The growth of autobiographical, ‘confessional’ journalism is one of the most striking elements in contemporary journalism. This is journalism given over to the intimate details of writers’ personal and emotional lives. Some articles are ‘one-offs’, writers talking about particular events in their lives. Some are barely distinguishable from diaries or blogs, ongoing accounts of the writers’ daily existence. Some are ongoing but focused on problems in the writer’s life, such as divorce or cancer. No subject is off-limit nor are there many limits to the intimacies which writers are now prepared to share.

Thirty years ago such columns were almost non-existent, especially in serious newspapers. Now they are a staple element of features sections and weekend supplements, even recognised as a distinctive genre. “This genre” writes Bendorf is “a flexible form of personal essay” which “is a way to share life’s defining events and relationships in a form that connects with your readers.”

Where has the phenomenon of autobiographical, confessional journalism come from? Why has it taken hold in a practice whose professional values were previously more concerned with providing a record of events, with objectivity and impartiality? Indeed not only why has it taken hold but why has it become so prevalent? Is this evidence of journalistic dumbing-down?

The rise and rise of autobiographical journalism

These changes in journalistic content are of particular interest to myself, not just academically, but also in professional practice, since my own journalism has mirrored this, moving from general features to, more recently, writing an autobiographical column about looking after my mother with dementia.
Although I had often used events in my life as a source in features and even to some extent when writing political and social commentary on Op Ed pages, I had never written like this before, a personal column exposing intimate aspects of my life and my mother’s memory problems.

When I first started feature writing in the 1980s I had been more concerned about avoiding being too anecdotal or personal. Conscious that I had missed out on formal journalism training, I worried my writing might not be “reporterly” enough, by which I meant embodying the values of objective recording of first hand observations. Yet in the intervening years values had changed sufficiently for these inhibitions to be abandoned. It no longer seemed “un-journalistic” to bare all even in quality broadsheets.

The rise and rise of autobiographical journalism (experiential first person writing) is one of the most dramatic changes in print journalism in recent years. This genre is now ubiquitous, taken for granted even in serious broadsheets. Many newspapers include sections called “Real Lives”, “First Person”, or “Relative Values”. Most are first person accounts of personal, emotional difficulties like Sophie McKimm on how “her grandmother has fallen in love with a 25 year old man from the Gambia” (The Guardian’s Real Lives (in G2) or “Domestic violence destroyed my family” (Guardian Weekend), or Marjorie Wallace who “for the first time … reveals her own battle with depression” (Daily Mail).

Weekend supplements of many mid-market tabloids and broadsheets carry columns which are pretty much personal diaries like Euan Ferguson (Observer), John Ronson, Tim Dowling, Zoe Williams, and Lucy Mangan (Guardian), Alison Pearson, (the Daily Mail) Barbara Ellen (Observer). Sometimes these are about little more than the writers loafing about all day, their interest dependent on journalists making themselves “amusing.”

Increasingly, however, this writing is just as likely to emanate from journalists known for “serious” journalism. Several memorable pieces – all in the Guardian – include Decca Aitkenhead writing about her mother’s death, Mathew Engel writing about the death of his son (in an article called, “The day the sky fell in”), or even the editor Alan Rusbridger writing about the death of his own father.

Many autobiographical columns – like my own or the anonymous Living with Teenagers – emulate diaries. The most extreme and raw examples of these autobiographical diaries have been cancer diaries written by established journalists. Journalist Ruth Picardie started writing a column for the Observer when she was diagnosed with breast cancer – aged 32 and the mother of one-year-old twins. She only wrote seven columns before she died, but had an enormous impact because of her unflinching account. Others include John Diamond in The Times, Ivan Noble the BBC’s science correspondent who wrote an online diary, and Dana Rabinowitz who wrote occasional columns for the Guardian prior to her death early in 2008.

These first person pieces might seem at first glance to belong to a trend described by some media theorists as ‘dumbing down’ (Conboy etc). These theorists suggest that ‘hard news’ and serious journalism – which require investigation, research and verification – are being driven out by a proliferation of “soft” features. These are
defined as dealing with less serious subjects – family relationships and feelings – rather than economics, politics and world affairs. ‘Soft journalism’ is also defined as more subjective, less well-researched, more opinionated, more personal.

But it is not necessarily the case that this writing crowds out other more substantial, serious journalism. In broadsheets like the Guardian, The Times, Independent, it co-exists alongside – rather than drives out – news, comment and analysis. First person, experiential, writing is a sub-section of a more general expansion of feature writing especially the expansion of column inches devoted to lifestyle, life dilemmas, intimate issues and the emotional realm. Nor, given the subjects covered – cancer, death, rape, sex abuse – would it be fair to describe the subjects as trivial. But if this is not dumbing-down what else might explain the explosion of this kind of writing in a profession still defined by other apparently contradictory values?

Traditionally, journalism has been associated with researching the outside world – the other – and reporting this back to its readership. Even though naïve understandings of this have been challenged by academics it remains a commonly held belief among practitioners about what ‘proper’ journalism is. “Journalists”, says Andrew Marr (2004) “are people who attempt to search out the truths of the world around them, and then inform the societies they inhabit.” The journalist in this account is the one who experiences first hand what the reader does not and reports back – at best with objectivity, accuracy and balance. Even after critical interrogation about bias, (conscious and otherwise), these remain the core values most serious journalists aspire to and which are still taught on most vocational journalism courses.

Given these values still prevail, how has the interior world found a place in serious journalism, a place almost as significant as the external world? When and why did the self (ME) become a legitimate subject of reportage? Why has journalism started reporting back from the front line of the emotional life?

The autobiographical society

Journalism is not an isolated phenomenon. There is an underlying preoccupation across most areas of cultural life, both popular and ‘high’ culture, with self, subjectivity and identity, with who we are, where we come from, and especially what we feel. These preoccupations appear in many different places and take many different forms. Popular culture, for example, is infused with questions about identity and subjectivity: magazines, books and TV programmes explore how to improve, alter or come to terms with both our characters and bodies. Self- preoccupation is also at the heart of the current passion for family history or finding out our ethnic make-up from DNA testing. At the other cultural extreme, it has been said that one of the strongest themes of contemporary art are the artists themselves – a subject to which I will return.

This preoccupation with the self is not just with our own selves. We want to witness others finding out who they are, what they are made of, and if they can change. This is the stuff of “true life” magazines and reality television for which there is an insatiable appetite.

Nor do we discriminate. Autobiography and self-revelation are no longer the
preserve of the “great” but has been democratised. Programmes like Oprah are based around the confessions of ordinary people: everyone has a story to tell now. But we are especially keen to hear from people who have had difficult and extreme experiences. Dave Pelzer’s “A Boy Called It” started a publishing avalanche of ever more harrowing real life stories. Recent hits include Ugly by QC Constance Briscoe, Just A Boy, the story of Richard McCann whose mother was the first victim of the Yorkshire Ripper, and The Little Prisoner, the tale of Jane Elliott, confined in a fortress-like house and subjected to ritual abuse by her sadistic stepfather.

According to Plummer (2001) the start of the twentieth century was characterised by an unprecedented obsession with telling, witnessing and (importantly) recording life stories. It has “become such a voluminous business that we could even start to talk of something like an “auto/biographical society’: life stories are everywhere” (2001: 78). He locates this phenomenon within “historical shifts brought about through accelerated industrialisation. The realisation of a ‘possessed’ individual, in a movement away from other structures of organisations and government means that such personal narratives take on new meaning.”

Although the autobiographical confessional society may have origins earlier in the twentieth century, the 1980s witnessed a quantum leap. It was this shift which eventually eroded the traditional journalistic values which had regarded personal and emotional accounts as beyond the proper business of journalism.

These changes have been part of my own intellectual journey. It was from within feminism in the 1970s and 1980s that some of this pressure on the cultural institutions towards including personal experiences and concomitant “democratisation” took place. Feminists challenged conventions about appropriate subjects and authors of biographies and autobiographies. Amongst other things, feminism “recovered” lost diaries and autobiographies of women who had been “hidden from history” challenging the hierarchy of what had previously been considered historically important or significant. It asked why the life stories of the Match Girls should not be as interesting and valuable as those of the Rear Admirals and official versions of history? “Autobiography” says Laura Marcus (1994), “was a central case for feminist criticism in the 1980’s exposing processes of exclusion and marginalisation in the construction of literary canons… The extensive feminist literature on women’s autobiography over the last decade or so introduces many writers previously excluded from discussion, while revealing how androcentric the autobiographical tradition and autobiographical criticism have been.”

Feminism’s assault on orthodoxies was part of a more general challenge to old certainties about authoritative history and opinion. It was no longer possible to accept the old hierarchies about which lives were most important or the pretence that an author’s own values were not affecting their views. Instead it was recognised that authors’ identities, and cultural formations, affected the position from which they spoke and should be acknowledged.

This critique – both symptom and cause – had a major impact within academia, undermining the authoritative voice of “truth”. Academics had to become conscious of their own cultural formation. “Many of us” writes Bleich (2004) “want to speak
more deeply from personal experience, to add this dimension to the habits of scholarly citation and critical interpretation.”

In journalism too feminism played a hand in shifting boundaries about what was and was not relevant subject matter and the inclusion of “personal” perspectives. To say this, is not to attribute feminism too much significance or to overlook other previous developments in this direction. The writers associated with the phenomenon of “New Journalism” – Tom Wolfe, Hunter S Thompson and Truman Capote – all fore-grounded their experiences and responses, and extended the range of subject matter. “The tone was resoundingly colourful and experimental and horror of horrors, the writer’s own feelings and experiences often formed a cohesive part of the story.” However, the routine inclusion of personal confessional in mainstream journalism is a relatively new phenomenon.

Feminism’s challenges to the orthodoxies, while not solely responsible for these developments, certainly assisted them. When I first wrote for the *Guardian* it was as a new author of the book *Female Desire*. That book was very much of its moment, when the personal and everyday began to be considered important for revealing deeper aspects of how male dominated society worked – ideas embodied in feminism’s slogan: “the personal is political”.

Simultaneously however, the subjects women tackled were still definitely demarcated. Subjects like domestic violence, rape, pregnancy and childcare – all the personal, family stuff – were still marginal, confined to the women’s page. It was only gradually that boundaries crumbled and these subjects became legitimate in mainstream journalism.

These changes within journalism have been very important in widening access and bringing previously marginalised issues into the mainstream: health, lifestyle, leisure, the domestic. Linda Christmas (1997) argues they are evidence of women exercising greater influence over content and style within the profession, a positive process of “feminisation”. “Women have already made a difference, particularly on the magazine and feature side of newspapers … the features content of all national daily and Sunday newspapers has increased in the last 15 years. There has been a huge increase in human interest stories.”

Christmas emphasises the positive side of these developments including enabling discussions about previously neglected emotional and domestic issues. However, much of this writing far exceeds this, appearing instead to make self revelation an end in itself, revealing the writer and the writer’s personality rather than the writer’s experience illustrating some wider social problem. Typically, Ariel Leve tells us “I’ve just turned 40. As my birthday approached I was filled with dread. But now that it’s happened I feel relieved….” (*Guardian*) Much of this journalism is more about the spectacle of the writer than the issues, like Liz Jones’ staggering self-exposing diary in the *Mail on Sunday*. (*Liz Jones’ diary*)

Such examples would fuel Lasch’s (1979) harsh condemnation of the culture of narcissism, “individuality has now gone so far as to create a narcissistic culture of self-absorbed individuals with no sense of public life, shared morality or outer control” giving ammunition to those who view Christmas’ perspective as far too positive.
While questions about the pros and cons of this writing are important, more pressing here is: why has it found a place in journalism let alone come to such prominence? To answer that question I must first explore some of the hidden values in this wider cultural fascination with self-revelation.

The confessional society

Across all this writing about the self, what is striking is that identity is seen not as something fixed but fluid and changeable. Much “confessional” writing is dominated by narratives of transformation, describing journeys from one state of being to another, often journeys of self-discovery or struggles to triumphant changes. “What lies at the heart of this enormous outpouring of writing … is the idea that a highly individuated, self-conscious and unstable identity is replacing the old, stable, unitary self of traditional communities … The new selves are ‘constructed’ through shifts and changes in the modern world, and partly create a new sense of permanent identity crisis” (Plummer 1983).

Secondly, great value is placed on having lived through actual experiences, on the accounts of those who have experienced things directly. Real is the word of the moment – real lives, real experiences as witnessed in the explosion of “reality TV.” “What is key in this” says Ellis (2001) “is the observation of so-called real/ordinary people reacting to different situations.” Reality has been fetischised, far greater value being put on descriptions given by people who have lived through experiences than imagined fictional scenarios or reports based on research and canvased opinion as in conventional feature writing.

There is a further value connected to this: voyeurism. It is a two-way process. As much as we want to explore or reveal ourselves, we hunger for seeing other people doing it too. Reality television operates in this space, putting people into real life difficult situations so they live through them but also catering to our voyeurism of wanting to see how they react. Reality TV asks: how would celebrities react in fat camps, or love islands or big brother households? How would ordinary people react to 1950s schooling, or a wartime diet or life in the Bronze Age?

These values illuminate deeper impulses behind the widespread cultural pre-occupations. More than a simple recognition of the emotional realm’s importance, more than political interrogation of positions from which judgements are made, we have a culture preoccupied with witnessing how individuals react to, deal with, and feel about experiences, especially difficult ones. There has been discussion of this within television studies around the concept of witnessing (Frosch 2008) but here what is most relevant is the wider cultural imperative. It is as if in a culture which is no longer under strict moral instructions from established authorities – the church, parents, the state – has begun to ask not how should we react, but how would we react? We need real life stories to witness and thereby to test ourselves.
Authenticity and autobiography

So why has mainstream – serious – journalism become such an important place for these real life revelations. The answer, ironically, returns us to the antithetical values of traditional journalism: accuracy, truthfulness, reporting reality as it is. But to understand this will entail detouring into the blogosphere.

Blogging could be seen as the apotheosis of democratising self-revelation and fetishising of direct experience. The blogosphere is dominated by personal, 'me, me, me' experience, what Andrew Keen (2007) has called “digital narcissism.” The defining characteristic of the blog is that any one can do it. In the world of blogs, the revelations of the blogger in his bedroom can be as interesting as a President.

Guardian editor, Alan Rusbridger (RSA 2005) has described the dramatic effect of this explosion of citizen voices on newspapers which have had to either incorporate, change or both. In the spirit of incorporation, the Guardian ran two pages entitled “Public service bloggers special.” (11 April 2007). They had trawled internet blogs by public service workers (like a mental health nurse and a registrar) who can tell “in their own words, no holds barred,” what is really going on. Here is citizen journalism apparently at its best, the authentic account from the coal face of life, unmediated by professional values or media organisations.

At the bottom of the page, however, there’s an article about another social services blog, by someone called “Wandering Scribe.” She writes about being homeless, living in a car, dealing with social services and dreaming of writing a book – which she is now doing. Her blog attracted an agent’s attentions doubtless recognising a potential ‘misery memoir’ writer. The Guardian didn’t reproduce this blog verbatim instead contextualising it and warning that something about Wandering Scribe’s account just wasn’t ringing true.

Authenticity is at the heart of the issue. Across the different discourses promoting autobiographical revelations by real people, falls the shadow of inauthenticity, fakery. Nowhere more so than in the blogosphere. How can we know these self-revealers are telling the truth?

The answer is: we can’t, something which has caused book publishers considerable embarrassment. Both Constance Briscoe’s Ugly and Kathy O’ Beirne’s Don’t Ever Tell about abusive childhoods have been disputed by their families. Briscoe’s sister described her as “devious and dangerous”. Her mother recently unsuccessfully sued her for defamation. James Frey’s A Million Little Pieces, told of drug addiction, criminality, imprisonment and a struggle to personal redemption. It was Oprah’s book choice and sold millions until exposed as a fake by a group of investigative journalists. Fry claimed he had been arrested high on drugs. He’d hit a police officer with his car, reacted violently to arrest, and ended up charged with assault and an 87 day jail sentence. The journalists found Frey had been issued with two traffic tickets, one for driving under the influence and one for driving without a licence, and had received a misdemeanour criminal summons for having an open beer bottle in his vehicle. He had been in police custody a mere five hours.

There is plenty more of what journalist Catherine Bennett has called this “flour-
ish sub-genre: miserable true-life memoirs of questionable or contested veracity”.

(‘Oh, no, not another psychopathic nun’ Observer, 9 March 2008) Authenticity
haunts all this autobiographical writing like its shadow. Only “authenticity”, “truth-
fulness”, an ability to “reconstruct the facts” makes these accounts autobiography
rather than fiction.

Authenticity is therefore the holy grail of a culture needing to see how real people
react to real difficulties. Yet in most of the places where these real life tales are told – in
magazines, on Jerry Springer, on reality TV, authenticity cannot be guaranteed.

This is where journalism comes in. Journalism at its best is associated with giving
us facts, not making things up. Journalism brings an aura of authenticity: journalists
are meant to be truthful and operate within a profession which values veracity more
highly than almost anything else.

Given recent press scandals such as huge payouts awarded to the McCanns (parents
of an abducted child) for circulating false stories circulated by the Daily Express
it would be foolish to suggest the British press is a model of probity and constant
truthfulness. Yet it is noteworthy that many scandals hitting the British press (phone
tapping, single sources, entrapment) are scandals connected with unethical practices
involved in uncovering stories and not, by and large, scandals of fakery.

This is the clue to why journalism is so well-adapted for this confessional genre.
In a culture hungry for real experiences, for personal intimate self-revelation, journal-
ism’s professional values appear to guarantee authenticity. A recent article by Martin
Townsend, a well respected Guardian writer, opens a piece on how for thirty years
“I lived with and around my manic depressive father” by first establishing these
professional values, “As a journalist and editor for nearly 30 years, I have come
across countless depressing stories about mental illness” (Observer 16 April 2007).
Newspapers draw on expectations of truthfulness, putting them in a prime position to
carry this kind of writing while established journalists become particularly desirable to
do it.

Conventions of autobiographical journalism

Does this mean that this journalistic genre is telling the truth, is free from conventions,
or construction? You might think so from reactions to this kind of autobiographical
writing as literal records of events. Actually, this kind of autobiographical writing – for
all its guarantees of truthfulness – is as bounded by conventions as any other genre of
writing.

In my column I elide many occasions and I leave a lot out. There are members of
my family who would rather I wasn’t writing this, so I use circumlocutions to avoid
mentioning them. I cherry pick what goes in and what gets left out. I create voices and
personalities who are strong enough to carry a “story.” This is a parallel self, truthful to
the issues and difficulties surrounding caring for someone with dementia and truthful
also about my reactions, but not absolutely faithful to reality and certainly not without
artifice. Philip Roth once wrote, “to suggest my writing is autobiographical is not only
to slight the suppositional nature of my writing but also to slight the art that goes into making it seem autobiographical.”

John Diamond fore-grounded this in a particularly dramatic column. “The me you meet here” he wrote on one important occasion “isn’t the real me. He looks much the same as the real me, has the same number of wives and children, combines wit and witlessness in roughly the same proportions, has lived much the same life in many of the same places, but you will understand that if each week I were to deliver to you my life unpasteurised and absolutely as I experience it then that life would be unliveable. … The me you see here is a sort of parallel me, picking and choosing the details which will best make the point, changing names or job titles out of a sense of propriety or social cowardice.”

“Until last week.” He added. Diamond had just been diagnosed with cancer. He went on to reflect on his hubris for having previously mentioned the lump “imagining that the following week he could casually tell his readers there had in fact been nothing to worry about.” “What do you know?” he continued “I had cancer all along. And have it still. The hubris-hating gods, it seems, read The Times too.”

Diamond ponders the dilemmas: “So here’s my problem. Well, not my real problem, which is that I have cancer and may expire before the date printed on the packet, but my columnar problem”. Should he write about cancer in a “jaunty weekend column”, can he continue to be jaunty if the treatment makes him sick? Should he? If he recovers, won’t he sound “smugger than ever?” “Normally I try to address any qualms I have about what I’m about to write before I sit down to write it. This time, I’m sorry, I can’t. There you are: the truth, at last.”

Diamond’s comments expose how, although autobiographical journalism promises authenticity, it is laden with conventions, narrative themes and expectations. His “domestic” pre-cancer column required jaunty self-revelation, his diagnosis forced him into a different genre. Diamond describes the shift as the intrusion of “truth” but the dilemmas he describes are also those of genre. “Illness narratives” are also convention laden (Frank 2002), infected by desire for positive narrative outcomes, devoted to narratives of difficulties and charting journeys of change or redemption usually the result personal will power. John Diamond’s “columnar” problem is that either outcome awaiting him will be difficult in relation to the readers’ narrative expectations. Even while exploring enormously important “life and death issues” there are powerful narrative conventions (about self and subjectivity) at the heart of autobiographical journalism.

Earlier I mentioned how self, and identity, are central preoccupation of contemporary art. Indeed critic Isabelle de Maison Rouge claims the diverse artists and practices of contemporary art, are untied by their pre-occupation with “personal mythologies”. The language is striking: “personal mythologies”. Not real lives, or autobiography, or true stories but “personal mythologies.” Contemporary art is on the same terrain as popular culture, concerned with issues of autobiography, identity, and the body – including pain, sex, death – but is far removed from popular culture’s (and to some extent, journalism’s) narratives of self-transformation and personal redemption. The self in contemporary art is not quite fiction, not quite fact, but a
space of exploration for asking what is the body, what is identity, whether it is Cindy Sherman creating herself in multiple identities, Tracey Emin displaying her dishevelled bed, or Sophie Calle’s extraordinary “scenarios” from her life.

One example highlights the gulf between the “me” of journalism and the “Me, myself and I” of contemporary art. Plastic surgery is a favourite topic for real life confessional journalism, sometime by journalists who themselves have gone under the knife: ‘Confessions of a Botox convert’ (Daily Mail) or ‘My whole family had plastic surgery’ (Sunday Mirror) are typical.

By contrast the French artist Orlan has, since the age of 17, been exploring themes of the self, the body, identity and representation itself using plastic surgery not as means of self-improvement but to open debate. Orlan has done seven ‘surgical performances’ (her ‘carnal art’) which are given from operating theatres redesigned as artists’ studios. Using only local anaesthetic, she directs the surgeon throughout, changes costume, reads poetry and plays music using props from art history to foreground ideals and conventions through which the female body is viewed.

In her final performance, Orlan asked the surgeon to put implants normally used to make cheekbones more prominent on her forehead, which she now wears permanently. “Orlan” says de Maison Rouge (2004) “diverts (plastic surgery) from its aim of improvement and rejuvenation and transforms it into an exhibitionist performance which challenges those watching to think about what is the real self and what are the limitations of the body.”

There are many contemporary artists working with this richer, more suggestive discourse and almost no journalism that interrogates identity or foregrounds our own voyeuristic interest in scenarios of making, testing and changing identity. Accidently Liz Jones’ diary in Mail on Sunday is so dizzyingly and narcissistically self-referential – even using the column to communicate with her estranged husband, Nirpal Dhaliwal, who sometimes answered via his own column in the Evening Standard – that along with the cancer diaries, it’s the nearest journalism comes to reflecting on its own practice and making the reader question their own voyeurism.

**Conclusion**

Autobiographical confessional journalism cannot be dismissed as dumbing-down. Often it appears excessively narcissistic and, by comparison with contemporary art, is often more about self-revelation than self-reflection. However, it is part of a wider cultural phenomenon concerned with investigating and assimilating the emotional and experiential, into the range of social and political concerns and is an important part of the culture’s development of a more inclusive and emotionally intelligent approach to human experience.

Nevertheless, the self of autobiographical journalism is also a fabrication, a convention. These “Me, Me, Me” columns are convention-ridden. There are what Diamond called the “jaunty weekend columns” requiring faux self-deprecation and tales of incompetence. There are the cancer diaries, requiring if not always success against the disease, at least fortitude and the arrival at states of wisdom. And there are
domestic narrative columns which need personalities and tell selective stories. The effect – and the ethics – of these columns can sometimes be debateable and as yet relatively un-debated. Medics for example are divided as to whether cancer sufferers find this blow-by-blow accounts helpful or scary.

Journalism has an important role in a confessional society of providing an ambience and ethos of authenticity and veracity. The self of autobiographical journalism is restrained from excessive fabrication by the conventions of the profession. Yet the authenticity effect can mean that these conventions are even more difficult to detect than in less scrupulous discourses.

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Notes

1 “Looking After Mother,” was published fortnightly in the Family section of Saturday Guardian (January 2006–November 2008)
2 Between 1995–2004 I wrote a regular column for the Guardian comment pages.
3 Andrew Walker “Bedtime for Gonzo”. BBC websitehttp://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/magazine/4291311.stm
4 In May 2008 the anonymous author of “Living with Teenagers,” a column in Guardian Weekend family section revealed how her children had “found out” about the column and their anger at having had their lives exposed in this way.
5 These issues were raised in “The impact of cancer diaries”. By Jane Elliott. http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/health/4243257.stm