

A Black Box



*Reading Enemy of the Stars: part of the Unperformable series
Photograph by Jeremy Hardingham*

University Lecturer Drew Milne, Chair of the Judith E Wilson Fund Committee, reviews the first two years of the new Drama Studio

Rumour has it that strange and wonderful things have been done with a dead fish in the drama studio. You had to be there, apparently. Although still a new space, the studio has inspired many such stories. Lots of people, actors and audience alike, speak fondly of theatre sports – nights involving comedic improvisation animated by the inimitable energy of Ken Campbell. Yvonne McDevitt's conversations with Fiona Shaw and Deborah Warner stand out among the highlights. They brought their respective insights to bear on *Much Ado About Nothing* and on the dynamics of the crowd scenes in the Barbican production of *Julius Caesar*. A full house also enjoyed the Godot Company reading several Beckett pieces. For others, the studio has perhaps meant most as a space for yoga at lunchtime.

These are just snapshots from the exciting program organised by Yvonne McDevitt, Judith E Wilson Drama Fellow, over the first two years of the studio's life. My own personal favourites have been a range of extraordinary poetry events, with readings given by some of the most interesting poets in Britain and North America, in a series curated by, among others, Sam Ladkin and Neil Pattison. Marjorie Welish and Peter Manson, Judith E Wilson visiting poetry fellows over recent years, both brought their remarkable presences to the ever-lively avant-garde poetic scene. A recent conference in and around the studio on contemporary experimental poetry by women, organised by Emily Critchley and Catherine Brown, was a landmark.

Symbolically in the basement but at the heart of the Faculty Building, the

continued on back page



The ‘English’ Journey

Merryn Williams recalls the early Sixties, when she, and her father Raymond Williams, both arrived in Cambridge



My first view of Cambridge was in 1961, from a traffic jam in Bridge Street. My father, Raymond Williams, had quite unexpectedly been offered a lectureship in the English Faculty after many years teaching for the WEA and writing some notable books. We ended up living in Hardwick, five miles out of town.

I was ambitious to read English at an ancient university, but in Oxford, in those days, that would have meant learning Anglo-Saxon. So I aimed for Cambridge, but crashed in A levels and was fortunate to be let into New Hall, which had its own entrance paper, and was a very small college with only about thirty people in my year.

Cambridge, when I ‘came up’ in 1963, was a different world. You had to wear gowns in lectures and in the streets after dusk; you were supposed to be in by midnight; all colleges were single-sex. This meant that, as only three women’s colleges existed, the male/female ratio among undergraduates was about ten to one. The students’ handbook, I recall, told us that ‘it is not unlikely that you will meet your future husband at Cambridge’ and that we could expect a thrilling social life. But our President, Miss Murray, warned us

when we came up that the first young men we met wouldn’t necessarily be the nicest. In 1963 we had no idea that vast social changes were on the way. Many of my contemporaries did get married as soon as they graduated, but sadly, many later got divorced.

There were some legendary figures around at the time. I met Basil Willey, a courteous and charming man, who told me he had been involved in the struggle to set up an English Faculty in the 1920s. I never met Leavis, but often passed him in the street. His lectures were rare events, always crowded out.

Of course I found that most people in the English Faculty knew who my father was, and their attitudes to me were often determined by their attitudes to him. I have never wanted to exploit the connection and have found it has brought much more positive than negative feedback.

My routine was to go to morning lectures on the Sidgwick site (now crowded with new unfamiliar buildings) and to write one and a half essays a week. Most of us also found time for river trips, coffee with strange men, visits to the much-missed Arts cinema and May Balls. In the vacation Cambridge became a grey little market town again and I went back to live in Hardwick.

What I never stopped doing was reading. The Tripos took us on a journey through English literature from Chaucer to about 1900 and we were expected to have a basic understanding of each period. It seems extraordinary now that we studied no twentieth-century authors, but I am forever grateful to Cambridge for introducing me to some wonderful older writers. I think too that people who want to be serious poets or novelists – as many of us did – ought to know something about those who have gone before.

In the third year, there was a wider choice of papers. I remember – tragedy; the English moralists; the novel (English and European); special subject, Swift; special period, 1830–70. I did the last, and have been fascinated by the Victorians ever since. I learned each essay subject by heart, and was terrified that I would forget every word

in the exam room. Now I understand that students can take their textbooks in!

I stayed on in Cambridge, to write a thesis on Hardy, and discovered the immense riches of the University Library (undergraduates could not use it before their third year). Later I married into a family of scientists, moved to Cranfield, and, for a while, Cambridge seemed very far away. But as our children grew older it became possible to write again and I often visited the UL, reading for days in the Rare Books Room or going home clutching ancient bound copies of *Blackwood’s Magazine*. Again, I’m deeply grateful.

My father took early retirement in 1983 and moved to Saffron Walden. He was writing the massive novel which became *People of the Black Mountains*, a fictional history of the area where he grew up. It was an extraordinarily interesting idea, possibly based on Ivo Andric’s *The Bridge on the Drina*, to follow not one group of people, but several generations living in one place. He died very suddenly on 26th January 1988 with only two-thirds of it written; the story which had begun with the horse-hunters of 23000 BC abruptly ended in 1415. My mother asked me to read the typescript and decide whether it ought to be published. I had no doubts about that, and still think it’s a marvellous book. She survived him only three years, but was able to see the two volumes in print.

John and I now live in Oxford. I still get letters about Raymond from all over the world, and sales and library issues of his books are going well. The definitive biography, by Dai Smith, is due in 2007. It is always deeply interesting to go back to Cambridge, to reflect on who has come and gone, and what has changed.

Merryn Williams (New Hall 63–66, Darwin 66–70) edits the poetry magazine The Interpreter’s House, now in its tenth year. Her completion of Jane Austen’s unfinished novel The Watsons was published by Pen Press in 2005.

Alumnæ/i News

The reports below come from last year's call for news. We shall look forward to reports of life and works for next year's issue.

John Harvey, Editor

Norman Buller (St Catharine's 50–53) has published *Travelling Light*, a collection of forty poems, with Waterloo Press.

Victoria Clayton (Lucy Cavendish 73–76) has published her sixth novel, *Moonshine*, with HarperCollins.

Richard Cohen (Magdalene 65–69) is currently Visiting Professor in Creative Writing at the University of Kingston Upon Thames. Among recent assignments he has edited ex-Secretary of State Madeleine Albright's forthcoming study of religion and US foreign policy, *The Mighty and the Almighty*, forthcoming from HarperCollins/Macmillan. In 2005 he won the British, European and World Veteran Sabre titles.

Dr Damian Flanagan (Magdalene 87–92) has been awarded the 2005 Japan-US Friendship Commission Prize for his translation of *The Tower of London and Other Stories* by Natsume Soseki. He has provided critical introductions to *The Gate* by Natsume Soseki and *Scandal* by Endo Shusaku, both from Peter Owen, 2006.

Dr Matthew Francis (Magdalene 75–78) has been appointed Reader in Creative Writing at the University of Wales, Aberystwyth.

Michael E Goymour (Selwyn 47–51) has since 1988 sold more than a thousand water-colours to the John Lewis Partnership.

Rupert Haigh (Emmanuel 89–92) published *Legal English* with Cavendish in 2004 and has this year published *The Oxford Handbook of Legal Correspondence* with OUP.

Caspar Henderson (Corpus 81–84) has published *Debating Globalization* (Polity 2005) and *Our Fragile Earth* (Thames and Hudson 2005). He has been Globalization Editor at openDemocracy.net from 2002 to 2005 and is currently writing a book about the risk that coral reefs may be eliminated as an ecosystem.

John Hort (Trinity 51–54) has published, jointly with his wife, six plays in their *Inessential Shakespeare* series, praised in the *TES* for 'capturing the essence of the originals'.

John Hudson (Fitzwilliam 74–77), formerly known as Paul, now teaches English at St Paul's School, London. In addition to having

a career as an actor, he has published articles on Pinter, Austen and Keats, and has been awarded a PhD by Kingston University for his work on Alan Ayckbourn.

Philippa Jone (Fitzwilliam 84–88) spent ten years in Los Angeles training as a book conservator and working at the Getty Research Institute and the Huntington Library. Since 2001 she has worked at the National Archives and the Royal Library, Windsor Castle. She has her own letterpress, fine printing and bookbinding studio.

Nota Kreiman (St John's 78–82) is a qualified practitioner in advanced forms of NLP and teaches in a Talmudical College, where she is preparing commentaries on the books of the Bible.

David McMurray (Pembroke 58–61) is retiring from the Headmastership of Oundle School.

The Revd Canon Gervase Markham (Trinity 29–32) notes that he has been the oldest alumnus present at recent Alumni Weekends. He recalls reading the *Iliad* in Greek and the *Aeneid* in Latin in preparing for the paper on Epic Poetry in Part II, and recalls too the widespread admiration for the ties which Dadie Rylands wore when he lectured. More recently, at Grasmere, he challenged Paul Muldoon (then Professor of Poetry at Oxford) to tell his audience what he meant by poetry.

Michael Marland (Sidney Sussex 54–57) has been given the first Fellowship to be awarded by the long-established British Educational Leadership and Management Association. This follows thirty years of secondary school headship and the writing of numerous books on school management – the latest is *How to be a Successful Form Tutor* (Continuum 2005).

G H Moody-Stuart OBE (St John's 50–59) retired in 2000 as Chairman of Transparency International (UK).

Michael O'Donoghue (Selwyn 56–59) turned to science after studying English. He has written nineteen monographs on natural and man-made crystals, and is currently a Director of the Gem Testing Laboratory of Great Britain, but still his own bookshelves fill more rapidly with poetry than with scientific journals.

Stephen Pike (St Catharine's 54–57), together with Denys Thompson, launched the National Association for the Teaching of English in 1963. In 1974 he organized the first school Festival of Film and Television in the UK, at King Edward VI Community College, Totnes. In 1992, at Totnes, he helped organize the Bicentenary of Charles Babbage, the inventor of the computer or Difference Engine and the original of Daniel Doyce in Dickens's *Little Dorrit*. Babbage had been a schoolboy at Totnes before becoming Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge University.

Naomi Rich (Newnham 72–75) is Head of English and Drama at St Paul's School.

Robert Roberts (Pembroke 51–55) taught at Fettes from 1955 to 1975 and was headmaster at Worksop College from 1975 to 1986. He has just published *Under the Hammer*, a book-length poem reflecting on imperial decline (Pikestaff Press 2006).

Stephen Segaller (Corpus 72–75) is currently director of news and current affairs programming at Thirteen/WNET New York, the flagship broadcast and production station of the Public Broadcasting Service. In 2002 he created the primetime international documentary series *Wide Angle*, which has reported on stories in over forty countries. He has published three books, *Invisible Armies: Terrorism into the 1990s* (London, 1986), *Wisdom of the Dream: the World of C G Jung* (London and Boston, 1980, republished 2000), and *Nerds 2.0.1: a Brief History of the Internet* (New York, 1998).

Jonathan Steffen (King's 78–81) has heard his poem 'The Falcon to the Falconer', originally published in Nicholas Albery's *Poem for the Day – 366 Poems Old and New* (1994), twice requested on BBC Radio 4's *Poetry Please*. His reading of it, and of other work, is included in *St Francis in the Slaughter-House and other poems*, available from www.falconeditions.com.

Don Thompson (Fitzwilliam 53–56) has this year celebrated fifty years as a professional organist of international standing (see www.donthompson.org). Among other locations, he has taught and played in Redcar, Beirut and Hollywood.

Meg Harris Williams (New Hall 70–73) has published *The Vale of Soulmaking* (Karnac Books 2005), which describes the poetic origins of psychoanalytic ideas on the nature of aesthetic experience (see www.artlit.info).



Kevin Loader with *The Rokeby Venus* by Velasquez – one *Venus* in his forthcoming film *Venus*

The Alumnus Interview: *Kevin Loader*

The producer of *Captain Corelli's Mandolin* and *The History Boys* reflects on a life of production

Film Producers have a very bad reputation. Mike Nichols once said that the producer is the one who comes on set and says 'I don't like the shoes'. George Sanders wrote home to his father in England that what producers do, 'apart from some prodigious cigar-smoking, is never quite clear'. In Hollywood, they're expected to be lying, untrustworthy bullies who cheat everyone else out of the money to which they're properly entitled. To read about the Michael Eisner regime at Disney is to learn of a reign defined by a series of betrayals and entrapments so mind-boggling it surpasses anything you'll encounter in studying for the tragedy paper this year. Hollywood can afford such mythically bad behaviour, of course, because there's gold in them there hills, even if the famous sign on top of them has been missing its last four letters for decades now.

On the rare occasions I have to admit to a profession – the registration of my

daughter's birth being the last – I'm therefore not surprised to detect a whiff of jealousy, with strong headnotes of moral disapproval, when I confess to being a film producer. The first revelation I have for you is that being such a thing in these islands is a far, far cry from the world of Katzenberg and Eisner. We're such a small, struggling community that no-one can afford consistently to behave that badly – we have to huddle together for warmth and shelter most of the time, like those emperor Penguins that made Hollywood a lot of money last year.

The second is that none of us is rich (apart from my friend Uberto who made 'The Full Monty', but he comes from Italian aristocracy anyway and didn't need the money).

The third is that it's a fearfully precarious life. Getting a film made in this country has the same problems as starting a new business every year: refining the product, finding the investors, attaching the talent, limping through early stages of production

without cash-flow, and all the time selling the product before, during and after it's made, and then – just when you realise that you and your fellow film-makers are unlikely to see any of the profits – you have to wind that company up and start a new one.

And yet. I don't have a boss. I get to work with some gifted and visionary collaborators who have become friends, and occasionally some famous people too. And I get to be involved in something from its inception to its place in the crowded canon of contemporary cinema. Even stranger to reflect, I probably read more now than when I was an English undergraduate at Cambridge, or half-heartedly working for the PhD I never finished in the years thereafter in Connecticut. I certainly have more fun.

Like most of my generation, I didn't have a plan. I did manage to argue my way into the BBC three years after graduating, and make a zig-zag through its various departments from current

affairs to arts documentaries to drama, and thence to film. For many of us working in the arts, the BBC, rather than college, is our true *alma mater*. I can still harbour nostalgia for days of being a paeon on the desk on *Newsnight* – spending the occasional anguished evening monitoring un-edited footage off the satellite from Beirut, or trying to track down Norman Tebbit for a live appearance at short notice. These days it's much easier to get into the world of television production – and tomorrow you'll be able to run your own channel from your bedroom broadband connection – but back in 1982 it was the BBC, and we were still using tickertape and telex machines (no, really).

I graduated to several years of arts journalism and review programmes, made films with the likes of Arthur Miller, David Byrne and John Adams, and met many more of my cultural heroes (though Dylan still has managed to slip through the net). Making documentaries is good training for working in screen drama: you recognise early on that the narratives can be radically re-arranged, and often yield their meanings late in the process of their editing. It seemed so obtuse an idea when discussed at Cambridge in the context of the *nouveau roman* in the 70s, but now it's second nature. If the process of planning and shooting a film is replacing the film in your head with the one you're making, then editing is the process of allowing the film to tell you which story you've shot.

My first television drama was written by two Cambridge contemporaries, Tom Lubbock and Roger Parsons. *The Wolvis Family* is a forgotten masterpiece that pre-empted Caroline Aherne's *Royleys* by over a decade. Its half-hour episodes, of a family in therapy, were shot on one set, and we recorded it during the summer holidays of *The Late Show*, of which I was then the Executive Producer, for a price so low that Alan Yentob had to let us make it, even though he didn't understand why it could ever be considered funny. It marked my move into television drama, though my next projects – *Clarissa* and *The Buddha of Suburbia* – were both adaptations from novels, and cost rather more.

A few years later, I found myself standing on the Greek island of Cephalonia as the lights from Nicolas Cage's private Gulfstream 5 jet twinkled ever closer, in charge of a \$50m film starring people you



Roger Michell, Kevin Loader (in red), Haris Zambarloukos and colleagues on the set of *Enduring Love*

have heard of. *Captain Corelli's Mandolin* was an ambitious attempt to put Louis De Bernières's richly-veined best-seller on the screen, and John Madden made a heroic job of it. We were attacked by a press that was turning hostile to the 'Miramax' version of European culture, and then, just as the film opened in America, the twin towers were attacked with rather more devastating effect, and the film languished in empty cinemas and is now categorised as a failure. I think history may be kinder to it – but as I got to have dinner with Penelope Cruz every night for four months, any reassessment by posterity will be a bonus.

Recently I've been working on a smaller scale, making films for less than a Premiership striker's annual salary, getting rid of all the things that give us film-makers a bad name – trailers, limos, private jets, decent hotel rooms, inedible location food. It means the writers, directors and I can keep control of the process and the film, which is much rarer than you might think. This was the key to *The History Boys*, which you should

have seen by now. Nicholas Hytner and Alan Bennett wanted to keep the cast that had made the play the most-watched in National Theatre history – the answer was to shoot the film in thirty days in Watford, and get the BBC to fully fund production. Alan came to set every day just for the social fun of it, though once *Footballers' Wives* was also filming in Watford, and he was tempted to go there for the day instead.

My most regular collaborator, Roger Michell, is also my business partner; he's also the best director in Britain. Film-making with Roger is now like a family re-union, as we often work with the same crews. Despite being sent twenty scripts a week from Los Angeles, Roger has chosen to make his last three films in our neighbourhood in London – though one project we're developing, a version of *Huck Finn*, will probably not be possible within the confines of Kentish Town. Our latest offering, *Venus*, opens in January, and stars Peter O'Toole, Jodie Whittaker, Leslie Phillips and Vanessa Redgrave. Hanif Kureishi's script is funny and bleak and wise and outrageous, and Peter may yet win the Oscar that's eluded him for forty-five years. It's the best film we've done to date. Do see it.

Kevin Loader was at Christ's from 1976 to 1979. The History Boys was released on 13 October 2006, Venus will be released in January 2007.



Leslie Phillips and Peter O'Toole in *Venus*
Photographer: Nicola Dove, copyright Venus Pictures

‘Let Newton be!’

University Lecturer Dr Phil Connell discusses the verses intended by Alexander Pope for the Newton Memorial

Sir Isaac Newton died on 20 March 1727, and was buried a week later in Westminster Abbey. According to one contemporary observer, ‘He was revered to so great a degree that death could not procure him new honours, and he himself saw his own *Apotheosis*.’ It is unlikely, however, that Newton could have predicted the full extent of his posthumous fame, or the idolatrous attentions of John Conduitt, his nephew and successor as master of the Royal Mint, who quickly obtained permission for an elaborate commemorative monument, prominently situated in the Abbey nave.

The completed monument, executed by the celebrated Flemish sculptor Michael Rysbrack, was clearly intended to affirm, in the most grandiloquent manner, Newton’s status as the foremost natural philosopher of the age. The full-length statue at the centre of the work reclines beneath a constellated globe upon which, as the London press observed, can be traced ‘the path of the *Comet* in 1681, whose period he has with the greatest sagacity determined’. The globe is crowned, accordingly, by the sorrowful figure of Urania, Muse of Astronomy, and the smaller elements of the design (largely devised by Conduitt himself) also make detailed and extensive reference to Newton’s intellectual achievements.

The monument has been called ‘perhaps the finest of all the post-medieval tombs in the Abbey’. Newton’s modern biographer prefers the term ‘baroque monstrosity’. But it has an undoubted claim on our attention as the occasion of the most famous literary epitaph ever composed for a natural scientist, Alexander Pope’s lines ‘Intended for Sir Isaac Newton, in Westminster-Abbey’:

All Nature and her Laws lay hid
in Night.

God said, *Let Newton be!* and
All was *Light*.

Pope’s couplet, as reproduced here in its earliest printed form, was published several months before the completion of the monument, and obviously constituted a brilliant epigrammatic tribute to Newton’s genius. But the lines never appeared on the monument itself. Conduitt’s papers, preserved in the archives of King’s College, Cambridge, provide clear evidence that Pope submitted the epitaph, and an accompanying Latin inscription, for Conduitt’s serious consideration. Why then did he choose to reject Pope’s lines?

The answer is provided, in part, by the monument itself. The arm of Newton’s statue rests upon four volumes, on which are inscribed ‘Divinity’ and ‘Chronology’, in addition to ‘Optica’, and ‘Phil.Princ.Math.’. Conduitt evidently wished to suggest that Newton’s works of biblical interpretation and ancient chronology possessed a comparable significance to the *Opticks* and *Principia Mathematica*, a claim that is advanced yet more explicitly by the Latin inscription finally chosen to adorn the base of the monument, which describes its subject as:

Naturæ, Antiquitatis, S[acræ] Scripturæ
Sedulus, sagax, fidus Interpretes.
Dei O[ptimi] M[aximi] Majestatem
Philosophia asseruit,
Evangelii Simpliciter Moribus
expressit.

[Of Nature a diligent, of Antiquity an acute, and of Holy Scripture a faithful Interpreter. He asserted the majesty of Almighty God in his Philosophy, and expressed the Simplicity of the Gospel in his Manners.]

The lapidary syntax of these lines elegantly co-ordinates the hermeneutics of natural philosophy, ancient chronology, and biblical exegesis, coupling scientific erudition with Christian virtue in a manner that reflects and reinforces the symbolism of the monument above.

Newton had certainly tried to encourage the theological applications of his natural philosophy, and was beginning to acquire a reputation for his work on biblical chronology. But there were other, more defensive motivations for his marmoreal depiction as a pious Christian philosopher. Not only were the heterodox inclinations of leading Newtonian clerics a source of longstanding controversy, but Newton’s own, closely-guarded heretical inclinations (above all, his denial of Christ’s full divinity) continued to require scrupulous concealment, particularly within a religious foundation symbolising the alliance of English ecclesiastical and monarchical authority.

Only months after the philosopher’s burial, George II’s coronation in the Abbey was marked by the Bishop of Oxford in a sermon that celebrated the ‘hand of Almighty Providence’ in securing both ‘the late glorious Revolution’ and the ‘true Religion’ that went with it. Newton’s monumental installation at the very heart of the nation’s spiritual and political

establishment thus provided an opportunity not only to mark his loyal service to the Hanoverian state, but also to reassert the compatibility of Newtonian natural philosophy with the doctrinal orthodoxies of the national Church.

Pope’s playful flirtation with hexameric parody was hardly calculated to perform such a service. Indeed, for those High Churchmen already suspicious of the religious tendencies of Newtonian thought (and unlikely to treat a Catholic poet charitably), the epitaph might well have verged on outright blasphemy. There is no suggestion that Pope himself would have agreed. In fact, he had recently satirised religious freethinkers in *The Dunciad* for their indifference to the divine ‘source of Newton’s Light, of Bacon’s Sense’. But Conduitt couldn’t afford to take any chances. Pope’s elegant reworking of the *fiat lux* (‘let there be light’) threatened to invert the relative authority of Biblical revelation and natural science, the Pentateuch and the *Principia*, tainting Newton’s monumental commemoration with the dangerous suggestion of godless irreverence.

The Dunciad had, after all, presented a compelling vision of England’s collapse into moral and cultural senescence at the hands of hack writers, the Hanoverian court, and freethinking religious rationalism. And within the empire of Dulness, estranged from divine mystery, even the dazzling glories of Newtonian enlightenment might assume the paradoxical Miltonic form of a darkness visible, as ‘Philosophy, that touch’d the Heavens before, / Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more’. The apocalyptic conclusion of Pope’s *Dunciad* is itself, of course, a satiric inversion of the biblical *fiat lux*:

Thy hand great Dulness! lets the
curtain fall,

And universal Darkness covers all.
For Conduitt, perhaps, the terms of Pope’s epitaph were too nicely suspended between the ironic consummation, and pious contradiction, of these lines.

Dr Phil Connell is working on the relations between poetry, religion and politics in the eighteenth century. He has never read The Da Vinci Code.

Graham Storey 1920–2005

University Reader John Harvey remembers a dedicated teacher and scholar



Although Graham Storey was the kindest of teachers, this was not always obvious when you met him. Either in his school, St Edward's, Oxford, or in the Royal Artillery, where he served through the Second World War, he had acquired an abruptness, and a tendency to sit or stand bolt upright. The brusqueness was doubtless nervous, and protected a permanent youthfulness. He could sound on the phone like a brigadier though he looked like an upright elderly cherub. As students some of us used to call him 'RW', after the cherubic father in Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend*.

Dickens he knew by heart, and it was his decades of indefatigable sleuthing, chasing references in the thousands of letters which Dickens wrote hurriedly and which Graham edited meticulously, that won him his OBE. He also edited Hopkins's journals, and edited and brought into print the brilliant book *Angel with Horns*. This collected the papers of A P Rossiter, another idiosyncratic Cambridge figure, a sharp-sighted critic on a fast motor-bike who, before his premature death, had the foresight to appoint Graham his literary executor.

Cambridge was Graham's life. He spent the larger part of his childhood in the nearby village of Meldreth, and when he left Trinity Hall, after many years as a bachelor Fellow, he moved to a coaching inn in nearby Caxton. He had studied Law before the war, and was called to

the Bar in 1950. During the war he had had a change of heart, however, and on returning to Cambridge he took Part I of the English Tripos, getting a First in 1947. Two years later he was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity Hall. He became Director of English Studies there, and Senior Tutor in 1958.

Though secure in his college, Graham was still in that unideal situation, peculiar to Cambridge, where one may teach full-time for years without having an official appointment in one's Faculty. Graham was forty-five when he finally won the University Lectureship which he well deserved. Central to Graham's own teaching of the more important authors was a phrase he liked to use – something touching 'primal' or 'archetypal terror' – which maybe reflected ways in which he himself could be frightened by life, as he also seemed to be by women. But his insistence that what great literature did was especially to *disturb* us had a value in a Cambridge that was slowly moving from a description of literature that was confidently moral to one that was, equally confidently, political.

When in 1982 the University offered senior teachers early retirement on terms 'that could not be refused', Graham, like many others, wrote to accept. A few weeks later, and unlike others, he wrote again, to rescind his acceptance. He received a dry reply from the somewhat Tulkingshorn-like eminence of the then Secretary General, Ian Nicol. But he was sure of his wish, which was to go on teaching for as long as he could, even at a financial sacrifice.

I gained from his kindness, since he supervised my PhD research (on Dickens), reading draft chapters quickly and critically. On the afternoon of my oral he phoned to make sure I knew I had my PhD, and almost on the instant found a publisher for it. Later for some years he and I gave a seminar on Victorian social issues in his cluttered, hospitable rooms in Trinity Hall, where the students and I sat among his miscellany of nice and antique chairs, and where any wandering eye passed across the good water-colours he had crowdedly hung. I hope our double act, as a senior and then young teacher, was useful to the students: I certainly learned with them,

covertly, from Graham's encyclopaedic knowledge of Dickens's century.

If a student or ex-student had good news, he was quick to throw a party. There was a sweetness in his personality, a vulnerability: in general, he gave. I am afraid that, by our fault, my wife and I were more often his guests than he was ours. In the rambling, Dickensian, somewhat smokey coaching inn at Caxton he cooked as elaborately and as carefully as he edited, so that, poor Graham, he was sometimes visibly a tired though entertaining and generous host.

In his later years he held a large annual musical party in his narrow but endless garden at Caxton. You could wander off between stone gods and apple trees, half-hearing the music through a thin buzz both from insects and from the tiny powered hang-gliders which passed slowly overhead, as if they were drawn as we were by the sweet-sad strains of the student string quartet which Graham had invited.

His funeral, in St George's small church in Meldreth, was like one of those occasional rural scenes in Dickens. The November sunlight poured through gothic windows onto pews so crowded with mourners that the undertaker's men had constantly to bring out more stacking chairs from the vestry, for the latecomers who steadily filled the church further.

We adjourned to the beautiful old family house, nearly next door, with its own whimsical gothic front windows, which reflected the prosperity both of Graham's dentist father, and of the ancestral wine-merchants, Asher Storey. There we learned of Graham's formative childhood, and indeed of his young manhood, when he, the surviving brother of a favourite son, might still be commanded by a formidable mother to hurry to mow the lawns, and make the tennis court ready for play.

A bequest by Graham Storey, augmented by gifts from the Governing Body of Trinity Hall, has led to the creation of the Graham Storey Fund, to support an annual lecture on an English novelist.

A brief version of this notice appeared in The Guardian in December 2005.

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drama studio serves, then, as a new focal point for drama and poetry in the English Faculty, something like a performance laboratory in which to explore links between critical work and creative practice. The architectural brief for the studio's design, handsomely fulfilled, was for a black box, a robust studio capable of supporting a variety of performance activities, with a sprung floor appropriate to dance and physical work, and with a minimal but functional lighting rig. The Judith E Wilson fund has for many years invited professional theatre practitioners and poets into the university, seeking to bring the experienced and expert into dialogue with the enormously resourceful student drama and poetry scenes at both undergraduate and graduate levels. The studio now provides a home for such dialogues, supporting new kinds of teaching and varied forms of performance, and offering a much needed rehearsal space to the diffuse Cambridge drama community.

While the higher gossip may focus on the star turns, an important strand of the studio's work relates directly to teaching. The study of Shakespeare in performance, an option for third-year undergraduates, forms one of the liveliest points of interaction between academic work and creative praxis. Yvonne McDevitt persuaded a number of exceptional professional directors to give workshops on aspects of directing, notably in relation to Shakespeare. Yvonne herself contributed to a number of classes, including a session on *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Yvonne and I also took part in a revealing workshop, developing a rehearsed reading of Beckett's *Play* on the occasion of the visit of the Queen to the drama studio. History does not relate what Her Majesty made of Beckett, but I doubt those involved will quickly forget the line on which I inadvertently paused the reading so that the Queen might meet the cast.

Less visible, but no less important, is the range of research and development work undertaken in the studio, work that isn't necessarily made for immediate public performance or viewing. The Marlowe Society, for example, have pioneered a series of Scriptlabs, bringing professional directors to Cambridge to work through rehearsed readings of new playscripts. Yvonne McDevitt, among many projects set to bear fruit in the near future, explored the possibilities of film with a group of performers, including the stand-up comic Shazi Mirza, investigating performance and film aspects of Strindberg's *Miss Julie*.

A DVD of glimpses of the process is being edited at the moment.

Jeremy Hardingham, the recently appointed manager of the drama studio, has organised a dynamic program of events for the coming year. This term, as well as sessions directly related to texts such as *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, he has invited *Escape Artists* and *Ridiculusmus* to present their work. Ken Campbell has made a triumphant return with more theatre sports. Jeremy has started a small 'studio company' developing different types of work, including short sessions performing the seemingly unperformable definitions of words offered by the Oxford English Dictionary.

The studio company have also been exploring playtexts at the limits of what might be considered performable, such as the 'Circe' chapter of Joyce's *Ulysses* and Wyndham Lewis' *Enemy of the Stars*, with a view to presenting a performance. A presentation of Jeremy's own performance work in progress entitled *I Shall Never Be Clean* is forthcoming.

My own research project for the studio involves developing performed readings

of philosophical dialogues, applying the procedures of the professional rehearsal room to works, such as Plato's, which have dramatic form, seeking to determine the extent to which the philosophical content of such texts may depend on aspects of performance culture. With such initiatives, the Judith E Wilson fund hopes to develop the studio not just as a space in which to explore performance, but as a resource for critical research.

Lest all this make it seem like there's more workshop than play in the new studio, a brief review should not omit mention of the Visiting Scholars Christmas Show put together by Abigail Rokison and co-ordinated by Heidi Hume, which revealed otherwise hidden depths in the performance culture of the Faculty, notably its previously unheard capacity for communal singing.

Drew Milne is the Faculty's Judith E Wilson Lecturer in Drama and Poetry, and is currently completing three books: Agoraphobic Poetics; Reading Marxist Literary Theory; and Performance Culture. His recent books of poetry include Go Figure (Salt) and The Damage (Salt).

Events 2006–2007

Distinguished lectures in the past twelve months have included the Clark Lecture, in the Lent Term 2006, given by Seamus Heaney on 'Stance and Distance: A Reading with Commentary'. In November 2006 Dr Robert Douglas-Fairhurst of Magdalen College, Oxford, gave the 2006 British Academy Chatterton Lecture on 'A E Housman's Rejected Addresses'

This year there will be two Clark Lecturers in the Lent Term: Elaine Scarry will speak on 18, 22, 25 and 29 January 2007 and Professor Sir Frank Kermode will speak on E M Forster on 8, 13, and 15 March 2007 (provisionally). For further information about these and other forthcoming events please contact the Faculty Office on 01223 335070 (email: english-events@lists.cam.ac.uk)

Goings and Comings

Dr John Casey and Mr Tim Cribb have retired and Dr Colin Burrow has left to take up a Senior Research Fellowship at All Souls College, Oxford. Dr Robert Macfarlane, Dr Subha Mukherji, Dr Christopher Tilmouth, Dr Daniel Wakelin, Dr Christopher Warnes were appointed to University Lectureships. In the colleges, teaching fellowships were awarded to Ms Deborah Bowman at Gonville and Caius, Ms Sarah Cain at Corpus Christi, Dr Katrin Ettenhuber at Pembroke, Dr Hester Lees-Jeffries at Magdalene, Dr Julie Maxwell at Lucy Cavendish, Ms Sophie Read at Christ's, Dr Andrew Taylor at Churchill.

In the Department of Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic Ms Fiona Edmonds has been appointed to a University

Lectureship, and Dr. Kaarina Hollo has been appointed to a Temporary Part-Time Lectureship in Irish Language. Ms Natasha Hodgson has been appointed a Research Associate on the Prosopography of Anglo-Saxon England. Dr Sharon Arbutnot has been appointed a Research Associate on the Irish Glossaries Project, and Mr Padraic Moran will join her as a second Research Associate in April 2007. Both of these enterprises are AHRC funded resource enhancement projects.

As to matters on-line, Dr Christopher Burlinson has been appointed a Senior Research Associate, and Miss Mariko Brittain an Humanities IT Developer, for *Scriptorium: Medieval and Early Modern Manuscript Studies* (which also is AHRC funded).