

University – who were about get married. Here again are the imaginativeness about other people and that depth of reflection that were so characteristic of Philip: ‘The week will fill and there will be no time for ordinary things. In days of old, words would gain importance as telegrams would arrive on the day. Now e-mails barely limp in. Anyway enjoy next Saturday. I was at a boat club dinner where the Bishop of Edmonton gave a speech in which he said that he had no money to buy a new boat but he would pray for them in the Mays. I will pray for you.’

Of course, we can’t be absolutely sure what it means when a man reared in old-school Marxism, the son of two English communists, ‘prays’. Does he give his thoughts to God, or does he place them in the keeping of a passing cormorant? It doesn’t matter. Philip’s spirituality wasn’t propositional, in the sense of affirming doctrinal claims, it was intuitive and immersive, embedded in a sense of gratitude for the beauty and fineness and particular savour of things, places and people.

Every person is unique: the observation is banal. But Philip was more than unique. He was a singularity who pleated worlds together in an irreplaceable way. He asked for little and gave much. He enriched our lives and wove a thread of kindness and wisdom into the life of our College. We are terribly sad to lose him. We will miss him sorely. But we are so lucky that we knew him.

THE REV'D DR GLEN TILBURN CAVALIERO

7 June 1927 – 28 October 2019. Affiliated student 1965, Research Fellow 1967, Fellow Commoner 1986

Glen and his cousin Roddy were brought up together as brothers. They were both only children who had lost an older brother to infant death and their fathers were two of five Cavaliero brothers who had all fought in the Great War and survived. Glen and Roddy spent holidays romping in the Kent countryside, eagerly watching the bombers and fighter planes in the war years, much to the fury of the adults.

At Tonbridge School, after a disastrous term of chemistry, Glen decided science was not for him. In 1945 he went up to Magdalen, Oxford, and read Modern History (to please his parents – he had really wanted to read English Literature). After National Service in the RAF, Glen attended Ely Theological College and took holy orders in 1952. Following Curacies at All Saints, Margate, and St Gregory’s, Canterbury, he joined the staff of Lincoln Theological College in 1956 (first as a Tutor, then Chaplain and finally Sub-Warden). He left to become Chaplain of Edinburgh University in 1961.



Ordination.

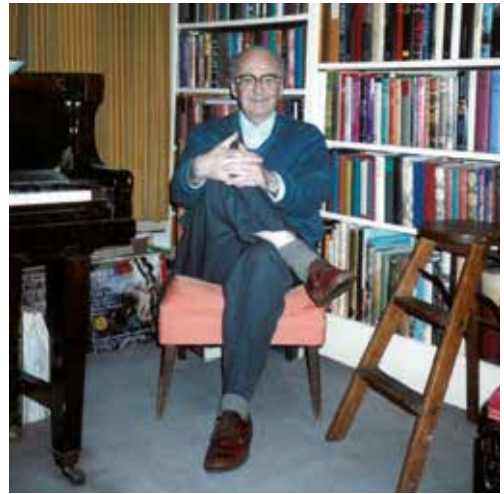
Then, after 12 years as a priest, aged 38, he applied unsuccessfully to several places to read English. The Rev’d Alan Wilkinson (then Chaplain of St Catharine’s) introduced him to Tom Henn. Glen left it for a year, but was asked to give the University Sermon in 1965; he met Tom again and asked if St Catharine’s would take him – Tom said, “Why on earth didn’t you ask last year?”

The following is adapted from the eulogy given by Dr Paul Hartle at Glen’s memorial service

When, some years ago, Glen asked me to be his executor, I thanked him for this ‘melancholy privilege’, and I am again privileged to offer this tribute to him. Although ‘tribute’ is appropriate, for much is owed, I prefer ‘eulogy’ – from the Greek ‘good words’, because Glen was not only deserving of them, but a master of them himself. And, while in one sense ‘melancholy’ is right, because we are all of us sad that

Glen is absent from our conversation, the blackness in that word is not right, because Glen loved (and wore) bright and colourful things, and we chose to reflect that in the flowers in this Chapel and on his coffin.

Good words then, and when I invited Glen's friends and pupils to provide me with some – and many have – I was struck by several responses suggesting that their best Glen stories might lack the gravity appropriate for the occasion; one promised, "I will try to remember one of Glen's limericks suitable for an airing in the Chapel: I may be some time!" This inoffensive verse has never appeared. Occasionally indeed, like Falstaff, Glen was 'little better than one of the wicked', in a strictly conversational context, delighting in the deflation of the pompous in spirit and the inexact in speech.



Portugal Place.

I knew him first as a teacher; when I came to the College he had already been here for several years, first as a mature undergraduate and then working towards his doctorate, and – like generations of St Catharine's students – I was thrilled to be supervised in a real house, in Portugal Place; a fellow alumnus writes that Glen's supervisions were 'the epitome of the Cambridge experience for me – learning and exposure to our beloved literature without the sense of feeling judged.'

But a proper reluctance to judge did not mean that Glen's supervisions were in any way undemanding; I think of him as possessing a kindly astringency – an astringent kindness? – while a colleague notes that there was often a glint rather than a twinkle in the Cavaliero eye.

Something which Glen's charm and humour can too easily make us forget is his productivity and influence. Alongside his monographs on John Cowper Powys, EM Forster and Charles Williams, there are the three books which give a proper sense of his range: *The Rural Tradition in the English Novel*, *The Supernatural and English Fiction*, and *The Alchemy of Laughter: Comedy and English Fiction*. No other scholar could have written them; in the words of one of his oldest friends, "Seldom has anybody known English fiction so thoroughly or so diversely ... as proof against any suspicion I might have that his mental powers were fading, Glen recently offered to provide titles, name of publisher, date of publication, and plot summaries of all twenty-four of the novels of Bulwer-Lytton. When short term memory loss exasperated him, I would reassure him that his knowledge of novels must be stored somewhere else. "Of course," he said, almost indignantly, "I could *never* forget a novel." One of his most recent students shrewdly points out that Glen's comprehensive knowledge made him a uniquely 'great recommender' of reading to others. And to his influential teaching and books we must add countless prefaces, introductions, and scholarly notes on figures as diverse as the Powys Family (where he was the acknowledged expert and President of the Powys Society since 1985) and Beatrix Potter.

So, the countryside, the supernatural and the comic, the topics of his most ambitious books, and also the subjects of so much of his poetry across the forty years of its publication. The seven collections begin with *The Ancient People* in 1973; Glen met me coming out of Deighton Bell's bookshop in Trinity Street, clutching a copy which he instantly signed, and I think he valued my taste and prudence ever since. My copy of the culmination of his work as a poet, the new and collected poems in *A Flash of Weathercocks*, is inscribed, 'the climax to the road to Deighton Bell'.

Poet, Scholar, Teacher – or 'inspirer of joy' to quote another student, and also Fellow Commoner of this

College, an honour which brought with it the role of luncher ['commoner' meaning that he shared in Fellows' commons [meals] not that he was in any sense less uncommon than the average]. Glen was proud that he had been elected into this role when it lacked any statute of limitation; mere Fellows or even Masters required re-election at intervals and so – under revised procedures – did more recently elected Fellow Commoners – he alone, *sui generis*, needed no act of renewal.

Glen also had a clear sense of the duties of a Fellow Commoner: the eating of lunch, certainly – 'my gravy meal', as he called it – but also never to pry into or advise on College business, but always to welcome and converse interestedly with new Fellows – especially the younger and less self-assured – and with the College's guests, as well as with us, his daily sparring-partners.

But if we would not speak of College politics (as if there *were* such a thing), then of what? Well, of books of course; and of films – but only if they antedated the 1960s; and of music, preferably jazz and ideally involving one or other of the many divas whom he cherished. All visitors to the Pinehurst flat were greeted by the photograph of Mabel Mercer signed 'To Glen and my Cambridge admirers'.

Outside that same flat there was a poster, designed for the Cambridge Poetry Festival, of Glen's poem, 'Hollywood the Golden', which, in *The Flash of Weathercocks* collection, is included in the section titled 'Compensations: some counterbalance to the winter's dark.'

To borrow a line from the final stanza, he 'is gone to the Good Place'. Thank you, Glen, for the good words – so many of them over so many years – and, yes, O great recommender, I promise I will try *again* to read *A Glastonbury Romance*.



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