.

Since my appointment in August 2022, my primary goal has been to promote wellbeing at every stage of a student's journey. As I settled into my role, I prepared my first Freshers' talk, which served as an introduction to our new wellbeing team and a short workshop on improving wellbeing and developing resilience.

Building on the valuable work of the previous welfare team, we continued the tradition of 'wellbeing week' in Michaelmas term. This week included a range of activities and events designed to support our students' wellbeing. Among the highlights were the presence of the ever-popular alpacas, a thought-provoking talk on mindfulness meditation by former LMH undergraduate Gelong Thubten, forest-bathing sessions, yoga classes, and study skills drop-in sessions.

However, we believe that looking after our wellbeing should not be confined to just one week per term. Therefore, our aim for the upcoming academic year is to expand the provision of wellbeing-related activities throughout the entire

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year. As a small step towards this goal, we transformed ‘wellbeing week’ into a ‘wellbeing fortnight’ during Trinity term. This extension allowed us to incorporate an even greater variety of activities and events, catering to the diverse needs and interests of our students.

While organising events is undoubtedly valuable, the majority of my time over the last academic year has been focused on meeting students on an individual basis. It is important to us that students feel comfortable reaching out to us about any difficulties they may be facing, no matter how big or small. We have noticed a common concern among students who worry about ‘wasting our time’. As a team, we are actively working to encourage students not to wait until difficulties reach a ‘crisis point’. Instead, we emphasise the significance of taking preventative steps before situations escalate. Throughout the year, I have held over 250 meetings with students, covering a wide range of topics such as mental health concerns, bereavement, accommodation issues, and financial concerns.

Looking ahead, I am thrilled to announce that Lizzie Shine has joined LMH in July to share the role of Head of Wellbeing. Now with full-time cover, we hope to support even more students in the next academic year. Together, we aim to further enhance the provision of wellbeing services and activities, ensuring that LMH remains a nurturing and supportive community.

We look forward to reporting back to you next year, sharing further updates on the progress we are making in fostering a culture of wellbeing at LMH.

*Nicole Jones*  
*Head of Wellbeing*

## FROM THE LIBRARIAN

While this report is being written, LMH Library is filled with the quiet industriousness of students revising for finals or mods – piles of papers, folders, notes, and laptops gather on almost all the desks; students in *sub fusc* are cramming between exams; and the return of whole shelves of books by the first finalists has begun! It is a reassuring return to normalcy after the pandemic’s disruption, much as the rest of this year has been. However, in libraries as in the wider world, it does seem like some pre-existing trends have been accelerated by the pandemic. The total number of loans each year has been slowly falling over the past decade, as students move to a mixture of e-books and physical texts, but it seems like there has been a definite leap over the pandemic – loans this year are slightly higher than last, but about two-thirds of the levels a decade ago. The rise in use of e-books instead of physical books has been accelerated in Oxford both by the Bodleian’s ‘Digital First’ policy, where the



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central libraries prefer to buy books as digital copies rather than physical, and the purchasing of e-books packages during the pandemic to support long-distance study.

However, once again this year LMH has purchased more physical books than ever before (largely as a result of student book requests) – continuing an upwards trend, resulting in buying more than twice as many this year compared to the levels bought per year a decade ago. This upward trend in demand could be because some students still prefer physical books and find themselves not well served by the Digital First policy; or because students are happy to use the large textbooks online but still want to read shorter books physically; or because the breadth of topics of study and research goes beyond that supported by the e-book packages. Interestingly, the price spent per book is the lowest it has been in the past decade. This could be an anomaly, as it doesn't seem to be a steady trend, or it could be because the books students are asking for are often academic books that are recently out of print, but available relatively cheaply second hand (and are not the huge expensive textbooks).

The drive to increase the library's book purchasing budget to that of the median across colleges, enabling the doubling of book purchases, has been championed for many years by the Fellow Librarian, Grant Tapsell. He has held that position since Michaelmas 2014, chairing the Library Steering Group and representing the library at Governing Body meetings. As well as pushing for the increase in the book budget, he led the recruitment of the current Librarian and helped the drive to expand the library team to include a second full-time qualified library staff member (which is, again, the normal system across other colleges). He is now stepping down from that role, and a new Fellow Librarian will be taking over in Michaelmas 2023, but his time will be remembered as one of expansion in support for the library.

Last year's report mentioned the replacement of the Oxford University library management system, the underlying database recording all the books and readers across Oxford, with the latest generation of program. This project was delayed from going live last summer due to the new program struggling to cope with the complexities of Oxford's unique set-up, with so many fiercely independent institutions. A strenuous effort over this past year has resulted in a vastly improved system, hopefully able to cope with all these challenges, and, as a result, the replacement will go ahead this summer. This will involve a month where librarians across Oxford will not be able to do acquisitions, cataloguing, or reclassification – at LMH this time will be spent making a new rare books exhibition, and having well-earned summer holidays. There will also be a week in August where circulation and stack requests will be unavailable, which should hopefully have minimal impacts in the colleges as this is the quietest period. The LMH Librarian is the college libraries' representative on the Programme Board and has had a lot of their time this past year consumed by this project, so is very much looking forward to it being over and done with.

As well as the database change, the central university is also undertaking several large physical infrastructure projects. The conversion of the Radcliffe Science Library into the new Reuben College is well under way, and the redeveloped (smaller) Radcliffe Science Library should be reopening in time for Michaelmas 2023. The construction of the all-new Schwarzman Centre for the Humanities, featuring a new Humanities Library combining English, Film, History of Medicine, Music, Philosophy, and Theology, is also ongoing and has a planned completion date of Michaelmas 2025. These new central libraries are smaller than the ones they are replacing, which puts pressure for study spaces on college libraries. As such, many other colleges are expanding their libraries, trying to get up to the same capacity that LMH Library achieved in the 2005/6 expansion.



A selection of LMH treasures: a manuscript of the Qur'an; Eglantyne Jebb's impassioned call for children's rights; Parkinson's *Theatrum Botanicum*; and the hand-made *Barnacle Magazine*

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As the world moves on from the depths of the pandemic, it has been a joy to start returning to the old cycles of exhibitions and open days. LMH opened for Oxford Open Doors in September 2022, with around 300 visitors visiting to see the library's 'Illustrated Dante' exhibition. This year LMH Library and Archives worked together on a pop-up exhibition for the college community one lunchtime in Deneke Foyer, on the topic of 'Treasures from LMH's Collections' – the library side of the exhibition is now on display in the library and was open for the Garden Party in June 2023. It is also available online, as are all the past library exhibitions, at <https://libguides.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/lmh/treasures>. Sally Hamer, the Assistant Librarian, will be curating the next exhibition, which will be created during the library management system downtime this summer and launched at Oxford Open Doors in September 2023.

The library has gratefully received many kind donations over the year. The most recent was a collection of books from Victoria Schofield about her friend and fellow alumna, Benazir Bhutto – the library already had some books about Bhutto, but it is wonderful to expand the existing selection. Other donations this past year came from Anna Sapir Abulafia, Caroline Baynes, Diana Brass, Michael Broers, Garry Brown, Rachel Cartland, Christine Caunt, Fiona Chesterton, Margaret Coombe, Andrew Cremer, Beth Rigel Daugherty, Xon de Ros, Natasha Dissanáyake, Isla Duporge, The Foundation for Law Justice Society, Pamela Griffiths, Peter Hainsworth, Angela Heap, John Hennessy, Howard S. Hogan, Clare, Lady Howse, Karen Johnson, Alison Kenney, Marie-Chantal Killeen, Daria Kondratyeva, Margaret Lloyd (the final volume of the Bermuda's Architectural Heritage Series, which she has been working on since 1995!), Helen Manson, Ewan McKendrick, Daan Paget, Sophie Ratcliffe, Jacob Reid, Andy Reyes, Jenny Robinson, Susan Rose, R. W. Smith, Lavinia Singer, Grant Tapsell, Gillian Tindall, Roger Tomlin, Susan Treggiari, Peter Tyler, and Susan Wollenberg. The library welcomes donations, with the policy being that the library retains all books by or about LMH's academics and alumni, and all books that will be well-used by LMH's students (determined by looking at borrowing records across other Oxford libraries, or by asking academics). Any books not kept are offered first to the LMH students and academics for their personal libraries, and then any remaining are sent to be sold online with profits split between LMH and literacy charities.

As mentioned above, LMH Library has now fully returned to normal after the pandemic years, and that includes being keen to welcome alumni back who wish to see the library space and the current exhibitions, or to use the library to study in (particularly over the vacations, and ideally not during Trinity unless unavoidable). Please do not hesitate to contact the librarian to make an appointment, via [librarian@lmh.ox.ac.uk](mailto:librarian@lmh.ox.ac.uk). There have been several visitors of both types over this past year, and it has been an absolute joy to be able to welcome you.

*Jamie Fishwick-Ford*  
*Librarian*

## FROM THE HEAD GARDENER

Summer 2022 turned out to be extraordinary, and very probably a taste of what is to come. Climate change will very soon be affecting all of us but for those of us who work on the land and with the elements as part of our everyday lives it is very much an issue already. Any of you that have gardens and grow vegetables will no doubt have found the run of dry springs somewhat frustrating, particularly when followed by a hot dry spell in the summer. I for one have been very grateful for the cool, wet spring we are currently experiencing. The longer conditions remain damp, the better the garden can cope if things hot up later in the summer. Of course, extreme conditions can bring both highs and lows: I have never known such an amazing abundance of blackberries in our part of the countryside as we had last summer and it was great to see so many of us out taking advantage of the glut.

Keeping the LMH gardens looking good was difficult and with a hosepipe ban it was a case of 'survival of the fittest'. Unfortunately, there were some casualties, the most significant being sections of the yew hedge in the Fellows' Garden. The two days of record-breaking heat in July, when temperatures almost reached 40°C, simply killed some of these yews that I think were originally planted in the 1930s. I can only surmise that because of their situation near the river, they were

not that happy anyway (yews dislike having wet feet for prolonged periods) and possibly shallow rooted, making them less able to withstand drought. What is odd, however, is that some survive and some specimens not that far away seem entirely unaffected. We left the sad brown yews *in situ* for some time in the hope that green shoots would return but there was no such luck and they have now been removed, changing the look of what had for me been one of my favourite parts of the garden. To add insult to injury in the Fellows' Garden, the dreaded box moth absolutely thrived in the hot dry conditions and some of the box 'balls' have not recovered and will have to be removed. I am hoping that the two periods of deep cold we have had this winter will have set this particular pest back somewhat.



*Hummingbird Hawkmoth*





*Drought damage to the yews in the Fellows' Garden*

Although difficult to work through, the cold weather did seem to me to be a return to the kind of winter we had when I was growing up in the 1970s and 1980s with several nights of penetrating frosts. I am hoping this will not only have set back the box moth, but a few other destructive critters that have benefited from our generally warmer winters, such as leek moth and the scale insect that does such damage to our beautiful horse chestnut trees. In addition, as I write in early May, I am looking forward to the roses this year as I know they really benefit from a properly cold winter, so they should be putting on a great display very soon.

A couple of high points from last summer included sightings in the garden of the lovely Hummingbird Hawkmoth which migrates across from France, particularly on a hot year. It was while photographing one of these that I was extremely lucky to also spot the elusive Brown Hairstreak butterfly. This was very exciting as the adult tends to hang about at the top of mature blackthorn hedges and is rarely seen. It also confirmed the rumour an ex-colleague had told me many years ago that LMH supported a colony of these beautiful butterflies. I invited some folk from Butterfly Conservation in to see if they could spot any of the tiny eggs the Brown Hairstreak lays on blackthorn and some other prunus species, which indeed they did, with the help of good hand lenses essential for the job. It is very pleasing to know that we can provide good habitat here in the LMH gardens for species other than 'garden pests' to thrive!



*Frosty winter garden*

We now have an area of managed scrubland on the river side of the hockey field and let a wide strip on the northern and western side of the field grow long, cutting in late summer like a traditional hay-meadow. We are improving the plant diversity of these areas by adding plug plants of meadow species such as ox-eye daisy, field scabious, red campion and knapweed that we have grown from seed. These uncut areas encourage insects such as hoverflies and the Meadow Brown butterfly plus small mammals such as the field vole. I am happy to report that providing a good vole habitat did lead to a pair of kestrels nesting on our side of the river and it was a joy one morning late last summer to witness the parents calling the young from the nest and encouraging them to make their first flights across the hockey field using the football goal posts as a stop off point.



*Brown Hairstreak butterfly*

A top nature high point for me was to finally see an otter here at LMH. I knew from finding spraint and fish-remains that they were around, and looked practically every day I have been here, so to finally have a close encounter after nine years was really special. It was during the cold snap just before Christmas as I walked along the semi-iced-over punting arm (the waterway between us and University Parks). I was drawn there by the heron sitting on the bank – not its usual hangout. It flew off as I approached but then I heard a loud ‘plop’ as if something had just entered the water. Very excited, I crouched down and peered along under the overhang of the bank and there was the otter! It was roiling around and swimming in and out from under the ice, at one point swimming right beneath me. It popped up and looked at me from the lea of the Principal’s old boat then swam towards the river continuing to fish. I followed and was privileged to watch for a little longer until it rose out of the water, stared at me again, then disappeared off downstream. An absolute delight at nine in the morning on a freezing December day. I will never forget it.

The other winter surprise was seeing a jack snipe in the ditch that runs between the gardens and the hockey field. On reporting this to an old colleague he said that apparently the wet ditch at LMH had been ‘renowned’ for its snipe in the past – I guess this will have been true of many wet ditches throughout Britain at one time.





*One of the new robotic mowers*

Moving from the wonders of the natural world to modern technology, this spring we welcome four new members of the Garden team to LMH in the form of robotic mowers! They run on batteries, so reducing our reliance on the petrol and diesel that powers the traditional mowers. They 'mulch mow', returning the cuttings to the lawn which, in time, should help improve the health of the areas they mow. Also, these mowers are virtually silent, so won't be a disturbance to our hard-working students. We launched a competition for the students to pick names for them and I'm delighted to report the results: the mower on the Lannon Quadrangle in front of Pipe Partridge will be Nigella Lawson; the mowers in front of the Deneke entrance will be The Lawn Ranger and Bladerunner; the mower on the Fellows' Lawn behind Deneke will be Mo Farrah.

So, the past season has certainly been one of extremes as far as the weather is concerned, with extraordinary heat followed by a lot of autumn rain and then deep frosts. The garden has taken a bit of a bashing but this long, cool and damp spring has been a welcome relief. However, we will surely have to adapt to the continuing change in our climate for some time to come.

*Kate Hunt  
Head Gardener*

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## LMH GAUDY IN MARCH 2023

The Development Team has changed the timing of Gaudies over the last couple of years, as the more observant of you will have noticed. Previously, we would have a Gaudy weekend in June, with a dinner on Saturday night for a cohort of five or six years, and seminars and the Garden Party on Sunday open to everyone. These had to go on hold during the pandemic which meant a few cohorts missed out on their 'turn'. Possibly because of this, there were two Gaudies last year and this, in March and September, each covering two or three smaller cohorts. The Sunday programme of seminars and Garden Party continued to be held in June.

At the Gaudy in March 2023 it was the turn of 1977–79 and 2010–12, while the September Gaudy comprises dinner for 1994–96 and lunches celebrating the 50th and 60th anniversaries for 1973 and 1963. My husband and I went to the Gaudy in March this year and the timetable for the day started with afternoon tea and garden games. You may remember that March was very wet, however, and I am not sure how many people braved the rather soggy gardens! (Hopefully the September Gaudy will have better luck.) We gave the gardens a miss and started our evening with an update on College life in the Simpkins Lee Theatre, chaired by the Development Director, Richard Hunt. Todd Hoffman, Vice-Principal and Fellow and Tutor in Physics, gave us an insight into his research in high energy particle physics and David Campbell, the Dean and Fellow & Tutor in Law, shared the excellent results being achieved by law students and gave us insights into his role as College Dean.

After a sparkling drinks reception in Talbot Hall, we had a delicious three-course dinner followed by speeches from Roger Ramsden (History 1979) and Sarah Barnette (DPhil English 2012). Roger recalled being part of the first year to include men. As I was a third year when the men arrived, it was interesting to hear the other side of the experience! The evening concluded with a disco in the bar which was attended by a good number of us 'oldies' as well as by the youngsters. The DJ kept both cohorts happily dancing until midnight and we were very glad that we had opted to stay in Hall rather than getting a taxi back to rural Oxfordshire. The Development Team is currently planning the Gaudy timetable for the next few years. Returning to College for a Gaudy is always a pleasure and well worth signing up for when your turn comes round!

*Carolyn Carr  
(Jones 1977 Chemistry)*





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# ARTICLES

## MY JOURNEY WITH THE JAMES WEBB SPACE TELESCOPE

As the James Webb Space Telescope (JWST) unfurled its 6.5m gold-coated primary mirror, its tennis court sized sunshield, and peered at the sky with its powerful science instruments, revealing spectacular images of the Universe, I was taken back in time to 1989, when I attended a science conference at the Space Telescope Science Institute, Baltimore MD, USA, where the seed was sown for the science to follow the discoveries of the soon-to-be-launched Hubble Space Telescope. A flood of memories enveloped me of my subsequent involvement with the Next Generation Space Telescope (later renamed JWST), for which I alternated between Program Scientist and Deputy Program Scientist duties. Although NASA started studies as early as 1995, it wasn't till the US National Academy recommended an infrared telescope to study the early universe in 2000, that JWST became a reality.

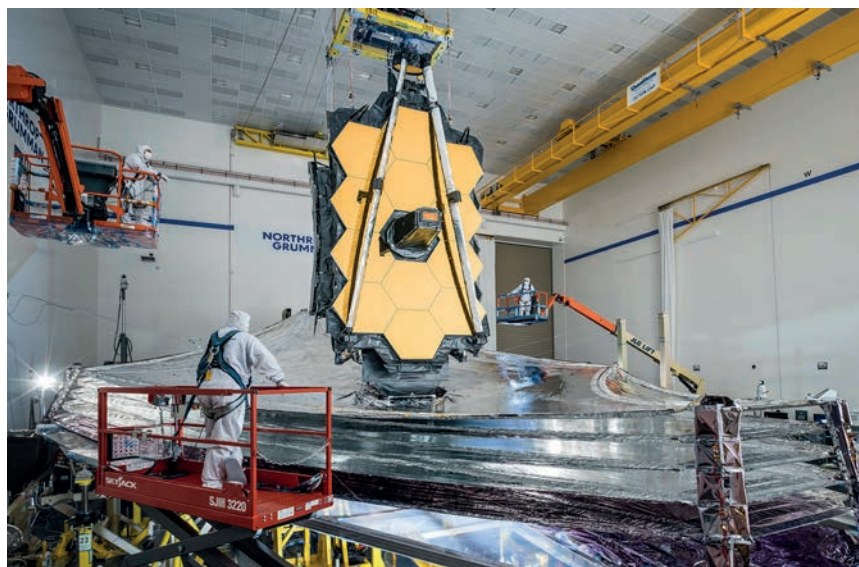
As one of my earliest tasks, I led the Ad-hoc Science Working Group, followed by the Interim Science Working Group, for the solicitation and selection of early technology, as well as of the science instruments and interdisciplinary scientists. In parallel, NASA leadership firmed up a partnership with the European Space Agency (ESA) and the Canadian Space Agency (CSA), which resulted in CSA providing a science instrument and a Fine Guidance Sensor (FGS), which would allow the telescope to point at



*Hashima at Webb Fist Image event, 12 July 2022*

and focus on objects of interest, and ESA providing the launch vehicle, a science instrument, Near-Infrared Slitless Spectrograph (NIRISS), and partnership with NASA on the Mid-InfraRed Instrument (MIRI). I paid a couple of visits to the University of Edinburgh, where the MIRI was being built. Perhaps one of the biggest challenges for me came in 2001 when, as a part of the NASA team, I participated in negotiations with ESA, which sometimes became contentious, on the MIRI partnership. An agreement was reached whereby NASA would provide the detectors and cryo-cooler, while ESA would lead the design, development, and overall project management. The next task I undertook was to work with the Directors of the three NASA Centers – Goddard Space Flight Center, Ames Research Center, and Jet Propulsion Laboratory (JPL) – to decide which Center would lead the NASA responsibility for MIRI. I will never forget the day, 11 September 2001, when I was conducting the review of proposals from the three Centers, and the building manager interrupted the meeting with the news of the attack on New York and the Pentagon. Now when I see the spectacular science coming from MIRI, I remember that day when we chose JPL as the NASA Center to lead MIRI. I have stayed on JWST as Program Scientist/Deputy Program Scientist through the years and seen it through many more turbulent times. I am proud of my role in the making of this great observatory.

Since the primary science goal of JWST was defined as a study of the early universe, it became clear that a telescope that operated in the infrared was required. The ultraviolet and visible light of the first stars born about 13.5 billion



*Webb telescope under construction in the clean room at Northrop Grumman*



Figure 1: Eagle Nebula – Pillars of Creation



years ago has stretched into the infrared as the universe expanded. Infrared light also enables us to peer through the cocoon of dust enveloping newly born stars, discover planets around other stars, study distant galaxies, and learn details about our own planetary system. The engineers took up the challenge of designing such a telescope, which would be large enough to deliver the science and yet fit into the fairing of a rocket. The concept of a folding mirror was developed and to protect it from the heat of the sun and earth, the telescope would be placed a million miles from the earth and be protected by a five-layer sunshield. The technology of JWST and its science instruments is a tribute to the ingenuity of the human mind. It took thousands of scientists, engineers and technicians from 14 countries, 29 US states and Washington DC to design, build, test, integrate, launch and operate Webb. The science operations centre is at the Space Telescope Science Institute, Baltimore MD, USA.

On 25 December 2021, more than two decades of hard work paid off as JWST was launched on a French rocket from the ESA space centre at Korou, French Guiana. Because of Covid restrictions, I watched with bated breath on my computer from home. I saw my face flash by on pre-recorded video by NASA, wishing JWST well in the Hindi language. It wasn't till the deployment picture of JWST, taken by a camera on the rocket, appeared on the screen that everyone cheered. It took a month for JWST to make its million-mile journey to its parking orbit, unfolding itself on the way. Then followed a period of cooling, telescope focusing, and instrument calibration, before the first images were released to the public on 12 July 2022 at Goddard Space Flight Center, Greenbelt MD, USA.

JWST is beginning to deliver on its promise as demonstrated by the following examples. Webb has shown newborn stars in the Eagle nebula (Figure 1), indicated by red orbs, enshrouded in cocoons of dust. During the formation process, the young stars periodically shoot out supersonic jets, resulting in shocks. Energetic hydrogen molecules that result are indicated by wavy red lines at the edges of the pillars.

At the other end of a star's lifetime, Figure 2 shows a Webb image of a supermassive star, Wolf-Rayet 124, which is beginning to shed its outer layers before it explodes as a supernova and ends up as a black hole. The clumpy structure of the ejected gas and dust surrounding the star are revealed in detail, enabling the exploration of dust production.

Astronomers have identified a galaxy that existed 400 million years after the creation of the universe, by measuring the spectra of candidate



Figure 2: Wolf-Rayet 124



Figure 3: Cartwheel galaxy



Figure 4: Formalhaut

galaxies in a Webb image. As galaxies evolve, they also collide, changing shape and creating new stars. Figure 3 shows new details of the Cartwheel galaxy formed by the collision of two galaxies. The older stars are in the centre of the galaxy, and newer stars in the outer ring. Regions rich in hydrocarbons and other chemical compounds are also identified.

Another exciting area of research where Webb is making strides is understanding planet formation and details of planets around other stars. Figure 4 is a Webb image of the star Formalhaut showing a more sophisticated asteroid belt structure than that of our own solar system. There are three dusty belts likely composed of debris from the collision of large bodies. Astronomers are studying the implications of this discovery for planet formation theories. Webb has studied atmospheres of exoplanets and has found sulphur dioxide. This is the first time a photochemical by-product has been detected in an exoplanet atmosphere.

Closer to home, Webb has imaged the aurora of Jupiter; clouds over Saturn's moon, Titan; a detailed view of Mars; rings of Neptune; discovered water vapour around a comet in the main asteroid belt for the first time, indicating that water ice from the primordial solar system can be preserved in that region. Webb continues to make spectacular discoveries, and as we approach one year of science operations, scientists from around the world are observing with Webb and analysing data from the Mikulski Archives for Space Telescopes to make discoveries. For more information on Webb, visit [webb.nasa.gov](http://webb.nasa.gov).

*Hashima Hasan*  
(1973 DPhil)



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# CHANGING THE SOURCES OF OUR MEAT – THE CASE FOR ALTERNATIVE PROTEINS

I always choose to hear the bad news first, so here it is: by 2050, we will have nearly 10 billion people on the planet to feed. The current food system? It's just not up to the task. Conventional meat production is a leading driver of climate change, antimicrobial resistance, global food insecurity, and pandemic risk. Yet demand for meat is only growing, with global consumption projected to increase by 52 per cent by 2050. Most people don't walk around the supermarket worrying about these problems: when it comes to deciding what's for dinner, their top priorities are taste, price and convenience.

But here is the good news. While we may not be able to change the demand, we can change the supply. By making meat from plants and cultivating it directly from animal cells, we can reduce the environmental impact of our food system and feed more people with fewer resources. So, instead of trying to change people's diets, we can change how their favourite foods are made. Plant-based meat generates a decrease in climate emissions of up to 98 per cent and uses up to 93 per cent less land and 99 per cent less water than conventional meat, while cultivated meat could cut the climate impact of meat by up to 92 per cent, reduce air pollution by up to 94 per cent, and use up to 90 per cent less land. As a result, these new ways of producing meat could free up space for nature, tree planting and more sustainable farming, and enhance food security.

Just as renewable energy delivers the power people need in a more sustainable way, these alternative proteins have the potential to deliver the same taste, texture and cooking experience as the meat we eat today, with a fraction of the environmental impact. The non-profit I work for – the Good Food Institute (GFI) – is working with scientists, policy-makers, and businesses to make plant-based and cultivated meat as delicious, affordable and accessible as conventional meat. Our mission is to make the sustainable choice the default choice. This is an exciting vision, and we have no time to waste in achieving it.

As senior philanthropy manager, I work with GFI's donors in Europe to accelerate the entire sustainable protein sector through their support. One of the questions I'm often asked, under one guise or another, is 'How far away are we?' This question really goes to the heart of GFI's work. Our purpose is to create a roadmap for sustainable proteins like plant-based and cultivated meat. Our experts identify what and where the key challenges are, and who can solve them. Our efforts focus on the 'white spaces' where others are not or cannot be working, where we can make the biggest difference. We ask what won't happen if we do not step in, and where we can accelerate progress. Innovation,

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ideas and investment are crucial in order for sustainable proteins to reach their potential. We need the nimbleness and innovation of start-ups as well as the infrastructure and experience of well-established companies to fill the gaps. GFI, therefore, works with companies big and small, providing resources and networking opportunities to entrepreneurs, and advising big global food companies on their sustainable protein strategies. Few would expect to see plant-based options taking centre-stage at IFFA, the world's largest meat trade fair, but last year GFI's tours to showcase new ingredient and manufacturing processes were the most popular of the whole event.

There are various scientific challenges to solve in order for cultivated meat to compete on taste and price. One of the most significant is the cost of cell culture media. This is the nutrient-rich broth that feeds the cells as they grow in a cultivator – similar to the fermentors used to brew beer. It is an essential part of the process but remains the most expensive element of cultivating meat. GFI Europe recently partnered with EIT Food to award €400,000 in prizes to scientists with ideas that could slash these costs. These ideas included tobacco plants and microalgae, which could both efficiently provide the growth factors needed. It won't be news to LMH *Brown Book* readers that scientific progress requires funding and talent – nor that each of these begets the other. The more funding is available, the more scientists will direct their research this way; the more talent working in this area, the more likely funding is to be allocated. That is why GFI aims to cultivate (no pun intended) a strong scientific ecosystem by attracting top talent to the sector, identifying opportunities for researchers and funding impactful projects directly. But in order to make scientific leaps and bounds, much more funding is required. The clean energy metaphor stands: just as they've supported renewable energy research, governments must invest in developing delicious, affordable plant-based and cultivated meat – so the sustainable option becomes the most appealing choice. GFI's policy experts work with governments across the globe who are interested in sustainable proteins as a way to meet their climate, public health and food security goals. In 2022, the Dutch government announced a record €60 million of funding to develop cultivated meat and precision fermentation, and in 2023, the UK government announced a £12 million investment in cultivated meat research.

Yet, even as some governments are recognising the potential of sustainable proteins, others are putting up new obstacles. In March 2023, the Italian government put forward a law that would ban the production and marketing of cultivated meat – a move that would shut down both its economic and environmental potential for the country. In 2020, GFI Europe helped to successfully defeat the proposed 'veggie burger ban', which sought to prevent plant-based meat companies from using terms like 'burger' and 'sausage' to describe their foods. In other words, my colleagues – and the donors who fund our work – helped to save you from having to work out how one might cook a 'plant-based disc'. More seriously, similar proposals for plant-based dairy restrictions in 2022 would have even prevented crucial allergen information

from being clearly displayed on cartons – but GFI Europe’s policy team helped to defeat those too. Remember the third driver of people’s food choices? Even when it is possible to make sustainable proteins as tasty and cheap as their counterparts, they must also be accessible. This is why GFI works to ensure safe, trustworthy regulation and clear, understandable labels for these foods.

Our universities have a central role to play in solving many of the challenges facing the sector. We need interdisciplinary research centres to pioneer new developments, and more dedicated university-level courses to build the expert workforce the sector needs. As an institution that champions the benefits of interdisciplinary research for solving complex global problems, perhaps Lady Margaret Hall or its alumni will play a significant role in this future of food. Indeed, we all have a stake in the success of sustainable proteins. One of the most interesting aspects of working in this field is the diversity of motivations you encounter: biodiversity specialists desperate to preserve our remaining forests; countries working to improve food security as war and climate impacts take hold; economists who see the potential of this new sector for job creation. This diversity is reflected in our donor pool. Whether you are an impact investor, climate funder, animal lover, or just someone who really doesn’t want to live through another pandemic, we all have reason to care about the future of our global food system. In my role, speaking to our supporters every day is a reminder of all the reasons GFI exists.

People from all walks of life want our food system to be sustainable, secure and just. The very best news? If we work together across science, industry, policy, education, climate, farming, global health and government, we can get there.

*Emily Johnson*

*(Hinks 2010 Literae Humaniores)*

## **CLOSING THE GAP: THE CHALLENGE OF PRIMARY EDUCATION IN OXFORDSHIRE**

In 1995 – almost exactly 10 years after I first unpacked my prized Penguin Classics onto a bookshelf in my first-year room in Eleanor Lodge – a remarkable woman called Penny Tyack was busy setting up a charity to address the fact that too many children in Oxford were leaving primary school unable to read.

Twenty-eight years on, poor literacy is still an issue for UK children. One in five children leave primary school unable to read well. Even before the pandemic, the

attainment gap between richest and poorest children was widening. Lockdowns were catastrophic for children who had no books at home – an estimated 20 per cent of children between the ages of 5 and 8 nationwide.

Cycling along leafy Norham Gardens in the mid-1980s, it would have been hard to imagine that this was an issue that affected Oxford – yet the city is one of the most unequal in the UK, with some of the country's most and least disadvantaged areas contained within its boundaries. My brief second-year sorties into East Oxford – to parties or pubs – were the only contact with a noticeably different area of the city. This is where Penny's mission began. Using her experience as primary teacher, she devised a reading intervention loosely based on the 1970s reading recovery model but including phonics as a key element, and by 1996, Penny and a team of specially trained tutors had begun to deliver it in schools in Cowley, Blackbird Leys, Littlemore and Headington.

The charity grew and, when I joined in 2016, Quest for Learning was delivering three programmes – the original ReadingQuest for children in Key Stage 1 (aged 5–7), NumSkills to boost maths confidence for Year 2 and 3 pupils, and a relatively new Key Stage 2 literacy intervention, entitled BookQuest.

BookQuest uses picture books to address a lag in reading comprehension for older primary children – generally aged 9 and 10. The success of a wider use of synthetic phonics in raising reading accuracy was already recognized, but evidence pointed to the fact that children who could accurately decode didn't necessarily have a corresponding level of comprehension – rendering texts meaningless and engendering no pleasure in reading as a pastime. Having worked with children in Years 5 and 6 at a previous literacy charity, I was intrigued by the approach. How could picture books be useful for children whose peers could be tackling *Harry Potter* and *The Hobbit*?

It was quickly apparent that the BookQuest model was transformative. Not only do picture books make reluctant or struggling readers feel safe, they also, critically, open a door to accessing stories that words alone can't do for these older children. In-depth discussions about what the pictures are saying – as well as what the words mean – allow children finally to see themselves as readers – as co-creators of the narrative. Some of the most effective texts are those where there is a disconnect between the words and pictures – encouraging the child to uncover meanings that aren't immediately obvious or straightforward. During those first sessions I observed, dusty memories of Roland Barthes' theory of writerly texts came to mind – dredged up from a painfully-wrought undergraduate essay and now brought joyfully to life by children who, for the first time, found themselves fully immersed and engaged with wonderful stories such as *Rosie's Walk* by Pat Hutchins or *Zoo* by Anthony Browne. At the end of a 15-hour intervention, the results speak for themselves, with an average reading comprehension gain of 17 months and a transformation in the children's view of themselves as readers.

The charity has faced some difficult times over the past 28 years. School funding waxes and wanes, but the education disadvantage gap persists – notably



worsened in the past three years by impact of the pandemic. Missed schooling during lockdowns accounts for much of the learning loss, but there has also been a marked lack of language development for those children who were pre-school age at the time of the first school closures. In addition, we are seeing a persistent drop in school attendance across all age groups since normal life resumed.

In autumn 2020, Quest for Learning was appointed as an approved tuition partner under the government's Covid catch-up programme, which has brought its own benefits and challenges. Funding was an upside, allowing us to work with schools who wouldn't previously have qualified for our programmes. However, the expectation of detailed information for government agencies at the drop of a hat was difficult for a small charity. Our office team numbers just seven – and all of us are part time. Holidays were cancelled, numbers interrogated, systems updated. We adapted, learning new ways to operate, and over the past three years the number of children we have supported has expanded from around 250 per year, to more than 750 in 2022/23. As the government scheme enters its final year, with a dwindling subsidy available for schools to access, there will be a need to refocus on how we can best support as many children as possible across Oxfordshire.

If you would like to learn more about the work we do, please don't hesitate to get in touch by email on [amanda.ferguson@questforlearning.org.uk](mailto:amanda.ferguson@questforlearning.org.uk) or take a look at our website, [www.questforlearning.org.uk](http://www.questforlearning.org.uk). We are currently looking to expand our board of trustees and if you feel you might have time and have a skill set that could help us, we'd love to hear from you.

*Amanda Ferguson  
(Burchill 1985 English)*

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## A 1960s FEMINIST FIRST?

In the 2022 edition of *The Brown Book*, an obituary which caught my eye was that of Charlotte Johnson Wahl. I was aware of her as a fine artist though I had not known she had been at Lady Margaret Hall. Her portrait of her eldest son Alexander as a teenage painter clutching palette and brushes is a striking portrayal of the blond youth who was to become known to us all as Boris Johnson. The obituary carried sad news of her many years of ill health. I was also surprised to read that she 'took her finals in 1965, the first married woman to do so at LMH'. This claim needs qualification in the interests of historical accuracy, particularly since it is repeated in online Wikipedia biographies of Charlotte and of her well-known children. Charlotte was obviously unaware that there were in fact two married women taking finals that year. I was the other, and for all these decades I too had not known there was a second.

Charlotte Fawcett matriculated in 1961 and, as then required, had to leave LMH on her marriage to Stanley Johnson in 1963. Evidently, she was later permitted to resume her undergraduate studies. I matriculated in 1962 and, before marrying, I asked for and was granted permission to continue my degree as a married woman. Significantly, I was told at the formal interview to adjudicate my request that this had not been allowed before, apart from during the war when a few students had been permitted to marry fiancés who were being sent to fight abroad. It therefore seems likely that Charlotte's request to complete her degree probably arrived with the college authorities at some point after Trinity term 1964, when they had granted me the ground-breaking permission to marry and continue. In the light of the decision taken for me, her application was presumably readily approved.

I did not know Charlotte Johnson, although she must have been in the examination halls with me as we both studied English. I heard nothing about a fellow third-year who was married and who was already a mother. I would have been very interested. It therefore seems unlikely that she participated in any of our final-year sessions and more probable that she was preoccupied with her first baby, Alexander Boris. Since her daughter Rachel was born at the beginning of September 1965, Charlotte would have been noticeably pregnant when she took her finals, as well as coping with her first baby, so it was indeed a notable achievement.

When I told College that I wished to get married, I was shocked to find such a restriction still current in a place of learning for women, though in hindsight I am less surprised. We were at a hinge of history. It was not just attitudes to gender that were changing, but also to class. LMH to its credit was beginning to seek out talented students from the big new comprehensive schools. The world I came from was very different from Charlotte's. She met her husband-to-be at a dinner at All Souls, where her father was a Fellow, to celebrate Stanley Johnson's



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winning of the coveted Newdigate Poetry Prize for undergraduates, whereas my sister and I were the first in our family to go into higher education. We came from generations of East Anglian farm labourers who had left village schools no older than 14. The 11-plus exam, introduced in 1944, had been our passport to a grammar school education until age 18. My mother, from her village school, had been offered a place at the local selective high school, but my grandmother refused it as she could not afford the uniform. The 1944 reforms removed this obstacle.

Before 1944, women teachers had had to leave the profession if they married. Despite this it was not until I was in my mid-teens that any of the women who taught me were married. It was still widely felt that the workplace was no place for wives. Among the many brilliant academics teaching at Oxford's five women's colleges in the early 1960s, very few were married. Of course single women had long made a vital contribution to the labour force at all levels, and married women had participated in all sorts of roles during the war when so many men were away, but in the 1950s and early 1960s the old convention that the place of the married woman was in the home was still widely regarded as a norm, though most young women of our generation were prepared to fight for a fairer place in the world. It was also the era when the first oral contraceptives were transforming the independence of women. My father had been understandably anxious at the prospect of my marrying before completing my studies, afraid no doubt that I would not see it through. In the event I was able not only to graduate but to stay on for a postgraduate degree, which may well not have happened if we had not already been comfortably installed as a married couple in Oxford.

As someone who became an academic and author, I remain humbled by the knowledge of the privilege of my unbounded access to free education, and rejoice in my good fortune in being born as late as 1942. Although it was in the middle of a world war it was just in time to benefit from the social reforms which followed. My ancestors were intelligent, industrious, wise and kind people, but did not have my opportunities. I passed the 11-plus exam to go to the local high school and stayed on at school after A-Levels to sit the Oxford and Cambridge entrance exams. With my LMH place secured for 1962, I then got engaged to my long-established boyfriend in 1963, and in 1964 sought permission to marry. I was summoned before a forbidding panel of stern-faced academic women, with the then Principal, Dame Lucy Sutherland, at the centre of the long table. I did not know, at the time, that she was making history as the first woman to act as Pro-Vice-Chancellor. I was quizzed about our relationship, our plans for the future, and about my fiancé's job. It was as if the panel of distinguished single women saw themselves *in loco parentis*, needing to check in the traditional way whether he would be able to support me, though in fact I was already 21 and financially independent thanks to the maintenance grant.

Like me, he was the first in his family ever to go to university. Generations of his antecedents had worked in the heavy industries of England's north-east

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before his parents migrated to Essex. From our local boys' grammar school he had won an Organ Scholarship to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he was in sole charge of the chapel music, training the choir of college men, and boys drawn from various city schools. From there he had been appointed as the first Assistant Organist at the newly rebuilt Coventry Cathedral, with a part-time teaching post, and in the spring of 1964 had just secured a job in Oxford for the autumn so that we could be together. He was to teach music at Gosford Hill School, Kidlington, a co-educational comprehensive school just north of Oxford.

News of the college's permission arrived in mid-June, and we married in our home town four weeks later, on 18 July 1964. It is a salutary reminder that in those days it was possible to organise a 'proper' wedding in a month, with a cathedral service – choirboys, printed programme, and all – and a reception for large numbers of relatives and friends, including a three-tier cake delivered complete with small boxes lined with lacy paper for portions to be posted to those unable to come.

The panel had made it clear to me that if ours had been an Oxford romance their answer would have been a firm no, but since we had already accumulated seven years together they were willing to give me the benefit of that particular doubt. I went on from my first degree to acquire not only an MLitt (Oxon). but eventually a PhD, and although I was glad to be able to spend 15 years at home with my children, which I would not have missed for the world, I then relished working full-time for more than 20 years and retired from a university lectureship, with numerous publications to my name.

What am I most glad of in the academic field? – probably on the one hand, that my 1986 Penguin anthology *Caribbean Verse in English* has now been continuously in print for 37 years, reissued as a Penguin Classic, and on the other to have been guest speaker at an international symposium on the Nobel Prize-winning poet Derek Walcott in a beautiful early lecture theatre at the Sorbonne in Paris. Of equal or greater importance, as we have now marked over 65 years as a couple, I remain grateful for the college's ground-breaking decision, and will always be proud to have been the first post-war undergraduate at LMH to have been given formal permission to marry and complete her degree without a pause.

Paula Burnett  
(Turner 1962 English)

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## ALAN RUSBRIDGER, DOCTOR IN LETTERS

Our former Principal, Alan Rusbridger, was conferred with the honorary degree of Doctor in Letters from Trinity College Dublin in December 2022. The ceremony was conducted in Latin in the historic Public Theatre and the recipients received Trinity's highest honour from the Chancellor of the university, Dr Mary McAleese. The degree was awarded to Alan for his successive remarkable contributions to *The Guardian* and LMH, commending his high standard of journalism and his commitment to expanding access to education for students from under-represented backgrounds at the University of Oxford.

Alan was the editor-in-chief at *The Guardian* between 1995 and 2015. Trinity College described him as a 'fearless newspaper editor, becoming a champion of a freely available, online press, for which he helped develop a sustainable business model'. Alan took *The Guardian* from a print version with a circulation of about 400,000 to a digital publication with an international audience.

As we know, Alan became the Principal of Lady Margaret Hall in 2015 and established the Foundation Year. This programme has now been adopted by the University, and Trinity College commented, 'Alan Rusbridger has transformed the admission systems in Oxford, which will benefit thousands of young people from low-income backgrounds for generations to come.'

The Trinity College Public Orator said of Alan:

His uncompromising ethics and astonishing vision have left a long-lasting mark. An intrepid defender of independence of thought and freedom of speech, of transparency and authenticity, for over forty years – twenty as editor – he has both reaffirmed what good journalism is and launched it into the digital world for everyone to access.

Alan is now the Editor of *Prospect*. He is a member of the Facebook Oversight Board, chairs the Reuters Institute for the Study of Journalism, and is on the New York-based Committee to Protect Journalism.

Carolyn Carr  
(Jones 1977 Chemistry)



# NEWS

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# PERSONAL AND CAREER NEWS FROM ALUMNI

Items of news can be sent to the Editor directly or via the Development Office, by post or by email, at any time of the year. Please include your date of, and your name at, matriculation. We do not publish personal email addresses, but the Development Office is always happy to facilitate contact between alumni. Members are listed by their surnames at the time of entry to the Hall; other surnames, including married names, if used, are placed in brackets afterwards.

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## 1948

**BARBARA BUTLER:** I am the one who used to get loads of logs delivered that fellow students could buy, ten at a time, to supplement the one bucket of coal we were then given each week; the one who dug all the archery equipment out of a cupboard and used to play bows and arrows on the lawn; the one who (shamefully!) bought the weekly copy of that popular magazine *Reveille*, which somehow always seemed to get well read before I collected it from among all the copies of *The Times* and *The Guardian* other people had on the hall table; the one who had never seen asparagus and didn't know how to eat it; the one who rode a motorbike around the place (and got stopped by the proctors!); and, unusually for a woman student, was the one rusticated one year for going off for a few days walking without notifying anyone. Remember me? If anyone would like to contact me, LMH has my email address.

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## 1953

**PATRICIA SOUPER** (Wright): I have moved from Oxford to Cardiff to be near family. While missing faces and places, I am keeping up with learning Welsh, and rejoice in the sight of green hills and the sound of clear running streams (sweet Thames runs inaudibly).

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## 1955

**MIMI KHEDOURI** (Howes): My husband of 63 years, Brian William Howes, whom I met on his very last evening in Oxford, died this year. He read Modern Languages at St Edmund Hall and had a long and distinguished career in



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education. He is survived by me, our son Peter Howes OBE, and two grandsons – Dr Anton Howes and Nicholas who fences, following in Brian's footsteps.

**SUSAN LATHAM** (Rose): My latest book, called *Henry VIII and the Merchants, the World of Stephen Vaughan*, was published in February (see *Reviews*). I also have a chapter 'The Political and Strategic Importance of the Port of Sandwich in the later Middle Ages c.1340–1500', in *Maritime Kent through the Ages: Gateway to the Sea*.

**CHRISTINE MASON** (Sutherland): I have been invited to contribute to a collection of essays, *Religious Alliances in Early Modern Literary Scholarship*. I was in England last year for the first time for nine years – but not at Oxford. My elder grandson is completing a PhD in film studies at the University of Chicago. My granddaughter is completing a Masters in ecology. My ten-year old younger grandson is doing well in French Immersion. I am severely disabled with arthritis but my mind still works!

**SISTER ANNE WORSTER**: We finally gave into requests to do another CD. The first earned us a Golden Disc, now hanging on the community room wall, but the reason for agreeing is that we are having such joy in sharing the profits among local charities and would like to be able to continue to do this into the future.

## 1956

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**GILLIAN TINDALL** (Lansdown): Reckoning that my writing career, which began with the publication of a book in the year I came down from Oxford, must surely be almost (if not quite) done, I have been attempting to sort and dispose suitably of a mass of collected papers. Unfortunately, a lifetime of research makes one all too aware that almost anything acquires value if kept for long enough, and this perception does not make the job of necessary winnowing any easier. It has been much more enjoyable, however, being interviewed for LMH's Oral History project, which is aiming to collect 150 such recordings by the year 2028, to celebrate the college's century-and-a-half of existence. I like to think I may still be here to participate in the anniversary, but, inevitably, no promise...

## 1957

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**SUSAN PARES**: I have written a memoir of my grandmother in the journal *Women's History Today*.

**ANGELA PEDLAR** (Robinson): Becoming an old lady is indeed a matter of learning to say goodbye to faculties more or less gracefully. I continue to love

my bungalow and its garden, but keeping it looking nice becomes harder work, despite nice helpers. My legs are becoming less and less useful – why, no one is sure, but very often these days the instructions are *not* 'rest and relax' but 'exercise'!

Macular degeneration is a major frustration, involving the need of bigger and bigger print, and not being able to read the laptop screen clearly, and trying to read newspapers in the train with a magnifying glass. Going places by train and not by car means fewer friends can be visited, which is sad. And hanging onto my driving licence is so important for pottering around Southport and neighbourhood. Mercifully distant viewing is more important than reading skills for driving.

I still go to conferences and enjoy visiting Oxford occasionally to stay in the stunning granny house that Christine Stone (Gregory 1957) has built in the long garden of the family house in Old Marston where one of her sons and his family now live. Our friendship began in Old Hall in 1957 when I had a bucket of coal that only lasted for one evening out of the two days it was intended for, while Christine, in the room opposite, had an electric fire – a rare thing in those days!

Last year saw the death of my eldest brother, Arthur Pedlar, who ran the Wayfarer's Shop in Southport, in the Victorian Arcade that now bears its name – google it! But the reason his obituary appeared in the *Guardian* on 3 January was because, at six years old, this shy little boy with a stutter saw a clown in Blackpool Tower Circus and knew, immediately, that this was his vocation. Thus he had a second career to that of a shopkeeper, travelling the world with his accompanist and winning over a host of people to the historic tradition of silent clowning. He was shy and kind, thoughtful and widely loved, ending up as President of the World Clown Association. He earned a place on the American Clown Hall of Fame, performed in Leningrad, among many other places in Europe, and did the entertainment for Prince Rainier of Monaco's 80th birthday party.

His funeral took place in a church with balloons on the ends of the pews and, because we had the cremation first, a table at the front bore his clown costume, boots and photos, while his accompanist was on the organ playing the background music to the act as the introduction. We all sang 'Lily of Laguna' at the end. Both my brothers, so different but so close, attended a Quaker school, Leighton Park, which responded to their individual gifts, Arthur was allowed to ride his unicycle in the Games period. An old tennis court became known as Pedlar's Paradise.

God bless all those we have loved and lost but given us lovely memories to relish and make old age delightful.

## 1958

**ELIZABETH BURNSIDE** (Parkinson): It's wonderful to be able to Zoom around the world without the climate costs, time and stress of physical travel. I greatly

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appreciate keeping in touch online with family and friends and taking part in workshops and conferences. I'm continuing to support my friend, Tanya Bilyk, in Kyiv, whom I wrote about in last year's *Brown Book*. Tanya's 14 year-old twin daughters need to move abroad to continue their education, their school having been closed most of last year by Russian bombardments and power cuts. It is a very hard decision, especially as Tanya's elder son is over 18 and has been called up to join the Ukrainian armed forces. There are agonising periods when the family do not know whether he is safe. A colleague has found a welcoming home for the twins with a school in walking distance and an application is being made under the Ukrainian sponsorship scheme. We are hoping their applications for visas will be processed without delay so that they can travel in August and settle in before the start of the new school year. There are no flights from Kyiv, so they will need to take a train to Warsaw and fly from there. Our family are all well, thankfully, and extremely busy. Our daughter is a senior consultant and researcher at the Centre of Expertise on Child Sexual Abuse, whose reports are cited very positively in the government's recently published response to the Report of the Independent Inquiry on Child Sexual Abuse. Grandchild number three is enjoying his first year at university!

## 1962

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**HILARY FISH** (Potts): This year I am taking part in a dementia study run by the UK Dementia Research Institute (Imperial College) which runs (as far as I am concerned) for three weeks, involving PET/MR scans and brain stimulation. Being confined in a sort of coffin and not allowed to move my head for two hours at a time has not been particularly fun, but if I get dementia I may be glad I did it. I think I have done okay out of the NHS so far, fortunately not needing much beyond the maternity services in my time.

**ELISABETH ROBSON** (Robson-Elliot): Plans for travel and writing came to a stop with my husband Iain's last illness and death. He left an unfinished memoir, which I hope to publish, and other writing plans are taking shape as I sort through our combined archives.

## 1963

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**ANN HUTCHISON**: I have just learned that I am to receive an Honorary Degree from the University of St Michael's College in Toronto on 11 November 2023.

## 1964

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**WENDY DOBSON** (Warr): In February 2022, I had the pleasure of serving as the external examiner for an Oxford DPhil student in chemistry. In 2020, I won

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the Herman Skolnik Award, the highest honour of the Division of Chemical Information of the American Chemical Society. My award symposium and reception finally took place in Chicago in August 2022. My husband Hilary (St Catherine's 1964) and I went on from Chicago to Laguna Beach, CA for two weeks. My brother, Peter Dobson (St John's 1964), has lived there since the early 1970s. Our Hong Kong days are finally over. Our younger son, Adrian (St Peter's 1997), and his family moved from Hong Kong to Singapore in January 2022. My older son, Alastair (St John's 1994), and his family had already returned to Old Blighty after 20 years in Hong Kong. We spent our Christmas holiday in 2022 in Singapore.

**HILARY KILPATRICK** (Waardenburg-Kilpatrick): I have edited and translated *The Book of Monasteries* for a bilingual edition which is 514 pages long.

## 1965

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**CATHERINE NEVILLE-ROLFE** (Brooks-Baker): I am currently researching and writing a radio play about a patroness and sitter of William Hogarth.

## 1966

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**JOANNA PRICE** (Lane): Our charity, Christopher Lane Trust, had in some ways a disappointing year. We tried to alert rugby and footballing organisations to the research demonstrating that some of the suicidal, brain-fogged players currently suing for concussion damage are certainly suffering from growth hormone deficiency, and could benefit enormously from treatment, but we were fobbed off. If anyone knows any such players, would you please give them this potentially life-saving information? However, a highlight came in May when NICE published its revised head injury guidance which now includes the pituitary risk – two decades late. This happened after the many letters we wrote to the various Royal Colleges and medical associations which are NICE's stakeholders, and it would be encouraging to think there was a causal connection. But we shall never know. We have continued to help individuals in search of the right diagnostic tests.

**LIZ BECKER** (Carmichael): My news concerns a book that tells a unique story. Back in 2011 I 'retired' after 15 years as Chaplain, Fellow and Tutor in Theology at St John's College, and became an Emeritus Research Fellow. I had kept a base in South Africa after my previous appointment in the Anglican Diocese of Johannesburg, and from 2011 to 2022 I was able to travel extensively across South Africa, collect scattered archives, do over 250 interviews, and finally write the definitive account of a vital but little known aspect of the transition from apartheid to democracy in the early 1990s. *Peacemaking and Peacebuilding in*

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*South Africa. The National Peace Accord 1991–1994* was published in 2022. It tells the story of the National Peace Accord, South Africa's first multi-racial, multi-party consensus agreement, of the peace committees that were established under the Accord, and the work of thousands of people who worked in the peace structures, of all races and parties, at national, regional and local levels, to make and build peace in preparation for the first democratic election in 1994. The Accord, negotiated more than a year after Nelson Mandela's release in 1990, opened the way to pre-election talks to formulate an Interim Constitution, and provided an active nation-wide safety-net while those talks proceeded. Among the instruments of South Africa's transition, many are aware of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC) but have not been so aware of the groundwork that preceded it, which enabled the first democratic government to come into being in 1994. The TRC was appointed in 1995 and held its hearings from 1996 to 1998. This book fills a significant gap both for South Africa's history and for peace studies. It has been well received, with multiple launches in the UK, South Africa, and at various conferences. The work has been well worthwhile!

## 1967

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**CHRISTINE COBBOLD** (Hiskey): My history of Holkham Hall, *Holkham, the Social, Architectural and Landscape History of a Great English Country House*, continues to sell and has gone to a small reprint. I continue to research and write, this time focusing on the wife of the builder of Holkham.

## 1968

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**MARGOT BELLAMY** (Metcalf): My husband John Russell Metcalfe MBE, who I reported last year had suffered a second stroke, sadly died on 3 December 2022.

**SARAH STEWART-BROWN**: I have embarked on an exciting new phase of working since I retired from Warwick a few years ago. I am now coaching and running Wellbeing Days ([www.wellbeing-ventures.co.uk](http://www.wellbeing-ventures.co.uk)) in my annex in Headington and have recently started a training which will enable me to facilitate Radical Wholeness workshops. I have been very taken with this transformative but simple approach. At the same time, I am working with Extinction Rebellion exploring how we can enable the world to transform enough for our grandchildren to have a planet to live on. I am intrigued by the way these two concerns are coming together as Inner Development Goals (<https://www.innerdevelopmentgoals.org/>). It would be good to make links with any other alumni working in these areas.



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## 1969

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**ELAINE COLLIER** (Drage): Active unpaid work (aka retirement) continues in rural Worcestershire, interrupted by a new knee, post-pandemic meetings with some old LMH friends (Faith Boardman (Mills 1969) and Polly Grice (Wicks 1969)), and a fascinating autumn trip to Uzbekistan and Tajikistan with a lively archaeologist. So many layers of history and current changes to absorb, bolstered by a reading list quite as long as that of the weekly essay! Do go if you get the chance.

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## 1970

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**FIONA CHESTERTON**: Following the publication of my true story, *Secrets Never to be Told* (reviewed in *The Brown Book* 2022), I embarked on the production of the audiobook version. Working with a talented young actor called Scarlett Archer, who read the narrative of my teenage years, including my first visit to LMH, and a former BBC colleague, Duncan Hess, who recorded and edited it, I read the main narrative of my investigation into a windfall inheritance as well as co-producing. The audiobook was published on the Audible platform just before New Year 2023. I have also been giving a series of talks about the research I did for the book as well as launching a website at [www.fionachesterton.com](http://www.fionachesterton.com), where I could post additional photographs not used in the book. I returned to Vancouver (where much of my research was done) in September, primarily to inspect a plaque I had commissioned as a memorial to my distant cousin, Jessie, the subject of my book. I have made good friends there and hope to return one day.

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## 1971

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**MARGARET MALLABAND** (Coombe): This year has been interesting and varied: two doses of Covid provided unwelcome breaks from normality, but I continued working with students and tutors on academic skills in Oxford and with a London charity which helps disadvantaged students aim for and successfully apply to Russell Group universities. In August, I shall again be helping the lovely Vee, one of our most celebrated Foundation Year alumnae, to address her Empowerment Day at LMH. One daughter has been in LA all year at the Getty Foundation; the other doing an EMBA in Oxford and planning a trans-Atlantic trip with her husband in their little Contessa, Teela. Christopher is extremely busy with a local residents' group whose principal project is to make sense of and representations about proposals to build on local Metropolitan Open Space. There is never a dull moment chez Coombe!

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## 1972

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**NICKY HARPER** (Bull): Now almost completely retired from self-employment as a proof-reader, I am still spending a good deal of time proof-reading! In October 2023, approaching 70 years of age, I am starting a one-year Undergraduate Diploma in creative non-fiction as a distance learning student of Cambridge University. However, my ties to LMH remain strong: I am enjoying working on editing the memoir written by my tutor, the late Dr Margery Ord, and hope to see it reprinted within the coming year. Another LMH venture with which I have recently become involved is the Oral History Project, which is amassing a wonderful archive of recordings. In family news, our elder son, Steve, married his partner Annabel Harrison in December 2022. The two families have been friends for many years and it was a wonderful occasion.

**JUDITH HILL** (Freedman): I am now supposedly fully retired from my job as Professor of Tax Law and Policy at Oxford University, but I continue to teach occasionally on the Tax MSc. I am also a first tier tribunal judge (Social Entitlement Chamber). I was on the Board of the Office of Tax Simplification, sadly abolished in 2023. I continue to chair the Tax Law Review Committee of the Institute for Fiscal Studies. This, plus five lovely grandchildren ranging in age from 2 to 13 years, keeps me busy, I am pleased to say.

**SUSAN REYNOLDS** (Halstead): In September 2022 I was awarded first prize in a competition held to mark the closure of Bristol Zoo's Clifton site and relocation to its new home at The Wild Place. My poem *The Golden Orb Web Spider Speaks* will feature in the new Zoo and the Clifton Conservation Hub. In November 2022 I was invited to give a seminar at Trinity College Dublin's Centre for Literary and Cultural Translation, discussing my translation of Karel Jaromír Erben's *Kytice* and other poems, in conversation with the Czech artist Míla Fürstová who provided the illustrations.

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## 1973

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**ELISABETH TOOMS**: In 2004 I took early retirement from the global law firm Allen & Overy in the City of London where I had worked for nearly 20 years, finally as Head of Global Library Services. This gave me an opportunity to return to working in theatre, taking on freelance roles as stage manager, lighting designer or director. The company I have worked most regularly with is a project based in London, Intermission Youth Theatre, which works with young people at risk and has created some outstanding productions of Shakespeare plays re-interpreted in a contemporary idiom. I lived with my husband, Timothy Firth, in our family home in West Sussex. Sadly in 2014 he developed a fast moving and untreatable form of lung cancer and he died at home within a few months

of the diagnosis. As my mother, with whom we shared the house, developed dementia and had to move into a care home, I was left with a rather large house and garden to look after. After some months of searching, in 2018 I moved into a smaller cottage in the charming village of Amberley near the South Downs. Now my garden is more manageable though still a good size and I have been planting lots of roses which are doing really well. I have a beautiful Siamese cat as a companion and two years ago acquired an adorable golden labrador puppy, now a large handsome boy who keeps me exercised.

## 1974

**ALISON GOMM:** I was saddened by the untimely death of my LMH friend, Sue Bell (1974), in August 2022. We had been in touch ever since meeting at Oxford, even though she settled in the US. Watching *Christmas University Challenge* in December, I spotted the crime writer, Martin Edwards, captaining the victorious Balliol team. I knew that Martin and Sue had been friends at Oxford and wondered whether he was aware of her death. Having no other means of contacting him, I sent him a direct message on Twitter. You can imagine how up-to-the-minute I felt! Martin was very sorry to receive the news, but grateful that I had contacted him. He has contributed to Sue's obituary in this issue of *The Brown Book*.

## 1976

**ALISON BALL** (Vigers): I managed to get to an LMH Gaudy many years ago and am planning a trip in 2026 for our 50-year celebration. After many years as a part-time post-doc and part-time at-home Mum, I'm now teaching neuroscience at CU Boulder. I enjoy the undergrads very much and am lucky to teach upper level classes. I made it through the pandemic, even teaching in person, masked and with very few, very spread-out students in each class. I'm planning to retire in May 2023 and am looking forward to traveling more, but I will miss the students and the challenge of teaching!

**PENNY CHRIMES:** My third novel for children, *Wilder*, was published in February 2023, following the publication of *Tiger Heart* and *The Dragon and her Boy*. A fourth book – *Moonshifter* – is due to be published in February 2024. I have also scripted a series of podcasts for children – *The Baker Street Four* – based on the French graphic novels.

**JUDY RODD** (Ford): My fiction writing has taken a bit of a back seat as I have become more taken up with my roles in the voluntary sector. As PCC secretary for a small church in a small village, I have been kept busy with various governance issues (health and safety, safeguarding, GDPR) particularly during the past 18 months when we have been without an incumbent in the parish. I also continue

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to lead worship as a Methodist Local Preacher. I am a trustee of Disability Positive, which is a charity and a not-for-profit company supporting disabled people to live independently. I was instrumental in developing an ambitious 10-year strategy, which we are now working to deliver in the face of high inflation and cutbacks on local authority spending. I have, reluctantly, become Company Secretary of the Residents' Management Company for a small development where we bought a new-build house in 2019. This has brought many challenges, but my experience and training in my trustee roles has set me in good stead to tackle them.

## 1978

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**HARRIETT EGGLESTON** (Baldwin): I am still Member of Parliament for West Worcestershire and since November 2022 the elected Chair of the Treasury Select Committee in the House of Commons.

## 1983

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**RAYMOND CHAN**: My elder daughter Jessica has been reading for her engineering degree at LMH since October 2022. She enjoys her time at LMH and in Oxford.

**CRAIG MARSH**: I left the University of Lincoln in March 2023 to take up a new appointment as Dean of Liverpool Hope University Business School.

## 1984

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**ANDREW HAYES**: I have been a consultant surgeon in the Royal Marsden Hospital and the Institute of Cancer Research since 2004. I specialise in the surgery for patients with soft tissue sarcoma and malignant melanoma. I have published over 140 articles on research into improving the treatment for patients with these diseases. From 2019 to 2022 I was President of the British Sarcoma Group, the national organisation for healthcare professionals in the UK who specialise in treating patients with sarcoma. As recognition of these achievements, in October 2022 I was awarded a personal chair by the Institute of Cancer Research with the title 'Professor of Sarcoma and Melanoma Surgery'.

**MARK JENKIN**: In March 2023, I retired from the Department of Health, after a kaleidoscopic career of over 35 years in public finance. This included stints at the Audit Commission, National Audit Office, Department for Work and Pensions, HM Treasury, Department for Business (Shareholder Executive) as well as the Department of Health. The sheer variety of work, covering as it did central government, local government, the NHS and public corporations, was

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fascinating. In retirement I plan to spend more time reading about British and Irish history and politics since 1880, including the Northern Ireland troubles and peace process. I also plan to rationalise my property portfolio – decluttering is now well in hand!

**WARREN REID:** After a period of garden leave (and unexpected close-knit family time mid-pandemic), I joined Ashfords solicitors in Bristol as a property litigation partner in 2020. Long distance walks with my wife Rebecca are a passion: Nepal in 1989 and more recently (with a bit more comfort) in south-east Spain in 2022. Our children Eliza, Isaac, and Grace, and son-in-law, Ed, are a great source of pride, fun and happy times. A campervan and surfboards also help. LMH memories and friends very cherished.

**MICHELLE SPENCER** (MacDonald): Having taught music to individuals and classes for three decades, while bringing up four future taxpayers and juggling home and Head's Wife duties, volunteering and singing, I retrained in 2019 as a garden designer. In 2022, I was awarded the Duchess of Rutland Trophy for the 'Best in Show' small show garden at the Belvoir Flower and Garden Show.

## 1985

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**JAMES ALLEN:** I have published a new book on Formula 1 entitled *Ferrari: From Inside and Outside*. It is a vivid account with stunning images of the difference between the lived experience of the team leaders in Ferrari and the perception from outside.

## 1987

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**HONG-I CHEN:** I am Honorary Dean at the College of Health Sciences, Chang Jung Christian University.

**ROGER MELLOR:** After successfully submitting 25 articles, I have decided to retire from writing articles for the *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, following my recent illness. The subject of my final article was Elizabeth Sellars. I can recommend this as a hobby, especially for those who are retired, and I can provide informal advice before you contact the OUP editors!

## 1989

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**ALEXANDER HILDYARD:** I am based in Kingston upon Thames, where I work for Sky as a Software Engineer. I have never lost my interest in literature, however, and am especially fond of 'irreal', literary-philosophical and modern surrealist writers like Kafka, Schulz, Breton, Ishiguro, Hamsun, Onetti and Saer. I would



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love to connect with other alumni who share an interest in such fiction, either as critics or practitioners. You can contact me at alexhildyard@gmail.com.

**GILES PORTMAN:** I have been appointed His Majesty's Ambassador to Romania and will take up my appointment during October 2023.

## 1992

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**DANNY COHEN:** Since leaving the BBC, I have been investing in movies, television, theatre, digital content, gaming and the visual arts at Access Entertainment. In May, *The Zone of Interest* – a film executive-produced by me and co-financed by Access Entertainment – won the Grand Prix at the Cannes Film Festival. Earlier in the year, my company co-financed and produced a new immersive exhibition in London in collaboration with David Hockney.

## 1993

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**SRI SUBRAMANIAM:** I have been working for Medtronic as European Medical Director responsible for the training and education of surgical teams across Europe in the latest innovative and minimally invasive surgical procedures. It has been a very interesting role and rewarding experience, looking forward into the use of surgical robotics. My son has left Winchester College as a music scholar and is now studying biochemistry, and my daughter is starting A-levels at Oxford High School. My wife continues enjoying her work in community pharmacy.

## 1994

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**ANNA MAYBANKS** (Morvern): After postgraduate studies in human rights and law at Essex, De Montfort and City Universities, I was called to the Bar and worked for many years as a human rights lawyer in London, Belfast and Derry, including one mission as an international trial observer for Amnesty. Besides single parenting as an LGBT 'choice mom' for the past 13 years (predominantly in Ireland where I became a naturalised citizen), I have also been working as teacher, translator – and writing. *Untold Intelligence* tells my autobiographical story with two themes. First, the malign use of human intelligence within MKUltra, given my history of suffering sexual abuse and mind control. Second, mystical relationship, or spiritual awakening, and personal connection with divine intelligence. Happy to hear from former fellow students and teachers. Remembering those now gone, particularly Sarah Napuk and my moral tutor, Mrs Pamela Currie.

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## 1997

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**NICKY BLACK:** After a year's sabbatical, I have become an independent sustainability consultant to the luxury and extractive sectors. I spent the previous five years working as a Director at the International Council on Mining and Metals (ICMM), an initiative that brings together 28 mining CEOs – with over 630 mining operations in more than 50 countries – to work with government and civil society to make mining safe, fair and sustainable. A sustainability professional, after leaving Oxford I gained a Masters in political sociology from McGill University, Canada, and returned to New Zealand where I gained a PhD in strategic management from the University of Waikato. My doctoral thesis focused on the drivers for more responsible corporate activity in conflict-affected regions, through a grounded theory of the oil and gas sector in Myanmar (Burma). On completing my doctorate in 2009, I joined De Beers, the diamond company, becoming the Group Head of Social Performance, then joined ICMM. I serve on the boards of the Institute for Human Rights and Business (IHRB), an international organisation working to make human rights everyday business, and the Myanmar Centre for Responsible Business (MCRB). I live in London with my husband, the former UK Government Minister Sam Gyimah (Somerville 1995), and our two children Ethan (9) and Libby (6).

**ALEX GOODMAN:** I have been appointed King's Counsel.

**HANNAH HILES:** I was shortlisted in the Feature Writer of the Year category at the Regional Press Awards this year, for my work at *Stoke-on-Trent Live* and *The Sentinel* newspaper.

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## 1999

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**CASS BEDDOE** (Sheehan): Following a teaching career in sunny Queensland and then dedicating almost a decade to having and raising our four little children, I began my PhD in Developmental Psychology in 2021 at Cardiff University. I'm now enjoying the challenges that a full time PhD, along with a very busy family life, has to offer.

**SHOMIT DUTTA:** My play *Stumped*, starring Stephen Tompkinson and Andrew Lancel as Samuel Beckett and Harold Pinter, was on at the Hampstead Theatre in London from 16 June to 22 July 2023, with a short tour beforehand at the Theatre Royal Bath and Cambridge Arts Theatre.

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## 2000

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**ALEXANDRE CALDEIRA:** I have a baby boy! Born 1 June 2020.

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## 2001

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**RAKHI MEHRA:** I am a social entrepreneur from India and am excited to embark on a new life chapter in Bhutan. I will work at the nexus of education, innovation and entrepreneurship, to meet the aspirations of young people and to empower them. I am currently affiliated with the IE University in Spain on entrepreneurial education and previously launched my social enterprise on inclusive housing after graduating from Harvard Business School. My love for open water swimming continues since my time with the Oxford University Channel Swim and one can say I even moved to Italy for the lakes. I am eager to be back in the field while sharing new life adventures with my family and building a community in Bhutan.

**KAREN NELSON (Norman):** I am delighted to have been appointed to the post of Consultant Paediatric Nephrologist at Nottingham Children's Hospital.

**JOEP van GENNIP:** I still work as Programme Manager Academic Heritage at Tilburg University (The Netherlands). Currently I am working on a publication about the foundation years (the 1920s) of Tilburg University, with its centennial (2027) ahead. Together with Karim Schelkens, I wrote a contribution about the recent history of Christianity in the Netherlands for the *Edinburgh Companions to Global Christianity* series.

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## 2007

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**SHIVANI BHALLA:** I recently received the Whitley Gold Award from the Whitley Fund for Nature which was presented by HRH Princess Anne. The Gold Award is Whitley Fund for Nature's top prize and was presented on 26 April 2023 at the Royal Geographical Society in London. The award acknowledges and celebrates our community-led lion conservation work in Northern Kenya.

**BIANCA PELLET:** Jean-Marc and I are delighted to announce the arrival of our second son, Julien Henri, on 24 February 2023. He was born at home in the Hague 10 days early following a precipitous labour. His older brother Etienne Paul (now aged 4) is enjoying his new role and we look forward to Julien following in his footsteps by becoming trilingual (thanks to an Anglo-Franco household and Dutch day care), and eventually becoming a proud European citizen at the European School of the Hague. He has already visited both France and the UK using his respective passports. When not on maternity leave, I continue to teach happily at the International School of the Hague, specialising in English Language and Literature.

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## 2008

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**AANAL CHANDARIA:** I'm settling into life as an artist right by the Royal Albert Hall following my graduation from the Royal College of Art MA Print programme.

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## 2009

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**CLAIRE HARRIL:** I have had an article published in a collection of scholarly essays. The article is called "'Mater Sanctissima": Sanctity and Motherhood in the Miraculum of St Margaret of Scotland' and it appears in *Christianity in Scottish Literature*.

**BEN HOSKIN:** I co-founded Value Aligned Research Advisors in 2022 to provide investment advice and management solutions to effective charitable foundations and philanthropists.

**ELI KEREN-HETHERINGTON:** My wife, Sophie, and I are thrilled to announce the birth of our son Jasper, who arrived on 24 October, a birthday he shares with his mother. Jasper and Sophie are happy and healthy.

**ASTRID VAN den BOSSCHE:** Morten Hansen and I welcomed our son Lauge on 2 February 2023.

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## 2010

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**LAURA AITKEN-BURT:** In April 2023, *Ancient Rome: The Definitive Visual History*, which I co-authored, was published by DK. It was so lovely to work on this since DK books inspired my love for history as a child. I have also launched the Athena Society project, @athenasocietyofficial, to promote the teaching of gender equality through history in schools.

**EMILY HINKS (Johnson):** My husband, Tunde, and I welcomed our first baby, Eniariyo Isaac William Johnson on 15 October 2022. His name means 'one who brings joy when you meet them' in Yoruba and he is happy, full of smiles, and lives up to his name every day!

**CHARLOTTE EVETTS (Howe):** I married Michael Howe (Worcester College 2004) on 3 September 2022 in St Andrews, Scotland.

**LLOYD MEADHBH HOUSTON:** I saw my first monograph, *Irish Modernism and the Politics of Sexual Health*, into print with Oxford University Press, and launched the book at the Irish History Seminar in Hertford. The book began life as a dissertation written under the supervision of Prof Sophie Ratcliffe while I

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was an undergraduate at LMH, and I remain extremely grateful to the college for all it has done to support my research. In May, I took up the post of Leverhulme Early Career Fellow in English at the University of Cambridge, where I was also appointed as Senior Postdoctoral Researcher at Trinity College. I also received funding from the Theatre and Performance department at Goldsmiths to begin developing a collaborative performance featuring trans, intersex, queer, and feminist artists, centred on the life and legacy of the surgeon Dr James Miranda Barry (1789–1865), which I will be researching and devising in the coming months.

**MIRANDA SAYER:** I continue to work with my sister at the popular recipe website Salt & Lavender ([www.saltandlavender.com](http://www.saltandlavender.com)) as a writer, editor, researcher, analyst, and social media maven. I recently relocated to beautiful Vancouver, British Columbia, have a new Sphynx kitten, and adore living by the ocean.

## 2011

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**MARA GALEANO CARRARO:** On 22 May 2023 I married Mr Django Marshall.

## 2012

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**DANIELLE BASSON** (Németh): Our second son, Luka, was born on the 30 January 2023.

**MATTHEW LINES** and **APRIL PEAKE:** We are delighted to announce our engagement. Matt proposed in New York City on Christmas Eve 2022 and we are due to be married in autumn 2023, almost 11 years after we met for the first time at LMH.

## 2013

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**GEMMA BELLHOUSE:** In 2023 I was published in the *Language Testing* journal along with British Council colleagues Johanna Motteram, Richard Spiby and Katarzyna Sroka. The title of the article is 'Implementation of an accommodations policy for candidates with diverse needs in a large-scale testing system'. This article features a policy that I implemented and data that I track as the manager of the Quality Assurance team within Global Assessments at the British Council.

**KAMEEL PREMHI:** I continue to practise as an advocate (barrister) in Johannesburg, South Africa. Since my last *Brown Book* update, I have been appointed the inaugural Co-Chair for the Rhodes Trust's Planned Giving Campaign which is a legacy-donation fundraising initiative by the Rhodes Trust to endow the Scholarships that brought me to LMH.



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## 2016

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**LAMIYA RAHMAN:** This year (April 2023), I got married! My husband, Faisal Hamid, is American so we will be relocating to Boston, USA. Very excited for this new chapter of my life.

**RAPHAELA ROHRHOFER:** I have been awarded a Leverhulme Early Career Fellowship, at St Andrews. My project will be 'Contemplative nothingness in the late medieval British Isles and beyond'.

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## 2017

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**MICHAEL CLARK:** My job title is now Trainee Actuary.

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## 2020

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**DAVID VAN DIJCKE:** I am continuing my PhD studies at the University of Michigan. An article I co-authored on the life-saving impact of the air alert warning system in Ukraine during the Russian invasion has been published in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences.

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## MARRIAGES

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**EVETTS – HOWE.** On 3 September 2022, Charlotte Evetts (2010) to Michael Howe

**GALEANO CARRARO – MARSHALL.** On 22 May 2023, Mara Galeano Carraro (2011) to Django Marshall

**RAHMAN – HAMID.** On 9 April 2023, Lamiya Rahman (2016) to Faisal Hamid

## BIRTHS

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**CALDEIRA.** On 1 June 2020, to Alexandre (2000) a son (1s)

**JOHNSON.** On 15 October 2022, to Emily (Hinks 2010) a son

**KEREN-HETHERINGTON.** On 24 October 2022, to Eli (2009) a son (1s)

**NÉMETH.** On 30 January 2023, to Danielle (Basson 2012) a son (2s)

**PELLET.** On 24 February 2023, to Bianca (2007) a son (2s)

**VAN den BOSSCHE.** On 2 February 2023, to Astrid (2009) a son (1s)

## DEATHS

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**AVENT.** On 3 December 2022, Catherine (1939) aged 103 (*see obituaries*)

**BREUNING.** On 6 May 2023, Eleonore (1950) aged about 91

**BROWN.** On 13 October 2022, Gillian (Blackburn 1949) aged 94 (*see obituaries*)

**CONNELL.** On 1 June 2020, Julie (Cox 1974) aged 65 (*see obituaries*)

**COOKE.** On 11 June 2023, Valerie (Arnold 1958) aged 83

**DARRAH.** On 16 January 2023, Jenny (Stoneman 1950) aged 92

**DENING.** On 26 December 2022, Sali (Marsali Rogers 1949) aged 95 (*see obituaries*)

**EAVES.** In 2022, Lindon John, Fellow and Tutor in Psychology, 1979–81, aged 77

**FARROW.** In May 2022, Bonella Diana (Farrant 1952) aged 88, sister of Lady Coleraine (Anne Farrant 1957)

**FISHER.** On 29 November 2021, Heather (Wheal 1953) aged 87

**GARDNER.** On 23 January 2023, Jane (1955) aged 88

**GORDON.** On 17 June 2023, Juliet (Aldhouse 1964) aged 81, sister of Miranda Green (1970)

**GRIFFIN.** On 18 December 2022, Audrey (1965) aged 75

**HART.** On 21 January 2023, Julia (1951) aged 90

**HOWLEY.** In 2022, John James (Jim 1981), aged 82

**IYER.** On 21 July 2021, Nandini (Mehta 1952) aged 90 (*see obituaries*)

**LESLIE.** On 25 June 2023, Dame Ann (1959) aged 82 (*see obituaries*)

**MALLET.** In 2022, Alison (Melville 1946)

**MOORE.** On 22 September 2022, Caroline (1971) aged 69, great-granddaughter of Mary Talbot (1886) and granddaughter of Hilda Mary Burrows (1915) (*see obituaries*)

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**OAKESHOTT.** On 29 July, Priscilla (1952) aged about 90

**PALMER.** On 24 April 2023, Irene (Edna Pizzey 1955), aged 87 (*see obituaries*)

**PROUDMAN.** On 25 July 2023, Dame Sonia (1968) aged 73 (*we will publish an obituary next year*)

**REINERS.** On 15 October 2022, Catharine Anne (Palmer 1944) aged 96

**ROBERTSON.** On 4 September 2022, June (Parsons 1946) aged 94, niece of Joan Western (Parsons 1913), mother of Joanna Godfree (Robertson 1969)

**ROTHWELL.** In 2022, Margaret (1957) aged 84, sister of Vivien (1964) (*see obituaries*)

**VELLACOTT.** On 14 February 2023, Julia (1962) aged 79

**WALKER.** On 24 March 2022, Elizabeth (Low 1973) aged 67

**WESTON.** On 18 February 2023, Matthew (1996) aged 45 (*we will publish an obituary next year*)

**WILLIAMS.** On 19 September 2022, Charlotte (1962) aged 78 (*see obituaries*)

**WILSON.** On 15 February 2022, Gillian (Rolls 1953), aged 92 (*see obituaries*)

**HALSALL.** On 24 April 2023, Dr David Halsall, husband of Bridget Izod (1972)

**HOWES.** In 2023, Brian William Howes, husband of Mimi (Khedouri 1955)

**METCALFE:** On 3 December 2022, John Russell Metcalfe, husband of Margot (Bellamy 1968)

**WRIGHT.** On 26 June 2023, Walter Wright, husband of Margaret (Barker 1952)

## PUBLICATIONS

- LAURA AITKEN-BURT** (2010). Co-author of *Ancient Rome: The Definitive Visual History* (DK, 2023)
- JAMES ALLEN** (1985). *Ferrari: From Inside and Outside* (ACC Art Books, 2023)
- SANTANU BHATTACHARYA** (2015). *One Small Voice* (Fig Tree, 2023) (see *Reviews*)
- GEMMA BELLHOUSE** (2013). 'Implementation of an accommodations policy for candidates with diverse needs in a large-scale testing system' with Johanna Motteram, Richard Spiby, and Katarzyna Sroka et al in *Language Testing 2023*
- NANCY CAMPBELL** (1996). *Thunderstone: A True Story of Losing One Home and Discovering Another* (Elliott and Thompson, 2022) (see *Reviews*)
- HONOR CARGILL-MARTIN** (2016). *Messalina: A Story of Empire, Slander and Adultery* (Head of Zeus, 2023) (see *Reviews*)
- LIZ CARMICHAEL** (Becker 1966). *Peacemaking and Peacebuilding in South Africa. The National Peace Accord 1991-1994* (Boydell & Brewer, 2022)
- PENNY CHRIMES** (1976). *Wilder* (Orion Children's Books, 2023)
- CLAIRE DAVERLEY** (2010). *Talking at Night* (Penguin, 2023) (see *Reviews*)
- MICHAEL GRIMWADE** (1984). 'Approaches for quantifying the financial impacts of reputational damage from climate change' in *Journal of Risk Management in Financial Institutions*, **16**(2), 2023
- CLAIRE HARRIL** (2009): "'Mater Sanctissima': Sanctity and Motherhood in the Miracula of St Margaret of Scotland' in *Christianity in Scottish Literature* edited by John P. Pazdziora (Association for Scottish Literary Studies, 2023)
- ALETHEA HAYTER** (1929). *A Sultry Month: Scenes of London Literary Life in 1846* (Faber, 1965; reprinted 2022) (see *Reviews*)
- PHILIP HENSHER** (1983). *To Battersea Park* (4th Estate, 2023) (see *Reviews*)
- LLOYD MEADHBH HOUSTON** (2010). *Irish Modernism and the Politics of Sexual Health* (Oxford University Press, 2023)
- MARY JACOBUS** (1962). *On Belonging and Not Belonging: Translation, Migration, Displacement* (University of Princeton Press, 2022) (see *Reviews*)
- VEE KATIVHU** (2017). *Empowered: Live Your Life with Passion and Purpose* (Vintage, 2021) (see *Reviews*)
- HILARY KILPATRICK** (1964). *Al-Shābushtī (d. 998/999), The Book of Monasteries*, a bilingual edition edited and translated by Hilary Kilpatrick (Library of Arabic Literature; New York: New York University Press, 2023)
- SUSAN PARES** (1957). "'A fine stalwart member'": Margaret Pares 1878–1963' in *Women's History Today*, **3**(6), Spring 2023, 24–33
- LISA PARKINSON** (Elizabeth Burnside, 1958). 'Family mediation training' and 'Questions about family mediation' in *Family Law*, August 2022 and January 2023.
- RIAZ PHILLIPS** (2012). *West Winds: Recipes, History and Tales from Jamaica* (DK, 2022) (see *Reviews*)

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- SUSAN ROSE** (Latham 1953). *Henry VIII and the Merchants, the World of Stephen Vaughan* (Bloomsbury, 2023) (see *Reviews*)
- PAUL SEVERN** (1991). *The Roman Catholic Bishops of Hexham and Newcastle* (Sacristy Press, 2022) (see *Reviews*)
- LAVINIA SINGER** (2007). *Artifice* (Prototype, 2023) (see *Reviews*)
- ANTONIA SOUTHERN** (McAndrew 1952). *Courtly Love Revisited in the Age of Feminism* (Academica Press, 2023) (see *Reviews*)
- CATHERINE SWIRE** (1987). *SOIL* (Artel Press, 2021) (see *Reviews*)
- PETER TYLER** (1981). *The Living Philosophy of Edith Stein* (Bloomsbury Academic, 2023)
- JOEP VAN GENNIP** (2001). 'Christianity in The Netherlands' with K. Schelkens in *Christianity in Western and Northern Europe*, edited by K. Ross, T. Johnson and A. Kaptijn (Edinburgh Companions to Global Christianity, Edinburgh University Press, 2023)
- ANN WILKS** (Robson 1962). *Britain's Man on the Spot in Iraq and Afghanistan. Government and Diplomacy by Sir Henry Dobbs at the Apex of Empire* (I.B. Tauris. 2023)
- MARGARET WILLES** (1964). *In the Shadow of St Paul's* (Yale University Press, 2022) (see *Reviews*)









# IN MEMORIAM

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# IN MEMORIAM

## CATHERINE AVENT OBE, 1919–2022



*Catherine Avent OBE*

When Catherine Avent's father died aged 90, he had regarded his impending death as 'premature': Cathy upheld the Avent tradition of longevity by reaching the formidable age of 103. It was a long life – filled with notable achievements, loyal affiliations, and treasured friendships.

Catherine ('Cath' to her family, 'Cathy' to many friends) was a doctor's daughter, brought up in a Hampshire village (where she affectionately remembered riding Mary Warnock's pony). Educated at first by a governess and then at a boarding school, she was subsequently offered a place to read English at LMH. She came up just after the outbreak of the Second World War. This was the first of three significant turning-points: she loved

Oxford, and LMH remained a formative influence for the rest of her life.

Graduating in 1942, she joined the WRNS as a rating. She admired the Navy's sense of tradition, proudly wearing her Wrens' cap 'at a jaunty angle' (it accompanied her on her coffin for her final journey, some 80 years later). She progressed rapidly through the officers' training unit and took charge of 34 ratings monitoring German radio traffic in the far north of Scotland, followed by two further years in the education department. She then took a graduate diploma course in Social Sciences and Administration at the LSE, with the specific intention of finding out 'how the world works'.

Practical experience convinced Cathy that 'careers work with teenagers was what I wanted to do', and the next turning-point was therefore the moment when, on its opening day and shortly before her 30th birthday, she joined the London County Council (LCC) Youth Employment Bureau – where at that time

there was virtually no careers advice. Within two years, her obvious abilities saw her leading the Careers Advisory Section, where her team began gathering pioneering information on entry requirements – into ring-binder files. Her reputation spread and she was co-opted onto the Central Advisory Council for Education, working on the important Crowther and Newsom reports. From here she was offered a six-month travel scholarship in the USA, travelling 9,000 miles and visiting 48 schools, colleges and universities to study careers counselling – and (to her delight) being entertained in 64 different homes. The following year she was sent by the LCC (as one of only two officers) on an Administrative Staff College course at Henley.

In 1964 the post of Head of the London Careers Service became vacant. Despite such outstanding qualifications, Cathy was not appointed. She was convinced that a male-dominated committee of local politicians had not dared to appoint a woman to the post. She was bitterly disappointed. It is a measure of her character, and her determination not to become soured by this blow, that she immediately decided to continue in her existing post, but at the same time create a new career strategy for herself. She would become a writer, and also play an active part in professional associations. In fact, this third turning-point in her life brought her much public recognition. She became a prolific author, writing reviews, articles and six books on careers education (including her autobiographical *Careering Along*); she also wrote scripts for radio and television, was appointed a consultant to the BBC and took part in panel discussions – which she referred to as her ‘moonlighting’ activities ‘which gave scope to my weakness for showing off’.

Cathy was in fact rewarded four years later by becoming the first ever Inspector of Careers Education and Guidance for the Inner London Education Authority, another pioneering post which she held for 16 years. She was also a member of the Finnieston Parliamentary Committee on British engineering in the 1970s. On the strength of this and her leading contribution to the establishment of a national professional careers service in the UK, she was deservedly proud to be appointed OBE in 1977. She continued to sit on committees, and the year after her retirement could name 36 on which she was indefatigably active, including governorships of public schools, higher education colleges and charities such as Toynbee Hall, a consultancy with City and Guilds, membership of the General Dental Council and of the Goldsmiths Guild – and many others besides.

Through 80 active years Cathy met a great many people. She made friends with ease and loved entertaining in her own home, recounting amusing anecdotes with her inimitable gift for mimicry. Her best friend was Rita O’Brien, with whom she shared not only a flat but also a hat and a fur coat. Returning one day from a school prizegiving wearing these enviable items and bearing a bouquet of chrysanthemums, she was delighted to be mistaken for a famous actress as she passed the Old Vic. (Unlike the Wrens’ cap, the fur coat was later opportunistically bartered for Cathy’s second computer.) Another close friend



from her Inspectorate days was Beryl Fawcett, who faithfully held a power of attorney near the end of Cathy's life.

Many other friends were made during that early trip to the USA. There was always a stream of American visitors coming to stay with this warm and lively English friend in her little house in Temple Grove. She was tickled when one of them, looking out over the tangle of overgrown grass and shrubs in her back garden, exclaimed 'My, Cathy, your garden is verdant!'

Cathy's abiding interest in young people led to her passionate interest in education and what it could mean for each individual: this was the heart of her commitment to careers advice as 'one of the caring professions'.

She knew what she herself had been given at LMH. Along with her friend Hilda Pipe (1939 History), Cathy repaid her alma mater with hours of work on the *Lady Margaret Hall Register*, containing information on all academic staff and students at the college from 1879 to 1990, with details of their subsequent careers. Dame Frances Lannon well remembers the time that the two women gave to College, compiling the material meticulously – and achieving a richness of information unparalleled by the current fund-raising database. Cathy has also left a generous legacy to the college.

It is no coincidence that the final sentence of Cathy's own account of her life says that the honorary title she most appreciated was 'the vice-presidency of the LMH Association – because I owe so much to those three years at Oxford'. The *Brown Book* editors, Carolyn Carr, Alison Gomm and Judith Garner, remember the pleasure of working alongside Cathy on the LMHA Committee. She continued to drive up from London for three annual meetings until well into her nineties and provided a long-term view of the Association and of the college that was invaluable. She was unfailingly welcoming to new members and had an eagle eye when it came to proof-reading *The Brown Book* – particularly for the names of schools that were then included in the matriculation lists.

Cathy is sorely missed by her family and many friends.

Gillian Perrin  
(Hughes-Thomas 1961 Music)



Cathy celebrating her 100th birthday



## MARGARET ROTHWELL CMG, 1938–2022

My aunt Margaret Rothwell died on 15 September 2022 and leaves a large gap in the lives of her friends and family. Her career, travels, passions and generosity enriched all of our lives.

Margaret (known to most as Meg) was born in Edinburgh in 1938 – her parents Harry Rothwell and Martha Annabella *née* Goedecke having married in 1935. She and her mother were evacuated to a farm in the hills during the war and they stayed in Scotland until the birth in 1945 of her sister Vivien – my mother and also an LMH alumna. This coincided with her father's appointment as Chair of History at Southampton University, where he ultimately became Emeritus Professor.

Harry was a medievalist, the first of his Yorkshire mining family to go to university. This was a testament to Barnsley Grammar School and his formidably ambitious mother, a miner's wife. Martha came from an established Scottish family who owned printing works. But Martha's mother Jean was a bohemian Edwardian: a university-educated language teacher who hiked across the Alps, dabbled with Zoroastrianism, and ended up living in pre-First World War Germany.

So I think when Meg, the first daughter of this brilliant but rather careful academic from Yorkshire and a German-born mother, decided to apply to join the Diplomatic Service – barely 15 years after the end of the Second World War – her tutors at LMH were rather surprised. They had apparently suggested she become a librarian. Or a hospital almoner. 'Neither of which,' according to Meg, 'appealed very much.' Anyway, her application required careful vetting at the Foreign Office. Meg's step-grandfather had been separated from her grandmother by the war and was still living behind the Berlin Wall in East Germany. Meg's grandmother had had friends with communist leanings. It was 1961, all this had to be investigated before they would accept Meg – despite her Oxford classics degree – into the Service.

These hurdles overcome, she was given her first posting in London under a boss who had (and I quote) 'a complete incapacity to cope' with a woman



*Margaret Rothwell*

in his team. 'He was a nice enough man,' Meg said, 'competent . . . just didn't understand what to do with a woman in the Service.' She was sent soon to Strasbourg (1964) – where she may have picked up her taste for fine wines and patisserie – then to Kenya (1967). Here she worked for Malcolm MacDonald, the son of Ramsay MacDonald, who had been Governor-General, then High Commissioner. MacDonald was a keen ornithologist and it may have been from him that Meg picked up a love of seriously wild wildlife.

From Africa she went to America in 1968: a posting in Washington where she was shocked by the racism on the streets and the erratic politics of Nixon. From Washington she was sent to Finland (1976–81), where my mother and I visited her in the late 1970s. She had a beautiful modern home, sleek in my memory, with interiors of glowing wood and large windows. Glass and ceramic ornaments were displayed inside, while outside there was a deep green garden with a path right down to the sea, with a shoreline of boulders, reeds and fir trees.

In Finland Meg developed her taste for Scandinavian design. She had begun to collect objects of beauty and interest on her postings and was generous in sharing her finds. I was certainly the only child in the Midlands in 1980 wearing Marimekko designs to primary school. Here too her hosting skills were honed – she became an accomplished giver of parties and dinners. Her love of food and cooking stayed with her in retirement, when she would cater for large events and supply farmers markets locally.

According to a long interview she gave to Helen McCarthy for her book *Women of the World: The Rise of the Female Diplomat* (2014), Meg was only offered the job of no. 2 in Finland after she consented to take on some of the Ambassador's wife's duties, too. She agreed, for she was finding a way to build a successful career in the Service. Later, when she was head of training and head of the inspectorate (1981–84), she took particular pleasure in levelling the playing field and opening up opportunities for other women in the Service by ensuring they weren't held back from training or travel.

Indonesia was perhaps one of Meg's happiest postings (1984–87). The garden of her residence in Jakarta, as Deputy Ambassador, was a particular source of pride. Together with her loyal gardener, she created a tropical paradise full of orchids. In later years, after Meg had been posted to West Africa (1990–97) and the residence was closed due to the conflicts of civil war, the gardener continued to maintain it in isolation and send Meg's photos of its unseen perfection. The emerald-green lawns remained unwalked behind the British Embassy's closed gates. In Africa, she created a loyal, supportive household, too. She wrote to us of the cow she had helped one member of staff's family buy in their rural village, of the contributions she made to their children's education, and also the HIV medicines purchased for those who would have otherwise died in an epidemic that hit Africa hardest. In 1992 Meg was awarded the CMG.

Past colleagues have written since Meg's death and talked of the intelligence and fairness she brought to her work, and of a strict demeanour which belied

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her humour. One old friend, Robert Caldesi from the Diplomatic Corps, talked of her 'towering contribution to human understanding wherever she could lend a hand'. The late Mark Scrase-Dickins wrote to me of the 'high regard' she was held in, of her being 'a generous host and excellent cook', and of the challenge of being an Ambassador covering a large portion of West Africa. 'Not easy for a single lady,' he wrote. Alan Mollett wrote after her death:

When I knew [Meg] in her early days in Nairobi, she was a rising star as private secretary to a then well-known politician turned diplomat, Malcolm MacDonald. Like many high flyers in the Foreign Office, Meg was an Oxbridge graduate but she wore her pedigree lightly.

She was warm. In Nairobi Meg looked after her support staff kindly, often cooking delicious meals at home for us [...] She was funny. When working for demanding VIPs a sense of humour is essential for survival [...] She was down to earth. One time I made a thoughtless remark to Meg about redbrick universities. Boy did that daughter of a Southampton University professor correct me swiftly! As a clever woman in a then male-dominated institution, Meg had to stand her ground to survive. Later as a reformer she believed in using evidence-based change to overcome resistance.

Both in Jakarta, Indonesia and in Abidjan, Côte d'Ivoire, where Meg spent her final two terms as Ambassador, she managed to acquire extra family members. Not having married or had children herself, she relished getting to know other families, children and particularly other people's dog and cats. From Max, the stubby, scarred, half-wild Indonesian hound, to Yoda or Blackie, the large Hampshire mog that belonged to someone else but found his way repeatedly down Knapp Lane to Meg's lap: despite her recurring stays in hospital, Meg was a magnet for animals.

This love of animals, of beautiful things, of giving gifts, of delicious food, of industrial-level cook-ups, from jam-making to 300 handmade pistachio macaroons for a friend's wedding – this bountifulness was a feature of Meg's life and we all in some way or other were touched by it.

After retirement in 1997, Meg became editor of the FCOA magazine – the Foreign and Commonwealth Office Association's publication for current and past members of the service. The current chair of the FCDOA Edward Glover commented: 'Meg was a formidable predecessor who had created over the years an impressive and admired publication . . . Now in colour, it has a circulation of over 2000 . . . She was in short a formidable operator.'

Meg had travelled so far – from Australia to Alaska. She had met so many extraordinary people – from John Betjeman to prime ministers to the tribal medicine men of Timbuktu. While health conditions limited her travelling in the last seven years, the expansiveness of her experiences and her desire to spread joyful things continued and her friends will happily remember the boxes

of chocolates and crates of wine. Her great-niece and nephew, my children, will remember the apple orchards at the end of her garden and the green lawn with the unchanged Hampshire view, and how she would praise their new shoes or latest picture with pure pleasure and exclamations of 'gorgeous'!

*Hannah MacDonald, Meg's niece*

Members of the LMH Association wish to add a note about Meg's service on the committee from 2009 to 2018. She was a treasured member of the committee, always with something trenchant but helpful to say in any discussion. She updated and revised our constitution and was also the driving force behind one of our most popular alumni events – a choral tour of Westminster Abbey.

## ELIZABETH KRISHNA (*née* KIRWAN), 1937–2022



*Elizabeth Krishna*

Elizabeth Krishna came up to LMH in 1955 to study Classics, but changed after Mods to PPE, in which she specialised in economics and distinguished herself with a First.

Elizabeth was born in India but returned with her family to England before the Second World War. Her father was Irish, and it was to Northern Ireland that the family then moved to escape the fears and traumas of war-time bombing. Elizabeth thus spent much of her early life in Ballycastle on the north coast, though from the late 1940s she attended boarding school in England. Her father was killed in action in Italy, and she and her sister were brought up by their grandmother after their mother died when Elizabeth was just 13 years old. A strongly

determined teenager, she taught herself Greek during the school holidays with the help of an elderly friend, thus supplementing the Latin she had at school and successfully preparing herself for Oxford admission. She often told how she started randomly reading American literature while sitting in the tiny public library in Ballycastle after leaving school; this was how she discovered an interest in social problems, and how her academic enthusiasms shifted later to politics and economics.

As an undergraduate Elizabeth had close Indian and Pakistani friends, and through them she eventually met her future husband, Gopal Krishna. Gopal,

a gifted and hard-working scholar who had come from India to study PPE first at Ruskin College and then at New College, was working towards his DPhil in modern Indian history at St Antony's College, while Elizabeth stayed on to study for a BPhil in economics. They married in India and started work together at the new Kurukshetra University, which was just then being set up north of Delhi. After a brief return to Oxford, the couple moved to Delhi itself, where Gopal took a position at a research institute and Elizabeth was employed as a lecturer at the Delhi School of Economics. She continued to teach at the School, then almost certainly the best post-graduate department in India, from 1963 to 1974. Among her many intellectual and professional qualities, she was said by her colleague, the legendary Indian sociologist Professor André Beteille, to be the best copyeditor he had ever known. As long as she was in Delhi, he always had whatever he wrote checked and edited by her, and he missed her greatly when she went back to Oxford. But other personal qualities were perhaps even more striking. While being deeply conscientious in her teaching duties, she earned considerable regard from her own genuine respect for her students, and her trust in them, come what may.

A year in Montreal was followed by the couple's return to Oxford, where soon Elizabeth was able to make a career shift to librarianship, while also continuing to use the knowledge and insights she had gained from her years in India. The Bodleian found funding for a part-time assistant to help catalogue some of the more interesting Indian language books in the Indian Institute Library collections. Elizabeth modestly presented herself as being prepared to learn the relevant linguistic and clerical skills. Of course she already had some Hindi and, being a well-trained student, she rapidly developed her knowledge not only of the language but also of the new fields of literature and the authors that came her way. Her work was a model to follow, extremely meticulous and conscientious, recorded in beautiful but impressively clear and functional handwriting with a scholar's eye for detail; rarely could one imagine such sharpness and mental discipline shining forth from what might otherwise have seemed the unpromising medium of a catalogue card.

After retiring from the Indian Institute, Elizabeth continued to work on similar projects in other libraries, and finally in her happy association with Oxford's Centre for Hindu Studies, where she is remembered perhaps most fondly of all. Gopal died in 2019; after his sight and health deteriorated, she cared for him in their little house just north of the ring road, now owned, used and looked after by the Centre itself, just as Gopal and Elizabeth wished. It was there that she herself passed away in August 2022. My more personal memories of both Elizabeth and Gopal may be found through the website of the Centre for Hindu Studies.

*Jonathan Katz*  
(*St Antony's; Indian Institute Librarian, 1977–87*)

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## SUSAN BELL TRICKETT (née BELL), 1956–2022

Sue and I came up to LMH in 1974 and our friendship lasted until her untimely death, on 8 August 2022. She was much loved and enriched many lives, including those of Martin Edwards and Vivienne Wordley who have contributed to this obituary.

Susan Mary Bell was the fourth of the six daughters of Rosalind and Edward Bell. She grew up in north London, but the family also had strong ties to Cornwall – an area that Sue loved. Her parents later retired to a rambling house and garden in the village of Gweek, near Helston, where summer holidays had been spent. Sue was educated at Channing School in Highgate where she met Vivienne Wordley. Vivienne recalls: 'I met Sue, aged 10, on our first day and we became best friends – attracted in part, perhaps, because we shared a modest C of E primary school background rather than the more rarified prep school experience of our peers.'

According to Vivienne, Sue passed effortlessly through school, equally at home with the sciences as with the arts – striving only a little harder to enjoy similar success in sports. She was calm, but deadly accurate with a foil in her hand, elegant but extremely fast down a ski slope, and a surprisingly cunning tennis partner.

Sue was awarded an Exhibition to read English at LMH. I did not know her well until our third year, but had formed an impression of her, from casual encounters and the classes that we shared, as someone serenely beautiful, with more poise, elegance and dignity than I could claim, certainly at that age. Her first kindness to me was when I found an opportunistic young cat hanging around the front quad and convinced myself that it was homeless and starving. I tried to get the College involved in its welfare, even rang my parents to ask them to adopt it, and became quite overwrought. Sue simply listened to me patiently and compassionately while I poured out all my fears. This is what cemented our friendship as far as I was concerned.

Martin Edwards (Balliol 1974, now an award-winning crime writer) met Sue at a freshers' party during our first week in Oxford. He writes:

'I was reading law, but dreamed of becoming a writer. Sue was more sophisticated than me (not difficult) but we hit it off from the start and I have many happy memories of those three years. There were more parties, and sometimes we'd play tennis or squash or go punting together. We shared an enthusiasm for films – both being stunned by *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*. When we went to Scamp's night club (not a natural haunt for either of us), she was amused by the fact that she got in free while a mere man had to pay. Sue always saw the funny side of things. Benazir Bhutto was also at LMH then and Sue would bemoan that fact that day after day, she'd check the 'B' pigeon-hole for her mail only to find a note saying "Flowers for Bhutto" with a lavish bouquet



nearby. "Why is it never 'Flowers for Bell?'" she wanted to know.

'Sue encouraged my ambitions and was herself an accomplished writer. She sent me a characteristically witty poem inspired by a close encounter with a combative swan while we shared a picnic with her sister Angie one day on the Cherwell. Called "Swan Song", it followed the traditional ballad style, complete with alternative endings. The "romantic" ending was just that; alas, the realistic ending saw me not only killed off by the swan but lampooned for my incompetence. I treasure that poem to this day.



*Sue Bell and Martin Edwards 1976*

'After Sue married and moved to America, we stayed in touch intermittently. Rereading her marvellous and lengthy letters while writing this note was poignant. We only met once in recent years, while she was visiting her family in Cheshire. She was, as ever, great company, but showed a rare touch of melancholy when saying that she never felt wholly English in England or wholly American in the States. But there was much laughter, too, and that is how I remember Sue – as someone kind and lovely and always ready to have fun.'

After Finals, Sue stayed in Oxford for the summer, working as a waitress in the Mitre to save money to travel in America. Meanwhile, I took a job in France, so from that moment on our friendship was sustained by correspondence (as Martin and Vivienne agree, Sue wrote marvellous letters) with great catch-ups whenever Sue returned to the UK to visit family and friends and when – just the once – I visited her in New Orleans.

While working at the Mitre, Sue had met an American student, David Trickett, who was visiting Oxford. They became friends, she introduced him to her family, and, by the time she set off on her travels, a visit to David at the Southern Methodist University, Dallas, where he was studying for ordination, had been added to her itinerary.

Sue married David in 1978 and the places they settled in the United States were largely determined by his work as an academic and as a minister: first Dallas; then New Orleans; Fairfax, Virginia; and finally Denver, Colorado. Along the way, Sue worked as a teacher, editor, and researcher. She received three Master's degrees, and later earned her PhD in Applied Cognitive Psychology from George Mason University in Virginia. She served as the Executive Officer of the Cognitive Science Society from 2010 to 2016. She was passionate about equity in education and dedicated to her work as an educational researcher.

Sue and David had three children: Beatrice, Gillian and Piers. I was delighted when Sue asked me to be Gilly's godmother in 1985. We assembled in her



*Sue and her family on a visit to the UK*



*Sue at Gilly's wedding in 2021*

parents' house in Gweek and the ceremony took place in the village church. There was light-hearted comment afterwards about the fact the Sue was one of six sisters and that she and her older sisters had only had daughters themselves – so far. How would the Bell family cope if there were ever a grandson? But then along came Piers and of course they all coped extremely well.

Years passed and Sue and David's marriage ended, but she stayed in Denver, where Gilly and Piers were based, with Bea a little further away. She was very much part of her local community and church and an active volunteer. Sue was a natural hostess, bringing people together with her love of cooking, her quick wit and her conversation. She loved gardening, skiing, hiking and almost any other activity that allowed her to be outdoors. Sue became ill with cancer in June 2021 and, despite treatment and excellent care, lived for just over a year more. Vivienne visited her in Denver in May 2022 and recalls: 'This final visit was both joyous and poignant. Ever-hospitable, forever interested in what was going on, despite her fragility, Sue insisted on making me a toasted sandwich for lunch while I regaled her with tales from the Santa Fe Literary Festival from which I had just returned. How we laughed. How I treasure our friendship.'

The last occasion that I spent a significant amount of time with Sue was in June 2017 when I joined her for the first three days of a walk along the South West Coast Path – she was taking two weeks. I am so thankful now that we had this time together and the opportunity for deeper conversation than we had managed for a while. We walked from Bude to Tintagel, with stops at B&Bs. The sun shone on us, we saw seals in a cove, and spotted wild orchids. We also made a massive unnecessary detour. In her address at Sue's funeral, which I was able to watch online, the minister mentioned that she had no sense of direction. Of course she did not mean this in a moral or spiritual sense – far from it. But geographically Sue had a job finding her way around.

On the morning that I had to leave Tintagel and return to work, we woke to wind and lashing rain. I watched from a window as Sue set off towards the cliffs. I felt sad to see her leaving, alone. Minutes later I glanced out of the window

and saw her returning. She had taken the wrong path. Again. But in her red waterproofs with her walking poles, she was an indomitable figure.

Sue leaves her children, Beatrice, Gillian and Piers, her grandchildren, Edward, Matthew and Orion, as well as many other family members and a wealth of friends. She also, with characteristic generosity, donated her body to medical research in the hope that it might assist in tackling the rare cancer that took her life.

*Alison Gomm  
(1974 English)*

## SALI DENING (*née* ROGERS), 1927–2022



*Sali Dening as a young woman*

Marsali Anne Rogers was born on 11 September 1927 in Melbourne to James Stanley and Hazel (*née* Carr) Rogers. Her father was a physicist who had once worked in Lord Rutherford's lab, and her somewhat formidable mother had trained as a teacher. Sali had a younger sister, Patti, and her father would refer to his brown- and blue-eyed daughters, respectively. Both the Rogers and Carr families were large: Sali had several devoted aunts and she was the oldest of a whole generation of cousins. Sali was an academically bright pupil at Ivanhoe Girls School and then Presbyterian Ladies College. She studied languages at Melbourne University and was set for a glittering academic career.

Sali looked to study in Europe for her doctorate. Her research was on the French and English influences upon the eighteenth-century polymath Justus Möser, from the north-west German city of Osnabrück. She registered at the University of Oxford, since being based at a German university wasn't an option so soon after the war. She did, however, spend a year of her studies in Hamburg in 1949. During her time there, she met Richard Gage (Dick) Dening, an ex-serviceman from Liverpool, who was also studying in Hamburg. Dick still had a serviceman's rail pass, which enabled them to undertake various trips, including for a weekend in the Alps to watch the sun rise over the mountains.

Sali's family had intended that she should return to Australia after her doctorate and marry someone considered suitable by her family. She regarded this prospect with some dismay as she thought many of the young men she had met were a bit dull. Instead, she and Dick became engaged and were married in 1951 at Upton church on the edge of Chester. The bride was accompanied by her wonderful Aunt Nina, who later became the headmistress of two of the biggest girls' grammar schools in Melbourne.

Sali and Dick moved to Northern Ireland for his first teaching job – though he also claimed it was because there was no food rationing in Ireland. Their first son, Edward, was born there in 1954. The family then moved to Ilkeston in Derbyshire (Tom born in 1956), and then to Biddulph near Stoke (Ruth born 1961). After that, Dick took a job at the Bristol College of Science and Technology, which soon afterwards became the University of Bath, and the family moved to the Georgian city in 1964. Throughout these various moves, Sali was determined to work at least some of the time and she was involved in adult education for the rest of her working life. Her longest stint was at Bath Technical College (now Bath Spa University) where she was an inspiration to students of all ranges of ability. She also maintained her interest in Justus Möser and attended several of the annual lectures held at Osnabrück, sometimes with Dick or Ruth, or with her LMH friend, Eileen Jones (Greep 1947).

Sali was torn for much of her life between her Australian roots and living in England. She would visit her parents, aunts, cousins, etc, every couple of years, not always taking children with her – which left Dick to create some interesting meals, including on one occasion a Christmas lunch of cheese sandwiches. She and her mother wrote regular, weekly letters on blue airmail forms. After Dick retired, Sali and he eventually visited Australia together.

Sadly, Dick died in 2005 as they were in the process of selling up in Bath to move to Rowney Green, a village on the edge of Birmingham, in order to be near to their daughter Ruth and her family. As a result, Sali lived on her own in Derlie Villa for nearly ten years, supporting the local history group and providing hospitality to visiting family members. She fractured her hip on the ice one winter and after this moved into the Lawns, a local care home, where she was lovingly cared for in her last years. She proudly hung her Oxford DPhil certificate on the wall in her room.



*Sali Dening with her contemporary Eileen Jones at an LMH event*

Though she had been frail for several years, Sali's health was stable until she sustained a large stroke just before Christmas 2022, and died peacefully eight days later on 26 December. Sali leaves three children, eight grandchildren (including two step-grandsons) and three great-grandchildren.

Sali was a quiet but warm person. She was sociable and considerate. She taught her children to think of other people's perspectives and to treat them as we would be treated ourselves. She liked nothing better than reading difficult books about the Enlightenment, in German if possible. She was generally cheerful and interested in what was going on around her. She was inclined towards centrist and European politics, and also towards Methodism. She maintained long and profound friendships with people in Germany, Australia and the UK. Her favourite places included Lady Margaret Hall and the Bodleian Library in Oxford and perhaps her spirit is there right now.

*Tom Dening, Sali's son*

## JULIE CONNELL (*née* COX), 1955–2020

I met Julie, my wife-to-be, in our final year as Modern Linguists at Oxford. My first impression was of a serious-minded, yet fun-loving young woman, who was prone to wax deeply on the writings of Sylvia Plath and Thomas Hardy. Our mutual interest in foreign languages and cultures – Julie, French and German; myself, Spanish and Portuguese – and our love of words in general, laid down a firm foundation for friendship. I learned over time that Julie had had to overcome the discouragement of a less than supportive family in order to get to Oxford, but had through her own ability and determination (and the help of some excellent teachers, many of whom she remained in touch with throughout her life), ultimately arrived as a pupil of distinction.



*Julie Connell dressed for her ordination*

Her friends from LMH recall that she was a kind person, always ready to help others, intelligent and artistic, who felt concern for social justice and the cause of the vulnerable and disadvantaged. They remember her as one of life's natural enthusiasts, full of energy and warmth, who remained true to her strongly held principles, yet was able to empathise with people's foibles, having a delightful way of poking mischievous fun, often at herself. She displayed an eclectic range

of interests while at Oxford as a lover of the arts, explorer of new places, and avid socialiser, prompting one friend to describe her as a 'people person'. Another friend recalls Julie's zest for life, her writing poetry, having singing lessons, reading voraciously, and pondering deeply. Her infectious laugh and gleeful smile are similarly remembered with affection, as is her sense of humour that often revolved around word play and found a creative outlet in many a game of 'consequences'. One friend recalls that, at the 40th year reunion held at LMH in 2014, Julie remained as youthful and enthusiastic as ever, being the only one of their peers who was game for renewing acquaintance with the Isis in a punt!

After her graduation from LMH, Julie and I spent three years in Catalonia teaching English before marrying in 1981 and subsequently settling in south London. Julie had a variety of jobs, ranging from administration at the London Metal Exchange to private school placement advisor, prior to the birth of our first son in June 1987. It was the strong conviction that Rupert should be baptised a Christian that proved to be the trigger for Julie's own faith journey. As a teenager setting out on a spiritual quest, Julie had undergone Confirmation training within the Church of England and the equivalent preparation offered by the Baptist tradition, only to discover an absence of spiritual life. Faced with the prospect of making the same public declarations on behalf of her son that had ultimately rung hollow for her years before in Confirmation, she experienced what can only be regarded as a spiritual crisis, one which was providentially resolved when she re-read the letter a South African physicist friend had sent her 11 years earlier, in which she had expressed the reality of her own strong Christian faith. Having previously been unable to share that reality, Julie's eyes were now opened. From that moment, she had no doubts about her own faith and threw herself unreservedly into the life of our local church.

She soon became aware of a calling to ordination, but it would take over a decade for that vocation to be formally recognised and supported. The selection process and training would be a further seven years or so, and it is a measure of her persevering and determined character that she achieved her goal while holding down a demanding role as personal assistant to the head teacher at Ernest Bevin Boys School, Tooting and being mother to three teenage children (Jonathan, November 1991, and Natasha, May 1994, were born after Rupert) who might all have wished she was more available to them during this time!

Julie was (indeed, still is) much loved at St Paul's Furzedown, the church where she served as Assistant Priest and, ironically, was due to be licensed as Vicar on the day that she died. Much of her priestly ministry was exercised at Ernest Bevin, where staff paid tribute to the kindness, care and attention she afforded everyone, be it teacher, administrator or cleaner. All seemed to recognise in her a straight-dealing, even-handed integrity which they valued immensely. Her sense of fun and love of dancing were also appreciated, as exemplified by her being the first to appear on the dance floor in a cow onesie at one of the end-of-term staff parties she had lovingly organised.



Her passing was untimely, and she will continue to be missed by many, for many different reasons.

*Graham Connell, Julie's husband, with contributions from Priscilla Balkwill (1974 Classics and Modern Languages), Jane Doull (1974 Classics and Modern Languages), Jonquil Drinkwater (1973 PPP), Tricia Rothwell (Hall 1974 Lit Hum) and the late Elizabeth Walker (Low 1973 Lit Hum)*

## CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS, 1944–2022



*Charlotte Williams in around 1980*

Charlotte came up to LMH in 1962 to read jurisprudence. She had attended the Convent of the Sacred Heart School in Island Bay, Wellington, New Zealand (NZ), before going to Woldingham School in Surrey for the sixth form. Her sisters had spent time abroad at the end of their schooling, one of them at Woldingham, and her mother had been educated there. Charlotte came up to LMH as the school's first pupil to get an Oxford scholarship. She later reported not feeling wholly part of the LMH scene, but recalled with pride having sung

the Beethoven Choral Fantasia in the Albert Hall with the University choir and having been part of a team with Penny Warren, Marianne Neville-Rolfe and Jonquil (Quilly) Bevan that went up north to take part in *University Challenge* (then broadcast by ITV) in 1964.

After graduation, Charlotte was initially called to the Bar but then swiftly recruited into a first career in the NZ foreign service. This was followed by research work on the development of policies advancing the position of Māori. Charlotte's research developed her family's long-standing historical involvement with the Māori people. She was born in Wellington, New Zealand, in 1944, into two notable Pākehā (New Zealander of European heritage) families. Her great-great grandfather, the Anglican missionary Henry Williams, had arrived in New Zealand in 1823 and translated the English text of the Treaty of Waitangi into te reo Māori when it was signed in 1840. Ironically, her maternal great-great grandfather, Daniel Riddiford, was a leading figure of the colonising New Zealand Company, whose influence the (Anglican) Church Missionary Society had actively opposed.

Charlotte was recruited to the NZ foreign service in 1967 and her first posting was to Washington, DC. She then took a Master of Public Administration degree at the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton, where in 1974 she was described as 'recognisably the best of the entire lot' by the Director of Studies, Richard Ullman. She declined an offer of employment in the World Bank and returned to the NZ Department of External Affairs, which she represented alongside the Minister at the first Common Fund Conference in Nairobi in 1976.

Charlotte was posted back to Europe in 1978 as First Secretary, heading up NZ's effort to secure a permanent arrangement for access for NZ sheep meat to the European Community. In 1981 she returned to NZ as the first head of the Australian Division and the Department's lead person in politically charged negotiations over the Closer Economic Relations trade treaty with Australia (CER). The following year she declined a posting to Canberra as Deputy High Commissioner. She had married David Kember, a Wellington lawyer, the previous year and was expecting their first child.

Back in NZ, Charlotte undertook an analysis of trans-Tasman transport in the context of the CER on secondment from the Treasury at the Institute of Policy Studies at Victoria University of Wellington. By then with two small children, she briefly took up a position as economist in a stock-broking firm, but rejoined the public service in 1989. Large-scale privatisation in NZ was initiated by the 1984–90 Labour administration and Charlotte was appointed economic adviser to the opposition National Party finance spokesperson, Ruth Richardson, who became the Minister of Finance when National took power in 1990. Charlotte returned to the Treasury as the monitor on the group superintending the ANZAC frigate project, and was also appointed to the board of PostBank when it was corporatised ready for privatisation. She regarded this as one of the most important aspects of her career.

From 1991 to 1995 Charlotte was Deputy State Services Commissioner, dealing with executive recruitment and performance management. In 1995 she was invited to fill a new Deputy Secretary role, with responsibility for justice sector policy, with a particular brief to develop responses to offending by Māori. 1998 saw a change at the top of the Ministry. Charlotte prevailed morally and legally when her contract was ended for no good reason and became a self-employed consultant and researcher in the fields of policy development, regulation design and public policy, as well as being on the Council of Lincoln University (in the South Island) and a Pro-Chancellor.

Charlotte's principal works, *The Too-Hard Basket: Māori and Criminal Justice since 1980* (Wellington, Victoria University Press, 2001) and *More Power to Do the Work: Māori and the Health System in the Twentieth Century* (Wellington, VUP, 2007), were to have been followed by a historical study of the relationship between Māori and the National Party since its formation in 1936. Charlotte had brought to light a considerable documentary record and also recorded important

oral history from key personalities and witnesses, and she had completed several chapters when her work was halted by the onset of Alzheimer's.

I met Charlotte in 2010 when I moved to Wellington and joined the Orpheus Choir. We had been friends for some years when she told me of her diagnosis. It was typical of her approach that, after she then asked to meet at a café and told me that she had Alzheimer's, and I said she had told me that the week before, she replied, 'Well, by definition, I have forgotten.' Charlotte had to leave the choir when reading music became difficult. We continued with walks and going to concerts, and she stood up to her deteriorating condition even after moving into residential care in 2017. She died in September 2022, survived by her husband and their son, Henry, and daughter, Alexandra.

*Caroline Sawyer*  
(George 1981 Modern Languages)

## NANDINI IYER (*née* MEHTA), 1931–2021

Many people around the pretty Californian town of Santa Barbara knew the small, elegant figure in a gold silk sari, zigzagging, often at high speed, from the Sanskrit class she led at the local university, to the World Religions classes she taught for decades at the community college, to the tai chi class she was attending or a lecture at the Museum and the class she chose to teach in her eighties at the Braille Institute. I got used to showing up at the pharmacy – almost anywhere, in fact – and hearing, 'How's your wife today? She's such a great lady!'

'Not my wife,' I'd say, 'my mother. But I can see why you made the mistake.'

We could barely step into a restaurant without someone coming up shyly and saying, 'Excuse me. You won't remember me, but I was your student, in Philosophy, forty years ago. You really changed my life!'

Nandini Iyer, who died of a stroke on 21 July 2021 at the age of 90, was a much-loved and ageless professor who cherished her days at LMH till her final breath.



*Nandini Iyer*

She kept up with old friends from the college for 70 years with Christmas cards, and she charmed friends around the world with rich stories of watching the Coronation in 1953 (the college having had to rent a television for the occasion) and memories of her colourful and glamorous classmates. In her sixties she flew over and rented a flat in the college for a month so she could enjoy the city she'd always loved; in old age she said that the single happiest moment of her life had been the bright October day when she arrived in Oxford for the first time, following a 16-day trip on a P&O boat from Bombay, and received a guided tour of the town of Shelley and Arnold from her Rhodes Scholar fiancé Raghavan Iyer, then at Magdalen.

My mother was born to a cosmopolitan family in Ahmedabad; her father, who earned his doctoral degree at Harvard, was helping to run the British-built railways in India, and her mother was a Gujarati novelist (and constant fighter for social justice). The Mehtas had always been involved in the law and the rights of the dispossessed, and Gandhi would visit now and then. Both my mother's brother and her brother-in-law went to MIT – not a common thing before the war – and her father, who would steer his 1930s Pontiac around Bombay, loved to head off to Europe and Japan for months on end, while the youngest of his three children, my mother, stayed in large family homes around India, went through the celebrated Cathedral School in Bombay (whose other products include Salman Rushdie and Fareed Zakaria) and then claimed a First at the highly competitive Bombay University before taking the exam to get into Oxford – a rare thing for a young Indian woman – and sailing towards LMH.

Nandini was gifted from the beginning: she won prizes for both art and biology as a girl and, 70 years on, could remember her lines from performing in *The Mikado* and acting as Wilde's Lady Windermere. She represented Africa, for some reason, in a carnival of nations presented before Princess Margaret while at Oxford, and was photographed by Britain's society magazine, *Tatler*. In Ved Mehta's book *Up at Oxford*, the *New Yorker* memoirist describes her as an ideal of sorts for a newly arrived writer, 'scholarly', 'such an impressive social presence', and, with her husband, 'so strikingly handsome that they could have passed for movie idols'.

While at LMH, she was said to be the first Asian woman to win a First (in PPE), as well as the first Asian woman to speak at the Union. After she went down, she continued to teach philosophy around the university while her husband served as a Fellow of St Antony's.

Soon after she became engaged to my father, whom she had first met when she was 17 (and he 18), she gave herself over to the Theosophical tradition to which he was firmly committed. She became a vegetarian, added an unbreakable spiritual centre to her love of film and travel and conversation, and, shedding her three-inch heels, devoted much of her time for the rest of her life to teaching and studying Theosophy, as well as the other religions she spoke on at churches and in temples everywhere.

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When the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, a celebrated think-tank, brought the family over to Santa Barbara in 1965, my mother said a regretful farewell to Oxford and began teaching philosophy at the local campus of the University of California. Spinoza was her particular passion. Later she would share her compendious knowledge of Judaism, Islam, Christianity, Buddhism and every other religious tradition with generations of students, many of whom would ask her, at the end of term, which faith was her own (they couldn't tell!). To many she seemed ubiquitous, studying Japanese flower arrangement and vegetarian cooking, giving talks at a local Vedanta Temple, rarely letting a classical music concert, ballet or play appear without her taking it in. Whether it was in her Alfa Romeo or, later, her sleek blue sports car, she usually left an impression of dash combined with soft-hearted fun, and an almost regal sense of self-possession.

Indeed, whether she was lecturing in Kyoto or Amsterdam, she always came with a huge supply of jokes and her close friends included housekeepers, secretaries and nurses as well as Nobel Prize-winning economists. Quiet and supportive when with her colourful husband, she was full of life and talk when on her own, and friends and strangers would grow used to animated telephone conversations late into the night, her advice on matters both personal and political, and her slight figure telling one last story in a parking lot before heading off to do some shopping sometime after midnight.

As her son, I relished – and perhaps inherited – her interest in everything, and her love of adventure. After she turned 67, we travelled together to places she'd always longed to see – Cambodia, Easter Island, Syria and Jordan – and I was never surprised to find her traipsing along beside me through a Southeast Asian jungle at 4:00 a.m. At 78 she was to be found walking for long hours under the midday sun through Ephesus, Pompeii, Patmos and Jerusalem, and even at 80 she would spend a whole morning wandering around St Petersburg (and Berlin and Tallinn). For years, people – not least my mother – would ask me why a son would go to bed at 8:30 while his mother was slipping back into the house after a horror movie double-bill at 1:00 a.m.

I knew her as a constantly doting mother who would drive around town for hours to find my favourite kind of chocolate and, well into her eighties, would get up without complaint at 3:00 to take me to the airport. When, as a boy, I lost a cherished security blanket along a faraway mountain road, she drove for eight hours through the dark to find it. But for everyone else she was a wise, spirited and infectiously cheerful friend and, most of all, teacher, and one who could illuminate the great spiritual traditions with one-liners and references to Shakespeare while linking her beloved cats to the great goddesses of classical mythology.

She always seemed unfallen in a way, an innocent girl in her love of novels and quiz shows and the Audrey Hepburn movies to which she remained faithful all her life – as well as a sage presence in her remarkable erudition and inner

seriousness, who contributed to more charities than I can count and would lend much of her savings to an acquaintance she barely knew.

She will be missed by many, I suspect; for me, of course, she is irreplaceable.

*Pico Iyer, Nandini's son*

Adapted from a piece that appeared in *The Santa Barbara Independent*, 29 July 2021.

## GILLIAN WILSON (née ROLLS), 1929–2022

For Gill, getting to Oxford was almost as great an achievement as her degree. Born the eldest of three on 19 April 1929, her childhood was disrupted by war. When her father Ralph joined the army, and her mother Joyce the Red Cross, the children moved from Ewell to their grandmother's house in Bognor Regis.

Evacuation meant many schools. The siblings formed a close bond and often found themselves in a minority for various reasons. Despite or perhaps because of being the only non-Catholics in a convent school, Gill developed a lifelong Anglican faith. This was later nurtured by reading the novels of Barbara Pym, who understood the Church of England, Oxford and the richness of seemingly quiet lives.

Gill passed her School Certificate with D-Day planes roaring overhead. But academic aspirations were shattered by lack of funds and the enlightened careers advice of her headmistress: 'You can't go to university; you'd better be a secretary.'

Accordingly Gill spent six years as a secretary at the Rank Organisation and characteristically used her time well and happily. But she had read Elizabeth Goudge's vision of Elizabethan Oxford in *Towers in the Mist*, and longed to study. Then (O frabjous day!) Gill discovered she was eligible for a London County Council grant. She found a tutor for the compulsory Latin paper and worked for the Oxford entrance exam by night. Horlicks and a Beatrice oil-stove saw her through this punishing regime, and Kate Lea offered her a place to read English at LMH in 1953.

Gill's first few weeks were a revelation. After six years going to work on a crowded bus in London, she was cycling to lectures over cobbled streets; after typing other people's letters all day, she was writing her own essays. Gill remained impressed by Miss Lea's scholarship, kindness and succession of cats, who were assigned the role of Roman consul in order to date a student's time at college – Gill was 'consule Perdita'.

Gill went up to Oxford at what she called the unheard-of age of 24. But there were then seven male undergraduates for every female, a 'satisfactory proportion'. She enjoyed Scottish dancing, acting, punting, and three Commem





*Graduation photograph of Gillian Rolls*



*Gill Wilson in later years*

balls, one of which she helped organise. She also cherished singing in the LMH carol choir in chapel, and the unique atmosphere of a women's college; the friendships she made at Gunfield lasted all her life.

After graduation Gill defied expectations again by becoming a nurse at St George's, Hyde Park Corner. More discouragement from superiors ('You'll never be a nurse, nurse') was countered by appreciation from patients.

She also met Hal, then a District Officer on leave from Nigeria. Their wedding in 1959 was the day before her 30th birthday, so that Gill could say she got married in her twenties. Hal returned to Africa, but Gill was determined to qualify as a State Registered Nurse before joining him.

In Nigeria Gill coped successfully with culture shock. National independence brought the couple back to Oxford: Hal to take articles, Gill to examine A-Level English, and to have their children William and Katharine. Family life was fun, but there was no local playgroup. With a friend and a *Guardian* guide Gill set one up in Summertown. It is now a Montessori nursery, which her granddaughter Malavika enjoyed attending.

When the family moved to Winchester Gill found a fulfilling social and cultural life. She was a medical secretary at the hospital; she made costumes for Winchester College plays; she raised funds for the Children's Society; she was a Holy Duster at Winchester Cathedral; she drew, painted, screen printed and exhibited with her art club; and travelled to America to visit William and family.

She edited two books: *Of Mines and Men* (1993), the memoirs of a naval officer, and *Theodore: Letters from the Oxford Mission in India* (1997). The latter

was a result of Gill working for 20 years as editor of the journal of the Oxford Mission, a charity working in India and Bangladesh, both of which she visited.

Gill contributed many obituaries to *The Times* and *Church Times*. She wrote both a tribute to her beloved Hal when he died in 2018, and her own modest funeral address before her death on 15 February 2022, in order to save her children trouble. Others always came first, and all were warmly welcomed. Gill liked to quote Hilaire Belloc: 'There's nothing worth the wear of winning, /But laughter and the love of friends.'

*Katharine Wilson, Gill's daughter*

## DAME ANN LESLIE, 1941–2023



*Ann Leslie in 1959*

Ann Leslie was born in 1941 in India, where her father was posted as an oil executive, to Theodora (*née* McDonald) and Norman Leslie. From the age of nine, she was educated in convent schools in the UK.

Ann was awarded a scholarship to read English at LMH. After graduating in 1961, she took a job in the Manchester office of the *Daily Express*, owned by Lord Beaverbrook, and entered the very competitive world of journalism, full of heavy-drinking men. She described the experience in her autobiography, *Killing My Own Snakes* (2008): 'I had never felt so foreign as I did in Manchester.' After a year, her talent swiftly spotted, she was transferred to London to write a column.

The majority of her 40-year career was spent working for the *Daily Mail*, thriving particularly under the long editorship of Sir David English. But from 1968 she chose to work as a freelancer in order to be able to choose her assignments. She was renowned as a foreign correspondent, sent by the paper to report on elections, revolutions and other breaking news stories all over the world. Among these, she covered the failed coup against Mikhail Gorbachev, the fall of the Berlin Wall, Nelson Mandela's long walk to freedom, China's one-child policy and its dying rooms, the starvation and suffering of North Koreans, and conflict in former Yugoslavia. This adventurous spirit set her apart from the other leading female journalists of her day, including Jean Rook of the *Daily Express* and Lynda Lee-Potter of the *Daily Mail*.

Ann's confidence and strong opinions, together with her wealth of experience, made her popular with broadcasters. A regular member of the team on *Stop the Week* chaired by Robert Robinson (1974–92), Ann was also a stalwart contributor to *Question Time* and *Any Questions*. She would not stand any nonsense from competitive men, but she also enjoyed her feminine glamour, famously wearing a fur coat to cover the Falklands war.

During a 40-year career, Ann won nine British Press awards, two lifetime achievements awards, and the 1999 James Cameron award for international reporting. She was appointed DBE in 2007 for services to journalism. She was a member of the National Union of Journalists and a passionate believer in press freedom.

Ann met Michael Fletcher at Oxford and married him in 1969. She listed family life as her sole recreation in *Who's Who*. Michael survives her, along with her daughter, Katharine, and two grandchildren.

*Obituaries editor*

## JENNIFER JENNINGS (née HODGSON), 1945–2022

Jennifer was born in Wilpshire, Blackburn, Lancashire on 17 September 1945. Her father was a timber merchant. Her family moved south to Somerset when she was a child, and after a poor education there she moved to Weybridge in Surrey where she went to Woking County Grammar School. Her special interest was English, having been an avid reader from an early age, but she was taken aside by one teacher and told that if she concentrated on history she could get her into Oxford. She got a place at LMH to read History in 1963 as the youngest student of her year.



*Jennifer Jennings in the office at IDS*

Oxford changed Jennifer's mental and physical horizons and she took a full part in the endless discussions which went on at night, sometimes till dawn. She travelled to the USA in her first long vacation, when she rode the Greyhound for four weeks to the west coast and back, and to Greece in her second for visits to Mycenae and other classical sites. She became interested in theatre and worked in the administration of productions of the Experimental Theatre Group. While at LMH she also met her future husband, Anthony Jennings (Trinity 1963).

After Oxford, Jennifer's love of English and writing prevailed once more and she spent a year in the USA, mainly in New York, researching a book about Lady Mary Wortley Montagu at Columbia University. She then got a job in London at the National Association of Port Employers in the Pool of London at a time when shipping cargo handling was undergoing a revolution. After that she became a journalist at Incomes Data Services (IDS), a research organisation that published comparative terms and conditions of employment, where she rapidly rose to become editor of the *Report*, their main periodical to which most leading companies subscribed. At the time of pay restraint in the 1970s, her report on inflation-busting pay rises in the Civil Service made the *Evening Standard* headlines.

Jennifer moved with her husband to Ealing, west London, leaving IDS after the birth of her children in order to bring them up in the way she thought important, and returning to IDS later as a consultant writing studies for them. During this period her interest in politics developed and she provided support to various Conservative candidates and MPs in west London, including Martin Stevens and Sir George Young. She became involved in the controversial changing of the constituency boundary, for which she was interviewed on television.

Jennifer's interest in charitable work developed and she became Chairman of the 25th Ealing Scout group in order to save it. Her concern for conservation work also grew. She conducted a survey of the Creffield area of Ealing, which she succeeded in getting designated as a conservation area. She became chairman of the Creffield Area Residents' Association and was involved in many environmental campaigns including Save Ealing Common, against the widening of the North Circular Road at Gunnersbury Avenue which would have involved the destruction of parts of Ealing Common and its famous row of chestnut trees. She was rewarded with success at the public enquiry when the plan was abandoned.

Jennifer became interested in the Church at this time, and helped the vicar Peter Watkins at St Matthews, Ealing Common with a number of projects. Her interest in wildlife conservation also now came to the fore and she became a volunteer at London Zoo where she was an amateur expert in monkeys and small mammals. She gave advice to visitors and offered a hissing cockroach for the Queen's inspection on a royal visit.

By the 1990s Jennifer felt she had done all she could in Ealing and, with her husband, looked for a country house while retaining a flat in Bloomsbury. She had a strong interest in architecture and an enthusiasm for the Victorian Tudor Gothic style from living in Ealing, but did even better with the Grade II\* listed Jacobean Dowsby Hall in Lincolnshire, designed by John Thorpe. Through Dowsby Hall she became a member of the Historic Houses Association and managed a project to repair the roof and repoint the walls, and negotiated with English Heritage the reopening of nearly 30 window lights that had been bricked up. She hosted the Dowsby Village Fete for many years in the house

and grounds and regularly opened the house to the public for Lincolnshire Heritage Open Days, all proceeds going to charity. A lover of animals, she had a succession of ferrets as pets.

Jennifer's association with the Church continued in Dowsby when she became a churchwarden and remained on the PCC for many years. When in London, she fed her interest in history by studying Egyptology on University College summer courses, and also became an official guide at the British Museum, introducing visitors to the Ancient Near East galleries, particularly Assyria and Mesopotamia. She was a member of a theatre group with old friends but was, in the words of one, 'a trenchant critic of serious plays', walking out of several in the interval.

Jennifer remained an avid reader throughout her life. She had an extraordinarily focused and lateral-thinking mind. She deplored bureaucracy, had no time for humbug or political correctness, and could sum up a situation unerringly with a few words.

Her lifelong commitment to charitable causes, particularly conservation, wildlife and environmentalism, meant that she joined or donated to many charities including CPRE, the British Legion, the Salvation Army, the Born Free Foundation, the RSPB, the RSPCA, Save Our Parsonages, of which her husband was Director, Lincolnshire Wildlife Trust, Heritage Lincolnshire, and Bourne Civic Society. It would be little exaggeration to say that she devoted her life to charity.

*Anthony Jennings, Jennifer's husband*

## CAROLINE MOORE, 1953–2022



*Caroline Moore at LMH in 1973*

Caroline Mary Phyllis Moore was born on 7 May 1953 in Bristol, the middle child of three, and lived in Wareham from 1954 to 1960. The family moved to Swavesey, just outside Cambridge, in 1960. The Farm House remained her parents' home for the rest of their lives, with regular visits to their cottage in Kimmeridge, Dorset, from 1962. Her parents were Norman Moore, a zoologist and an early and renowned conservationist, and Janet Moore, also a zoologist, who taught at New Hall, Cambridge.

Caroline came to LMH in 1971 to read Philosophy and Theology from

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the Perse School for Girls in Cambridge, which she entered as part of the first intake of twenty 7-year-olds in 1960. I was also in that intake, and still have vivid memories of Caroline scuffing joyously through piles of autumn leaves in Wellington boots slit down the back, and of a birthday party for her in Swavesey. Years later, Caroline and I came to LMH for interviews at the same time and sat up late talking over a hot drink together, in the time-honoured tradition.

Caroline thrived at Oxford, taking her studies seriously, with her strong intellectual qualities readily apparent. She also enjoyed an active social life, including many admirers (keen, impressed, and captivated, as her sister Helena puts it). Indeed, Caroline was always delightful company, and formed many life-long and profound friendships; she also provided excellent practical advice when appropriate.

After LMH, Caroline moved to London and was called to the Bar in 1977. She practised in the Middle Temple, joining chambers in the Goldsmith Building. She had found her *métier*: legal work was a brilliant fit with her combination of intelligence, care for people and skill in forceful argument. Early work included representing nurses (injuries, inadequate NHS staffing). A colleague from those years recalled Caroline as impossibly glamorous and unflappable, with effortless poise and unfailing intellect. He pointed out that the bar was an uncomfortable place for women then, and that to survive, let alone prosper, was a challenge; Caroline succeeded in both and did so without compromising.

After a brief first marriage in 1975, Caroline married editor, publisher and fencer Richard Cohen in 1982. They had three children: Toby, born in 1983, Mary, 1986, and Guy, 1988. She stopped working for a few years shortly after Guy's birth to focus on their upbringing, including 'fun activities such as feeding ducks and making interesting things out of cardboard'.

When the marriage ended, she returned to work, joining Lovell White Durrant (now Hogan Lovells) in 1995, first as a barrister and later also as a solicitor. Her brother Peter notes that her cases included much medical work, such as the MMR vaccine and metal-on-metal hip replacements. She also did a lot of *pro bono* work, including supporting victims of the 7 July 2005 bombings, mentored trainees and summer students, and championed the importance of climate change for the firm. A colleague remembers that Caroline brought a genuine interest to each case, along with expertise, strategic thinking, candour and compassion. The juxtaposition of such a fierce intelligence and utter charm made her a wonderful person to work with, and contributed to the enormous professional esteem in which Caroline was held, and the love and affection she generated.

Yet her primary focus remained her children. She accomplished this balancing act by bringing work home to do after dinner once the children were in bed. Throughout, I was fortunate to stay with her when I was in London, and to see first-hand her dedication and strength of character, and how she was a role model to her children, with her lively mind, thoughtfulness, generosity, integrity and sense of humour. We would discuss many matters – never running



out of topics, only out of time. In recent years we also went to some Sondheim musicals together, and with Toby, and to exhibitions.

One of the other LMHers with whom Caroline remained in touch was Eily Harty (Goodall 1972 PPE), who also has three children, of similar ages to Caroline's, resulting in various joint sorties; Caroline was godmother to Eily's daughter Julia. Another was Patricia Pearl (Smallwood 1971 Geography), who provided the 1973 photo of Caroline at LMH. Both also made careers in the legal professions in London.

Dorset remained central to Caroline's life, as to her family's, with regular reunions, particularly at Easter, in Kimmeridge. Childhood holidays also left her with an abiding love of Scotland, and she returned regularly, in later years going on small cruises around the coast. Her love of nature found outlets even in London, including regular walks on Wandsworth Common. She was delighted when a commuter service started that allowed her to get to work by boat on the Thames.

Caroline had a first bout of breast cancer in 2013; it returned in late 2019 in an inoperable form. Caroline only fully retired at the end of 2020; she remained a Trustee of Wytham Hall, a London charity that provides support and accommodation to people with a history of homelessness, a role she took on in 2017. In 2021, she became one of the first three people to trial a new drug combination. She knew that it might not help her, but that it would certainly help advance medical knowledge. In the event, the effects seemed to be promising for several months.

That summer, she suggested that I might come over to England to visit, and we chose a suitable time during her treatment cycle, although of course there were no guarantees. When the day came in early October, rain was forecast but miraculously held off, and we were able to have a long walk on Wandsworth Common, stopping to look at the ducks, followed by lunch in her garden. Her interest in, and awareness of, the events of the world was undimmed; she was reading widely, including one Shakespeare play a week, which would then be discussed in a weekly Zoom meeting convened by a cousin. Her wry sense of humour was intact, used to good effect on the travails of her condition. We also shared news of family and friends; she was rightly proud of her children, and the lives they were living as adults.



*Caroline Moore in 2019*

From May 2022, Caroline received palliative care at home. During this time, she was delighted at the birth of grandson Benjamin to her daughter Mary and wife Sil on 22 May 2022, with whom she was able to enjoy spending time. Sarah Herrick (Wright 1971 St Hugh's French and Russian), another friend from Perse days (the three of us had planned a weekend reunion in France in summer 2020 to celebrate 60 years of friendship), visited her just four weeks before she died, and reported that Caroline's curiosity and interest in everything, and her memories, as well as her twinkle and conversational prowess, were miraculously unaffected. Thus Caroline remained very much herself even as her physical health declined. She never gave up, demonstrating forceful determination, courage, and concern and consideration for others to the very end. She died on 22 September 2022 at home, at peace, with Toby, Mary, Guy, Benjamin and Helena at her side.

A very well-attended memorial service was held for Caroline on May Day this year, followed by lunch, at St Luke's, Battersea, her church for 40 years. All her children and both siblings spoke, as well as friends and colleagues. In addition to close and extended family members, attendees included friends from all phases of her life, as far back as her childhood in Wareham.

Caroline was devoted to her family, delighted in her friends, rejoiced in nature, was devout (albeit in a slightly unorthodox manner), and dedicated in her work. In turn, she was greatly respected, admired, esteemed and beloved. She is sorely missed.

*Judith Press (1971 Mathematics, then PPE), with inputs from Caroline's family and friends*

## GILLIAN BROWN (*née* BLACKBURN), 1928–2022

Storyteller, am dram director and playwright, chronicler of everyday life through diaries, photos and family histories, a great traveller and conversationalist, adventurous cook and generous host, Gillian, known as Jill, treated life as an adventure and as if it was a privilege to be part of it.

Jill came up to LMH in 1949 to read English. After graduation she married Congregational/URC church minister Bill Brown (St Catherine's, Mansfield) and was a busy minister's wife and mother of William, Matthew and Hester, as well as a teacher and person of letters, and later proud grandmother of Siobhan, Jaisal, Isabel, Nura, Samira and Amin.

She had a long career, first as an English Literature teacher and then working one-to-one with primary school children who struggled to read and write – or did until they met Jill. She empowered children by making them the hero of their own stories and carried on as a volunteer long into retirement. She considered



*Jill Brown in Brighton, 1949*



*Jill Brown in later years*

it a privilege to take an MPhil on G. K. Chesterton at Thames Polytechnic under the tutelage of Valerie Pitt, who became a lifelong friend.

Jill was not famous and (except for the odd poem) her writing was not published. She was simply a great character who was sustained by her years at Oxford and the friends she made there.

Jill died peacefully on Thursday 13 October 2022 aged 94.

*Hester Brown, Jill's daughter*

## IRENE PALMER (*née* EDNA PIZZEY), 1936–2023

Edna Irene Palmer (*née* Pizzey) died on 24 April 2023. Edna (known later as Irene) was born in London, the late and only child of Frederick and Millicent, an Anglican Minister and his wife. As a toddler she contracted polio; the physical effects were mild but her parents over-protected her thereafter, and young Edna was isolated and lonely. Stories written in her childish hand featured large and happy families. From a very young age she found solace in books, and



*Edna Pizzey on her first day at LMH*



*Irene in LMH gardens in 2005*

she never abandoned that source of comfort. She practised her reading with May, her aunt's housekeeper, and she recalled this rare friendship with affection in more recent times.

From her father's parish in Wolverhampton, she attended Bilston Girls' High School until a scholarship in 1950 allowed her to transfer to the Mary Datchelor School in Camberwell. The headteacher was Rachel Pearse, who oversaw the development of my mother's social and academic skills. Edna appeared regularly in the school magazine (her essay 'My Bath' is memorably sweet and daft) and later became a member of the editorial committee. She began to excel at certain subjects – though never games or maths!

The magazine for 1954–55 notes that Edna Pizzey was awarded the Senior Scholarship to Lady Margaret Hall in Oxford to read English. Her special status allowed her a special room '74 Deneke'; a first-day photograph shows a slight figure apparently reading the College rules. Her first term included the first O'Donnell lecture delivered by J. R. R. Tolkien, and lectures by Helen Gardner, C. Day-Lewis and Prof Lord David Cecil. Her former headteacher wrote 'it was a great joy to receive such a happy letter from you . . . I always knew that the University was your natural home and you were obviously in your element from the beginning . . . I can well imagine how much pleasure and profit you derive from Miss Lea's tutorials'. Kathleen Lea, Vice Principal of LMH, was another important figure in Edna's life, and many letters from her survive among the family papers.

In her third year some kind of mental breakdown resulted in a short stay at the Warneford Hospital. After a 'rest' at home, she was encouraged to find digs away from the college, which did not contribute to her recovery in a positive way.

But Oxford friends were supportive and among them was David Palmer (English, Lincoln College). The friendship developed into romance. The Pizzey family tried to summon enthusiasm for a severely asthmatic and fiery-tempered son-in-law, while the Palmer family smiled bravely at the arrival of a beautiful but slightly flaky 'intellectual' into their midst.

My parents married in 1962. Edna's father had invited his entire congregation to the wedding, mostly, it is believed, to impress the bishop who kindly agreed to officiate. My parents' honeymoon scrapbook evokes a happy young couple,

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finally escaped from their respective families, enjoying their freedom on the sunny windswept beaches of Brittany.

Edna taught English at Christ's Hospital Hertford, and then at Portsmouth High School for Girls. She later joined my father at the Northern Grammar School for Girls which became, in the late 1970s, Mayfield Mixed Comprehensive School. Although unfamiliar with appropriate techniques for dealing with large and hairy lads in the classroom, my mother approached the task with steely determination and some success.

She became a JP on the Portsmouth Bench in 1969 – at the time the youngest female magistrate appointed, she took the radical step of refusing to wear a hat while sitting.

Although Portsmouth had been their home and workplace for 40 years, my parents decided to relocate – with their beloved dogs – to rural Ceredigion in 2000. Irene loved the countryside and her new friends but always claimed that her character was that of Saxon England rather than Celtic Wales. Nevertheless, she attended Welsh lessons and enjoyed the dinner clubs, the book swaps and the many societies that village life offered. After David's death in 2010, she had a quiet but happy life at home, supporting many human and animal rights charities, reading vast books, corresponding with old friends and making excursions to 'town' (Aberystwyth) for cultural events. In her final years mild dementia necessitated live-in care, but Irene never lost her ability to translate Latin at speed, quote poetry with perfect accuracy, discuss weighty religious matters with the vicar, and enjoy cake in great quantities.

*Helen Palmer, Irene's daughter*







# REVIEWS

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# BOOK REVIEWS

## ***On Belonging and Not Belonging: Translation, Migration, Displacement***

by Mary Jacobus. Princeton University Press, 2022, ISBN: 978-0691212388, £22

Put simply, this is the most profound book I have read. It takes its title from D. W. Winnicott's essay 'On Communicating and not Communicating' which explores how a child's need to establish a private self lurks between the joy of being hidden and the disaster of not being found. Mary Jacobus weaves and unweaves the paradoxes of the powerful human need to assimilate and to establish a 'home'. She examines states of exile or outsiderliness alongside the deep-seated resistance (conscious or unconscious) to belonging at all: to remain unassimilated.

As is fitting for such work, *On Belonging and Not Belonging* has no disciplinary home. Borders between photography, novel writing, translation, essays, film, and poetry are rendered permeable. Jacobus takes her readers on a nomadic journey that shuffles place and shuttles time. In Chapter 1, Indian-American novelist Jhumpa Lahiri finds an exilic home learning to write Italian alongside Ovid's lament for his lost Latin tongue in *Tristia* that is re-envisioned by David Malouf's Australian novel *An Imaginary Life*. Chapter 2 embeds Mary Wollstonecraft's 1818 *Frankenstein* in Book VI of Virgil's *Aeneid*, and in Gianfranco Rosi's 2016 film *Fuocoammare* shot on Lampedusa.

This co-existence of unexpected distance and proximity permeates all the chapters. Chapter 3 explores the coastal paradox in the works of Eugenio Montale, Elizabeth Bishop and Colm Tóibín. Jacobus's formation of the term '[p] articulation' describes a lyrical utterance that fuses parting and departure with the immediacy of immersion in detail. Farther is closer, closer is more intensely seen. In the works of all three writers the finer the observation, the more the coastline becomes a border to which one can never return.

Spatio-temporal borders are vanished and recreated as Jacobus traces the ramblings of Robert Walser in the footsteps of Walter Benjamin and W. G. Sebald, displaced persons rendered spectral by time and by ephemerality. The photographs of Josef Koudelka in chapter 5 show us a nomad who is both border-crosser and border-wounder. Born in Czechoslovakia, his life-long quest to make the political inscription of walls and borders visible traverses the arrival

of Russian tanks in Prague, the Roma of East Slovakia, the exiles of Ireland, and the disfiguration of the land by massive engineering construction to control Palestinian access into Israel from the occupied West Bank.

Translation hinges migration and displacement. Jacobus argues that translation leaves texts with no place to call home. In the juridical realm, displaced persons arrived at Lampedusa are forced to give a coherent account of themselves in a language whose sounds they may never have heard or have practised on their tongue. Ovid's *Tristia*, read apropos Edward Said, speaks to the suffering of twentieth/twenty-first-century refugees; Virgil's drowned trumpeter Misenus among them.

In the final chapter, Seamus Heaney's *Antigone* speaks to the US invasion of Iraq, and Kamila Shamsie's to the complex family ties of London Muslim community. Via her exquisite exploration of Tacita Dean's 2018 film *Antigone*, based on Anne Carson's poem 'TV Men: Antigone', Jacobus opens out translation in time and place into a discussion of what it may mean to have human rights at all, and at what cost. Jacobus shows how Dean's film splices ties that are synchronously juridical, familial and memorial. Dean blinds and maims her camera so that it follows in Oedipus's footsteps in the aporiae of Cornwall, Yellowstone, Ancient Greece, and a courtroom, Ithaca, Illinois during an eclipse of the sun. Translation is re-envisioned as analogue in a digital world. Already obsolescent, analogue is revealed as the habitus fit for translation in all senses.

*On Belonging and Not Belonging* embodies a critical poetics of participation. Expansive scholarly knowledge co-exists with deftly volcanic attention to the detail of different media. Rich, sapiential close reading of verse, prose and critical essays renders palpable the experiences and ideas they embody. Filigree attention to the detail of visual image and the technology of different media takes us inside their worlds while, paradoxically, their reproduction in the illustrated figures of the book sustains their distance: particulated. And then there are the resonances in and between chapters which accumulate in the mind and in the sensory participation in the work of the book. Images of feet are limbo-ed: Fischli and Wiess's *Shoe* (105); the unworn boots of a woman in a coffin at Jarabina (133); Koudelka's boots (138), or Skiapod's foot in the eclipse of the sun (171). They perform an unsynchronised litany of movement, displacement, and (ar)rest.

Jacobus writes with graceful, tacit urgency. She hopes that her work might displace her reader(s) from the mesh of global capitalism to a position from which they might glimpse a utopian vision of cosmopolitan community without borders. Her book does.

*Helen Barr (1979 English)*  
Emeritus Fellow

## ***Music in Twentieth Century Oxford: New Directions***

**edited by Robin Darwall-Smith and Susan Wollenberg. Boydell & Brewer, 2023, ISBN: 9781783277247, £70**

It is difficult to imagine a better qualified writer to describe the ups and downs of music in twentieth century Oxford than former University Professor of Music and now Emeritus Fellow of LMH Susan Wollenberg. Together with her co-editor, Robin Darwall-Smith, and six distinguished experts (although she wrote virtually half of the book herself), she has produced a conspectus of the subject which will be difficult to beat. It is a happy sequel to her monograph on music at Oxford in the previous two centuries.

The book largely avoids technicalities of the music curriculum then and now, and places music in its wider context – music in practice, singing, playing, innovating. And it includes the men and women who made things happen, so providing much opportunity for any interested generalist amateur.

Rightly, pride of place goes to the half dozen major figures who were in the van from the late nineteenth century, and brought about change. Sir Hugh Allen towers above all for his ability to charm and bully generations of Oxford singers (including my grandmother) to perform and above all enjoy music. (The cover image of the book showing Dorothy Sayers playing the part of Sir Hugh in a college show could not have been more aptly chosen.) But equally important, he was a man of connections so important in the music world. And, of greatest academic importance, through his constant nagging, the University finally agreed to the creation of a music faculty in 1944. He died two years later, having barely seen the fruit of his endeavours, but he donated his vast music library to the newly born faculty, and his connections with the wider world outside Oxford lived on.

Wollenberg's account of the remarkable 1925 Oxford performance of Monteverdi's *Orfeo* in 1925, the first ever in English, and the subsequent mould-breaking programmes of what shortly became the Oxford University Opera Club are required reading for anyone interested in opera as drama, and the development of the young Jack Westrup, later to be Heather Professor of Music at the new Faculty of Music and a crucial supporter of opera and operatic singers at Oxford. It was through him that Janet Baker (in 1956) and Heather Harper (in 1954) gave early performances in Opera Club productions.

Appropriate space is given to college choirs, the best of them training grounds for later musical life. It rightly draws attention to the remarkable achievements of three grand masters – Bernard Rose at Magdalen in the 1960s (and his touching side interest in brass band music), Simon Preston at Christ Church in the 1970s, who turned a pretty run-of-the mill choral college tradition into a winner on the world stage, and Edward Higginbottom in the late 1970s at New College, who inherited David Lumsden's achievements, but turned the choir into a quite different animal. These last two superstars (and Preston

was simultaneously a renowned organist) used recording and touring to make Oxford choirs a worldwide phenomenon.

But besides these college-based achievements, the editors are at pains to show the part that the 'town' played in music in providing the singers and players without whom the more ambitious projects would have been impossible. Anyone involved in organising a major choral concert with orchestra will know the reefs on which these proud vessels can all too easily founder. Looking at the big picture which this book paints, one is struck by the remarkable number of ambitious projects which did not founder. The 'town' played a vital part in these successes.

Susan Wollenberg herself has through her whole career been attentive and encouraging to women in college and university music. After all, the redoubtable Margaret Deneke toured the USA in 1926 as a pianist and lecturer to raise funds for LMH. This must be unique in the annals of Oxford or, I suspect, any other British university. The chapter on the rightly profiled Balliol Concerts (what an achievement to be celebrating their 1,500th concert in 1983) details many of the talented female performers who appeared in Balliol Hall, which Wollenberg describes as effecting a sea-change in attitudes to women's instrumental performing in the early twentieth century.

In his chapter on the parallel world of choral music in Oxford's churches, Peter Ward Jones ends with an account of his (successful) struggles to keep a capable but modest church choir on the rails over 30 years. A nice touch of reality.

At the other end of the spectrum, John Caldwell has raked through the ultimately quite impressive list of composers who can reasonably be called 'Oxford'. The presence of Egon Wellesz over 30 years was arguably the most notable on the international stage, but the range of internationally less well-known names are part of Oxford's musical glory, and in many cases an inspiration to students who worked with them.

In his introduction, Heather Professor Eric Clarke writes that far from being the stuffy place he had expected, the music faculty was broad and inclusive. This book helps to explain how. There is an encyclopaedic amount of material here (and an excellent index) for any enquiring mind interested in knowing more about Oxford's distinguished musical life over a century of great change and its capacity to adjust to this.

*Ambassador John Macgregor  
(Holmes Exhibitioner and later organ scholar, Balliol (1964–67))*

## ***In the Shadow of St Paul's Cathedral***

by Margaret Willes. Yale University Press, 2022, ISBN: 978-0300249835, £25 (hb), £10.99 (pb)

If you would enjoy being led on a 'virtual tour' through an historic precinct by an informed and entertaining guide, if you relish unexpected connections between people, place and time, if you appreciate the skills of an outstanding archivist and storyteller, then this book is for you. It opens with a short account of the three earlier Anglo-Saxon churches. Margaret Willes then sets the scene with the building of the great Norman church with its commanding spire, the old St Paul's, before taking up her theme – what happened over the years in and around the church as it became the vibrant centre of London commerce.

Her first focus is on St Paul's Cross in the churchyard, where great sermons were preached by Wycliffe, Gardiner, Fisher, Bancroft, Goodwin and Donne, in the open, to huge crowds. Sermons were printed and distributed widely, giving rise to a prosperous publishing industry with booksellers setting up their stalls, (or 'stations', hence the name, Stationers' Company) against the walls of the building. The chop houses and inns nearby functioned as men's clubs. Discourse and dissent, commerce and trading filled the air.

Dramatic events are described – the thanksgiving for the defeat of the Armada; the inauguration ceremonies for the Lord Mayor; the processions of penance and recantation by clergy and citizen alike, the occasional burning of books and, unusually for the churchyard, the public execution of four conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot.

In 1575 permission was given to open a theatre, and a company was formed from the boys of the Choir School, performing plays by leading dramatists, Middleton and Jonson. The nave served as a meeting place for the exchange of news; scribes set up their booths; gallants paraded in their finery. Astonishingly, carters and drovers had an ancient right of way north to south through the Cathedral, even when services were taking place.

What swearing was there, yea what swaggering, what facing and out facing, what shuffling, what shouldering, what jeering, what byting of thumbs to beget quarrels, . . . what braving with feathers, what bearding with mustachoes, what casting open cloakes to publish new clothes.  
(Dekker, *The Deade*)

The great fire of 1666 brought change. Charles II and his Counsellors recognised how vital the precincts were to the economic prosperity of city and realm. Within three years, 1,200 families were re-housed; within six, the surrounding area was largely re-built. St Paul's itself took longer. Willes takes us through the commissioning process and the eventual choice of Wren as architect. By 1697 the first service could be held in the choir to celebrate the



end of the long war between France and England. The dome was capped with its gilded copper ball and cross by Wren's son in 1708, marking the completion of the first and perhaps the only cathedral to be the work of a single architect.

Within 30 years the book trade had returned to the churchyard and surrounding sites. The yard was used for the packaging and dispatch of books; new marketing methods included subscription publishing, auctions, lotteries and sale by catalogue. The Copyright Act of 1710 sought for the first time to balance authors' rights and the interests of publishers like Longmans, Cassels, Routledge, Hodder and Stoughton as competition within the book trade grew. The traders in cloth returned equally quickly, as did the inns and coffee houses.

A remarkable document is the panorama by John Tallis created in 1839 which records the frontages of the surrounding houses, with names of owners. Willes describes vividly the cathedral's place in national life – the celebration of military victories; the funerals of Nelson, of Wellington, and, in our time, of Churchill; the jubilees of Queen Anne, of Queen Victoria – and reminds us that the precincts were, and still can be, a centre for protest.

On the fateful night of 29 December 1940, bombs laid waste to the area; an estimated 20 million books were lost; the publishing trades moved away. It became 'a wilderness of little streets, caves and cellars, the foundation of a wrecked city, grown over by green and golden fennel . . . willow herb, bracken' (Rose Macaulay 1950). But the Cathedral itself withstood the blitz, saved by volunteer firewatchers, choristers, and textile warehousemen.

Willes touches briefly on the rebuild and suggests:

The visitor should go down Carter Lane. . . . As the bell of the Cathedral tolls, it seems possible here to catch the voices of the craftsmen, sermon gadders and protesters, booksellers and other traders, their customers and tourists: precious reminders of one of the most fascinating parts of London.

This book can be a challenging read: every page is full of detail, anecdote and historical reference which require a frequent doubling back in time.

The vibrancy of past ages is gone; this book brings something of it back.

*Anne Simor*  
(*Crowe 1958 Modern Languages*)

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## ***Henry VIII and the Merchants: The World of Stephen Vaughan***

**by Susan Rose. Bloomsbury Academic, 2023, ISBN: 9781350127692, £76.50**

In this meticulously and limpidly written book, Susan Rose traces the life and career of Stephen Vaughan, who was variously a merchant, diplomat and moneyman under Henry VIII. In the late 1540s, acting in Antwerp for the King, he obtained loans totalling £272,821 15s, mainly from the Fuggers. Perhaps more remarkably, by the time he departed from the Low Countries in 1546 the loans due had been repaid. As Rose makes clear, this was a relatively small proportion of the amount used by Henry in his French war, but it was highly significant cash flow. Vaughan's balance sheet thus looks pretty good to the modern historian, but the bald figures conceal the often-tortuous processes through which the deals were struck and the dangers he faced in striking them. Rose begins with two contextualising chapters on the main cities in which Vaughan worked – London and Antwerp. (Dr Grant Tapsell's students for European and World History 1400 to 1650, who always begin their course with the study of towns, will no doubt fall upon this second chapter as a succinct and illuminating introduction to Antwerp in its age of greatness.)

She then explores the various roles Vaughan played set against the backdrop of international religious turmoil and developments in the ways states sought to access the money markets and pay for armies. The reader is led to feel a great deal of sympathy for Vaughan as he sought to secure loans for Henry working with the broker Gaspar Ducci, a man who was self-serving – as Vaughan recognised, 'a fox' with a 'wily head' (pp. 102–3) – but whose services on the Bourse were indispensable. Rose does not, however, simply concentrate on the minutiae of financial deal making. We are given valuable insights into Vaughan's religious sensibilities. He was reformist – intimately connected to Thomas Cromwell – but not a Lutheran. He defended the royal supremacy and, most importantly, the provision of scripture in English. The tutor he selected for his children, Stephen Cobbe – 'a jewel' (p. 139), in Vaughan's words – was investigated on two occasions for holding dangerous reformed opinions. But Vaughan also remained friends with his brother-in-law John Guinet who was tied to the old religion, took orders, composed church music and even printed work against the heresy of the reformers. This is a timely reminder of just how unstable, how unformed, religious identities were during the Henrician reformation. Historians of later periods might also find themselves pondering some of Rose's findings. Again and again, we are reminded of the ways in which the mercantile community, and those like Vaughan, acted as conduits of news back to London. News of foreign affairs, of shifts in allegiance, of growing antagonisms was of course central to business and to establishing what was possible on the money markets. Those who work on the seventeenth century

would do well to remember that its vibrant news culture, even as it expanded, was not a new thing, and they might consider further its roots in the world of merchants.

This is linked to a broader methodological point that underlies this book. Modern academia tends towards hyper-specialisation. Economic history has grown ever more technical, and its practitioners have taken to speaking to each other in their own journals. As Rose makes clear, though, this practice brings with it significant danger. The point is an obvious one, but early modern people did not lead separate economic lives. Nor can religious, political and intellectual developments be understood without a grasp of the economic realities with which they were intertwined. In simple terms, we need to know where the money came from, and in establishing this we need to pay much more attention to merchants. The interconnectedness of the different worlds in which Vaughan moved is brought forcefully home in the chapter where his engagements with Tyndale are run alongside his attempts to shift a particularly burdensome consignment of spermaceti.

Thomas More's great work *Utopia* opens with a conversation set in Antwerp. Modern readers are apt to skip over this, and indeed most of book I, in order to get to More's description of his invented isle and the peculiar customs of the Utopians. But More really was in Antwerp in 1515, having initially travelled to Flanders as part of a trade embassy. His *Utopia*, unusually in the political thought of the sixteenth century, raised the radical possibility that virtuous government would not be possible without a complete transformation of the economic relations underpinning the commonwealth. Scholars have rightly sought to locate More's thought in relation to his humanism, Platonism and understanding of apostolic Christianity. Perhaps, though, the original economic focus of his work sprang in part from his consideration of the world of merchants, of what would become the world of Stephen Vaughan.

*George Southcombe*

*Director, Sarah Lawrence Programme, and Fellow by Special Election in History, Wadham College*

### ***The Roman Catholic Bishops of Hexham and Newcastle***

**by Paul Severn. Sacristy Press, 2022, ISBN: 9781789592108, £16.99**

Paul Severn is a former mathematics teacher who has turned his pen to writing history, specifically biographies of Roman Catholic bishops. Previously he has authored articles for the Isle of Wight Catholic History Society on 'The Early Bishops of Portsmouth', and a book on *The Catholic Bishops of Arundel and Brighton*.

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As well as being an alumnus of Lady Margaret Hall, Paul also studied at the University of Durham, which influenced his decision to take for his latest area of research the Roman Catholic Bishops of Hexham and Newcastle Diocese.

The introduction to the book concentrates on the early religious history of the area, from Saxon times with St Aidan and St Cuthbert, up to and including the restoration of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in 1850. The remainder of the book focuses on the episcopacies of the 14 diocesan bishops and two auxiliary bishops who have governed the diocese since that time.

Although all of these men were appointed to the same job, it is striking how differently they each approached the task. Some, like the first bishop, William Hogarth (1850–66) had a great interest in education. He recognised ‘education as a way out of poverty’, and highly valued his own schooling and formative years spent as a student at Ushaw College, Durham, the seminary for the northern dioceses of England. In fact, Ushaw College played a huge part in the development of the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, with no fewer than ten of the bishops receiving their education there and eight of them having their final resting place in the cemetery there. The third bishop, John William Bewick (1882–86) even went so far as to write, ‘Ushaw College is our joy and our crown’. The second bishop, James Chadwick (1866–82) also made a significant contribution to Catholic secondary education in Newcastle when he opened St Cuthbert’s Grammar School in 1881. It boasts the likes of Sting and Declan Donnelly among its former pupils.

For those interested in ecclesiastical architecture the book covers the founding of a great many churches designed by architects such as Augustus Welby Pugin and Joseph Hansom. During the tenure of the ninth bishop, James Cunningham (1958–74) no fewer than 50 churches and 80 schools were built. This was the era of *Aggiornamento*, a time for the updating of the Roman Catholic Church following the Second Vatican Council at which James Cunningham was present. Bishop Cunningham was also great uncle to the thirteenth bishop, Seamus Cunningham (2009–19), a man who was also forward thinking with his desire to open up the governance of the Church to more laity.

The old saying, ‘God works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform’, could apply to all who have held the position of Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle. From the one who had to be coaxed out of retirement where he was happily breeding cattle on his farm, to the one who accepted episcopal ordination reluctantly, only to resign two years later having never taken up permanent residence in the diocese. It is somewhat ironic that he is also the only one (so far) to have been raised to the rank of Archbishop.

This book is an invaluable addition to the ever-unfolding story of Roman Catholicism in the north of England: from the transition from a relatively small group of recusant Catholics living in fear of their lives and being ministered to by travelling missionary priests, to an organised diocese led by a group of men with a variety of personalities and personal stories. Some were scholars, others

were men of great pastoral zeal, but all seemingly had the same task to do: to teach, sanctify and govern the diocese and those in their care.

What really comes across is the humanity of these great men; each had his own strengths and weaknesses, and each approached the task of leadership in a slightly different way. Some guided the diocese through times of great change, such as the first and second Vatican councils as well as two world wars, while others united the diocese and kept it on course.

I would highly recommend this book to anyone interested in Roman Catholic history and in particular the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, as well as those keen to learn more about the social and cultural history of the Northeast of England.

*Paul Murphy-Sanderson B.D.*

*(Paul Murphy-Sanderson B.D. studied theology and philosophy at Ushaw College, Durham and the Maryvale Institute Birmingham. He is a former Cistercian monk and Roman Catholic archivist with a passion for the history of recusant Catholicism in the north of England. He currently lives on a smallholding in Ireland.)*

## **Messalina: A Story of Empire, Slander and Adultery**

**by Honor Cargill-Martin. Head of Zeus, London, 2023, ISBN: 9781801102599, £27.99**

We know little about Valeria Messalina (born perhaps c. AD 20, married to the future emperor Claudius in 38, killed in 48). This is odd, because she is more famous than most of the mothers, sisters, daughters and wives of Roman emperors.

Honor Cargill-Martin plunges *in medias res* with a picture from a pornographic volume of 1798 in which the emperor's wife demonstrates 'the Messalina' in the brothel of Juvenal's imagining. Juvenal called her 'the whore empress', a caricature which appealed to the theologian Honorius (twelfth century) and to Boccaccio (fourteenth century). Poets, novelists, orators, dramatists, librettists and eventually film-makers made 'a Messalina' or 'the Messalina' a classic nymphomaniac.

'So is Messalina a lost cause for a historian?' Cargill-Martin aims to reconstruct the personality and acts of the 'real' woman, as far as possible. The author would rightly make space for 'the irrational and the emotional', when politics happened 'behind closed doors'. That is part of the historian's problem: the politics which mattered now happened in the emperor's house, not in those of senators or in the Senate.

We approach any woman of the classical period through men's writings (historiography, biography, juristic writing, poetry, senatorial decrees . . .) or artefacts commissioned and executed by men (coins, sculpture, wall-paintings, most epitaphs). Letters, accounts or wills are almost entirely lacking. Those Julio-Claudian women (late first century BC to mid-second century AD) who have achieved recent scholarly monographs in English: Livia (Augustus's wife), Julia (his daughter), Antonia (Claudius's mother), Agrippina (Nero's mother) must be disentangled from stereotypes of the schemer, the adulteress, the model wife, and so on. In the unedifying history of misogynist attacks, adultery, promiscuity, and murder, are charges brought against Sasia and Clodia in lawcourts, Julia and Messalina in historiography. What truth is to be found?

That formidable authority, Ronald Syme, wrote in 1981 (*Greece and Rome* 28: 41):

Sober scholars, alert to the ravages of rhetoric in historians, discover exaggeration and distortion, and are loath to believe that persons like the Messalina . . . can ever have existed. That is to misconceive the nature of court life under the Caesars.

Roman writers, as Syme grants, learned as boys to bring artistic verisimilitude to their narratives, to convince jurors or readers. It is time, *pace* Syme, to doubt again the transmitted picture of licence, cruelty, greed and murder (familiar to many from Robert Graves, who found it all in the sources).

The literary sources give little about Messalina down to 48 AD. Cargill-Martin recounts the birth of her two children, the honours bestowed by the emperor and provincial cities (not much more than would be expected). Whatever influence she had will have come from her prestige as a (twice over) great-grand-niece of Augustus and the first emperor's wife to have been a member of the Julio-Claudian family, and her unique access to Claudius as his wife and the mother of two children. The survival of her husband and children was bound to be her priority. All this fits the good wife stereotype.

But several women of the imperial family and prominent senators fell. It was easy to blame Messalina after her own sudden fall in 48. It was retrospectively alleged that she enjoyed extramarital affairs (Cargill-Martin thinks after the birth of her children). She was killed summarily, as were a number of men (from senators to a stage star) who confessed to adultery with her. Evidence was not tested by a trial. Rumour had free scope. The admired historian Tacitus took his information from oral and written accounts of older men. He disarmingly admits that the account of the Princeps' wife going through a formal wedding ceremony with a consul designate at Rome will look like fiction, but he repeats it, adding a vivid report of an enthusiastic Bacchic re-enactment (after which the participants scattered and waited to be arrested). Other writers follow suit. Sober modern historians credit the alleged marriage as part of a plot to oust



Claudius. Cargill-Martin accepts the *amour* with Silius, Messalina's gift to him of valuable items of Claudius's property, the vintage party, but not the wedding. She must be right about the wedding, since a valid marriage would necessitate a prior divorce. (I now think that if there was a ceremony, it was as much a party performance as the Bacchic orgy.) Cargill-Martin convincingly argues that there was no plot against Claudius, but one against Messalina, by the emperor's freedmen bureaucrats, especially her alleged ex-lover Narcissus. She points out tellingly that neither Messalina nor Silius took action against Claudius. The Senate, backing Claudius, condemned her memory. Much of the evidence about her heyday was destroyed.

This seductive book should stimulate debate not only on Messalina, but on other traduced imperial women.

Susan Treggiari

(Franklin 1958 *Literae Humaniores*)

### **Courtly Love Revisited in the Age of Feminism**

**by Antonia Southern. Academica Press, 2023, ISBN: 9781680537215, £112**

This is a study of women and love in literature, in many different forms, over a period of five centuries. Antonia Southern focuses a feminist lens on 14 authors, some well-known and some less so.

A brief sketch of the contents is all I have room for: beginning with the court of Marie de Champagne and followed by the work of Andreas Capellanus. Then come many other works familiar to scholars of medieval literature in Latin, Old French and Anglo-Norman, and Middle as well as Early Modern English. It culminates with the works of Sidney and Spenser; there is also an introduction and a conclusion.

The book is well produced, with endnotes to each chapter plus an occasional footnote with personal comments; it has a generous bibliography and an index. It is worth remarking that the bibliography contains plenty of secondary literature on courtly love, but not much on feminist criticism – the author takes care of the latter in her own way.

As well as the three female authors included in the book, we meet old friends Chrétien, *The Owl and the Nightingale*, Chaucer, Malory, *The Romance of the Rose*, John Gower, and Thomas Usk. Each chapter is headed with an epigraph (or two) to set the scene for what is to follow. For example, chapter 4 is prefaced by a citation from Guillaume de Lorris and one from Jean de Meung; the first names the work, the second describes the paradox and madness of love.

Christine de Pizan shares a chapter with *The Knight of La Tour Landry* and is frequently referred to elsewhere in the book. We are not told, however, which

twentieth-century (male) critic calls Christine a ninny; this remark occurs twice, once on the same page as the comment that few of today's feminists are likely to have heard of Christine (p. 200)! However, 'It is impossible not to admire her.'

The index could have been compiled with more care: consulting the entry for Christine so as to check the reference above, for that same male critic, I found no Christine on pages 22 and 23, for example. (I found the reference by skimming for other entries here and there; he is mentioned on page 64.) Indexing is a miserable job, and we all sympathize with those who have to undertake it.<sup>1</sup>

The author remarks that (creative) writers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have telescoped the two Elaines of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* into one, which is 'scarcely fair to either of them' (p. 130). Many medieval scholars argue that several roughly contemporary works by somebody called 'Marie' (a common name) must all be by the same Marie who calls herself 'de France'; this, and the all-too-common assumption that Clemence of Barking must be the same as the anonymous Nun of Barking, is scarcely fair to any of them, and skews our idea of how many female writers were working in the Middle Ages. Three writers called Thomas working in the twelfth century have not, as far as I know, been collapsed into one or even two.

Many of the author's personal comments, such as the one just mentioned, offer food for thought. A nice one, about the queen superseding kings in the game of chess, is on pages 6–7. There is not space to cite more of them, but they set the tone of the book and make it delightfully readable. Her voice is the most persuasive of all the women's voices she listens to and comments on. She does a good job of listening to the men, too, in order to hear anew their feelings and impressions about women, as far as we can interpret them, bearing in mind their social context, through the texts.

Here are two amusing notes: one is that the author's husband wanted 'obey' to be included in their marriage service, but the Rector, who had known her since childhood, thought better not (p. 4). Another refers to the comment made by Lady Salisbury at hearing of Adam's excuse that Eve was to blame for tempting him; 'Shabby fellow!' she said (p. 6). Southern's preference is to think about what authors and characters, not what feminist (or other) critics, say. Each chapter gives a resumé of the work in question, then discusses the situation – context, dialogue, authorial comment, personal comment – of the women and their world. Finally, I would recommend this book as a good read, only regretting how expensive it is. I am aware that the high price was vigorously but vainly opposed by the author.

Jane Bliss  
(1998 *Medieval English*)

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<sup>1</sup> Just before *The Brown Book* went to press (and long after this review was written and submitted), Antonia Southern learnt that the wrong index file had been printed in the published volume. The publisher has undertaken to reprint the book with the correct index.

## Temporale

by Marina Warner. The Cahiers Series, Sylph Editions, 2023,  
ISBN: 9781909631434, £14

Time went strange in lockdown. It stretched and bent, jammed and sped up, rather as it distorts and dilates, apparently, at the edges of black holes. Experiencing its odd behaviour led Marina Warner, in this richly associative and imaginative essay, to explore missals, almanacs, liturgies, Books of Hours, lives of the saints, and calendars from Rome to the French Revolution, to meditate on ways of marking and measuring time. *Temporale* is a highly personal but wonderfully erudite response to that bizarre time we all shared alone.

From Neolithic artefacts to today's atomic clocks, civilisations have come up with wonderfully different methods of measuring time. Many, at first, were based on the movement of light. The shadow of a gnomon on a sundial follows motions of the sun, and anyone who has ever seen the midwinter ray of the solstice creep into the chamber at Newgrange, in Ireland, has marvelled at a moment of time made radiantly visible. But even six thousand years ago, people were also reckoning time by movements of the moon, and it was lunar calendars which appeared first in the west. Then Julius Caesar produced a solar calendar, corrected by Pope Gregory XIII in 1582 when he announced calendar reforms for Catholic Christendom, and timing by the sun was gradually adopted by the rest of the world.

In addition to light, there was flow. In 1500 BCE, Egyptians measured the passing of time with a water-clock. One was found in Amenhotep's grave. The hourglass, measuring time by the flow of sand, was invented around 1000 CE. There was also engineering and mechanical craft. Our word 'clock', for a physical mechanism that counts the passage of time, is cognate with *cloche*, remembering ways of marking time aurally, by bells rung for workers on a ship or in the field.

But there was also, nearly always, another more inward force behind the measuring of time, which Marina Warner is perfectly placed to tease out and illuminate. From the ancient Mayans to the Gregorian calendar, methods of measuring time were often driven by religion, and to understand the 'plague-stricken suspension' of time in lockdown, Warner turned to the stories and images of her Catholic education, and the services and almanacs by which the Catholic Church has measured time. In lockdown, she fished out the missal she put away when she rejected the faith of her girlhood. Holding its once familiar cover, she realised that though she had abandoned the practices of that faith, its ancient methods of marking each day, marking off the passage of time, gave an important structure to experience and made every hour and day rich and significant. She suddenly saw the liturgical year as a way of time-keeping, 'like an orrery that reproduces the interrelated circlings of the solar system', and began to research time-keeping. *Temporale* is the result – an erudite and

tender quest for new ways to build on this wealth of past techniques for making each hour different and memorable, in order to 're-awaken the meaningfulness of the everyday'.

Light, illumination, easy flow, the practices of religion and the ingenuities of accurate craft, all the forces which have helped people measure time through the ages, also characterise Warner's own writing. She weaves together not just a flowing and fascinating argument, but wonderful illuminations of texts, old and new. Keats's 'Ode to Psyche', for instance, new poems by the philosopher poet Denise Riley, or Ovid's *Fasti*, his calendar poem which turns the names of days into a kaleidoscope of fantasy and myth.

Photos of a locked down, hauntingly empty Greek city, by Greek photographer Dimitris Kleanthes, counterpoint her text. A baby, wearing a mask-like pacifier, alone in a push chair on an empty marble stairwell. A closed petrol station, a closed street kiosk, a woman alone on a roof in a wilderness of other city roofs, also all empty.

Together, text and photos do what Seamus Heaney says that poetry can do – they make the familiar strange. They also make you interrogate that word time-keeping. When we mark and measure it are we really *keeping* time? Is history, or is memory, kept time? Read Warner's essay and marvel at how the ways we measure time recharge our subjective experience of it through our life.

Ruth Padel

(1965 *Literae Humaniores*)

## **Helen Chadwick: The Oval Court**

**by Marina Warner. Afterall Publishing, 2022, ISBN: 978-1846382512, £15.99**

Helen Chadwick (1953–96) is an artist whose far reaching influence on British contemporary art remains curiously under-recognised. This engaging book by Marina Warner goes some way to redressing the imbalance. *The Oval Court* is part of the Afterall series 'One Work', in which writers examine a single artwork spotlighting important moments in art history. It's a compact book at around 100 pages, including a large number of excellent illustrations.

First shown at the ICA in 1986, *The Oval Court* was one of two pieces that formed the diptych *On Mutability*. The exhibition gained Chadwick a Turner Prize nomination in 1987, making her one of the first two women nominated for the prize. The exhibition has gone down in the annals of art history in part for a notorious incident involving *Carcass*, the counterpoint to *The Oval Court*. Viewable from the room housing *The Oval Court*, *Carcass* was a two-metre-high square glass container filled with composting waste gathered meticulously by Chadwick for months prior to the exhibition. Chadwick had not anticipated the

fermentation that would occur, and continued to refill the tube throughout the exhibition as the waste compacted. Unfortunately, in the midst of a heatwave, the effluvium became unbearable, and the column started to leak. In an ill-advised attempt by the ICA to move the work, the column fell over and broke, and the room was completely soiled. The work was lost and never re-created; Chadwick was incensed.

*The Oval Court* is now all that remains. It is an installation of several parts. Five gilded spheres sit upon a large ultramarine oval plinth, an allegorical pool in which twelve female figures (Chadwick's body) engage in a bacchanalian dance with various creatures and vegetation, all made from collaged photocopies. Overall, it's a scene of sensuality, decadence and *jouissance* – a term used by Chadwick herself. On the walls of the room, a 'palisade of mourners' is created by yet more unusual media: passport-booth photographs and computer-rendered designs replicate Chadwick's weeping face atop baroque columns, with foliage cascading down. The press release described the work as 'a paradisaal landscape where nature and artifice are joined in an allegory of love'.

It's characteristic of Chadwick in many ways. The exploration of pleasure and sensuality, femininity and the body, ideas of allegory and myth, transvaluation of the monstrous, the artist as subject/object, and the gaze, are all threads in much of Chadwick's output. Warner explores these subjects with intimate, personal knowledge: she wrote the original ICA exhibition catalogue at Chadwick's request, and knew the artist well. She also draws on Chadwick's extensive research notes and recordings. Chadwick's writings and thoughts betray a clear intellect and extraordinary knowledge, and the iconography of her work is loaded with references and complexities that are classically postmodern.

Warner's prose is often ekphrastic in style and extremely engaging. Her detailed descriptions of works of art and architecture are a joy to read. In a section exploring the rococo element of Chadwick's work, Warner describes a hunting lodge in Munich that formed a key reference for Chadwick:

It is a bauble, a jewel casket of an edifice, scaled up to allow princes to circulate inside; it consists of a cabinet lined with blue and white porcelain and a hall of mirrors, framed in azure and silver, the reflections shimmering and scintillating into infinite recession and creating an overall impression of a subaqueous other world.

Warner examines her own responses to *The Oval Court* in equally eloquent detail, and considers how these have changed over time. In a particularly evocative section, she recalls examining the work in V&A storage during Covid restrictions: 'one at a time, each image swam up white and blue from under acid-free transparent dividers like buried treasure in a funeral chamber – a startling epiphany, like Tutankhamen's gleaming effigy behind the mounds of sand.'

Given the brevity of the book it is impressive that Warner does not isolate Chadwick, and takes time to situate her alongside feminist contemporaries. If there has been an area of sustained criticism around Chadwick's output, it's in the employment of her own body within her work. In her time, Chadwick invoked the disdain of early wave feminists who accused her of inviting rather than circumventing the male gaze. Warner positions herself as a fierce defender of Chadwick, arguing that there is strength in the ambiguity Chadwick embraces. Chadwick herself would say she was 'looking for a vocabulary for desire where I was the subject and the object and the author'.

Warner's great strength throughout this book is to keep the artwork ever-present. It's a book that conveys the intelligence, importance and joy of Chadwick's art with great success.

*Camilla Clark*

*(2010–11 MSt History of Art and Visual Culture)*

## **Watershed**

**by Ruth Padel. Hazel Press, 2023, ISBN: 9781739760977, £10**

'Open your hearts / to waters and their stories,' entreats Ruth Padel in her new collection, a slim pamphlet that nevertheless contains multitudes. There's water, water everywhere in these 22 poems: in oceans and in rivers, in swamps and lagoons, in rain-gullies and glaciers, in hosepipes, in urine, in bottles, in tears, in mist. Except when there isn't. As a result of climate change, Chacaltaya Glacier in Bolivia, once the world's highest ski resort, is 'now shingle / and a fossil-feather memory / of ice'. Water is essential for life on earth, but it's in peril as a result of human agency.

Padel emphasises the global nature of the emergency, her geographical references ranging from 'Mother Ganges' to the Thames Barrier, from the water table of the Chaco Boreal to the Niger Basin, from Icelandic glaciers to a dark cistern under Istanbul. In the desert of Rajasthan, the women are singing a prayer for rain. In flood-damaged Shrewsbury, they're standing in their living-rooms 'watching kettles / float into the street' as brown water laps the tops of their Wellingtons. Elsewhere, English rivers are contaminated by 'the translucent sperm / of microplastics', an oxymoronic image of perversely destructive generation. Humans are blind to their complicity. Climate change denial – 'the things that you don't want to know that you know' – is a recurring theme.

There's a fierceness in these eco-laments, but they never feel generalised or hectoring because of the truth and precision with which Padel deploys detail. There's so much, for example, to unpack in the surreal realism of that kettle bobbing down the street, an image one might have seen on the TV news.



The comforting domesticity associated with putting on the kettle – and the association of purity with boiled water – is upturned in this unsafe world where flood water is foul.

The writing is limpid, but it's often dense with an undertow of allusion, inviting the reader to acknowledge the unspoken in what becomes a symbolic enactment of what you could call 'undenial'. The word 'water', for example, does not occur at all in the text of the poem 'Water God', written in the 'what am I?' style of an Anglo-Saxon riddle. We are forced by its absence to make it present.

Words are freighted with anxious associations. The very first poem in the collection, 'Selfie with Blue-Ringed Octopus', begins:

Bad dreams ignored  
lit raindrops on windows of the midnight bus  
then a footstep behind you . . .

In 'Midnight', there's a whisper of the Doomsday Clock, that metaphor for how close we are to destroying the earth, which, as of 2023, has been set by scientists at 90 seconds to midnight. And then there's the idea of the footstep behind you, echoing the famous lines from English poetry's greatest eco-comparable, Coleridge's sea-set *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*: 'Like one, that on a lonesome road / Doth walk in fear and dread / And having once turned round walks on, / And turns no more his head; / Because he knows, a frightful fiend / Doth close behind him tread.'

Only then do we see the title image: a girl on an Australian beach picking up a tiny blue-ringed octopus. It's 'dangerous', but she's no more cognisant of that than Eve when she took the apple. Instead, she's absorbed in taking a 'selfie' on her phone, a metaphor for human selfishness and self-absorption:

like the girl on a Sydney beach  
who picked up a tiny blue-ringed octopus  
most dangerous creature in the sea  
for a selfie. It rested in the cup of her hand

Only by googling did I find out that touching the poisonous blue-ringed octopus can fatally paralyse the human nervous system: another metaphor for our inaction in the face of environmental disaster. Indeed, I was actively inspired to educate myself by following up many of Padel's luminous, intimate references to natural phenomena that to me seemed alien or exotic – which is perhaps what she intended. By avoiding heavy-handed didacticism, she opens the reader's mind.

There's an interconnectedness, too, between the poems in the collection, as if they are all tributaries of the same river. We are reminded of that 'selfie', for example, when a later poem refers to river pollution caused by extracting aluminium for SIM cards. The many literary references – to Arthurian legend, to

classical mythology, to Anglo-Saxon verse – enact poetry flowing through time, as if water is a metaphor for poetry itself. It's fed, of course, by the fountain of the muses.

The third and final stanza of 'Selfie with Blue-Ringed Octopus' offers a final ironic whisper of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*:

one small jelly spider  
two legs folded under  
as if it were on its knees praying.

In Coleridge's poem, the human protagonist experiences divine grace through prayer when he blesses the water-snakes. Here, instead, we have nature on its knees.

Yet Padel's vision is not unrelieved doom and gloom. In 'Hope is a Lamp Made of Water', she describes how the Wayuu indigenous community of the La Guajira peninsula light their night fishing with salt-water lanterns that produce electrical energy through ionisation. Humans aren't just destructive in relation to nature. They can be creative too. Poetry itself, as practised down the ages, becomes a metonym for the general human capacity for connectivity, ingenuity and imagination: qualities we will need to harness at this 'watershed' moment in our planet's history.

*Lucasta Miller*  
(1985 English)

## **Strange Days**

**by Chris Considine. Oversteps Books, 2022, ISBN: 9781906856939, £8**

This is a poetry of intensely felt moments of perception, heightened by darting intelligence. In the 24-poem sequence 'A Year in Solitary' which opens the book, the poet addresses experiences common to many during lockdown: silent empty streets; the brilliance and pleasure of trees and grass enjoyed for just one hour a day; and fear and distrust of living, breathing others.

Once a day I open a black door  
and go out into the air –  
streets mostly empty.

Sometimes there is a person, sometimes  
two people talking, but not to me.  
I give them a wide berth.

Avoiding overt symbolism or allegory, the details in Chris Consideine's poems acquire a resonance beyond the literal. Although the poems are autobiographical and the experiences recorded are familiar (I too went out into empty streets during lockdown), the effect of her poems is an objectivity that doesn't invite the reader's identification. That image of the 'black door' opening on air seems almost to hold the reader at bay through its very clarity and intensity. In 'Isolation', she thinks of solitude as the essential human condition, with 'poets / living and dead / each on a desert island / throwing out words / messages in bottles / to the endless sea'. In the absence of human encounters, a kind of meta-social world appears in 'Trees at the Hospital Respond to November', where the poet kills time before an appointment by finding a range of personalities in the different species: birch 'hung with streamers of sparse gold' celebrates 'a rave, a party'; bare trees are like ballet dancers with 'softly curving arms as if waiting for music'; and another shrub has 'tried too hard' with pinkish-white flowers that won't survive the frosts. Yet the apparent anthropomorphism is the reverse of whimsical; clearly the poet knows perfectly well that trees are not people. Equally good is 'The Zoom Reading', where the promise of sharing turns into a profound alienation from friends 'made of light':

They speak in poetry. Do they know  
I am there, listening?

I want to wave, to touch, to speak  
but I am muted . . .

If I tap the glass, there I am with them  
tiny and brilliant  
without substance  
made of light.

Is the afterlife like this?

In the middle of the book come 12 poems about a holiday house in Brittany, chosen for its seclusion behind walls and hedges in a dying village consisting mostly of second homes. Here a couple relish the pleasure of remoteness – at least until the end of lockdown brings a disconcerting 'multitude of parked and shiny cars, / all French, in every drive / and every freshened house', leaving the English owners missing their deserted 'village of the mind'. But despite the delights of its garden, the house, uninhabited for most of the year, confronts them with damp, mould and infestations – most memorably, an 'armadillo' which is actually made of flies hibernating in their wood-burning stove, which they dispose of by hoovering them up, swirling them down the sink or squashing them in Kleenex, with mixed feelings of pity, guilt, unexpected delight in the

house-flies 'miraculous wings / that catch the light like thinnest ice / but veined like leaves', and horrified revulsion: 'they are things, not lives'. The alien lives of insects recur in other poems, moving the poet to wonder alternating with disgust, so that the tiny, almost invisible moth in 'Companion' ('Say it slowly – it's no more than a disappearance of breath') which in an empty room offers the comfort of 'another living being', must be wiped up in case it should hatch a 'cloud of creatures' fogging up the space, like the infestation of pitiful moth larvae in 'Life in a Persian carpet'.

There are very few human encounters in this book, even in the poems not dealing with lockdown. There are vividly invoked solitary figures: the traitor Judas, self-exiled from 'my secret society'; a Victorian boy in a wash-house inventing gas mantles; a proud young printer's apprentice beginning his 'sixty years of days' in the noise and stench of a print shop. The poet's attention is more often caught by the lives of fellow-creatures than by fellow humans. She is ambivalent about insects, but enchanted by the joyous freedom of darting swifts and by spring lambs 'intoxicated with life', and wonders sadly at a sparrow's 'wings and tail folded together / brown but edged with gold / like an old book's pages', after finding the bird dead in the holiday house. There are deeply felt encounters with landscapes: wintry Athabasca with its river 'still running, though the aspens / were white skeletons', and the experience of travelling towards 'The Highest Mountain' with 'no camera to come between us . . . its likeness in my eyes, its ice-breath on my skin'. Taken together, these poems offer a compelling vision of a world that is, in Gwen Raverat's phrase, 'beautiful, but quite pitiless'.

*Jan Montefiore*  
(1967 *English*)

## **Soil**

**by Catherine Swire. Artel Press, 2021, ISBN: 978-0-9926035-9-5, £10**

This is an intriguing and original collection, consisting of a 'Manifesto' followed by eight sections, each containing a bright, hand-drawn map (by Marina Kolchanova), then an introductory prose note and lastly a poem.

The word 'trauma' appears several times in the Manifesto and notes, but this is no misery memoir and the traumas are not personal. As the back-cover comment tells us: '*Soil* takes the reader on a journey with the poet; its expressive title alluding to the way trauma is inscribed in, and changed by, landscape.' In fact, the eight accompanying maps direct us on a series of literal journeys to the places described and brought to life in the poems which follow them.

'Specifically', as the Manifesto tells us, the poems 'look at distinct sites and monuments along the Worcestershire–Herefordshire border.' My own

acquaintance with this area is slight – the poems and commentaries made me wish I could know it better.

The events described or referred to in the poems date from a number of different historical periods, from Roman Britain to the mid-twentieth century, though the sections are arranged not chronologically but in roughly geographical order, from Worcester to Hereford.

The first section concerns a Second World War listening station. The poet and her daughter approach it on a winter walk over 'pale grey mud – wet winter-bleached / grass, all long, lolled over what was green' to the building itself which, in its dilapidation, is like a cave – recalling Plato's vision of the world as a cave, an imperfect place. The ruined listening station is now deaf.

The next two poems recall the Reformation and the English Civil War, via a grave in Worcester Cathedral and the site of a battle. Poem 2 recalls the death of Henry VII's son Arthur beside his tomb, 'a little room of bleached ribs – of stone lace', and goes on to criticise Henry VIII. It ends 'O calcified lace! Brain hacked bruiser! Ossified loss! / Gate of false dreams! England, arguing the toss / with Europe' (reminding us of more recent political events). Poem 3 gives us a vigorous description of floods where the rivers Teme and Severn meet – but the Civil War is only specifically recalled in stanza 4, where 'the king / drops away like a spider in an invisible skein'.

The fourth section relates to an obelisk – a sign of mourning for three members of the same family killed in eighteenth and nineteenth century wars. In its poem, the obelisk, symbol of loss, appears like a single artificial I, in contrast to its natural surroundings – 'not a tree it will not grow but part like them of the horizon'.

I was intrigued by section 5, 'British Camp', about the site where Ancient Britons may have taken a last stand against the Romans. Without the notes the beginning of its poem is cryptic. There is a hill. There are 'grooves', a 'shelf of curves', then lines 12–13 mention 'homes on fire – horses, trees blazing in ruts – // a momentary hero – Caractacus in flames . . . death's the Legion line moving on the plain'.

Section 6 is surprising – it does not commemorate an event caused by humans, but a landslide where a hill collapsed (in the sixteenth century) in a kind of 'inland tsunami'. In the poem the writer is intrigued by a placename on a tapestry. She visits the site and finds a pub sign, 'The Slip', depicting 'A man hands up running, land melting behind', and imagines 'sheep with gaping mouths' struggling 'to right / themselves til the earth gulps them'.

Poem 7 is one of my favourites. It contains a lovely description of stained glass windowpanes in Little Malvern Priory, one of which depicts Edward, one of the 'princes in the tower'.

Lead makes the pane the Tower – the suffering, display –  
 reframes the boy as see-through, seams him  
 as he dies – something spectacularly real  
 young, gentle in those pale hands.

Lastly, section 8 concerns the chained library in Hereford, presenting the chains as ‘shackles’ imprisoning the books and their contents. The chains are ‘pouring over books like water / veiling the cliff with mud and rain’. A guide points to Wycliffe’s bible: ‘secret text that unfixed / the bar . . . here, too – chained like a mangy kestrel!’

Although the poems are my favourite parts of the book, the notes are often essential introductions to them, as well as providing a wealth of background information. The collection would be even more enjoyable if one were actually to follow the maps to visit the sites described.

*Chris Considine*  
(Maney 1960 English)

## **Artifice**

**by Lavinia Singer. Prototype, 2023, ISBN: 978-1913513351, £12**

Much contemporary poetry arrives in the reader’s hand by a process somewhat like the workings of a ballcock. Poems which have accumulated over time reach a significant level and automatically trigger a valve whose effect is to pause the collecting and initiate the search for a publisher. What emerges is aptly described as a ‘collection’ of individual poems, many perhaps connected by a recurring theme, all probably recognisable as products of the same hand and mind, marked by the same milieu and personal obsession and tricks of style.

In recent years the number of exceptions to the collection model has been growing. Forethought may turn a flower garden into a ruled structure, drafted and costed. The tendency seemed to originate in North America and to be suspiciously related to the demands of funding bodies and MFA programmes for a clear upfront statement of what might be delivered. However there are books where individual pieces seem to unfold naturally from a single perception, and this is true of Lavinia Singer’s first book, *Artifice*.

Singer announces her theme, the making of art, with the surely redundant quotation from Gilbert Murray that ‘A poem is a thing made’. The poems consider the material aspects of art, much of the focus being on the visual, sometimes pictorial, so that, in ‘The Painting of the Queen’ a portrait of Elizabeth I of England is viewed, not ekphrastically but in terms of the pigments used, and the corrupting effects on them of time. An implication of this approach is the avoidance of any rhetorical flow of language. While the inward eye is deprived of the bliss of imaginative recreation – and we are reminded of this in the poem’s closing line, ‘the original can only be imagined’ – the literal eye is confronted with the disjunction between the sixteenth-century italicised text and the modern art expert’s comment in roman. The sixteenth-century lines,



however, do not describe the monarch, but recommend cosmetic products, which themselves assist in the creation of a human image.

The reader is then responding to a mental, not an optical stimulus (and to the ambiguity of 'painting'). The same is true elsewhere, in 'Portrait in Hex' for example, where human features are twinned with the hexadecimal codes for colours to be used in depicting them. On the other hand, in 'Wood Cut' we are simultaneously immersed both in the technique of the woodcut, its reversal in three dimensions of the image, and in the grisly scene being depicted (Vlad Tepes, 'Dracula', calmly eating his dinner in the presence of a 'forest' of stakes with impaled bodies on them) – a *tour de force*.

This poet's attention to the visual tends towards diagram rather than scene (though there is one other reference to a scenic work, Mantegna's *Minerva Expelling the Vices from the Garden of Virtue*, that picture is still a code). In a good diagram everything should be present together and on the same scale; but language as we experience it moves through time, while rhetoric inflates or dismisses. Singer, however, does not sacrifice historical range. There are references to the Hereford Mappa Mundi, to Hildegard of Bingen and to the riddles of the Exeter Book. Contemporary concerns with flood and drought are joined by anxiety about the wartime looting of ancient sites. The medieval map and the Sumerian clay tablet are shown in terms of their materiality as artefacts, and the implied presence of those who make or record them.

There is still a place for language, which mysteriously inhabits the brain and the air. It is as writing that language can be seen as diagram, and can be copied or erased. The typographical doublings mentioned above are joined by references to the jargon of internet shopping, ready-made phrases infinitely copiable. And then by a poem where a third or so of the words have been crossed out but remain legible. Another four-part poem corresponds to the point of the compass, the ultimate diagram; the poems are overlapped at a central square, so superimposed on each other as to make half of each line, or in the case of the 'North' and 'South' half of each poem, quite illegible – these then reappear in full on later pages, accompanied like Renaissance emblems with further comments and labels.

Which all brings us back to the historical culture of the written or printed word, where marginalia, headlines, running titles and computer shortcuts jostle and hint. The scribe requesting a prayer, as so often in manuscripts, confronts the Exeter bookworm who devours his work; like a pair of matched dragons on an early printed map, they are contemporaneous and forever opposed. These poems rustle and coruscate with notions, insights, questions, so as to fill the reader's mind with their sparkle.

*Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin*  
(*BLitt*, awarded in 1968)

## **To Battersea Park**

by Philip Hensher. 4th Estate, 2023, ISBN: 978-0008323110, £16.99

*To Battersea Park* is an early example of what will surely become a considerable body of fiction, written or conceived in the shadow of Covid. Those who, by necessity or choice, experienced the first months of the pandemic in an urban setting will find constant reminders here of the exigencies they thought they had consigned to that black memory hole where horrors reside. Here, though, they all are, scattered through Hensher's pages, all those limits on daily life imposed on the say-so of government ministers and their scientists. I doubt we shall ever see – or indeed accept – their like again.

For me, as someone who lived for the duration in the ghost town of central London – just across the river, in fact, from Battersea Park – Hensher's novel stirred many echoes. His first narrators cannot progress further than the park gates before they must set off back for home, lest they breach the one-hour rule for a daily walk; thus a familiar destination becomes a closed and largely imagined world. We remember the prescribed distance to be kept from a fellow human being, and the panic as to whether suspicion or camaraderie was the more rational response to a chance encounter; the diktat of the thermometer and the oxygen machine, as the arbiters of someone's hold on life.

*To Battersea Park* is rooted in the context created by the pandemic, in which the mundane becomes alien overnight. But the pandemic also adds an extra layer – no several extra layers – that allow sharp turns of fortune, surprise revelations, extreme passions and extreme violence to erupt all of a sudden, even if in germ they were there all along. This gives Hensher's story a J. G. Ballard-like quality of small dystopias, that build inexorably towards the ultimate doom. You know the dénouement is coming – the writer has indeed flagged it up more than once. But you do not know when or how the worst is going to happen, or whether it might be averted, until almost the very last page.

This makes *To Battersea Park* a thriller of a kind, assembled through byways of overlapping novellas, brought together in the final chapter, entitled 'Entrelacement'. It is, on the one hand, a tale, or tales, of ordinary households residing in an ordinary street, whose lives would not usually connect – this is London, remember – but whose paths cross almost for the first time by virtue of the government edicts to stay at home, keep your distance and take the permitted exercise for no more than one hour a day. (We meet – as indeed we did who were there – those who observe the restrictions to the letter, sanctimoniously frowning at the slightest infraction, and those who breezily ignore them when it suits – after all, a birthday is a birthday. And No, our heroes do not snitch on the rule-breakers.)

It is, on the other hand, something of a literary fest. J. G. Ballard's is not the only spirit hovering somewhere over the walk *To Battersea Park*. It would be hard to ignore the echo of Virginia Woolf in the title, and Hensher himself references

Chekhov's *Ivanov* in the text, to which I might add *The Three Sisters* and their vain hopes to go 'to Moscow'.

One criticism might be the complexity of the structure, which some may find off-putting. It might also be noted that there are scenes of such callousness and barbarity that they are hard to read. Hensher is pushing some boundaries here, as he does with his treatment of another strand: the dynamics and physicality of gay relationships, which runs alongside the notion of love as love. The mutual caring and concern described when one partner is rushed to hospital with Covid, maybe to return, maybe not, is universal.

For those who find Hensher's interleaving structure too tame a test, he has other authorial complexities up his sleeve. Hensher is a virtuoso player, not only with structure, but with language and with narrative technique. His first chapter is called 'The iterative mood' and includes disquisitions on the subtleties of verb usage. Other digressions fall into what might once have been called conscious artistry – when the writer lets the reader in on the mechanics of his storytelling.

For some, such digressions may be an unwelcome break in the narrative; should the story, does the story, not stand for itself? For others, perhaps, they will make for an appealing challenge, showing Hensher pushing more bounds. I have never been a particular fan of the writer stepping outside the narrative, but I warmed to it here; the author fleetingly letting the veil slip.

Hensher here exploits the uniqueness of the pandemic not just to add a new novel to his oeuvre, but to extend his themes and his range. That the story he tells is set in a part of London not a million miles from my front door, and that, for me too, actually entering the park would have pushed my daily walk beyond the one-hour limit, give his tale a particular poignancy. That said, practically everyone who lived through the pandemic and observed the rules will have their own Battersea Park – once so familiar, and suddenly out of reach.

Mary Dejevsky  
(*Peake 1970 Modern Languages*)

## Talking at Night

by Claire Daverley. Penguin, 2023, ISBN: 9780241604830, £14.99

The English sixth-form experience is a curiously intense but freeing time – a whirlwind of stressful exams and university applications, peppered with parties and unwise flings washed down with cheap spirits, if you were lucky, and nasty cider if you weren't. A first taste of freedom set alongside the familiarity of school and the parental home.

It's in this heady world that Claire Daverley opens her debut novel *Talking at Night*. In early twenty-first century coastal Norfolk, two driven but often unhappy

sixth formers, Rosie and Will, find each other. And lose each other and – perhaps – will find each other again.

We first meet our central couple living in identikit suburban houses, but otherwise little about their upbringing has been the same. Rosie is one of a pair of twins, a phenomenally gifted student – and musician – destined for Oxford. Will has suffered from parental abandonment and a troubled adolescence – his main ambition is to survive school, escape the quiet seaside town and travel the world.

Both have a history of mental illness – Will a hidden struggle with depression and alcohol addiction, and Rosie a concealed obsessive compulsive disorder, which only her twin Josh really understands. Their experiences of mental health become one of several threads underpinning this moving – and deeply romantic – story. And, indeed, the title itself refers to the many conversations between the pair in the early hours of the morning when sleep proves elusive.

Will first meets Rosie via Josh. As they gradually get to know each other, something deeper than friendship may be beginning to bloom. But these fledgling feelings are smothered by an unimaginable tragedy which overshadows the rest of their lives.

The book spans the next two decades in which Rosie and Will grow apart and back together again several times over. Both meet other partners, both have professional and personal struggles and successes, and both grapple with the usual growing pains of parental expectation and failing to live up to one's own high standards. The book is especially good on familial relations (particularly the tricky mother–daughter relationship) and the effect of bereavement on different generations.

There are a couple of set-piece scenes in the second half of the book – one character arriving at their mother's own family law practice to ask advice on seeking a divorce, and a particularly cataclysmic funeral – but for me the novel soars most in its first third, gloriously capturing the final days of adolescence.

*Talking at Night* is sure to be a huge hit – it is almost a millennial *One Day*, albeit more melancholy, more bittersweet. It filled me with nostalgia for a time before smartphones and the dominance of social media, but also for that hazy time between adolescence and adulthood when everything seems possible and nothing is certain.

Jo Godfrey  
(2003 *Modern History*)

## One Small Voice

by Santanu Bhattacharya. Penguin, 2023, ISBN: 9780241582336, £14.99

In *One Small Voice*, an *Observer* best debut novel for 2023, Santanu Bhattacharya tells a story about India today, beginning in the 1990s and progressing to 2016.

His central character, Shubhankar Trivedi, a Hindu from Lucknow, is 10 years old in 1992 when he witnesses a shocking act of violence, sparked by a religious conflict that rises repeatedly over this period and in this novel. He never recovers from the trauma of it, which is made particularly acute because he never speaks of it and none of the adults around him acknowledges or seems to care about what has happened. We see Shubhankar develop into a troubled adolescent, unable to focus on his studies, while his younger brother, Chintoo, remaining unaware of the event that troubled Shubhankar, is merry and care-free and unafraid to follow his own enthusiasms rather than fulfil his parents' dreams.

The novel moves between Shubhankar's childhood in the 1990s, his young manhood in the 2000s, and the years from 2012 onwards when, aged 30, he is recovering from an 'incident' which has changed his life. Bhattacharya pulls us between the childhood trauma, which Shubhankar's dreams constantly draw him back to, and his life after the 'incident', which we sense was also violent. At the end of the novel there is a resolution and it is to the writer's credit that this is entirely credible, arises organically, and leaves the reader satisfied.

After his difficult adolescence, Shubhankar pulls himself together, achieves the qualifications to secure the kind of job his parents want for him, and then leaves his family to move to the vibrant city of Mumbai. Here he reinvents himself: 'My name is Shabby. I chose it. I coined it.' He shares a flat with Syed 'Ganjeri', a weed-smoking Muslim, and they become close friends – the troika – with a young woman, Shruti. For a while the three have fun, getting to know the city and their neighbourhood. At a local festival, they witness a human pyramid come perilously close to collapse. It would certainly have occasioned injury, perhaps even death, but the crowd work together to shore up the structure and allow the top-most boy to descend safely. 'In that moment, Shabby truly believed there was a place for all of them in this little world, their differences were just distractions.' But each of the friends is dealing with the impact of events from the past and gradually they let go of each other. Shabby is the only one who does not talk about his own trauma.

This is a rich novel, vividly evoking sounds, colours and textures, tastes and smells. Its themes include love, secrets, betrayal and atonement, all expressed both at an intimate level and on a larger scale. One thing I particularly loved is that Bhattacharya does not hesitate to use Hindi words without definition. Most of the time, the reader must use the context to decide what is referred to – is it an item of clothing, a festival, or a delicious morsel of food? He trusts himself to convey the meaning well enough, and he trusts his readers to throw themselves into the experience. After all, this is how we learn any language, including our mother tongue.

I was transported by this novel to a world I don't know, and I found it both joyful and moving.

*Alison Gomm*  
(1974 English)

## ***Thunderstone: A True Story of Losing One Home and Discovering Another***

by Nancy Campbell. Elliott and Thompson, 2022, ISBN: 978-1783966578, £14.99

Sometimes a book comes along that feels like a safe harbour in a storm and last summer, for me, that book was Nancy Campbell's exquisite memoir *Thunderstone: A Story of Losing One Home and Discovering Another* (2022). I couldn't put it down. Not in the usual sense of wanting to race through it (although I did inhale it like a swimmer gulping down air), but because once I'd finished it, the book had taken on a talismanic quality, rather like the thunderstone of the title. Campbell writes that 'it was believed lightning would not strike a house that held a thunderstone' (p. 44) and her book took on that quality of protection. I carried it around with me for days after finishing it.

In its pages – that deal with a difficult lockdown, the health problems of Nancy herself and her former partner, and her challenging new life in the caravan – I found the kind of readerly intimacy and restorative courage that makes you feel as though a hand has been held out to you. Campbell writes beautifully and compassionately (with the true etymological sense of fellow feeling, 'to suffer with') about her former partner's stroke and how Anna's severe aphasia radically altered both of their experiences with words. She explores housing precarity, ill health, and relationship breakdown in ways that are raw and honest, but never mawkish, and the book is brimming with hope and comfort. Moving into a second-hand caravan on the river in Oxford, an experience that tests both her practical and emotional resilience, Campbell shows us how we can live well and live richly through an interwoven tapestry of literary texts and the inspiration of nature. I felt that I came away from the memoir with real, tangible tokens with which to sustain me, most especially from the diary part of the book as life in the van takes shape following the aftermath of a heart-breaking lockdown. Early in the June part of the diary, Campbell writes a haiku: 'Wren returns to its nest / and flies out again, in and / out in out all day' and she reflects, 'Old habits must be shifting. Usually I can't write a word before my first cup of coffee, but the wren distracted me, pulled me forward into the day' (pp. 59–60). *Thunderstone* pulls us forward into a life more attuned to nature, forging generative new communities on the margins and inviting us in.

Campbell is an especially nuanced and thoughtful writer of place and, for those of us who may still find the Oxford of the 'dreaming spires' rather aloof and forbidding at times, Campbell's alternative Oxford offers a new kind of magic. Her new friend the Assassin tells her this part of the canal had once been called the Gates of Hell but before that it was 'Joy's Field . . . and you'll make it that again if you choose' (p. 39). This is still the Oxford where 'rifts in the fabric of this world might lead us into other worlds' (p. 37), but rather than fantastical,

those worlds feel radical, authentic, and necessary. Campbell concludes her diary with a photograph of her van, nestled in the undergrowth, and a quotation from Bashō: 'I jotted down these records with the hope that they might provoke pleasant conversations among my readers and that they might be of some use to those who would travel the same way' (p. 225). It's a privilege to have travelled with Nancy Campbell in *Thunderstone* and if I could press a copy of this book into your hands right now, I would. In the opening chapter Anna tells Nancy that what she wants from life is to 'live with grace. It is hard to have grace now, but I will do my best' (p. 20) *Thunderstone* is full of grace, and I am deeply grateful for it.

Laura Varnam  
(2004 English)

### ***Empowered: Live Your Life with Passion and Purpose*** by Vee Kativhu. Vintage, 2021, ISBN: 9781529110456, £14.99

What does it mean to be *empowered*? What are the steps we can take to empower ourselves, and what are the things we can achieve when we do? Vee Kativhu wastes no time in answering these questions in the characteristically confident yet warm and down-to-earth voice she's established for herself in her first book, *Empowered*: empowerment is self-love, pursuing your dreams, and finding your purpose. 'Purpose' can be anything at all; with Kativhu, you really feel that the sky's the limit – ranging everywhere from personal academic goals to global equality and a brighter future for her birth country, Zimbabwe, she clearly believes that, no matter how big or how small, change *is* possible. Reading her joyful prose, it's hard not to share her optimism.

Kativhu makes empowerment into a lifestyle, which she demonstrates with her own life experiences, deftly weaving together autobiography and practical advice. The reader meets a Kativhu who has had a difficult childhood moving from Zimbabwe to England, navigates with her the struggles of school and Oxford, and learns with her the techniques and tricks she has picked up to help not only get by but positively thrive in all aspects of life. Aimed at approximately the school and university-aged audience she has established on her successful YouTube channel, the advice she gives – from the most effective ways to create a plan to achieve your goals to mastering the art of budgeting – is refreshingly practical. It's also very relevant – she spends one chapter talking about imposter syndrome and her own experience with it, an anecdote which will undeniably strike a chord with many current and future Oxford students making their way into a world of wonderful but perhaps also intimidating traditions.

One thing *Empowered* gets right is striking the delicate balance between



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'hustle culture' and self-love. Kativhu is an undeniably motivated and hard-working person, and yet for all the advice she gives on how to seize your ambitions, take the opportunities you're given, and stay positive in the face of rejection, she does not underestimate the importance of caring for your health, both mental and physical. Whether it's taking a few days just to allow yourself to feel upset at a rejection before moving on, or taking the steps to surround yourself with people who enrich rather than diminish you, her positivity and ambition are equalled by a sensitivity to the real obstacles people face that get in the way of self-empowerment. This is where her style of narration, mixing personal experience with general advice, becomes the book's greatest strength. Her voice is kind, trustworthy, and while she is still on her own journey, experienced enough to want to listen to: it reads like the stories and advice handed down to you by a loving older sister. Students and young people will easily find solace in this book.

Apart from its practical use, *Empowered* also tells Kativhu's story, one which is in many ways ordinary and in others completely extraordinary. It is emotional and compelling in its recollection of both huge, life-changing events, like moving between continents, and smaller ones, like being rejected for job interviews. One moment in particular which stood out was a simple, yet depressingly real one: Kativhu recounts being told by a teacher that she should not bother applying to Oxford, because it wasn't a place for people like 'them'. She writes: 'The "no" was another way for society to tell me that I had failed the race of life before I had even begun.' It's easy for young people to feel this way, especially those who, like Kativhu, come from backgrounds traditionally underrepresented at Oxford, and this heart-breaking memory reinforces to the reader the genuine importance of having supporters, as Kativhu encourages.

Kativhu has built an audience online thanks to her ebullient personality and extraordinary motivation for all her ambitions, both academic and otherwise. Now, through telling her story of hard work, from school to the LMH Foundation Year, to beyond, she has the chance to inspire people all over again.

*Elizabeth Hornsby*  
(2021 German & Philosophy)

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## ***A Sultry Month: Scenes of London Literary Life in 1846***

by Alethea Hayter. Faber, 1965 – reprinted 2022, ISBN: 9780571372294, £12.99

Alethea Hayter (1911–2006) was an example of the brilliant, high-achieving, independent women who stand out among the alumnae of LMH. She spent her early years in Cairo before the First World War, but following the death of her father, she and her family returned to England. Alethea was then 12 years old. She came up to LMH in 1929 with a scholarship to read modern history. After Oxford she became a journalist at *Country Life* before being recruited by the Postal Censorship Department during the war. She was then posted to Greece, Paris and Belgium with the British Council. In 1970 she was appointed OBE, retiring in 1971.

She achieved all this, but in addition she was a literary pioneer and an author of books which were, according to her obituary in the *Guardian*, 'of immaculate scholarship and intense readability'. Here we celebrate the reprinting of her book *A Sultry Month: Scenes of London Literary Life in 1846* which was first published in 1965 and reprinted in 2022.

The book features literary figures such as Browning, Elizabeth Barratt-Browning, Wordsworth, Dickens, Tennyson and the Carlyles. All are affected by the tragedy surrounding the painter Benjamin Robert Haydon. The book is one of the first ever group biographies. In 1965 Anthony Burgess described it as 'a very original and moving essay in a form which is so new as to lack a name', showing that it was regarded as a pioneering achievement. Overleaf we publish again the review of *A Sultry Month* from the 1965 *Brown Book*.

*Judith Garner*  
Reviews editor

*Following pages: Review of Alethea Hayter's book from the 1965 Brown Book*

- A. M. WEBSTER (Dale). 'Observations on Dactylic', article in *Wiener Studien*, 1964.
- C. V. WEDGWOOD. 'European Reaction to the Death of Charles I' from *The Renaissance to the Counter-Reformation*, edited by Charles H. Carter: a memorial volume of essays for the late Garrett Mattingly, published in U.S.A.
- A. WIDDICOMBE (Leech). Reviews of fiction for *The Tablet*.
- A. WYBURD (Ross). Translation of *The Opera Guide* by Gerhart von Westerman (Thames & Hudson, London). Translation of *Utrillo*, by Guy Dornand (Folio Art Books).

## REVIEWS

*A Sultry Month. Scenes from Literary Life in 1846.* By ALETHEA HAYTER. Faber, 30s.

AT a first reading one is absorbed and amused; the book is such easy reading, one lives with its characters, laughs with or at them, in the lively detail and the familiar pangs and awkwardness of daily life. It all seems delightfully effortless on the part of both reader and writer. Re-reading the book one becomes more aware of it as a work of art, weighed and balanced in every sentence and judgement, built up touch by touch so that it unfolds in a sequence which has a conscious logic below its flowing surface movement.

In the summer of 1846, which was the hottest known for many years, Peel, supported by Wellington, was facing the bitter attacks of Disraeli over the repeal of the Corn Laws, Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning were planning their secret marriage, Carlyle and his wife were moving into a matrimonial crisis, and on June 22 the painter Benjamin Robert Haydon committed suicide. And all the time London life went on; breakfast and dinner parties, theatres, normal work and talk and exchange of letters. By choosing to write about a cross-section of life instead of an extension of time Miss Hayter is portraying the web and the woof of living. The chapters are headed only with the date, beginning with Thursday, June 18, Waterloo Day, the day Haydon sent his journals and most cherished paintings for safe-keeping to Miss Barrett, being in fear of imminent imprisonment for debt with the seizure of all his goods. We are plunged into the immediacy of cultured life in London. The author's digressions as she recalls past incidents or current problems in the lives of her characters, or notes the topography of early Victorian London, come as easily as thoughts that pass through one's mind as one anticipates a party or meets an old acquaintance. Enveloping everything, is the stifling city heat; the author recreates the atmosphere in manifold, repeated touches, reports of health fires, of the boom in the sale of muslins, quotations from letters, best of all in her brilliant description of the Waterloo Anniversary banquet at Apsley House.

The weather broke with a violent storm of wind and rain in the evening of June 22. In the morning of the same day Haydon had tried to blow out his brains and succeeded in cutting his throat. This event is the dramatic

climax of the book; it is placed, however, in the middle, not at the end. That same afternoon Miss Barrett visited Samuel Rogers' fine collection of pictures with Mrs. Jameson for companion and guide—life went on despite Haydon's final desperate gesture. And then the news spreads and we feel the waves of repercussion; first, and then second thoughts, then for some of the circle, the resurgence into the first place of their own demanding personal problems, for others, like the rather absurd German Countess Hahn-Hahn who was the literary lion of that season, the passing of an unsuccessful subject of conversation; and then finally, comes the usual summer exodus. But the enigma of Haydon's motives, and the question as to how far his conviction of genius was pure self deception, remain, and to these the author devotes the last pages of her book.

The book is history, 'every sentence of dialogue, every gesture, the food, the flowers, the furniture', all are taken from contemporary sources; at the same time it is a remarkable imaginative reconstruction—due partly to the author's command of language: Carlyle's 'dismal struggle with his packing' for instance. But Miss Hayter does not merely describe, her book is full of witty and pungent judgements, and if one does not always agree with them—she underrates Mrs. Jameson's claims as an art historian—her point is made with such confidence, her people have become so familiar, that one is driven to finding out more about them, and the rest of their lives, for oneself.

N. M. GRAY

*Portrait of Rossetti.* By ROSALIE GLYNN GRYLLES. Macdonald, 35s. 0d.

'PORTRAIT of So-and-So'—the title is a commonplace of biography, a phrase too often completely empty of meaning. But in the case of this new *Life* of Rossetti the description is an exact one; Rosalie Grylls has not intended a discussion or an appraisal of Rossetti as an artist or a poet; instead, she gives us a brilliant, lively, and at times rather baffling picture of a brilliant, lively, and very baffling man. It is as a man that Rossetti matters most; his personality had just that sparkle of genius which is lacking from his pictures and his poetry. To arrive at any sort of conclusion about the merit of his artistic and poetic achievement is in fact peculiarly difficult because a taste for Rossetti is as much of a personal idiosyncrasy as a taste for highly spiced dishes or exotic liqueurs. Some very sophisticated palates appreciate his drooping women and overloaded sonnets; others, equally sensitive, reject them as indigestible and rather nasty.

As a person Rossetti was a paradox, 'an Italian who never went to Italy, a nature-poet who hated the country, a mystic'—but was he ever a mystic in the proper sense of the word?—'who became the symbol of the Fleshly School'. Any portrait of Rossetti the man must inevitably show him in his relations with women and here again his attitude is paradoxical—'When he walked about and stopped to look at "stunners" he wanted to see them stripped and at one and the same time to see them in rich costumes receiving homage from knightly lovers.' Typically enough, this sensuous, even sensual painter of 'large, luscious women' never painted a woman nude.

## ***West Winds: Recipes, History and Tales from Jamaica***

by Riaz Phillips. DK, 2022, ISBN: 9780241543566, £25

Why is it that Caribbean food has not become a part of mainstream British culinary culture in the way that Chinese or Indian food has? This is one of the questions posed in *West Winds: Recipes, History and Tales from Jamaica* – this year’s winner of Fortnum & Mason’s best cookery book award. People of Caribbean origin have lived in the UK for centuries, and the dishes of places like Jamaica (the focus of this book) are full of mind-blowing flavour, yet much of the food culture of these islands is relatively obscure. In his quest to answer this question – and others he never got around to asking his grandmother Mavis – Riaz Phillips has documented a personal journey filled with stories that are as informative as they are engrossing. Complemented by stunning photography, the recipes are a part of this narrative arc, featuring simple, plant-focused, and often zero-waste dishes from across Jamaica. The result is a wonderful exposition that will surely do much to whet the British appetite and increase the popularity of Caribbean food culture.

After an introduction followed by a primer on staple ingredients, Phillips divides the book into the following chapters: Vegan, Raw, Soup, Nose-to-Tail, Seafood, Flour & Water, and Ferment & Preserve. The fact that many of the recipes require no actual cooking is an immediate testament to the practicality of Jamaican food. Quite often, ‘ingredients are simply enjoyed raw with a blender being the only necessity’. But to assume simplicity entails blandness would be foolhardy. The diversity of ingredients, spices, and techniques (like pickling and fermenting) help to unleash intense flavour. What is more, most home cooks will be pleased to note the recipes are more of a guide than an exact formula. ‘There are no tricks,’ writes Phillips, ‘...no recipes in the Caribbean in the traditional Western format sense – rather there are folk tales, short stories, songs and anecdotes.’ Food is a powerful way to connect with one’s heritage, and the vignettes that overlay the recipes are key to bringing these connections to life.

My own *West Winds*-inspired food journey begins with the jackfruit stew in the vegan section. Ingredients like tinned jackfruit, scotch bonnet, and all-purpose seasoning (not to be confused with allspice) are all easily sourced from my nearest large supermarket. For a couple of items, I have close alternatives at home and assuredly take the liberty of substituting them. The cooking experience is a combination of relaxing and exciting – not typical for a graceless cook like me – and quite perfect for a weekday evening. The end product is delicious: comforting, texturally balanced and with the various sources of heat bringing a slap of much-needed sun into my suburban dining room.

These are recipes that are good for you, too. Salads, soups, and smoothies are loaded with a panoply of plants, herbs, and spices. The steamed fish recipes



are mouth-watering, the fresh juices look electric, and lentils and pulses are abundant. I have already chosen my next recipe: the guinea corn salad, made with avocado, squash, chickpeas, plenty of spices and the ancient grain sorghum. And when it comes to the fight against food waste, Grandma Mavis's 'waste not, want not' mantra gives rise to an entire chapter focused on off-cuts and offal – recipes which align with sustainability trends but are as ancient as their enslaved creators who could not afford to waste.

It is the anecdotes and intimate details woven into the recipes that make *West Winds* such a joy to read. The book is replete with historical context, literary and film references, restaurant recommendations and other titbits which go a long way in answering the questions that Phillips begins with in his introduction. The ethnic diversity of the islands, the subsequent creolisation of cultures, centuries of migration, and the effect of slavery and hardship on the way recipes have been passed down through generations all help to explain why there is still a mystery around Caribbean cooking. 'The idea of even remotely adapting the recipes from home arguably meant compromising their identity and as such it was rarely done,' explains Phillips. The reality, however, is that Caribbean food culture has had a huge impact around the world, from hot chocolate to ginger beer, to jerk chicken and fresh chilli sauces. It is only a matter of time before Jamaican food becomes as popular as Indian or Chinese in the UK, and *West Winds* is an essential companion for that journey.

*Aadit Shankar*  
(PPE 2013)

## ***The Ultimate Flower Gardener's Guide***

**by Jenny Rose Carey. Timber Press, 2022, ISBN: 978-1643260389, £23.99**

It has been a big year in the Nex household: by the time you read this, my eldest daughter will be married.

All swept up in the joy of the initial announcement, I had absolutely no idea what I was in for – probably a good thing, with hindsight. As the gardener in the family, we decided I should, naturally, take on the role of growing the flowers for the table centres. I agreed blithely, unhesitatingly, with the kind of confidence only possible when you are entirely oblivious to the implications of what you are saying.

Had I stopped to think for more than a nanosecond I would have realised the scale of what I was taking on. I grow vegetables, and fruit; sometimes herbs. I don't really do flowers, or at least not to a deadline, in the right quantities and colour combinations. I could feel the panic rising as the year ticked on and I

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could offer little more to fill my carefully artless jam jars than a few cornflowers and some Japanese anemones.

So thank heavens for this wonderful book, which arrived on my doormat in the nick of time. It isn't, strictly speaking, about growing flowers for cutting (though there is much helpful advice handed out in passing concerning vase life, variety choice and at what point to harvest them). It does, however, lay out, with sumptuous photography and clear, friendly growing instructions, a fabulous array of spectacularly beautiful flowers and how to use them most effectively in your garden. Most useful to me were the collections of 'standout' flowers for each season of the year: I basically took the chapter on late summer – the season in which fell the Day of Reckoning, as I privately began calling it – and planted the lot.

This is no mere shopping list, though. Jenny Rose Carey is a gardener to her fingertips, formerly senior director of the very flowery Meadowbrook Farm in Pennsylvania, USA, created by florist-to-presidents-past J. Liddon Pennock in the 1970s and now run by the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society.

She sure knows her flowers: along with reflections on colour and flower shape, she talks at length about the roles they play in a border. There are big, bold beauties like peonies and foxtail lilies, to be used sparingly and with thought, as they will always draw the eye; then a supporting cast of tall backdrop plants, mid-border delights with good foliage, weavers and mixers to tie it all together, and tiny treasures to finish off the edges. It was a revelation: I'll never look at a flower border in quite the same way again.

The text is full of nuggety insights from obviously first-hand, muddying-fingered, trial-and-error experience. Jenny warns you to place Shasta daisies away from patios due to the off-putting smelliness of their foliage, and tuck lupins away at the back of the border to hide the ugly way they die. (Dying quality is a much-underrated consideration in flowers, I think: for years I put up with an otherwise delightful pale yellow climbing rose whose flowers died with all the attractiveness of a used hanky. They then hung there miserably till you got around to cutting them off. Never again.)

Usefully, she always notes when certain plants are left alone by deer and rabbits, twin terrors of all but the most urban of gardens, yet inexplicably almost completely ignored in the 'pests and diseases' section of most gardening books. They're mentioned so frequently here, in fact, that I began to suspect early on that the author battles with both in her own garden, and so it turns out. The 'menagerie' of animals which visits her garden intent on eating it also includes groundhogs, skunks, raccoons, wallabies and a snapping turtle, making me quite relieved I garden in Britain. Nonetheless, she takes a refreshingly live and let live approach, relying on fencing, repellents and – mainly – growing plants they don't like.

I love it when you come across a gardening book you instinctively know you can trust. Jenny's advice saved the day, too (the bit I was responsible for, anyway).



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With this book at my side, by the time I'd finished, my jam jars positively fizzed with cosmos and zinnias, tithonias, Mexican salvias and marigolds, as if I'd just rustled them up like the gardening goddess I am. I will be forever grateful.

*Sally Nex*

*(White 1985 Literae Humaniores)*



DENEKE

KATHLEEN LEA

PIPE PARTRIDGE

PORTERS LODGE

# END NOTES

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## EDITOR'S NOTES

The following is a reminder about *Brown Book* contributions.

### News items

News forms can be sent by post or e-mail to the Development Office and will be passed on to the Editor. Please quote your year of matriculation. News need not be confined to what has happened over the past year; if you have not sent anything in for some time, the Editor welcomes a report of what you have been doing since you were last in contact, but requests that it is succinct. The Editor normally exercises only a light editorial hand on News items, but it may be necessary to shorten, for example, lengthy entries and details of children's careers.

### Articles

Planning for articles starts almost before the previous *Brown Book* is sent out. Ideas may emerge from News items or discussions with alumni. Suggestions for the sort of items you would like, or would like more of, should be sent to the Editor.

### Reviews of publications

Potential publications for review are usually identified by books being sent to the Reviews Editor, from the News forms or from press notices; the publisher/author will be asked to provide a review copy. The Reviews Editor has discretion over the selection of a reviewer, and advises the potential reviewer on the format for the copy, word length and deadline. Word length is determined by the nature of the publication, the appropriate balance within the review section and the amount of space available. Some publications submitted for review may be given short notices or listed as 'Publications Received'. Publications for review in *The Brown Book* should be with the Reviews Editor by the end of March at the latest.

### Obituaries

Obituaries are normally written by alumni, or in some cases by family members. Obituary requests are sometimes made by a friend or by the family, in these cases the Obituaries Editor would appreciate suggestions for a writer. The Obituaries Editor advises on format and length. As an alternative to a full obituary, we may include a short obituary notice, using material from the Register or available from College records with, where possible, some comments of a more personal nature.

*Editor*

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## NOTICES FROM LMH

### Conferment of Degrees

The Development Office handles the administration of all degrees and they can be contacted on 01865 274362 or at [graduation@lmh.ox.ac.uk](mailto:graduation@lmh.ox.ac.uk) for more information. Full details, including dates of degree ceremonies, are on the alumni section of the website: <https://www.lmh.ox.ac.uk/alumni/events/graduation-information>.

Alumni holding BA degrees become eligible to take their MA in Trinity Term 21 terms from their term of matriculation. A fee (currently £50) is payable. Please note that we do not offer conferral in person. If you would like to receive your MA please contact the Development Office via [graduation@lmh.ox.ac.uk](mailto:graduation@lmh.ox.ac.uk).

### Degree Transcripts

If you matriculated before Michaelmas Term 2007, you can order an official academic transcript from the Academic Office Office at LMH. Please e-mail [academic.office@lmh.ox.ac.uk](mailto:academic.office@lmh.ox.ac.uk) allowing three weeks for processing. If you matriculated in, or after, 2007 please refer to the University website <http://www.ox.ac.uk/students/graduation/transcripts>. For Degree Confirmation Letters, please e-mail the Degree Conferrals Office in the Examination Schools: [degree.conferrals@admin.ox.ac.uk](mailto:degree.conferrals@admin.ox.ac.uk). Copies of Degree Certificates are no longer issued by the Degree Conferrals Office, only replacement certificates.

### Gaudies

Following a recent review to the schedule, Gaudy celebrations will take place each year in September and will coincide with the University's Alumni Meeting Minds weekend. Accommodation will be available where possible. The event will include an Anniversary Lunch (to mark the 50th and 60th anniversary of matriculation), a garden party, and a Gaudy Dinner.

For further information and for all events organised by the Development Office, please visit: [www.lmh.ox.ac.uk/alumni/events](http://www.lmh.ox.ac.uk/alumni/events)



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## UPCOMING LMH ALUMNI EVENTS

### **2023 Beaufort Circle Lunch for Legators**

Saturday 14 October 2023

### **An evening at Shoreditch Treehouse with alumna Emmeline Armitage (for 2009–2020 alumni)**

Thursday 9 November 2023

### **Alumni Winter Carols**

Friday 1 December 2023

### **Napoleon at LMH with Professor Michael Broers (Emeritus Fellow in History)**

Saturday 20 January 2024

### **Founders and Benefactors Dinner (by invitation)**

Friday 9 February 2024

### **MA Ceremony and Reunion for 2014 and 2015 alumni**

Saturday 16 March 2024

### **Alumni Garden Party for all alumni and guests**

Saturday 22 June 2024

### **Gaudy 2024**

Saturday 21 September 2024

1964, 60th Anniversary Reunion & Pre-1950 to 1960 Lunch

1974, 50th Anniversary Reunion Dinner

1980–1983, Gaudy Dinner

### **2024 Beaufort Circle Lunch**

Saturday 19 October 2024

## FUTURE GAUDY DATES:

### **2025: Saturday 20 September**

1965, 60th Anniversary Reunion Lunch

1975, 70th Anniversary Reunion Lunch

1984–1988, Gaudy Dinner

### **2026: Saturday 19 September**

1966, 60th Anniversary Reunion Lunch

1976, 70th Anniversary Reunion Lunch


1997–2001, Gaudy Dinner


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## SOCIAL MEDIA ACCOUNTS

LMH has a number of social media accounts and encourages you to keep in touch with College news in this way:

 Facebook: Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford ([www.facebook.com/lmhoxford](http://www.facebook.com/lmhoxford))

 Twitter: @LMHOxford ([www.twitter.com/lmhoxford](http://www.twitter.com/lmhoxford))

 Instagram: @LMHOxford ([www.instagram.com/lmhoxford](http://www.instagram.com/lmhoxford))

 YouTube: LMH Oxford ([www.youtube.com/lmhoxford](http://www.youtube.com/lmhoxford))

 LinkedIn: @LMH:BuildingLinks

## DINING IN COLLEGE

In normal times, the Senior Common Room of Lady Margaret Hall is pleased to invite alumni to dine at High Table at a Guest Night once a year. Alumni may also bring one guest.

Each Tuesday in term is alternately a Guest Night (three courses) or a special Guest Night (four courses plus dessert), as is each Friday. A list of Guest Nights and Special Guest Nights is available on the LMH website. Please be aware that 1st Week and 8th Week dinners are very busy and are often fully booked. Pricing information can be obtained from the Development Office.

College rules require alumni who dine at High Table to have an SCR host. If required, the Development Office will link alumni to an appropriate host.

There is a limit of three alumni and their guests (or six alumni without guests) per Guest Night. If you would like to book, please contact the Development Office, with at least one month's notice, on 01865 274362 or email [development@lmh.ox.ac.uk](mailto:development@lmh.ox.ac.uk).

Alumni may also book SCR guest rooms, subject to availability. To confirm availability and to book a guest room please telephone the Conference Office on 01865 274320 or email [conferences@lmh.ox.ac.uk](mailto:conferences@lmh.ox.ac.uk).









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