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Contents

The Man Who Was Norris: The Life of Gerald Hamilton, by Tom Cullen, edited and with an introduction by Phil Baker. London: Dedalus, 2014.

Tom Cullen's biography of Gerald Hamilton was blocked from publication in Cullen's life time and then "lost." Phil Baker, who wrote Hamilton's entry for the DNB, tracked it to America and has seen it into print. "Uncle Gerald your charm is a mystery" toasted Auden in 1939; or as Baker puts it in his intelligent introduction, "Despite his physical and perhaps moral ugliness, he had a strange charisma." This book allows us to see just how morally ugly Hamilton was, as his compulsive plotting, swindling and double-crossing winds on in an almost unbelievable string---believably, vividly, numbingly told by Cullen. The brilliance of Isherwood's character Mr. Norris allowed Gerald Hamilton to take public refuge from his crimes in a fictional world where blame matters far less than entertainment value: "for the rest of his life Hamilton was Norris" as Baker writes. But the real Gerald Hamilton posed a serious problem in evil, and we can understand a great deal about Auden and Isherwood in considering both their personal and artistic responses to him.

Recent and Forthcoming Books and Broadcasts

The comprehensive edition of Auden's *Prose* from Princeton University Press will be completed in two volumes to be published early in 2015. Volume V, 1963-1968, will include a slightly corrected text of *Secondary Worlds* and many little-known essays and reviews. Volume VI, 1969-1973, will include a corrected text of *A Certain World* and, among many other essays and reviews, a review in Heinrich Heine that Auden left unfinished at his death. These volumes will also include Auden's unpublished sermon delivered in Westminster Abbey in 1966.

W. H. Auden in Context, a collection of thirty-five essays, edited by Tony Sharp, was published by Cambridge University Press in 2013. The authors include almost every familiar name in Auden scholarship and a number of well-informed newcomers to the field. The general subject headings of the essays are "Contexts of Place," about the many places where Auden lived and worked; "Social and Cultural Contexts"; "Political, Historical, and Theoretical Contexts"; "Creative Contexts," such as the body, travel writing, drama, film, and opera; "Precursors and Contempories," from Old English through the modernists; and "The Most 'Professional' Poet," on Auden's craft.

The Augustinian Theology of W. H. Auden, by Steven J. Schuler, has been published by the University of South Carolina Press. This detailed critical study traces the influence of Augustine on Auden's work and thought, both directly and through the work of Charles Williams, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Charles Norris Cochrane.

"In Praise of Limestone" was a half-hour programme on BBC Radio 4, broadcast 6 October 2014, in which Ian Macmillan talked with Tony Sharpe and Robert Forsythe about Auden's Pennine landscape. A recording may be heard (at least temporarily) on the BBC's web site at this address: http://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b04k9mzl

Auden at Work, a collection of essays edited by Bonnie Costello and Rachel Galvin, is scheduled for publication by Palgrave Macmillan in 2015. The book will include much new material about Auden's manuscripts and working drafts. A further description will appear in a future number of the *Newsletter*.

Auden and the Oxford University Careers Service

A hitherto unknown glimpse of Auden in his early years has emerged in the form of some notes recorded by the secretary of the Oxford University Careers Service, the agency through which Auden hoped to obtain a teaching job. The file card about Auden—and similar cards made later about William Golding and Philip Larkin—were published recently in a sumptuous book of pictures and commentary, *Marks of Genius: Masterpieces from the Collections of the Bodleian Libraries,* edited by Stephen Hebron (Bodleian Library Publishing, 2014).

As the commentary explains, the secretary of the Careers Service interviewed a student or former student in search of a job and recorded his impressions, with additional notes from college tutors. These notes were recorded on printed cards with fields for "Name", "Wants", "Educ.", and more.

Auden registered with the Service on 8 November 1927. His information card lists his birthdate as 21 February 1907 with a parenthetical note "(doctor)" above it, indicating his father's profession. His education is listed as "Gresham's Sch. (Sch[olarship])" and "Ch[rist] Ch[urch] (Sci[ence] Exhib[itioner]), '25". Next to "Wants", in pencil, is "Prep School" and, beneath it, an erased two words that perhaps an expert on the scene may be able to read.

His "Oxford Course" is listed in two columns, the first, oddly, lists "Zool[ology], June '25" (Auden did not arrive at Oxford until later that year) with further lines listing "Chem[istry]" completed in June 1926 and "Bot[any]" in June 1927; however, Auden seems to have switched from science to Philosophy, Politics, and Economics and then to English by that time. A further notation accurately records: "Eng. Lit. III. 1928.", with the indication of his third-class degree heavily inked in, apparently after the rest. His modern languages are noted as Fr[ench] and Germ[an], each with a parenthetical "(3)" after it, again oddly, as Auden said later that he knew no German when he left Oxford. A blank appears in the field for "Athletics".

Under "Experience", the card lists "1928-29 Abroad" and "February 1930 Larchfield School Scotland".

On the reverse side of the card, under "Secretary", are dated notes on two interviews, all in the same rapid and not entirely legible hand:

(4.11.27) Tall fair rather pale: [?]brown specs: youthful: P[ublic] S[chool] type: not an all-round strong candidate: nicely turned out: I am a bit doubtful about his power of keeping discipline: "nothing wd. induce him to go out of this country." (6.3.28) Rather improved impression: advised him to keep his eyes on the Times Educ. Suppt for the London day school posts.

Beneath this are notes from "College": "R F Harrod Conduct exemplary M K [*sic*, for Nevill] Coghill Man of great brilliance, with general culture and personal charm H M [unidentified] recommends". Near the foot of the card, a pencilled notation indicates that Auden was "Last heard of" on 24 May 1932, at which time he had begun the last of his terms at the Larchfield School and was evidently hoping to find another job. He began teaching at the Downs School in the autumn. He had found his jobs at both Larchfield and the Downs with the help of the Careers Service, and we will presumably never know which interviews the Service may have found for him.

W. H. Auden and Oxford Prizes

Auden was associated with Oxford for three distinct periods: as an undergraduate at Christ Church from 1925-28; during an unexpectedly brief retirement at the same College in 1972-73; and, most prominently, as Professor of Poetry from 1956-61.

This post is elected for a five-year term by members of Convocation, a body made up of graduates of the University, and current and retired academics; until 2010 voting had to be in person on a single day. The 1956 election was held on 6 February, and the results were announced three days later. Auden had won with 216 votes, beating Harold Nicolson (192 votes) and G. Wilson Knight (91 votes). He gave his inaugural lecture, entitled "Making, Knowing and Judging", on 11 June in the Sheldonian Theatre.

Among the Professor's duties are to act as a judge (or technically, in two cases, an examiner) in three University competitions: Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize for English Verse, the Chancellor's English Essay Prize, and the English Poem on a Sacred Subject Prize.

The Newdigate Prize for English Verse is open to Oxford undergraduates and to win can be a baptism for significant new poets. En-

Notes and Queries

A recording of Auden's "Work, Carnival and Prayer"

On various occasions in 1971 and 1972 Auden delivered a lecture titled "Work, Carnival, and Prayer," which he never published. Until recently the lecture was known only through a typescript that Auden gave to the Rev. R. Sherman Beattie after his lecture tour in February and March 1971, and which is now in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library. The final version of the lecture, which he delivered at the Cheltenham Festival of Literature on 13 November 1972, was presumed lost.

That version has now been recovered in the form of a recording made at the time by Martin Rabius, then a student at Bonn University, doing a stint as assistant teacher at Ross Grammar School at Ross on Wye. He was invited by a colleague to attend Auden's lecture, and took with him his Uher 4400 stereo tape recorder and made a recording of the lecture from the balcony of the Everyman Theatre.

The exceptionally clear recording reveals that Auden's final version of the lecture was extremely close to the 1971 typescript, of which he had evidently made an almost exact transcript. He dropped one paragraph and made a few minor verbal improvements, but otherwise retained the 1971 text. In the course of the lecture, he recites his poem "Friday's Child," evidently from memory, as it does not appear in the typescript.

The full text of the lecture will appear in Auden's *Prose, Vol. VI,* to be be published in 2015 by Princeton University Press (see the following page), and the recording, through the generosity of Martin Rabius, will be posted on the Society's web site (http://audensociety.org). This is one of very few existing recordings of Auden's lectures and a fascinating document in itself.

both famous and anonymous visitors to Warhol's studio. When asked to pose, subjects were lit and filmed by Warhol's stationary 16mm Bolex camera on silent 100-foot rolls of black and white film. The standard formula of subject and camera remaining almost motionless for the duration of the film, results in a "living portrait". The films, projected in slow motion, last four minutes each. Outside of Warhol's standardized process there are subtle lighting and focus variations in the Screen Tests. Jane Holzer's is in soft focus and suffused with light, creating an ethereal, hypnotic effect while Piero Heliczer's is darker in mood. In addition, there are a number of Screen Tests that diverge from this format entirely, the sitter purposely moving, gesticulating, or using props. To reformulate Warhol's most-quoted dictum, everyone Markopoulos shot would be visible, if not famous, for three minutes—the time it took for a 100' length of film to be exposed. The difference is that most of the Galaxie subjects were already established in their chosen professions. For those of us with a particular interest in Auden the film is a record of the New York intellectual and bohemian circles in which he mixed. It is also a chance to see the poet simply being himself without speaking—rare footage indeed!

DAVID COLLARD

Author's note: My thanks to Robert Beavers and Mark Webber for their help in the preparation of this article. A full account of the making of *Galaxie* appears in *Film as Film: The Collected Writings of Gregory J. Markopoulos,* edited by Mark Webber, with a foreword by P. Adams Sitney (London: The Visible Press, 2014)

tries had to be non-dramatic poems on a set subject, in any metre, and could not exceed 300 lines in length; the prize was worth £21, or about £365 in today's terms. In Auden's time, some of the winning poem was read by the author at Encaenia, the summer celebration where the University commemorates its benefactors and confers honorary degrees. The subject in 1956 was "The Deserted Altar", and while the previous Professor of Poetry, C. Day-Lewis, helped to choose this subject, the judging fell within Auden's term.[1] The prize was won by David Louis Posner (1921-85) of Wadham College, and the poem begins:

> Horseman, you come to bring us peace:
> Earth and star must change their post,
> Time have neither sea nor coast;
> And the shouting of the police
> Turn to honking of wild geese.

The poem is "about an expedition eastward toward a new faith. However, nowhere in the poem does a definition of this new faith occur, except in terms of the deserted altar". Posner went on to publish several volumes of poetry, including *Geographies* (1979).

The next five annual subjects were presumably chosen in part by Auden. In 1957 the topic was "Leviathan",[2] and the prize was won by Robert James Maxwell of New College (born 1934), with a pacy narrative in pure-stress tetrameters based on the story of Jonah. It includes these lines:

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[1] Auden's fellow examiners in 1956 for both the Newdigate and the Chancellor's English Essay Prizes were I. R. J. Jack of Brasenose, and Maurice Bowra, Warden of Wadham. The examiners were appointed by the Vice-Chancellor and the Proctors. Details of these two prizes in this essay come from the following files from the Oxford University Archives (OUA): UR 6/NP/1 [Newdigate Prize] files 1 and 2, and UR 6/CHA/2 [Chancellor's Prizes] file 2; from the *Oxford University Gazette*, which has an annual index; and from various College Archivists, who are thanked in the endnote.

[2] Auden's fellow examiners in 1957, for both the Newdigate and the Chancellor's English Essay Prizes, were Walter Oakeshott, Rector of Lincoln College, and Leonard Rice-Oxley of Keble.

It was then we saw Him sweep by
Hurl his tail as if in reply,
Leviathan the Whale-God, towering black
In His rage and magnificence. His track
Like a train in the sea. And O
He was a God. He was our foe.

Maxwell went on to have a distinguished career in medical management, including as CEO of The King's Fund. He is currently returning to his Newdigate roots by working on a series of poems about biblical animals. He recalls:

> I have always been proud of the fact that Auden was probably a judge. . . . It did not lead to any direct contact with him, although I am pretty certain that I attended at least one of his lectures as Professor of Poetry. I also remember helping to carry him back to his room one night, when he'd drunk too much at what I suppose was an undergraduate party.
>
> As a prize winner I had to . . . read an extract from the poem from a spot in the Gallery [of the Sheldonian] far above the massed and gowned assembly. That was quite scary. . . . I've always regretted that I failed to invite my parents to come, not realising how grand an occasion it would be.[3]

Proxime accessit, or runner-up, in 1957 was Jon Howie Stallworthy of Magdalen College (born 1935),[4] who won in 1958 with his poem on the subject of "The Earthly Paradise".[5] He displays an elegance and formal balance which no doubt appealed to Auden:

[3] Letter from Robert Maxwell to Kieron Winn, 28 February 2014.

[4] Stallworthy was 23 when he won the prize. Undergraduates could be older than they typically are today, as young men were required to do National Service. For instance, before his undergraduate studies, Stallworthy served in the Royal West African Frontier Force.

[5] Auden's fellow examiners in 1958, for both the Newdigate and Chancellor's Essay Prizes, were F. N. W. Bateson of Corpus Christi College, and C. M. Ing of Lady Margaret Hall. There were fifteen entries for the poetry prize and nine for the prose prize.

a skull. Auden chose to appear holding a barometer, presumably the same "graph barometer" that once belonged to his father and which he placed on the mantelpiece in the apartment he shared with Chester Kallman at 77, St Mark's Place on the Lower East Side.

Aidan Wasley, writing in *The Age of Auden: Postwar Poetry and the American Scene* (Princeton University Press, 2011), discusses Auden's two poems "Storm Warnings" and "In Memory of W. B. Yeats (with its barometric "instruments"), observing that

> the barometer serves as a figure for poetry itself and its ability to do little more than agree with the world, not alter it. Poetry, like the barometer, can foresee change: but not avert it.

Why Auden chose a barometer as a prop is anyone's guess, although it may simply be that it was portable. His apartment—apart from many books and a few pictures—was short on objects. According to a footnote in Humphrey Carpenter's biography of Auden, "When [Auden] left the St Mark's Place apartment in 1972, one of his friends noticed that the barometer had—perhaps symbolically—run out of ink."

The director of *Galaxie*, Gregory Markopoulos (1928-1992), was a leading figure in the international avant-garde. He completed his first experimental film trilogy (one of many) in 1947 and built a distinguished career as a prolific filmmaker and theorist. Galaxie was made during rich creative period in the 1960s which resulted in fourteen films. Markopoulos subsequently built up a formidable body of work and is arguably the pre-eminent avant-garde film-maker of his generation.

Any consideration of *Galaxie* must acknowledge the influence of Andy Warhol's well-known series Screen Tests, shot between 1964 and 1966 in the silver-painted Factory studio at 231 East 47th Street, using a simple Bolex 16mm camera and some basic lights. One hundred feet of film was used and the result, once developed, would be projected at slow speed, lasting four minutes. Warhol shot well over four hundred such tests, which form an important body of work and, like his work in other media, capture something. Some of Warhol's subjects were public figures (Alan Ginsberg, Denis Hopper and Salvador Dalì) but most were, and remain, anonymous. A few Factory "Superstars" emerged, including Edie Sedgwick, Joe Dallesandro and even Susan Sontag, who also appears in *Galaxie*. The subjects include

8 Erick Hawkins (1909-94), choreographer and dancer.
9 Louise Grady (b. *circa* 1936) more widely known as Panna Grady. Socialite and patron in the circle of Warhol, Burroughs and Ginsberg.
10 Frances Steloff (1887-1989), founder of the Gotham Book Mart.
11 Charles Boultenhouse (1926-94), underground film maker. Parker Tyler's partner from 1945.
12 Alfonso Ossorio (1916-90), Filipino-born abstract expressionist painter.
13 Jasper Johns (b. 1930), painter and printmaker.
14 Jonas Mekas (b. 1922), Lithuanian-born avant-garde film maker.
15 W.H. Auden (1907-73), poet, critic, essayist, playwright.
16 Jerome Hill (1905-72), actor, writer, film-maker (Academy Award for *Albert Schweizer* in 1957).
17 Allen Ginsberg (1926-97) and Peter Orlovsky (1933-2010), the poet and his partner.
18 Robert Ossorio (1935-2008), arts patron and ballet company founder.
19 Gregory Battcock (1937-80), painter, lecturer, editor.
20 Hendrick Ruitenbeek (b. 1928), author, editor and gay rights advocate.
21 Shirley Clarke (1919-97), independent filmmaker.
22 Jan Cremer (b. 1940), Dutch painter.
23 Kenneth Kelman (dates unknown), film maker and theorist, author of *Film as Poetry* (1963).
24 Maurice Sendak (1928-2012), writer and illustrator.
25 Paul Thek (1933-88), painter.
26 Susan Sontag (1933-2004), critic and essayist.
27 Tom Chomont (d. 2010), experimental film maker.
28 Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007), composer and librettist.
29 Ed Emshwiller (1926-1990) and family, avant-garde film maker and science fiction illustrator.
30 Robert C. Scull (1917-86), businessman and art collector.

Each three-minute portrait was edited in the camera, with the subjects posing alongside such personal objects as they happened to bring with them. The twin brothers George and Mike Kuchar brought props from their films, Susan Sontag appeared with photographs of Garbo and Dietrich, the composer Ben Weber with wigs and feather boas, and the film-maker Shirley Clarke with a Felix the Cat doll and

Adam awakened to a dream of Spring
That kindled in a boy's quick vein;
Saw how the leopard sun upon his sill
Laid one gold paw, and missed the quarrelling
Of a dead season's rain;
For the rains had galloped over the hill.

Stallworthy, of course, has gone on to be an acclaimed poet, biographer and anthologist. In his autobiography he recalls the moment when he found out that he had won:

> My own life changed in the course--I think it was the salmon course—of a humbler feast, the annual dinner of the Mermaid Club. This was a small company of enthusiasts for Restoration Comedy who, two or three evenings a term, read a play by candlelight until the candles and the claret ran out.
>
> W. H. Auden was guest of honour at our annual dinner. I had been to all his lectures as Professor of Poetry, but lacked the confidence or courage to take my poems to the Cadena Café where he regularly held court and commented on his courtiers' offerings. Now, hearing him talk—more brilliantly than he lectured—I regretted my cowardice. Like a jazz trumpeter riding a rollercoaster solo, he swung into a playful typology of poets and poetry categorized in culinary terms (or was it a culinary typology categorized in poetical terms?). Then, asked how he would categorize Oxford undergraduate poetry (and being too tactful to say), he spoke of judging the Newdigate Prize. David Cocks, who was sitting close to him, said: "Have the judges reached a decision?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "Is it X?" (He named a rumoured winner.)
>
> "No."
>
> "Can you say who it is?"
>
> "I forget the name. He's the son of an Oxford doctor." David tried again.
>
> "Yes," said Auden.[6]

[6] Jon Stallworthy, *Singing School: The Making of a Poet* (London: John Murray, 1998), p. 189. He describes his winning 1958 entry on pp. 182-92; accounts of

Stallworthy also describes reading from the poem at Encaenia:

> the winner of the Newdigate Prize followed the orator into a gilded pulpit and recited an extract from his poem. Accordingly, on the morning of 25 June, I treated an audience impatient for lunch in All Souls to a slice of Earthly Paradise. "At least it wasn't in Latin," I heard someone say afterwards; and my own satisfaction was qualified by the knowledge that the printed copies available in bookshops all over Oxford were disfigured by a catastrophic misprint on the cover.

This refers to the epigraph from *Paradise Lost*, Book XII:

> Then wilt thou not be loath
> To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
> A Paradise within thee, happier farr.

Regrettably, the first line's "not" had been omitted. One member of the audience in the Sheldonian was so taken with the poem that three years later he made enquiries through a friend, the Dean of Christ Church, about obtaining a copy.

Proxime accesserunt in 1958 were David Eugene Henry Pryce-Jones (born 1936), Scholar of Magdalen College, and a future historian, journalist and novelist; and Ronald Norman Tamplin of Merton College (born 1935), who has become known as a poet, scholar and anthologist.

In 1959 the subject was "A Pindaric Ode" (on any theme), but no entry was thought to merit an award.[7] In 1960 the topic was "A Dialogue Between Caliban and Ariel", [8] which was won by John Leopold

his 1956 and 1957 entries are on pp. 154-58 and 174-78. Entries had to be under a pseudonym, and on this first occasion Stallworthy used "Phlebas the Phoenician". The quotation that follows is from p. 191.

[7] Auden's fellow examiners in 1959 for both the Newdigate and Chancellor's Essay Prizes were Lord David Cecil of New College, and W. W. Robson of Lincoln. There were six entries for the poetry prize, seven for the prose prize.

[8] Auden's fellow examiners in 1960 for both the Newdigate and Chancellor's Essay Prizes were H. J. F. Jones of Merton College, and M. R. Trickett of St Hugh's. There were nine entries for the poetry prize, four for the prose prize.

recovery and all the best! I am extremely grateful that I followed my intuition to visit him, and that he in turn shared so many of his wonderful stories about Auden with me: a treasure indeed.

HANNAH ARNOLD

Hannah Arnold is currently completing her PhD on Auden and Germany at Jesus College, Oxford

Auden and a Barometer

Galaxie is a ninety-minute 16mm colour film shot in 1966 by the experimental film maker Gregory J. Markopoulos and consisting of thirty three-minute portraits of the director's New York friends, a cohort of mid-century New York artists, writers and bohemians. One of them is Auden, then aged 59. It's a silent film, apart from the sound of a Hindu bell at the end of each portrait sequence. ("For portrait fifteen, fifteen bells, for portrait twenty-five, twenty-five bells, for portrait thirty, thirty bells"). Markopoulos made multiple exposures of the same reel of film and sometimes deliberately shook or vibrated the camera, or made other interventions to prevent a simple exposure from taking place. The results are often striking, and there is evidence of increasing technical accomplishment as the complete film is screened, the portraits appearing chronologically in the order in which they were first filmed.

Auden's appearance aside, the film is of interest in its portrayal of mid-century intellectual and bohemian community, a mixture of the celebrated and the obscure.

Here's a list of the cast in order of appearance:

1 Parker Tyler (1904-74), film critic and author.
2 Storm De Hirsch (*c.* 1922-2000), poet and avant-garde film maker.
3 Amy Taubin (b. 1939), filmmaker, curator, critic.
4 Donald Droll (1927-85), curator, art patron and dealer.
5 Harry Koursaros (1928-86), painter, and Gordon Herzig (unidentified).
6 Ben Weber (1916-79), composer.
7 George Kuchar (1942-2011) and Mike Kuchar (b. 1942), filmmakers (twins).

didn't even know, hadn't ever seen. And he put it into my hand – the German version of the poem – and I now had to read to the audience improvising, without having read it through before.

The most extraordinary bit of the story though is that – because by now, it was "past his bedtime" – Auden fell asleep on stage, while Geitel was reading out the long German translation, and only woke up when the audience started applauding. After this, Geitel did not see Auden very often.

Another thing Geitel told me is that apparently, Auden kept entire books in which he invented rhyme schemes: "He sat there and put these rhythmic forms onto paper, thinking he would write a corresponding text for this rhythm one day. And entire volumes with rhyme schemes like that were lying around at his place. This is what he occupied himself with. Very strange."

I then asked Geitel whether he knew if Auden regularly attended church in Berlin, and, if yes, which one. Geitel only said: "he never talked about religion or church here". Geitel voiced his impression that Auden was nostalgically trying to re-live his old Berlin life during his Ford Foundation Residence, which did not involve going to church but to the same kind of bars as back in the day, borderline illegal, where he "felt at home" ("Er war ja ein Abenteurer innerlich" – "he was an adventurer on the inside"). Geitel thought that Auden had not been disappointed as much by the city as by himself, being too old now, as Geitel put it, to "loaf around" with "all these young people" he liked so much.

Geitel himself, as I experienced him, looked like time had been standing still in his world, too. He was dressed in seventies clothes, all brown, a shirt with geometrical shapes in various brown tones, wore huge glasses. When I rose to leave, he called me "meine liebe Freundin" ("my dear friend") and gave me a copy of Harold Norse's autobiography – not without warning me that it was very, very dirty. Thanking Geitel for his kindness and his time, and wishing him all the best for his upcoming big birthday, I took my leave, walking past all sorts of curious art objects, like a giant fountain pen – an advertisement picked up somewhere, as Geitel's son told me.

When I recently phoned Geitel to wish him a belated Happy Birthday and to tell him about my plan to write about our meeting, I was sad to hear that he was not very well. I am wishing him a quick

Fuller (born 1937), Scholar of New College. His entry, like Stallworthy's, would have appealed to Auden's liking for formal grace, as when Ariel says:

My target's everything, and in my aim,
Achievement, while another,
Lesser lusts may drive:
Legs hate their lazy brother
Who saps your precious Five
To keep alive.

Fuller became, of course, a noted poet and Auden scholar. He recalls:

> I remember thinking that Professor Auden's subject in 1960 ("A Dialogue between Caliban & Ariel") was somehow either thoughtlessly off the top of his head or weirdly self-regarding (did he want to make us all re-read "The Sea and the Mirror"?). However, I didn't find it too hard to take a different (largely linguistic) line. I never heard from him about winning it, though we had met a few times in the previous couple of years. There is a curious thing about winning prizes: it can actually make you feel that the poem isn't really much good after all. I obtained dispensation from reading it at Encaenia, as my planned marriage and honeymoon meant that I couldn't be in Oxford then.[9]

In 1961 the subject was "Doomsday", and it seems that the panel who set this included Auden. The judging fell within the tenure of Auden's successor, Robert Graves; no entry was judged to be of sufficient merit.

The Chancellor's English Essay Prize, also an award for Oxford undergraduates, had a value in Auden's time of £20, or about £350 in 21st-century terms. It was given for an essay, on a set subject, not exceeding 30-35 printed pages, allowing about 360 words to a page. In 1956 the subject, presumably set by Day-Lewis and others, was "The Modern Puritan"; no award was made.

[9] E-mail from John Fuller to Kieron Winn, 20 January 2014.

In 1957 the subject was "The Sense of the Past": the prize was awarded to Peter Serracino Inglott of Campion Hall (1936-2012), a future philosopher and Catholic priest; *proxime accessit* was Charles Peter Vernier (born 1936), Exhibitioner of Magdalen College, who as Peter Vernier has become a noted writer on Oscar Wilde. The subject in 1958 was "Necessary Myths": the winner was John Ralph Walley (1935-98), Postmaster (Scholar) of Merton College, who later worked for the Ministry of Power; *proxime accesserunt* were Peter Hebblethwaite (1930-94) of Campion Hall, a future Catholic priest and writer, and Donald Michael Thomas (born 1935) of New College, who as D. M. Thomas has become a celebrated poet and novelist. In 1959 the suggested subjects, initialled by Auden and his fellow 1958 examiners, were firstly "Play"; secondly "The Expanding Universe"; and thirdly "Das Volk dichtet". In the end "Play" was chosen. (The subject for the Chancellor's Latin Verse Prize in the same year was a scientific period piece: "Space-travel.") The award was made to Michael Patrick Nevin of Campion Hall (1930-2002), who became a teacher of theology at the Digby Stuart College, Roehampton, later incorporated into the University of Surrey.

Proxime accessit was Joseph Anthony Munitiz (born 1931), also of Campion Hall, of which he would later be Master; he is currently Assistant Master. In 1960 the suggestions were firstly "Magic" and secondly "Decadence"; the first was used, but the examiners were unable to make an award. The 1961 suggestions, initialled by Auden and his fellow 1960 examiners (though the examining Professor of Poetry was in the event Robert Graves) were firstly "Games" and secondly "Chance and Necessity"; the first was used.

The English Poem on a Sacred Subject Prize, a triennial prize open in Auden's day only to Oxford graduates, is perhaps the most obscure substantial poetry award in the country. The amount of the prize varies depending on the income of the prize fund, and has been worth about £6000 in today's terms. In 1956 the winner, chosen by a team including Day-Lewis, was Michael Langley Burchnall MA, of Merton College (1921-2007), for a poem on the subject of "The Brazen Serpent"; he received in the first instance £130, or about £2,250 in early 21st-century money, and six months later a further £17 18s 4d (about £300), representing the balance of the value of the fund.

The judges for the prize included the Professor of Poetry and the Public Orator, who co-opted a third judge from within the University. The poem, on a set subject, had to have not fewer than sixty or more

> next morning, the police came. He had been reported because he had driven in such a wobbly way – he hadn't run into anyone or hit anybody but had shown such difficulty at driving that another driver had noticed it and alerted the police. Then there was a big to-do between the police and the city of Berlin, his host, who ended up brushing everything under the carpet. And he had to give up the car again. It was all rather unpleasant, the whole affair.

Geitel said that this episode was "uncomfortable: for his relationship with Auden and that he felt doubly guilty: because he had organized the car for Auden and because he had not realized how drunk Auden really was.

And things continued to be difficult for Geitel during Auden's residence. Soon afterwards, Auden had his first public reading in the "Amerika Haus". For Geitel as a host, it was a terrible experience since, as he put it, there was no way of guiding Auden during the reading: he did exactly what he wanted. It all began with a dinner invitation Auden extended to Geitel before the reading, to discuss details:

> He had cooked, that was one of his favourite occupations, apart from writing poems. While I was already much more nervous, with my stage fright. He wasn't nervous at all. But since I did not know how it would all work out, I simply at my roulades, or whatever it was he had made, and time passed and I said, "but we have to get there on time!"

They just about made it to the reading in time, where "ein Fritze vom Goethehaus" ("some guy from the Goethehaus" – the Goethe Institute) felt he was supposed to be on stage as well – which Auden was not happy with at all, not knowing the man. In the end, he did join Auden and Geitel on stage but was completely ignored by Auden. Geitel continued:

> I think I gave an introductory talk on Auden, and then Auden read a few poems in English and I the corresponding translations. And then, at some point, when I thought that the thing was going to be over soon, Auden suddenly reached in to his briefcase and pulled out an endless poem, which I

At the next opportunity, on 31 July 2014, I visited him in his Berlin flat. Immediately, we began an hour-long conversation about Auden. He told me, how he had met Auden through Hans Werner Henze on Ischia, where Henze and Auden had become acquainted in 1953. Henze, Geitel told me, was then living in the house of an Italian farmer and his wife and relying financially on the composer William Walton, who lived around the corner and every now and then put some cash on Henze's piano. Geitel himself had met Henze in Paris in 1951 and both formed a deep and lasting friendship.

Talking about the collaboration between Auden, Chester Kallman, and Henze, Klaus Geitel conveyed Henze's suspicion that Kallman might have been the more important librettist of the two. He described the impression Kallman made on him whenever they met, feeling that he suffered greatly from being constantly pushed aside and taking the second place after Auden. Geitel also acknowledged that despite this impression, he himself had always been happy when he could be alone with Auden, whom he said he liked very much, because of Kallman's fervent attempts to put himself in the foreground. About Auden specifically, Geitel said that he was true to himself and did not diverge a centimetre from what he thought was appropriate and right – that he was always very polite but absolutely resolute when it came to what he did and did not want.

Most of all though, we talked about Auden's "second Berlin year" with the Ford Foundation in 1964-65. During the year, Geitel met Auden occasionally, though not often. Before Auden's arrival, Geitel had been asked to organise a car for the poet, a tricky undertaking because Auden did not provide or have the right paperwork. In the end, a friend who ran a car hire was able to help Geitel and the car was produced – the cause of more drama (the quotations are my translations of my notes on the interview):

> Then the disaster took its course. His first performance in Berlin was here in my flat, I invited a few people and he sat kinglike in the middle and was being marveled at and stared at and smiled at and so on. As you know, it was his habit to go home around ten every evening, but until that time he must have had quite enough to drink, so that all five or six of us escorted him outside to his car. Gosh, of course we should not have let him drive, really, but we hadn't realized quite how much he had had to drink. And so he drove off. And the

than 300 lines, and could be in any non-dramatic form. The award came round only once during Auden's term as the Professor: an award was due in 1959.[10] In a letter of 15 December 1958, Auden, writing from New York to R. E. Clifford, the Head Clerk of the University, makes an alarming allusion:

> Remembering th[e] crisis we had over throwing away the Mss of the Newdigate and Chancellor's Essay last year, could you be kind enough to let me know if you want me to return my copies of the sacred poems.[11]

There were either five or six entries, probably sent on New Year's Eve. Unfortunately, Auden, who read them with remarkable efficiency, was unimpressed, and the prize was not awarded. Auden writes to the Head Clerk on 5 January 1959:

> Thank you very much for your nice letter and for the entries for the Prize Poem on a Sacred Subject. As regards the latter, I am dismayed and depressed. I cannot, honestly, recommend one of them as meriting the prize. All five seem to me equally and uniformly bad, without a trace of either poetic talent or theological insight. There must be a number of Oxford Graduates with both, and. the monetary value of the prize is not to be sneezed at. Why do they not compete? I can only suppose that the times have not changed as much as we sometimes think. When I was an undergraduate, we thought this prize a bad joke; quite apart from our religious beliefs, we would not have entered for it because we thought that it could only be won by elderly country parsons.[12]

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[10] The other judges were A. N. Bryan-Brown of Worcester, the Public Orator, and A. M. Farrer of Trinity.

[11] OUA, UR 6/SPP/1, file 2.

[12] In 1926, on the one occasion that the prize was awarded during Auden's undergraduate career at Christ Church, the winner, on the subject of *Judas Maccabeus*, was Rev. Arthur Shearly Cripps MA, of Trinity; honourably mentioned was Rev. Walter Stanley Senior MA, of Balliol.

I see that we shall have to do something about what are now called—detestable phrase!—Public Relations.[13]

On 26 January, Auden writes to the Head Clerk saying that he prefers "The Death of Ahab" (the alternative was "Martha") as a title for the next prize. "The Death of Ahab" was used for the 1962 competition; in the end "Martha" was the subject in 1968.

So distinguished a poet would have been an obvious candidate to be an examiner for the Newdigate on his return to Oxford in 1973, but it appears that he was not involved. It is remarkable how many people who went on to have distinguished literary careers were noticed in their early days by Auden, and, as we have seen, there are enduring memories of his brilliance and generous sociability.

KIERON WINN

Kieron Winn is a freelance teacher of English and creative writing; he received a D.Phil. from Oxford for a thesis on Herbert Read and T. S. Eliot. He writes: I am grateful to the following people for their assistance: Simon Bailey (Keeper of the Archives at the University of Oxford), Robin Darwall-Smith (Archivist of Magdalen College), John Fuller, Amanda Holton, Oliver Mahony (Archivist of Lady Margaret Hall), Robert Maxwell, Edward Mendelson, Alison Miles (Executive Assistant to the Chancellor of the University of Oxford), Andrew Mussell (Archivist of Lincoln College), Julian Reid (Archivist of Merton College), Jon Stallworthy, Jennifer Thorp (Archivist of New College), and Sarah Twinn (Secretary of Campion Hall).

Auden at Christ Church, 1972-73

A Research Lecturer's Anecdotes

W. H. Auden arrived at Christ Church, Oxford for his third and last residence there in Michaelmas Term, 1972. He came at the invitation of the Governing Body, where his principal sponsor was his friend David Luke, the college's German don. Auden was supposed to be

[13] OUA, UR 6/SPP/1, file 2.

Dear Wystan, –

Please forgive the German but my secretary is on holiday, the kind temp does not speak English, and my bed-scribbles are not really legible. Yes, with the exception of one and a half hours a day that I spend painfully on crutches and an elevated chair, I am still bed-ridden.

I am thanking you kindly for your good letter and the epistle attached by Mr. Klaus Geitel. But I have been slandered so frequently in the context of this darned Mephisto lawsuit that I had to draw the line somewhere at some point. And since, as you know, "Die Welt" is the most widely read newspaper in Germany, I decided to draw the line just there. I am running another lawsuit against the "Kölner Rundschau" and the journalist Werner Helwig. Mr. Helwig hasn't refrained from writing the following: "This marriage (between Gründgens and myself) had to fail. Erika had only one wife, and she was called Klaus". Can this be outdone? Additionally, Gründgens didn't want this law suit and didn't initiate it, even though "Mephisto" had been announced publically two months before his suicide. The incompetent and unemployed Mr. Gorski, with whom Gründgens hasn't been on good terms for a long time, expected a heap of gleaming publicity from his dirty dealings, and he got it.

Thanks again, all the best

And love.

The *Mephisto* case, the cause for the various libel cases Mann mentions in her letter, had been filed by Peter Gorski, Gründgens's adoptive son. Apparently, Erika had reason to believe that Gründgens and Gorski did not get on well around the time of Gründgens's "suicide" – he died of an overdose of sleeping pills and officially the cause of his death was never clearly determined – and thought that Gründgens himself would never have wanted the case. Still, the court agreed with the petitioner only two months after Auden and Mann exchanged their letters, and two years later the petition for a revision was declined.

Interested in the relationship between Auden and Klaus Geitel – and curious to meet the nearly ninety-year-old man – I found out through a family friend that he still lived at his old address in Berlin. Geitel kindly replied to my letter and showed great interest in Auden.

viewed new editions of Klaus Mann's books for DIE WELT— and, I believe, with much affection. I see no point in allowing for the possibility that by publically reviving old stories, his memory may be tainted. I believe it would be in everyone's interest if Mrs Mann would lay off—the interest of the dead as well as of the living. Please do put in a good word for my point of view. And don't let little Schnappauf fall into the pit where, most certainly, he does not belong.

I would be very obliged to you if you could support me in this case which does not even concern me personally—as you have supported many who were possibly less close to you than I am,

Kindest regards,

Yours,
Klaus

Auden seems not to have been convinced by this, and his loyalty to his wife is worth noting – although it is of course unclear what his attitude towards Geitel had been before or after he read the letter: Auden did not try to influence Mann while making plain his own opinion that the sentence in question was "obviously criminally libellous". He simply forwarded Geitel's letter with a typed cover note:

Dear Erika:

The enclosed letter is self-explanatory. I have written to Mr Geitel pointing out that, whatever Mr Schnappauf may have intended to say, for every reader of Die Welt, his sentence will only have one meaning. I know Geitel quite well and I believe him when he says that Schnappauf didn't intend to say what in fact he said. What really puzzles me is how on earth the editor of Die Welt could have let it pass, when it is so obviously criminally libellous.

Anyway, I have done all I can. What a damned unpleasant business. Rumors reach me that your health is a little better and that you are no longer bed-ridden. I do hope this is true.

And he added in handwriting: "I am fine and busy. Alles gutes [sic] for Christmas and the New Year. Love, Wystan". To this, Erika Mann replied on 14 January 1966 with the last letter to her husband I have seen (again in my translation):

living in the Brewhouse, a delightful sixteenth-century cottage—now invariably called "Auden Cottage"— in the garden of the Canon's Residence at the south-west corner of Tom Quad, but it was not yet ready for him so he lodged temporarily at All Souls, "living out" of Christ Church but still, as an Honorary Student of Christ Church (what every other college calls an Honorary Fellow), he had the right to eat at High Table and was a member of the Christ Church Senior Common Room.

At the time, from 1971 to 1976, I enjoyed similar privileges as a Research Lecturer of the House—a (then) five-year research-post today called a Junior Research Fellowship—and used to meet Wystan at the High Table and in the Senior Common Room. We met only occasionally during most of Michaelmas Term, 1972 but when, by November that year, and throughout Hilary Term, 1973, he was fully established in the cottage, we met every day. At the end of Hilary term, he returned to Austria where he died a day before he was to return to Oxford.

Wystan's collection *Epistle to a Godson* appeared in October 1972. Shortly before Christmas, with some trepidation (for I had found that he could be a bit grumpy about such intrusions), I approached him explaining that my sister-in-law was an enthusiast for his work, and asking if he would autograph a copy of the book for her. He beamed a smile and said: "With pleasure", and, adding "I don't know your sister-in-law, so I'll just sign it", he endorsed it "W. H. Auden", striking through the printed name on the title page. He then said: "There's a mistake on page 17", went straight to the page and, without appearing to look closely at it, "dive-bombed" the book with the tip of my pen. (He had inserted a single comma between the words "Farewell" and "and" in the last stanza of "Lines to Walter Birk.") I then plucked up courage to produce a second copy of the book and asked if he would sign this one for me. He did so willingly and graciously, this time inscribing it: "To Roger Mallion with best wishes from Wystan Auden".

Wystan clearly had an extremely accurate memory for his works, and also for his anecdotes. Whenever he repeated a story—which he often did, to the annoyance of some senior, "establishment" members of the Common Room but endearingly to some indulgent others—he invariably used exactly the same words.

His obsession about punctuality is well-known. He was always on time at meals (1.00 p.m. for lunch in the Lee Building, 7.20 p.m. for

dinner in Hall) and he was witheringly critical of anyone who was not. He often berated—gently and tongue-in-cheek—David Luke, who often arrived for dinner at the last minute. Wystan belonged to the era and the social class in which people had nannies, and he would chastise David in a mock-nanny-ish voice, saying "You're *late*! *Mustn't* be late!", sometimes adding: "Nanny says that you *mustn't* be late!" Another ritual was the "cocktail hour", for Auden always at 5.50 p.m. Wystan had somehow convinced himself that he needed twelve hours' sleep and so his routine was to go to bed at exactly 8.45 p.m. and to rise at 8.45 a.m. In between, he worked regular "office-hours" on his various writings. Thinking naïvely that poets worked by inspiration, I once asked whether he kept a pad and pencil by his bedside in order to preserve an idea or phrase during the night. He replied with an emphatic and irritated: "Oh no, no! Certainly not! Certainly not! No! No, I *never* work after dinner, *never* after dinner." And then his face wreathed into a gentle smile as he added. "After all, at dinner, I've been *drinking*!"

This early bed-time put constraints on other activities. For example, Wystan perennially—and inexplicably—was worried about money. He undertook various activities that he did not really want to do, and freely admitted that he was doing them purely for the money. These included appearing on television "chat" shows such as *Parkinson*, where he once appeared together with his Oxford contemporary—and at one time, reportedly, intimate friend—Richard Crossman, a member of New College, later a minister in the Labour Government. He never saw the broadcast, however, as it aired after 8.45 p.m.

Wystan chain-smoked and was of course conspicuous for his drinking. In addition to his pre-dinner cocktails, usually followed by a couple of glasses of wine at dinner, he invariably consumed a post-prandial brandy or two in the Common Room. The system for purchasing drinks in the Senior Common Room was that a member helped himself and then listed his purchase and signed his initials on a printed card left on the drinks table by the Common Room Butler. Wystan liked brandy, so he would sign "W. H. A. 1 brandy". This was notoriously an underestimate. There was a rumour that the butler, when he saw this on the card, more accurately recorded three brandies on Wystan's Common Room account. Among the younger scientific set, an "Auden" became known as a measurement equal to approximately three brandies.

nalist, Ulrich Schnappauf, who had stated that the relationship between her and her brother Klaus had been more than that of siblings. The sentence, as Auden wrote in his reply, would have been read by few as an ambiguous statement, yet Geitel maintained that Schnappauf was simply far too young and innocent to even consider such a reading. Here is a translation of the letter (all the letters in this note are in the Monacensia archive):

Dear Wystan,

You know how unedifying lawsuits are. And now a friend of mine and colleague, whose work I value as highly as his decency, has stumbled into this unpleasant affair. Mrs Erika Mann is threatening to sue him for libel—and also my own newspaper DIE WELT with a lawsuit.

Little Ulrich Schnappauf used a phrase in a report about the lawsuit of Gründgens's adoptive son Gorski against the publication of Mann's "Mephisto" on those grounds on which he is now being threatened with jail. He wrote—without meaning any harm: "Did Gründgens destroy the relationship Klaus-Erika, which was more than just that of siblings?".

He—unlike Mrs Mann—did not even conceive of the audacious idea that one could detect an accusation of incest in this sentence. And neither did I, by the way. For young people like Schnappauf, everything happens in the world of the mind. Should we criticize and condemn him for it? It was exactly the purity and integrity of his ideas, which kept him from calling this apparently dysfunctional relationship between Klaus and Erika a relationship that was purely between the minds and souls. Because for our little Schnappauf, there is nothing else. But for this he is now supposed to go to court.

Dear Wystan, you have known me for many years. You know that I would not defend this boy if I didn't know of his innocence. Maybe you could move Mrs Mann to withdraw these unfortunate lawsuits, which only create bad blood and do no good whatsoever. They punish blatant innocence, and this again is not really a proud result.

Additionally, the sensational press, with its love for scrounging through the dirt of the past, will be only too keen to pick up on the matter. Up to this point, I have always re-

said "OM", this signalled "End of Conversation", as far as *he* was concerned.

Late on the morning of Saturday, 29 September 1973, passing through Tom Quad, I noticed that the Christ Church flag was flying at half-mast. Auden, the porter told me, had died. It was a privilege for me to have impinged on a small part of his life and I hope that these anecdotes may add, even if only a little, to the public's knowledge of this fascinating and complex personality.

R. B. MALLION

Roger Mallion was Research Lecturer at Christ Church, 1971-76, and later taught in the School of Physical Sciences, University of Kent. A longer version of this essay may be found at the web site of the Society, and the author may be reached at: mallionr29b@aol.com

Klaus Geitel at Forty and Ninety

Research, to me, is an intellectual treasure hunt. It takes a certain amount of luck, an open eye and a good intuition at the right moment, for one to recognise and follow the right markers, in the right direction. Looking through letters by and to members of the Mann family in the Monacensia Archive in Munich, I found a curious letter that would lead to an equally curious meeting in Berlin with an old man who had know W. H. Auden personally.

On 15 December 1965, not too long after his return from his Ford Foundation Residence in Berlin, W. H. Auden wrote a letter to his wife Erika Mann. Thirty years had passed since their improbable wedding as complete strangers, necessitated by the bleak realities of the thirties. At sixty, Erika Mann was already crippled—mentally and physically—by various diseases and the loss of both her beloved father Thomas and brother Klaus. She would die four years later.

Auden had received a letter from Klaus Geitel, a German music and theatre critic born in August 1924, whom he had met on Ischia through Hans Werner Henze. Geitel wrote for the German daily newspaper *Die Welt,* and it was in this capacity that he appealed to Auden. On 12 December 1965, Geitel wrote from his Berlin flat in the hope that Auden might be able to pacify his enraged wife. Erika Mann had taken offence to a sentence in an article by a young jour-

I once discussed with Wystan the dangers of heavy smoking and drinking. His life-style, he acknowledged, involved risk, but he ended the discussion by saying, "Anyway, at my age, why should I worry?" Looking at him, I found it extremely hard to credit that, with his complexion like the surface of a crocodile-skin hand-bag, he was only sixty-six years old. He often joked that, in any gathering, he had always automatically assumed that he was one of the youngest people present, and had only latterly realized that he was usually the oldest.

Thus it was that, during the course of Hilary Term, 1973, the younger members of the Common Room, especially, grew accustomed to the regular rhythm of life of their somewhat pedantic and fairly truculent—yet somehow gentle—senior colleague with his dishevelled and rather unhygienic appearance. Despite this, Wystan endeared himself to me because he generally treated the Research Lecturership body with courtesy and kindness and—what I especially appreciated—he had *time* for us.

At the time when Auden came back to Christ Church the Common Room had moved on from the days of the 1950s, when he had been Professor of Poetry. Then, I understand, formal Common Room Dessert was laid out almost every night for a variety of "living-in" dons who were still talked about in my day—such as Robin Dundas and Sir Roy Harrod. By the early 1970s, though, the ritual of formal Dessert, complete with plates, cutlery, fruit, port, madeira, sauternes, coffee, *etc.*—was regularly taken only once per week, on Tuesdays. On other nights, unless any member had an invited guest, there was usually no formal Dessert. Colleagues simply had a quick after-dinner coffee in the Common Room (more often than not standing to drink it), then hurried off to their evening's engagements or work. Under these circumstances, Wystan would usually have an "Auden" or two—alone, if necessary—and then himself shuffle off to bed by 8.45 p.m. It was quite evident that this state of affairs was a considerable disappointment to him and I consider it to be a major contributing factor to why, during the period 1972–1973, Auden *was*, as many people observed, in a somewhat lonely predicament. He certainly noticed when the company was sparse. I recall, for example, that when—as frequently happened in the early 1970s—only half a dozen or so people were present at the High Table, he would look around and comment audibly: "We *are* very few tonight, *aren't we*?"

Wystan sometimes tried rather mischievously to try to *shock* other members' guests seated next to him at table—typically by asking

them point blank whether they (in his phrase) peed in the washbasin. The only effective defence against this wicked habit of Wystan's was to warn my guests in advance and encourage them (within reason) to "give as good as they got". When his tactics were thwarted by this priming, Wystan was endearingly, naïvely and genuinely puzzled that the guest victim took the questions in his stride.

Canon Peter Walker—then Suffragan Bishop of Dorchester, later the Bishop of Ely—was a gentle and kindly man who, apparently sensing Wystan's fundamental loneliness, was especially friendly and "pastoral" towards him; he was, I believe, Wystan's highest-level confidant at Christ Church and probably, after David Luke, his closest one. He was also knowledgeable about, and an enthusiast for, Auden's poetry. Once in Common Room someone offered Wystan some fruit from the bowl. Instead of simply saying "No, thank you", he expostulated, noisily and at length: "No, no, thank you. No, no, I *never* take fruit. No, no, *never* have fruit." When Wystan's bluster eventually subsided, Peter Walker said in his soft, calm voice: "Oh, so you mean that you would have been perfectly safe in the Garden of Eden?"

Once a guest of mine at dinner, Brian O'Leary, sat between Wystan and me, and told me afterwards that Wystan had said that he and John Betjeman had recently invented a game called "Snobs"; mysteriously, it ". . . ended at Buckingham Palace"—though Brian unfortunately did not ask for further details.

Chester Kallman visited Christ Church during Hilary Term, 1973, and Wystan brought him to Dinner in Hall. When we gathered in the Common Room beforehand, Wystan introduced me to Kallman and then left us to make pre-dinner small-talk together. It was immediately clear to me that Kallman was desperate for a cigarette. He asked me if I had a match; I was a non-smoker, but I remembered that a large box of matches was usually on the Common Room writing desk—but not on *that* evening. Then I realised that, of course, Wystan, being a smoker, would have matches on him, and he was just over at the other side of the room; so, I said to Chester Kallman, "Of course—Wystan! *He* smokes; *he*'ll have a match!" At this suggestion, Kallman somewhat sheepishly, replied, "No, I don't want to ask Wystan—he'd say I ought to have my own". Soon after that, dinner was announced and, as far as I could tell, Kallman ascended the spiral staircase into the Hall with his nicotine craving still unsatisfied.

In the early 1970s, Christ Church was an all-male institution, but Ladies' Guest Nights were held a couple of times per term. At one of these occasions early in 1973 neither Wystan nor I had a guest, and were both destined to be a lone "bookend" on the High Table. Motivated by the symmetry of the situation, Wystan invited me to the Brewhouse for pre-dinner drinks, the first (and only) time that I was invited there. When I arrived, he was almost ready, wearing evening-dress trousers (with braces), a white shirt and a black bow tie, but not yet a jacket. He ushered me into the sitting room where he pushed toward me the bottles of vodka and Martini on the table, and a glass, saying "You mix it yourself—you know how you like it." In fact I had never tasted that combination before, and I nervously poured some vodka, then some Martini. To my embarrassment, the two ingredients sat in the glass like two immiscible liquids. Saying, "You need to stir it!", Wystan took a greasy and unhygienic-looking biro-pen and proceeded to stir my cocktail with it. I tried to reassure myself, "Alcohol *does* kill germs, doesn't it?"

As is well-known, when Wystan entered Christ Church as an undergraduate in 1925 he intended to study Zoology. He often told the story of his interview in at which he was asked to identify some specimen of bone. When telling this story, Wystan always concluded it by saying (with a smile) "I told them I thought it was the jawbone of an *ass*!" (In fact he had correctly identified it as the pelvis of a bird.) He very soon changed Faculty to study English, but, towards the end of his life, he often announced with pride that, although he no longer subscribed to any literary journals, he still subscribed to *Scientific American*.

In the December 1972 issue of that journal, G. S. Stent published an article titled "Prematurity and uniqueness in scientific discovery", which, Wystan Auden wrote later, demonstrated "so convincingly that scientific research and artistic fabrication have more in common than most people suppose." Wystan told me that he wanted to write a letter to the editor about it, and asked me if there were such a thing as "bad science". He said, "I know what bad art is, but is there such a thing as bad science?" I offered him two (probably apocryphal) quotations from Lord Rutherford, hoping he might use them, perhaps in a joint publication with me, but a few days later, over lunch, he said, in a confidential tone, "I've sent off that Letter—OM!" Colleagues in the Common Room knew that when Wystan cleared his throat and