HUGH LLOYD-JONES

Peter Hugh Jefferd Lloyd-Jones
1922–2009

Hugh Lloyd-Jones was born on 21 September 1922 at St Peter Port, Guernsey, the first child and only son of Brevet-Major William Lloyd-Jones and Norah Leila Jefferd. His parents had moved to the Channel Islands where it was then possible to live more economically than on the mainland, but soon returned. His father William belonged to a family from the Lleyn peninsula in North Wales; one of his distant relatives had been a Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, which had strong Welsh connections. William was a regular army officer who had been posted to India in 1908. Since he found little satisfaction in soldiering there in peacetime he arranged a transfer to Africa; in his own words he chose to go there 'for experience and big-game shooting'. His tour of duty in the King's African Rifles, a regiment of which he wrote a history, is described in his other book *Havash! Frontier Adventures in Kenya* (London, 1925).[1] In 1913 in an engagement with brigands far out in the wilds he was seriously wounded in the leg, but managed to rally his men and complete the mission; however, gangrene and tetanus set in, and the journey back to a place where proper medical care was available was a terrifying ordeal lasting forty-three days, which left him white-haired at an early age. For his services he was awarded the DSO. When the First World War began he was fit enough for service, and for a time undertook the extremely dangerous duty of flying light aircraft to photograph enemy positions; most of the pilots fortified themselves with alcohol before taking off. After a while he was transferred

[1] The second book was *K.A.R.: being an Unofficial Account of the Origins and Activities of the King's African Rifles* (London, 1926).

Proceedings of the British Academy, **172**, 215–229.

to the post of Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General in the War Office with the rank of major. There his duty was to liaise with French officers, whom he found congenial because they were more intelligent and better educated than most of their English counterparts. His war service was rewarded with decorations from France, Italy, Romania and Serbia. But his injury had taken its toll; he had to undergo an amputation and after a time further complications necessitated another operation. He was given ten months leave, but because he took an extra month the army dismissed him and he had to live on a very limited income. His fortunes improved in 1927, when thanks to influential friends he became Captain of Invalids, in charge of the Royal Hospital Chelsea, in practice a sinecure with a stipend of £600 a year and a magnificent apartment.

In 1921, after converting to Roman Catholicism, William had married Norah Leila Jefferd. The ceremony took place in Westminster Cathedral. His wife took the unusual step of refusing to bring up her children in that faith. She came from a Devon family which at one time had been well off but were no longer so, largely because of the incompetence of her father in matters of finance. The youngest of eight children, she escaped from her family at the age of 17, when she had already saved £60, and enrolled at the Royal Academy of Music in 1913, taking lessons in piano and singing; she declined the offer of a career as a ballerina in Diaghilev's company and became a singer in musical comedies. The initially happy marriage began to go wrong, as her husband was always extravagant and wasted money by drinking in clubs on Pall Mall; some of his debts eventually had to be paid off by his wife. After a few years disaster struck, in the form of a nurse engaged to look after the family. The marriage failed and divorce followed in 1936, but this did not result in a generous settlement for Hugh's mother, and with two children to look after and no more than a fraction of her previous income Norah had to work very hard to make a living, which she did by embroidering church vestments. The strain of these events led to an attack of pernicious anaemia which was almost fatal, and though she recovered from that she died at the relatively early age of 57. Hugh, who had immediately taken a dislike to the nurse, avoided all contact with his father for many years and always retained the highest respect for his mother, whose strength of character and financial prudence were remarkable.

In view of his later career it is odd to discover that Hugh initially had difficulty in learning to read, doubtless because the attempt to teach him was made too soon; he is said to have exclaimed 'I shall never learn to read or write. When I'm grown up I shall have a secretary.' In later years his

incompetent use of typewriters made many friends and colleagues wish that he could have a secretary. But he soon made up ground, and at the age of nine composed a short story set in the Balkans, which his mother showed to a journalist; the result was a long article in the *Evening Standard* for 5 October 1931 under the heading THRILLER WRITTEN BY BOY OF 9. The journalist enthusiastically asked his mother what he intended to be when he left school, to which the reply was 'He says he wants to be a pawnbroker.' Hugh had begun his schooling at the French Lycée in South Kensington, which ensured that he acquired great fluency in the language (in later life he had a useful command of other languages as well). But at the age of 8 he was sent to Stubbington, a boarding school near Portsmouth, which was most uncongenial; it was mainly for boys destined to enter the navy and not a place for any studious child, even if the boys were instructed to read the Bible in their spare time. The other boys were very unkind to Hugh, and he must have been acute enough to sense that the teaching was not of the best. His first letter home to his mother reported that they were trying to teach him a new thing called Latin, which he hated and would never learn, and his mother was to have it stopped; he concluded the letter with the formula 'Yours faithfully'. When his mother found him studying Greek by himself while the master supposed to be teaching him was playing tennis instead, she removed Hugh and sent him to a tutor in St John's Wood. Hugh subsequently conjectured that his father had sent him to Stubbington partly in the hope of paying little or nothing by way of fees and partly to reduce his opportunities for observing the misconduct of the nurse. With the help of the new tutor he came top of the list of King's Scholars at Westminster. Even with the benefit of the scholarship the fees came to £68 per year, a strain on the family's finances, whereas he could have gone to Eton for £7, but his mother refused to contemplate this alternative because she feared that Eton would prove to be a snobbish environment suitable only for the very rich. (She was subsequently assured by a friend that at the time her fear was justified.)

At Westminster Hugh was much influenced by the headmaster J. T. Christie, with whose family he enjoyed a lifelong friendship. One day Christie introduced the class to Sophocles' *Philoctetes* by telling them that a war was likely to break out soon, in which they would be officers and would have to face the kind of dilemma illustrated in the play. Hugh learned as much Greek as he could and his memory was so good that if he read a page twice he remembered the text; Christie had never come across anyone like him. He learned the texts by heart so as to be able to recite

them to himself if he were unfortunate enough to be taken prisoner of war, as had happened to an uncle. He went up to Christ Church in 1940 and read the shortened course for Classical Honour Moderations. The tutors' reports show that he made an impression: 'Westminster's best classical product for a long time … a nice man in spite of a cumbrous manner'; 'His scholarship, like his demeanour, is sometimes rugged and impulsive'; 'Has a definite impish charm'. Similarly when he returned after the war: 'something of a whale of a sponge; he reads and absorbs everything'; 'phenomenally receptive but more than that'.

After completing the first part of the course there was no point in waiting to be called up and he volunteered to join the army, being one of a group of Oxford classicists who had done well in recent examinations and were recommended to the authorities by A. D. (later Lord) Lindsay of Balliol (some others, less carefully selected, came from Cambridge). There was an urgent need to find people who were likely to be capable of learning Japanese quickly. They were sent to Bedford for an admirably organised course lasting four months, followed by a few weeks in London at the Foreign Office and the Ministry of Economic Warfare; nearly all of them were then assigned to work at Bletchley Park, but Hugh was one of three sent to India. Before leaving he had a lucky escape; he and his friend Walter Robinson, who after the war married Hugh's sister Barbara, arranged to collect their belongings from Bedford in two days time, but their landlady altered the plan and asked them to come one day earlier, which they did; the following day a bomb fell on the house, killing two children.

Hugh was to work at the Wireless Experimental Centre just outside Delhi, where the most important cryptographic operations were conducted, and for this purpose he had to be an officer. Until the commission came through he enlisted as a private, but soon after arrival in India was promoted sergeant. By Christmas 1942 his commission arrived; he had to be interviewed by a major-general in Rawalpindi, who asked him what he had been doing before he joined the army, and on hearing that he had been studying at Oxford asked 'What college?' To the reply 'Christ Church' the general merely said 'Ah, my father was there. Well, what regiment do you want to join?' That was the end of the interview.

This anecdote comes from a memoir Hugh composed recounting his wartime experiences. I quote a few key passages.

> In 1943 the pacific Gandhi tried to organise disorder in order to support the Japanese. For some time each bus going from our camp had to contain an officer with a rifle. A bus that I was on was threatened by a group of rioters just outside

the gate of our camp, and a woman seemed about to hurl a stone at it. I pointed the rifle at her, although if I had fired I should certainly have missed, and she dropped her stone and fled and the group rapidly dispersed. Gandhi's movement did not last long.

Early in 1945 I was concerned in one piece of work which had a definite, though a very limited military effect. Mainly owing to the work of Robinson, we were in a position to read messages in a code used by the enemy at corps level, and it was necessary to dispatch a party to the north of Burma so that messages should be handed without delay to those in action. About seven officers and fifteen other ranks were flown to the headquarters of 33rd Corps, then encamped at Yazagwo, just east of the native state of Manipur. Our camp was in the jungle. Not long before we arrived a soldier had gone out to relieve himself, and while doing so noticed an enormous tiger casually strolling down a path that led in his direction. Luckily he was too scared to move, and the tiger slowly walked past him, casting him a glance of unutterable contempt. In a miserable shack not far from our tents a Buddhist priest was intoning sutras with endless repetition; it was known that he had been there three weeks before, when fighting was going on not far away.

Another officer was supposed to share the work of translation with me, but I found that he was useless. Luckily I outranked him, being a captain and the second in command of our party, so that I was obliged to insist on doing all the work; this meant that I got very little sleep. But being excited I did not become exhausted. The enemy seemed to have no idea that their signals might be being read; from time to time a cipher clerk would forget his duty and send a message in clear. On one occasion a message indicated that a force whose number it conveniently gave was to move down a particular road at a particular time; the day after we had dealt with this, the Director of Intelligence came in person to thank us for having made possible an ambush by Gurkhas hiding in the bushes. The troops at corps headquarters, who called us 'the backroom boys', were friendly and helpful, and we were given 33rd Corps flashes.

At one stage the corps headquarters moved south from Yazagwo to Kalewa. Our forces were pursuing the Japanese down the road going southwards level with the coast; since the enemy had no aircraft left, their retreat down that road had been conducted under unremitting fire. We moved at night, and each vehicle had an officer with a rifle sitting next to the driver. The jungle came right up to the road, close to which lay numerous wrecked enemy vehicles and innumerable corpses of enemy soldiers. Since the flesh of their faces had been eaten by the vultures, their bones shone brightly in the moonlight.

Hugh's task had not been to break the codes but to translate the deciphered messages. At times there were not many messages coming in, and he had time to keep in touch with friends in England, especially his former headmaster's family. Frequent air mail letters were sent; on one occasion eleven arrived all at once. Unexpected and eccentric presents to the Christie daughters included a whole coconut with name, address and a stamp on

the outer shell. One amusing moment in his office is on record. An Indian clerk when signing letters regularly added after his name the letters FBA. Hugh asked him 'Mr. X, may I inquire what the meaning of the letters FBA is?', to which the reply was 'Sir, they signify "Failed BA".' One more remark in his memoir is worth quoting: 'It seemed certain that after the war independence would not be long delayed, but I could not help doubting whether this would be for the good of the majority of people in the country.'

He was able to return to Oxford in the autumn of 1946 and took Final Honour Schools in 1948, having won the Chancellor's Latin Prose Prize and the Ireland Scholarship in 1947, besides being *proxime accessit* for the Hertford Scholarship. At the time competition for these prizes was greater than usual because of the large number of returning servicemen coming into residence alongside the freshers of normal age. Immediately after his final exams he was appointed to a Fellowship at Jesus College, Cambridge, where his pupils were to include John Gould, FBA, a distinguished holder of the chair of Greek at Bristol. In 1953 he married Frances Elisabeth Hedley, who had read classics at Newnham College. There were two sons and a daughter of the marriage. It was dissolved in 1981.

At the beginning of 1955 he went back to Oxford. His arrival had been delayed by tuberculosis, the initial cause of which may have been overwork towards the end of his military service. He had to spend a few months in hospital, which were followed by a longer period of convalescence, and as a result in later life his constitution was not as robust as it would otherwise have been. He took up the newly established post of E. P. Warren Praelector in Classics at Corpus Christi College. Warren was an eccentric American benefactor of the college. His donations included a fifteenth-century Greek manuscript of the *Iliad* (now MS 470); his eccentricities included stipulations that the Praelector should be available at all times to act as a mentor to junior members; that if he did not live in the main college buildings a tunnel should be dug under Merton Street in order to permit communication with the annex buildings; and that he should not teach women. The first of these conditions was not much advertised. The second was nullified when the college managed to obtain an engineer's certificate that the construction of the tunnel would be impossible. The third was evaded by arranging that his much respected colleague Tom Stinton of Wadham College should advertise classes at which Hugh was not officially present but contributed substantially. These classes gave opportunity for discussing a wider range of topics than was usual at that time in tutorials, since the syllabus for the first part of the course still

ensured that many tutorials were devoted to prose or verse composition. But with Hugh these tutorials, conducted in the study of his home in Magpie Lane, were by no means always exercises in linguistic niceties, and they were never dull. One might suddenly be presented with the proofs of a forthcoming article on textual criticism of Greek tragedy and asked to comment on one of the difficult passages discussed. Pupils who found it hard to keep up with their tutor's incisive and demanding comments were sometimes rescued by the arrival of Hugh's semi-Persian cat. The cat would jump up onto the table and settle himself comfortably on the pupil's composition, at which point, since there was no question of asking the cat to move, the conversation between tutor and pupil became general. Sometimes it touched on cricket; he kept a set of the annual Wisden volumes and had an incredible memory for the scores made in famous matches. Cricketing terminology might be applied to scholarly matters, so that A. S. F. Gow's lengthy and detailed commentary on Theocritus was described as full of strokes with a defensive straight bat but with very few shots to the boundary. Conversation also turned often to politics and modern history, a subject which he had at one time considered reading at Oxford; his comments on many eminent figures in public life were notable for their severity, much of it thoroughly deserved.

In 1960 when E. R. Dodds retired from the Regius Chair the post was initially offered to Kenneth Dover, who declined it for family reasons. There was a good deal of support in the faculty for Spencer Barrett of Keble College, whose celebrated commentary on Euripides' *Hippolytos* was known to be well advanced but had yet to appear; but the outcome of consultations with the Prime Minister's office was that Hugh was elected at the age of 37. He had just published the Oxford Classical Text of the recently discovered *Dyscolus* of Menander, an edition in which he coordinated the work of a number of scholars and made a considerable contribution of his own. As professor he now had the chance to give lectures and seminars without resorting to subterfuge. The lectures attracted attention by their stimulating style; his slightly stooping figure and frequent jerky gestures of his right hand made an impression. But it was through his seminars that he achieved his greatest success. Continuing the tradition imported to Oxford from Germany by Eduard Fraenkel, the Corpus Professor of Latin, with whom his relations were sometimes tense (but he was not by any means alone in this), he conducted penetrating examinations of various Greek poetic texts; prose was of less interest to him, though he did once in retirement devote a term to Theophrastus' *Characters*. At first Menander was the preferred author; later he passed

on to Hellenistic poetry, in conjunction with Peter Parsons, and tragedy, mainly Sophocles, for which he co-opted the present writer. The majority of those attending were graduate students, who were now much more numerous than they had been for most of Fraenkel's tenure of the Latin chair; promising undergraduates were readily admitted if their tutors recommended them, and it was common for one or more faculty colleagues or visiting academics to come. The fame of the seminars spread, and often there were foreign students helping to make up a group of twenty or more. No one, however well prepared, could fail to learn something. Beginners were struck not just by the professor's ability to quote Greek poetry verbatim, but by the assurance, sometimes acerbic (one German was described as a *Giftzwerg*), with which the work of many scholars they had supposed to be respectable was dismissed. The range of his knowledge and the speed with which he could identify the issue at stake were remarkable. Participants were naturally nervous when first called upon to discuss the passage that had been assigned to them, and occasionally an undergraduate did seem to have been treated with a severity that was not wholly deserved, but on the whole the seminars were an outstandingly successful institution with very few rivals. One participant who later had a successful career in a different field has put it on record that Hugh's trenchant criticism was extremely valuable to her. Several former graduate students have said that Hugh's daunting presence filled them with trepidation when they first had to go to consult with him about the choice of a subject for research. On arrival they were received with the utmost courtesy, and by the time they left they were in no doubt of the benefit they would gain from Hugh's supervision. He continued to take good care of them, reading their work promptly and offering stimulating advice; expressions of gratitude in their published work are not just formulaic.

In 1966 he was elected to the British Academy and shortly afterwards received an invitation to give the Sather Lectures at Berkeley in 1969; they appeared promptly in 1971 as the forty-first volume of the series with the title *The Justice of Zeus* (Berkeley, CA; second edn. 1983). It was an examination of a central concept of the early Greek religious outlook, 'written from a point of view markedly different from that of most writers of the intellectual history of the period in question'. Many expressions of disagreement with other scholars were inevitable, but Hugh went out of his way to stress that these should not be interpreted as lack of esteem for his predecessors. There is an acknowledgement of his debt to E. R. Dodds, whose work he had found a source of stimulus and inspiration ever since at the age sixteen he had been taken to hear Dodds lecture on Euripides'

Bacchae. Dodds in fact read the book in draft, offering suggestions and comments, one of which was: 'I stressed the element of change in Greek beliefs, you stress the element of continuity; we are both of us right, though both of us at times exaggerate the partial truth we are stressing.' One other remark in the preface deserves to be cited because it illustrates a principle which, as many of his later writings show, he never lost sight of: 'I . . . chose a topic about which I felt eager to address the general reader, as well as my academic colleagues, and I have done my best to present the lectures in a way that he will understand.' They were an investigation of the relationship between religion and morality in Greek thought from Homer down to the fifth century. A long-standing question debated by scholars had been whether the gods as portrayed in Homer and later authors could be regarded as just. A quotation from the conclusions (p. 162) will give a good sense of arguments put forward:

> It is a gross misconception to suppose that the inherited religious thinking of the Greeks placed any barrier in the way of a rational explanation either of factual or of moral error. What happened in the world depended ultimately upon the gods, and their purpose was usually inscrutable to human minds; that did not mean that it was irrational, but that the reasons that governed it usually remained mysterious.

Other notable features of the book include an examination of the concepts of guilt-culture and shame-culture, which cannot be applied to classical Greek society as easily and simply as had previously been supposed by some enthusiastic supporters of an anthropological approach. And his grasp of the history of ideas is revealed by the reference to Nietzsche's *Birth of Tragedy* as marking a turning point in the understanding of Greek religious thought. One further remark that is worth quoting: 'One of the best reasons for studying the past is to protect oneself against that insularity in time which restricts the uneducated and those who write to please them.'

The book was dedicated to his life-long friends Marcelle and Anthony Quinton, and in the following years this friendship was in evidence again. In 1975 Hugh prepared a slim volume devoted to Semonides' satire on women which included illustrations of a number of sculptures by Marcelle (*Females of the Species: Semonides on Women*; London, 1975). Then in 1978 Marcelle made a set of sculptures of the signs of the zodiac, published with the title *Myths of the Zodiac* (New York, 1978). To accompany illustrations of them Hugh wrote an introduction about the history of the zodiac, together with notes about the myths associated with each of the signs. She had earlier made a striking bronze bust of Hugh, which was pictured on the cover of the Semonides book.

His two further major contributions to scholarship were both works of collaboration. In 1983 he and Peter Parsons issued *Supplementum Hellenisticum* (Berlin), a volume of almost 900 pages which presented the reader with the significant additions to our knowledge of Hellenistic poetry that had accrued in recent decades. Though they decided to exclude certain categories of text, principally dramatic and epigraphic, this was an enormous task, involving fresh collation of many papyri. The apparatus criticus is wonderfully learned and helpful; among its many virtues is the display of exemplary caution with regard to proposed supplements in fragmentary texts. The authoritative review in *Gnomon* by E. Livrea described the book as 'uno dei monumenti della filologia del nostro secolo'.[2]

The year 1990 saw the publication of the Oxford Classical Text of Sophocles, an author in whom he had taken a great interest from an early stage in his career. The edition was the product of a series of seminars held over a long period of years in conjunction with the present writer. The collaboration, as had been the case with *Supplementum Hellenisticum*, derived much benefit from the fact that each of us had his own specialism but was quite capable of understanding and commenting on the other's suggestions. With some hesitation, though we both had plenty of experience of writing Latin, we decided to compose the preface in English, a decision which greatly shocked some colleagues but which we felt was justified by the need to ensure that users of the edition would take the trouble to read carefully what we had to say. A second and less controversial innovation was the decision to write the monograph *Sophoclea*, in which we explained the reasoning behind many of our textual choices; it was followed in 1997 by a supplement *Sophocles: Second Thoughts* (Göttingen). In both volumes Hugh took the leading role in presenting the results of the seminar sessions and the almost daily meetings we held when preparing the copy to be sent to the printer. On completion of our task we were surprised to find that the number of our own conjectures, the majority of them due to Hugh, was much greater than we had anticipated at the outset, when we had determined that one of our two principal aims should be to offer an enlarged and improved selection of necessary or plausible conjectures, since other current editions seemed to us defective in this respect. We had not thought that we should find it necessary to make many interventions of our own. A perhaps less important surprise was that we had found many occasions to cite or adopt emendations by the Victorian

[2] *Gnomon*, 57 (1985), 601.

eccentric F. H. M. Blaydes, who had been pilloried or ignored by previous critics. Our secondary aim had been to provide a succinct but clear apparatus criticus, avoiding the need to burden it with a mass of potentially mystifying or unhelpful sigla for manuscripts which had very little individual value, but at the same time incorporating the results of a valuable palaeographical discovery. B. Zimmermann's verdict in *Gnomon* was: 'Die Ausgabe gibt Vers für Vers Zeugnis von dem methodischen Sachverstand, den hervorragenden Sprachkenntnisssen und der Gelehrsamkeit der Hrsgbb., der begleitende Band der Sophoclea liefert die erforderlichen Erläuterungen zur Textkritik und häufig auch—gerade in der Verbindung von Textkritik und Detailerklärung im Zusammenhang mit dem jeweiligen Stück und dem gesamten Werk des S.—interessante Perspektive der Interpretation.'[3]

This edition was followed by *Sophocles* for the Loeb Classical Library (Cambridge, MA, 1994–6), in the third volume of which he presented the fragments in an accessible format. The task of translating the plays was a task readily accepted (he had earlier translated Aeschylus' *Oresteia*—London, 1979—with short notes designed to help students). Though he says that his version has no literary pretensions, it very effectively meets the requirements of the series, the high quality of which in recent decades has been notable.

Being convinced that as the holder of one of the two leading chairs of Greek in Britain it was his duty to ensure as far as possible that the educated public continued to understand the interest and importance of the subject, he wrote many reviews and articles for a variety of journals. These, together with some lectures and obituary notices of distinguished colleagues, were eventually collected in three volumes. *Blood for the Ghosts* and *Classical Survivals* appeared in 1982, *Greek in a Cold Climate* in 1991, all published by his great friend Colin Haycraft, whose direction of the old-established London firm of Gerald Duckworth & Co. brought it into prominence as a publisher of books on the classics. Though some of the reviews are relatively slight pieces, the essays on eminent writers influenced by the classical tradition and on scholars such as Thomas Gaisford display an enviable grasp of the subject and an ability to convey to the general reader the significance of the themes discussed.

Concern with the classical tradition was displayed in another publication from 1982. A translation of Wilamowitz's short and brilliant *Geschichte der Philologie*, which had appeared as far back as 1921 but is still incomparably the best introduction to the subject, had been prepared by Alan

[3] *Gnomon*, 65 (1993), 109.

Harris and so at least became accessible to readers not confident of understanding with ease the original German text. It appeared under the Duckworth imprint as *History of Classical Scholarship*. Hugh added a preface of twenty-eight pages and over 600 footnotes, also correcting the occasional errors of fact. In seminars he would often tell students that they should learn something about the scholars of previous generations whose conjectures they were discussing, since knowledge of this kind might help in evaluating the contributions in question, and the first session of a seminar was usually devoted to an account of the textual transmission of the author in question followed by a sketch of the progress made by scholars since the Renaissance in their efforts to remove the numerous corruptions that had occurred in the course of many centuries of manuscript tradition. Though there are now other partial treatments of the subject on a larger scale, Wilamowitz's essay still deserves to be read in this convenient annotated version by every graduate student.

All these activities still left time for many visits to America and the maintenance of international relations, by which he set great store. It should perhaps be added that the income derived from these trips alleviated the burden of school fees for his children; Oxford professorial stipends were not generous and he did not have confidence in the free education provided by the state system. Apart from his term in California to give the Sather Lectures he had several spells of residence at Yale, where he was a Fellow of Morse College, and he was a well-known figure on other campuses. Among American colleagues he had a high regard for Bernard Knox, Robert Renehan and Zeph Stewart; in Europe his principal links were with Jean-Marie Jacques and Francis Vian in France, Rudolf Kassel in Germany, to whom he sent a number of pupils for a semester, Marcello Gigante and L. E. Rossi in Italy, and Walter Burkert in Switzerland.

Hugh did not have any ambition to distinguish himself in the administration of a college or a faculty, and he regarded attendance at committee meetings as a tiresome necessity reducing the time available for scholarship, but a necessity none the less because of a perceived need to defend certain positions. So he did go to meetings, often equipped with reading matter that clearly did not form part of the agenda papers. On one occasion at a governing body meeting in Christ Church there was discussion of the name to be given to a new building. The tutor in French, Alban Krailsheimer, prolonged the proceedings by a series of interventions which Hugh found irritating, and for the benefit of a like-minded colleague sitting next to him he jotted on a scrap of paper his own suggestion: *Der Sitz des heiligen Krails.* As a vigorous defender of the classics he did not shy away from controversy and there were occasions when his

enthusiasm needed to be curbed; not all the letters that he addressed to the editors of the daily press or other periodicals reached their destination, because his wife Frances made sure that some of them disappeared before being posted. The enthusiasm with which he spoke on subjects dear to his heart was notable; once he was asked by the BBC to give a talk, which was tape recorded, and when he listened to the broadcast he thought someone else had been brought in to read his text, because he felt that he had not heard anyone speak with such passion since he had listened to Hitler; he wondered if the speaker would depart from the text and urge a crowd to go up to Boars Hill and uproot Gilbert Murray's rhododendrons.

His views on political and social issues were in most respects very conservative, and for someone with such a powerful intellect there was at times a curious lack of perception: he could not understand that many Oxford dons declined to award Margaret Thatcher an honorary degree because they believed her to be responsible for serious damage to the universities. He was also vehemently anti-clerical; yet this did not prevent him from being on the best of terms with some of the theology professors in Christ Church, in particular Robert Mortimer, later Bishop of Exeter, Henry Chadwick, James Barr and Rowan Williams. While occasionally referring with pride to his Welsh ancestry, he often expressed dislike for the Scots; a tutor in modern languages in one of the other Oxford colleges, notable for his dour insistence in matters of detail and his sometimes unpolished or even downright rude behaviour, was a very frequent target. Because of Hugh's strongly held opinions it was often necessary to find tactful ways of indicating that one did not agree with a view that he had just expressed; by this means friendship could be preserved, and he was a very loyal friend. He was also capable of revising an adverse judgement that he had formed of an individual; at one time he had been in the habit of making disobliging remarks about Constantine Trypanis, who at the time was the Bywater and Sotheby Professor of Medieval and Modern Greek at Exeter College, but he came to see that this was unfair and they enjoyed a very cordial relationship.

Any highly strung person has a tendency to be irritable if disturbed when trying to concentrate and Hugh was no exception. It is possible that certain childhood experiences had an unsettling effect; what is absolutely certain is that war service, even without the trauma of daily exposure to front-line combat, could not fail to leave its mark on a sensitive character, and those who found him difficult will not have made sufficient allowance for this fact. But as his life-long friend Catherine Porteous put it, he will be remembered for 'his erudition and scholarship, trenchant honesty and lack of humbug, and his sense of fun'.

On retirement in 1989 he received the honour of a knighthood. A year later appeared from Oxford University Press two volumes of his *Collected Academic Papers*, with a dedication *D. M. matris optimae*: their titles were, respectively, *Greek Epic, Lyric and Tragedy: the Academic Papers of Sir Hugh Lloyd-Jones* and *Greek Comedy, Hellenistic Literature, Greek Religion and Miscellanea: the Academic Papers of Sir Hugh Lloyd-Jones*. A third volume—*The Further Academic Papers of Sir Hugh Lloyd-Jones*—followed in 2005, in which the final item, originally published four years earlier, is a paper entitled 'Ancient Greek religion and modern ethics'. This he regarded as one of his most significant contributions to scholarship. Another important product of the same year was a supplement to *Supplementum Hellenisticum*.

In retirement he lived in Wellesley, Massachusetts, with his second wife Mary Lefkowitz, Mellon Professor of the Humanities at Wellesley College. They had married in 1982, having first met ten years earlier, thanks in large part to Eduard Fraenkel. He had read Mary's first article on Pindar, published in 1963, and had been kind enough to write to tell her that he found it convincing (a most welcome verdict from a demanding critic); at the same time he advised Hugh to read it. Mary continued to hold her chair at Wellesley until retirement in 2005. They retained a house in Oxford and made fairly frequent visits to Europe, since both were in demand as lecturers, often on cruises round the Aegean. Life in Wellesley had one drawback: Hugh was far removed from the world of cricket (in his entry in *Who's Who* he listed as his recreations 'cats, remembering past cricket'). On the other hand the household usually had a complement of three or more cats, mainly Siamese. And in the Boston area with its many universities there was plenty of opportunity for maintaining contact with colleagues.

The last years of his life were clouded by a series of illnesses. More than one operation was necessary; though they were carried out successfully the cumulative effect was to weaken his constitution and he died on 5 October 2009.

The recognition he received included honorary doctorates from the Universities of Chicago, Göttingen, Salonica and Tel-Aviv. He was also a member of the American Association of Arts and Sciences, the American Philosophical Society, the Academy of Athens, the Accademia di Archeologia Letteratura e Belle Arti of Naples, the Bayerische Akademie and the Nordrhein-Westfalische Akademie.

NIGEL WILSON
Fellow of the Academy

Note. Hugh left no autobiographical papers apart from the brief account of his war service, from which I have quoted above. I am therefore all the more grateful to the speakers at the memorial event held in Christ Church for their recollections, and I owe a special debt to his sister Barbara Robinson and to Mary Lefkowitz for help that only they could provide. I am also indebted to Dr Cristina Neagu for supplying me with a copy of the termly reports of Hugh's college tutors assessing his undergraduate performance.