Green Leaves

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The Barbara Pym Society Annual Meeting and Conference
5-6 September 2009
St. Hilda's College, Oxford

by Ros Cleal

I approached this year's conference with some trepidation. I had never very much liked *An Academic Question* and having reread it the previous week I had come to the conclusion that, uniquely among the novels, I actually disliked it. I would, however, willingly attend a BP Society conference even if its subject were Barbara Pym's shopping lists (actually, maybe some potential in that one), so I of course came anyway, but any doubts about the subject were soon dispelled. The Barbara Pym Society conference of 2009 was, like its many predecessors, enjoyable from start to finish.

The Friday afternoon trip to Boars Hill is covered elsewhere in this newsletter, but I would like to highlight Deborah Fisher's excellent idea and organisation. It was a brilliant choice, giving us a taste of a literary world different to BP's but not so far separated in time or space. Philip Stewart, our guide, couldn't have been bettered – he was what the very best guides are: immensely knowledgeable about his subject and with the sort of enthusiasm which draws you into the subject, whatever your previous interest in it. We were all soon familiar with and intrigued by the ins and outs of the intellectual community on Boars Hill. We were even lucky with the weather, and although I ignored Deborah's advice and wore completely unsuitable shoes (strappy gold sandals for goodness sake) I survived without coming to grief in them. As our minibus dropped Philip off at his house, which has what must be one of the most stunning views across the city, the evening sun came out between clouds. In a scene which would have been corny in a television documentary it illuminated with shafts of sunlight only the 'dreaming spires' at the centre of the city, ignoring the penumbra of later Oxford. What a start to the conference!

For me and for the rest of the committee Saturday started with a committee meeting, and then reunion with old friends at the AGM and over lunch. The afternoon session was as usual packed with good things. Robin Joyce achieved what I thought was impossible and actually made me feel quite sympathetic to the book, and even to its heroine, on whose

"A few green leaves can make such a difference."
—Miss Grundy, *A Few Green Leaves*

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behalf she made a spirited defence (a line which she defended firmly even, I noticed, at Sunday breakfast). Robin examined the heroine Caro's life and her attempts to come to terms with what it meant to be an 'academic wife' in the late 1960s/early 1970s. She made the point that although Barbara Pym herself felt dissatisfied at being unable to produce a 'Margaret Drabble' type novel, in fact in *AAQ* she produced a very subtle account of the lives of women in a particular environment struggling with their lot in a changing world.

In 'Publish or Perish', by Jane Potter, we heard how BP may have been prompted by an 'unpleasantness' in the world of African anthropology, but she soon moved on to argue that the novel is a consideration of how academic ambition has to be squared with academic integrity. This, Jane Potter argued, was not an academic question at all and she presented a view of *AAQ* as in some ways a rather bleak and serious work. Bringing the question up to date we also heard of the immensely greater pressures under which modern academics now labour, including the extraordinary concept of 'esteem indicators' (if invented for a novel surely bound to be rejected as too ridiculous).

The discussion, this year held on the Saturday, was led and contributors kept to task by Tim Burnett and there was at least some consensus on the novel. Robin was clearly in a minority in her sisterly feelings for Caro as the majority verdict seemed to be that she was fairly indefensible, although one contributor did point out that she was one of the very few characters who seemed to exhibit any moral sense – she may have done something wrong but at least she worried about it. There was also almost universal agreement that the introduction of children, very unusual in a BP novel, was a mistake and very poorly realised; almost none of us, it seemed, believed in the relationship between Caro and her daughter. One point, which I had certainly not thought about, was that it is a novel almost entirely lacking religion, making it, as with the introduction of a mother and child relationship, very unusual among the novels. Tim had strict instructions to keep to time, as the sessions were followed by the (only) rehearsal of the dramatised reading, which kept those of us involved hard at it almost until time for the reception.

The formal dinner this year seemed to be better than ever, at least for this vegetarian (and that certainly seemed to apply to all the meals). Our speaker was St Hilda's Emeritus Fellow Barbara Levick, who entertained us hugely with accounts of her time at St Hilda's during the years to which *AAQ* refers, and that theme was continued into the next day. On Sunday morning Margaret Rayner, another St. Hilda's EF, started the sessions with a fascinating account of the student unrest of the 1960s and early 1970s, explaining along the way a lot of the detail of Oxford university life, for instance the role of the proctors, which is obscure to this red-brick graduate and no doubt to others among our members! This was followed by four of the committee letting us have a glimpse of their lives during the years of academic unrest which are the background to *AAQ,* along with Triona Adams giving us a glimpse of student life in more recent times. Music accompanied the speakers (and I apologise if I have any wrong, and with thanks to Lorraine Mepham who filled gaps): Alex Ward (Cream), Jean Harker (Leonard Cohen's 'Suzanne'), Deborah Fisher ('Aqualung' Jethro Tull) and Clemence Schultze ('Maxwell's Silver Hammer'), who gave us a taste of who they had been before reaching their present respectability! Mini-skirts seemed to be a leitmotif, as well as the changing rules about when guests could or could not be present and methods of getting back into college after hours. There were protestations by some of the five that they had never been among the 'revolting' students and that the worst of their transgressions was wearing their skirts too short, but the audience were left in no doubt that a good time was had by all.

Finally, that regular item on the conference agenda, the dramatised reading. As I was a participant I wouldn't dream of commenting on the quality of the performance, but the quality of Yvonne Cocking's dramatisation certainly does deserve mention. The transformation Yvonne managed of this rather (I feel) difficult book into such a charming and funny short play was astonishing and it was a transformation which seemed to be appreciated by the audience. From the other side of the 'stage' I can only say that to appear in a BP reading in an atmosphere of such warmth is a lasting and wonderful memory, tinged only slightly with the remembered panic of knowing that I had to open my mouth and make myself heard across the room.

All too soon it was all over for another year and gone far too quickly. *AAQ* may not be the finest of the novels, but for me the conference certainly made me view the book in a more sympathetic light. I still can't say that I like it but I can see that it is very much more thoughtful and complex than I had realised. For that, and for the wonderful and entertaining glimpses we had of the academic world which *AAQ* reflects, I for one would like to thank all the contributors and organisers who made it happen.

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting of the Barbara Pym Society Saturday 5 September 2009, 11.30 am

Chairman's remarks:

Clemence Schultze welcomed all to the sixteenth annual conference of the Barbara Pym Society. She first paid tribute to four long-standing BPS members who, sadly, have died over the past year: Joyce Williams and Muriel Maby from the UK, and Joan Drexler and Ellen Miller from the US. Ellen's death in particular was a great loss to the Society, not least because of her role as mainstay of the North American Chapter of the BPS. Ellen, who worked tirelessly to promote the novels of Barbara Pym, as both a subject for serious academic study and a source of pleasure, was indefatigable in running the very successful North American conferences. She also edited *Green Leaves* from 2006 until the current year.

A Boston-area committee, headed by Tom Sopko, at short notice took on the running of the US Spring Conference, which reportedly was a successful and enjoyable occasion. Tom Sopko and others are now undertaking the organisation of Pym matters in the US, while Judy Horn took over the production of May 2009 issue of *Green Leaves* and has kindly agreed to remain as Technical Editor.

The Chairman then thanked members of the Committee for keeping the Society running, in particular Eileen Roberts as Membership Secretary and Chris Rutherford as Secretary. Yvonne's work as Archivist has been invaluable, and great progress has been made with both BP's own papers and the BPS archive; Alex Ward, along with Yvonne and Deb Fisher, has helped greatly by devising an archives policy for the BPS.

Oswestry in May was perhaps the Society's furthest-flung outing to date. It was a fascinating weekend: the town is very little spoilt, and it was possible to imagine the comfortable, but in some ways limited, background which helped form BP in the years before the Second World War. Thanks to the kindness of the owners, Mr and Mrs Brandon, society members were able to see the outside of Morda Lodge and walk around its garden. We also heard fascinating papers relating to many aspects of Oswestry and the Pym family's life from the Rev. Colin Oxenforth, Canon John Edge and Bishop Lawrence Garner.

Apologies:

Kate Charles, Canon John Edge and Hazel Holt.

Minutes of the previous AGM:

The Minutes were accepted without amendment.

Matters Arising:

There were no matters arising.

Financial and Membership Report:

Eileen Roberts reported that the BPS account stood stood at £5286.15. This was down on last year's figure of £5802.67. The main expenses over the last year were the Oswestry meeting in May and *Green Leaves*.

Eileen stated that UK membership stood at 271, including 23 Life Members. Of this total, 44 had to date not paid their subscriptions, and it was likely that some of these would drop out altogether. According to the Alliance of Literary Societies, BPS has one of the largest memberships nationally. Phil Bacon asked about the terms of life membership, but Eileen explained that this was no longer being offered. Some older members had resigned because they felt they could not attend meetings; Eileen suggested that perhaps in such cases reduced membership fee could be offered which would just cover the circulation of *Green Leaves*. The Committee would look into this.

Green Leaves: This year *GL* was printed in the US. 550 copies were printed, at a unit cost of $1.46, to which US mailing added $1.77, for a total of $3.23 per member. Mailing costs in the UK were slightly higher. Eileen received 279 copies from the US, at a cost of $407, plus shipping costs of $119, that is, around £325 before mailing. UK mailing costs are 40p for the UK, £1.19 for Europe and £1.79 for other countries. There was a need to consider the costs of *GL*, particularly the mailing: for example, an electronic version might be sent from the US for printing in the UK, if this proved to be a cheaper option. The possibility of emailing *GL* was raised, but was not felt to be a viable option as many members had expressed a wish to receive it as hard copy. Unit costs would rise correspondingly if fewer copies were printed.

The Chairman appealed for offers of papers, to be sent to Jean Harker, who had kindly agreed to move into the role of Commissioning Editor, helped by a panel of editorial advisers.

BPS in North America:

Kathy Ackley read a report by Tom Sopko, who is now the US Organizer. The tradition of the Fall Tea has continued, with members meeting in November 2008 in Cambridge; they will meet again in Boston in November 2009.

Kathy spoke movingly of Ellen Miller. After learning of her illness in January 2009 a small informal committee took on the organization of the annual conference, which was attended by 63 people, while Judy Horn took on the editing and mailing of *GL*. Sadly, Ellen died on 26 May 2009; at her memorial service, held in July, Tom Sopko gave a tribute.

Since then, a Board of nine members has been formed, seven from the Boston area plus two others. Tom Sopko is now the US Organizer, with Judy Horn as Technical Editor of *GL*, and Kathy Ackley as elected Committee member. The Bylaws of the North American Chapter have been drafted and ratified by the Committee. The North American membership database has been updated. There are now 152 paid-up members, and more renewals are still forthcoming. Eleven copies of *No Soft Incense*

have been sold over the past year, and copies of the *A La Pym* cookbook have recently been received for sale. Tom was exploring the possibility of making Pym publications available via Amazon. The US account stands at $11,744, as a result of successful fundraising, a single large bequest, and several smaller donations. The twelfth annual North American Conference will be held at Harvard University's Barker Center for Humanities on 19 - 21 March 2010, on the subject of *A Glass of Blessings*. All BPS members are welcome to attend.

Archivist's Report:

Yvonne Cocking stressed that the archives of BPS are completely separate from the BP archive held by the Bodleian. The BPS archives have been collected by members and enriched by material inherited after the death of Hilary Walton. They include both published and unpublished material, photo albums dating from 1926 onwards, videos, tape recordings, conference papers and memorabilia (such as Barbara's table and box).

The question of storage of the BPS archives – currently held by Yvonne at her house – was discussed by the Committee. Yvonne and Eileen met the archivist of St Hilda's in November 2008 and discussed the possibility of transferring the BPS Archive to St Hilda's library. A subcommittee (Yvonne, Deb Fisher and Alex Ward) met in May 2009 to view the archive and to discuss a policy for collection and storage. Its recommendations were presented to the Committee in August, with the hope that decisions will be made over the next year. There is a hope that some of the archives might be deposited at St Hilda's; Judith Priestman at the Bodleian would be contacted over the possibility of adding to the archive relating to Hilary Walton.

Tom Sopko very generously offered to donate BP's copy of Donne's poems to be kept in the box formerly owned by Barbara and donated by Kay Phelps, assuming that a safe and accessible place could be found for it, perhaps at St Hilda's. Ros Cleal suggested that others who bought copies of Barbara's books at the Blackwell's sale, particularly relating to her 'loves' (Rupert Gleadow, Gordon Glover, Skipper etc), might also donate them for this purpose. The box could feature at future conferences.

Yvonne announced the Committee's decision to accept gifts for the archive only with the proviso that the Society could if necessary dispose of them at a future date. Ros Cleal volunteered to draft a short policy for acquisition and disposal.

Elections:

The slate for election to the Committee, as published in the last *GL*, was read out. Lorraine Mepham was standing as Secretary, and Jean Harker and Alex Ward (both co-opted to the Committee in 2008) were standing as Ordinary Members. In the absence of any other candidates the elections were confirmed.

Any Other Business:

The North American annual conference will be held at Harvard in March 2010.

The UK spring meeting will be held at St Alban's, Holborn, on Sunday 9 May 2010, when we hope to invite Frances Aitken, a friend of Barbara's from the WRNS, to be interviewed by Michael Wilson.

The provisional dates for the 2010 UK annual conference are 4-5 September at St Hilda's. The theme will be 'Barbara Pym and Romance'. Speakers will include Barbara Everett and, we hope, other writers.

A joint conference with the Charlotte M. Yonge Fellowship is planned in Canterbury for the spring of 2011, on the theme of 'Anglicans Abroad'.

The book that will be the subject for the 2011 UK annual conference is *Crampton Hodnet*.

Eileen spoke of her interview by Rebecca Jones for the *Today* programme (10 July 2009) on BBC Radio 4. The interview coincided with the reissue of various BP novels by Virago.

There are two groups on **Facebook** dedicated to BP; both Deb Fisher and Lorraine Mepham are members of at least one. There is also an official BPS page on **Facebook** which provides information about the Society and announcements of coming events. **Friends Reunited** also allows the formation of groups, and this could be exploited by BPS members.

The meeting closed at 12.40 pm.

Lorraine Mepham, Secretary

News from the North American Chapter

Save the dates!

The twelfth annual North American Conference of the Barbara Pym Society will be held on 19-21 March 2010 and will focus on *A Glass of Blessings*. This year the conference will begin on Friday evening with choral evensong at the Church of the Advent in Boston, Massachusetts, to be followed by a dinner at the church. The conference proper will run all day Saturday and until noon on Sunday at Harvard University's Barker Center in Cambridge, followed by an optional Sunday brunch. The conference program, registration form, and information on nearby accommodations will be posted on the web site in December.

North American Chapter Fall Tea

"A cup of tea always helps; it can never come amiss," according to Mrs. Mayhew in *Jane and Prudence*. Two dozen Boston-area Society members and guests found that to be true on Saturday 7 November when they gathered for afternoon tea in a Beacon Hill church hall. A dazzling array of silver teapots and trays on linen tablecloths greeted the group, and attendees contributed delicious sandwiches, scones, cakes, and pastries of all sorts. After tea we had a brief tour of the church (which of course smelled of incense) including peeks inside a thurible, a cabinet full of processional crosses, and the priest's side of a confessional.

Boars Hill

by Jean Harker

Boars Hill (which now tends to be spelled without an apostrophe but usually had one in the earlier 20th century) is a semi-rural wooded rather exclusive residential area to the south-west of Oxford. It bears unlikely postal codes beginning OX1 (suggestive of the city centre), and is home to large houses with large gardens and larger estate-agents' valuations. Domestic styles range from 19th-century humble rural cot (not many of these left) to Pretend Swiss Chalet to the imitators of C. F. A. Voysey, and possibly to Voysey himself. Nowadays Boars Hill is regarded as a rural alternative to North Oxford as an enclave [still] associated with dons, writers and the distinctly well-off. It has a rather sketchy bus service, roads like country lanes, and a high mud quotient, so we were particularly lucky to be able to offer Society members the chance to go on a guided walk led by Philip Stewart. Grateful thanks are due to Mr Stewart for leading the walk and to Deborah Fisher for making the arrangements.

The glowing literary associations of the area, whether poetic or residential – as detailed in Deborah's account – are thrown into relief by Arthur Hugh Clough's poem of 1841 entitled *Blank Misgivings of a Creature moving about in Worlds not realized* (Part IX) which Deborah identifies as the first Boars Hill Poem. In *Blank Misgivings* the poet refers to 'the bareness of this dreary place' which offers 'a wide, and yet disheartening view' with 'a few grey woods' and a 'long dreary bank, and breadth of plain / by hedge or tree unbroken.' To be fair, Clough does console himself with the thought of the difference bright sunshine will make to his surroundings. And he *was* writing not just in February but when his father was allegedly perilously close to bankruptcy….

To get an idea of the walk, Google for ["Oxford OX1 5DR" + map] and you will be taken to a building opposite The Fox inn, in Fox Lane. Zoom in, use the satellite picture, and move north -westwards. The area of the walk is the few square miles of the (rough) diamond which has as its four corners The Fox, Red Copse (near the junction of Foxcombe Road and Chilswell Lane), Chilswell Farm, and the eastern edge of Henwood.

The Boars Hill Walk

by Deborah Fisher

And that sweet city with her dreaming spires," wrote Matthew Arnold in his 1865 poem, *Thyrsis*. The phrase has passed into common usage when speaking of Oxford, though most people are unaware of its origin.

The view of which Arnold spoke was what he saw from the slopes of Boars Hill, then a completely unspoiled area of open country within walking distance of the city's busy centre. It is of course still within walking distance, but most people's idea of an easy walk is much shorter now than it was then. When the undergraduate Barbara Pym visited Boars Hill with her friend Rupert Gleadow, she may have cycled, but the gradient suggests that the couple may well have walked there.

Barbara recorded in her diary that she and Rupert lay under the trees. In Arnold's time, there were far fewer of these, so it was no wonder that he felt frustrated when he was unable to locate the "signal-elm" that he and his recently-deceased friend and fellow-poet Arthur Hugh Clough had seen on a previous walk. Arnold describes how, fleeing from a group of oncoming huntsmen, he ran into another field and suddenly came upon "The Tree! The Tree!"

Philip Stewart, our erudite guide on the literary tour of Boars Hill that we took on Friday 4th September, is an expert on trees, and has spent some years tracking down the tree that Arnold found that day. He has established that it was not in fact the tree Arnold was looking for – for one thing, it is an oak, not an elm! A clear case of poetic licence.

I first met Philip in the summer of 2008 when planning an excursion to Boars Hill for the Siegfried Sassoon Fellowship. It was such an interesting and enjoyable trip that I felt Pym members would benefit from its repetition. In the end, the Pymmites were much luckier than the SSF, as we were actually able to walk the fields and the footpath, 2008 having been so wet that the ground was too waterlogged. Those who followed the instruction to "wear sensible shoes" were, however, glad that they had done

so, because there were moments of muddiness and the tussocky grass made the going heavy at times. This was exacerbated by the conduct of some tail-enders who stopped to pick blackberries along the footpath (no names; you know who you are!)

At the top of the path we found houses. Most of these were not there in Arnold's time. His description of the views from Boars Hill was influential in bringing more residents to what had been a mere hamlet. The new residents planted trees, and the trees quickly obliterated the 360-degree views! (There is still, however, a good view from the hill above Chilswell Farm.) The people who moved in included writers such as the Poet Laureate Robert Bridges and the future Poet Laureate John Masefield. Philip took us into Masefield's garden, from which we had a good view of the smaller house, Dingle Cottage, in which the newly-weds Robert Graves and Nancy Nicholson lived for a time. Nancy had the bright idea of opening a shop, which was for a time successful because of her husband's literary reputation, but eventually failed, incurring debts of £500, an enormous sum for the time.

As a result of the presence of writers such as Bridges, Masefield and Graves (not to mention Edmund Blunden, who made his first married home in a tiny cottage on Boars Hill, with a landlady who was widely suspected of being a murderess), the area became known as "Parnassus". After Masefield's departure in 1935, however, no further poets came to the village apart from Bridges' less famous daughter Elizabeth Daryush, who remained there until her own death in 1977.

The Pym party arrived back at St Hilda's somewhat exhausted but I think generally pleased with our outing. For many, it threw light on previously unknown aspects of Oxford. I was pleasantly surprised by how many of the party were able to quote from the poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough as well as that of the now better-known Arnold – Philip believes Clough very under-rated, and I am coming round to his opinion. On the way home, some members of the party were not too worn-out to enquire, "Are we having another literary quiz after dinner?" Well, maybe next year… ❧

Boars Hill, June 1907

Publish or Perish: Ambition, Rivalry, and Plagiarism in *An Academic Question* and Beyond

*by Jane Potter**

An Academic Question has its origins in reality. Barbara Pym's inspiration for it came from 'that business of John Beattie and Rodney Needham in *Africa* … and the original version of Mrs Fisher's *Twilight Tales of the Black Baganda'*, which she encountered at the International African Institute (mentioned in *A Very Private Eye*). In the novel, Mrs Fisher's book becomes the unexpurgated version of the Rev. Stillingfleet's *Tales Told by the Black Washeli* (publ 1920). Barbara Pym hoped that her immediate circle of friends would like to read it, though she struggled with revisions and unsatisfying elements in it, as revealed in her letters which include many references to tinkering with 'the University one' and 'my provincial university novel.' Yet, despite its flaws and despite lukewarm reviews, the novel raises pertinent questions about academic integrity and provides an interesting contrast to early 21st century university life.

In general use the phrase 'an academic question' refers to a question whose answer, though interesting, is of little or no practical importance. In the novel *the* academic question is what Rev. Stillingfleet would 'have really wished' had he lived. And Caro's responsibility and that of Alan, given Stillingfleet's death and the dramatic destruction of his papers, are also academic questions since there is no one, and nothing, to expose the theft. It is interesting to consider how husband and wife act, react and collude in covering up, literally and in their own consciences, the purloining of the old missionary's work.

Although he is aware of potential ruination if his method of obtaining the Stillingfleet manuscript were to become known, Alan convinces himself that he has done nothing wrong, and is adept at not thinking about the issue, at changing the subject when it is mentioned, and even at suggesting that Caro is to blame. Caro, while seeming to accept responsibility, is nonetheless as proficient as her husband in selective thinking or in reasoning away her dubious actions, and when things have settled down after the drama of the fire she contemplates Alan's enhanced academic future, perhaps even in America.

For all its rivalry and skulduggery, the world of *An Academic Question* seems cosy in comparison with today's highly pressurised university imperatives: winning grants, acquitting 'esteem indicators,' undergoing Research Assessment Exercises, and publishing articles in peer-reviewed journals of international repute. The 'publish or perish' attitude, once seen as uniquely American, has reached the UK, partly as a result of demands to justify the money spent on research by government and other funding bodies. Alan Grimstone is ambitious, but he is not driven by these external imperatives.

The world of academic publishing has changed too. Alan's article, accepted by one man, would now be peer-reviewed. Journals are not run from chaotic, rundown offices, but by conglomerate publishers. But Caro's observation that 'in the academic world what you published and where was about the most important thing there was' is still true. This is a key reason behind Alan's dishonesty. It is not enough to challenge Crispin: he must do so in 'the leading journal.' He is driven to plagiarism.

Plagiarism by university students (and even by those who teach them) is now a serious problem. Many institutions have dedicated Academic Conduct Officers (Jane herself was one for a time). Plagiarism software such as Turnitin is available to assist detection, but online essay banks and essay-for-purchase websites are difficult to police. Genuine recent cases of plagiarism among academics, as reported in the *Chronicle of Higher Education,* include 'a political scientist who swiped five pages of his book from a journal article, a historian who cribbed from an unpublished dissertation, and a geographer whose verbatim copying appears to span his lengthy career.' One historian commented, 'It's like cockroaches… for every one you see on the kitchen floor, there are a hundred behind the stove.' There is even a growing area of academic interest called 'plagiarism studies' which includes plagiarism (and attitudes to it) in history.

Surely Barbara Pym wants us as readers to consider Alan's 'academic misdemeanour,' as one reviewer called it, as more than a comically disagreeable eccentricity. She isn't just poking fun at academic rivalry. Scholarly integrity is a serious subject -- and how scholarly ambition is reconciled with it is a serious, even a moral, matter, not just an academic question.

Summary of a paper presented to the Barbara Pym Society Annual Conference, 5th September 2009

*Oxford International Centre for Publishing Studies, Oxford Brookes University

Black Pearls and Stolen Papers

by Robin Joyce

In its reflection of concerns similar to those Betty Friedan raised in *The Feminine Mystique* (1963), *An Academic Question* is the most overtly feminist of Pym's novels, and in presenting this paper I am pleased to have the opportunity to update the ideas I discussed in my first presentation in 2001. Friedan wrote of the ennui experienced by housewives: the 'Problem That Has No Name', described as "buried, unspoken… a strange stirring, a sense of dissatisfaction… As she made the beds, shopped for groceries … she was afraid to ask even of herself the silent question — 'Is this all?'" (Friedan, p.7)

Caroline Grimstone asks the same question: 'I'm bored and frustrated and nothing interesting ever happens here' (*AAQ*, p.61). Caro must make decisions in a changing environment with its incentive to return to a mythically comfortable past. However, she no longer has the option of being an excellent woman and her domestic and mothering responsibilities are restricted by expectations she will do more arising from the benefits associated with her class, education and societal changes. The novel highlights the dilemma for a woman who feels entitled to equality but in many ways does not know what she wants, or, when she knows, how to achieve it.

Alan Grimstone is the archetypal patriarchal male. His behaviour identifies his self-satisfaction and innate belief that the world, even if it is the minor one of a provincial university, should belong to him. Caro's role is to make his way in it easier.

Caro is compared with the excellent woman, her mother; Margaret Maynard, the traditional academic wife, mother, housekeeper and now contented grandmother; Susan, who has some qualities associated with popular interpretations of feminism; egocentric Kitty; Dolly, who has abandoned humanity in favour of animals; and Heather Armitage, a part-time worker in the library.

Most importantly, she is compared with Dr Iris Horniblow. Caro's negative feelings toward the only woman with professional status in the novel are explained by patriarchy. That is, that where men have most of the benefits and power, women are forced to defend the little they have. Caro, accustomed to gaining her power through Alan, naturally resents his attention to Iris, seeing it as a diminution of her own status. Rather than rejoicing in Iris's success in 'a man's world' she is concerned about her own smaller world and how she will fare in it if another woman has success in male terms as well as depriving her of *her* symbol of success, a committed husband.

However, even Iris's conduct shows that to maintain her professional position she has to use both her education and femininity. Further, as recognised by Caro, she forfeits her own voice in her lecture by using sociological jargon.

Caro has little or no role in her husband's life.

She often goes to bed, wanting Alan to follow her, but instead hears him typing. Her financial contribution to the household income is ignored; Caro feels guilty about the money she spends on cigarettes and is dissatisfied with the expenditure she has made in the house. Alan's greatest feeling of satisfaction with her is the result of her lavishly, although accidently, covering herself with scent *he* bought her.

The alternative to being a wife and mother, integral to 1970s women, is to be in paid work. Whether her work in the library will provide a permanent solution to Caro's problems is questionable. It is unrewarding and, even with the satisfaction of replacing the Stillingfleet papers, the excitement of the fire or even the developing relationship between her and Heather based on the age-old nature of such things, 'ganging up' against the boss, it is not difficult to imagine that Caro will remain dissatisfied.

Caro's social community is also flawed. Alan disapproves of her friendships and even Caro recognises the negativity of Coco and Kitty's indolent

life. She even considers that in being with Kitty and Coco she is "wasting time" (*AAQ*, p.56).

However, her alternative, the warm notion of family, is undermined when Alan tells Caro about his infidelity. This chapter ends with Caro realising that "there seemed nothing I could say in reply that would not seem false" (*AAQ*, p.100). She has no way of dealing with the infidelity to fit it in to her understanding of herself and her place in society. Further, fulfilling the requirements of an excellent woman by meeting the vicar and doing the flowers in the church (*AAQ*, p.120) when she visits her mother is unsatisfactory. It is not her life. Neither is its converse experienced at Susan's, who as the antithesis of the excellent woman "glories in the squalor of the neighbourhood in which she lives" (*AAQ*, p.123).

Rejecting these options, Caro's life appears to go on as usual.

However, Pym, reflecting the changes and uncertainties that she observes about her, is less clear about the outcome than when she described Margaret Cleveland's reaction to Francis's infidelity in *Crampton Hodnet*. Caro's qualities suggest that although troubled she is capable of adapting. The novel is full of her wry observations of human behaviour, such as her acknowledgement that "We all like to hold the floor even if we have nothing of general or universal interest to say" (*AAQ*, p.8) and, in a conversation about Africans learning about their history from Professor Maynard, rejoining, "A lot of English people don't know their own history" (*AAQ*, p.11). She is also an observer, like Pym.

Although Caro might accept the traditional role of an academic wife in response to Alan's suggestion that she do his typing, Pym injects uncertainty in Caro's response, "I thought how ongoing life was and at that moment glad of it. Later I might change my mind". She might recover her former aspiration, "I'd prefer something unusual that I could make my own" (*AAQ*, p.16). It is possible that, as a woman in her sixties as she now would be, she has done so. ☙

Summary of a paper presented to the Barbara Pym Society Conference, 5th September 2009

Pym Gleanings

*Thanks to **Sheila Kane** for providing the following items:*

In her "Retro Reads" column in the *Daily Mail* of 11th September 2009 Val Hennessy provides a perceptive and appreciative review of *Excellent Women*, with an illustration of the Virago Modern Classics cover:

'Philip Larkin once confessed: 'I'd sooner read a new Barbara Pym than a new Jane Austen.' Me, too.

In **Excellent Women**, *we are in classic Pym territory – men, smallish lives, smallish concerns, bedsits, ping-pong, endless cups of tea and a vicar's spinster daughter Mildred, who, at 32, is 'capable of dealing with most of the stock situations or even the great moments of life – birth, marriage, death, successful jumble sale and garden fete spoilt by bad weather.'*

It's the late Forties and a racy couple with marital problems move into the flat below Mildred's.

Despite reminding herself that 'clergymen's daughters, excellent women in their way, sometimes rush in where the less worthy might fear to tread,' she becomes involved.

Relationships spiral out of control, a curate has a narrow escape from a predatory widow, Mildred's own romantic longings are cruelly dashed and she's lumbered with a crashing bore and the all-too-realistic prospect that 'before long, I shall be certain to find myself at his sink peeling potatoes and washing up... is any man worth this burden? Probably not, but one shoulders it bravely.'

Brilliant, hilarious, poignant and so very, very English.'

Quartet in Autumn received a briefer review in the September 2009 issue of *W.I. Life*, the membership magazine of the Women's Institute:

*'***Quartet in Autumn** *tackles the unremarkable, buttoned-up lives of four office-workers in their 60s.*

Letty is the most likable, grumpy Norman the least. Edwin is an Anglo-Catholic groupie, criss-crossing London for high church hits. Marcia with her eating disorder, classified rows of tins and shed full of milk bottles is perhaps the saddest but all the characters are touching in their loneliness and courage in just going on.

This novel is clear-eyed about the challenges of old age but keeps alive the ever-present possibility of change.' ☙

Oxford Students in Revolt

by Margaret E. Rayner

Dr Rayner, formerly Fellow and Tutor in Mathematics at St Hilda's and now an Emeritus Fellow, was also Dean of St Hilda's in the revolting 1960s, in charge of college student discipline.

The revolt of students in the University of Oxford was a very mild affair when measured against events in other universities and other countries. It had its origins in the early 1960s when students became dissatisfied with syllabuses; this unrest was particularly evident in those reading Philosophy, Politics and Economics. Changes were made in order to modernise programmes but, before these were in place, there was an urge to scrutinise almost every other aspect of student life in Oxford. To assist in this review, the Student Representative Council was created to give a cross-college point of view to the University.

Up to this stage there had been no revolutionary activity. Militancy grew out of the issue of the powers of the Proctors. The two Proctors were the traditional University officers responsible for student discipline on University property and on the streets of Oxford. Although their responsibilities had been modified over the centuries, their decisions were still secret and final – there was no appeal. Students resented the paternalism built into the Proctorial powers; it was also argued that a student could be punished twice for the same offence in the street, once by the Proctors and, for a second time, by the City police. Students were impatient for change, and tactics learnt in the US, France and Germany on the organisation of demonstrations were adopted quickly by left-wing groups and their followers in order to show their discontent.

When it was believed that another university was keeping files on the political activities of its students, the Oxford revolutionaries suspected that their university could be doing the same thing. Demonstrators twice broke into University buildings looking for files and, on the second occasion, occupied a large meeting room for a week. They found no files and did no damage.

The statute under which the Proctors operated was changed and their powers were considerably curtailed. An appeal procedure was put in place. But the revolutionary groups were not satisfied by these revisions and demanded that the University should provide the premises for a large Central Students' Union (which would probably have undermined the Common Rooms found in every college and the moderate Student Representative Council). The demand for the Central Students' Union was accompanied by two sit-ins. As a result of the last of these, in 1974, eighteen students were charged under the University's new disciplinary procedure and were temporarily suspended from the University. That brought to an end revolutionary activity. By then, demonstrations and sit-ins were less in favour and that period of student revolution was over.

Student demands were aimed mainly at the University and not at the colleges. The activities of militant groups were not whole-heartedly supported by Oxford students. Research, lectures and tutorials went on as usual. A number of College tutors certainly sympathised with the revolutionary students' aims and, it was suspected, one or two encouraged their tactics. Most tutors could afford to watch the activities with mild amusement, greatly enjoying the weekly articles by "Mercurius Oxoniensis" which appeared in the *Spectator*; these were later published by John

Murray as *The Letters of Mercurius* (1970), and Mercurius Oxoniensis was revealed as Hugh Trevor-Roper, Regius Professor of Modern History. Few could ignore the graffiti which appeared on walls all over the town.

While most academic staff were not too bothered by the militant activities, the Vice-Chancellor, the Proctors, librarians, the administrative staff, janitors and porters were subjected to some rough treatment by the demonstrators . It is perhaps not surprising that demonstrators gained very little support from non-academic staff who shared with many townspeople the opinion that students were an over-privileged group wasting their time instead of attending to their studies.

The Barbara Pym Society 2009-2010

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Oxford Conference Topics

by Yvonne Cocking

This year, for the first time in Oxford, conference attendees were asked to complete an Evaluation Form which invited comments on the speakers and their papers, the group discussion and the dramatised reading, and suggestions for future conference themes.

Twenty-three forms were submitted and analysed by Chris Rutherford, from which the Committee is gratified to learn that the satisfaction rate is high, some responders even finding nothing whatever to criticise!

Readers may be interested to know that in 1996 a questionnaire asking some similar questions was circulated at the AGM, and 27 members responded. The most popular suggestion was for a closer scrutiny of the novels' texts, which led to a committee decision to alternate a theme, and the study of one novel, as annual conference topics.

Since that time, the following themes, as related to Barbara Pym of course, have been explored: **Food as an Aspect of Love; Libraries and Librarians; Unexcellent Men**; **Mothers and other Relatives; London;** and **Under the Influence** (authors Barbara admired and those who were influenced by her)**.**

A Glass of Fashions, an exploration of Barbara Pym and Clothes was the theme in 1995, and included a fashion show of vintage garments! **God Moves in a Mysterious Way: Barbara Pym and the Church** was the title of the 1996 conference, and provided material for *No Soft Incense*.

Dramatised readings for some of these themes included a very early novel, some short stories, and a play, all written by Barbara, but never published. Next year the theme will be **Barbara and Romance**.

Books featured were *Excellent Women*; *Quartet in Autumn*; *Some Tame Gazelle*; *Less than Angels; An Unsuitable Attachment; The Sweet Dove Died,* and *An Academic Question.* Several of these were dramatised. In North America, *A Few Green Leaves* was this year's topic, and *A Glass of Blessings* will be next year's. In Oxford in 2011 we are considering *Crampton Hodnet*.

There are still several novels with which we have not dealt, but the supply is not inexhaustible, so no doubt we shall in the future be revisiting them all.

Revolting Students

by Alex Ward

After Margaret Rayner's paper, five former St Hilda's students spoke briefly about their time in Oxford and their experience of student life and student revolt, each introduced by some suitably evocative music. Alex Ward — who remembered Margaret Rayner as a Dean to be treated with great respect — began and was followed by Jean Harker, Clemence Schultze, Deb Fisher and Triona Adams, whose collective time in Oxford spanned the years 1965 to 1996.

Deb Fisher, Alex Ward, Clemence Schultze, Jean Harker and Triona Adams

In the mid-1960s, Alex had found that most St Hilda's students were more interested in getting their degrees and then jobs than in revolting. Their dealings with the college authorities were concerned with securing domestic comfort in college and with extending the times when they could entertain visitors — usually referred to as 'men hours'. Deb confirmed that this particular subject was still an issue in the 1970s, and Jean remembered the reputation of St Hilda's girls for their interest in men, whatever their social, academic or sporting status.

In the 1960s undergraduates were treated as minors, to whom the college acted as a parent. This changed during Clemence's time, when the age of majority was lowered from 21 to 18. Alex and Jean remembered that in their day undergraduates had to sign out after 9pm and be in again before midnight — and if you were late you had to climb in, first over the college wall and then in through someone's window, often on the first floor. Hence, Jean later remembered, the mysterious form which we all had to sign saying *I have read the college rule which states that undergraduates are not allowed on the roofs of college buildings*, presumably for legal and/or insurance reasons. If caught climbing in, undergraduates had to face the Dean, and various disciplinary measures were possible, mostly fines, hence Dr Rayner's favourite graffito DEANZ MEANZ FINEZ, modelled on a celebrated advertising slogan. (The originator of this graffito was, of course, at Balliol, a college noted for its revolutionary tendencies; he went to Eton and is married to a St Hilda's graduate.) But for what were considered the most serious moral transgressions the ultimate disciplinary measure was (and is) sending down, ordering the unfortunate undergraduate to leave college immediately, sometimes with, sometimes without, the possibility of return.

By the late 1960s student revolt had come to Oxford and many more students were involved than just the radical few. Causes included information held on file by the University and the use made of such information. Demonstrations and marches with college banners were remembered, and student personalities who indulged in the eternal Oxford activity of inventing themselves on the public stage.

Clothes were remembered as of great importance and fashion had its own revolution with the advent of the mini-skirt. As skirts got shorter, ever greater expanses of black-stockinged legs became visible during University examinations, when 'sub fusc' [black and white academic dress, with caps, gowns, etc.] had to be worn, prompting complaints of unfairness from poor male undergraduates, who were apparently being distracted.

Another revolution occurred during the years spanned by the former students, which radically affected the position of women in Oxford and at least some of their opportunities. St Hilda's was the last women's and in-

deed the last single-sex college in Oxford. From the 1970s onwards the men's colleges one after another opened their doors to women undergraduates and the women's colleges followed suit, admitting men. From having a choice of five women's colleges as against the twenty-seven colleges available to men, women began to have an equal chance of an Oxford place. For those at St Hilda's in the 1990s, as Triona explained, this led to some feeling of separateness for St Hilda's students, with the college being somehow on the edge of the University, regarded as some form of odd female institution. The old St Hilda's had been very much a base from which to go out into the University, finding friends in many other colleges, but, as mixed colleges increasingly became discrete social entities, this became more difficult, and St Hilda's students needed to make a new and spirited identity. ∾

Presented at the Barbara Pym Society Annual Conference, 6th September 2009

P.D. James to Speak on Pym at Oxford Literary Festival

Writers flock to Oxford every March for the Oxford Literary Festival (20-28th March 2010), sponsored by *The Sunday Times* and held in Oxford's grandest and largest college, Christ Church (founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1524 and then refounded by Henry VIII some years later because he thought it was such a good idea). On Saturday 27th March the Festival is holding a special day of St Hilda's writers, and bestselling crime-writer P. D. James will speak, at noon, about Barbara Pym. Lady James, an honorary Fellow of St Hilda's College, is an honorary life member of the Barbara Pym Society and was the after-dinner speaker at the 2003 conference. Details will be available in January at: www.sundaytimes-oxfordliteraryfestival.co.uk.

Jean Harker, who writes as Jean Buchanan, is a member of the St Hilda's Media Network committee which is organising this day. Other St Hilda's writers who will be speaking include Gaynor Arnold, Sarah Baxter, Christine Finn, Adele Geras, Lyndall Gordon, Victoria Hislop, Bettany Hughes, Nicolette Jones, Juliet McKenna and Anita Mason.

For more information on the Literary Festival's historic venue, visit the Christ Church website: www.chch.ox.ac.uk, and click on Visitor Information, which contains (among other things) a useful history and some delightful photographs of the House, as Christ Church is familiarly known (from its Latin name Aedes Christi, because it also contains the Cathedral Church of the Diocese of Oxford, making it at once an ecclesiastical and an academic institution).

Diary of a Provincial Pymmite

by Clemence Schultze

The clocks have gone back, November is almost upon us, and the first tidings of the Spirit of Christmas Commercial are in the shops and streets. Can bear ubiquity of Christmas cards as doubtless it is necessary to Post Early to Beat the Strikes, but the music is extremely trying. Can only hope that unfortunate shop assistants develop some kind of protective deafness as 'Jingle Bells' cycles with 'We Wish you a Merry Christmas', presumably for the next eight weeks. It seems an age since the pleasant weekend at Oswestry, and the highly enjoyable Pym Conference in early September.

The start of term reminds me, as always, of the beginning of *Crampton Hodnet*, where the shortening of the days heralds the eagerly awaited arrival of a new batch of undergraduates. The previously deserted street now swarms with students, and late evenings are uproarious with revellers clad for pyjama parties, doctor and nurse shindigs, and Roman revels. Benevolent mood undergoes an abrupt reversal on finding that a pot of yoghourt has been hurled at front door. (At least it is natural yoghourt, which seems in some obscure fashion to be preferable to Black Cherry or Fruits of the Forest.) Clean it off, reflecting bitterly that the undergraduates of former days were doubtless better behaved. Then wonder if I am turning into Grumpy Old Woman? Answer: Yes, probably. Would situation improve if I were to hold tea parties for selected students, in the fashion of Miss Doggett? Try this suggestion out on Husband, who answers tersely that Things are Different Nowadays, this is not an Age of Leisure, and we both have Enough to Do without adding voluntary sandwich-making and cake-baking to the many duties actually required by The University. Teetering pile of marking confirms that he is Quite Right. ∾

From the Archives

by Yvonne Cocking

Barbara on the Home Front, 1939-41.

In October 1938, Barbara returned unexpectedly early from her stay in Poland, tutoring Ula Alberg, because of the worsening political situation in Eastern Europe.

She spent the rest of that year and the early months of 1939 mainly with Hilary in London, visiting museums and art galleries, theatres and cinema, as though life were continuing as normal, but in a letter to Elsie Harvey in May she had written "If there is going to be a war – and we can't be sure that there won't be one – we may as well be prepared for it… I am going to get a first aid certificate… I am going to classes every week. Fancy me learning how to make splints and bandages! I rather look forward to it…" She did her First Aid exam on 16th June.

At the sale of Barbara's books in Blackwell's, Oxford, on 2nd September, 2005 I bought a little book published for the British Red Cross Society entitled *Nursing Manual No. 2*. On the first page Barbara has signed her name and the date – 28th June 1939.

It was on this date that she embarked in London on a course of lectures on nursing, every Wednesday and Friday until 19th July, and I think she sat an exam on 3rd October, but cannot be sure because the official Bodley stamp has obscured one of the words in her diary.

The manual, first published in 1912, (so was probably also used during WWI) was designed for auxiliary staff, and covers all aspects of nursing. "The more advanced procedures are given with a view to enabling the VAD (Voluntary Aid Detachment) member… to assist intelligently when occasion arises", as we are told in the Preface. Barbara has pencilled her own comments in it ('Plenty of fluids', 'Gastric cases may have 2oz barley water every 2 hours', 'Approx. the lighter the disease the longer the quarantine' and so on).

Folded inside the book I found four sheets of paper in Barbara's neat handwriting, notes, presumably taken at lectures. Two pages are on nine different ways to make a bed according to the patient's illness (Fracture bed, Rheumatism bed, Nephritis bed, etc). The other two have notes headed *Accident Dressing Trolley*, listing the items needed under various conditions (Enema Tray, Saline Tray, Tray for Nasal Feeding, Feed Tray for Helpless Patient…). She was clearly very attentive at the lectures, and her notes are meticulous.

As well as auxiliary nursing, sometimes in the hospital's children's ward, Barbara did her bit in other ways when war broke out. She joined the ARP (Air Raid Precautions), helped at the Food Office, served in the Army camp canteen and the YMCA, and helped her mother at Morda Lodge to look after some children evacuated from the cities. By the end of 1941 all childless women were called up for war-related duties, so Barbara had to leave behind her voluntary activities for the more formal work of the Censorship Office in Bristol.

Nursing Manual No. 2 is now included in the Society's Archives.

Muriel Maby

1907 – 2009

Many members will remember Miss Muriel Maby, an Honorary Life Member of the Barbara Pym Society, who came to several conferences and spoke about working with Barbara Pym on censorship in wartime Bristol. Her article about these memories was published in the March 1995 issue of Green Leaves. Sadly, Miss Maby died earlier this year at the distinguished age of 102, and we publish an obituary, below, by her friends and fellow Pym Society members ***Anne and Fred Holman.*** *The prize-winning sculpture by* ***Leslie Punter*** *which Anne and Fred mention can be seen at www.portrait-sculpture.org (click Awards and then Freakley Prize). Readers should note that on the website Miss Maby's surname is misspelled "Maybey."*

Muriel was an example to us all of how to live a happy and active life to the end. We first met Muriel when she was in her mid-nineties. She was even then extraordinarily mentally alert and alive and active. She was surrounded by friends and caring neighbours, usually decades younger than herself, for whom she gave frequent afternoon tea or wine parties, sometimes with Château Maby and, around Christmas, game pie, in her bungalow perched high on the Malvern Hills, with Worcestershire stretched out below like a map. Scarcely a week went by that she was not invited out by one or other of her circle to morning coffee or lunch or a trip.

At 95 she had her maiden flight in an aircraft. She came briefly sometimes on a Saturday to Barbara Pym conferences in Oxford. Closer to her home she was an active member of the Malvern Writers' Circle until her death. She had an article on the poet Thomas Lovell Beddoes published in the Ohio State University Magazine. She still attended meetings in Bristol from time to time of the Bristol Medico-Historical Society, of which she was the only member who was not a doctor. She had a particular interest in the 18th century Bristol physicians John King and Thomas Beddoes (father of Thomas Lovell) and wrote several articles about them and had completed a monograph on the life of the former, which the Society is now interested in publishing, if the manuscript can be found. She had several letters in recent years published in *The Oldie*. In July she learned that a sculpture of her head by Leslie Punter had won the Society of Portrait Sculptors Freakley Prize. "I'm so glad to have helped him on in his career," Muriel said to us in hospital from what was to prove to be her deathbed.

Muriel was born in Bristol in 1907 and educated at Redland High School and Bristol University, where she obtained a degree in History and a Diploma in Education. For 10 years she taught in girls' boarding schools. Among her pupils were the daughters of the future Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan. In 1940 she returned to Bristol, censoring mail, and it was then that she first met Barbara Pym, who was engaged in the same work. Because of that work Muriel was called upon on one occasion to give evidence at the trial of a spy. Barbara and Muriel remained friends and Barbara gave Muriel her sewing basket, which Muriel has passed to us. After the war Muriel lectured in Bristol University Extra Mural Department, pioneering a course in history, until she left to care for her ageing parents. She never married. She settled in Malvern after her parents' deaths, where she lived in good health for 40 years. She died after a mercifully short illness on July 11th 2009.

PUBLICATIONS AVAILABLE FROM THE SOCIETY

No Soft Incense: Barbara Pym and the Church, Edited by Hazel K. Bell

Catholic Herald, 17 June 2005: "Not since Anthony Trollope's Barchester novels has the Church of England received such minute and detailed treatment in fiction."

In the UK: £6 (incl. p & p), from HKB Press, 139 The Ryde, Hatfield, Herts AL9 5DP**. Please make cheque payable to HKB Press.**

In the US: $14 (incl. postage/handling, USPS First Class), from Norma Munson, The Barbara Pym Society, 5225 Ponderosa Drive, Rockford IL 61107. **Please make cheque payable to The Barbara Pym Society.**

A la Pym: The Barbara Pym Cookery Book, by Hilary Pym and Honor Wyatt

Publisher's Weekly: "A treat for devotees of Pym, this literary cookbook assembled by the author's sister and cookbook author Wyatt offers a modest selection of recipes...for foods mentioned in Pym's novels. Respectfully yet whimsically presented, the recipes come to seem a genuine, if minor, part of Pym's oeuvre, where the 'small things of life', cooking among them, are reckoned 'often so much bigger than the great things'."

In the UK: £10 (incl. p & p), from The Barbara Pym Society, St. Hilda's College, Oxford, OX4 1DY

In the US: $17 (incl. postage/handling), from Norma Munson, as above. **Please make cheque payable to the Barbara Pym Society in either case.**

Both books are also available on Amazon.com

Kathy Ackley

Alex Ward

Clemence Schultze

Sunday

Jean Harker

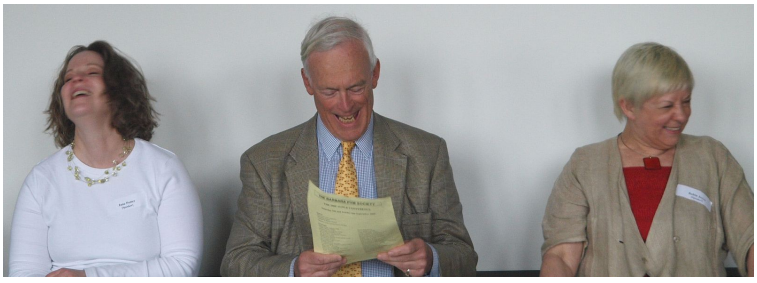
Cast of Dramatised Reading

Yvonne Cocking

Eileen Roberts

Photos from the 2009 AGM by Marianna Stewart 5-6 September 2009 Oxford

Triona Adams



Jane Potter, Tim Burnett, Robin Joyce

Margaret Rayner

Jane Potter

Saturday

Robin Joyce