



R. P. WINNINGTON-INGRAM WITH HIS WIFE MARY

Reginald Pepys Winnington-Ingram 1904–1993

REGINALD PEPYS WINNINGTON-INGRAM came from a solidly respectable and worthy background of West Country squires and parsons. His father, Charles W. Winnington-Ingram, was raised in a Worcestershire rectory as one of a family of ten. Three of the seven boys took holy orders, one becoming Archdeacon of Hereford and another Bishop of London. Charles entered the Navy at the age of eleven and enjoyed an exemplary if uneventful career in it, eventually achieving the rank of Rear-Admiral. His final posting was at Southampton as Inspector of Coastguards for the south coast of England.

Reginald Pepys — the Pepys, pronounced ‘Peppis’ in the modern manner, came from the maiden name of his paternal grandmother, daughter of another bishop — was the third of the Rear-Admiral’s four children, born at Sherborne on 22 January 1904. His first introduction to classical studies came at the age of seven, when he started at a preparatory school in Weston-Super-Mare (still pronounced by some at that time with six syllables); the family had moved there on his father’s retirement from the Navy. His first day’s homework included Caesar’s *Gallic War*, which he found thoroughly congenial. He started Greek three years later. Not that he was dedicated exclusively to book learning. He records that ‘I chased around with other boys firing a cap-pistol; I bicycled wildly in all directions’. He discovered a taste for sport, which remained a passionate interest throughout his life — later he was to be a keen tennis and squash player — and for music. His interest in the latter was initially aroused by his mother’s occasional

playing of a couple of Schumann pieces (her sole repertoire) on the drawing-room upright. It was fostered by a local piano teacher to such effect that when, at the age of twelve, he competed for an award to Clifton, he was offered the music scholarship.

This was one of those moments when a crucial decision is made that directs one down one path in life to the exclusion of another. The music scholarship usually led to a musical career, and if the offer had been taken up, Winnington-Ingram might have developed into a concert pianist or, as he thought more likely, an academic musicologist. But his evangelical parents were suspicious of music and had little regard for it. His maternal grandmother, it was said, had prayed that none of her sons might have a gift for music, for fear that it might lead them towards Rome. It was decided that Reginald should follow the more orthodox curriculum.

He attended Clifton as a day boy for six years, progressing steadily on the classical side of the school. In the sixth form, as he records in the preface to his *Studies in Aeschylus*, he read the *Agamemnon* with 'that gifted teacher C. F. Taylor', and he traced his lifelong love of Aeschylus back to that experience. At the same time he continued with the piano, receiving tuition from R. O. Beachcroft, a talented but rather frightening teacher who (like so many musicians of that era) had studied at the Royal College of Music under Stanford. His solos at school concerts were regularly praised in *The Cliftonian*. Of the Christmas concert in 1921, for example, it reported that 'Winnington-Ingram played with remarkable musicianship a queer composition by Arensky'. His fine technique remained with him; even in his mid-eighties, seeing a familiar score on a friend's piano, he could sit down and play the piece fluently from memory. He also acquitted himself well in other areas of school life. He was a keen though not outstanding cricketer: he never made the second XI, but for three summers he bowled medium pace for his House, South Town, on one occasion taking eight North Town wickets in an innings (and scoring a duck, as befell him rather often). By the last year he found himself head of his House, captain of its cricket team (acknowledged as one of the weakest in the school), and a sergeant in command of its platoon in the OTC. At prize-giving he was the recipient of so many awards (including the Kadoorie Cup, won for a performance of the first movement of the *Appassionata* sonata) that his father brought a wheelbarrow to take them away in.

It was 1922. He had won an open scholarship to Trinity College, Cambridge, and thither he now proceeded. He was to remain there, with brief interruptions, for eleven years. Initially he was discouraged, and all but turned away from classics, by the condescension and ostentatious learning of certain of his seniors, including Arthur Darby Nock and Patrick Duff. This manifested itself particularly in meetings of the Classical Reading Society, at which undergraduate and graduate scholars of Trinity read Greek and Latin authors to each other. But he got over this, and the expected successes duly came: Firsts in both parts of the Tripos, and in his fifth term one of the major university scholarships, the Waddington.

After completing his first degree he embarked on research, with his sights not on a doctorate but on a Prize Fellowship at Trinity. His musical interest now asserted itself, and he chose ancient Greek music as his subject; no doubt his attention had been caught by the appearance in the *Classical Quarterly*, in his second undergraduate year, of J. F. Mountford's article on the musical scales of Plato's *Republic*. Thus he began to lay the foundation for one of the two main strands in his later work. Experts in the field of Greek music have never been thick on the ground, and there was no one at hand to give him guidance. His clear head and good sense enabled him nevertheless to produce a dissertation that favourably impressed Mountford, who was called in from Edinburgh to evaluate it.

However, the bid for a Fellowship was not at first successful. This was another juncture at which Winnington-Ingram's life might have taken a very different turn. Far from being single-mindedly committed to the idea of a scholarly career, he was having serious doubts about it. He toyed briefly with the notion of publishing — during his second year of research he devoted a good deal of time to editing the *Cambridge Review* — but concluded that it offered poor chances of employment. In the summer of 1927 he sat the Civil Service examination, after strenuously mugging up Political Theory and Political Organisation. If editing the *Review* had not been absorbing so much of his energies, he reckoned that he would have succeeded in the examination and spent the rest of his working life as a civil servant.

The next year he got his first teaching job, a one-year appointment at Manchester to replace F. H. Sandbach, who was returning to Trinity (and who became a lifelong friend). No sooner had he delivered his first lecture at Manchester than two telegrams arrived informing him that his revised dissertation had been successful and that he had been

elected to a Prize Fellowship at Trinity. This was the start of an extraordinary period of shuttling between Cambridge and Manchester. After serving out his contractual year at Manchester, he returned to Trinity to take up the Fellowship. But the next year a crisis arose in the Manchester department, and he was asked to go back and fill in for another twelve months. Two more years in Cambridge followed, after which he was appointed to a regular Lectureship at Manchester, where T. B. L. Webster was now installed in the Greek chair. Winnington-Ingram claimed, plausibly enough, to be the only scholar to have been appointed three times to the staff of the same university before the age of thirty.

He was happy in Manchester, happier than in Cambridge. Trinity was of course full of interesting and distinguished people. He once overheard Whitehead asking Eddington whether he thought Einstein was losing his grip. He lived on Housman's staircase — venturing to play his piano only when the great scholar was known to be out. He had some close friends among his contemporaries. But High Table conversation was characterised by a pervasive urbanity, an absence of sincerely searching talk, that he found stifling. He felt freer in Manchester, where he was on his own, earning his own living. He enjoyed the friendly northern ambience, the Hallé concerts, walking in the Peak district, the easy friendships with colleagues and students.

It might have seemed that he was settled here for years to come. But as it turned out, the third spell in Manchester lasted no longer than the first and second. His attention was at once taken by an advertisement for the Chair of Greek in Belfast. He applied and was shortlisted, but not placed among the first two. The post went to T. A. Sinclair, a Belfast man who had recently published his commentary on Hesiod's *Works and Days*. However, Sinclair vacated a Readership at Birkbeck; this in turn was advertised, and Winnington-Ingram got it. So began his long association with the University of London. At last he could put down roots. It was 1934, and he was thirty.

He had by this time a few articles to his credit. His first publications, arising out of his Fellowship dissertation, were a penetrating study of a very specialised topic, an irregularly-formed scale (the '*spondeion*' scale) referred to by pseudo-Plutarch and ascribed to the legendary Olympus,¹ and a short general survey of ancient Greek music,² which, despite

¹ *Classical Quarterly*, 22 (1928), 83–91.

² *Music and Letters*, 10 (1929), 326–45.

some unevenness of emphasis — there is nothing about instruments, for example — already shows his sound grasp of the ancient sources and of the issues raised by their accounts of *harmoniai* and *tonoi*, as well as his prudence and modesty: the last paragraph begins ‘Everywhere we are faced with unanswered questions.’ He rewrote the brief music section in Whibley’s *Companion to Greek Studies* for the fourth edition of 1931, and published another specialised article in the *Classical Quarterly* of the following year, dealing with Aristoxenus’ and other theorists’ formulae for intervals and their relation to musical reality. His parallel interest in tragedy, already manifested in a paper on Euripides’ *Heracles* presented to the Cambridge Philological Society in 1929, found expression in an article on the ambivalence of Apollo’s role in the *Oresteia*,³ which he later judged to have been written too much under the influence of Wilamowitz, and, after the move to Birkbeck, in notes in the *Classical Review*, vols 49 (1935) and 51 (1937). Meanwhile his musical studies reached their pre-war culmination in his first book, *Mode in Ancient Greek Music* (Cambridge, 1936). This slender, concentrated volume, reprinted by Hakkert in 1968, retains its value today as a careful analysis of the evidence for modality in Greek music and of its relation to the theoreticians’ systems of octave species and keys. Following the lead of Mountford’s 1923 article, Winnington-Ingram fastens on the set of early scales preserved by Aristides Quintilianus as the best clue to the nature of the early *harmoniai*, and sees the *tonoi* of Ptolemy as the final residue of the early modes, denatured by Aristoxenian and earlier systematisation. The conclusion stands unshaken. But Winnington-Ingram was keenly aware how far short it leaves us of an understanding of the music itself. ‘I doubt if anyone has ever completed a book upon Greek music’, he wrote in the Preface, ‘without feeling acute dissatisfaction both with his subject and with himself.’ And in his concluding paragraph:

Not even the main course of development of Greek music, far less the full details of its modalities, can be established on the evidence . . . Yet complete despondency is as unnecessary as it is ignoble. Every student of the subject must from time to time have the feeling that there is a certain amount of evidence, particularly concerning the earlier stages of Greek music, that is still unrelated together, and must hope that one day he will strike upon the true, the illuminating hypothesis which is to relate it. Meantime there is much work to be done before a new history of the art, a new ‘Gevaert’ is due.

³ *Classical Review*, 47 (1933), 97–104.

There is nothing, apart from these words, to suggest that he ever had the ambition to write a 'new "Gevaert."' He could have done it; but the Muse led him along other paths.

The early years at Birkbeck were stimulating and productive. For the first time he was living in a place of his own, a somewhat seedy flat in Percy Street, off the Tottenham Court Road. The area had a mildly raffish character, something that always appealed to him. Birkbeck, at that time still housed in cramped and sordid premises off Fetter Lane, was a friendly place, with no generation gap dividing teachers from students; some of those whom Winnington-Ingram taught were twice his age. The concentration of teaching in the evenings, though inimical to social life, left the daylight hours free for other work. In practice he found that they were mostly taken up by preparation for classes and correction of exercises. But it was out of college teaching that nearly all his published work arose, apart from that on Greek music.

His growing interest in tragedy was at that period focused on Aeschylus and Euripides; Sophocles, on his own avowal, still meant nothing to him. Lecturing on the *Agamemnon* led him into a detailed study of the play and the trilogy which laid the foundation for much of his later work. Two substantial papers published in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* after the war ('Clytemnestra and the Vote of Athena', 1948; 'Zeus in the *Persae*', 1973) were both based on papers written in the thirties. He looked back on this as a period of intense intellectual excitement, 'from which dates virtually all such understanding of Aeschylus as I can claim to possess'. In 1937 he lectured on the *Bacchae*, and again was seized with excitement and the compulsion to write, even after an evening's teaching. He soon realised that what he was writing was a book — the book that became *Euripides and Dionysus*. Though not published until 1948, it was essentially completed ten years earlier, and in one important respect it is tinged with the spirit of the thirties. It is a careful, intelligent, stylish interpretation of the *Bacchae*, in which Winnington-Ingram argues for the not wholly novel conclusion that Euripides' attitude towards his Dionysus was hostile: that he recognised the god's beauty and power, but also his cruelty and the terrible danger posed to society by his domination of a blindly loyal crowd of followers. He 'saw that there was only one weapon to employ against him, which was to understand him and to propagate understanding of him.' Now in 1928 Winnington-Ingram had spent three months in Italy as tutor to the son of a cultured and passionately anti-

Fascist English couple. With them he had learned to hate totalitarianism, and to recognise it when it appeared subsequently in Germany. He was restive about England's slowness to re-arm, and he was against appeasement. There is no explicit reference in *Euripides and Dionysus* to the events of the thirties. But in his memoir he states outright that the book was haunted by the Nuremberg rallies. Euripides' view of Dionysus, as he portrays it, is in some degree the counterpart of his own view of Hitler. And yet his argument is firmly enough based on the text of Euripides not to wear a dated air. The book still stands as a classic study of the play, complementing E. R. Dodds's famous commentary. Dodds in fact read it in typescript before completing his edition (1944; 2nd ed., 1960), and he cites it repeatedly, while Winnington-Ingram for his part was able to draw on Dodds by the time the book saw the light. It was favourably reviewed, not least by Gilbert Norwood, who hailed it as 'the most illuminating [book] that has ever been written on the *Bacchae*', and generously acknowledged that it far surpassed his own youthful work *The Riddle of the Bacchae* (1908) in acuteness, imaginative depth, and sense of dramatic perspective.⁴

In 1938, with only one chapter of *Euripides and Dionysus* still to be written, Winnington-Ingram married Mary Cousins, a vivacious teacher from Dundee, seven years his senior, whom he had known for some time. She was a devotee of the theatre; with her he saw most of the important productions of the thirties, and it was from her that he learned what he knew about acting, and gained his awareness of the theatrical aspects of ancient drama. The marriage was to be a long and happy one. His first and last books were dedicated to her.

The war brought an interruption of the academic career, though of a kind that Winnington-Ingram found by no means distasteful. After an unsettled period in which he served as an Air Raid Warden in Notting Hill, playing a great deal of darts in the Wardens' Posts in the intervals between patrolling the streets to monitor the blackout, he was taken on as a temporary Principal in the Ministry of Labour and National Service. He was surprised to discover that his salary in this post was substantially in excess of what he had earned as a university Reader. The civil service had attracted him before, and now he found the work thoroughly absorbing. He was impressed by his Minister, Ernest Bevin, and took some satisfaction in having one day supplied the great man with a cigarette.

⁴ *American Journal of Philology*, 70 (1949), 317–20.

He was particularly involved with the organisation of Irish labour. There was much unemployment in Eire, and on the other hand a shortage in Britain of unskilled labour for the construction of airfields and other civil engineering projects. So it was in the interests of both governments to facilitate (and regulate) recruitment in Ireland by English contractors. But there were misgivings on the Irish side on account of the Republic's official neutrality, and also because of the vocal objections of a section of the church, headed by the Bishop of Galway, to exposing good Catholic lads to the temptations of the irreligious country over the water. When the scheme seemed on the point of falling through, a decisive *démarche* by the indignant Winnington-Ingram saved the day.

Promotion to the grade of Assistant Secretary early in 1944 took him away from Irish affairs, and left him with rather less freedom of action than he had enjoyed before. The mobilisation of labour for construction was still the prevailing theme. The work was satisfying, if exhausting. His domestic situation was, by wartime standards, comfortable. Mary was employed in the Ministry of Information. Unexploded bombs had forced them to leave their Notting Hill flat in 1940, but for most of the war they were able to live in relatively peaceful surroundings in part of a colleague's house at Bushey Heath.

When the war ended, the question arose whether to continue in the civil service and abandon the academic life. For five years Winnington-Ingram had hardly given a thought to the ancient world. But, in his own words, 'I had sunk so much intellectual and emotional capital in the classics that I just could not abandon them.' He had a book waiting to be published. So he returned to his lower-paid post at Birkbeck.

He was now in his early forties, and ambitious for a chair, preferably in London. He applied hopefully for the Greek Chair at King's, but it went to his former Manchester colleague L. R. Palmer, whom he had not seen as a strong rival. His eye turned towards UCL, but that college too looked to Manchester, and engaged Webster. Before very long, however, a third, unforeseen opening appeared. In 1948, the same year that saw the publication of the Euripides book, Westfield College established a Chair of Classics, and Winnington-Ingram was appointed. As it happened, he already lived within walking distance of the college, for at the end of the war he and Mary had settled at 1 Willow Road, a notable modernist house by Ernő Goldfinger which is now a listed building. The Westfield appointment meant that the evenings were no longer claimed by teaching, and the Winnington-Ingrams' social life

was able to blossom; they began to give frequent parties in their drawing-room that faced on to Hampstead Heath.

In 1953 Palmer departed to Oxford as Professor of Comparative Philology, and the Chair of Greek at King's once again fell vacant. Although Winnington-Ingram was happy enough in the cosy gentility of Westfield, there was no denying that it was something of an academic backwater. King's, as a much larger, more central, and more diversified institution, stood squarely in the mainstream of the university. Winnington-Ingram made his interest in the position known, and after due process — and indeed a little undue, since through some mix-up at Senate House he was sent the complete set of applications — he was finally appointed to the chair which he held until retirement.

He at once endeared himself to the King's students (as two of them recalled after his death)⁵ by his enthusiasm for his subject and his interest in their own concerns. His learned and wide-ranging lectures on drama, in particular, so inspired them that they were seized with the idea of mounting a performance of a tragedy in the original Greek. Thus began the tradition of the King's Greek play, which has been a notable annual event ever since and in recent years has even extended to an American tour.

Winnington-Ingram's ability as a lecturer was proved again, and more objectively, in a much later episode. When the National Theatre put on the *Oresteia* in 1981, it was decided to use genuine flaming torches in the production. The local authority was predictably horrified, and sought to ban the torches on grounds of public safety. The theatre appealed to the magistrates, and enlisted Winnington-Ingram in support of its campaign for real fire. He presented himself at the hearing and discoursed at length on the crucial importance of fire imagery in the *Oresteia* and the necessity for putting it across in the most concrete visual terms. It was a brilliant performance: the bench was completely bowled over, and the cause was won.

Winnington-Ingram was not Head of the King's department; he was happy for that position to remain with the Professor of Latin, Stuart Maguinness, who had been his friend from Manchester days. Accordingly he was not much burdened with college administration. He sat on the Professorial Board and found its meetings among the most boring he had ever attended. Eventually, with the revolution of the stars, he was in line to become Dean of the Arts Faculty, a most

⁵ Diana and Brian Sparkes in *The Independent*, Friday 5 February 1993, 27.

onerous post in a London college, which has driven good men (perhaps even women, but certainly men) to nervous breakdown and suicide. He was mildly tempted to accept, thinking that it might be interesting to penetrate the higher reaches of university administration, but decided that his duties were rather to teaching and scholarship. On all departmental matters of consequence Maguinness consulted him, and together, particularly in the sixties, they were able to make a series of excellent staff appointments, leaving a strong department to their successors.

In the eight years between emerging from the Ministry of Labour and arriving at King's, Winnington-Ingram had published, apart from half a dozen reviews, almost nothing that he had not written before the war. But he had continued to study, and now a steady output of articles began, divided between his two principal interests, Greek music and Greek tragedy. After the mid-sixties the latter came to predominate.

As regards music, he was often called upon for encyclopaedia articles. He assisted Mountford with the 'Music' entry in the *Oxford Classical Dictionary* (1949; 2nd ed., 1970), and when Mountford suffered a coronary he took over from him the article on 'Greek music (ancient)' for the fifth edition of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (1954). This piece, repeated with some modifications in the *New Grove* of 1980, is the fullest statement of his views on the subject. Explanation of the theoreticians' systems still bulks largest in it, and he is at pains to avoid saying anything controversial. The result is a very sound but rather dense and forbidding account, punctuated by *non liquets*. He also contributed articles on musical subjects to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (1964 ed.), the *Dictionary of Scientific Biography*, and the *Encyclopedia Americana*.

Papyrologists who found themselves with a new text bearing musical notation turned naturally for help to Winnington-Ingram as the acknowledged authority. Consequently he appears as a collaborator in the publications of three important musical papyri: P. Osl. inv. 1413 (1955), P. Oxy. 2436 (1959), and P. Mich. inv. 2958 (1965). In each case he contributed exemplary notes on the reading and interpretation of the musical symbols. In the Oslo publication⁶ he took the opportunity to make a thorough survey of the evidence available up to that time on the correlation of melody and word accent in Greek musical compo-

⁶ *Symbolae Osloenses*, 31 (1955), 1–87.

sitions. More material has accrued since then, but it remains a model study.

Students of Greek music are especially grateful for Winnington-Ingram's *Lustrum* article (3, 1958, 5–57), in which he listed and briefly assessed everything published in the field between 1932 and 1957. His own contributions are registered with engaging modesty, while a note of dry scepticism suffices to warn the reader off items of no value. Then there were his occasional articles on particular topics, like the important piece in the 1956 *Classical Quarterly* in which he demolished the often-held notion that the Greek lyre was tuned to a pentatonic scale with additional notes being obtained by special fingering techniques; or the survey, with Reynold Higgins, of the artistic and other evidence for the lute in Greece.⁷ This interest in instruments marks a development beyond his earlier writings.

His major work in the musical sphere, however, was the Teubner edition of Aristides Quintilianus' *De musica libri tres*, published in 1963. This curious text, rather uncertainly dated to the late third or early fourth century AD, is the longest extant ancient work devoted to the theory of music, and parts of it are of considerable importance as evidence for the art. It had previously been only twice edited, by Marcus Meibom in 1652 and by Albert Jahn in 1882. Winnington-Ingram had started to work on this author in the thirties, originally intending not only a critical edition but also a translation and commentary. That turned out to be too ambitious a plan. The edition, however, was done with great thoroughness and leaves nothing to be desired. The manuscripts were meticulously collated and reported; photographs are provided for two passages of exceptional interest where notational symbols are of the essence. The text is improved by dozens of shrewd emendations, and there is a full word index. Of course there are places here and there where one might prefer a different reading, and a few additional manuscripts have been located, but really there is no obvious reason why the job should ever need to be done again. One sighs for the days when the book could be bought for £2.77.

As regards tragedy, Winnington-Ingram continued to be interested in Aeschylus, but Euripides had been displaced from his affections by Sophocles. It was to be many years before another book came together, but over a dozen articles on tragic topics appeared during his tenure of the King's chair. They range from critical notes on textual and

⁷ *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, 85 (1965), 62–71.

staging questions to interpretations of individual choral odes or whole plays, from the reconstruction of a papyrus fragment to general themes such as 'Tragedy and Greek archaic thought' or 'Greek and modern tragedy'.

Honours and invitations began to accumulate. In 1956 his old university, Cambridge, invited him to give the J. H. Gray Lectures. These were supposed to be on a theme outside the range of the normal curriculum, and the moment seemed opportune for three lectures on Greek music, a topic which Winnington-Ingram had previously felt reluctant to try to expound orally. The venture was a success, and thereafter he gave lectures on the subject more readily in many different forums. In 1958 he was chosen to participate in the Fondation Hardt Entretiens on Euripides. The same year saw his election to the Academy, and the next year his election as President of the Hellenic Society, which Mary had served as Secretary for the previous quinquennium. Soon after completing his three years as President he was appointed Honorary Secretary, a post which he held from 1963 to 1982.

In 1964 he was asked to take on for a few years the Directorship of the Institute of Classical Studies. This is normally a part-time post held by a London professor whose college duties are reduced proportionately. Winnington-Ingram was unwilling to reduce his King's teaching by more than a third, so it was arranged that his Institute duties should account nominally for one-third of his time and salary. He was able to delegate responsibility for the Library to Otto Skutsch and for publications to Eric Handley. But the demands of the job were still considerable, and his own work had to be put into abeyance. Publicly he made light of this. At a dinner held in his honour when he left in 1967, he said it had not been an arduous job: he had spent most of his time pouring drinkable wine down visitors' throats, and the worst that was liable to happen was 'a boring lecture and an indifferent claret'. The fact was that for three years he had maintained and enhanced the Institute's teaching and publication programme, earning the devotion of the staff by his quiet efficiency, kindness, and sense of fun. He handed the Directorship on to Handley, and reverted to full-time teaching at King's for the four years remaining till his retirement in 1971. A further distinction came his way in those years: the honorary D.Litt. conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow in 1969. Another was to follow from London in 1985.

Retirement brought increased opportunity for foreign travel, which he and Mary had always enjoyed. Since 1947 they had travelled in

Europe almost every year, generally to the Mediterranean. In 1964 they had their first encounter with the United States, with which they quickly fell in love. Taking his first ever sabbatical term at the age of sixty, Reg applied for a term's membership of the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton. There he acquired a New Jersey driving licence and an old Ford V8, the largest and most powerful car he had ever had, which gave him great pleasure. In this vehicle he and Mary roamed New England as far as Martha's Vineyard. In 1968 he went for a term as Visiting Professor to Christchurch, New Zealand, where his surviving sister Joyce was living. After calling at various other Antipodean universities he returned by way of Kenya, where a cousin was anxious to entertain him.

When retirement came he immediately made plans for a longer spell in America. The Princeton Institute accepted him again for the whole session of 1971–2, but then there intervened an invitation from the University of Texas in Austin to spend the first semester there as Visiting Professor. Never having taught in an American university, he accepted the offer, and had the time of his life. The weather was paradisiac, and everything was bathed in a golden light. There was much music-making; a trio was made up, with Winnington-Ingram at the keyboard, and he played again a Mendelssohn trio (the more exuberant of the two, the D minor) that he had played more than fifty years before at Clifton. Above all he revelled in the atmosphere of youth and freedom that pervaded the campus. The Texan students were enormously taken with this twinkling, quintessentially English old gentleman with his neat pin-stripe suit and his moustache; and he was enormously taken with them, and felt able to talk to them without any sense of the gulf in age. He used wryly to tell the story of how, in the course of a long tête-à-tête with a delightful girl opposite whom he was playing the lead in a student play, he commented how easily they were communicating, as if they were equals and contemporaries. 'Oh, Gee, Professor,' she replied, 'if only I could talk to my grandparents like this!'

Then came Christmas in Mexico, the remaining semester in Princeton, and a quick tour of California. Within a year he was back in Austin for another semester (spring 1973). That summer, and again in the following one, he went as a lecturer on Swan's Hellenic Cruises, where he and Mary did a lively double act that went down very well with the cruising classes. It was on one of these trips that he explained a grammatical point to a traveller: 'He is Mr Papadopoulos, and his

wife is Mrs Papadopoulou — the possessive genitive, you will recall.' In 1975 came another invitation to America, this time as Aurelio Visiting Professor at Boston University. He gave a lecture at Harvard on 'Sophocles and Sex', at which the audience could hardly contain themselves at the patrician drawl and apparent relish with which the word 'sex' was enunciated. At the end of the semester he flew on westwards to New Zealand to see his sister for the last time, and completed a circuit of the globe by way of Hong Kong and an unscheduled stop in Teheran.

That was the last intercontinental expedition, but there were still a couple of European trips to come. In 1976 he lectured in Italian at Urbino, much hampered by laryngitis but indomitable. In 1982 he was invited once more to take part in a Fondation Hardt Entretien, this time on Sophocles. He had the impression that he was rather expected to decline on account of his advancing years, and he might have done so had he not learned that an eminent lady scholar, who had captivated him in the past, was to be of the company. The opportunity of renewing her acquaintance was not to be passed up. His only complaint of the event was that the Fondation did not serve afternoon tea. Three years later, now into his eighties, he was invited to Urbino again to participate in a conference on ancient Greek music. This time he did decline to go; but he agreed to contribute a paper, which was read to the conference in his absence. In due course it appeared in the Proceedings, and this was his last publication.⁸

Although his interest in ancient music had waned since the sixties, he had still produced a couple more papers on the subject, making valuable observations on certain detailed matters connected with the Greek notation systems.⁹ It may be that these were drawn from his earlier work towards a commentary on Aristides Quintilianus. For the rest, it was tragedy — Aeschylus and Sophocles — that preoccupied him in his retirement, as it had increasingly done before. His work culminated in the two last books. Both had long roots.

Sophocles: An Interpretation, his most substantial book, published by the Cambridge University Press in 1980 after some earlier hesitation, had its origins in lecture courses given over the years at Birkbeck, Westfield, and King's. It includes interpretations of the individual

⁸ 'Κόννος, Κορνῆς, Cheride, e la professione di musico', in B. Gentili and R. Pretagostini (eds), *La Musica in Grecia* (Roma-Bari, 1988), 246–63.

⁹ *Philologus*, 117 (1973), 243–9 and 122 (1978), 237–48.

plays, interwoven with essays on themes such as 'Fate in Sophocles', and guided by the desire to define a distinctively or typically Sophoclean approach. The result is a darker picture of Sophoclean drama than many critics have painted. Winnington-Ingram emphasises Sophocles' connections with Aeschylean rather than with later fifth-century thought. He warns against the notion that Sophocles' heroes can be comprehended under some simple formula. What is typical of them, in his view, is that while they have faults that cannot be condoned, they hold on to their principles when ordinary men and women would give up. He sees them as in some ways like the gods in their pursuit of retaliatory justice, with the difference that they do not enjoy the gods' immunity from disaster. He shows how Sophocles repeatedly plays on the ironies inherent in a flawed world. The book shows Winnington-Ingram's discreet mastery of the modern literature on Sophocles, his sensitivity to the nuances of the text, and his great common sense. The argument is intricate, but presented with lucidity and grace, with never a cloudy sentence. Bernard Knox described it as 'perhaps the most important and challenging interpretation of Sophocles to appear since Karl Reinhardt's brilliant *Sophokles*, published in 1933'. Winnington-Ingram was particularly delighted by another reviewer who wrote:

With his fine sense of thematic and stylistic contour and his staring eye for the dark shapes of the tragic gloaming, Winnington-Ingram scours like a hunting owl round the grim terrain of each play.¹⁰

This apparently corresponded in some way to his own image of himself.

Studies in Aeschylus followed three years later. As the title implies, it is a different kind of book from the Sophocles volume: a gathering of independent essays and notes, most of them previously published, but revised, brought up to date, and subtly shaped, where possible, to combine as parts of a whole. All the plays are discussed, and the book comes closer to being a unity than might have been expected. This is partly due to Winnington-Ingram's systematic emphasis on the plays' intellectual and moral content and on the characters and their motivations, and to the consistency of his approach over the decades. Three of the nine chapters were based on work he had done in the thirties; and if he had modified his pre-war, Wilamowitzian position on Apollo, he still upheld his bold, precociously 'feminist' view of Clytaemestra

¹⁰ Oliver Taplin, *TLS*, 79 (1980), 712.

as a woman driven (in part) by resentment at the social status of women. This is perhaps one of his less persuasive theses, but the book is full of rewarding things, the matured fruits of a lifetime's study and thought. It will no doubt date, but not as quickly as much that was being written in the early eighties. For Winnington-Ingram held firm to the 'old-fashioned' principle that an ancient author composed his text with one specific meaning in mind, which one should patiently endeavour to determine; 'polysemic' interpretation he neatly diagnosed as 'little better than evasion of choice'. He explained that he had no hostility in principle towards fashionable approaches,

but merely a certain reserve (due partly to ignorance) and a strong conviction that the possibilities of a more conventional approach are by no means exhausted; that it is still possible to say helpful things about society without being a Marxist, about sex without being a Freudian, and about structure without being a 'structuralist'. Indeed the more one is concerned with structure in the sense of form, the further 'structures' seem to retreat into their subliminal fastnesses.¹¹

In the introduction to *Sophocles* he had written:

A scholar has, however, no right to inflict his views upon the world, unless he sincerely believes that he has something new to say; and he will be rash to believe this unless his views are firmly based upon the words of his author.¹²

At the same time as he was putting the *Studies* together, he wrote a succinct account of Aeschylus for the *Cambridge History of Classical Literature* (I: *Greek Literature*, ed. P. E. Easterling and B. M. W. Knox, 1985). To the same volume he contributed a typically cautious section on the origins of tragedy.

The last years were quiet but not altogether easeful. The eightieth birthday in 1984 was celebrated by various pleasant events organised at King's. But domestic circumstances were unhappy. Mary had entered upon a slow decline, and needed much attention. After a time she had to be transferred to a nursing home, where Reg devotedly visited her every day. A friend suggested that now at least he would be able to get on better with his own work. But he replied that he had done all

¹¹ *Studies in Aeschylus*, X–XI.

¹² *Sophocles*, 4. As a parallel for the scholar's concern about his right to write, it is interesting to compare the words of E. R. Dodds in the preface to his *Thirty-two Poems* (London, 1929), p. 9: 'Without some consciousness of function no man has the right to increase by a featherweight that burden of print under which our civilisation staggers.'

he wanted to do. He ends his autobiographical essay with the words: 'I cannot be too thankful that I was granted life and energy to complete these two works [the Sophocles and Aeschylus books] which contain virtually everything by which I could wish to be remembered.' (So much for Greek music! So much for *Euripides and Dionysus!*)

In November 1989 he moved in to join Mary in her nursing home. It was an unlovely place for a distinguished scholar to end his days, but he bore his situation with unflinching dignity and humour and never complained. He made a final public appearance on 3 June 1991, when he presented his valuable collection of books on Greek music to the Institute and a little ceremony was arranged. He died on 3 January 1993, nineteen days short of his eighty-ninth birthday. Mary predeceased him by some months.

Of his uncle Arthur, the Bishop of London, the *Dictionary of National Biography* informs us that 'Winnington-Ingram's intellectual equipment was solid, but dated. He gave the same answers to doubters in 1944 as he had given in 1884.' Reg was not at all like that. He had an independent mind, moved with the times, and was always open to progressive ideas, not necessarily swept along by the latest trends, but able to recognise their merits. For example, unlike many of his generation, he was able to adjust to the modern perception that *Prometheus Vincetus* is not the work of Aeschylus. Too firmly formed by his upbringing ever to turn openly bohemian, he was nevertheless plainly attracted towards the 'liberated' ethos. Politically he was left of centre, though not in any extreme way; he joined the Labour Party and later the Social Democrat Party, but played no active role in them. At the same time he was a member of the Hampstead Preservation Society and the Athenaeum. He lived in modest style, and gave very generously to charity both during his life and in his will. He was not visibly religious, yet he could write that 'the peace of God is perhaps the ultimate aspiration of man'.¹³

He was an impressive figure to meet, his small stature compensated by authority and dignity of bearing. He was sociable and hospitable. Yet in some ways he was rather a private person; some found him difficult to get close to. As a young man he had been a diffident speaker, tongue-tied at a meeting, reluctant to assert himself. His wartime work in the civil service gave him an increased self-confidence. He learned then to stand up for his department, to mollify aggrieved colleagues

¹³ *Euripides and Dionysus*, p. 66.

from other departments, to be fluent on the telephone, to chair meetings. But there remained a crust of reserve, and a need for reassurance about the value of his work. Honours such as the Fellowship of the Academy and the honorary doctorate from Glasgow affected him with as much surprise as delight.

He was not quarrelsome or choleric by nature. In the London Board of Studies in Classics, as in most of his writings, he tended to eschew polemic and leave opposing arguments to fend for themselves. He could on occasion subdue with a look or a sharp word. His younger colleagues at King's stood somewhat in awe of him. But his characteristic tone was of geniality laced with dry, sceptical, understated, self-deprecating wit that made its point economically and exactly. At an Academy dinner, after an untypically feeble and meandering Presidential speech, as the Fellows and guests clapped politely, Winnington-Ingram turned to his neighbour and enquired mildly 'Well, what was all that about?' When a newly arrived lecturer at King's made to order an omelette in the staff dining-room, Winnington-Ingram peered at him over his menu and commented 'I believe they are made of reconstituted egg.' Disconcerted, the young man temporised, saying that that did not sound very appetising. 'Oh,' came the reply, 'one is not supposed to enjoy it.'

He loved young people and took a deep and genuine interest in them. He would talk to them energetically and draw them out, acutely perceptive of their concerns and brimming with amused benevolence. In spirits he remained youthful himself to the end of his days. Speaking at his retirement dinner in 1971, he said 'I expect some of you younger people wonder what it feels like to be my age. Let me tell you: it feels exactly the same. Right now I feel like jumping up on the table and dancing a little jig.'

One's abiding recollection is of this sparkling good humour and gaiety. Friends, colleagues, and pupils remember with the greatest affection and esteem a scholar and gentleman of outstanding and individual charm.

M. L. WEST

Fellow of the Academy

Note. The greater part of the above information is drawn from a typescript autobiographical memoir left by Professor Winnington-Ingram. I have taken some

further material, and some turns of phrase which I could not better, from the address given by Professor J. P. Barron at the Memorial Service held in King's College London on 16 March 1993. I have made grateful use of the bibliography of Winnington-Ingram's writings up to 1983 compiled by Bernard Gredley and published in the *Bulletin of the Institute of Classical Studies* 31 (1984), 33–8, and of personal reminiscences from Mr E. J. Winnington-Ingram, Revd David Winnington-Ingram, Dr Andrew Barker, Professor Glen Bowersock, Professor Alan Cameron, Professor P. E. Easterling, Mr Bernard Gredley, Professor Eric Handley, Professor E. J. Kenney, Mrs Alicia Pauling (Totolos), Mrs Tania Rose, and Dr Oliver Taplin.