

AMPHORA

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REMEMBERING RHESUS

by C. W. Marshall

Euripides wrote a play called *Rhesus*, and a play called *Rhesus* is found among the extant works of Euripides. Nevertheless, scholars since antiquity have doubted whether these two plays are the same, suggesting instead that the *Rhesus* we have is not Euripidean. This question of dubious authorship has eclipsed many other potential areas of interest concerning this play and, as a result, it is too often sidelined in discussions of classical tragedy, when it is discussed at all. George Kovacs wanted to see how the play would work on stage and so offered to direct it to coincide appropriately with a conference on canonicity that I was organizing in St. John's, Newfoundland. It also presented the opportunity for me to act in an ancient play, which I had never done before. The design and stagecraft decisions were the director's. I was pleased that roles would be doubled and masks used even though the performance space was intimate – a small black-box theatre with around eighty seats. The open casting call attracted interested students as well as those with more acting experience, including several who, like me, had acted in a summer Shakespeare company.

Rhesus takes its action from the night forays related by Homer in the tenth book of the *Iliad*, itself a book of questioned authorship. The characters in the play verge on the familiar. But the play does not present the characters in their heroic molds. The paternalistic Aeneas and the single-minded Hector are developments of their Homeric selves and further serve to isolate the play's

position in the world of myth. Hector, leader of the Trojan forces, sees the opportunity for a night attack on the Greek camp but is convinced first to conduct reconnaissance (through the person of Dolon) and then to await reinforcements (in the person of Rhesus). Odysseus and Diomedes, aided by the goddess Athena, frustrate both of these enterprises so that by morning, when the attack is to begin, the Trojans are assured defeat.

For me, the most exciting part of the performance happened out of sight of the audience. Each night, the actor playing Alexandros would come backstage, removing his mask as soon as he was out of sight of the audience. It was handed to someone as he continued walking from stage right to the stage left entrance. He removed the pale shift he wore, handed it to me, and took an identically cut garment in blue-gray, the color associated with the Greeks in this production. He continued walking a few paces and, as he adjusted the chiton on his shoulders, the stage manager would strap boots onto him, and I would place the Alexandros costume on the props table and hand him the jowly, darker mask of Odysseus, which he would pull onto his face, pausing to adjust it in a full-length mirror. He would then wait – that was the delicious part, the wait – for Athena to finish her short speech (668-74) and leave the stage, whereupon, as Odysseus, he would make a hurried entrance stage left, fleeing the chorus of sentries who entered in pursuit. Over the course of the run, the wait grew to

continued on page 2

From the Editors

by Margaret A. Brucia and Anne-Marie Lewis

Welcome to the second issue of *Amphora*. We were most gratified by the response to the first issue, and we thank all those readers who wrote to share with us their enthusiasm for this new outreach initiative and to tell us how much they enjoyed the articles and reviews. *Amphora* is very much a communal project and, as we move forward into our second issue, we would like to thank those who have been so helpful to us: Adam Blistein, Executive Director of the American Philological Association (APA); Jennifer Roberts, Chair of the Outreach Committee of the APA; our anonymous readers; and Suzanne Lashner, our designer, who has made *Amphora* look so stylish and appealing. And we thank, most of all, the authors from our first two issues who have helped us make such a promising start.

We have, as you may know, named our publication after the amphora, the shipping jar that carried a variety of commodities all over the ancient world. This second issue of *Amphora* brings articles and reviews that we hope you will find both useful and delectable. Within, you will find a poem on Medusa, and articles on Athenian tragedy, Catullus, viticulture, John Updike, Greek sport, and a classics Web site. Our reviews will take you to fictional representations of two notable figures from the Roman world, Cleopatra and Catilina.

Amphora needs more of your articles and reviews. If you are interested in writing for *Amphora*, or if you have any suggestions for future articles or reviews, we would love to hear from you. There are many ways that you can share your thoughts on the study of classical antiquity with our readers: Do you have any insights

continued on page 6

INSIDE

BOOK REVIEW: "SPQR II: THE CATILINE CONSPIRACY"	3
VITICULTURE AND CLASSICAL IDEALISM	4
ONE WRITER'S CLASSICS: JOHN UPDIKE'S HARVARD	6
BOOK REVIEW: "CATILINA'S RIDDLE"	8
WATCHING MEDUSA	10
WHY GREEK SPORT HISTORY?	10

ON TRANSLATING THE POETRY OF CATULLUS	12
FILM REVIEW: "CLEOPATRA" (1963)	13
NOTABLE WEB SITE: "MAECENAS: IMAGES OF ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME"	15
GUIDELINES FOR CONTRIBUTORS	16

REMEMBERING RHESUS

continued from page 1

several seconds that, for us backstage, seemed even more protracted.

It is possible in antiquity that an actor playing Aeneas and Rhesus would also play Odysseus and Alexandros, and that he, therefore, would be responsible for the backstage technical challenge just described. There are many ways, however, that the roles in Rhesus can be divided among three actors. In our production, the roles of Aeneas and Rhesus were combined with that of the Charioteer, and I was cast in these parts. Part of what I discovered through this production was the subjective observation that changing characters was not merely a matter of changing the externals of mask, costume, and posture. For me, the masks and the language would initiate an internal process of character development. I had expected that masks would dictate a mode of delivery: That had been my experience directing others in masked productions of ancient plays. This happened, but perhaps it happened because it is what I had expected. What I had not realized was how a character's opening speech would impose on me, as an actor, aspects of a character's individuality, making me experience each character in unique ways.

My first appearance in the play came as Aeneas. Aeneas' entrance comes after he has been awakened, and he urges a measured response to Hector's impulse to act. One paradox the play presents is that all might have gone well, if only Hector had followed his convictions. It is only by allowing the Greeks time to act that Trojan defeat is assured. Despite this, Aeneas claims intellectual superiority to Hector (105-8) and so goads him into compromise. My portrayal of Aeneas developed from the mask that I wore. The masks for our play had been designed for this stage and were particularly close-fitting, with very obvious straps, as if defying the audience with their theatricality. Built on the same mold as was used for Hector, Rhesus, Dolon, and Odysseus – the look of a generic, mature male, individualized only by the way it was painted – the mask pressed close against my face, a constant reminder that I was, from the audience's perspective, someone else. It also changed other details. The narrow eyeholes removed any peripheral vision and made every step more carefully measured. I had not realized until well into the rehearsal process how little, as Aeneas, I would see Hector when I was talking to him. I found I was always

looking out, towards the audience. That was where the Achaean fire beacons were located and where Aeneas imagines the chariots would break in an ill-prepared attack.

My next character was the Thracian horseman Rhesus, who arrives with a flourish: In our production, the entry was accompanied by a fanfare from the Soviet-era Red Army Chorus. My new mask had been on for over a minute by that point and my costume changed into the gold-embossed red and leather combination that characterized the Thracians (see Fig. 1). An implausible double spear extended my reach by several feet and served as an emblem for the pomposity of the character. My opening lines as Rhesus (388-92) were a slow, haughty introduction whose syllables invited me to puff out my chest that little bit further and strut with more of a swagger. Whatever preparation I underwent backstage, it was the initial speech that established the character of Rhesus, focusing me on becoming him: It was the act of speaking the lines that facilitated the transition from one character to the next. Rhesus' assurance to Hector that "I speak directly and to the point. I am a straightforward man" (422-23) could not have sounded more hollow – or so it seemed to me, hearing Rhesus' tortured syllables echoing within the mask in a voice like my own, but not sounding quite the same. Rhesus provided counterpoint to Aeneas, and the Thracian's gung-ho attitude and arrogant sense of self-worth again make Hector pause. It is only when Hector and Rhesus find a common enemy in the person of Odysseus, about to appear in the next scene, that they can agree.

My final role was the Charioteer. The Charioteer had already been seen by the audience, a silent presence escorting Rhesus, and had been played then by an extra, as a *muta persona*. The individual playing the Charioteer in that scene even shaved his head to match my own pate so that the transition would be smoother when I assumed the role later in the play. Like Aeneas, the Charioteer has been awakened in the night, now by the marauding Greeks. Continuity is therefore established but, unlike my previous characters, the Charioteer is given voice before he enters the stage. His cries from backstage, like the opening speech of Rhesus, serve to establish the parameters of the individual. I screamed in pain, wearing the mask, from backstage. As I did so, I was also



Fig. 1. C. W. Marshall as Rhesus.
Photo by Erin Whitney.

leaving Rhesus behind, leaving him amidst the slaughter I was coming onstage to describe.

I can't tell you how much fun it was delivering the Charioteer's long speeches. The first (756-803) is descriptive, recounting the attack of the Greeks upon the Thracians. With touching concern for his horses, the Charioteer outlines his initial response and seems to blur his dreams with what he saw when newly awakened. The vision he has of two wolves attacking the camp (not a dream at all, as the audience knows, but Diomedes and Odysseus disguised in pelts) was accompanied by a gesture that had earlier been used by Rhesus indicating where he intended to attack and, before that, by Aeneas indicating where the Greek camp lay. The audience had nowhere to look but at the Charioteer, and the masks of the Chorus concentrated the focus of the whole stage on him. The Charioteer is wounded fatally, and his last act is to honor his master by remembering Rhesus to the Trojan allies and to the audience. Rhesus does not deserve such respect (not based on what the play presents, at least), but he receives it from the Charioteer. Description gives way to accusation as the Charioteer censures Hector, his social superior (833-55). The production undermined the dialectic of Greek and barbarian by placing the Thracians between the dark-skinned Greeks and pale Trojans: The ruddy complexion of the Thracians marked them clearly as belonging in neither camp, as, in effect, a third race, and anticipating the blood that would be shed. This blood was still dripping from the Charioteer's hands in the final scene.

In the intimacy of the theatre, the Charioteer's sufferings could be felt by all. Audible gasps accompanied my scream (following 798), as I collapsed to my knees. The mask magnified the labored breathing. As words returned, my head shot up at a contorted angle as I stared across the audience. As with the previous characters, I found that most of my lines were delivered to the audience as much as to any character on stage. As the Charioteer, I barely saw the Chorus of Trojan sentries upon whom I was dependent to maintain the mood of the speeches. The Charioteer dies on stage (following 876). Although Hector wants him removed (877), in this production, the appearance of the Muse, Rhesus' mother, interrupted the removal. The Charioteer's corpse therefore remained on stage after the final exit of the Chorus, a death that heralds the day of defeat awaiting the Trojans.

The opportunity to act in *Rhesus* gave me a new appreciation for what the ancient actors experienced. Certainly the decisions that were made (by the director, by the designer, and by each of the actors) were not always those made in antiquity. That is only to be expected since our production was being targeted at a different audience, with a very different understanding of myth and a different relationship to the performance space. Some features of ancient performance are worth preserving, and they clearly enhance the audience's appreciation of the stage action. In assigning many roles to one actor, the director can craft a through-line for the actors to follow, which is then available to the audience as one means of understanding the play. Previous productions of Greek drama had convinced me of the impact masks and doubling can have on an audience. Looking through the eyes of Aeneas, Rhesus, and the Charioteer, however, showed me the effect that these things have on the actor as well.

C. W. Marshall teaches in the Department of Classical, Near Eastern, and Religious Studies at the University of British Columbia. Rhesus was performed in the Basement Theatre, at the Arts and Culture Centre in St. John's, Newfoundland, October 16-19, 2001. Directed by George Adam Kovacs, with masks by Hallie Rebecca Marshall, it was produced by MASC: Modern Actors Staging Classics. James Morwood's translation of Rhesus is available in the Oxford World's Classics series. Part of this research was funded by the Social Science and Humanities Research Council of Canada (SSHRC).

Book Review: *SPQR II: The Catiline Conspiracy*

by Martha Malamud

John Maddox Roberts. *SPQR II: The Catiline Conspiracy*. Thomas Dunne Books, an imprint of St. Martin's Minotaur (212-674-5151), 1991. Pp. 278. Paper \$13.95. ISBN 0-312-27706-7.

John Maddox Roberts has written "numerous works of science fiction," according to the copy on the back cover of the paperback edition of *The Catiline Conspiracy*. Perhaps his best known works to date are his contributions to the popular series of novels featuring everyone's favorite barbarian, Conan, including *Conan the Rogue*, *Conan and the Manhunters*, *Conan and the Amazon*, *Conan the Bold*, *Conan and the Treasury of Python*, and *Conan the Marauder*. His works range from science fiction to historical fiction to fantasy: He is a prime example of a man unchecked by writer's block. A competent writer of dialogue (when he doesn't use it as a vehicle for indigestible bits of historical information), he has done a fair amount of historical homework (though his Latin, sprinkled irritatingly about, needs a proofreader). Still, reading this book was like reading a "series" novel like *Cherry Ames*, *Student Nurse*. While not unpleasant, the experience is not memorable.

Roberts begins this installment in his detective series with the line, "That summer we received the news that Mithridates was dead . . . He was the most consistent of enemies and we would miss him." Roberts is working with the familiar theme of the great empire, destined to rule others, corrupted from within. His Rome is superior to all its rivals and fit to rule:

Who was left to threaten Rome? . . . The East, from Cilicia to Palestine, was under the Roman heel, only remote Parthia remaining independent. To the south, Egypt was a joke, fat and indolent as an overfed crocodile. Africa and Numidia were muzzled . . . To the north were some Gallic tribes that had not yet been civilized, wearing long hair and trousers and providing the comic playwrights with good material for laughs. The answer, of course, was that we Romans would ourselves provide the enemy. (2)

The notion that without a strong foreign enemy, Rome is in danger of rot from within was widespread in the Roman period (we may note that this idea had particular resonance in the post-cold-war period of the early 1990's when this book was published). The book is set in the tumultuous days of the late Roman Republic. The Catilinarian conspiracy that forms the focus of the novel is seen as the turning point in Roman history; the moral of the story, for the Romans and for Roberts, is that the defeat of a foreign threat led to disaster for the body politic.

But the portentous beginning and the occasional reminders of the disasters awaiting Rome impinge little on the story itself, which is pure pulp fiction, of the historical detective variety. The detective plot of the novel features the multiple murders of respectable members of the banking class, highlighting the class conflict and political chaos of the late days of the Roman Republic. A rather improbable hybrid of the well-connected aristocratic hero of the British detective novel and the *noir* private eye, Decius Caecilius Metellus the Younger is our man on the street: a young quaestor on the make (in more ways than one), possessed of a variety of relatives who come into the plot (a device also used, though to better effect, by Lindsey Davis in her series of detective novels featuring Marcus Didius Falco). The relatives range from his stern father to his cousin Caecilia, whom he encounters early on in the book as she kicks her pretty feet in the water of a swimming pool and says (in the sort of turgidly informative dialogue that dooms so many historical novels), "Don't be silly. I was married off because our family and the Crassi wanted to mend fences after being at odds for so long and with Pompey coming back soon. I am just a knucklebone on the great game board of politics" (26).

A sudden rash of murders of men of the equestrian class attracts the attention of our hero, whose quaestorship leaves him underemployed:

Over the next week, there were four more murders. All of the victims were

VITICULTURE AND CLASSICAL IDEALISM

by Victor Davis Hanson

The distinctive resinated flavors of many present-day Greek wines are an acquired taste and may date back to antiquity when herbal, spice, and resin preservatives were first used to maintain wine quality during storage and transport. But the taste of retsina is only one aspect of the history of viticulture in ancient Greece. This history of grape production is one worth charting because it illuminates both agricultural practice and cultural ideology in the ancient Greek world.

Vinifera grapes (*vitis vinifera sativa*) were known to the Mycenaean Greeks. The mythological account of Dionysus' importation of the vine from Asia Minor, made famous in Euripides' *Bacchae*, perhaps corroborates the evidence for wine that appears on the Linear B tablets. The remains of storage vessels also indicate that, by the second millennium B.C., grape growing was firmly entrenched on the Greek mainland under the auspices of the palaces. Yet it was mostly with the rise of the *polis* (the Greek city-state) between the years 800 and 300 B.C. that species of superior domesticated cultivars, which produce larger and better quality fruits, became truly ubiquitous. With new ideas of private property, constitutional protections, and a growing anti-aristocratic ethos, the *mesoi*, or "middle ones," and *georgoi*, or "farmers," of classical Greece discovered how to graft more productive scions onto wild rootstocks and thus planted vineyards everywhere from the Black Sea to Crete, and from southern Italy to northern Asia Minor. The wide variety of soil and weather conditions in Greece and Italy allowed for regional specialization; the Aegean islands, the bay of Naples, and Rhodes earned, as they do today, a Mediterranean-wide reputation for premium vintages. Grapes, along with olives and grains, also became embedded in Greek cultural life as part of the so-called great triad of Hellenic agronomy, an agricultural diversity that helped to make the ancient rural household self-sufficient and the city-state prosperous.

The Greeks of the *polis* had quickly learned that grapes were uniquely adapted to all sorts of difficult terrain. Vines produced well on poor soils, without much irrigation, and were resistant to extremities of temperature and humidity. Mature vineyards, along with grain and olives, gave autonomy to the

farmer by providing in-season fresh fruit and juices, storable raisins, and non-perishable wine. That versatility of the grape prompted the seventh-century poet Alcaeus to advise, "Plant no other tree before the vine" (fr. 342). The key problem with viticulture was (and still is) one of achieving balance. Increased harvests lowered fruit quality: The farmer who produced a heavy crop was likely to find it sour or with an improper ratio of sugars to acids. And although heavy pruning and thinning could produce good grapes, it was often at the cost of having such a small harvest as to bankrupt the grower. The farmer had to find water to keep the vines alive but not over-irrigate and thus ruin quality. He had to plant in soils that were rich enough to support plentiful clusters but not too high in nitrogen to promote rank growth. This constant need for moderation and balance became the creed of the farmer and permeated the mind of the ancient viticulturalist.

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investment.*

The Greeks translated their first-hand experience of grape-growing into a more abstract and theoretical knowledge of the proper combination of climate, soil, and vine species necessary to produce premium grapes. They did not know about microbes and viruses but, through long observation and careful collation of empirical observation, they managed to treat crippling vineyard diseases and combat pests. Their treatises, such as that by Theophrastus on establishing the vineyard and the later derivative Latin works by Cato the Elder, Columella, and Varro, attest to the Greek mastery of viticulture, from vine trellising, fertilization, pruning, and pest management to the intricacies of wine pressing and processing. Such a level of

expertise was not surpassed until the nineteenth century with the rise of bacteriology, soil chemistry, and plant biology. In short, ancient Greek viticulture was little different from the farming protocols – animal-drawn implements, cast-iron tools, and the use of copper, sulfur, and lime – that my own grandfather followed on our present-day California farm in the early twentieth century.

Grapes were pressed into wine, in the same manner as wheat was threshed and milled into flour, and olives were pressed into oil, usually on the farm during the classical period. Processing ensured that the small growers were not only food producers in the *polis* but also purveyors of finished, rather than raw, products in the city proper. It is rare in history when agriculturalists have some say in how their harvests are sold; thus, the nature of the finished produce from the Greek triad and the prominence of the farmer in the military and economic life of the *polis* perhaps explain much of the stability and prosperity of the ancient Greek countryside itself. Rooted to his vineyard and orchard, with title to his land, the ancient Greek viticulturalist was ready as a hoplite to serve in the *polis* militia to protect his investment. With his daily life cycle governed by the weather, the seasons, and the religious calendar, he was independent and autonomous, and so perfect fodder for consensual government.

The Greeks of the *polis* saw viticulture as emblematic of classical culture at large. The stable populations, local councils, sturdy yeomen, and fiercely independent rural communities of classical culture were the natural dividends of the time, patience, expertise, and investment necessary to grow good grapes. Vine-growers are idealized as dependable, though crusty, sorts in comedies such as Aristophanes' *Acharnians* and Menander's *Dyskolos*. The livelihood of seaside communities that specialized in export might depend on the success of the autumn vintage, which was a paramount factor in state policy. The small northeast Greek city-state of Akanthos sued for peace when its grape harvests were threatened by Brasidas and his Spartan invaders (Thucydides, *History of the Peloponnesian War* 4.84.1-2). Similarly, Aristophanes (*Acharnians* 512) writes that Acharnian viticulturalists outside Athens were especially critical of Athenian leaders once their vineyards

were left unprotected before the annual Spartan invasions of Attica in 431-25 B.C. Quite simply, as Homer noted about the Cyclopes (*Odyssey* 9.133), the Greeks believed that foreigners who did not cultivate grapes were barbarians, that is, tribal and nomadic folk who did not possess the political machinery or long-acquired expertise to ensure a stable climate for viticulturalists.

In Hellenistic and Roman times (323 B.C.-A.D. 500), agriculture in the Greek world, in general, and viticulture, in particular, became increasingly divorced from the classical ideal of agrarianism and civic virtue. Viticulture evolved into a more efficient cash enterprise through which large absentee estate holders, by the use of slave gangs and skilled overseers, grew grapes aimed at particular specialized wine markets, often at great distances and throughout the Mediterranean. Athenaeus, writing around A.D. 200, for example, provides a comprehensive catalog of choice regional wines that attests to the sophisticated commercial nature of Greek viticulture in Roman times. Yet even as exports grew, viticulture ceased to be part of a vibrant Greek countryside, which for the most part suffered continual depopulation due to emigration, banditry, and oppressive taxation. The second-century A.D. Marathon estates of Herodes Atticus produced fine wines in abundance. But such *latifundia* left the countryside a different sort of place from that landscape once inhabited by the thousand or so rugged yeomen of classical times.

Victor Davis Hanson is a professor of classics at California State University at Fresno, and the author of several books on ancient, military, and agrarian history and culture, mostly recently Carnage and Culture (2001) and An Autumn of War (2002). He is currently visiting Shifrin Professor of Military History at the United States Naval Academy for the 2002-3 academic year.

Book Review: *SPQR II: The Catiline Conspiracy*

continued from page 3

equites. Even for Rome, this was something unusual and the city was abuzz. One was bludgeoned, one had his throat cut, one was stabbed, and the fourth was found floating in the Tiber, drowned. This last may have been accidental, but after five clear murders, nobody was ready to believe that. (105)

John Maddox Roberts knows what sells paperbacks, and that is a succession of typical genre scenes. As the mechanics of the plot proceed, we see our hero in a number of "Roman" settings: at a triumph, at private dinner parties, in the twisted back-streets of Rome, at the Circus, in the Senate, on the battlefield. Roberts combines judiciously administered violence, sex without guilt or consequences, and the requisite lashings of typical Roman excess in diet and behavior:

The first platter set before me and the diners near me, for instance, consisted of hard-boiled and baked eggs of many species of birds in a framework of pastry, ascending tier upon tier, forming a model of the great Pharos lighthouse at Alexandria. Perfumed oil burned in a bowl at its crest . . . A trireme sailed by rowed by roast suckling pigs, which slaves dressed as sailors transferred to the table. Roast fowl were brought, with their feathers replaced so that they appeared to be alive, but they had been cunningly joined to the bodies and tails of mullets, so that they looked like mythical, hybrid sea creatures. (21)

In addition to his attention to food, Decius reveals an interest in Roman attire, together with a willingness not to be ageist in his appreciation of feminine charms, as this bit of dialogue demonstrates:

I thought that it was Aurelia whom I saw coming to greet me, but I was mistaken. The woman crossing the atrium was her mother, Orestilla. She was still a great beauty, and with none of Aurelia's abstracted air.
"Mother looks wonderful in hers, don't you think?"
"Yes, but not as stunning as you." I was enjoying this.
"That's because she hasn't yet realized the possibilities of the material."
She smoothed the silk downward, drawing it taut. "For instance, she's wearing a *strophium* and a *subligaculum* under

hers. Well, I suppose when I'm her age I'll need a *strophium* too, but what's wonderful about a pure silk *stola* is that it combines the advantages of being decently clad with those of being naked." (134-35)

Women characters are treated perfunctorily. Aurelia, the main female character and the step-daughter of the villain, Catilina (Roberts keeps the Roman spelling of proper names), is notable for her breasts, one of which is described at one point as "prodigious," and little else. Her main function in the plot is to play the shady lady of the *noir* detective story; while our hero is seduced by her charms, he also discovers that she is implicated in the murders. Here we see her as the incarnation of femininity:

I had seen the little statues that the Red Sea sailors bring back from India. These depict the handmaidens of the gods, called *yakshi*. They have huge hemispherical breasts that have no sag like mortal flesh, and waists small enough to span with both hands. Their hips and buttocks are likewise round and everything about them is a supernatural exaggeration of the feminine, yet they are as graceful as gazelles. They are more sensuous than the attendants of Venus and I had always regarded them as mythical, yet now I saw a living *yakshi* before me. (188)

When not distracted by beautiful young aristocratic women with large breasts barely covered by sheer imported fabric, Decius is a stalwart Roman doing his best to uphold the *mos maiorum*, the way of the ancestors. He takes on the assignment of penetrating the Catilinarian conspiracy and discovers a bizarre connection between the conspiracy and the murdered bankers. As the book reaches its climax, he participates in the ritual contest and sacrifice of the October Horse, involving a bloody and violent race with the severed head of the sacrificed horse (another set piece, with little connection to the plot). The decapitation of the horse provides Decius with a rare moment for contemplation:

But, then if there is no sadness, of what value is the sacrifice? How could the god take pleasure in an offering for which the

continued on page 7

From the Editors

continued from page 1

on the future of classics in this technological world? Is there an ancient author, work of classical scholarship, or archaeological site that you'd like to draw to our readers' attention? Have you been significantly moved or influenced at some point by your study of classical antiquity? Are you working on a project where classics intersects with another discipline? What, in your opinion, are the most important unresolved questions in the study of classical antiquity? If these questions inspire you (or if you have any other topics that you'd like to pursue), we would like to share your insights and thoughts with the readers of *Amphora*.

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 teaches in the Program in Classical Studies at York University in Toronto, Ontario. 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.



Fig. 2. From Inside the Athenian Treasury. Delphi. Photographed by Leo C. Curran in 1957. Photo available at <http://wings.buffalo.edu/AandL/Maecenas/greece/delphi/ac570021.html>

ONE WRITER'S CLASSICS: JOHN UPDIKE'S HARVARD

by Ward W. Briggs, Jr.

What follows is an account of the Harvard Classics Department during John Updike's student days (1950-54). In an era when classics fears marginalization, it might be well to look back at a department and time when classics attracted the cream of the undergraduate population and boasted a number of high-powered scholars who were also gifted and dedicated teachers. One famous English major, who mentions taking only one Latin class, has captured not only some of these people and their subjects, but has caught the flavor of that era. Updike appears not to have been close to any of the classics professors or maintained friendships with the classics students he came into contact with. Nevertheless, his sympathy with the classical world and its presence in some of his major works seems to be an outgrowth of the eminent role classics played in the humanities curriculum in the 1950's.

Updike's class of 1954 yielded a remarkable number of notable classicists: two presidents of the APA (Michael Putnam and Kenneth Reckford), two Goodwin Award Winners (Putnam and Calvert Watkins), and one Humboldt Prize winner (William M. Calder III). Thomas Cole, Steele Commager, James Coulter, Robert Goar, David Pingree, and Froma Zeitlin (Radcliffe) fill out the list. They came from varied backgrounds, but several were children of privilege, quite the opposite of Updike, who commented that "[t]he private-school boys, launched by little Harvards like Exeter and Groton, tend to glide through this [freshman] year and to run aground later on strange reefs, foundering in alcohol, or sinking into a dandified apathy."

Classicists were among the leading students at the university. Indeed, among the eight members of the class of 1954 who enjoyed the rare and honored privilege of being inducted into Phi Beta Kappa in their junior year, along with Updike, were four classics majors: Cole, Commager, Reckford, and Watkins. The success of these classics students is due in no small part to their native ability and secondary-school training, but a significant factor was the presence of some extraordinarily gifted teachers of undergraduates in the Harvard department.

John Huston Finley, Jr. (1904-95), son of an associate editor of *The New York Times*, was the incumbent Eliot Professor of Greek. He was a principal author in 1945 of "General Education in a Free Society," known popularly as the "Harvard Red Book," Harvard's plan to meet the educational needs of students in the post-World-War-II years. With one of Updike's favorite teachers, Harry Levin (1912-94), Finley developed the model course of the new General Education Program, Humanities 2, which made clear to generations of Harvard students the centrality of Greek literature in the educated life. Students were here introduced to the growth of the epic from Homer through Vergil, Dante, and Milton. Part of Finley's legend was to address his class (frequently over 1,000) with the help of a single index card. The legacy of his teaching outshines his two major publications, *Thucydides* (1942) and *Pindar and Aeschylus* (1952). In addition, he was master of Eliot House, a home for Exeter grads like Reckford, who says of him, "John Finley was an enormously generous and devoted housemaster as well as a brilliant and charismatic teacher. He could transform a student's life with one or two sentences of simple but profound advice." Finley is likely the model for Updike's "Professor Varder" in "Humanities Course," which appears in *The Carpentered Hen* (though his name echoes that of Thornton Wilder, the Norton Visiting Professor, who taught the second half of Humanities 2 in the spring of 1951). The first stanza reads:

Professor Varder handles Dante
With wry respect; while one
can see

It's all a lie, one must admit
The "beauty" of the
"imagery."

Until he married at the end of his junior year, Updike lived in Lowell House, where John Petersen Elder (1913-85) was resident tutor in classics, later non-resident tutor and associate. He was chairman of the department during Updike's Harvard years and taught Catullus and Horace (1950-51), Lucretius (1952-53), and History of Latin Literature in the Roman Empire (spring 1953). Kenneth Reckford calls

his Catullus and Horace “the magical course that converted many of us to the continuing study of classics.” In the words of his doctoral student, Michael Putnam, Elder was “one of the most talented teachers of Latin poetry in the group of outstanding critics of classical literature to emerge in North America after the Second World War.”

Vergil’s *Eclogues* and *Georgics* were taught by the Plato scholar William Chase Greene (1890-1978), the first American to win the Newdigate Prize at Oxford during his Rhodes Scholarship. Although Updike did not take this course, he did publish “Publius Vergilius Maro, The Madison Avenue Hack” in *The Carpentered Hen*:

It takes a heap o’ pluggin’t’ make a
classic sell,
Fer folks are mighty up-to-date, an’
jittery as hell;
They got no yen to set aroun’ with
Vergil in their laps
When they kin read the latest news in
twenty-four-point-caps.

This poem referred to the recent advertisement by the Heritage Club of a deluxe edition of the *Georgics* with these words: “The people were mighty hungry, for there was a famine in the land.”

The other Rhodes Scholar was Mason Hammond (1903-2002), descended from a Mayflower family and a classmate of Finley and Dow in the legendary Harvard Class of 1925. Hammond was one of the few Americans to take a first in Greats at Oxford (1927). He returned as Pope Professor of Latin Language and Literature (1928-73) and published *The Augustan Principate* in 1933. Although he attracted some notable graduate students (chiefly Ramsay MacMullen), he was not known for his teaching of undergraduates.

In some years, undergraduates taking beginning Greek would have encountered the crusty epigraphist/archaeologist Sterling Dow (1903-95). He cultivated undergraduates and graduates for whom the subjective generalizations of Finley and the literary appreciations of Elder and Cedric Whitman (1916-79) held less appeal. Whitman, the author of *Homer and the Heroic Tradition* (1958) and influential studies of Sophocles and Aristophanes, offered Homer to advanced Greek students. In the fall of 1950, Robert A. Brooks (1920-76) offered Sallust and Tacitus, concluding his short career at Harvard in the next term with a graduate course in Roman satire.

continued on page 8

Book Review: *SPQR II: The Catiline Conspiracy*

continued from page 5

givers felt only indifference? I never saw much point in sacrificing pigeons and other such inferior victims, but the sacrifice of the October Horse has always marked for me one of the noblest links between the Roman people and their gods. And why should an old racehorse want to grow old and feeble? Better to perish this way, and then join the herd of the gods. Woe to the people when we forget these duties owed to the gods. (154)

Though this is clearly meant to reflect Roman religious feeling, it sounds more like the sort of paganism found in the *Conan* series. Romans seldom, as far as I know, reflected upon the sadness of sacrifice, or imagined the victims joining the herd of the gods.

The ending of the novel is flat and leaves some loose ends dangling. As Decius uncovers more about the conspiracy and reports back to Cicero, events unravel at Rome, and Catilina flees the city. One loose end is the abrupt disappearance of Aurelia from the story. In the penultimate chapter, Decius bids farewell to her (evinced little intelligence in her earlier appearances, she seems idiotically unconcerned by Catilina’s exile), and then ponders her fate:

Despondently, I turned and walked toward the Forum. I knew that I would never see her again, unless she were hauled back to Rome in chains, for execution. I prayed that she, at least, would get out of this alive. I had ceased to care about her guilt. I no longer saw innocence anywhere I looked. (245)

Does she survive, or doesn’t she? The reader never finds out, at least not in this installment of the series. Roberts moves right on to the final battle and never picks up this thread of the plot. Similarly, the narrator’s asides early on in the book suggest that Julius Caesar will play a major role in the novel but, although he does appear, he is by no means central. Indeed, as if noticing the same thing, the narrator leaves open the question of the nature of his involvement in the Catilinarian conspiracy: “Was Caesar involved? He was certainly capable of it, but I do not think his defense of the conspirators was evidence” (245). More, much more, of Caesar will be seen later in the series, but his presence in this novel is unsatisfying.

In short, this is a competent piece of generic historical fiction with a reasonably entertaining hero and a readable style – it will get you through a couple of hours at the airport. However, it lacks depth and, despite the Roman props (the *strophia* and *subligacula*, the October Horse, and the trireme made of suckling pigs), it doesn’t feel particularly Roman. Students may find it useful in helping them to make sense of the events and characters of the Catilinarian conspiracy, but it provides less of an introduction to Roman history and culture than the works of Colleen McCullough, Steven Saylor, and Lindsey Davis, or the startlingly beautiful novel by Jane Alison, *The Love Artist*.

Martha Malamud teaches in the Classics Department at the State University of New York at Buffalo and is the editor of the journal *Arethusa*.

Amphora (ISSN 1542-2380) 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.

All of the APA’s programs are grounded in the rigor and high standards of traditional philology, with the study of ancient Greek and Latin at their core. However, we also aim to present a broad view of classical culture and the ancient Mediterranean world to a wide audience. In short, we seek to preserve and transmit the wisdom and values of classical culture and to find new meanings appropriate to the complex and uncertain world of the twenty-first century.

The APA’s activities serve one or more of these overarching goals:

- To ensure an adequate number of well-trained, inspirational classics teachers at all levels, kindergarten through graduate school;
- To give classics scholars and teachers the tools they need to preserve and extend our knowledge of classical civilization and to communicate that knowledge as widely as possible;
- To develop the necessary infrastructure to achieve these goals and to make the APA a model for other societies confronting similar challenges.

The APA welcomes everyone who shares this vision to participate in and support its programs. For further information, please write to the American Philological Association at 292 Logan Hall, University of Pennsylvania, 249 S. 36th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19104-6304, or at the e-mail address: apaclassics@sas.upenn.edu. The APA Web site is at www.apaclassics.org.

ONE WRITER'S CLASSICS continued from page 7

An English major, Updike names only one classicist from whom he took a course, Eric A. Havelock (1903-88), an English leftist who had written cogently on Catullus. In "Apologies to Harvard *The Phi Beta Kappa Poem, 1973*," Updike mentions "crossing [the Yard] to Latin / Under Cerberean Dr. Havelock / in Sever 2." This was presumably Latin 1. At this time, Havelock's important work on Plato was yet to come. Havelock, his student Tom Cole recalled, tried and failed as chairman both at Harvard and Yale "to restore to a broadened and modernized classics curriculum something like the central role in humanistic studies which the discipline had traditionally enjoyed."

Updike brought with him an interest in myth and religion of the sort treated by Arthur Darby Nock (1902-63), the Frothingham Professor of the History of Religion in the Harvard Divinity School. Updike's light poem "Comp. Religion" in his *Telephone Poles* (1963), describes the universal condition of man that gives rise to religion. "It all begins with fear of *mana*. / Next there comes the love of tribe," concluding in the fourth stanza:

This worshipped One grows so
enlightened,
Vast, and high He, in a blur,
Explodes; and men are left as
frightened
Of *mana* as they ever were.

Updike's Harvard career began with what he called "the compression bends of the freshman year." The triggering incident may have been his first encounter with his freshman roommate Edward Allen ("E. A.") French, a classics major (now a minister in Stellenbosch, South Africa). French was a unique spirit, who, with his friend Calder (both in Finley's Eliot House), became a devotee of Werner Jaeger (1888-1961), walking him to and fro on errands around campus and in town, and having lunch with him. French forms the basis of one of Updike's two Harvard short stories, "The Christian Roommates." In the story, Orson Ziegler, with his life meticulously planned, comes to Harvard from South Dakota and is roomed with Henry Palamountain, who had hitchhiked from Oregon and was in search of God. (Joseph Cornwall Palamountain, Jr. [1920-87] was the senior tutor at Adams House, who later became a professor of

government at Wesleyan College and then president of Skidmore College.) Henry, called "Hub," describes his two-year employment cleaning the glue out of plywood-gluing machines. He says:

"It's very soothing work. The inside of a gluer is an excellent place for revolving Greek quotations in your head. I memorized nearly the whole of the *Phaedo* that way." He gestured toward his desk, and Orson saw that many of Henry's books were green Loeb editions of Plato and Aristotle, in Greek. Their spines were worn; they looked read and reread. For the first time, the thought of being at Harvard frightened him.

The books turn out to be worn because they were bought secondhand.

When Orson asks Hub why he came to Harvard, he replies, "Two reasons, Raphael Demos and Werner Jaeger." Demos (1892-1968), Alford Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity, was a Greek who had come to Harvard in 1913, where he washed dishes and may have been the only janitor of the *Lampoon* building to become a chaired professor. He occupied a magnificent study in Adams House, where Putnam resided. He edited two books of Plato's writings and published *The Philosophy of Plato* in 1939. He was devoted to undergraduate teaching and seemed, to many, the embodiment of Socratic reason and wit.

Jaeger, described by his student Louis Feldman as "the most influential classical scholar in Germany during the period between the world wars and in America thereafter," had come from Berlin, where he was a student of practically every great German classicist of the time, most importantly Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff (1848-1931). The author of important studies of the growth of Aristotle's thought, and the history of Greek culture, and an editor of the works of Gregory of Nyssa, Jaeger taught Aeschylus and Demosthenes, and a survey for undergraduates, *Greek Tragedy* (1952-53).

French and Updike parted ways after their freshman year, although Updike sometimes came for meals to Eliot House. Harvard had begun a certain process of refining the boy from a Pennsylvania farm, a process he described in "Apologies to Harvard" as to "chew / And chew and chew for one quadrenni-

Book Review: *Catilina's Riddle*

by John T. Ramsey

Steven W. Saylor. *Catilina's Riddle*. St. Martin's Press (1-888-330-8477), 1993. Pp. 480. Paper \$6.99. ISBN 0-312-98211-9; or Ivy Books (1-800-733-3000), a Division of Ballantine Books, 1993. Pp. 480. Paper \$6.50. ISBN 0-8041-1269-X.

In *Catilina's Riddle* (1993), Steven Saylor presents the further adventures of his fictional detective Gordianus, who was introduced in *Roman Blood* (1991) and given an encore in *The Arms of Nemesis* (1992), two historical novels, like the present one, set in the age of Cicero and Caesar. In his 1993 novel, Saylor sends Gordianus into an early retirement in the Etruscan countryside. When the story opens, it is June 1, 63 B.C. Gordianus, his wife Bethesda (a former slave, partly of Jewish ancestry, purchased from Alexandria), his sixteen-year-old adopted son Meto (also a former slave), and his six-year-old daughter Diana are living on a farm approximately half a day's ride north of Rome on the Cassian Way. Lucius Claudius, a grateful patrician client, willed this farm to Gordianus and, thanks to Cicero's adroit management of the case on behalf of Gordianus, the attempt of the Claudian family to contest the will was unsuccessful. Gordianus' property in Etruria is surrounded on all four sides by Claudian estates, and all of these Claudian cousins have made it very plain that they resent their new neighbor – all, that is, except for the lone female, Claudia. She is an independent matron, ahead of her time in maintaining control over her own affairs and property without the oversight of a male guardian. She, at least, is on speaking terms with the hero Gordianus, and she even shows him some neighborly good will. Through her, there is some hope that a peaceful coexistence of sorts can be worked out with Manius Claudius to the north, Publius Claudius to the west (where already a dispute has arisen over water rights to the stream that divides the properties), and Gnaeus Claudius in the hills to the east across the Cassian Way.

The forty-seven-year-old Gordianus had welcomed his bequest from Lucius Claudius as providing an unexpected opportunity to join the landed gentry and escape from the

continued on page 14

dangers and intrigue of the capital, which he had come to loathe. He has retired from his former profession of “Finder” and left the assisting of advocates as a private investigator in the capable hands of his elder adopted son Eco, now twenty-seven and happily married in Rome. It takes Saylor only a few pages to plunge the reader into this exciting period of Roman history: The orator Cicero is consul; the patrician Lucius Sergius Catilina, Cicero’s former rival for the consulship, is campaigning aggressively to win the office for the following year (62 B.C.); and there is talk of armed revolution being inevitable, whether or not Catilina is successful at the polls. Gordianus had hoped to distance himself from such concerns, but his old employer Cicero refuses to allow him to enjoy his retirement undisturbed. By page 22, the dashing young Marcus Caelius, a protégé of Cicero and Marcus Crassus, pays Gordianus a visit. He conveys a confidential and urgent request straight from Cicero (at least so he claims). To Gordianus’ astonishment, he is asked to play host to Catilina whenever Catilina makes his frequent journeys to the north of Etruria where his follower Gaius Manlius is raising a rag-tag army. Gordianus naturally distrusts Caelius, a professed double agent who explains that he is pretending to be a follower of the revolutionary Catilina while secretly working for Cicero. All of Gordianus’ protests and resistance, however, are in vain. Gordianus’ little daughter Diana makes the shocking discovery of a headless corpse in the stable soon after Caelius’ departure and, as a consequence, Gordianus reluctantly decides that it is best to yield to the request made of him. He cannot help but recall Caelius’ words about a riddle that Catilina had posed to his followers on the night of their blood oath: “I see two bodies. One is thin and wasted, but it has a great head. The other body is big and strong – but it has no head at all!”

In this novel, Saylor has given the modern reader a magnificent shortcut for sampling Roman culture, doing for Republican Rome what Robert Graves did for the early Roman Empire in his two novels, *I, Claudius* (1934) and *Claudius the God* (1935). Soon the reader is in the presence of Catilina and encountering such major Roman figures as Marcus Crassus and Julius Caesar. Saylor has a real gift for capturing the fla-

vor of what it must have been like to live in that tumultuous period. He demonstrates a thorough mastery of the ancient sources, and he uses his creative imagination to fill in the gaps with the most plausible fiction. Everything from the Roman calendar to Roman elections, Roman topography, and Roman family life is presented so vividly, so naturally, and (what is especially appreciated) so accurately that this novel makes an excellent companion piece to a Latin course on either Sallust’s *Bellum Catilinae* or Cicero’s Catilinarian orations. It can also be read as part of a general course on Roman culture. I have used *Catilina’s Riddle* with great success in both types of courses at the University of Illinois at Chicago: in the fall of 1998 in an upper-level Latin class, and in the fall of 1999 in a general course aimed at first-semester college students who had no particular background or previous interest in Roman culture but simply wanted to sample the field.

The historical slips are generally so infrequent and relatively minor as scarcely to matter. For instance, the thirty-three-year-old Marcus Valerius Messalla Rufus could hardly have been a candidate for the praetorship (172-73) since the minimum age requirement for that office was thirty-nine. Also, politicians were not at liberty to give speeches wherever a crowd gathered (195). The Romans had no right of assembly, and crowds were tightly controlled by the magistrates, who alone could call a public meeting or assembly. To take one final not so minor example, Saylor twice (371, 377) gives the false impression that the new statue of Jupiter that Cicero had caused to be erected on December 3, 63 B.C., the very day on which Catilina’s accomplices were arraigned before the Senate (Cicero, *Third Speech against Catilina* 20-21), stood “beside” the Temple of Concord, at the foot of the Capitoline Hill. This cannot be, because we are informed by Cicero himself in *De Divinatione* 2.46 that this new statue of Jupiter was erected on the *summit* of the Capitoline. Saylor, however, is well aware of many details connected with the statue – how it was given a new orientation so that it looked out over the Forum and the Temple of Concord below and how Cicero caused the erection of this statue to coincide with the revelation of the conspiracy. Saylor nicely

conveys all these points as part of a speech put into the mouth of Cicero (377).

The book includes three maps/plans (of the fictional estates in Etruria, the city of Rome, and most of Italy) and is equipped with a helpful one-page *Nomenclatura* that explains succinctly the spelling of proper names and the system for reckoning days of the month in the Roman calendar. The work is divided into four parts: It begins with the scene on the farm, then moves to Rome for Meto’s “coming of age” ceremony, then shifts back to the farm, and finally alternates between Rome, the farm, and the northern front where the hero and his family become swept into Catilina’s army and the final battle. What is particularly admirable about Saylor’s treatment of Catilina is the deft way he captures what must have been a powerful force of charisma emanating from Catilina and yet does not lose sight of the fact that Catilina was himself an enigma. Saylor makes his position clear on this issue in an “Author’s Note” at the end of the novel (461-63).

I have sampled three other Gordianus novels in addition to this one: *The Arms of Nemesis* (1992), which is set the shadow of the slave revolt led by Spartacus in 71 B.C.; *The Venus Throw* (1996), which revolves around the trial of Caelius in 56 B.C. and his intrigues with Clodia; and *A Murder on the Appian Way* (1997), which is set in 52 B.C., after the murder of Publius Clodius. I have enjoyed them all but have to confess that *Catilina’s Riddle* remains my favorite.

John T. Ramsey (Ph.D. 1975, Harvard University) has been on the faculty at the University of Illinois at Chicago since 1975 and is currently Professor and Chair of the Department of Classics and Mediterranean Studies. He is the author of a commentary on Sallust’s *Bellum Catilinae* (1984) and co-author (with E. J. Barnes) of the *Cicero and Sallust reader in the Ecce Romani series*. In collaboration with A. Lewis Licht of the Physics Department at the University of Illinois at Chicago, he wrote *The Comet of 44 B.C. and Caesar’s Funeral Games* (1997), and his commentary on Cicero’s first and second Philippics will be published in 2003 by Cambridge University Press in the Greek and Latin Classics series. Professor Ramsey can be contacted by e-mail at j-ramsey@uic.edu.

Watching Medusa

by Lois V. Hinckley

No one ever looked on her unchanged.

She had snakes for hair, a permanent
and ever-changing wave that curled and
straightened
at its own many-headed will.
When the male hero saw her, he
was turned to stone
forever hard – forever impotent.

She was a moment of Eternity:
a door that only had – poor fools! –
a one-way swing.
And she dwelt there in marbled halls,
crowded with statues
(only the best quality stone, as befits the sea
god’s lover)
of mortal men in various poses of entry and
challenge.
No female statues.
No.
On women, you, Medusa, caused
quite different changes.

They would enter
pale and stiffly hesitant,
from years of pedestals,
uncertain how to take this trip – their own,
their first –
unfamiliar with the movements of choice,
after years of being kept on shelves
or moved around the marriage board
– these possible queens –
like pawns one trades for castles or for
knights.

But here

they groped,
uncertain how they came
or why.
Slowly their eyes would lift, their gaze
askance,
heads tilted like a question mark.
You’d stand there patiently.
At last, their eyes met yours.
Then
came the change.

continued on page 11

WHY GREEK SPORT HISTORY?

by Donald G. Kyle

After two decades, I am no longer apologetic about studying Greek sport, but I remain conscious of the need to explain why and how I do so. Therefore, I welcomed *Amphora*’s timely invitation to publish this piece between the 2002 Winter Olympics and World Cup and the upcoming 2004 Summer Olympics to be held in Athens.

“You study what? Why?” Perhaps my passions as a young man for sport and for antiquity compelled me to study ancient sport. Perhaps, as Polybius said of the value of experience for historians (*Histories* 12.25g), it was useful that I played sports, enthusiastically if not that successfully. My games certainly taught me things about myself, about life, and about human nature. In graduate school, I asked my learned and wise advisor, Dan Geagan, if a historical study of sport in Athens might make a dissertation, and he replied that “Good history is good history – whatever the subject.” And so it began. Perhaps by now I should have moved on, as one scholar suggested, to “serious” topics, or perhaps I remain convinced of how serious, sometimes deadly serious, games were to the ancients. As my Austrian friend Ingomar Weiler has said, “we are simply ancient historians who happen to study sport.”

Few customs were as essential to Greek ethnicity, and to the emergence and exportation of Greek culture, as Greek athletics. Can we understand Canadians without hockey, Americans without baseball, Europeans without soccer? Contrasting themselves with “barbarians” (as in Lucian’s *Anacharsis*), Greeks identified themselves by their athletics, which involved nudity (Plato, *Republic* 5.452c and Thucydides, *History of the Peloponnesian War* 1.6.5) and wreath prizes at panhellenic games (Herodotus, *Persian Wars* 8.26). Any true polis, or Greek city-state, had to have a gymnasium as well as a theater (Pausanias, *Description of Greece* 10.4.1). Sport was a panhellenic phenomenon. Greeks took their sport with them west to Magna Graecia and north to the Black Sea and kept their sport throughout Hellenistic and Roman regions and eras. A showplace of Greek pride and identity, the Olympics endured from the eighth century B.C. to at least sometime around A.D. 400. The later Greek world turned to the list of Olympic sprint race (*stadion*) victors as their universal

chronology, and Alexander the Great and the Romans made announcements to Greeks assembled at the great games.

Sporting concepts – contest (*agon*), prize (*athlon*), excellence (*arete*), glory (*kleos*), and physical and moral beauty (*kalokagathia*) – were central to Greek culture. Why was Odysseus enraged when insulted among the Phaeacians as “not an athlete” (Homer, *Odyssey* 8.159-60)? Why did cities laud their athletic victors with honors, rewards, and even heroization? Why were extravagant, impractical chariots so prized, and why were boxing scars worn with pride? Why did athletes pray for “victory or death” at Olympia? Why were athletic youths so eagerly courted? Why were women, some with names like Hipparete (which means “Equestrian Excellence”) and Elpinice (which means “Hope of Victory”), excluded from even watching the Olympics?

Why *not* study something that students, and the general public, readily find interesting and relevant? We’ve always traced our interests (democracy, theater, and social issues, among others) back to Greece. Sports now are more prominent than ever in our media and society. Today Myron’s *Discobolus* perhaps rivals the Parthenon as an internationally recognized symbol. However questionably, untold millions associate the modern Olympics, with their invented traditions and supposedly Hellenic trappings, with ancient Greece.

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Evidence for Greek sport is relatively abundant, but, ironically, scholars have often studied that evidence piecemeal – the form, the genre, the iconography, the aesthetics, the rhetoric – with little attention to the phenomenon itself. Yes, the literary works specifically on sport are limited and outside the canon, but Homer and Pindar, and their audiences and patrons, held sport worthy of Greek poetry. Contests abounded in Greek

mythology, and funeral games were a stock element of ancient epic. Aristophanes, Plutarch, and even St. Paul often used athletic metaphors. Physical education was an issue for Plato, whose school arose in the Academy, originally a public gymnasium, as Aristotle's did in the Lyceum, another gymnasium. Vase painters and sculptors routinely turned to sport. The *Charioteer of Delphi* and Panathenaic amphoras are masterpieces, and Nike, goddess of victory, adorns many vases and coins. Archaeologists, notably at Olympia and Nemea, continue to find athletic monuments, equipment, and inscriptions. Cumulatively the evidence for Greek athletics is undeniably rich, yet textbooks and works on the Greek achievement have, until recently, largely overlooked sport.



Greek sport history has come of age but not without encountering some raised eyebrows. Older classicists from Oxford and Cambridge (and American emulators), for example, have been understandably skeptical. They had played games as schoolboys at Arnoldian public schools and fully absorbed an amateurist ideology. As shown in the brilliant film *Chariots of Fire* (1981), proper sport was supposed to be played, not too well or seriously, for relaxation. To approach sport, which was a diversion from one's intellectual education, as a subject of historical inquiry seemed suspect. Today, like the so-called "critics" of Greek sport from Xenophanes on, modern academics still decry the fame and fortunes of coaches and athletes, perplexed that society in general under-appreciates intellectuals. Scholars naturally emphasize the mind over the body, but the physicality and passionate competitiveness of the Greeks must be acknowledged and appreciated.

As another facet of the richness of Greek civilization, sport makes an attractive supplement to, not a substitute for, traditional topics. Like other classical studies courses, sport courses can be fun, or rigorous, or both. They can be adapted for different levels, from staging mock Olympics at elementary school field days to pursuing the

semiotics and cultural construction of the athletic ideal. My sport course spends little time on the athletic events themselves and does not dwell upon famous ancient puzzles, such as the pentathlon, Phayllus' jump, or the so-called Marathon run. I teach ancient sport, not ancient sports – sport history, not sports history.

We should approach Greek sport not as an isolated pastime but as an integral part of Greek social, civic, and religious life. Pericles' Funeral Oration (Thucydides, *History of the Peloponnesian War* 2.38) applauds Athens' "plentiful recreations for the mind" and "the many contests and sacrifices [or festivals] held throughout the year." The Old Oligarch (Pseudo-Xenophon, *Constitution of the Athenians* 1.13, 2.9-10) disapprovingly confirms the popularity of games and festivals in Athens. Not all Greeks were intellectuals, or athletes, but almost all were sports enthusiasts. We should come down from Olympia, so to speak, to study local games, monuments, and facilities. Also, we must see Greek sport in the context of Mediterranean history. With their regularized public athletic contests, the Greeks were distinctively agonistic, but to deny that there was sport in earlier cultures is anachronistic Eurocentrism.

Ancient sport and modern sport have striking parallels – corruption, obsession with winning, violence, and professionalism – but we should not seek lessons and warnings from ancient sport. The upcoming Olympics in Athens will stimulate interest in classics and Greek sport, but we must not use the ancient Olympics to vindicate or excoriate the modern Olympics. We should not push notions of Olympic revival and continuity if reformulation and discontinuity are the historical reality. The ancient Olympics, and Greek sport overall, merit and reward attention in their own right.

Donald G. Kyle is Professor and Chair of History, and a Distinguished Teaching Fellow, at the University of Texas at Arlington. A Canadian, he received his Ph.D. from McMaster University in 1981, and he has taught ancient history in Texas since 1984. He has authored Athletics in Ancient Athens (1987), Spectacles of Death in Ancient Rome (1998), and numerous articles and book chapters on aspects of the history of ancient sport.

Watching Medusa

continued from page 10

As struck spark flowers into flame,
as flame flows red-gold along birches' bark,
so flooded their pale skins the blush of
blood
spreading from eyes to face and neck;
their hair would rise and brighten, thick with
life.

The flood roared onward, downward –
torso, limbs and feet.

A little larger, taller now they stood,
muscles would ripple under rosy skin.
Their stance was centered now. The air
around them hummed with presence and
with potency.

You would smile,
return their homage salutation,
take hands and lead them to your rocky cliff
to turn the four directions, view the world
they'd won
for choosing paths in.

Food and drink, a night
of journeying dreams
on that same height.
With dawn they'd go –
rebirthed from stone to flesh, transformed
to person, never to return.

Statues remained behind, in marble halls.
Sometimes
you'd flick the duster.

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 University, West Virginia University, and University of Southern Maine). She is also a folk singer, poet, and songwriter (with a CD coming out in 2003). Her poem "Elpenor's Last Exit" was published in Volume 1, Issue 1 of Amphora. Her major classical interests are mythology, Homer, Horace, and Greek lyric.

ON TRANSLATING THE POETRY OF CATULLUS

by Susan McLean

When many excellent and accurate free-verse translations of Catullus' poems exist, it may seem old-fashioned to try to translate his poems into verse with rhyme and meter. Yet I have always thought that Catullus' poems sound flat and dull in free-verse translations. His colloquial tone, urbane wit, and biting satire lose much of their punch without the counterbalancing elegance and skill of his prosody, and the verbal music of his poems tends to be lost with the meter. On the other hand, most of the existing verse translations of Catullus' poems are from decades (or even centuries) ago and often suffer from inaccuracy, archaic diction, unnatural syntax, and a tendency to censor or euphemize.

It is true, as Robert Frost said, that "Poetry is what is lost in translation." My translations are no longer Catullus' poems; they are mine, based on his words.

In translating Catullus' poems, I have tried to achieve a compromise, sticking closely to the meaning of his lines, adding or leaving out as little as possible, using a colloquial, natural tone and syntax, and avoiding censorship, while trying to appeal to the ear by using verse forms in the English poetic tradition. I have made no effort to reproduce classical meters because they are poorly suited to English poetry, which depends on stressed and unstressed syllables, not long and short vowels. Instead, I have written all of my translations in iambic meter, the meter that is most common in English poetry and that most closely approximates natural English speech rhythms. My iambs contain frequent substitutions (of anapests, trochees, spondees, and pyrrhics) for individual iambic feet, to avoid monotony. Although I do not use as many different meters as Catullus did, I have generally let the length of his lines determine the length of my own, with the result that my lines tend to range from iambic tetrameter to iambic hexameter, with iambic pentameter being the most common. Occasionally, in translating his ele-

giacs, I have alternated lines of hexameter and pentameter.

Rhyme was not part of Republican Latin poetics, but it is an important component of the musicality of English verse and is particularly vital to witty, humorous, or satirical verse, where the unexpectedness of the rhymes can be part of the humor, and where rhyme can be used to add emphasis and closure. Rhymes that are too close together can sound jingly and can force the poet to twist the poem's meaning to fit the rhymes. I have therefore generally avoided rhymed couplets, preferring to rhyme alternate lines. Rather than sacrifice meaning for the sake of the rhyme, I have, where necessary, used off-rhymes or resorted to different rhyme schemes that better fit the content. When faced with a poem of Catullus with an uneven number of lines (a common situation), I prefer to use interlocking rhymes or a rhymed couplet to round off the end, rather than increase the number of lines to an even number.

Catullus, scholars believe, was born around 84 B.C.E. and died around 54 B.C.E. The two Latin poems below are part of a cycle of connected poems in which Catullus chronicled his real (or imagined) love affair with a mistress he calls "Lesbia." Catullus 51 is traditionally considered the first poem of the love affair and, interestingly, the first three stanzas of this poem are a translation of a poem written by the Greek poet Sappho of Lesbos, who was born around 612 B.C.E. In Catullus 51, we see Catullus in the grip of passionate infatuation:

Catullus 51

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
ille, si fas est, superare divos,
qui sedens adversus identidem te
spectat et audit
dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
eripit sensus mihi; nam simul te,
Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi
[vocis in ore]
lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
flamma demanat, sonitu suoapte
tintinant aures, gemina teguntur
lumina nocte.
otium, Catulle, tibi molestumst:
otio exultas nimiumque gestis.
otium et reges prius et beatas
perdidit urbes.

(Latin text from *Catullus, Tibullus, and Pervigilium Veneris*, 2nd ed., 1988, edited by G. P. Goold; used by permission of Harvard University Press)

Although scholars have disagreed about whether the last stanza should be considered part of the same poem, the contrast it introduces – between the irrational physical symptoms of his infatuation and his rational awareness of the dangers of giving in to it – seems to me to be typical of the ambivalence he displays in the Lesbia poems as a whole, so I have chosen to treat that stanza as part of the poem. The Latin poem is in sapphic meter, which I have translated into iambic tetrameter with rhymes every other line:

That man seems like a god to me,
or greater (if that isn't rash
to say), who sits across from you
and often sees and hears you laugh

so sweetly – things that rob poor me
of all my senses. When I see
you, Lesbia, all power of speech
immediately abandons me;

my tongue is paralyzed; throughout
my limbs a subtle burning flies;
my ears ring with internal noise;
and double darkness dims my eyes.

Catullus, leisure does you harm –
you run wild and embrace excess.
Before now, kings and wealthy towns
have been destroyed by idleness.

In Catullus 87, on the other hand, Catullus seems to be looking back on an affair that has ended. There is a suggestion of reproach in his reminder to Lesbia of how much and how truly he loved her, with the implication that she did not return the quantity or quality of his love. But he is also implying that his love should be considered one of the great loves of all time:

Catullus 87

Nulla potest mulier tantum se dicere
amatam
vere, quantum a me Lesbia
amata mea's.
nulla fides ullo fuit umquam foedere
tanta,
quanta in amore tuo ex parte
reperita meast.

(Latin text from *Catullus, Tibullus, and Pervigilium Veneris*, 2nd ed., 1988, edited by G. P. Goold; used by permission of Harvard University Press)

The Latin poem is in elegiac couplets, with alternating lines of dactylic hexameter and pentameter. I have chosen to imitate the pattern of alternating lines of hexameter and pentameter, but in iambic meter. To call attention to the balanced, polished quality of the verse, I have rhymed all of the lines, in an alternating pattern:

No woman can say truly she's been
loved as much
as you, my Lesbia, were loved
by me.
No faithfulness in any bond was
ever such
as mine, in love for you, has
proved to be.

It is true, as Robert Frost said, that "Poetry is what is lost in translation." My translations are no longer Catullus' poems; they are mine, based on his words. People who want to read his poems must learn Latin to do so. But my translations are intended for an audience that does not read Latin, or does not read it well enough to read much of it. I am therefore trying to make the translations as appealing and accessible to a non-specialist as possible, by clarifying obscure allusions and using language that will sound contemporary – casual, racy, pungent, direct – much as Catullus no doubt sounded to his original audience. Few authors have ever used a wider range of tones in their writing than Catullus did, from lyrical to humorous to anguished to scurrilous. There is something in Catullus for all readers, if they can only get past the language barrier.

Susan McLean is a Professor of English at Southwest State University in Marshall, Minnesota. She studied Latin as an undergraduate at Harvard University, where she won the John Osborne Sargent Prize for Latin Translation. Her translations of Catullus and Horace have appeared in The Formalist, The Classical Outlook, and Blue Unicorn. She is planning eventually to publish all of her translations of Catullus' poems in book form.

Film Review: *Cleopatra* (1963)

by Martin M. Winkler

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale / her infinite sameness." Thus spake a waggish wit, both criticizing Elizabeth Taylor and expressing the general disappointment that met the release of *Cleopatra*, one of Hollywood's most notorious historical epics. To an extent unique in film history, Twentieth Century-Fox's mega-production had been off to several false starts, had undergone cost overruns on a scale that brought the studio close to bankruptcy, had become infamous for the torrid affair of Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton during production, and finally fell victim to a studio power struggle. Nobody who had believed in the artistic value of this gigantic undertaking was satisfied with what eventually reached the screen. Neither are many film historians or viewers today. But a fresh look at one of Hollywood's last Roman epics until *Gladiator* (2000) reveals how astonishingly good much of *Cleopatra* actually is. Viewers can now judge for themselves. The four-hour widescreen version, available for some years on laserdisc, has recently been reissued on DVD. The set also includes additional material, such as a two-hour documentary on the film's production.

When he was approached to salvage an expensive project that was already in serious trouble, writer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz was not particularly interested. But he took on the project as an easy way of freeing himself from his contract with the studio. (Had he but known . . .) Once on board, Mankiewicz fell under the spell of his subject and became deeply involved in *Cleopatra*. He also realized that he had to jettison everything done so far and start from the beginning. Mankiewicz never lost sight of the main theme he wanted to give the film, despite endless crises and the necessity to write and rewrite most of the script during a shooting process that would have presented immense logistical problems even if everything had gone smoothly. (Mankiewicz later wryly joked that *Cleopatra* was "the hardest three pictures I ever made.") He envisioned nothing less than a double epic: a two-part film that told the story of, first, Caesar and Cleopatra (as Shaw had done) and, second, Antony and Cleopatra (as Shakespeare had done).

Sources vary, but each of these parts was to have been at least three hours long. Mankiewicz's own cut of the whole film ran seven and a half hours. The two parts were to be shown in theaters on alternate days.

In retrospect, it is painfully obvious that such an ambitious project was unrealistic and impractical, and the inevitable happened. On the order of studio boss Darryl F. Zanuck, newly returned to power, the film was ruthlessly cut down to a running time of just over four hours, to be shown in one part. It was soon cut even further for general release to three and a quarter hours. Most audiences saw about half or less of what Mankiewicz had intended. Imagine a film twice as long as the 1959 *Ben-Hur*, and you'll get a good idea of what the size of *Cleopatra* might have been. Imagine a film about as long as *Ben-Hur*, and you'll get a good idea of how much was left out of Mankiewicz's original. Its overall rhythm and structure were destroyed. So was some of its continuity. More importantly, so was Richard Burton's performance. A number of his best scenes were deleted. Some supporting characters' scenes were cut altogether. No wonder that the final result is uneven – partly excellent, partly embarrassing, but on the whole still creditable. Elizabeth Taylor came in for especially harsh criticism from reviewers, as my opening quotation shows.

All this is unfortunate, because the film's director was one of Hollywood's most literate and intelligent auteurs. Mankiewicz had pulled off the still unequalled feat of winning four writing and directing Oscars in two consecutive years, for *A Letter to Three Wives* in 1949 and *All About Eve* in 1950. After *Cleopatra*, he was to make the most sophisticated screen adaptation of Ben Jonson (*The Honey Pot* in 1967, after *Volpone*). Unlike Cecil B. DeMille's 1934 *Cleopatra*, which its director intended to be "an epic with sex," Mankiewicz's vision was to create "an intimate epic." This may sound like a contradiction in terms, but it is an attempt to integrate character portrayal and plot development closely with the spectacle and action required of epic cinema. Mankiewicz's *Cleopatra*, for instance, envisions Rome and

continued on page 14

Film Review: *Cleopatra* (1963)

continued from page 13

Egypt as a unified empire civilizing the world – a rather American perspective. Some of her key scenes take place in the tomb of Alexander the Great. Her tragedy lies in the fact that neither Caesar nor Antony is a match for her foresight and ambition. This makes the film's last scene especially poignant, when Cleopatra is lying in state on Alexander's translucent alabaster sarcophagus. The scene invites comparison with its equivalent in DeMille's film. DeMille shows Cleopatra sitting upright on her throne in a tableau appropriate for the 1.33:1 aspect ratio standard at the time. Mankiewicz, by contrast, takes full advantage of his wide screen. In close-up, his camera pans along Cleopatra's body, dressed in her regalia as Egyptian divinity. In the closing shot, Mankiewicz first shows Cleopatra's horizontal body filling the screen. Then the camera recedes in a stately traveling shot with which we take our leave of her. The shot freezes and turns into a painting modeled on Roman wall paintings. Here and at several other moments in the film, this technique, together with its opposite (paintings coming to life), effectively and elegantly demonstrates the grand historical scale of its subject matter and stylistically anticipates the ending of Fellini's *Satyricon* (1969).

Rex Harrison's Caesar anchors the first half of the film. His performance makes viewers understand why Mark Antony feels overshadowed by him long after Caesar's death. Mankiewicz turned Harrison into a general and politician both battle-weary and sardonic, if still determined on absolute power. He gave Harrison a number of memorable lines, as when after the battle of Pharsalus Caesar is told that now his word is law. He replies: "Of course. Remind [Antony] to keep his legions intact. They make the law legal." Mankiewicz also filmed a charming, even whimsical, scene in which Caesar learns about the ingenuity of the Egyptian mind. (No cinema audience has ever seen it.) When he is shown an astrolabe, a telescope, and a zoetrope, Caesar decides to take only the astrolabe and the telescope back with him to Rome because they are of obvious military value. He leaves behind the zoetrope, a toy unworthy of a conquering hero, although

he marvels at the moving pictures produced by this ancestor of the cinema.

The film's two epic set pieces, the highlights of their respective parts, also deserve mention. The first is Cleopatra's triumphal entry into a majestic Roman Forum. Together with little Caesarion she is enthroned between the paws of a black sphinx so huge that it barely fits through a not entirely accurate reconstruction of the Arch of Constantine. The documentary mentioned above twice misidentifies it as the Arch of Titus – o Hollywood, o mores! Yes, it's an anachronism, but only a churl would not be thrilled by the spectacle. (Your reviewer can attest to the breathtaking nature of this scene on the big screen.) The other set piece is Cleopatra's arrival at Tarsus on her gilded barge, described in detail by Plutarch and Shakespeare. The film shows us a full-scale sea-going vessel, built at a cost of well over a quarter-million dollars – in 1960's money! Composer Alex North's music reinforces the grandeur of the moment: we witness no less than a divine epiphany. O rare Egyptian indeed! These sequences dwarf even the huge set of Alexandria and the Battle of Actium.

Much more could, and should, be said about *Cleopatra*. A restoration of the film according to Mankiewicz's original vision, apparently in the works, is highly desirable, for, all in all, age cannot wither it, nor custom stale his achievement.

Martin M. Winkler is Professor of Classics at George Mason University. Most recently he edited the anthology *Juvenal in English* (Penguin Classics, 2001) and the essay collection *Classical Myth and Culture in the Cinema* (Oxford, 2001), which was reviewed in Volume 1, Issue 1 of *Amphora*. He frequently lectures and teaches courses on classical literature and film and has organized three film series for the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.: Greek Tragedy from Stage to Screen, Hollywood's Rome, and Antiquity, Myth, and Cinema (on ancient Egypt).

ONE WRITER'S CLASSICS

continued from page 8

um, / And spit me out, by God, a gentleman."

Updike's other full-length Harvard story is "One of My Generation" in *Museums and Women* (1972) in which Ed Popper of Nebraska, the narrator's roommate after freshman year, is obsessed with literature. Updike's passion was also for literature and particularly for the classically-inspired poets of the Age of Milton. For his senior thesis, however, Updike chose the highly congenial Robert Herrick (1591-1674), who would later provide the epigraph and controlling sentiment of his novel *Marry Me* (1976).

Herrick is perhaps the most Horatian of English poets, and many studies have described his Horatian echoes. Updike's senior thesis, "Non-Horatian Elements in Herrick's Echoes of Horace," may at first blush seem perverse, but he points out that within the welter of Horatian reminiscences at the heart of Herrick's poetry lies a Christian temperament that acknowledges one's sinful state and humility, two characteristics entirely absent from Horace, who despised the vulgar crowd and sang of the untouched life of the lover. The end of his thesis sounds a programmatic note for Updike's later career:

Compared with Catullus and Donne, Horace and Herrick do not feel deeply. Compared with Vergil and Milton, they possess little dramatic power. But by writing with care and by writing about things, however trivial or fanciful, which excited their imaginations, Horace and Herrick have created some of the world's most graceful poetry.

Updike later wrote, "Four years was enough of Harvard. I still had a lot to learn, but had been given the liberating notion that now I could teach myself." While we don't know the precise nature of his contact with classical literature at Harvard, he used classical subject matter cleverly in his post-graduate writings. *Cleopatra* is the subject of "Dilemma in the Delta," and Updike translates the beginning of Horace, *Odes* 3.2:

Let the boy, timber-tough from
vigorous soldiering,
Learn to endure lack amicably,
And let him, horseman feared for
his javelin,
Plague the ferocious men of Parthos;

His second book of poetry, *Telephone Poles*, contains “Caligula’s Dream.” In 1986, he also published a translation of Iohannes Secundus’ *Basium* 16 as “Kiss.”

Updike has said that as a boy there was in his household “a kind of running mythology” of the family, and there is little doubt that the greatest classical element in his work is his interest in mythology. His nostalgic memory of adolescence in many of his early stories inflated reality to a mythic level. A short story about Tristan and Iseult developed into Updike’s novel *Brazil* (1994), the stoning of St. Stephen underlies *Poorhouse Fair* (1959), and the expulsion of Adam and Eve is at the heart of *Couples* (1968). Nonetheless, he felt that Germanic or Biblical stories did not resonate with his generation: “The Greek stories seem to be more universal coin, and they certainly have served to finance more modern creations than the Hebrew stories.”

His most straightforward use of myth is his novel *The Centaur* (1963), which Updike explained as follows:

I was moved, first, by the Chiron variant of the Hercules myth – one of the few classic instances of self-sacrifice, and the name oddly close to Christ. The book began as an attempt to publicize this myth. The mythology operated in a number of ways: a correlative of the enlarging effect of Peter’s nostalgia, a dramatization of Caldwell’s sense of exclusion and mysteriousness around him, a counterpoint of ideality to the drab real level, an excuse for a number of jokes, a serious expression of my sensation that the people we meet are guises, do conceal something mythic, perhaps prototypes or longings in our minds.

John Updike was the product of a university in a period that cherished the classics and clearly imbued its budding writers with a love of ancient literature and its classical philologists with a special literary sensitivity. However much the classical culture of Harvard helped him “become nice,” it is clear that Greek myth and Roman literature have served him well throughout his extraordinarily long and successful post-Harvard career.

Ward Briggs is Carolina Distinguished Professor of Classics at the University of South Carolina. He is the editor of Classical Scholarship: A Biographical Encyclopedia (1990), A Biographical Dictionary of North American Classicists (1994), and four books on Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, whose biography he is currently writing.

Notable Web Site: *Maecenas: Images of Ancient Greece and Rome*

<http://wings.buffalo.edu/AandL/Maecenas/>

by Leo C. Curran

The Esquiline Hill, the highest of Rome’s hills, was once the site of the famous Gardens of Maecenas, one of the intimate friends of the emperor Augustus. These were no ordinary gardens. The original meaning of *hortus*, the Latin word for garden, was the simple vegetable patch where a Roman could grow cabbage for his table. The vast gardens that wealthy Romans like Maecenas made for themselves were not for raising cabbage; they weren’t even for prize orchids. It would be more accurate to give these grand establishments the name of estate or park or pleasure-garden. They contained parklands, multistoried terraces, elaborate fountains, groves of shade trees, galleries, colonnades, gazebos, and other architectural ornaments. Owners of properties like these must have spoken of them as “gardens” with the wink of an American millionaire referring to his mansion in the Hamptons as a beach cottage.

I thought of the gardens of rich Romans, like Maecenas, when I was planning to create a large site on the World Wide Web for my photographs of Greece and Rome. I had in mind, in particular, one feature of these gardens: They were also art galleries for the display of Greek sculpture in the various settings provided by groves, fountains, and other components of the estate. Art collectors, like Maecenas, filled their gardens with copies of the works of the great Greek

sculptors. I also thought of Maecenas himself because he had been a collector of poets as well as of sculpture. My academic specialty is Roman poets, including Vergil, Horace, and Propertius, each of whom had Maecenas as a patron in one way or another. When it came time to name my Web site, the gardens of Maecenas immediately came to mind, and I took the name of this collector of ancient art for my collection of photos of ancient art, mainly architecture and mainly Roman.

Creating the site, however, has cast me not in the role of Maecenas himself but rather in the role of the lowly craftsmen who labored with backs and hands to create his gardens. Unlike these craftsmen, I do not sweat over the sculptor’s mallet and chisel. My tools instead are keyboard, monitor, and the Adobe Photoshop editing program. I squint my eyes to protect them not from flying chips of marble but from flickering pixels on a screen. Photoshop, the standard tool of the imaging industry, has liberated me from the wet darkroom and the brown stains that developer leaves on the fingers (although I do miss the bracing smell of hypo). With this software, I can repair deficiencies in images that could never have been remedied in a darkroom with film and paper. Other software that I have written myself has eased the task of writing the 8,000 pages that constitute my Web site.

I had plenty of pictures to work with. Over the past forty-five years, I have amassed several thousand photographs of things Roman and Greek from my visits to Europe. I could now make this valuable resource available to

others. Visitors to the digital “vegetable patch” that resulted from my labors will not find the grand embellishments of Maecenas’ gardens. Teachers, students, or any who love the classics will find photos to take and use as they will. I use only the simplest Web design programming – my virtual garden is

continued on page 16

Fig. 3. Arch of Constantine and Colosseum. Rome. Photographed by Leo C. Curran in 1974. Photo available at http://wings.buffalo.edu/AandL/Maecenas/rome/arch_constantine/ac741037.html



Notable Web Site: *Maecenas*

continued from page 15

strictly organic.

There are now over 2,000 images on the Web site, and more are coming (see Fig. 2 and Fig. 3). *Maecenas* now gets over 1,000 visits each weekday during the school year. By the time you read this, it will have had a total of over half a million visits. *Maecenas* has achieved world-wide recognition. Over 1,000 Web sites have links to it. I have received compliments and expressions of gratitude from teachers, students, and others from many countries. In the U.S. and Canada, scores of leading universities and colleges, as well as the J. Paul Getty Museum, have linked *Maecenas* to their Web sites. All the important directories/indexes of resources on the World Wide Web for classicists recommend and provide links to *Maecenas*. In Europe, there are links to *Maecenas* from major university Web sites in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and the U.K. (including Oxford and Cambridge Universities). Even little Estonia and Luxembourg have links. Farther afield, there are links to *Maecenas* in Argentina, Australia, Brazil, China, Hong Kong, Israel, Japan, New Zealand, the Philippines, South Africa, South Korea, and Taiwan. Images from *Maecenas* have been borrowed by a museum in Australia, a classical journal in Canada, and a book publisher in the Czech Republic. *Maecenas* has even acquired something of a fan club. A teacher from a school in Oklahoma recently sent me a three-page letter of thanks in which each member of the class has written a personal greeting.

Maecenas has been assisted by generous grants from the Classical Association of the Empire State and the Classical Association of the Atlantic States. Please drop by and take a tour.

Leo C. Curran was educated at Yale University and Oxford University. Now retired, he spent his professional life teaching classics at Yale and the State University of New York at Buffalo.

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Addresses for Submissions: Submissions may be sent either to the postal address below or electronically to the e-mail address below:

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

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