

AMPHORA

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UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

by Father M. Owen Lee

Deep in the vaults of the Vatican Library there rests a lordly, venerable manuscript called the Codex Palatinus. It is the oldest manuscript to contain virtually all of the writings of the poet Vergil, who lived out his lifetime in Italy just before the birth of Christ. Usually, with a Latin author from antiquity, we are lucky if we have a manuscript as close to him as the twelfth century. But with Vergil, the most quoted and loved of all ancient writers, manuscripts from the sixth and fifth and even the fourth centuries have survived. Florence and Verona and Sankt Gallen have some of them, but the others rightly reside in Rome, in the library of the popes. Rightly, for Vergil's greatest work, the *Aeneid*, is the epic of Rome, of its ambivalent past and its long future. It is also an epic of spiritual fatherhood, of the *pious Aeneas*, the faithful Aeneas. So it is fitting that the noblest copies of the poem rest in the library of the spiritual leader whom his people call father, who has sometimes been named Aeneas, and who has twelve times chosen for himself the name Pius. And it is fitting that the Codex Palatinus lie in the heart of the city it proclaims will live forever.

One year I taught in Rome. In fact, I taught Vergil's *Aeneid* there, to young American students. And that year I realized my ambition to see the Codex Palatinus. Doing so was not exactly easy. I had to convince the serious librarians in the Vatican that I was, if not a serious scholar, serious at least about seeing the great Vergilian manuscript. The librarians were understandably

wary of entrusting one of their deathless treasures to my mortal hands. They looked on me suspiciously as one who was in pursuit of an esthetic experience, not a scholarly one. Well, they were right.

But in the end, they brought the fourth-century tome to my assigned desk and carefully placed it on my assigned lectern. I was given detailed instructions, which I was careful to follow. My hands trembled as they touched, my eyes misted as they scanned, those ancient pages. The familiar Latin lines, in beautifully clear capital letters, looked out at me searchingly across the centuries.

Here first were Vergil's *Eclogues: Titure, tu patulae*. The words whispered and rustled and sang in their hexameters. These are the young Vergil's little pastoral poems, half set in a never-never land he called Arcadia, half set in the devastated Italy of his own day, a land torn apart by a century of war. The *Eclogues* are an invitation always to read Vergil as a metaphor. In them, the young poet wonders, "Will our world heal itself, or will it give way to the self-destructive forces within it?" Beneath their delicate surfaces, the ten Arcadian miniatures of shepherds and satyrs and swains dramatize a great moment in history, a time between war and peace. They all but predict the imminent birth of Christ. But we can never be sure of what they mean. They are elusive and subtle and sad. The promise of rebirth is there in Arcadia. Death is there too.

And here, before my eyes as the

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What's in a Name? What's in an Amphora?

by Margaret A. Brucia and
Anne-Marie Lewis, Editors

We are pleased to introduce the first issue of *Amphora*, the new American Philological Association (APA) outreach publication. In selecting and soliciting articles, we have used our mission statement as our guide:

This publication aims to convey the excitement of classical studies to a broad readership by offering accessible articles written by professional scholars and experts on topics of classical interest that include literature, language, mythology, history, culture, classical tradition, and the arts, and by featuring reviews of relevant books, films, and Web sites. Sponsored by the Committee on Outreach and supported by the APA, this new, semi-annual publication will be for everyone interested in the study of ancient Greece and Rome. Engaging and informative, this eight to sixteen-page publication is intended for a wide audience that will include professional classicists, present and former classics majors, interested academics and professionals in other fields, high-school teachers and students, administrators in the field of education, community leaders, and anyone with a strong interest in or enthusiasm for the classical world.

Our mission statement explains the purpose of our publication, but our one-word title reveals more. Why (besides the play on AmPhorA and American Philological Association) have we selected this name?

As familiar to the Greek world as to the Roman, the ubiquitous and versatile

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pages turn, are Vergil's *Georgics: Quid faciat laetas segetes*. Instructions on plowing, tending vines, breeding livestock, caring for bees. Love of the land. A belief that a providential power is alive in the world, a power that needs man to work its purposes. Vergil, now in his thirties, thinks he may have been too pessimistic before. Rebirth is a possibility. Civilization can survive the destructive impulses in man. World peace has been won, and Italy has begun to rework its countryside. But then, to end his *Georgics*, Vergil tells a story we opera lovers know well: how Orpheus descended to the world of the dead to bring back his Eurydice, and won her, and, through human frailty, lost her. The poet uses myth to wonder again about rebirth and survival, and he finds, again, mostly sad and ambivalent answers. (And here pages of the manuscript have, I see, fallen away across the centuries.)

Finally, before my eyes, there is the great *Aeneid*. The panoramic story of the Trojan hero Aeneas, who survives the fall of his city and leads his followers over the sea to Carthage and then to Italy, who descends to the world of the dead to glimpse his future, and then fights long, agonizing wars to win his peace. This longest and last of Vergil's works is the saddest and most ambivalent of all. No hero is so flawed, so failed as the *pious* Aeneas. No universe is so full of chaotic forces and senseless suffering as the world through which he moves. No century, until perhaps our own, was so much in need of absolving its personal and national guilt as the century in which Vergil was writing, a century of war. Aeneas is a figure for a man of that century, a man who took up arms and won peace for the world, but at a terrible cost, a man called Caesar Augustus. The *Aeneid* was written for him. *Arma virumque cano*, it begins. The words are perhaps the most famous ever written in Europe. "Arms and the man I sing" – the warlike arms of the man who made half the map of Europe Latin, and half of the whole world Western, forever after.

And the song? There it is before my eyes: the *Aeneid*. T. S. Eliot declared it a song more civilizing than any that ever had been, ever would be, ever could be – because it pondered that ever after, including our century, and counted the cost. Eliot called the *Aeneid* "the classic of all Europe." Though it did not prevent Dachau and Dresden from happening, you could say it foresaw them

and wept the world's tears, the *lacrimae rerum*, prophetically for them. It also knew, this song, that the tears it wept would always be *inanes* – insufficient.

Vergil's *Aeneid* shaped the poetry of Ovid and the prose of Tacitus. Augustus used it as his conscience, Hadrian to tell the future. One book of it moved Saint Augustine to tears, one line of it sent Savonarola into monastic orders. Some of it found its way for a while into the canon of sacred Scripture itself. For Dante, the author of the *Aeneid* was *maestro* and *autore*, a guide through the past and the world beyond. Michelangelo, painting the Sistine Chapel, gave Vergil a parallel place with the Bible in telling of man's fatal flaw and his future promise. Siena and Florence shaped their histories, Milton and Tasso fashioned their epics under Vergil's influence. Young Bernini, helped by his father, sculpted Aeneas escaping from Troy with his father on his back. Young Berlioz, helped by his father, trembled with emotion when he read, in Latin, of Dido gazing upward, searching for the light before she dies, and finding it.

All his life Berlioz was haunted by the *Aeneid*, and near the end of it (from 1856 to 1858), he wrote, as an act of homage, *Les Troyens*. Not all of the *Aeneid*, just incidents chosen from little more than three books of Vergil's twelve. Not much at all of Vergil's searching for answers, of his theological sense of history, of his majestic "sadness at the doubtful doom of humankind." *Les Troyens* is mostly juxtaposed surfaces and contrasts, grand themes and noble, stylized feeling. In the tradition of the French lyric theater, Berlioz provides a series of *tableaux vivants*. The long speeches of his opera seem to me a little chiseled and cold, classicism in the wrong sense. But most of *Les Troyens* is quick and tense with feeling, as a real classic must be. Gradually we are coming to see it as *the* classic of French opera. A lesser composer would have equipped his Trojans, destined out of defeat to found the greatest city in history, with an unequivocal, rousing theme, like the one Gounod gave his soldiers in *Faust*, or Meyerbeer his Huguenots, or Saint-Saens his Israelites. But Berlioz's Trojans are unique. They are tough warriors from an exotic, fallen city, charged with a civilizing mission they do not fully understand. They are grandly barbaric, like wolves, and, in the "Trojan March" that recurs throughout the opera, thick-tongued trumpets indi-

cate their ambivalent sense of history.

Berlioz, named for Hector, the greatest Trojan of them all, caught something of Hector's Asiatic spirit in that remarkable march with its swirling triplets. Surely he had the sound of Vergil in his head when he wrote it. Vergil's meter is fashioned from a kind of triplet, the dactyl. Three syllables – a long followed by two shorts, as in the names Jupiter, Romulus, Hannibal. The dactylic hexameter is a rhythm that in Vergil's hands can be made to sound barbaric and quick, as when the Trojan cavalry thunders across the dusty plain: *quadripedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum*. It can also suggest processional grandeur, as when Vergil says: *tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento*. That line means "Remember, O Roman, it will be your mission to rule the world." When Berlioz first parades his royal Romans-to-be, the Trojans, across the stage, the music is truly Vergilian. It suggested to one critic "the warriors who march in angular profile across some ancient sculpted frieze." True enough, but as Berlioz has his Trojans sing at the moment, *Attendez les accents!* – that is to say, "Listen to the rhythms!" The music is not just sculpture. It is meter. It is the rhythm of Vergil's prophetic line: *Tu regere imperio populos* ... It is the rhythm of the very first line of the *Aeneid*, a line you may still have by heart from your high school Latin class: *Arma virumque cano Troiae qui primus ab oris* – "Arms and the man I sing. Troy's shores he once left forever."

Dactylic hexameters can also, in Vergil's hands, be made to sound as light and whispery as the darkness he made visible. In Vergil, sleep comes lightly, gliding down from the silent stars: *cum levis aetheriis delapsus somnus ab astris*. Berlioz conjures up the sound of that line in "Nuit d'ivresse," his whispering nocturne, his sleepy moonlit seascape, his love duet for Dido and Aeneas. In the words of "Nuit d'ivresse," he borrows from Shakespeare, turning English to French. But he was only following his master: Vergil, when he wrote his *Aeneid*, turned parts of Homer and Greek tragedy and Greek philosophy into Latin because he wanted his poem to be, among other things, a compendium of the wisdom of the past. Berlioz introduces, for his moon-washed moment, that moment from the last act of *The Merchant of Venice* where Lorenzo says to Jessica: "The moon shines bright . . . In such a night / Stood Dido with a willow in her hand / Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love /

To come again to Carthage.” The English “in such a night” becomes the French “*par une telle nuit*,” and Berlioz accents his 6/8 time so that Shakespeare in French comes out sounding like Vergil’s hexameters.

Berlioz knew that he could not put all of the *Aeneid* on the stage. Even at the prodigious length he opted for, he had to sacrifice Vergil’s greatest book, the sixth, the hero’s descent to the world of the dead, passing through the darkness with a golden bough. Berlioz also had to sacrifice all the wars in Italy and the characters he loved most after Dido: Camilla, the Italian Joan of Arc, and Turnus, the Italian Lancelot. But he used what he could. Some things from the end of the *Aeneid* he knew he had to use. He took from there the poignant words Aeneas speaks to his little son, as he kisses him through the visor of his helmet and leaves for war: “Learn from me, my son, what it is to be a man and to suffer. Learn from others what it is to be happy.”

Berlioz also knew he had to use Vergil’s young poems, the *Eclogues* and the *Georgics*. He wrote echoes of both into the song his Iopas sings at Dido’s court: “O golden Ceres, you bless the fields and bring happiness abounding to the young shepherd and the old farmer.” And he achieved his subtlest combination of literary and musical effects in the offstage song of a character of his own invention, a young sailor singing high in the mast as his Trojan ship lies at anchor. The boy wonders whether he will ever sing again beneath the great trees of his Trojan mountain, where he bade his mother good-bye. He calls on the sea to be his mother now, and rock him on her breast. His sea song becomes a cradle song. When Berlioz wrote that song, his own son was away from home, serving in the French merchant navy. “I thought of you, dear Louis, when I wrote it,” he said in a letter. But the song is more than just a personal touch. It is truly Vergilian – prophetic and pessimistic. Berlioz has two plain-spoken soldiers hear it: “He’s dreaming of his homeland,” says one. “Which he’ll never see again,” says the other. Then, under the song, the orchestra surges ominously, like the sea. The young sailor falls asleep. We never hear of him again. But those who know Berlioz’s way with his orchestra suspect that this young sailor will be drowned at sea. And those who know Vergil are sure of it, for Berlioz has named the boy Hylas. And Hylas is the name of a mythical boy drowned in both the

Eclogues and the *Georgics*.

Another sailor drowns famously in the *Aeneid*. He falls asleep at his post. A god sends him a dream, and when it comes gliding down to him from the silent stars – *cum levis aetheriis delapsus somnus ab astris* – he too drops to his death in the sea. In Vergil, the young and the innocent die. Vergil does not know why that must be, except that there are always wars. That is the way the world turns. Vergil wonders and weeps over that world.

And as Vergil’s pages turn, I come to the end, in the Vatican Library, of his twenty-centuries old poem. Aeneas stands on the last page, caught agonizingly in the act of killing so that civilization can survive. He has been assured that this is the will of god. But is it? The *Aeneid* ends ambivalently, abruptly, shockingly. Its words stare out at me now across a hundred generations of men. Vergil’s unanswered questions crowd in on me. What is God? Why is there evil in the world? Why, in order that good may come, must the innocent suffer? What is the fatal flaw in man that makes him destroy? If we are so given to violence, what can the future hold for us? Will our world survive, or will we destroy ourselves?

These are, of course, contemporary questions. But they were posed twenty centuries ago. Something of them is in *Les Troyens*, which the Metropolitan chose, most fittingly, to open its second century. As we face the future, Vergil’s unanswered questions are questions we all must ponder.

Father M. Owen Lee is Professor Emeritus of Classics at St. Michael’s College, University of Toronto. He is a Basilian priest and the author of twelve books, including three on Vergil, one on Horace, and one on the quest myth. He is also widely known as panelist and commentator on the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. “Unanswered Questions” was the first commentary ever given by Father Lee during the intermissions of the Saturday afternoon performances that, for more than sixty years, have been broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The date was February 18, 1984. The Metropolitan was beginning its second century. Father Lee was invited to speak on the opera that opened the season – Hector Berlioz’s Les Troyens – and the debt it owed to Vergil. This commentary (here slightly revised) was originally published in First Intermissions (1995).

What’s in a Name?

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amphora continues to provide clues about life in the ancient world (as Mark Lawall informs us in his article on page 4). Appealingly anthropomorphic in form, with its narrow neck, rounded belly, and tapered foot, this two-handled vessel, whether plain or artfully decorated, served to transport and distribute a variety of useful and highly valued commodities.

The name *Amphora* captures the spirit of our publication. The two handles at the neck symbolize the Greek and Roman world that produced the amphora, while the third “handle” at the base represents our world today. One needs a firm grip on both the top and the bottom to release the contents. Just as an amphora held many types of food – olive oil, wine, fruit, meat, and fish, for example – our publication offers a wide range of articles on classical antiquity, designed to nourish the mind in a variety of ways. People from all walks of life used amphoras. So too, our publication is designed to be used by everyone with an interest in the classical past.

We look forward to receiving submissions that are engaging, informative, and intended for a wide audience with an enthusiasm for all things classical. We look forward to hearing your responses to this first issue, and we welcome any suggestions that you may offer as we continue to edit and shape our new publication.

Margaret A. Brucia teaches Latin at Earl L. Vandermeulen High School in Port Jefferson, New York. A former chair of the Advanced Placement Latin Committee, she has also served on the APA Committees on Education and Outreach. Her scholarly pursuits include Augustan literature and Roman topography.

Anne-Marie Lewis has taught Classics and Humanities at York University in Toronto, Ontario, since 1987. She is currently working on a book dealing with astrology in Roman politics and on an edition of the translation of Aratus’ *Phaenomena* by the Elizabethan poet Nicholas Allen.

Elpenor's Last Exit

by Lois V. Hinckley

Elpenor was a young sailor on Odysseus' own ship that reached Circe's island, where he, like the rest of the advance party, was turned into a pig. The night before they left Circe's island, human again, they feasted. Elpenor, having drunk too much, climbed to sleep on the flat rooftop. Waking the next morning, he forgot where he was and fell off the roof, breaking his neck. Odysseus encountered his shade during his trip to the underworld. Sing now, Elpenor, your own amazing tale.

I didn't especially like being a pig.
Sudden too.

I was halfway down my first drink – a fellow doesn't expect hallucinations that soon. I remember blinking again and again, like trying to wake from a bad dream.

No change.

The view remained

eye-level, just below the benches.

It was hard to look up, more natural to look down and grunt. I tried to move – well! I moved all right – with an all-fours lurch and waddle. . . WHAT was I doing on hands and

– feet? Where did all these

PIGS come from? I was surrounded – oh gods! –

by my own kind.

Enough of the man remained – an aching itch behind the eyes –

to turn my stomach at the slop and trough.

Milling around, we grunted in terror.

At last,
we collapsed on our sides.

Then it was over.

I was hauling myself to my two feet; all over the room, the others were straightening . . .

Our heads went round to the door and there he stood,

with the witch a little behind him, gazing at him, not us.

We ran to him, touching his arms and shoulders, his head,

in greeting – he was real! – touching our

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THE AMPHORA AND ANCIENT COMMERCE

by Mark L. Lawall

Amphora (or *amphiphoreus*) literally means “carried on both sides” and refers to a distinctively shaped, two-handled, clay jar with a bottom that tapers to a point. In ancient art, scantily clad young men carry amphoras to symposia, hairy satyrs fill them with wine, and *erotes* even use them as shields to fend off beasts along the Nile. Although some amphoras were finely decorated vases, the far more common sort of amphora, and the topic of this article, was a plain, undecorated jar designed for shipping and storage. Most often, amphoras contained wine or oil, but meat, fish (including tuna and dolphin!), fruits, and even pine resin are attested as well. Indeed, these jars were so ubiquitous that the general terms *keramos* or *keramion*, “clay vessel,” often replaced the term *amphora*.

Amphora workshops dotted the Mediterranean, from the Atlantic coast of Morocco to the north shore of the Black Sea, and each region produced its own traditional forms of amphoras. For example, those potted on the island of Chios (see Fig. 1) during the late sixth and much of the fifth century B.C. had such a distinctive bulge at the neck that Chian coins used these jars as a symbol for the city. Jars from Thasos (see Fig. 2), in contrast, had a much more angular shape. Some types of amphoras bore stamps impressed on the handle before the jar was fired (see Fig. 3). The illustration shows a common symbol of the city of Rhodes, the head of Helios, along with the words *ἐπὶ Σωστράτων*.

The inscription indicates that the amphora was made in the year that Sostratos held the priesthood, perhaps of Helios, probably between 196 and 187 B.C. (according to the most recent studies by G. Finkel-sztejn of the Israeli Antiquities Authority).

Once an amphora was filled with wine or some other commodity, it was plugged with a wood, chipped stone, or clay stopper, which was then sealed with pitch and secured by a cloth cover. Amphoras for export were loaded onto ships, stacked with the pointed toe of one wedged between the rounded shoulders of its neighbors, and then protected with a blanket of straw. Typically, a ship made many stops, unloading part of its cargo of amphoras and taking on a new supply. To unload an amphora at the port, a dockworker grasped one of its two handles and its knob-like toe, a

third “handle,” to lift it.

Prices marked on amphoras can be important indicators of the value of their contents. An amphora dating to the fifth century B.C. and discovered in the marketplace at Athens, once containing twenty to twenty-five liters of highly regarded Chian wine, cost between fourteen and twenty-one drachmas (according to Thucydides, *History of the Peloponnesian War* 3.17, an Athenian hoplite and his attendant in the garrison at Potidaea in 428 B.C. earned two drachmas per day). Of course, it was not necessary to purchase an entire jar; a portion could have been decanted into a smaller jug. Again, the toe of the amphora served as a handle, this time for pouring. Clay or wooden stands held amphoras upright while they awaited customers.

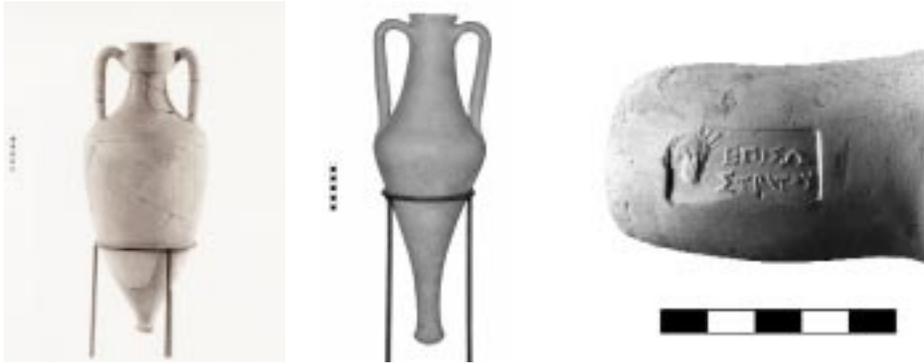
What sorts of questions do archaeologists of ancient commerce hope to answer from references to and evidence from amphoras? A passage from *De Mirabilibus Auscultationibus* (104 [839b]) provides a good starting point:

εἶναι δὲ καὶ τινα τόπον ἐν τοῖς ἀναμέσον διαστήμασιν, εἰς ὃν ἀγορᾶς κοινῆς γινομένης πωλεῖσθαι παρὰ μὲν τῶν ἐκ τοῦ Πόντου ἐμπορῶν ἀναβαινόντων τὰ Λέσβια καὶ Χία καὶ Θάσια, παρὰ δὲ τῶν ἐκ τοῦ Ἀδρίου τοὺς Κερκυραϊκοὺς ἀμφορεῖς.

There is a place in the middle between them [the Black Sea and the Adriatic] at which there is a public market where the merchants coming up from the Black Sea sell Lesbian, Chian, and Thasian jars, and those coming up from the Adriatic sell Corcyrean amphoras.

What were the common routes of ancient merchants? Were certain markets especially popular for the merchants of a given region? How did political rivalries and tensions affect trade? Literary references like the one above offer some help, but knowledge gleaned from the archaeology of amphoras can contribute important additional information.

The passage implies that merchants tended to operate in specific regions, and the archaeological remains support this view of ancient commerce. Corcyrean amphoras are commonly found along



Left (Fig. 1). Amphora from Chios, ca. 430 B.C. (P2371)

Middle (Fig. 2). Amphora from Thasos, ca. 340 B.C. (SS 14825)

Right (Fig. 3). Amphora stamp from Rhodes, naming Sostratos as eponym, early second century B.C. (SS 7584)

All photos are by Craig Mauzy and are reproduced with permission of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, Agora Excavations.

the Adriatic coast, the Peloponnese as far east as Corinth, and westward to Italy and Sicily. This type of amphora is rarely found east of Corinth. On the other hand, Chian, Lesbian, and Thasian amphoras, dating to the sixth through the fourth centuries B.C., are far more common in the north Aegean and northern Asia Minor than they are in the south. One merchant might have taken an amphora from Chios to Lemnos (an island near the entrance to the Black Sea); another, on his way up the Hellespont, might have carried it to a port on the Black Sea; from there, a Pontic merchant might have transported the same jar to the central Balkan market referred to in the passage.

A market like Athens was clearly a popular transfer point, as both literary and archaeological evidence confirm. Isocrates (*Panegyricus* 42) and Xenophon (*de Vectigalibus* 1.7 and 3.2) inform us that Athens in the fifth century B.C. was a hub for Aegean commerce. Amphoras found in Athens in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. represent a wider mix of types than those discovered at other Aegean sites. The port of Athens was the ancient equivalent of a shopping mall, whereas the ports of many other cities were mere convenience stores in comparison.

It appears that jars changed hands frequently, moving among merchants from many different cities, before arriving at their final stopping point. The original exporter may never have known the final destination of his wine or oil. Given this situation, could ancient political rivalries have turned into trade wars?

The evidence provided by amphoras sheds some light on this question. Both Corinthian amphoras and amphoras from the Adriatic that passed through

Corinth en route to Athens appear in Athens during times of hostility and friendship between the two cities. Even the frequent tensions between the Persian Empire and the Greek world did not deter merchants from transporting Aegean amphoras far inland to the Persian provincial capital at Gordion (near modern Ankara). Barring the destruction of a city of origin or a city along the trade route, it appears that trade in wine, oil, and other commodities contained in amphoras was quite unaffected by political affairs.

In many ways, this plain and common container from antiquity provides a wealth of information to the modern researcher. Although the wine it may have contained has disappeared, consumed, we might imagine, by Socrates and his companions after hours of dialogue, or turned rancid after centuries under the sea, for the student of antiquity there is still plenty contained in an amphora.

Further Reading:

V. R. Grace, *Excavations at the Athenian Agora Picture Book 6: Amphoras and the Ancient Wine Trade* (revised edition, Princeton, 1979).

C. G. Koehler and P. M. W. Matheson, *The Amphoras Project* Web site <http://www.chass.utoronto.ca/amphoras/project.html>

Mark Lawall is an Assistant Professor in the Classics Department at the University of Manitoba. His research involves the use of transport amphoras as evidence for ancient trade and economic history. He is currently studying finds from sites in Turkey (Ephesos, Troy, Gordion) and Greece (Athenian Agora).

Elpenor's Last Exit

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own, thanking him,
begging to leave – and maybe it would've
been better –
but he reassured us. She was courteous,
too,
faintly apologetic. And from then on,
nothing but the best.

We were kings and princes in a ship-
wrecked sailor's dream.

A wave of her wand and we lolled at our
ease.

Royal food and drink, in royal quantities;
hunting, new clothes, games, whatever
a fellow could wish for.

But it wasn't home.

After the first relief –
free of the troughs, and of all those salty
miles –
smells and sounds began to trickle through,
like
rain on a sleeper's face, pricking memory
awake: goats ringing home
at sunset, smell of my new-cut hay.
The trickle swelled to a stream: pigs
coming out for feeding, our own dogs
chasing rabbits in familiar fields, and
our familiar sons – and parents – wives.

Finally we went to him – a few of the older
ones
– reminded him
where we'd been heading.
They said their piece and waited
while he sat silent. Then he shook himself
like a dog coming out of water, agreed: he
would tell her. We
should launch and load the ships.
Of course we had a last feast,
and of course some of us drank too much:
relief at leaving, regret at the left-behind,
reluctance for the sea. I wandered up to the
roof,
climbing carefully, looking for cooler air.
I lay on my back to watch the stars,
like islands in a sea of sky –
one of them mine, and I was heading
home.

I fell asleep there, dreaming of my arrival.

The trumpet

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Elpenor's Last Exit

continued from page 5

woke me sharp, and shouts in the bo'sun's
voice.

I leapt up, not to be left behind,
and stepped out smartly, eager to be gone.

That's where I can't remember any more.
I keep going over and over it
as I wander through this gray mist endless-
ly. I keep seeing
friends that I shouldn't see; I buried them at
Troy.

I can't find the bo'sun anywhere. Oh gods –
there is

Odysseus – large as life ... but
WHAT is he saying?

I FELL? From Circe's roof? I'm DEAD? Oh,
please NO!

Take me with you, master, I beg you –
take me

HOME!

My clutching hands
pass through his all too solid arm.
He's gone. . .

I turn away,
sick with despair – never again
the smells of home –
even the heaving oars, the sore-lipped
salt would be food and drink to me now –

never again,
my woman's gentle greeting ...
From a dream of home, this is a bitter
waking.

If wishes were winged,
even dead pigs might fly.

Lois V. Hinckley, received her Ph.D. from the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, in 1972. She has been a classics teacher for thirty years (Princeton, West Virginia University, and University of Southern Maine). She is also a folk singer, poet, and songwriter (CD coming out in 2003). "Elpenor's Last Exit" is one of the poems in *Through a Glass Darkly: Bridges to Homer, being readied for publication*. Her major classical interests are mythology, Homer, Horace, and Greek lyric.

TEACHING AND READING CLASSICS AFTER 9/11

by Nancy Felson

In the wake of the attacks on September 11, 2001, many academics, like me, struggled to find a public voice within the framework of our own discipline in order to try to make sense of the changed world. On campuses and at professional meetings, we engaged in discussions and turned to the texts we knew best. I sought inspiration in fifth-century Athens, hoping to identify some of the terms of analysis and debate that preoccupied participants in the first western democracy. What could these texts offer us now in such painful and uncertain times? I was teaching the *Persians* of Aeschylus, a tragedy produced in 472 B.C.E., just eight years after the Athenian victory at the Battle of Salamis. Aeschylus (525-456 B.C.E.) lived through a formative phase of Athenian democracy, when it was consolidating itself after the war, in opposition to the tyranny it assigned to Persia and other "barbaric" empires. His drama spoke to a body of citizens acutely attuned to the principles of freedom and democracy. In that world, certain humbling sentiments, such as the vicissitudes of fortune and the precariousness of success, pervaded public discourse. With my students I marveled at how the Athenian playwright could, simultaneously, have fought in the Persian War and still empathize with his enemies, enough to represent their sufferings on stage.

Aeschylus made the characters of his historical play both "same" and "other" for his Athenian audience. He placed them at the Persian court, at a dramatic moment right after their defeat at Salamis. Through the ghost Darius, the previous ruler of Persia, he introduced the theme of the decline of a culture that betrays its own values. Darius, raised from the dead through the invocations of Queen Atossa, characterizes the defeat of his son Xerxes as "payment for his pride and godless arrogance" (806-807). He thus locates the defeat within the divine scheme of things, in which transgressors suffer a just requital. Invoking Zeus, the god of just retribution, he blames Xerxes for betraying the principles of self-restraint and due measure and for leading the Persians from civilization to barbarity – father attacking son in an inter-generational culture war. The fact that Darius describes

Xerxes' excesses in Greek terms, as if these cherished Greek values are in fact trans-cultural, enables Aeschylus to present on stage the critical issues of his own day. Yet he does so indirectly, never raising the possibility of an eventual *Athenian* decline. And so his compatriots can safely empathize with their defeated foe and lament along with Atossa and Darius; they can affirm their superiority to Xerxes' Persians and repudiate such hubristic behavior. By distancing the universal human experience of defeat, humiliation, and grief for a generation of warriors lost in battle from Athens, Aeschylus can freely stage for them what they have just narrowly escaped in the real world. The suffering in the play represents what could happen to the Athenians, if they were to behave autocratically, like the hubristic and tyrannical Xerxes, and betray their own emancipatory principles. Aeschylus prods his Athenians not to follow in the Persian pathway.

Ancient reports of debates on values and principles of fifth-century Athens illuminate issues of our times.

The world at Susa in the drama, because it is sealed off from contemporary Athens, can serve as a relatively painless image of what to avoid. It is a blueprint for the young Athenian democrats in the audience, warning them against a practice that will in fact come to prevail in the age of Pericles and thereafter, especially in the course of the Peloponnesian War (431-404 B.C.E.). The lesson has to do with how Athens conducts her foreign policy after becoming an empire: will the Athenians heed the warnings articulated by Darius? Indeed, the double standard of democracy at home and tyranny abroad was soon to become almost natural (and hence unquestioned).

Aeschylus' *Persians* was produced shortly before Athens embarked on an imperialist track, which was so successful that, as Thucydides (460/455-ca. 400 B.C.E.), in his *History of the Peloponnesian War*, makes Pericles say to the Athenians "... there is no power on Earth – not the

king of Persia nor any people under the sun – which can stop you from sailing where you wish” (2.62, trans. Rex Warner). Thucydides presents Pericles as a spokesman for the view that Athens was entitled to her empire, and in any case unable to give it up:

And do not imagine that what we are fighting for is simply the question of freedom or slavery: there is also involved the loss of our empire and the dangers arising from the hatred which we have incurred in administering it. Nor is it any longer possible for you to give up this empire, though there may be some people who in a mood of sudden panic and in a spirit of political apathy actually think that this would be a fine and noble thing to do. Your empire is now like a tyranny: it may have been wrong to take it; it is certainly dangerous to let it go. (2.63)

After expelling the Persians from Greece, Athens became the leader of a pan-Hellenic defensive alliance against the invaders but soon came to dominate her allies. By 454 B.C.E., Athens had made a unilateral decision to transfer the treasury of the League from the neutral island of Delos to Athens and began using it for her own civic purposes. Whenever an ally revolted, Athens punished this disloyalty by military conquest, imposing a government favorable to her policies. In one instance, following the revolt of Mytilene (428/427 B.C.E.), Athenians were so angry at the rebellion that they at first voted to annihilate the male population and enslave the women and children, as Xerxes had done over fifty years earlier to the Ionian Greeks of Miletus. Then, reconsidering, they recanted their vote, and spared the Mytilenians (3.36-49). But about ten years later we see how far Athens has fallen from her original principles when she brutally attacked the neutral island of Melos for refusing to support the campaign against Sparta. At this point Athens made not even a pretense of high-minded values. In Thucydides' account of the debate, the Athenian envoys tell their Melian counterparts why Melos should accept Athenian domination:

Then we on our side will use no fine phrases saying, for example, that we have a right to our empire because we defeated the Persians, or that we have come against you

now because of the injuries you have done us. . . . the strong do what they have the power to do and the weak accept what they have to accept. (5.89)

When Melos refused to become an Athenian ally, Athens, in a culmination of her imperialist policy, killed its men and enslaved its women and children.

Momentous events of 2,500 years ago, with their accompanying debates at critical junctures, offer parallels to what we experienced as a nation and as individual citizens on September 11 and continue to experience in its wake. While history and its stories cannot predict what lies ahead for us, they can make us reflect on how others – equally tormented and challenged, provoked, betrayed, and maligned – managed to live courageously under difficult and threatening circumstances. Tragedies such as the *Persians* of Aeschylus and those of the other great tragedians, as well as the histories of Herodotus and Thucydides, can enlighten and deepen our own debates. As contemporary Americans, as citizens of a democracy at the height of its power (a superpower that often acts as unilaterally as the Athenians), we have new kinds of adversaries and daunting new challenges. Ancient reports of debates on values and principles of fifth-century Athens illuminate issues of our times. They speak to such topics as the use and abuse of power, cycles of violence and reactive rage and their containment, mediation and moderation, treatment of war captives (or “detainees”), and the resilience of democracy. These ancient Athenian voices guide us, if we are willing to listen, to a more profound, less facile understanding of the various forms of extremism that threaten our democratic society and our very lives.

Nancy Felson is Professor of Classics at the University of Georgia. She edited Semiotics and Classical Studies (Arethusa, Vol.16, 1983), which helped introduce classicists to the theory of signs. Her book Regarding Penelope (Princeton, 1994; reissued in paper, 1997) explores the complex web of possible and actual plots in the Odyssey and combines a narratological with a cognitive, reader-response approach to Penelope's character. Professor Felson is currently working on a book, Vicarious Transport in Pindaric Epinician Poetry, which uses deictic analysis to show how the poet transports his live audience from the performance site to various elsewheres, and then back again, and to what poetic effect.

Book Reviews: Classics and the Cinema

by Kerill O'Neill

Martin M. Winkler, ed. *Classical Myth and Culture in the Cinema*. Oxford University Press, 2001. Pp. 360. 15 halftones. Paper \$24.95, cloth \$45.00.

Jon Solomon. *The Ancient World in the Cinema*. Yale University Press, 2001. Pp. 384. 205 illus. Paper \$22.50, cloth \$40.00.

Both these books explore the intersection between ancient cultures and modern cinema and are extensively revised and updated editions of books that first appeared in 1991 and 1978, respectively. Their character and objectives, however, are quite different. Winkler's *Classical Myth and Culture in the Cinema*, including four new chapters, encompasses a collection of essays with widely diverging approaches to film. Solomon's *The Ancient World in the Cinema*, on the other hand, has a more unified focus, offering an encyclopedic survey of ancient-world material in hundreds of films.

The disparate character of Winkler's book illustrates how film can provoke scholarly insight in different ways. Several chapters examine a particular film in conjunction with an ancient literary genre or particular text. Not surprisingly, intertextual readings enrich our appreciation of the films, but these essays also offer new ways to interpret the ancient texts. Thus, Winkler reads John Ford's *The Searchers* (1956) in terms of the elements of Greek tragedy (hubris, peripeteia, catharsis, *anagnorisis*, for example) but uses that reading to offer fresh insight into the heroine's abrupt change of mind in Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulis*. Aristophanic comedy, and *Lysistrata*, in particular, illustrate James Baron's contention that *9 to 5* (1980) is a modern example of the hero's transformation "from frustrated victim to triumphant, uninhibited fulfiller of fantasies."

Hanna Roisman (whose review of *Ulysses* appears on page 10) pairs *The Usual Suspects* (1995) with the *Odyssey*, not only to give a particularly insightful review of the film, but also to illustrate how

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Odysseus skillfully manipulates his audience. She ends by reflecting more broadly on truth as a construct in ancient and modern times. The nature of truth resurfaces in Mary-Kay Gamel's essay. She turns to tragedy to interpret Roman Polanski's *Chinatown* (1974) and offers a theoretical framework for reading the film against "the first detective story," *Oedipus the King*. Janice Siegel makes a bold but persuasive argument for a direct debt to Ovid's story of Procne and Philomela in Peter Greenaway's *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover* (1989). In another contribution by the editor, Winkler reads the *Star Wars* trilogy (1977-1983) against the backdrop of Roman history as adapted by Isaac Asimov in his *Foundation* trilogy of science fiction novels, and as presented by Anthony Mann's *The Fall of the Roman Empire* (1964).

Three essays attest to the impact of Michael Cacoyannis' screen adaptations of tragedy on our appreciation of Euripides. In interviews conducted by Winkler and Marianne McDonald, Cacoyannis and his favorite star, Irene Papas, offer refreshingly different perspectives on Greek tragedy. Then McDonald uses the prism of Cacoyannis' film to examine the culpability of the characters in both Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulis* and the filmmaker's *Iphigenia*. Finally, Cacoyannis composes a visual essay, comprising fifteen stills from his *Iphigenia*, to illustrate his approach to adapting ancient drama.

The remaining essays are an eclectic bunch. Erling B. Holtmark presents a fascinating analysis of the katabasis theme from ancient literature through various film genres. Examination of modern film's frequent departures from the traditional elements of katabasis illuminates both the classical models and their cinematic heirs. In one of the less convincing essays of the collection, J. K. Newman argues that the Soviet director Sergei Eisenstein's film theory adopts Aristotelian criteria, transmitted as part of a cultural legacy from Athens via Alexandria and Byzantium to Russia. Fred Mench maintains that the *Aeneid* can be read almost as a scenario for a film complete with stage

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LET THE MUSIC BE HEARD: THE CASE FOR THE ORAL PERFORMANCE OF GREEK AND LATIN LITERATURE

by Stephen G. Daitz

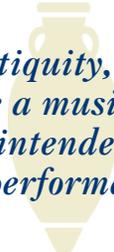
When Augustus wanted to know how Vergil was coming along with the composition of the *Aeneid*, Vergil did not send him a copy of the latest verses he had composed. Instead he went to the emperor's home and read to him those verses out loud. Why? For the simple reason that all of classical Greek and Latin literature was composed with the intention of it being heard, and not read silently with the eyes alone, in the modern manner.

When classical literature was composed, relatively few people owned books. The process of poetic and oratorical communication consisted of the flow of sound from the lips of the poet or the orator to the ears of an assembled audience without the intermediary of the written word. And it should be remembered that even in those cases where someone did own a book, the owner would always read the contents to himself out loud. It was only many hundreds of years later that our practice of silent reading began. In antiquity, a book, just like a musical score, was intended to be performed.

Unfortunately, the traditional teaching of Greek and Latin in the United States and in Europe has paid little attention to the performance or the reading aloud in an authentic manner of these languages. Greek and Latin have often been labeled "dead languages," and therefore it was thought, as befitting the dead, that they should remain silent. Now there may have been some excuse for the neglect of the sounds of classical Greek and Latin in past centuries when there was so much uncertainty concerning the authentic pronunciation of these languages and when the various local pronunciations gave little insight into the aural beauty of the literature. But in the last century, international linguistic research has progressed to the point where linguists now are in general agreement about the correct pronunciation of classical Greek and classical Latin. In English, the results of this research are most conveniently and authoritatively found in the two works of W. S. Allen (*Vox Graeca: The Pronunciation of Classical Greek* and *Vox Latina:*

The Pronunciation of Classical Latin). The authentic pronunciation derived from these works is generally referred to as the "restored pronunciation."

What are silent readers of classical Greek and Latin literature missing in terms of esthetic experience? The subject is vast, but I will mention a few important elements. Writers in classical antiquity (including poets, orators, historians, and philosophers), because they were creating their works for listeners, were particularly sensitive to the sound patterns of the words they were composing. Two stylistic phenomena common in classical literature are alliteration and assonance. In Latin, for example, when Vergil (*Aeneid* 2.9) wants to elicit the soothing effect of night and sleep with assonance of the syllable *-dent-*, and alliteration of the letter *s*, he says, *Suādentque cadentia sidera somnōs*, "the setting stars call us to sleep." Similarly, when Lucretius (*De Rerum Natura* 4.13) wishes to suggest the sound of a liquid flow, he says, with alliteration of the liquid letter *l*, *Contingunt mellis dulcē flāvōque liquore*, "they surround [the cup's edge] with a sweet and yellow flow of honey."



*In antiquity, a book,
just like a musical score,
was intended to be
performed.*

In Greek, we can find similar effects of alliteration and assonance. When Sophocles (*Oedipus the King* 371) has the enraged Oedipus taunt the blind prophet, Tiresias, with a ninefold alliteration of the plosive letter tau, he says, *τυφλὸς τὰ τ' ὄτα τὸν τε νοῦν τὰ τ' οὐμιαί* "you are blind in your ears, in your mind, as well as your eyes." When Homer (*Iliad* 23.116) wishes to convey the repeated upward, downward, and sideward trotting of mules, he says, with alliteration of the letters tau, theta, delta, and assonance of the syllable

-anta, πολλά δ' ἄναντα κάταντα πάροντά τε δοχμιά τ' ἦλθον, "repeatedly they trotted upward and downward and side-ward." To experience the full effect of the alliteration, the Greek letter theta must be pronounced with the restored pronunciation as an aspirated *t*.

In addition to the stylistic elements of alliteration and assonance, many classical authors, particularly poets, employ the device of onomatopoeia. In Latin, when Vergil (*Aen.* 8.596) wants to describe with sound the swift hoofbeat of a horse racing across the plain, he uses a hexameter of five rapid dactyls combined with alliteration of the plosive sounds of *qu-*, *g*, and *c*, and writes, *quadrupedante putrem sonitū quatit ungula campum*, "with clatter of hammering hooves they go galloping across the dry flats" (trans. C. Day Lewis).

In Greek, when Homer (*Odyssey* 9.71) wishes to convey the sound of a ship's sail being ripped into pieces by a blasting wind, he combines alliteration and assonance of the harsh plosives chi, kappa, the fricative *s*, and the liquid *r* with four rushing dactyls and writes *τριχθα τε και τετραχθα διεσχισεν ις ανεμοιο*, "the violence of the wind ripped the sail into three, even four pieces." To experience the full effect of this onomatopoeia, the Greek letter chi must be pronounced with the restored pronunciation as an aspirated *k*.

These examples are only a small sample of the intimate connection between sound and sense in Greek and Latin literature. Unless we begin to hear this literature as it was intended to be heard, we will be deprived of the full esthetic pleasure that can be experienced from the study of Greek and Latin. And so, I would strongly urge teachers of Latin and Greek and classicists at all levels to read orally, as much as possible, and to replace the traditional (and incorrect) pronunciation with the restored pronunciation, the pronunciation that is most authentic in accordance with the latest linguistic research. So, let the music be heard!

Stephen G. Daitz, *Professor Emeritus of Classics, City University of New York, is President of the Society for the Oral Reading of Greek and Latin Literature, an affiliated group of the American Philological Association. He has published several recordings in classical Greek and Latin for Audio Forum (Guilford, Connecticut), including complete recordings of the Iliad and the Odyssey. Professor Daitz welcomes comments on his article. You may write to him at sgdaitz@aol.com.*

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directions but, in the end, it was not clear to me what if anything we gain from this approach to the *Aeneid*. The late J. P. Sullivan traces the ancient literary and historical sources for Fellini's innovations and additions to Petronius' *Satyricon*. This is a meaningful endeavor because he persuasively contends that Fellini's film has now become "part of the *Satyricon*'s 'literary history' and of its meaning for the modern reader." Peter Rose blends a polemic against "the right-wing assault on education and culture" with a pedagogical rationale for using film to teach mythology. Rose's interrogation of this rationale is a timely contribution given the widespread incorporation of film in the curriculum of many classics departments. Finally, Jon Solomon tenders an erudite and engaging study of ancient music and its representation in film. Winkler's collection of essays may not enjoy unity of approach, but the heterogeneity of the book is also a strength. His deliberate selection of the widest possible cross section of approaches to the interface of classical culture and cinema ensures that the reader will find something among the diverse essays to inspire new readings and fresh insights in film and ancient text alike.

The encyclopedic nature of Solomon's book makes it both harder and easier to summarize in a review. Solomon's scope embraces the ancient world in film from classical myth and history to biblical themes, Babylon, Egypt, Persia, and the Orient. The chapters are named after the nine Muses. Thus, Clio presents a survey of 110 films about Greek and Roman history, organized by historical period, while Terpsichore is subtitled "The Muscleman Epics." Its unified approach, coupled with its logical structure, facilitates brief description, but the strength of the book lies in its wealth of detail and insight. Solomon communicates not only his prodigious knowledge of film and the ancient world but also an infectious enthusiasm for the silver screen and a witty delight in the foibles of human nature. After quoting Kubrick on his disappointment in *Spartacus*, Solomon reminds us that Vergil had wanted to burn the *Aeneid* (55). This book is clearly the product of many years of serious study, yet Solomon makes

no attempt to disguise his personal preferences, quirky sense of humor, and love of films about the ancient world. He confesses, in the preface, that his lifelong interest in classical studies comes at least in part from his preteen viewing of such movies. Certainly, a sense of boyish delight pervades even the most detail-oriented passages, and that is precisely what makes this book so accessible. On the difficulty of portraying the life of Christ, Solomon comments, "Too much bland reverence yields a dramatic void. The transfiguration of Christ into a glowing god on earth has spiritually satisfied millions of humans for centuries, but it will leave a cinematic audience flat" (178). Assessments of authenticity are blended throughout with details of studio politics and finance, casting and location, costuming, and script. Meticulous appendices and copious illustrations complement Solomon's book. While Winkler's volume will stimulate a more scholarly audience, Solomon's book is open to anyone with a love of classics or film.

Kerill O'Neill, a native of Ireland, earned his B.A. at Trinity College, Dublin. He earned his Ph.D. from Cornell University and is now the Taylor Associate Professor of Classics at Colby College. His research interests include Latin love elegy, ancient magic, intertextuality, and film.

A*mphora* is published twice a year by the American Philological Association (APA). The APA, founded in 1869 by "professors, friends, and patrons of linguistic science," is now the principal learned society in North America for the study of ancient Greek and Roman languages, literatures, and civilizations. While the majority of its members are university and college classics teachers, members also include scholars in other disciplines, primary and secondary school teachers, and interested lay people. The APA produces several series of scholarly books and texts; the journal, *Transactions of the American Philological Association*; and an annual meeting each January in conjunction with the Archaeological Institute of America. In addition, the APA fosters programs to

- Reassert the importance of primary and secondary school teaching and provide more support for improved pedagogy at all levels of teaching.
- Improve working conditions and scholarly opportunities for university and college teachers.
- Increase communication with audiences beyond its membership.

Film Reviews: *Ulysses* (1954)

by Hanna M. Roisman

The Lux-Ponti-De Laurentiis co-production of *Ulysses* (1954), directed by Mario Camerini, is regularly hailed by critics. Filmed in the Mediterranean, its scenery is absolutely captivating. It is one of the Italian movies seen in the United States in the 1950's; the cast and crew are Italian, but the film features Kirk Douglas as Ulysses and was dubbed in English.

The script is based on the *Odyssey* and, although it modifies the poem in many places, when it is faithful to the original, it rings wonderfully of the ancient line. The screenplay writers (Franco Brusati, Mario Camerini, Ennio de Concini, Hugh Gray, Ben Hecht, Ivo Perilli, and Irwin Shaw) managed to write a tersely cogent and yet entertaining script which captures the spirit of fantasy and adventure of the ancient epic. Within its briefer parameters, the film also manages to ask some of the thematic questions explored by the *Odyssey* on the nature of fame and identity, the meaning and limits of hospitality, the pain and importance of memory. The movie consists of roughly eight episodes: the house of Ulysses in Ithaca, Ulysses' amnesia in the court of Alcinous, Antinous – the new suitor, Polyphemus' cave, the Sirens, Circe's island, the beggar at home, the bow contest. Transitions between the episodes are seamless and effortless. The movie starts in a gloomily lighted Mycenaean/Geometric-period megaron in Ithaca. The sad and beautiful Penelope (Silvana Mangano) interrupts the blind bard (Homer?) who sings before the suitors about Ulysses' exploit with the Trojan horse and Cassandra's curse upon him for violating the temple of Neptune. We meanwhile watch the content of the song happening as Troy is set ablaze at night. Next we move swiftly to Nausicaa playing with her friends on the shore of Scheria and finding a grimy Ulysses sleeping at the edge of the waves. She of course falls in love with him immediately. He has no recollection of his identity, which he recovers only on the day he is supposed to marry the sweet princess. A wonderful balance is thus set up in the plot by the "almost remarrying" of both husband and

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BUILDING ON SAND? LITERARY INTERPRETATION AND TEXTUAL CRITICISM

by Martin Helzlsouer

As modern consumers, we are used to machine-produced goods that, at least for a short period after purchase, are next to perfect. Books are no exception. The temptation is therefore great to assume that an edition of a Latin text is error free. We know that the text has come down to us through medieval manuscripts, but we trust that an expert textual critic in a rarefied academic environment has looked at these, weighed the arguments for or against certain readings, and printed something very close to what the author wrote. We are interested in the literary qualities of a text or maybe its historical reliability, but a critical apparatus looks like clutter at the bottom of the page that only gets in the way, unless it contains a reading that supports our latest imaginative interpretation.

Acquiescing in this attitude, however, is like building on sand. Textual critics often subscribe to different approaches, and even the readings reported in critical apparatuses are not necessarily correct. In my own study of Ovid's *Epistulae ex Ponto* (*Letters from Pontus*), I have come across a line about which editors differ widely. At *Pont.* 1.5.71, John Richmond, in his 1990 Teubner text, reports that one of the Munich manuscripts (C, twelfth/thirteenth century) reads *istunc* instead of *istinc*. Friedrich Lenz, in his hard-to-find 1938 Paravia edition, remains silent on this point but reports that the word before the word in question in C is *hunc*. I have looked at the original manuscript and found that it has *huc* and *illuc* with the usual dash over the letter *u* that serves as an abbreviation for *n*. The next word is *nostris*, about which Richmond's apparatus is silent, but Lenz notes that it is hard to tell if it is not *vestris*. This word is also abbreviated as *uris*, with the dash over the *u* indicating, this time, omission of the letters *est*. When I looked at C in the original, I concluded that Lenz was right. When I look at my microfilm of the original, it is impossible to tell.

Alternate readings like these may not seriously affect the meaning of a text. They do, however, serve to emphasize that literary criticism can never be detached from textual criticism and that sometimes scrutiny of original manu-

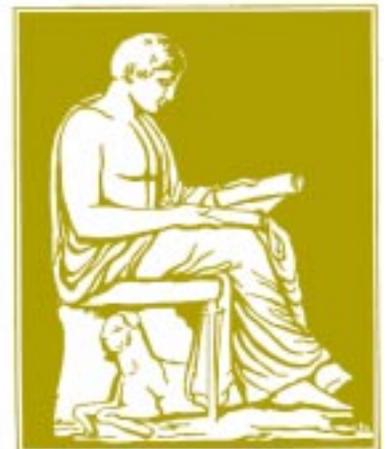
scripts is necessary to reach a conclusion. A more complex example of the interdependence between literary and textual criticism occurs at *Pont.* 2.3.83-4. Here Ovid invokes his longstanding friendship with Cotta Maximus, the adopted son of the renowned orator Messalla Corvinus, by means of the following observation:

*ultima me tecum vidit maestisque cadentis
excepit lacrimas aethalis Iuva genis*

Smoky Elba was the last place to see me and you together and to receive my tears falling from my sad cheeks.

Aethalis Iuva, "smoky Elba," is found in none of the medieval manuscripts in which these poems survive but is a commonly accepted conjecture supported by the astute Renaissance critic Heinisius who attributed it to his colleague Rutgers. The oldest manuscript in Hamburg (A, eleventh century) has *aethali siva*; in one of the other two older ones (B, twelfth/thirteenth century) in Munich we find a space where two letters have been erased, then the word *ithalis* followed by *ora*, in a second hand, written over an erasure. The other Munich manuscript (C) reads *aut holis iuva*. Sample readings in the younger manuscripts include *italis ora* (Codex Etonensis), *itala siva* (Codex Argentoratensis) and *thessalis ora* (Codex Lentiensis).

The word *aethalis*, "smoky," has the advantage of being the most difficult reading and therefore the one most likely to be corrupted in the textual tradition; however, *aethalis* occurs only



here in Latin literature. I find it most unsatisfactory to solve a textual problem by means of a neologism, even if it is derived from a Greek equivalent.

Furthermore, if Ovid met Cotta Maximus after the sentence of exile was passed on him and before he left Italy, Elba would have been an unlikely stop on his way to Romania. The obvious route would have been to follow the Via Appia to Brindisi on Italy's southeast coast and then sail across the Adriatic and the Aegean, through the Hellespont, and into the Black Sea. The island of Elba, on the other hand, lies six miles west of the coast of Tuscany and thus northwest of Rome.

Moreover, Cotta Maximus has no associations with Elba that we know of. However, his father Messalla Corvinus is known to have restored the Via Latina, which runs in a southeasterly direction from Rome through the Alban hills and joins the Via Appia after about a hundred miles. Roman aristocrats had built numerous country retreats along the Via Latina, especially in Tusculum, but also along the eastern ridge of the Alban hills in an area known as Mons Algidus. We know that Cotta's father was buried along the road that he had restored. It is more likely that Ovid took a slight detour to the south along the Via Latina in order to see his friend Cotta, presumably in his father's country retreat somewhere in the vicinity of his road and his tomb. I therefore suggest replacing the abstruse conjecture *aethalis Ika* with *Algida terra*, thus changing the meeting place of the friends from Elba to Algidus. In addition to making much better sense geographically and historically, it is also better stylistically since Ovid, at *Fasti* 4.622, refers exactly to this area as *Algida terra* and the phrase appears in the same position in both verses. Furthermore, *algidus* means "cold" and Ovid consistently (but incorrectly) complained of the perpetual winter that beset him in exile. What better place for Ovid to make a first stop on his way to the Romanian permafrost than on "Cold Mountain"?

In short: text matters!

Martin Helzle, Associate Professor and Chair of the Classics Department at Case Western Reserve University, is currently working on a commentary on Ovid's Epistulae ex Ponto. In 1997-98, he was a Humbolt Fellow in Munich where he read manuscripts and raided the archive of the Thesaurus Linguae Latinae.

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wife. While Penelope is introduced to a newly arrived suitor, Antinous (Anthony Quinn), who is objectionably pushy, aggressive, and deceitful, we share Ulysses' recovery of memory. We see his rash arrogance and cleverness in the Cyclops' cave. We watch how the Cyclops gets drunk on unfermented purple grape juice produced by the company's stamping, in his own cave, on the grapes he himself has plucked, and we see how he is brutally blinded. The Sirens episode chooses to expose Ulysses' well-hidden vulnerability when the Sirens are heard calling him and lamenting (to the accentuating choral music of Alessandro Cicognini) in the voices of his wife and son. Ulysses' human weakness resurfaces once more when he is exposed to Circe's (Silvana Mangano again) charms and luxurious hospitality and seems to like both. The screenplay conflates the *Odyssey's* Circe and Calypso episodes. In order to convince him to accept her offer of immortality, Circe resorts to showing Ulysses the miserable existence of his long-gone comrades in the Otherworld, but Anticleia's shade interferes with her plans. She comes, uninvited by Circe, and tells her son to go home. Next we find Ulysses back at his *megaron* in Ithaca, disguised as a beggar meeting Penelope who bitterly laments her own lot. There is a moving scene between the hero and his aged dog Argus. In a clever maneuver, the screenwriters make Telemachus identify the beggar as his father by overhearing his warm, if sad, words to Argus, "but you recognized me, didn't you? Yes, at least that's something of a homecoming." There follows the final episode, the bending of the bow and the slaughter of the suitors.

The screenwriters focus intensely on the humanity of the hero. Although they portray him at times as reckless, disdainful, passionate, revengeful, implacable, arrogant, brutal, or inquisitive, he comes across as a very human character. They also allow him scenes and utterances where his sensibility comes out; the Homeric muse was less kind in this regard. Thus, for example, his touching reference to Telemachus as an infant sucking his thumb, smiling and sleeping; his ardent desire to join Penelope and

Telemachus when he hears the Sirens; his reunion with Argus; or his attempt to save Leiodes' life. At the very end, the film delivers to the audience a Ulysses that many readers of the *Odyssey* would like so much to have, but that the Homeric muse was less inclined to give, a hero who says he is sorry to bring so much death in his house on the day of his return.

Kirk Douglas's performance gives the ultimate quality to the movie. The scenes, whether sad, arrogant, comic, or moving, depend completely on his performance. Music and scenic backgrounds are used to a minimum in developing emotion, but Douglas manages to deliver the vitality the character of Ulysses must have in order to be cinematically convincing. We are continually surprised at what this Ulysses would say or do; never boring, never repeating himself, he is utterly unpredictable. It is not an easy task to give life to the multi-faceted and elusive ancient hero, but Kirk Douglas successfully balanced between the boundless striving for adventure and the humanity the script prescribed for him.

The dimness in which most interior scenes or those taking place at night are filmed gives the film a somewhat archaic flavor. The decor in Ithaca is a rather authentic Mycenaean. The Phaeacians are colorfully dressed as Minoans with tight-waisted pleated skirts for women and long robes for men.

This is one of the best film versions of the *Odyssey*.

Hanna M. Roisman, is a professor of Classics at Colby College. She is the author of Loyalty in Early Greek Epic and Tragedy (1984), The Odyssey Re-Formed (with Frederick Ahl) (1996), Nothing Is As It Seems: The Tragedy of the Implicit in Euripides' Hippolytus (1999), and forthcoming from the University of Oklahoma Press (with C. A. E. Luschnig) Euripides' Alcestis: A Commentary for Students. She is also the author of numerous articles on the epics of Homer and Hesiod, Greek Tragedy, and classics and cinema.

Web Site Reviews: *The DIR: An Adventure in Imperial Biography*

by Michael DiMaio

In August 1996, the Web site *De Imperatoribus Romanis: An Online Encyclopedia of Roman Emperors* (<http://www.roman-emperors.org>), based at Salve Regina University in Newport, Rhode Island, first appeared on the World Wide Web. Known as the *DIR*, its purpose is to provide basic information about Roman and Byzantine emperors and their immediate family members. The site features scholarly essays about nearly all the emperors who ruled from 31 B.C. to A.D. 741 and includes notes, bibliography, and some illustrations. Each essay can be accessed by hypertext links between essays, by links to and from chronological and alphabetical lists of emperors, and to and from familial stemmata. Additionally, material can be accessed from pull-down menus for Eastern and Western emperors and their spouses.

As the site develops, it continues to acquire new components, such as the *DIR/ORB Ancient and Medieval Atlas*. Consisting of maps of the empire from 31 B.C. to A.D. 1453, plans of both imperial capitals, maps of battle sites with descriptions of the battles, and a compendium of Latin sources never before translated into English, the *DIR/ORB* also furnishes a link to the *Virtual Catalog of Roman Coins*, an associated site at Austin College in Texas. Soon the database on Rome in fictional literature at Richard Stockton College in New Jersey will become part of the *DIR*.

Like the government of the Roman Empire itself, management of the *DIR* has two headquarters. One editorial board at the University of New England in Australia operates the Byzantine portion of the project, while the other at Western Kentucky University controls everything relating to the Western Empire.

Named one of the fifteen best free Web sites on the Internet by the *Library Journal*, the *DIR* has also received recognition from *Encyclopedia Britannica* and The History Channel. For a wealth of information on imperial biography and related topics, visit the *DIR*.

Professor Michael DiMaio teaches Latin and Philosophy at Salve Regina University in Newport, Rhode Island. He is managing editor and former chairman of the editorial board of the *DIR*. He serves on the editorial board of the Online Reference Book of Medieval Studies and has written extensively on the Neo-Flavian emperors and the Byzantine chronographer John Zonaras.

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Address for Submissions: Submissions should be sent to the address below:

Anne-Marie Lewis
Editor: *Amphora*
Program in Classical Studies,
Division of Humanities
Vanier College 262
York University
Toronto, ON M3J 1P3
CANADA

Preliminary Enquiries: amlewis@yorku.ca

American Philological Association
292 Logan Hall, University of Pennsylvania
249 S. 36th Street
Philadelphia, PA 19104-6304
E-mail: apaclassics@sas.upenn.edu
Web site: www.apaclassics.org