English at Oxford under Lewis’s preferred régime was required to read substantial amounts of writing studied not—though this was not always explicitly admitted—because of its intrinsic value, but because it illuminated one or other aspect of the philological or cultural life of the (often distant) past. (In parenthesis, it might be observed that C. S. Lewis’s championship of medievalia had, in Arnoldian terms, a powerful ‘personal’ as well as an ‘historic’ component, since Lewis seems to have been nourished through his unhappy childhood by his reading of tales of knightly derring-do and courtly romance, a type of writing for which he retained a lifelong and passionately defensive affection.)

The situation at Cambridge around the same date was, of course, very different. Cambridge had been nearly thirty years later than Oxford in establishing its English School. The terms of the King Edward VII Chair of English at Cambridge, created before the English Faculty itself, had specifically stipulated that the incumbent’s work should treat English literature ‘on literary and critical rather than on philological and linguistic lines’. From 1919 when English came to be taught as a complete and independent two-part Tripos at Cambridge, the course contained no compulsory Anglo-Saxon (this was hived off into a separate Tripos), and its coverage of English Literature had no terminal cut-off date.

But ‘Cambridge English’, the advantage of hindsight has made apparent, had its own contingently-determined biases, which can be seen perhaps most clearly in the writing and teaching of the man who, despite his own self-characterisation as a ‘rebel’ and ‘outsider’ in his university, came to embody, in many eyes, ‘the Cambridge approach’ par excellence: I refer, of course, to F. R. Leavis. Leavis’s work abounded in what Arnold called ‘personal judgements’—‘personal’, both in the sense that the works which he preferred and commended displayed qualities and pursued interests which were particularly congenial to him, and also in the sense that he was willing to jettison, without reluctance or apology, literary valuations which had been endorsed by generation after generation of discerning readers. ‘These thoughts’, Pope once wrote to a friend in a letter, ‘are purely my own, and therefore I have reason to doubt them’. When making his literary judgements, Leavis seems seldom to have entertained such doubts.

Far from mounting a concerted defence of those works of English literature which had been thought by generations of readers to constitute the ‘classic canon’ of English literature, Leavis offered a drastically revisionist account of English literary history in which many of the most long-loved books and authors in the English tradition were either damned with faint praise or subjected to vehement denunciation.

Leavis was deeply suspicious of any poetry that seemed to him emotionally self-indulgent, or whose language or seemed to him to be merely mellifluous.