# JOYCE REYNOLDS

Joyce Maire Reynolds

18 December 1918 – 11 September 2022

elected Fellow of the British Academy 1982

by

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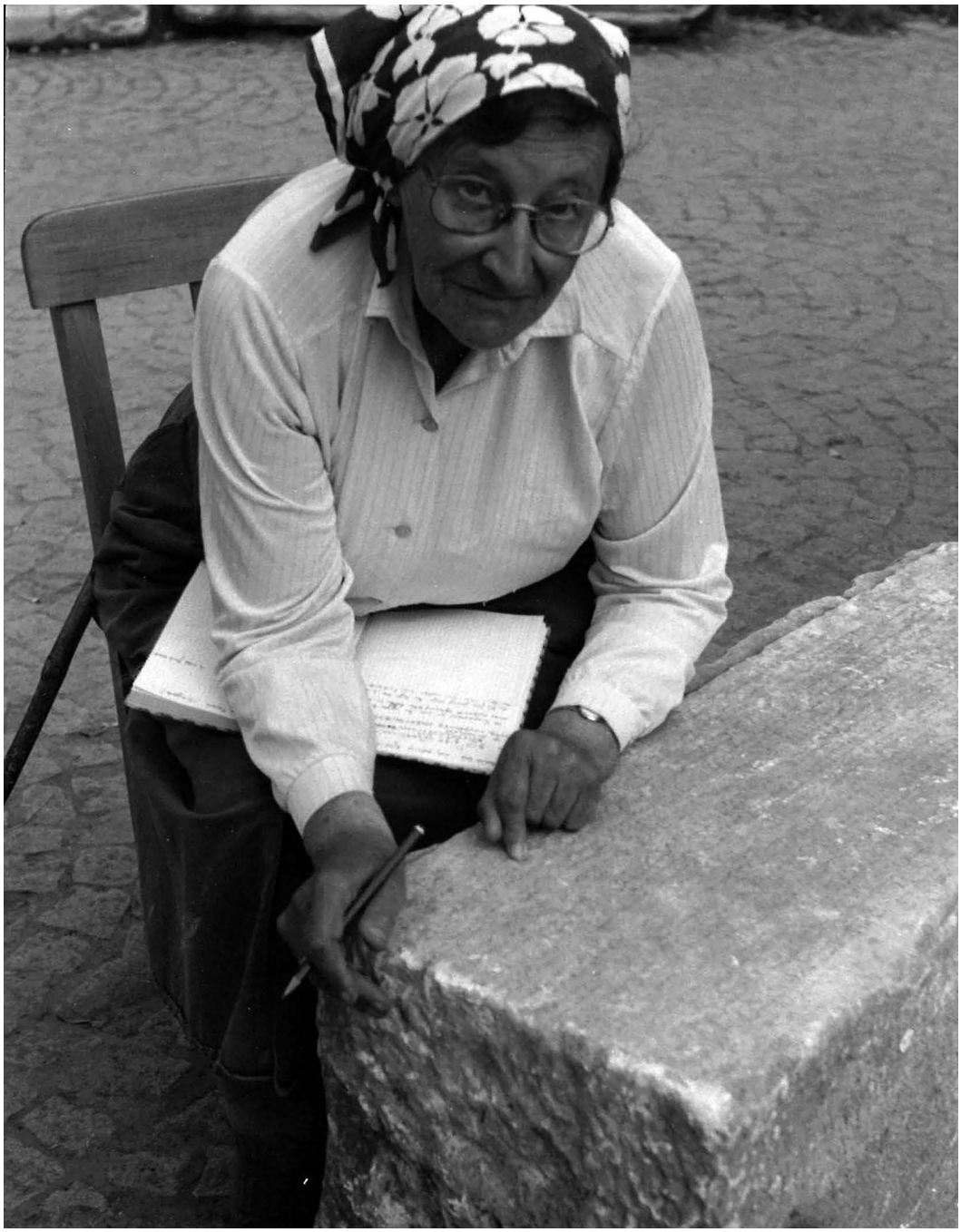
*Summary.* Joyce Reynolds, who spent most of her life as fellow of Newnham College Cambridge, was without doubt the leading British epigrapher of the 20th century, both as the publisher of new texts discovered in the course of modern archaeological exploration, and as the interpreter of such epigraphic texts to enhance and enrich our understanding of the Graeco-Roman world.

*Biographical Memoirs of Fellows of the British Academy*, 22, 381–398
https://doi.org/10.5871/mem/022.381
Posted 4 June 2025. 



Joyce Reynolds

Few contrasts can be as immediately striking to an observer as that between the calm and ordered aspect of Joyce Reynolds' public and academic career, as one of the truly great epigraphers of the ancient Graeco-Roman world of the second half of the 20th century, essentially a historian who came to work on inscriptions, and the remarkable adventurousness of both her personal and her intellectual life, which actually characterised her throughout, an adventurousness that will hopefully emerge in the memoir that follows. She was born in Highams Park in London on 18 December 1918 to Nellie Farmer Reynolds, a former primary school teacher, and William Howe Reynolds, a civil servant, in a house full of books and the making of music. She had a younger brother, David, who later provided Joyce with two much loved nephews, one of whom, Bernard, alas not only suffered from schizophrenia, irretrievably interrupting his study for a degree in – I think – Arabic, at Exeter, and was throughout his life carefully protected by Joyce, but also tragically pre-deceased her; after the death of her father, who when widowed had lived with Joyce for a number of years, Bernard lived in her house in Cambridge, cooking meals and making jam with her, and enabling her to access and hence use email. He helped her also, perhaps more importantly, to organise the 'epigraphic Saturdays', which are described later. A second nephew, Greg, survives her; a third nephew died young. The brother long pre-deceased Joyce: in the many years over which I knew her, from about 1965 onwards, when I first went to Cambridge as a Research Fellow of Christ's College, she never once mentioned him. In contrast, her father lived, like his daughter, to a very great age; and I had the good fortune to meet him on one occasion that I remember well, in the context of the celebrations to mark the publication of Joyce's *Aphrodisias and Rome*, discussed at length below, where I was able to observe at first hand, while the three of us admired the display of the book in the window of Heffers' bookshop in Cambridge, something of the impressive stuff of which Joyce was made.

Joyce was educated first at home by her parents – her mother was determined that her daughter should have a full education, having herself been denied more than the minimum by *her* father – then at Walthamstow County Girls School and next as a Scholar at St Paul's Girls School, subsequently as an Exhibitioner at Somerville College Oxford, from 1937 to 1941, where she achieved a First Class degree in Literae Humaniores. But, as she later crossly remembered, although Oxford had admitted women to full membership of the University already in 1920, some twenty years before Cambridge, she nonetheless found Oxford a quite unfriendly and male-dominated place, and she later found Cambridge a more informal and welcoming institution, despite its earlier tardiness in admitting women. Immediately after her graduation, during the rest of the Second World War, Joyce was a civil servant in the Board of Trade, work which was crucial to the development of her character. She enjoyed having to overcome the logistic, technical and diplomatic problems involved in travelling all over the country (at different times

she was responsible for North Wales and for the Midlands), staying in various guest houses and visiting suppliers to check that they had what they needed in terms of pots and pans and other 'quincaillerie'. Some areas for instance needed more chip-pans, some more kettles, others different items, and the terminology used for the various items differed in different parts of the country.

Joyce was after the war a Scholar at the British School at Rome, making contact with Italian scholars, including the formidable Margherita Guarducci, a Greek epigrapher of distinction, and with Peter Brunt, a fellow Scholar, of whom she remained a good, though not particularly close friend. Her first post was then Lecturer at the University of Newcastle. She remembered resenting being required to commute also to the University of Durham at very short notice to take over the lectures of someone, who it seems had left unexpectedly, rather than died, but otherwise spoke little of her time in Newcastle, except to say that she had been very happy there, despite having to lecture at Newcastle in the morning and at Durham, on a different subject, in the afternoons of many days. Newnham College Cambridge became part of the core of her being, but the toughness that she manifested in her later life no doubt owes a great deal to the early formative experiences with the Board of Trade, of considerable difficulties to be overcome. She became Fellow and Director of Studies in Classics at Newnham College from 1951; and University Lecturer, then University Reader in the Faculty of Classics until her retirement in 1984; Fellow of the British Academy from 1982, and the first woman to be awarded the Kenyon Medal for Classical Studies in 2017 (the publicity for this was not well managed by the Academy, and few of her friends were present for the occasion).

Thinking of all of which, although Joyce was in no way the type to frequent feminist demonstrations, she was still at all times a doughty advocate and defender of women's rights: she was quite rightly cross, at a time when banks started issuing unsolicited credit cards, *inter alios* to me, but not to her, who earned at least twice, if not three times my salary (though not as a result cross with me, since it was not in any way my fault!). While on this subject, it is worth recording also that we hardly ever, even occasionally, discussed politics: as far as is known, Joyce never actually voted, let alone played an active role as a member of any political party. Her sympathies would have been with a moderate, but unfortunately for her non-existent centre party. In a revealing conversation with her, John Crook observed against her that in his view the British electorate was not centrist in inclination, as Joyce was, but oscillated over the years between one or other of the two major parties: in her view all actual political parties (the Green Party, with for a long time one female MP, of course did not exist in this country for the bulk of her life span) were nothing but quite unreconstructed preserves of male privilege. She did, however, regularly and vehemently inveigh against the idiocy of the departure of the UK from the EU, principally to the sympathetic colleagues she met during her visits to the

Classics Faculty Library, where a desk was always reserved for her, with her former pupil Pat Easterling driving her in or otherwise by taxi organised by another former pupil Mary Beard.

One of her earliest adventures, that she recalled with great pleasure, was to drive from Libya nearly all the way round the Mediterranean, in the company of the art historian Elizabeth Rosenbaum, beginning by heading eastwards. She later very much regretted the appointment as Lecturer of Manfred Bräude in preference to Rosenbaum. Joyce was by the way, for as long as she drove a car, a cheerfully dreadful driver, and as a passenger often later slammed her right foot on an imaginary brake pedal, thus dangerously alarming the driver.

She was for almost the whole of her life after that early experience an inveterate traveller, latterly all over Turkey in particular, often in the company of the writer of this memoir and also of various other colleagues: her boundless curiosity and equable temperament at all times made her an ideal travelling companion, cheerfully putting up with the discomforts of small-town Turkish hotels or the unavailability of wine with dinner during Ramadan, and more seriously with the unavailability during the day, before sunset, even of tea, while we were working together during Ramadan on the inscribed copy of the Edict on Maximum Prices of the Emperor Diocletian and his three colleagues at Çavdarhisar (ancient Aizanoi), from dawn to dusk under a baking August sun on the high Anatolian plateau, without any shade whatsoever. On one occasion, the only way in which Joyce could be given a room to herself in a small 'hotel' or rather hostel, in Acıbayam in south-western Turkey, was to be put alone in a room that normally functioned as a dormitory for lorry drivers; she overheard repeated mutterings, during the first part of the night, of 'one woman?' ('*bir kadin*?') – and woke the next morning to find some dozen or so lorry drivers dossed down uncomfortably on the landing outside the room in which she had been sleeping.

Joyce's publication career began relatively late, though at a stage that was common for the period, in 1952, when she was thirty-four, apart from a couple of articles, with *The Inscriptions of Roman Tripolitania*, written with John Ward-Perkins, Director of the British School at Rome, as her fellow author: the inscriptions of Libya had fallen to Britain after the Second World War, with the expulsion of a defeated Italy, the previous colonial power there. This was a distant outcome of the 19th-century imperialist division of the ancient Greek epigraphic world between Germany (Greece, the Greek-speaking Balkans, the Aegean islands, and Italy and the West), Austria (Asia Minor), France (Syria and most of the Near East), and Britain (Egypt). Joyce's involvement with the enterprise was naturally a consequence of her presence as a Scholar at the British School at Rome and the unscrupulous exploitation of her skills by its Director, who had become involved with the antiquities of Libya after serving there during the Second World War. Some of Joyce's early articles also published inscriptions that had turned up in the course of

John Ward-Perkins' major research project while Director of the British School, the South Etruria survey.

But the principal work of that period was their *The Inscriptions of Roman Tripolitania*, which is a very austere publication indeed, containing pretty much just the bare texts without a translation or any significant commentary and with relatively little by way of illustrative apparatus, no doubt principally for reasons of expense (these deficiencies have mostly been remedied in a recent online edition organised by her former pupil Charlotte Roueché). The necessary period of field work in Libya, which she very much enjoyed, given the explorer role that it required her to play, finding and checking inscriptions, often in small, isolated museums or scattered round the countryside, formed the basis both of longlasting friendships with many young Libyan archaeologists and of what would now be called the mentoring of Susan Walker when she began her own research in Libya, and was followed by the voyage round the Mediterranean already mentioned, and many subsequent years of work in Libya. Joyce's corpus of the inscriptions of Cyrenaica, the eastern, Greek-speaking half of Libya, remained unpublished then, although some of the most important inscriptions were published in a series of articles, and after many years has finally been made available online by Roueché, along with the inscriptions of Tripolitania. This was a form of publication that Joyce viewed with some apprehension, despite her initiation to email by her nephew Bernard, who of course wrote the desired emails to Joyce's dictation: she never learnt even to type and all her references for pupils and protégés were invariably handwritten, which may perhaps have done some of them a disservice in a changing world. All her articles and books were submitted as handwritten copy. On the two Libyan online corpora, it is worth saying that Joyce provided translations and commentary, although she did not manage to compose general introductions.

The 2022 volume of *Libyan Studies* in fact contains four short, but very evocative appreciations of Joyce, written by Susan Kane, Philip Kenrick, Charlotte Roueché and Susan Walker. It is a pity that the piece written by one of Joyce's Libyan protégés is uninformative both about what Joyce did for him and about what she did for Libya, though the other pieces that there *are* in the volume do, in the course of recalling the crucial role Joyce played over many years in the historiography, epigraphy and archaeology of Libya, talk of her warm relationships with very large numbers of other younger Libyan scholars and of the visits some of them made to her at her house in Cambridge, which she bought, initially along with Joan Liversidge, when she retired and was no longer eligible for Newnham College rooms. A measure of the trust that was reposed in Joyce by her Libyan friends is the fact that, although a foreigner, a woman and an infidel, she was on at least one occasion invited to be present at and the witness of the circumcision ceremony of the son of one of her Libyan friends.

It is worth recording, early in an account of Joyce as an epigrapher, that she was lucky to be blessed with remarkably good eyesight, even when advancing age brought with it for the first time the need to use glasses to correct for increasing long-sightedness. At Aizanoi she was able easily to read, which I could hardly manage, the tiny and miserably engraved Greek letters of an edict of the Roman governor of the province of Phrygia/Caria that formed a postface to the first version of a copy of the Edict on Maximum Prices, a unique text which had been badly mangled by the excavators and publishers of the site, who had attempted to offer a first publication of the text. And much later, she shared in the collective endeavour of an international group of scholars and helped to check the four-metre high stone with the text of the Roman Customs Law of Asia at Ephesos. Although Joyce did not in the end contribute to the final text of the publication by the group, she was able to read from the ground a letter that needed checking and could only be read by normal mortals after climbing onto a platform; given the distinctly rickety construction of the platform, this was a most hazardous acrobatic enterercise, which Joyce was naturally unable and rightly unwilling to undertake; but she did not need to.

Joyce also demonstrated the toughness, that has already been described, in her total determination to do whatever might need doing for the successful completion of any piece of epigraphic work she had undertaken. She was also very lucky to be physically extremely robust, as manifested by her long life, though with age she of course became increasingly frail, but only from her late eighties onwards. Her only serious health problem, from which she suffered for most of her life, was migraine, though its impending onset could eventually be mitigated by the use of modern drugs. Two periods of hospitalisation were the result of her breaking both hips, the first time when she was attacked and robbed in Sidgwick Avenue near Newnham College, the second time when she fell at home.

There is an insoluble problem, which should perhaps be faced at this point: who if anyone taught Joyce epigraphy? She never mentioned any such teacher to me and I never thought to ask, since she always seemed so effortlessly and completely omniscient. Joyce began her undergraduate career at Oxford in the same year as that in which L.H. Jeffery began her research there; but, apart from the inherent unlikelihood of the two ever meeting, the research of Ann Jeffery was on the inscriptions of Archaic Greece, whence her great life's work, *The Local Scripts of Archaic Greece*, as far away from all of Joyce's epigraphic interests as could be. The natural guess would be that she attended classes at Oxford given by the veteran scholar Marcus Niebuhr Tod, Fellow and Tutor in Ancient History at Oriel College, who was of course essentially a Classical Greek epigrapher, but whose classes would presumably have covered a greater range, even if still only Greek, which is of course the language of the inscriptions of Aphrodisias; Charlotte Roueché tells me that there are a couple of notes from him in Joyce's papers, in answer

to questions from her which may suggest that she thought of him as a teacher. The first book, to which Joyce contributed, dealing with the Latin inscriptions of Roman Tripolitania, which I have already mentioned, stands out for its relative isolation within her overall publication record. It is, however, worth saying that Joyce may have learnt some of her epigraphy from the Italian scholars with whom she worked on that material: although involved, as we shall see, with the graffiti of Pompei, the authorship was not hers.

Nor, mainly for the record, is it known what Joyce intended her own research to be, when she went to Rome as a Scholar of the British School. When I was interviewed by Dacre Balsdon many years later, having also applied to be a Scholar, he began the informal interview with 'Have some gin, dear boy!' and launched into a gossipy monologue about everything except my research intentions. In the immediate postwar period, when Joyce applied, such things as intended field of research perhaps did not matter or even figure in an application. What presumably did matter was that one came from the 'right' background, i.e. Oxford or Cambridge, and spoke proper English and had decent manners, which was all that Dacre Balsdon wished to establish: when as late as 1962 he conducted his interview of me – there had been just before me a Rome scholar whose conduct had been so abhorrent, taking a car to pieces in the grounds of the School, that the Director said to the powers that be in London who selected scholars 'Never send me anyone like that again!'

The central achievement of Joyce's academic career, however, was the result of her many years of work on the rich harvest of inscriptions of Aphrodisias, where the neurotic and mercurial Director of the excavations, Professor Kenan Erim, of New York University, an American citizen but Turkish by birth – at least one ancestor had been governor of Thessalonica under the Ottoman Empire – had recruited her as the epigrapher member of his team, on the recommendation of John Ward-Perkins. It would not be correct to go so far as to say that she had him round her little finger, but I have certainly seen her coping with the impact of his variable moods by the sheer tranquillity of her character.

The first fruit, apart from a couple of preliminary articles, of her work on this cornucopia of material was *Aphrodisias and Rome* (1982), published as the first monograph supplement to the *Journal of Roman Studies* by the Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies. It includes the documents from the so-called Archive Wall, engraved on the south wall of the northern side-entrance (*parodos* with *analemma*) of the theatre, and nearby, along with some other related material, partly from Aphrodisias, partly from elsewhere, all dealing with the privileges of a city freed by Rome and granted various other privileges. This situation resulted from the fact that her patron deity, a local Aphrodite, could be identified with the Venus claimed as protector by the early 1st century BC Roman politician and general L. Cornelius Sulla, who had operated in Asia

Minor, and also with the divine ancestress of the *gens Iulia*, and therefore of Caesar and Augustus, and the 'ancestress' indeed of the Romans in general. The texts are accompanied by a full introduction to and analysis of the material, a translation – Joyce by then held rightly that no publication of an inscription could be complete unless one committed oneself to a view of what one thought it meant in a modern vernacular language – an extremely rich commentary, and full illustrative apparatus of figures and plates. All the inscriptions – apart from one of late 2nd century BC text – date from the period between the Age of Revolution, a period going as far as the reign of Augustus, and the 3rd century AD. Only a few of these texts had been previously known, because they had been extracted from their original locations and re-used in the building of the late antique wall of the city and as a result were seen and copied by one or more of the earlier explorers of the site, beginning with William Sherard at the beginning of the 18th century; most, however, were the fruit of the then ongoing excavations.

It is worth emphasising that, to make proper sense of the arrangement of the complex of texts on or near the Archive Wall, it was necessary for Joyce to master the difficult architectural problems of the theatre as a whole – Kenan Erim gave her almost no help, which only came much later, with the arrival after his death of Bert Smith as director of the ex-cavations and Phil Stinson as one of the architects working there. In the handling then of the texts themselves Joyce was above all sensitive to their various nuances, and where necessary sceptical of the sometimes rather idiosyncratic interpretations offered by earlier scholars of those texts that had already been discovered before the beginning of the modern excavations, while remaining impeccably polite. It was characteristic of Joyce that many of the most intractable texts had been discussed in seminars, both in Cambridge and elsewhere, and with individual scholars. In both seminars and individual discussions, those involved were often from overseas: one of the scholars warmly thanked was the redoubtable French epigrapher, Louis Robert, whom Joyce had first met while travelling in Turkey, though it was only with his wife Jeanne that Joyce became really friendly. Joyce was of course always scrupulous in thanking those to whom she owed suggestions. On re-reading the volume for this memoir, it is impossible not to be impressed by the scholarly caution with which Joyce refuses to push the interpretation of a text or part of a text further than it can safely go, but at the same time draws out everything that can reasonably be drawn out.

Along with the material of the Archive Wall, nine Appendices publish firstly, purely for the sake of completeness, a handful of tiny, unassignable fragments, and secondly discuss William Sherard's early 18th-century copies of inscriptions from Aphrodisias and its neighbourhood, some now no longer accessible. This involved distinguishing Sherard's notes in front of the stone, his corrections in his study later, the (much inferior) copies made in front of the stone by one or other of his companions on his journeys, whose purpose was to visit the cities of the Churches of Asia (the copying of inscriptions

was secondary), finally the printed and manuscript texts generated from his notes, in some cases years later. It is after Sherard that the Sherardian Chair of Botany at Oxford is named. Joyce had once read that traces of his garden still survived at Smyrna (Izmir), where he was based as British consul for a number of years; an attempt by Joyce and me to find it failed, perhaps the only failure in her career to find something she was seeking, though what was perhaps such an occasion appears later. But our awareness of the material led me to go on to disentangle the complex structure of the manuscript material, for the most part in the British Library, which would not have happened without the spur of Joyce's research. The remaining seven Appendices in *Aphrodisias and Rome* then deal with a series of related texts and problems, covering much the same period as the texts on the Archive Wall itself.

Rightly ignoring the foolish and well-publicised contempt of her colleague Moses Finley for so-called 'local history', Joyce was able to show that the documents from Aphrodisias crucially illuminate, and enhance our understanding of almost every aspect of the working of the whole of the Roman Empire, built as this was on the complex and always evolving relationships between the centre and a mosaic of cities and peoples of varying degrees of independence. The work is a model, of course, of bibliographical completeness, but above all of knowledge of the history, epigraphy and Greek and Latin languages of the Hellenistic Greek and Roman Republican and Imperial worlds: my much used copy has only a nugatory crop of trivial *corrigenda*, almost entirely to be explained by the submission of the work in longhand and a slight insouciance in dealing with the proofs.

The material published in *Aphrodisias and Rome* at once provided new evidence for at least one longstanding controversy: Theodor Mommsen in the 19th century had held, against others, that the status of being a free city did not necessarily bring with it also immunity from taxation, whether direct taxes (the poll-tax and the land-tax) or indirect taxes (customs dues or sales taxes); the Aphrodisias evidence perhaps suggests that Mommsen was wrong, though the matter remains uncertain.

Freedom and immunity from taxation were obviously a very considerable privilege and provoked jealousy, mockery and attempts to override it. Jealousy: the material in the volume includes the record of an attempt by Samos to achieve a status of freedom with immunity similar to that of Aphrodisias; despite the fact that Samos had the wife of Augustus as their advocate, he refused their request and copied his decision to the city of Aphrodisias. Mockery: it is the geographer Strabo who records the snide remark, 'Corcyra is a free city, you can relieve yourself anywhere you like'. Attempts to override the immunity: the Aphrodisias material includes the record of at least one attempt to override her immunity; a letter of Hadrian re-asserts the immunity of Aphrodisias to a mysterious 'tax "of" nails' ('*telos* ê*l*ô*n*'). Joyce took this to be a tax on nails; but it may be perhaps that it was a tax to be paid in nails, since we have independent evidence that

they were a particularly valuable commodity, not simply something that could be taxed. When one of the ships that was carrying the Roman official Arrian on his inspection of the Roman outposts on the south shore of the Black Sea was wrecked, it was burnt on the beach in order to rescue the iron nails that had been used in its construction. We may in this story be long in the Iron Age, but iron is still clearly a relatively scarce resource; and it was not until the industrial revolution of northern Europe that iron became an abundant resource. On the Aphrodisias case, Joyce makes the interesting suggestion that Aphrodisias had offered nails as a patriotic gift for Trajan's Parthian War, perhaps for the expedition's artillery; the collectors of the tax had then tried to collect nails as tax from Aphrodisias afterwards: this suggestion obviously works rather better if the tax was one *in* nails.

Apart from the immunity from taxation, another privilege conferred on Aprodisias was the status of the precinct of the temple of Aphrodite as a place of asylum: we have not only the record of the status, but also some evidence for the dimensions and precise outline of the precinct in question. The diversity of the material that Joyce had to handle goes far beyond that of most complexes of inscriptions from one locality.

One further matter of interest discussed at length in the book is the 2nd-century BC creation of the sympolity, union, of Plarasa (modern Bingeç), in the range of low foothills south of Aphrodisias, but in the same valley (now and perhaps already in antiquity populated by horse-flies of extraordinary ferocity), and Aphrodisias, with the former community at the beginning of the sympolity taking precedence, as evidenced by the order of the names in inscriptions, but disappearing altogether from the name of the sympolity by the time of Augustus, since Aphrodisias, the community where the great temple of Aphrodite was situated, attracted ever more prestige to itself. The story is crucial for our understanding of the society of ancient Asia Minor, the richest part of the Roman empire apart from Egypt in the period with which Joyce was concerned.

The first document published and discussed in *Aphrodisias and Rome* is a late 2nd century BC treaty of friendship between Plarasa/Aphrodisias, Tabae (on the southern edge of the upland plain of inner Caria), and Cibyra (further south on the way to Lycia). Although, in order to make the treaty at all, all the three communities must have been free cities, the text allows us to see them looking nervously over their shoulders at Rome as the ruling power: another insight into a central area of concern to anyone who wishes to understand the workings of the ancient world.

Three other early documents then took Joyce into the hornets' nest of scholarly controversies on the nature of Roman foreign policy in the early 1st century BC: the aims, successes and setbacks of that policy, in the context of the move towards hostilities with Mithridates VI, are handled with consummate skill, with Joyce steering a steady course through the jungle of the Roman politics of the period. These documents are followed by another early text, a decree of the provincial assembly ('*koinon*') of the

province of Asia asking for Roman intervention to defend the cities against the depredations of the contractors for the collection of taxes ('*publicani*'). It would be hard to think of a more important topic in Roman history than the nature of provincial government, which is at stake here, or of a more revealing source or of a more consummate treatment of the problem.

This brings us to what forms in effect the core of the whole volume, to the period after the murder of Caesar in 44 BC, when the Roman world was ruled by Antonius, Lepidus and Octauianus, forming the board of three for the organisation of the *res publica* ('*IIIuiri rei publicae constituendae*'). The material of this period allows us to observe the three men negotiating their position in relation both to the institutions of the *res publica* and to each other. Here Joyce's treatment owes a great deal to a preceding article in the *Journal of Roman Studies*, by Fergus Millar, to whom Joyce had with typical generosity given access to the texts before publication, help which is equally generously acknowledged. Joyce then explores the rivalry between Antonius and Octauianus (Lepidus fell early by the wayside), the vicissitudes suffered by the city of Aphrodisias while Asia was controlled by the tyrannicides Brutus and Cassius, the damage to the city at the hands of the Roman renegade Q. Labienus and his Parthian army. The handling of complex historical problems is once again exemplary.

After the Triumviral period and perhaps also the reign of Augustus, there is a long gap to the reign of Hadrian, whose letter has already been mentioned, then Commodus, Septimius Severus and Caracalla, Alexander Seuerus, Gordianus III, Traianus Decius. The thorny problem of the extent to which Emperors were personally responsible for the content of documents sent in their name is sensitively discussed, without the benefit of access to the bomb-shell later dropped by Tony Honoré, claiming to identify by name large numbers of the administrators who were in his view consistently the men actually responsible for the letters and other communications sent in the name of successive Emperors, over a period of some three centuries, from the Severans to Justinian.

The free status of Aphrodisias did not mean exemption from some of the pressures affecting the cities of the Roman Empire in general: there are cases, as the 2nd/3rd centuries wore on, where governors of Asia were welcome benefactors of the now financially straitened city, and were honoured in consequence, also at least one case where a governor showed proper hesitation over whether it was right for him to accept an invitation to visit the city. It is also the case that the city received a number of overseers of the city (*curatores reipublicae*), appointed to sort out financial problems that were beyond the capacity of the magistrates of the city. Most of the relevant inscriptions in this category are simple honorary inscriptions, so that it is difficult to say whether it was the city that took the initiative or not. Joyce's discussion of both categories is again a model in its caution.

One of the most remarkable appendices offers readers Joyce's evocation of one of the most extraordinary characters of the Age of Revolution, C. Iulius Zoilus, a native of Aphrodisias, originally called Zoilos, who became enslaved in one of the wars of the period, and was probably owned initially by Caesar. He was then freed perhaps under Caesar's will by Octauianus, thus becoming a Roman citizen, to become then one of the latter's confidential agents, and a major spur to his decision to bestow privileges on Aphrodisias, thereafter a substantial benefactor of his city, the builder of much of the theatre and of the great temple of Aphrodite, and a man at the core of the aristocracy of his city.

A long and characteristically waspish review by Ernst Badian in the *Journal of Roman Studies* did not in any way upset Joyce, since it was principally directed at the reconstruction drawings of the different parts of the Archive Wall and hardly at the handling of the texts themselves: she was aware that the drawings which she had commissioned, but not herself executed – her own attempts at sketches of inscriptions were quite primitive – were not perfect, and actually drew attention to the fact in her preface. She held rightly, however, that it was much more important to make the texts available to the Republic of Letters than to achieve 100 per cent perfection in drawings that were horribly difficult to execute and in any case not significantly misleading. The book remains, and will quite certainly always remain, fundamental to our understanding of the establishment and working of the Roman Empire; and subsequent correspondence showed her continuing to engage with the problems of the material, wryly commenting once on the obvious mis-spelling of the name of the city in the correspondence of the firm, Stephen Austin, that so beautifully printed the volume. Very few people in the recent past have been capable of working confidently over the same enormous period of Roman history, or over the vast range of topics characterised in the lines above.

Joyce's innate adventurousness, already noted, emerged furthermore in the course of the many years of field work for the book. On the one hand was her readiness to look for inscriptions, re-used as Turkish tombstones, in the heavily overgrown and snake-infested cemetery – we scared them away by making a great deal of noise – of the early modern village of Geyre (a corruption of the ancient name of the Roman part-province of Caria, for which the once-free city of Aphrodisias furnished the governor's seat for much of late antiquity), closely adjoining the site of the ancient city, or to brave the horse-flies of Bingeç. On the other hand was her willingness to accept gifts of handfuls of figs from the dung-encrusted fingers of farmers or of bowls of hot milk and sugar from various local farming families, the latter at any rate to me impossibly nauseating, but consumed by Joyce with what seemed great appreciation.

The adventurousness also emerged with the in the end unsuccessful search for an inscription relating to the late 1st-century AD poet Silius Italicus, put up when he was governor of Asia: the only indications that we had on its location were that it was built

into the house of someone with the hardly distinctive name of Ali Bey ('Mr Ali'), that it was *about* three kilometres from the acropolis of Aphrodisias, and that, when and if one had finally got there, the compass bearing on the by now – but naturally not on the way – visible acropolis was such and such. We eventually found the house, but it had quite recently been re-built, and there was our block, but with the inscribed side happily facing into the wall!

In the many fruitful years of research that followed, Joyce wrote and published from Aphrodisias, above all, along with Robert Tannenbaum, *Jews and Godfearers* (Cambridge, 1987), revolutionising on the basis of one very long inscription our understanding of the many ramifications of the life of a large Jewish community, including a long list of (male) sympathisers ('*theosebeis*', people who honour God), in an aggressively pagan city, with its temple of Aphrodite. Aphrodisias was perhaps not as aggressively pagan as the Ephesos experienced by St Paul ('Great is Diana of the Ephesians!'), but the presence and worship of Aphrodite were central to the city's existence and, as we have seen, the prized basis of her highly privileged status, as well as an important source of revenue, with the various festivals of the goddess attracting numerous visitors, to spend money in the city.

Joyce also published a long series of articles, with Kenan Erim's name absurdly preceding hers as author – he actually wrote not a single line – articles which made available other individual texts, including most of the more important of the fragments of the Aphrodisias copy of the Edict on Maximum Prices of Diocletian and his colleagues. The whole body of this material as then known, along with the so-called Currency Dossier, a unique and still extremely puzzling text dealing with a roughly contemporary revaluation of the coinage, formed her contribution to *Aphrodisias in Late Antiquity* (1989), likewise published by the Roman Society, by Charlotte Roueché, who had also played a substantial part in the preliminary work on the texts in *Aphrodisias and Rome*, with her late husband Mossman, who took most of the photographs that adorn and enrich the volumes. As will by now be clear, collaboration with other researchers is one of the most engaging hallmarks of Joyce's scholarly persona.

A diversion from work at Aphrodisias in this period was when we were summoned by Professor Iris Love, the excavator of Knidos, to deal with the publication of the Greek translation of a Roman statute, re-used in a 'Byzantine' plunge-bath, the so-called Piracy Law, in fact a piece of '*popularis*' legislation of the late 2nd century BC dealing with the allocation and government of some of the eastern provinces, matters normally handled by the Senate, as well as with the scourge of piracy. Our first visit to the site, to transcribe the inscription, coincided with the Turkish invasion of Cyprus and the consequent militarisation of the coastal areas of southern Turkey, with inevitably as a result considerable difficulties of access. We were in the end allowed one day with the inscription, at the

discretion of a corporal of gendarmes: working on a long inscription under notable time pressure, as well as in scorching heat – working inside the plunge-bath was rather like working inside an oven –Joyce showed her imperturbability at its most impressive, despite having stayed the night before in a hotel at nearby Datça, where the beds were populated by armies of bedbugs.

Two crosses that Joyce bore with fortitude in her later years were first the completion and bringing to publication of *Christian Monuments of Cyrenaica* (2003), left unfinished initially by Richard Goodchild; John Ward-Perkins, who had taken over the volume after Goodchild's death, also failed to fnish it. Goodchild had been Director of Antiquities in British overseen Libya, and Joyce remembered him in part as the author of the remarkably foolish advice not to learn the local language of any area where she was working, since this would supposedly lead to a loss of respect among the members of the local population. Joyce remained unhappy that she had taken this advice: she had never learnt Arabic, and, having got out of the habit of learning local languages, she never picked up more than the odd word of Turkish, 'Hello', 'Goodbye', 'Thank you' (where Joyce simply said 'Thank', rather than 'Thanks' or 'I make thank'). It must be said that she was not a natural linguist, and though she of course read fluently what were then the main scholarly languages, German, French and Italian, as well as Latin and Greek, she hardly spoke any of the modern languages.

Joyce next found herself bringing up to scratch, unobtrusively and tactfully, the work for publication by various Italian colleagues of the often intractable graffiti from the House of the Menander in Pompei, excavated by Roger Ling very many years earlier. She was still engaged on this at the time of her death.

Nor should it be forgotten that all of Joyce's scholarly work, down to her retirement, was carried out against a background of a very heavy teaching commitment – her numerous pupils over the years include, apart from Charlotte Roueché, Mary Beard, Patricia Easterling, and M.M. McCabe, all of whom later had distinguished careers.

Her eventual students of course first met Joyce when they went to be interviewed at Newnham College, having applied for admission. They remember that she already exhibited one of the characteristics of her teaching, observing and recalling their reactions; but they have only a very vague memory of how she elicited those reactions. She saw the person in front of her; while she never imposed herself, she was a constantly alert presence. She listened then as a teacher entirely unobtrusively to her students reading their essays, according to a then still existing primitive practice, maintaining the illusion of equality, paying scrupulous attention, and picking up every point. She never fell into the trap of performing, and worked steadily, over the years, to build rigorous habits. It was painstaking work, which she undertook for all her students, very large numbers of whom came to the celebrations of her successive anniversaries.

The habit of listening to the essays of her students was of course not a Cambridge habit, but it may be that Joyce adopted it because she had herself been at Oxford, where it had been and long remained the practice,

She never allowed her research commitments to compromise her teaching. It was only after Charlotte Roueché, from whom this information comes, graduated that she started to learn about Joyce's research, when Joyce suggested that she join her in working on the inscriptions discovered at Aphrodisias. They worked there together for over 20 years, with Roueché seeing the same rigorous attention that she had applied to students' essays applied to each text – seeing what was there, not what they had hoped for or fondly imagined. Joyce continued to take scrupulous care over every word that she published; when she wrote in collaboration, she and her coadjutor would exchange versions in which all ambitious certainties were modified by Joyce's meticulous caution. Anyone – young or old – who sent a manuscript to Joyce for comment benefited from the most careful scrutiny, which could be a shock, but always turned out to be well-founded. And many people did turn to her – not just those she knew personally, but scholars and students from all over the world, who all received her careful attention.

What she offered her students was indeed 'research-led teaching': not a direct involvement in her own research, but a training in the careful scholarly practices which were fundamental to her, and to all research work, together with the joy in the subject which is essential to both research and teaching. All those who had her as teacher received more than they saw at the time, and, in every walk of life, have been drawing ever since on the resources with which she equipped them. Apart from the four pupils named above, a further sixteen pupils are thanked for assistance in the preface to *Aphrodisias and Rome*.

One odd experience of Joyce deserves record: although Joyce had while in post a flat in a Newnham College building, to which she was entitled as a fellow, she at one point bought a cottage in the village of Hardwick outside Cambridge as a bolt-hole for vacations, though it was in fact mostly used to put up overseas visitors to the 'epigraphic Saturdays'. Her parents, who were then both still alive, were much relieved to think of Joyce for at any rate part of the year safely out of Cambridge and out of the range of the 'Cambridge rapist' of the period. It emerged only when he was finally caught – on a bicycle, disguised as a woman – that he lived in the same village!

Joyce also took her turn as Secretary of the Faculty Board of Classics, at a time in the 1970s when the volume of business was beginning to increase exponentially (a Cambridge colleague who had first done the job in the Thirties and did it again in the Seventies said that what had on the first occasion been held in just one box file, on the later occasion occupied an office with no less than three filing cabinets). Despite her experience during the Second World War at the Board of Trade and her, fortunately failed, initial intention immediately thereafter to seek a Civil Service career, she

understandably hated the job of Secretary, but of course did it with impeccable conscientiousness and competence.

She also served a stint as President of the Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies (1986-89). This was not a happy period: the then Secretary of the Society, Patricia Gilbert, while proudly referring to the management of the Society as a triumfeminate (the Honorary Secretary at the time was Elizabeth Rawson, and Patricia discounted the Honorary Treasurer, Graham Kentfield, Chief Cashier of the Bank of England), saw Joyce's Presidency as a period of tribulation only to be survived by gritting one's teeth, and mitigating as far as was possible the awkward consequences of some of Joyce's idiosyncrasies. Her period as President also witnessed the only cloud that occurred to disturb our relationship: I disagreed strongly with her view, inherited unthinkingly from her predecessor, the redoubtable Sheppard Frere ('In my parlance, "school-masters" includes "schoolmistresses"'!), that the President should be *ex officio* a member of the Society's Schools Committee, even if they had hitherto displayed no interest whatsoever in school matters, for instance by joining the Joint Association of Classical Teachers.

Joyce had in 1966 organised the International Epigraphic Conference in Cambridge. And one of her characteristic initiatives was her 'epigraphic Saturdays', organised in the Faculty of Classics, with the cafeteria in Newnham College just across the road in Sidgwick Avenue for our lunch. These took place once a year in spring, from the date of her retirement onwards, since before her retirement Joyce regularly taught her Newnham College pupils on Saturday mornings, when they did not have lectures to attend. 'Epigraphic Saturdays' usually included at least one overseas speaker, with an exciting new text or interpretation to report – their travel expenses were paid, I believe, out of Joyce's pocket – followed by contributions from (some of) the participants in general. It was over a glass of wine after the end of one of these occasions, in 1996, that Joyce had the good idea, naturally implemented on the spot, of creating the British Epigraphy Society. She was chosen of course as its first President, and under her guidance and thereafter it rapidly became a focus not only for the English-speaking world, but also for continental Europe, in both cases with intensive participation in its meetings by many younger scholars, as the institution developed, contributing a display of posters. And after Joyce ceased to organise the days, one was organised in her honour.

Lying finally somewhere between research on the one hand and teaching on the other hand are the quinquennial surveys of Roman epigraphy, for the *Journal of Roman Studies*, initiated by Joyce with the encouragement of Martin Frederiksen, and undertaken first alone, then with a series of collaborators; they are life-savers for historians desperate to keep up with the flood of publications. As just mentioned, she was also the crucial founding member of the British Epigraphy Society; and it is a fitting tribute to the centrality of her contribution to the epigraphic culture of the English-speaking and continental European worlds that she was made the Society's first Honorary Member. Other

tributes have been formed by a dinner organised at the British Academy, to which came friends from both Britain and overseas, to mark her 80th birthday; and there was a large reception organised by Newnham College Cambridge, to mark her 90th birthday. By her 100th birthday, she was rather frail for such a massive occasion, but to mark it a lunch in hall *was* still held in Newnham College, with those present being mostly her ex-students, and a tribute was published with a photograph in the *Journal of Roman Studies*, to which she was, as we have already seen, a regular contributor, and of whose publisher, the Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies, she had been President.

*Acknowledgements*
This memoir, apart from what is already in the public domain, is otherwise based largely on personal recollection – the material, some rather random correspondence, held by the British Academy, adds nothing of significance to what was already known – Joyce never provided an autobiography. I am very grateful indeed to Greg Reynolds for information on Joyce's family background and early years; to Dorothy Thompson for some important reminiscences; to Fiona Haarer for the dates for Joyce's Presidency of the Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies; to Charlotte Roueché for crucial information on her teaching; to Ulrike Roth for much improving the drafting of this memoir; both Charlotte Roueché and Dorothy Thompson have also commented on an earlier version of this memoir. I have checked T. Dunlop, *The Century Girls* (London etc., 2018), organised around a series of themes rather than by person; it contains a number of remarks about Joyce, mostly gossipy anecdotes, and never engages seriously with her intellectual achievement; it has nothing relevant that I did not already know.

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*Biographical Memoirs of Fellows of the British Academy* (ISSN 2753–6777) are published by
The British Academy, 10–11 Carlton House Terrace, London, SW1Y 5AH
www.thebritishacademy.ac.uk