

REMEMBERING SHACKLETON BAILEY

My Spanish friends have asked me to write down for *Exemplaria Classica* some personal recollections of David Roy Shackleton Bailey, one of the great Latinists of our time, who was born in Lancaster, England on December 10, 1917 and died in Ann Arbor, Michigan on November 28, 2005.

This is not an obituary or an assessment of his scholarly work (E. J. Kenney and Richard Thomas have performed this task both in their own ways and both admirably) but just a few memories of a friend and admirer. By necessity, I will have to talk about myself, and I offer my apologies for that. I also apologize for any possible inaccuracies. Some of the stories I am about to tell go back forty years or more. But this is Shackleton as I remember him, and I have reread his letters to me to refresh my memory. He was such a unique person, a true but lovable eccentric, in some ways almost a character out of a novel, that it would be a pity if all of this were forgotten.

He liked to be called Shackleton or (in later years) "Shack" never David or Roy, although it was said that he created this name himself because he liked the sound and he wanted to make sure that he was not confused with two Cambridge contemporaries of his, Cyril Bailey, the editor of Lucretius, and Sir Harold Bailey, the orientalist. Of course he was still taken for one or the other at times. People also hyphenated his name as D. R. Shackleton-Bailey, thinking that this looked more British, and in indices he is occasionally listed under 'S'.

I came across his *Propertiana* (Cambridge 1956) in 1957 when I was teaching at Harvard and read the book with great enthusiasm. Before that I had not been really interested in textual criticism, but I discovered that this was a noble art, began to understand the principles and felt confident. At the time, I was working on Ovid's *Tristia* and applied the lessons learned to a text whose transmission is notoriously bad. Textual criticism is essentially a technique of

judging transmitted readings and emending them if they are wrong. This is not something you can learn from an ordinary manual, although there are some useful books today, but you have to study it in the authors and in the critical notes of good editions. Shackleton's book was an excellent guide, and its lucid, elegant style foreshadowed already the many fine translations of his that were to follow.

In 1958 I took up a position at the University of Mainz. My book on the *Latin Love Elegy* had been accepted by Methuen's in London, and I decided to combine a visit to the publisher with a visit to Cambridge.

From London I went up to Cambridge, to visit Shackleton. Who has not fallen in love with this old city, full of great specimens of gothic and baroque architecture? The sheer beauty of it – but this is also true of Oxford – was overwhelming, and Jesus College where Shackleton resided seemed especially beautiful to me.

Lunch at the high table in Jesus College was quite an experience. I talked with some of the other Fellows, and what impressed me then and later in English colleges – besides the excellence of the food and the wines – was the high level of conversation. These men – unlike most professors I had known before – were not only experts in their own field, but they had a practical knowledge of the world, some through their active participation in World War II, others through Government service.

From what I heard later on, Shackleton himself, like other linguists, joined by mathematicians, had worked in British Intelligence at Bletchley Park, Bedfordshire, a branch that has since become a legend. Alan Turing, the genius who was able to break the German Enigma code was there at the same time, I think, though I am not sure about Michael Ventris, the architect who used his war-time training as a cryptologist to decipher Mycenaean B (still controversial at the time, but now, of course, accepted by everybody). Shackleton was not allowed to talk about all this, but others have credited him with a major break-through: they said that he had been able to decipher the code of a foreign country, and that was quite an achievement. This country (it was not Switzerland) was officially neutral in

World War II but had certain sympathies for Germany, and the encoded communications with its embassy in Berlin were of great interest to the Allies. All of this, if no longer top-secret, is at least apocryphal, and Shackleton, if asked directly, never affirmed or denied it.

But back to my first lunch at Jesus. Among the fellows I talked to I remember F. J. E. Raby, the author of *A History of Christian-Latin Poetry from the Beginnings to the Close of the Middle Ages* (1927) and editor of the *Oxford Book of Medieval Latin Verse* (1<sup>st</sup> edition 1959). He must have been about seventy at the time, and he struck me as a very nice, amiable and polished man.

I am not sure whether it was during this visit or later that Shackleton took me to meet Ted Kenney in his study at Peterhouse (I think). Kenney, another great Latinist of our time who has done important work on Ovid, sat there, surrounded by books and offered us a glass of Sherry. Kenney later became a trusted adviser to me. His obituary of Shackleton in the *Independent*, already mentioned, is very thoughtful and perceptive. They clearly respected each other and maintained a cordial relationship over the years.

This was, for me, the first of several visits, first to Jesus College, later to Gonville and Caius, after Shackleton had become its Bursar, a post he held from 1964-1968. As I understand it, this was more or less an honorary position, arranged by his friends to free him from the obligation of teaching Tibetan and also to provide a friendlier environment for his beloved cat, Donum. A professional accountant did the routine work, but Shackleton showed a certain interest in the various possessions of the College and its sources of income which included large tracts of land with farms and herds of cows. The whole system seemed to me quite medieval and, in fact, goes back to the Middle Ages when most of the Colleges were founded and generously endowed by Kings and other wealthy patrons. The income from these properties was quite substantial, I gathered, and allowed a very comfortable life-style.

When I first met him, Shackleton was officially University Lecturer in Tibetan, and he kept this title from 1948 until 1967

when he accepted a professorship in Classics at the University of Michigan. He did not seem to be particularly anxious to teach Tibetan and probably even discouraged anyone who showed some interest, because that would have taken time away from what he considered his real work and his true vocation. Why he had chosen Tibetan in the first place is still a mystery to me. Perhaps it was the very difficulty and remoteness of the subject that attracted him.

From a distance, my many visits seem to blend into one. I know that once he took me to see Ely Cathedral which is without any doubt one of the finest examples of Gothic architecture in England and one of his favorites. We had lunch in a restaurant nearby. Looking around, I saw two Anglican clergymen wearing breeches, obviously enjoying their food. I took this as a good sign. Later, I said to Shackleton: "Do you realize that once, long ago, ecclesiastics had enormous power? They must regret that they have lost it and no longer are able to burn atheists and heretics at the stake." He produced his peculiar grin which consisted in tightening his lips and pulling them up and said: "No, today they are mostly meek little men who got thirds."

He told me a story about his father who, if I am not mistaken, was a clergyman himself and must have been a little eccentric. (According to the obituaries I have read, he was the headmaster of a boys' school and taught mathematics. Is it possible that all three versions are true?). The family was riding in his father's car on a highway when an agent of the Royal Automobile Association approached them on his motorcycle thinking that they needed assistance, but through an unexpected maneuver of Mr. Bailey he landed in a ditch. The father's only comment, as he drove on, was: "He didn't salute!"

Shackleton had a brother who, I think, made a small fortune in Australian bonds after World War II and a sister (a nurse, I believe) with whom he did not get along very well. Once, he told me, she visited him and they fought almost immediately. Under these circumstances, he concluded, her visit was exceedingly short.

Once – it could have been in 1962 or 1963 – I spent a night in Jesus College. An opulent dinner was served in a private dining room which was lavishly decorated in the Victorian taste (the

building itself was much older). A butler, who could have stepped out of a British movie, brought the various courses from the kitchen and the dusty bottles from the cellar.

Afterwards I withdrew to a rather austere guest room, more like a monk's cell, but the large bed was comfortable. Soon I was joined there by the College cat, a fierce-looking but very affectionate black beast called Satan who stayed with me until dawn when he disappeared through an open window. Though he was not Shackleton's own pet, he fed him and looked after him, so he was, in a sense, the antecessor of Donum, "whitest of cats".

Soon afterwards I heard someone singing very loudly at the end of the corridor. When I asked Shackleton, he said that could only be Thurston Dart in his bath tub. Dart was a well-known harpsichordist who taught music at Jesus.

Another time I was invited to have dinner at the High Table. Afterwards, the port was brought in. The decanter was placed on a little railroad car which rolled on miniature tracks around the table. Each time it stopped in front of me, I helped myself, and when this happened, Shackleton made a mark on a sheet of paper. Finally, as the expression on his face grew more and more pained, I realized that he would be charged for every glass that I, his guest, consumed. I apologized to him. But what could I have done? It was excellent vintage port from the ancient cellars of the College, priceless, in a way.

When he was invited to deliver a lecture on "Bentley and Horace" in commemoration of Bentley's tercentenary at Leeds on April 11, 1962, I went with him. We stayed at a hotel that was recommended in Raymond Postgate's *Hotel Guide* (incidentally, a son of J. P. Postgate, the Latinist). On the morning of the lecture, we crossed a parking lot, Shackleton holding his manuscript, when suddenly there was a violent gust of wind that tore the pages from his hand and blew them all over the place. We spent the next half hour recovering those pages and putting them in order. The lecture he delivered, I thought, was brilliant. I have read it again a few days ago (it is easily accessible in his *Profile of Horace*, Cambridge, Mass., 1982), and I still think it is outstanding. He almost lost the manuscript once more after that. Trying to get it published as soon as possible, he sent his only copy to various

people who treated it rather casually. It finally appeared in print, along with the other lectures in the *Proceedings of the Leeds Philosophical Society* (vol. x, part iii).

The colleagues at Leeds had put together a very nice exhibition. The one thing I remember is a beautiful 18<sup>th</sup> century edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost* with Bentley's annotations. It rested in a glass case and was opened to show the page on which "a speedy angel" was blowing his (or her?) trumpet. Bentley had corrected "speedy" to "sturdy", noting that the angel, in order to blow the trumpet properly, had to be sturdy, rather than speedy. Here, I think, we reach the limits of textual emendation, but Bentley argued that Milton was blind when he dictated his work to his daughter and that she misunderstood him more than once – "sturdy" sounding more or less like "speedy".

Years later, Shackleton edited Horace for the Teubner series (1985), accepting quite a few of Bentley's proposals into the text and adding some of his own. It is a splendid achievement, and I recommend reading it along with the reviews that appeared at the time (and with the later editions) as an exercise in textual criticism and as a practical application of that great Leeds lecture. The most important reviews, in my opinion, were the following: J. Delz (*Gnomon* 60, 1989, 495-501); R. G. M. Nisbet (*Classical Review* 36, 1986, 227-234) and R. Renehan (*Classical Philology* 83, 1988, 311-8). But one should also read Shackleton's reply to some of the criticism in his "Horatian Aftermath" (*Philologus* 134, 1990, 213-28, reprinted in *Selected Classical Papers*, Univ. of Michigan Press 1997, 276-96). There he graciously acknowledges the reviews and is obviously pleased that so many of his innovations have been accepted. Regarding Renehan, he says right at the beginning: "I must needs feel flattered by some of his appraisals, though the formulation 'it is remarkable how many original proposals of his stand some chance of being near the truth' may be thought to err on the side of caution." This, to me, is priceless, and I can just see his grin, as he wrote it. The response to his edition showed, at any rate, that there is (or was) much to do even in the text of Horace and that textual criticism in general is more than just an amusing pastime (p. 276, n. 1).

Shackleton was quite happy with the reception of the book,

and so was my friend, Harry Krämer, the head of Teubner at the time, who explained to me the many errors of the first edition by the fact that Shackleton had copied the entire text on his typewriter, instead of using an older edition and marking the changes in the margin. Hence, to give just one example, the very last word of the Horatian Corpus, *hirudo*, “leech”, had become *hirundo*, “swallow”. But these mistakes were easy to correct.

From other visits in later years I remember long walks in Yorkshire and more splendors of English Gothic, such as the grandiose ruins of Fountains, but also Lincoln Cathedral. Once we drove to Hadrian’s Wall and went into Scotland from there. On the way, we stopped in Durham where the Venerable Bede (672-735) is buried in a massive stone sarcophagus. We stood in front of it and read the inscription:

*Hac sunt in fossa Bedae Venerabilis ossa.*

Hadrian’s Wall, as everyone knows, is still visible here and there, and as you walk along it, you encounter small museums, not unlike the many provincial collections I had visited in the Rhineland. Each of these has at least one object not found anywhere else – a coin, a tool, or a soldier’s tombstone – all tiny fragments left from the glorious mosaic that was the Roman Empire.

In retrospect, it strikes me that Shackleton must have planned our trips with some care. He wanted to show me the beauty of the English countryside and some grand monuments of England’s past. All this is still very much alive in my memory after so many years, and I am grateful for it. Harriet and I, on the other hand, did our best to introduce him to interesting parts of Germany and Switzerland. He came to Bonn to lecture at the University and to Bern to go to the mountains with us.

Once or twice he stayed with us in a chalet overlooking the Lake of Sarnen in the Canton of Obwalden, in the heart of Switzerland. It belonged to my friend and teacher, Walter Wili (1900-1975). The view of the lake below and the mountains above is breath-taking. One can also see, across the valley, the location of the “Ranft” where Nicholas von Flüe, known as “Brother

Chlaus", the only Swiss Saint, lived as a hermit in the second half of the 15<sup>th</sup> century. He rests in a crystal sarcophagus in the beautiful baroque church of Sachseln, near the lake.

We went for long walks and sometimes played ping pong in the evening on the porch of the chalet. Shackleton regularly beat me at this game, although he hardly appeared to move at all, and I had to exert myself, being younger and fairly fit in those days. This did not seem fair to me, but it was one of his talents. He did not look fit but he was. Once we literally saw him run up a mountain almost vertically, at an incredible speed, using his hands as well as his feet. I still have this picture in my mind, a vivid illustration of the power of mind over body.

Once, after a week in the chalet (probably in 1964), we drove back to Bern through the Emmental in a leisurely fashion. We stopped for a late lunch in Langnau, at one of these ancient inns always called "Löwen" or "Bären". Soon we were the only patrons – Shackleton, Harriet, our older daughter Annina (then about two years old) and I. Annina was dancing up and down the empty dining hall, and later, Harriet took her out for a long walk through the village, while Shackleton and I drank several bottles of white "Spiezer", a light, rather prickly wine that grows in the hills along the Lake of Thun. We felt good, and Shackleton insisted on taking his turn at the wheel of Harriet's blue VW, but that was not such a brilliant idea. Nothing bad happened, but Harriet finally persuaded him to let her drive, and he soon fell asleep in the back of the car.

When we arrived in Bern, we woke him up, guided him up the stairs to my mother's apartment and introduced him to her. Always up to the occasion, he greeted her in his best Wagnerian manner: "Sei mir gegrüsst, du holdes Weib!" My mother loved this and said to me later: "You must invite this nice Englishman again."

The occasion of this visit was my mother's party to mark the almost simultaneous publication of two books of mine. Shackleton had helped me with one (the edition and German translation of Propertius and Tibullus, Artemis, Zürich, 1964), and Walter Wili, also present, had helped me with the other (*Interjektionen der lateinischen Umgangssprache*, Winter, Heidelberg, 1964)

which Shackleton also read and found convincing, though its main ideas did not find acceptance everywhere at the time. I have revised the book since then, added more material and hope to publish it in English. The party was a success, I think. Shackleton liked my mother's champagne and her food, and it must have been that night that we both stood on our heads, singing "Die Fahne hoch!" The flag of classical scholarship, of Hellas and Rome, of course!

Some of his visits to Bonn were memorable. He came to deliver his Lecture "Recensuit et emendavit..." in November 1962, and he must have enjoyed the reception he received, for in a letter (November 25, 1962) he thanks Harriet and me for the hospitality we provided, and he clearly liked the wines. My colleagues, Hans Herter and Wolfgang Schmid, treated him with the utmost courtesy, and the students were impressed by him. I think he felt that he was given the celebrity treatment. In the letter he apologizes for a certain episode and says that his behavior was due to the effect of too much nervous excitement, but I have completely forgotten what that could have been. He delivered the same lecture in Munich. I had translated it into German (with some changes suggested by R. Kassel, W. Bühler and W. Schmid) and it appeared in *Philologus* 108, 1964, 102-18. It is similar to the Leeds lecture, but it gives more practical advice, and the examples are mostly from Cicero. He could have delivered the Leeds lecture in Munich but he was afraid it might offend Friedrich Klingner, whose conservative Teubner edition of Horace was the very opposite of what he had in mind.

He was working, at the time, on his monumental edition of Cicero's *Letters to Atticus*. I am sure he was not entirely facetious when he said to me: "Most of our colleagues are unable to judge the merits of my work, but at least they can count." The nine volumes are dedicated to a white cat named "Donum", a gift from Frances Lloyd-Jones. This beloved animal is mentioned in several of his letters to me, and on one of my visits I actually met him (her?), lying on a pillow, willing to be patted.

On a later occasion he decided to invite Harriet, my brother Rätus (who was then a student at the University of Bonn and lived with us) and myself to "the best restaurant in Cologne" (those

were his words). I asked my friend and colleague, Horst Rüdiger what he considered to be the best restaurant in Cologne, and Horst answered without thinking: "Weinhaus Wolff, of course". So on a lovely evening (it must have been in spring) we drove from Bonn to Cologne where we found the Weinhaus Wolff without any difficulties. It was a solid, unpretentious establishment. The food and the wines were superb. But when the check (*la douloureuse*, as the French like to say) was brought, it turned out that Shackleton had left his wallet at the hotel, and none of us others, his supposed guests, had enough money to pay the fairly substantial amount. These were the days (*nota bene*) before the invention of the credit card.

We all reacted in different ways. My brother and I, being Swiss, were painfully embarrassed. Harriet did not consider it a problem. Shackleton, the imperturbable Englishman, just grinned and seemed to enjoy the whole thing. What should I do? I took the headwaiter aside and explained the problem: I was a professor at the University of Bonn and we had a distinguished visitor from England who, absented-minded like all great scholars had forgotten his wallet, and we were not prepared for this situation, etc. The headwaiter could not have been more charming. If the *Herr Professor* would be kind enough to send a check at his convenience, everything would be just fine. This was, without any doubt, a very superior establishment. We came without money and were treated like royalty.

Another time (in the summer or fall of 1963) when he came to Bonn he told us somewhat mysteriously that he disposed of a certain sum of money that he wanted to get rid of as soon as possible. He may have won it in poker games at Harvard where he had been a Visiting Professor in spring. In England he had been told that there were many gambling establishments in Germany, and he wanted to know if we could suggest anything suitable near Bonn. We decided on Bad Neuenahr in the valley of the Ahr, which is beautifully situated and has a well-known gambling casino. It is one of a number of spas where you go for your health (drinking the healing waters), but also for all kinds of amusements. They have a long tradition in Germany, and at the time, in the nineteen fifties and 'sixties, they were no longer

an exclusive preserve for the rich and famous.

Since I had never before been in a real gambling establishment, I had only the vaguest idea of the rules. Shackleton, on the other hand, had done some research, and he was, in a way, a gambler by nature and very good at games, as I have said.

The casino was small but elegant, with the croupiers in black tuxedos, announcing "Faites vos jeux" and "Rien ne va plus", just as they do it in the movies. The public was mixed. Some of the people were clearly not very much interested in their health. I still see before my eyes a haggard, hyena-like middle-aged lady with a deep décolleté, sipping champagne, smoking incessantly and watching nervously every move of the roulette.

Shackleton had divided his money into two equal halves between himself and me, so that we could play at different tables. I lost my share in a very short time, and Shackleton, after a winning streak, also lost everything. but that was the purpose of the whole exercise, and he was perfectly satisfied. After drinking an excellent bottle of "Kaseler Niesgen" 1959 in the bar of the casino we drove back to Bonn.

Though his friends considered him a "confirmed bachelor", Shackleton, at the age of fifty, married Hilary Amis, née Bardwell in 1967 (the marriage was dissolved in 1974, she then married Lord Kilmarnock and he, in 1994, married Kristine Zvirbulis). Others will certainly highlight the importance of Kristine Zvirbulis in Shackleton's life, whereas I can only write about Hilly, because I happened to know her. According to the biographies of Kingsley Amis, Hilary's marriage with Shackleton was, on the whole, not happy, and at the end, when they were in Europe on vacation, she refused to go back with him. I am sure that he found happiness in his second marriage. After her divorce from Kingsley Amis, the novelist (whose *Lucky Jim*, 1954, is a wonderful satire of academic life in England), Hilary had worked for a while in the monkey house of the Battersea Park Zoo in London.

Some time before the wedding, he arranged a festive dinner in his rooms at Caius. He lived there on three different floors in an ancient tower. There was (if I am not mistaken) a music room, a dining room and, on the top floor the bedroom from which one had a spectacular view of historic Cambridge - nothing ugly or

modern in sight. I cannot remember the other guests, except for a mathematician and a historian, I think. Hilary struck me as a capable, energetic woman with a sense of humor. She was clearly fond of Shackleton and sometimes ate from his plates which seemed to please him. One of her first husband's close friends, a poet, apparently said of her that she was – without being in the least pretty – the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

In retrospect one must also call her quite remarkable. To be married to a famous novelist, then to a great classical scholar, then to a British Lord, in addition to being the mother of Martin Amis, another successful novelist – *c'est quelque chose!* Not only that: There was reconciliation with her first husband, and he moved in with her and her third husband, and they lived together until Kingsley Amis died.

The London *Times* brought a grand announcement of the wedding with Dr. Bailey. I was unable to attend but heard some stories about it (most likely from Shackleton himself). Is it possible that he drove his car through the wall of a house during the wedding night? This is what I have filed away in a corner of my memory, and I could not possibly have made up this one, so I pass it on with all due caution.

In 1967, Shackleton accepted a professorship in Classics at the University of Michigan, and the couple moved to Ann Arbor. Hilary opened a fish-and-chips shop called “Lucky Jim on the Campus”, but for two reasons this could never be a success: (1) the smell of fish invaded a nearby tuxedo rental business, and no one wanted to rent a tux that smelled of fish; (2) traditionally, fish and chips are wrapped in a newspaper, but it soon became obvious that printer's ink in America, unlike the one used in England, ran and stained the food.

I mentioned the music room in Cambridge. Although he did not play an instrument, Shackleton loved music, especially Wagner's operas, and he went to Bayreuth, both with Glen Bowersock and Hugh Lloyd-Jones, several times. As a friend, I should have made an effort to hide my dislike of Wagner; instead I stupidly quoted to him something like “Wagner's music is much better than it sounds” or “Wagner is really the Puccini of music”. This made him very angry. I apologized, and he said very simply

“I forgive you”.

But he liked other composers, too. Hilary once told me: “We were listening to a cello piece by Brahms. It almost put me to sleep, but you should have seen him! He just cried like a bloody baby!”

It must have been in the summer of 1968 that he and Hilary drove through France and parts of Germany on their way to Venice. We had agreed to meet in Schaffhausen. Instead of going to a restaurant, we drove around, until we came to an abandoned quarry which looked like a good place for a picnic. I know all of this sounds improbable, but it is true, and with Shackleton the unexpected often happened.

They had come in their small but comfortable British car, packed with food that Hilary had bought on the way. She also brought along a portable phonograph and a stack of records, so we could listen to music while she unpacked the bread, the ham and the *crudités* and I opened the wine bottles.

Shackleton looked relaxed and happy while Hilary and I were dancing a tango in this bleak landscape of rocks.

His last visit to Bonn was in 1969, I think. I took him to a Sauna near the University, and afterwards we sent a post card to Hilary, pointing out to her that it was customary not to wear anything in this kind of establishment. She replied almost immediately: “How I wish I could have seen the two of you in the Finn bath starkers!”

When I first knew him, Shackleton and Hugh (now Sir Hugh) Lloyd-Jones were on friendly terms. They traveled on the continent together, and once, after a pilgrimage to Bayreuth, they came to Bern to visit. Here they were, two brilliant English scholars, talking about their trip (they loved the German road signs “Kurvenreiche Strecke”, translating this as “curvaceous stretch” and associating the term with a woman’s body), talking about Wagner, and so on. It was quite something to experience: Two upper-class Englishmen abroad, perfectly self-assured, with their rumpled clothes and white handkerchiefs casually hanging from the breast pockets of their jackets, and above all, talking the Queen’s English in such an accomplished manner. At the same time, they did not seem to take themselves very seriously and

knew how to enjoy themselves.

Hugh wanted to buy a bottle of Swiss Marc, a kind of liquor similar to Grappa. Since this was a Sunday, all the wine and liquor stores in Bern were closed, but we finally found a liter bottle at the station restaurant. Shackleton and Hugh tasted it in their hotel room, found it satisfactory and packed it in Hugh's suitcase. Unfortunately, they did not cork the bottle tightly, and during the trip back to England, most of the content flowed into Hugh's suitcase, with the result that his shirts and socks and so on smelled very strongly of Marc for a long time.

As I look at the volume of his *Selected Classical Papers* (University of Michigan Press 1997), I notice the absence (not in the Bibliography) of some of his earlier book-reviews which I had enjoyed reading at the time. Perhaps, like Housman, he did not wish to be remembered by these sometimes acerbic assessments. In the case of Housman, it was a good thing that his wishes were ignored and that we now have, thanks to James Diggle and Frank Goodyear the three volumes of his *Collected Classical Papers*. In Shackleton's case, perhaps an anthology could be made. One of my favorites is the review of Karl Büchner's *Humanitas Romana* in *Gnomon* 31, 1959, 170-2. Büchner was a prominent German Latinist at the time, very productive and influential, but Shackleton chastised him justly for his impenetrable, overblown style and for a bad conjecture he paraded. Shackleton wrote: "From the fifth piece, entitled 'Die philologische Methode' ... persons who know nothing about the elements of textual criticism will learn a little about some of them; but they had better not learn that little from a writer who has much to say of the distinction between 'Interpretation' and 'Deutung' but nothing, or hardly anything, on the indispensability of brains, honesty, experience and common sense... Besides, Mr Büchner handicaps himself with an emendation of his own, *verecunde* for *verecundae* in Cat. 68. 136, as point of departure, guiding thread, and 'Preislied', lavishing upon it the affection notoriously reserved by parents for an idiot child."

There would be more to tell, but I hope that these few pages will show how much the years of friendship with such an unusual man – a true genius through his rare gifts and strict discipline,

I always thought – have meant and still mean to me. Perhaps his essential shyness made him seem distant and cold to some people. But there were strong emotions underneath, and he took part in other people's lives. His wit made him a great companion and correspondent, and he had much to give, not only as an accomplished scholar and writer, but as a friend<sup>1</sup>.

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