



LEIGHTON REYNOLDS

Gillman & Soame

Leighton Durham Reynolds

1930–1999

I

LEIGHTON REYNOLDS was born on 11 February 1930. His father's forebears were said to derive from Huguenot refugees who had fled from France to Cardiganshire, but they had been in Wales for centuries and regarded themselves as Welsh. His maternal grandparents were both from the west of England, but they had moved to Wales as children and were in effect Welsh, speaking with a strong local accent. They now lived in Abercanaid, a couple of miles south of Merthyr Tydfil and the first of a line of mining villages along the Taff, west of the Rhymney valley that leads south to the Reynoldses' home town of Caerphilly. It was at Abercanaid that Leighton was born, for his mother went back to her mother when expecting her own first child. His father was a civil servant, who played the organ and conducted a Welsh male-voice choir. But a perhaps stronger influence on Leighton's early life was his maternal grandfather, William Hale. He had left school at the age of fourteen, gone down the mine, and risen to be a high official in the local coal industry. In a brief memoir written just before his own death, Reynolds described his 'rather grand house. . . . It had a largish garden and a splendid view of the hills. But Abercanaid was still derelict, surrounded by the rusting remains of the first colliery to be closed down during the recession and the remains of slag heaps, some smouldering perpetually as gases from the chemicals in the slag burned themselves out.' William Hale was a great gardener; the memoir describes touchingly how, though paralysed, he

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'somehow found the strength to get out of bed and walk to the window, where he stood absolutely erect for several minutes, looking over the front garden. Then he smiled at [his daughter], walked back to bed, and died.' He was a fisherman too, and on trips in the mountains and the border country he 'sedulously explained the simpler mysteries of nature and awakened my interest in natural history'.

This was an interest Reynolds was never to lose. In his adolescence it led to his first publication. Caerphilly Grammar School, which he attended, had a Field Club, an 'active and enthusiastic group', which in 1945 published a list of the birds of the Caerphilly Basin. The interest this aroused led to the idea of producing a similar list of the plants of the region. Though this was finished in 1947, it was not published until it appeared, over Reynolds's name, in (oddly) *The North Western Naturalist*, as late as 1955. Even by then, 'the Caerphilly Basin has been the centre of enormous economic and industrial development . . .; factories have sprung up, new residential areas are mushrooming into existence, marshes are drained and woodlands disappear'. Not least interesting is the remark that the area's 'derelict buildings, disused railway sidings, slag heaps, dumps and alleys are remarkably rich in exotic flora and the comparative proximity of the coal-exporting ports ensures an interesting selection of ballast plants'; the motive for the research was not merely a desire to indulge a love of wild nature. Besides the detailed list, the article contains two maps in Reynolds's own hand, one contour, one geological, and a summary of the finds related to the different conditions. There are very occasional touches of the picturesque: 'Hemlock looms sinister in shady places, Wall Pellitory and Pennywort cover the ancient walls.' But on the whole the exposition is plain, lucid, and elegant.

Quite apart from its published results, this interest was important socially. Reynolds did not work alone. He was much encouraged by his elders, in particular the naturalist Bruce Campbell (a long-standing friend) and A. E. Wade, Deputy Keeper of Botany at the National Museum of Wales at Cardiff, who, as Reynolds suavely put it, 'moulded the product of amateur enthusiasm into a more acceptable form'. He adds that 'W. J. Godbey was a keen and enthusiastic collaborator'. John Godbey was a school friend, a year older. He writes that 'between 1942 and 1945 . . . Leighton and I walked together for hundreds of hours in all seasons . . . in search of wild flowers, and talking about the many interests we had in common'. Those included the ancient world, architecture, astronomy, geology, evolution, and literature; and when not on the hill the friends frequently went to the cinema and theatre in Cardiff.

Mr Godbey mentions that when the Reynoldses were in the area in 1996 'Leighton was rather disappointed by the change in vegetation—"far more scrubby trees and thus fewer plants". Unfortunately more road traffic has led to fewer wandering sheep, and consequently the growth of scrub where there were once interesting flowers.' The value of the fifty-year old list becomes clear.

Reynolds used to say that he did not speak until he was three or four years old. We glimpse him unwilling to go to primary school, preferring to read Scott and Dickens at home (his parents having given him no children's books). Later, at grammar school and university, he found, as clever children with a wide range of gifts sometimes find, that decisions were taken out of his hands. At school, as J. M. Hopkin relates, 'he chose woodwork in preference to Latin. But the Latin master overruled his decision and physically removed him from the woodwork shop, where he was already showing signs of the manual dexterity that was never to desert him.' One consolation was that at sixth-form level Latin was especially strong at Caerphilly Girls' Grammar, and 'Leighton took this chance with alacrity'. At seventeen he won a place to read Modern Languages (his Higher Certificate options had been French, English, and Latin) at the Queen's College, Oxford. But for that one year a hard-pressed government dictated that holders of state scholarships must attend the university nearest to their homes, and Reynolds accordingly entered what was then University College Cardiff in 1947. Here again fate stepped in. He began by concentrating on Modern Languages. (Later he was to speak 'my Churchillian French' and some Italian.) But the professor of Latin, R. G. Austin, had marked his Higher Certificate papers in Latin, and was determined to claim him. Eventually his first-class degree was attained (in 1950) in Latin, though he had by now begun to add Greek to his repertoire. Modern languages still held their spell, however; during a journey to Italy with an old school friend, Keith Davies, he spent some time in Perugia, having won a scholarship at the Università per Stranieri there.

Austin sent his brilliant pupil (who was later to repay the debt by seeing through the press his posthumous commentary on the sixth book of the *Aeneid*) off to Cambridge, where he won an open exhibition at St John's to do the Classical Tripos in two years. He got firsts in both parts, and in the second was given a distinction in literature. He won various college prizes, and, from the University, a Craven Fellowship in 1952. St John's at this period had a stimulating group of classicists, including Bryan Reardon, Michael Stokes, and John Sullivan, later to be an Oxford

colleague. But Reynolds does not seem to have felt that he was much helped by Cambridge: he was to a large extent his own teacher.

Now, in 1952, after a trip to Greece financed by the Henry Arthur Thomas Travel Exhibition, came National Service, not to be put off any longer. Reynolds joined the Royal Air Force, and was fortunate enough to be chosen for the fabled Joint Services School for Linguists. The aristocracy of interpreters, weeded out from the ruck in Surrey, were sent to Cambridge for a year's training. The course had been started by the redoubtable Professor (later Dame) Elizabeth Hill, employing sheer force of personality: 'I offered to run an intensive Russian course under cover of my Department at the University. I had not consulted the University first. I guaranteed results, if I were given 200 exceptionally gifted and well-picked, sensible young men with proper schooling, preferably in either classics or mathematics.' Reynolds's group, F Course, was full of persons thus qualified, and he made lifelong friendships in this hothouse of activity. 'Electric was the only word to describe the informal atmosphere, the enthusiasm, the mental agility of this picked brainy lot' (Hill again). One of Reynolds's colleagues found it all more high-powered than anything he later encountered as an undergraduate at Oxford. The teaching, much of it done by Russian émigrés, was brilliant. Day one introduced the course to Letters, Day two to Words, Day three to Sentences. The first sentence was 'Umer Stalin', giving us the date, in March 1953. There was little to remind of the Services. Uniforms were not worn at all (Elizabeth Hill would not permit it), except at the highly convivial mess evenings; instead, the dress was army-issue civvies, drawn at Woking. But the regime was tough, and at the back of the mind lurked the possibility of relegation to the Translators, or even despatch to Korea. There were constant tests, two hours' homework a day. Even Saturday mornings were not free: the cadets were sent off to the cinema, to watch interminable Soviet epics. O-level standard was reached after six weeks, A-level after four to five months; and the eventual standard was well above that normally attained at a British university.

Reynolds flourished in these surroundings, soon outstripping even those who had studied Russian before. He was, his friends there say, good-humoured, high-spirited, self-contained, with a slow smile, not someone to say a harsh word about anyone. Meeting him forty years on, they hardly felt he had changed at all, except perhaps for the voice, which might have lost some of its Welshness.

The linguists were part of a plan for World War Three so long term that they were never posted away to put their expertise into practice. It is

true that they left Cambridge for Bodmin for four months' 'technical' training before demobilisation; but that amounted to no more than the learning of the names of engine parts. This bore practical fruit only in an incident later. Staying in Paris to improve his oral Russian (though also to read in the Bibliothèque Nationale), Reynolds lodged with a White Russian émigré who happened to drive a taxi. Finding his host struggling to repair his engine, Reynolds could not resist the temptation to deliver an exhaustive lecture in Russian on the workings of the internal combustion engine. For the rest, Reynolds left the RAF with the rank of Pilot Officer, and an airforce raincoat that attracted attention in Oxford, where, in the summer of 1954, he had been appointed to a Junior Research Fellowship in Classics at the Queen's College (an example of justice done in the end).

II

When, three years later, he applied for a fellowship at Brasenose College, he was able to inform the Principal that 'I have been working on a longish text, the Letters of Seneca, which has been handed down to us in about 400 manuscripts. My aim has been to collate or re-collate all the important manuscript material for a new critical edition of the text, and at the same time to examine and classify as many as possible of the later manuscripts with the secondary aim of making a general study of the medieval tradition of the text. I have travelled extensively, mainly in France, Germany, Italy and the Low Countries, and my study of the manuscripts is complete. I am writing up my account of the medieval tradition in a form suitable for publication and have drawn up the complete apparatus criticus for a new critical edition of the text.' That these projects were not published until 1965 is, given the pressures of an Oxford tutor's life at that (or any later) time, less surprising than the speed with which Reynolds had advanced during the tenure of his fellowship at Queen's, despite the teaching load he bore even there. Equally striking is the confident statement of what was by no means an obvious or normal piece of research. Editing a classical Latin text did not then (and does not always now) prompt the editor to seek such wide familiarity with the manuscript material, let alone consciously to attempt a survey of the medieval transmission. How, and when, did Reynolds formulate this ambitious plan?

The obvious parallel for a foray into the thickets of the later manuscripts is the series of Oxford Classical Texts produced by R. A. B. Mynors.

The first of these, the Catullus, was not in print until 1958. But Mynors had been in Cambridge as professor of Latin until 1953, and he held the Oxford chair when Reynolds arrived there in the year following. Mynors (alongside Austin) was a referee for the application at Brasenose, and Reynolds was presumably being supervised by him. It is plausible that it was he who inspired the width of Reynolds's investigation of the Senecan manuscripts. Equally, the idea of surveying the medieval transmission more generally might have come from Mynors, or from R. W. Hunt, the great Oxford medievalist ('one of the finest and most generous scholars I have ever met', Reynolds wrote late in his life) whom Mynors had taught and whom he so much admired, or from both. They would certainly have fostered the idea, but there is no suggestion in the prefaces that they, rather than Reynolds himself, had conceived it.

Scholars need to identify the project that suits their particular talent, and Reynolds did that unerringly. To track down and classify hundreds of manuscripts was a task for the erstwhile author of the 'The flowering plants and pteridophyta of the Caerphilly Basin'. A project hardly conceivable before the war was now made practicable by the new microfilm technology, and by the microfilm collection growing up at the Institut de Recherche et d'Histoire des Textes in Paris. But it was not only a matter of taxonomy. Reynolds, a consummate teller of stories, knew in his bones, as both Mynors and Hunt knew, that every book has its tale to tell. This man, and in these new conditions, was able to do for Seneca's *Letters* something that had not been done previously, and could not have been done in such detail, for any classical text: to show how and where its transmission had developed down to the Renaissance, using the evidence both of the manuscripts and of medieval authors who had drawn on the text in their own writings.

The fruits of this research appeared in 1965 in the Oxford Classical Text, and in *The Medieval Tradition of Seneca's Letters*, which had been delayed to coincide with it. The monograph in effect falls into three sections.

In the first (following an account of previous editorial work on this text) we are given the detailed arguments for the twin stemmata that are posited for Letters 1–88 and 89–124; for the corpus was at first transmitted in two parts, which were only to merge as the Middle Ages proceeded. It may be observed that Reynolds made no claim to palaeographical expertise: 'For the dating and placing of manuscripts I have largely relied on the help of those expert in the field of palaeography' (p. 90). And we learn from the Preface that N. R. Ker and B. Bischoff

(rather, it may be noted, than Mynors or Hunt) were those experts. Reynolds will have taught himself palaeography, as scholars do, over a long career of immersion in Latin manuscripts. As for the classification of manuscripts, he followed the methods and terminology of Paul Maas's *Textkritik* (edn. 3, 1957), the more confidently because this tradition, in its earlier extant reaches, seemed not to be unduly contaminated. The lucid exposition of a clear picture makes this a model for those wishing to investigate and expound these complex technical matters. Equally exemplary is the courtesy to fellow-scholars, as in the firm but fair treatment of Beltrami's over-estimation of Q (pp. 13–14); though wry asperity peeps out when later (p. 99), remarking that Beltrami's belief in the Bobbio provenance of the same manuscript had been strengthened because another Italian scholar had 'permitted himself "di affermare, con minore titubanza, la medesima conclusione"', Reynolds adds: '. . . it is absurd that a conclusion based on a lesser degree of *titubanza* should now be accepted by many as a fact'. Reynolds was already master of the vivid detail; thus 'The Paris edition of 1475 is a less impressive object, though the anonymous press from which it came has a name to stir the imagination: it was printed *At the Sign of the Green Bellows* . . . in the rue Saint-Jacques.' And crisp remarks may carry a didactic weight: 'However, there is no point in crying over lost quires: it is more profitable to try to reconstruct them' (p. 35; cf. p. 40). Encapsulated in this appropriately Senecan antithesis is the very point of going through so many manuscripts. The process should not be haphazard, but directed towards a conscious end.

The main advances made by Reynolds in the understanding of the tradition may be summarised under two heads corresponding to the two parts of the corpus of letters. (a) 1–88: Here a sure foundation had been laid in 1936 by O. Foerster. Reynolds added a third witness (g) to Foerster's hyparchetype *a*, and demonstrated that in letters 1–52, where V is absent, its loss can be remedied by the use of three other manuscripts (O, v and M). (b) 89–124: Much more important were Reynolds's discoveries affecting the second part of the corpus. Since Beltrami scholars had worked with three primary witnesses only, B, Q (slightly mutilated) and p (a mere fragment). Reynolds found two later manuscripts (T and U) that descended from Q before its mutilation, and so could be used where Q was not available. Further, Q was knocked from exclusive occupation of its perch by the discovery that it has a number of independent relations, from which, together with Q, a hyparchetype ϕ can be reconstructed. Even more significantly, he found later manuscripts descended

from p in a complete state, and selected two of them (W and X) for use. The proof that B, φ, and p are three independent witnesses to the archetype completes the drawing of a picture that is far richer than anything available to earlier editors.

The third section (pp. 125–48) is in effect an appendix to the first; these ‘Notes on the text’ are expressly ‘designed to illustrate the principles of editing which have been suggested in the earlier chapters’. They do indeed show, in particular, how Reynolds’s new stemma for the second part of the corpus ‘works’ in eliminating variants that had been favoured by earlier editors. But they also show Reynolds’s feeling for Seneca’s style, and especially for his rhythmic practice.

In the second section (pp. 81–124) we are given the history of the text. This ends with the twelfth century, though Reynolds had looked at many manuscripts of a later date. One example of the treasures here turned up is made the culmination of a chapter (pp. 122–4). A particular theme of the story had been the rarity of the second part of the text. This is of course reflected in the manuscripts themselves, but it is also apparent in the use made of the *Letters* by medieval authors. In France this part was not exploited until towards the end of the twelfth century. But in England, as Reynolds shows, Robert of Cricklade and William of Malmesbury, working within a few miles of each other, knew it as early as the second quarter of the century; and ‘to William of Malmesbury belongs the spectacular distinction of being the first person to show knowledge of both halves of the text since antiquity’. Reynolds does not merely document this, from William’s citations in the *Polyhistor*. He shows the probable connection between William’s (and Richard’s) knowledge of the text and two extant manuscripts, one from Gloucester, the other from Evesham, both dated rather after 1150. ‘It would . . . appear that when the two parts of the text combined again . . . they were first put together at the Western limit of Seneca’s sphere of influence, on the banks of the Severn.’ If the combination was effected by William himself, that is no more than one would expect of that fine scholar.

The text itself has become standard. But it is interesting that soundings even in the second volume suggest that it does not differ as much as one might expect from its immediate predecessors (including Préchac’s). By the time he produced his later versions, Beltrami had ceased to place undue value on his own discovery, Q; and it was that discovery that had caused such difference as Beltrami showed from Hense. Even if to some extent his predecessors had been sleepwalking, while Reynolds was following the light of pure reason, they went down much the same route.

The sad fact is that scientific editing does not always produce the advances it deserves; by some evolutionary process, a satisfactory vulgate can be established by editors who do not altogether know what they are doing. To this needs to be added the point (well made by E. J. Kenney in *Classical Review*, 16 (1966), 341–2) that the tradition is not really as closed as Reynolds makes it sound; thus the trifid stemma of the second part of the corpus cannot be used (nor does Reynolds in practice use it) mechanically to eliminate readings of one of the primary witnesses by appeal to the agreement of the other two. Where Reynolds's edition indisputably scores (and this will be true of all those that follow) is in the sure judgement governing the establishment of the text, in the economy and rationality of the apparatus, and in his own rare but convincing conjectures. (He wrote many years later that his main regret about this edition was 'that I had a tendency to assume that such a smooth text was less corrupt than it actually was'.) Michael Reeve cites a late letter in which Reynolds reflected on editing Seneca: 'Although Axelson had brilliantly combed through Seneca, there were still some pickings to be had, and I much enjoyed having a large body of prose to explore and one which kept solving its own problems.' Reeve justly commented: 'No text solves its own problems: it is rare editors like Leighton who make it seem so.'

Much the same may be said (and indeed was said in my notice in *Classical Review*, 29 (1979), 63–4) of Reynolds's second Seneca text, the *Dialogues* of 1977. The medieval story had been explored in a supporting article, which makes quite certain the connection of the early tradition with the monastery of Monte Cassino, and throws light on the emergence of the text in thirteenth-century France (more detail was given later, in *Texts and Transmission*, pp. 366–9). A shorter paper had discussed problematic passages; in the course of this Reynolds demonstrates with a characteristically light touch that the *De vita beata* is unfinished as transmitted. A difficulty appears in this tradition that had not attended that of the *Letters*. Reynolds was able to provide a classic proof that most of the later manuscripts (β) derive from the Beneventan Ambrosianus. But he found he had to make room for a further and smaller family, which he called γ . This he judged to go back to a 'parent which was close to A . . . but which descended independently from the archetype'. It is always hard in such circumstances to be sure that we have to do with independent tradition rather than scholarly conjecture (and the new family is reconstructed from two manuscripts as late as the fourteenth century); and no less hard to be sure how often to cite from among its mass of worthless variants. Here, too, Reynolds was to a large extent systematising information

that had been available to a predecessor, in this case the justly admired M. C. Gertz. But the edition formed another landmark, and it is sad that Reynolds was not spared to carry out his plan of editing two further Senecan texts, found together in a single grand Carolingian manuscript from which all others descend, the *De Beneficiis* (which in his last years he often discussed with Miriam Griffin) and the *De Clementia*. A footnote, only, to the story of this transmission is provided by a posthumously published paper he delivered at a Strasbourg conference on Beatus Rhenanus in late 1998.

It is one thing to master the tradition of a single author, quite another to be able to survey the whole territory. But this Reynolds did, and not once but twice.

Brasenose and Lincoln Colleges share a common wall, pierced by a private door. The door was much used when Reynolds began his cooperation with N. G. Wilson, the expert in Greek palaeography and textual criticism. Peter Spicer, then running the educational wing of the Oxford University Press, had been approached by a schoolmaster who remarked that one of his pupils had been asking in vain for a book on the transmission of classical texts. Spicer turned to Reynolds and he to Wilson. The eventual result (intended, it should be noted, as 'a simple introduction for beginners') was a best-seller, *Scribes and Scholars*: it was Reynolds's standing jest that he was the Scribe, his collaborator the Scholar. The book was published in 1968, was revised and enlarged six years later (with invaluable notes, and a chapter on scholarship since the Renaissance), and appeared in a corrected and further enlarged third edition in 1991. Translations appeared in Italian (very quickly, by Mirella Ferrari), French (under the wing of a highly valued friend, Pierre Petitmengin: this much delayed project in fact was an important stimulus to the production of the second English edition), Greek, Spanish, and even Japanese. This international enthusiasm reflected the fact that the book filled a real gap, in giving an untechnical account 'of the processes by which classical literature has been transmitted from the ancient world to the present day'. It was intended 'in the first place for students of Greek and Latin', but the authors justly hoped that it would be useful to anyone concerned with the Middle Ages and Renaissance, and to students of biblical scholarship. Reynolds will have been primarily responsible in particular for the chapter on the Latin West, from the Dark Ages to the Scholastic Age, and for parts of the chapters on the Renaissance and beyond. These sections, with all their broad sweep, show his characteristic virtues of lucidity, concreteness of image and vivid detail. The whole

volume, which on its first appearance had only 185 pages, is, in Michael Reeve's words, 'the kind of book that one simply cannot imagine not being there'.

In 1983 came the publication of another indispensable volume. At a loss for a title, Reynolds fell back on the alliterative pairing that had served so well before, and called it *Texts and Transmission*. This again was a collaborative volume, with seven main contributors from both sides of the Atlantic. But it was Reynolds who conceived the idea, 'kept his unruly team on course with no detectable resort to reins, spur, or whip' (Reeve again), wrote a series of masterly entries, made the whole thing twice as serviceable by personally producing the elaborate index of manuscripts, and prefaced the book with a new survey of the gigantic field. This one, far more detailed than anything in *Scribes and Scholars*, contrives to paint a clear picture of the tangled process by which Latin literature passed from Late Antiquity through the Dark Ages to the Middle Ages and eventually the Renaissance: a process complex in the ever-varying travels of texts around different parts of the Latin West. Interesting results are achieved from analysis of the provenance and date of the 1700 manuscripts used in the volume. There follows separate treatment of 134 works. As Mirella Ferrari pointed out in her important review (*Classical Review*, 36 (1986), 287–90), this part of the book replaces (and completely outshadows) one half of F. W. Hall's *A Companion to Classical Texts* (1913), just as *Scribes and Scholars* had replaced the other. Reynolds himself wrote or shared in twenty-four of the entries, all concerning prose texts, except for Lucretius and Virgil. Some are of major importance, like that on the Elder Pliny, which starts on the clearance of a fearsome jungle. The light touch, as ever, carries us through the complexities. Early Irish Plinies are seen 'as a species of early Irish leprechaun', and as for Robert of Cricklade 'it is high time that he was politely ushered out of the *ordo vetustiorum*, an élite club to which he was elected by mistake'. The whole volume had been designed as a tribute to Sir Roger Mynors from pupils and friends who had learned so much from him. Reynolds took an advance copy down to him at his country seat in Herefordshire around the time of his eightieth birthday: 'He seemed to be pleased with it.' It had been a great labour. Reynolds dubbed it 'Roger's Garland', but also 'Toil and Trouble'. Later, in 1997, commenting that 'the book is used a great deal, particularly on the continent', he mentioned the idea of putting together 'a sort of supplement-article', but he was not spared to carry this through.

Well before the publication of *Texts and Transmission*, Reynolds had turned his attention to Sallust, and the next Oxford edition to appear was

his edition of *Catiline, Jugurtha*, select fragments of the *Histories*, and the Appendix Sallustiana. This was a new venture, the only time that Reynolds worked in detail on a non-philosophical text. It did not come easily ('the salt-mines of Sallust'). Not so much light as usual is cast on the history of the tradition. A sketch in *Texts and Transmission* (pp. 345–7) provides a start; otherwise the only supporting work is an article on the intriguing lacuna found in many manuscripts late in the *Jugurtha*. Reynolds knew of 500 manuscripts ('and there must be many more'), and his selection of witnesses for the monographs is much like Ahlberg's. Indeed a highly complimentary reviewer (S. P. Oakley in *Classical Review*, 43 (1993), 58–61) felt that it was precisely in the 'lacuna' of the *Jugurtha* (though also in the *Invectives*, where Reynolds brought new order to the scene) that the apparatus criticus most signally advanced on its predecessors. And as in the Senecan Letters, though more avowedly, the stemma of the monographs given in the Praefatio could not be used as a reliable critical tool. Later, Reynolds thought that his 'greatest service to Sallust, which I did after much agonizing, was to drive the *integri* bag and baggage out of the main body of the text, where they have been clogging up the apparatus for centuries, and use them for the sole purpose of filling the lacuna'.

The final Oxford text was the *De Finibus* of Cicero. Reynolds had played a leading part in the project to introduce Cicero's philosophic works to the series, and his edition was published a year before his death, after exhausting labours on proofs suffering from the new technology. A major article on the transmission, which preceded it by six years, was mainly concerned to tell the story of the movement of the work from eleventh-century Germany via France to Renaissance Italy, markedly refining R. H. Rouse's sketch in *Texts and Transmission* (pp. 112–15). But it only gave a brief summary of the changes Reynolds was making to the stemma as envisaged by Madvig as early as 1839. He added the evidence of three manuscripts, written in Italy in the fourteenth century, whose lost ancestor (γ) helped in the reconstruction of a (sub)hyparchetype (β) that in effect took the place of Madvig's 'codex ignotus interpolando corruptus' (this unknown manuscript now proves to survive in Paris). More importantly, he asserted that the stemma was not trifid, as Madvig had judged, but bifid: β and the best witness of all, A, descended (Reynolds thought) from a hyparchetype stemmatically level with ϕ , the ancestor of the long prized fifteenth-century manuscripts B and E. This was to make a rod for his own back; for ϕ is horribly corrupt. It was impracticable to give all its readings; the good ones selected themselves, but what of the others? It was the problem of γ of Seneca's *Dialogues* all

over again; and here too the problem was that the reader had to trust, and could not check, the editor's selection. The difficulty is the greater because the matter deserved more discussion than it receives in the Praefatio of the edition (p. x). 'ϕ saepe ueram lectionem praebet (vel praebere potest) cum Aβ in eundem errorem cadunt' prefaces a list of only a few more than twenty instances (in a text of 222 pages). The passages deserve discussion in detail, and one assumes that if he had lived Reynolds would have seen to this. That said, the text itself is as well judged, and the apparatus criticus as elegantly concise, as ever. The labours leading up to it had been equally thorough. Reynolds had seen 120 out of a total of over 150 manuscripts.

One of the 120 was Madrid 9116. In his article on the transmission Reynolds remarked: 'The text is liberally annotated and the main set of notes, neatly arranged in the margins, has clearly been copied by the scribe along with the text. I have no doubt that the author of many, if not most, of the annotations is Petrarch.' A footnote gave generous acknowledgement to the part played by Albinia de la Mare in this discovery, a supreme example of the rewards for personal inspection of as many manuscripts as possible. Its exploitation gave Reynolds some of the purest pleasure of his whole career, and led to valued collaboration with Italian colleagues, in particular Vincenzo Fera, who worked with him on the Matritensis from the beginning, and Silvia Rizzo, who had herself discovered a second Cicero manuscript (now Rome, Biblioteca Nazionale, Vitt. Eman. 1632) with annotations in Petrarch's own hand. Reynolds announced the details of his own findings at a conference in Erice in 1993, and in 1996 the three scholars held a seminar at Messina at which collation proved the relationship between the Madrid and Rome manuscripts. It remained to publish these marginalia in full, and Reynolds somehow managed to complete his part during the last months of his life. Six weeks before his death, and confined to a wheelchair, he wrote: 'I am working hard at Petrarca.' His Italian colleagues marked his death by a memorial occasion at Messina, in full awareness that his work on Petrarch was the final triumph of a scholarly career based unwaveringly on the conviction that to edit a classical author is to contribute to the writing of the cultural history of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

III

Work of this range and involving such titanic labours might be thought to have left scant room for much else. But Reynolds took his fair share, or

more than that, of academic duties. With Nigel Wilson he for ten years edited *Classical Review*, a task requiring qualities in which he excelled, patience, tact, and the manual dexterity to pack up countless parcels. He was a wise and calm chairman of the Languages and Literature sub-faculty of the Oxford Board of Literae Humaniores, and one always hoped when agreeing to be an examiner that he might be one of the others. But more important than any of this, and as central to his life as his scholarship, were his college and his family.

A recent article in the *Oxford Magazine*, not entirely satirically, described what fellowship of an Oxford college implies, or used to imply. Apart from ‘the simple principle of taking one’s turn’, it meant ‘always attending Governing Body meetings, dining frequently, enjoying and respecting your colleagues, being seen on the towpath during Eights, and many other such things’. Reynolds would have recognised most if not all of these imperatives, but would have thought his teaching more important than any of them. He hated farming pupils out, and eventually taught a very wide range of topics. But early on, in the old manner, the core of his teaching lay in proses. David Levene records that ‘about half of the fair versions he provided were his own, and unmistakably so. He wasn’t one of those writers of Latin prose for whom it was fundamentally an exercise in pastiche. . . . Leighton’s Latin was quite another matter (one sees it in the OCT prefaces also), of impeccable Latinity, but with a mildly baroque turn of phrase that was entirely his own.’ As Mods developed into a more literary course, and was joined by Literary Greats, essays (to the horror of his predecessor Maurice Platnauer) naturally began to play a larger part. Reynolds (again Levene) ‘would be sitting . . . in the high-backed yellow armchair that he always used. . . . When you had finished, there would be a very long pause, and then Leighton started talking in his wonderful inimitable voice—I call it ‘inimitable’, but that did not prevent every generation of undergraduates from attempting to imitate it. . . . I never knew anyone who listened so well: he listened to and understood everything you argued, faulty and imperfect as it was, and then developed it with you as though it was his own, so that you felt what you had said had been worthwhile and indeed true—after all, Leighton had agreed with it so warmly—and also saw how next time you would be able to put it just that bit better.’ Reynolds himself gave a delightful account of what it could be like sitting in the yellow armchair. ‘I also recall a difficult tutorial, when my discourse on the *Aeneid* was interrupted by the question, “Why didn’t Dido have a baby?” . . . After some thought she said “Perhaps Dido was too old to have a baby”. I

should have settled for that . . . But I felt it my duty to point out that there are some questions that one can properly ask of a literary text, and others not. But she was not to be distracted from her theme. "And Dido actually wanted a baby," she cried. Well, she did indeed, there it was in the text, frustrated motherhood was yet another of her problems, and it was all very tragic. Saint Augustine confessed that the fate of Dido had reduced him to tears, and I was beginning to feel the same. I went sadly off to lunch, feeling that I had come out of the affair no better than Aeneas.' It is not surprising that his former pupils thought of him with affection, and not least because his standards were so high; they, like his children, knew that his motto was: 'Enough is only the tip of the iceberg.'

Before his marriage, while he lived in college, Reynolds acted as Junior Dean. Tact was required in reconciling a National Service generation to the petty restrictions still in force in an all-male Oxford college, and 'Leighton could tactfully ignore a female leg coming over a wall after midnight, or offer help, only to be told on one occasion that she was going in rather than coming out'. Later, as Senior Dean, he faced circumstances in the late 1960s that called for another kind of tact. Graham Richards recalls 'him and me being summoned by the Proctors to name Brasenose men involved in the sit-in in the Clarendon Building. We did not name our people, preferring to keep good relations within the College. As a result of his wisdom BNC had no serious internal trouble during the events of 1968 and thereafter.'

'In the Governing Body' (Richards told the memorial audience) 'he held a position of quiet authority. He did not make long speeches, but one wanted him on one's side if one felt strongly about an issue.' Brasenose was the first of all the Oxford men's colleges to admit women (Reynolds called it 'the most significant change in my time, and the best'), and this 'was in no small part due to Leighton's conviction that this was the right course, and his moral influence in convincing doubters': a striking stand by one who was in many respects a natural conservative. This sort of authority stood him in good stead when he acted for the head of the college first as Vice-Principal in 1984, and then, more onerously, as Acting Principal in 1997, when 'he handled some difficult issues and elections fearlessly. He also showed skills as an orator which may even have surprised him, giving excellent gaudy speeches, full of both wisdom and wit.' And in these last years he also acted as Curator of a notably friendly Common Room, in succession to his much regretted friend Michael Woods.

In 1962 Reynolds married Susan Buchanan, daughter of Professor

Sir Colin Buchanan, who produced an important report on *Traffic in Towns*, and whose name is treasured in Oxford as that of an authoritative opponent of an appalling plan to build a road across Christ Church Meadows. Susan herself taught in the Oxford School of Orthoptics until her first child was born; later she returned to the Oxford Eye Hospital as a part-time orthoptist. It was entirely appropriate that the wedding reception took place, on a very cold day, in Brasenose (a pupil thoughtfully sent the groom an exeat for the night), especially because the couple had already fallen in love with a College house on Boars Hill. Winterslow Cottage, which originally housed the gardener on the big Winterslow estate, was their home throughout a singularly happy marriage. They later bought it, and more than once extended it, Leighton doing much that would usually be left to an architect or clerk of works. The garden became in their expert hands an idyllic place, in which a giant sequoia they planted is now shouldering its way above lesser trees. Leighton's old skills in carpentry bore fruit later in shelves built for his retirement, and in the construction of a battlemented tree-castle for his grandchildren. Pupils, who were always invited to Sunday lunch in their first term and sometimes again later, were warmly welcomed at the Cottage. Many, who had become life-long friends, came back there to visit Leighton during his last year.

Travel was a continuing pleasure. Reynolds did not go in for the grand lecture tour and was not enamoured of conferences; but he spent periods in the United States, replacing John Sullivan for a semester at Austin, Texas, and twice working at the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton. Asked on his return from one of his two visits to Cornell what he had learned there, he answered: 'I make a much drier Martini.' Family holidays often took the form of camping in Europe, the further south the better (he 'often declared that his heart started to sink on reaching Summertown'). At his memorial event in Oxford, his daughter Lucy gave a diverting account of her father driving with considerable panache along devilish ring-roads (Reynolds refers in a letter to 'careering round the périphérique'), hooting with the best of them at red lights in Athens, and balancing the family's completely irreconcilable requirements of a campsite. The selection once made, he would turn his hand to the production of a 'splendid four or five course meal', go on a foray 'to slaughter any lurking mosquito', and finally, the children now in bed, tell them the latest instalment of his oral epic based 'on the adventures of Wenceslas, a small but resourceful fish, his friend the Great Fisherman of the Danube, and other characters based on our various teachers'. Here, in

unbuttoned mood, was the scholar who, as Reeve put it, ‘cast every account as a story and constantly evoked lives once lived’. Occasionally these travels might be punctuated by a visit to a library: ‘he would settle the rest of us into suitable occupations, don a jacket and tie and take himself and his battered brown case’ (‘la curiosa valigetta’ that so intrigued Italian friends, a gift from his father) ‘off for a few hours’ work’. Such excursions went on for many years, mainly in Greece, France, and Italy, though they once took in Eastern Europe, during the grim Seventies. Reynolds had also visited Poland to interpret for a group of bird-watchers, and found himself driving round a lake in a troika. In 1995, after his operation for cancer, he and Susan visited South Africa, ‘flower-watching’; three years later, just before the news that the remission was over, they went to Australia; and in his last September they visited his beloved Paris: ‘No manuscripts alas: I just sit in cafés, like Sartre.’

Reynolds was a tall man, with a presence, ‘a touch of the patrician’. He was reticent, but his eye sparkled with the irrepressible gaiety that shows up in all that he wrote: ‘la vivezza degli occhi azzurri, nel cui fondo era sempre come una sfumatura di sorriso’ (Silvia Rizzo). He loved anecdotes, and laughed engagingly at his own and those of others: ‘that’s rich’. He had, as John Godbey put it, a natural kindness; once, when himself terminally ill, he took a tureen of soup he had made down to neighbours on their sick beds. He faced death with an unconcern that was positively disconcerting. ‘The cancer unit at the Churchill is in itself very *sympathique*, with armchairs and personable nurses, so that having one’s five daily doses of poison is like dropping into Raffles for a coffee.’ To his friends he would write about the latest bad news: ‘Since you know that it does not bother me at all, there is no reason why it should bother you.’ To his wife he confided that he felt his life to have been fulfilled and extremely happy, and that he was fortunate to be spared the infirmities of old age.

Leighton Reynolds was elected a Fellow of the Academy in 1987. He was given the title of Professor in 1996, a year before he retired from his tutorial fellowship at Brasenose. He died on 4 December 1999.

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Fellow of the Academy

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for talking to me at length about her late husband. I have drawn in particular on the speeches made at the memorial event held in the Examination Schools, Oxford, on 13 May 2000, by Professor J. M. Hopkin, Dr (now Professor) D. S. Levene, Mrs Lucy Matthews (née Reynolds), Professor M. D. Reeve, and Professor W. G. Richards. I have benefited from the memories of Canon M. A. Bordeaux, Mr K. Davies, Professor V. Fera, Mr J. Godbey, Mrs L. Le Clair, Mr S. B. Pearl, Professor P. Petitmengin, Sir William Reid, Professor S. Rizzo, and Mr N. G. Wilson. Many of these will find their best phrases pillaged here, not always with proper acknowledgement.

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