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TALES FROM THE TRICLINIUM: HOW TO BE A HIT AT A ROMAN DINNER PARTY

by Philip Matyszak

It was not unusual to pick up a parasite in the public toilets of Rome. However, the Roman parasite ate with you, unlike the modern version, which just eats you. In fact, the word is formed from the Greek words *para* (with) and *sitos* (food), and the original parasite was a companion at your table.

"Why does Vacerra hang around the latrines all day?" asked the satirist Martial in the first century CE. He went on to answer his own question: "He's not sick, he's looking for a dinner invitation" (Martial 11.77).

Martial can ask this question because using a Roman latrine was a jolly social occasion on which the participants sat side by side and exchanged chat, gossip, and invitations to a coming dinner—even as they disposed of the previous one.

A guide to Roman etiquette stipulates that the number at a dinner party should follow "Varro's rule" and be more than the Graces (three) and fewer than the Muses (nine) (Aulus Gellius *Attic Nights* 13.11). There were those a Roman might want to invite—his guests—and those he brought in to make up the numbers—the parasites. Because then, as now, dinner parties were about a great deal more than food,

Fig. 1. Archaic Greek psykter, sixth century B.C.E. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gift of Norbert Schimmel Trust, 1989 (1989.281.69). Image © The Metropolitan Museum of Art, reproduced by permission.

it behooved the host to assemble a scintillating gathering of parasites to impress his fellow guests. Indeed, Martial himself was an eager volunteer for the role of parasite, and would afterwards comment favorably or adversely on the conduct of his host and the quality of his food. He triumphantly refers to getting such an invitation as *cenam captare*—the

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Book Review: *Follow Your Fates* series

by Diane Arnson Svarlien

Ed DeHoratius, *The Wrath of Achilles*. Mundelein, IL: Bolchazy-Carducci, 2009. Pp. ix, 62. ISBN 978-0-86516-708-7. $12.00 (pb). *The Journey of Odysseus*. Bolchazy-Carducci, 2009. Pp. x, 116. ISBN 978-0-86516-710-0. $12.00 (pb). *The Exile of Aeneas*. Bolchazy-Carducci, 2010. Pp. x, 113. ISBN 978-0-86516-709-4. $12.00 (pb). All in the *Follow Your Fates* series, with illustrations by Brian DeLandro Hardison.

The visionary Argentinean writer Jorge Luis Borges is often credited as the spiritual ancestor of the World Wide Web, hypertext, and the role-playing gamebook. In his 1941 story *The Garden of Forking Paths*, Borges invents a labyrinthine novel that defies the ordinary rules of narrative: "In all fictional works, each time a man is confronted with several alternatives, he chooses one and eliminates the others"; in this work, "he chooses—simultaneously—all of them. *He creates*, in this way, diverse futures, diverse times which themselves also proliferate and fork.... *The Garden of Forking Paths* is an enormous riddle ... whose theme is time" (trans. Donald A. Yates). Borges' characters, like Sophocles' Ajax, discover that time can change an enemy to a friend, a friend to an enemy.

In 1979, R.A. Montgomery and Edward Packard launched the *Choose Your Own Adventure* series of children's books, whose popularity is still going strong. In these books, written in the second person, the reader makes a series of choices leading to different outcomes. Boston-area Latin teacher Ed DeHoratius has now adapted the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, and *Aeneid* to the choose-your-adventure format. Brian DeLandro Hardison, winner of the 2008

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THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

by Mary Pendergraft

"The Glory that was Greece and Grandeur that was Rome"—what a great line! It has served as a title for reviews of books and restaurants, for articles on history, travel, and current events, and for educational resources of various kinds. Its source, of course, is Edgar Allan Poe's poem "To Helen," first published in 1827. Frequently anthologized and included in school texts, for many readers this little poem is the introduction to the wealth of Poe's writings.

Poe spent his childhood in Richmond, Virginia, and studied Latin both in English schools and, on his return home, in Richmond; in fact, one of the bills for his textbooks survives. He was a member of the second session of the new University of Virginia in 1826, where the faculty minutes show that he did well in French and Latin. As an adult he returned to Richmond to edit *The Southern Literary Messenger*. So as a student of classical languages, he offers us a most appropriate topic. This essay will review some of the roles that the classical world and students of that world play in Poe's works, to bring out aspects of his life and reputation that resemble the circumstances of poets in antiquity, and, finally, to suggest that in some respects Poe saw himself as engaged in the same work we classicists do—as one of us—and to consider whether in the end we want to claim him.

Poe's characterization of himself is interesting. His earliest book of poetry, which included "To Helen," was published in Boston, and the author listed simply as "A Bostonian"—as he was, by birth. As an adult, however, he chose to style himself a Southerner, espoused anti-Abolitionist positions, and frequently wrote with some asperity about what he saw as New England snobbishness regarding southern writers: this even when he was living and working in New York.

He saw himself primarily as a writer; he claimed that vocation in letters he wrote soon after leaving Charlottesville. Many have heard Poe's own voice behind that of the narrator of "The Literary Life of Thingum Bob, Esq.":

> Ye Gods, did I not write? I knew not the word "ease."... Through all, I—*wrote*. Through joy and through sorrow, I—*wrote*. Through hunger and through thirst, I—*wrote*. Through good report and through ill report, I—*wrote*. Through sunshine and through moonshine, I—*wrote*.

Fig. 2. Wall detail, Sardis, Turkey. Bryn Mawr College (MJM-02802). Photographed by Machteld Johanna Mellink. Image © Bryn Mawr College, reproduced by permission.

Ye gods—did he ever write! The volume and variety of Poe's writings is sobering—especially considering that he died at age 40. He edited journals in Richmond, Philadelphia, and New York; he wrote poetry, of course; one novel—*The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket*; literary criticism; speculative philosophical essays; and short stories that include a treasure hunt, gothic tales of horror, some of our earliest detective stories, early science fiction (including a futuristic tale with a Greek title, "Mellonta Tauta"), and humor. He has been called, quotably, a one-man modernist movement (by painter Robert Motherwell) and over the course of a century and a half, his works have been studied not only for their own literary qualities, but also as psychological or cultural documents. Although scholars have variously characterized his outlook as romantic, gothic, transcendental, or gnostic, the importance of Greek and Roman antiquity in Poe's writing has always been clear. The poem with which this paper began, "To Helen," is an excellent example. In three short stanzas the poet refers to Helen and Psyche, to Greece and Rome, to Naiads, to Nicaea, to weary wanderers—in fact, some writers have associated it with Catullus 4, on the grounds that the earlier poet's *phasellus* is a "Nicean bark." Early twentieth-century studies produced data on the ubiquity of classical references in his works: Poe quotes twenty-four Latin authors and refers to four more. The leaders, not surprisingly, are Vergil, at twenty-three quotations; Horace, seventeen; Ovid, ten; and Cicero, six. Poe's Greek quotations are less frequent, and some have suggested that he shows less independent knowledge of Greek than of Latin.

For many decades, nonetheless, newer scholarly trends have dominated Poe studies: and Darlene Harbour Unrue's 1995 article provided a sensible and welcome reminder of the classical underpinnings of Poe's literary imagination, and invited scholars to reconsider them ("Edgar Allan Poe: The Romantic as Classicist," *International Journal of the Classical Tradition*, 1, No. 4 [1995]: 112-19). To survey the various genres of his work, not only the early poems like "To Helen" reveal his fascination with antiquity; a late poem like "The Raven" does as well.

Many of Poe's short stories have epigrams in Latin or Greek and themes that reflect the classical world. Here is a sample from the short story "Bon-Bon," where the devil has come to collect the soul of the French restauranteur and self-styled philosopher Pierre Bon-Bon. The pervasive classical references reinforce the humor of the situation:

> His Majesty (said), musingly, "I have tasted—that is to say, I have known some very bad souls, and some pretty good ones... There was the soul of

> Cratinus—passable: Aristophanes—racy: Plato—exquisite—not your Plato, but Plato the comic poet; your Plato would have turned the stomach of Cerberus—faugh! Then let me see! There were Naevius, and Andronicus, and Plautus, and Terentius. Then there were Lucilius, and Catullus, and Naso, and Quintus Flaccus—dear Quinty! as I called him when he sung a *seculare* for my amusement, while I toasted him, in pure good humor, on a fork. But they want *flavor*, these Romans. One fat Greek is worth a dozen of them, and besides will keep, which cannot be said of a Quirite....

Another passage in this story offers a detail that suggests that Poe's command of Greek is more than superficial. The Satanic visitor names the philosophical Plato:

> He met me at Athens, one day, in the Parthenon, and told me he was distressed for an idea. I bade him write down that ὁ νοῦς ἐστιν αὐλός. He said that he would do so, and went home... But my conscience smote me for having uttered a truth, even to aid a friend, and hastening back to Athens, I arrived behind the philosopher's chair as he was inditing: 'αὐλός.' Giving the lammda [*sic*] a fillip with my finger, I turned it upside down. So the sentence now reads ὁ νοῦς ἐστιν αὐγός and is, you perceive, the fundamental doctrine in his metaphysics.

In his critical writings too Poe refers to classical authors. For example, in "The Rationale of Verse" he promotes a theory that all Latin verse can be scanned as combinations of spondees, trochees, anapests, and dactyls, and tackles Horace to give us an example. Persuaded by his own argument, he comments, "It will be said, however, by 'some people' that I have no business to make a dactyl out of such obviously long syllables as *sunt*, *quos*, *cur*. Certainly I have no business to do so. I *never* do so. And Horace should not have done so. But he did."

The classical world is never far from Poe. Moreover, like many classical poets, he suffers at the hands of posterity from the efforts of those who tend to confuse his life and his work. Think, for example, of the long tradition that sees Vergil behind the mask of Tityrus, or of the legend of the quarrel and reconciliation between Callimachus and Apollonius. The ancient lives of the poets depend heavily on inferences from the poems themselves. In Poe's case, we could expect a different situation: his era is not far removed from our own, and from it plentiful evidence survives. For example, we have records of the books he checked out from the university library, countless letters both to him and from him, and a receipt for the fees for his marriage certificate. Yet almost immediately upon his death the image of Poe as madman or drunkard began to gain currency. To be sure, he had vocal supporters, but the remarks of his self-styled literary executor Rufus Wilmot Griswold have carried much weight. Griswold is notorious for an obituary that began, "Edgar Allan Poe is dead. He died in Baltimore on the day before yesterday. This announcement will startle many, but few will be grieved by it." He continues with an appreciation of Poe's work but a condemnation of his character, portraying him as a man who "walked the streets, in madness or melancholy, with lips moving in indistinct curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayer... or with his glances introverted to a heart gnawed with anguish."

Beyond question, alcohol presented significant problems for Poe: a letter in which he apologizes for drunken behavior was acquired by the University of Virginia as part of the recent bicentennial celebration of the poet's birth. But the characterization of Poe as insane or drug-addled relies primarily upon the large number of his first-person narra-

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Capital Campaign News

APA President Jeffrey Henderson recently reported to members that the Campaign's amphora is almost full. We have raised nearly $2,350,000 of our $2,600,000 goal, and discussions continue to go well with a major foundation from which we are seeking a gift of $300,000. We expect to know in October whether we will receive this capstone gift, which would put us comfortably over our goal. Accordingly the NEH has extended our deadline for claiming all matching funds from July 31 to December 31.

Meanwhile, we are finishing strong as regards contributions: donors now number more than 1,200, over 100 of them making their first Gateway contributions in just the last two months, and many responding to a group of Board and Campaign Committee members who offered $29,000 in additional gifts to match contributions from new donors ($65 was the suggested amount). Please join them and be even more generous if you can: we need to keep the momentum going!

The Campaign endowment is now large enough to fund the ongoing operations of the American Office of *L'Année philologique* and all other activities such as enhanced teaching awards and additional minority scholarships designated by donors, but we still have a number of very important goals that need support. Any new unrestricted gifts to the Campaign will generate income as early as 2014 that the Board of Directors can use for new programs to carry out the goals established at its recent retreat and share our love of Classics with a wider audience.

The "Friends" funds that raise money for the Campaign while honoring several distinguished Classicists continue to attract new donors and additional gifts. The APA web site has an updated listing of these contributors. Starting in the current fiscal year, the George Goold and Zeph Stewart funds will support activities—work in Latin lexicography and the training of secondary school teachers, respectively—that were important to these two scholars. It is the long-standing policy of the APA Board to approve such designations only when the underlying fund has received at least $50,000 in gifts, but donors may make additional gifts at any time.

At the close of the Campaign, the APA will send to all contributors a keepsake permanent record of this historic Campaign with the names of all who have contributed by December 31.

It is still possible to make a donation now before the Campaign closes. Such gifts demonstrate to potential major donors the broad support that this effort has and increases the endowment funds available for us to make a strong case for Classics in the 21st Century.

AMPHORA® (ISSN 1542-2380) is published 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 and the journal *Transactions of the American Philological Association*. It holds 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, the APA also aims to present a broad view of classical culture and the ancient Mediterranean world to a wide audience, seeking to preserve and transmit the wisdom and values of those cultures while also finding 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 their 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. All APA members can receive *Amphora* as a benefit of membership. Non-members who wish to subscribe to *Amphora* (for a very modest annual subscription fee of $10 U. S. in the U. S. and Canada for two issues; $15 elsewhere) or who wish further information about the APA may write to The American Philological Association, 220 S. 40th Street, Suite 201E, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA 19104-3512, apaclassics@sas.upenn.edu. The APA web site is www.apaclassics.org.

Members attending meetings of or making presentations to interested non-members are urged to request sample copies of *Amphora* from the APA office for distribution to these audiences.

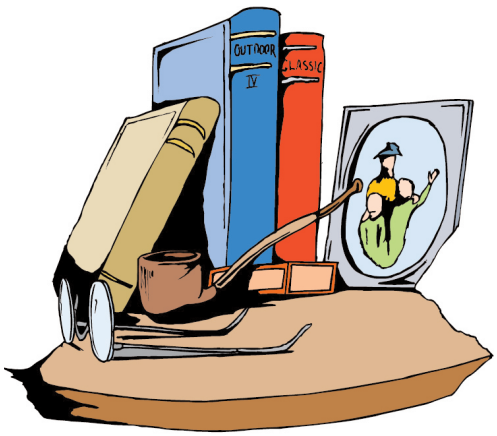
SUMMER BEACH READING FOR CLASSICISTS

by Netta Berlin

The Greeks and Romans are good company. For many of us, however, getting to know them well involves reading with a dictionary at hand and having access, physical or virtual, to various types of primary and secondary sources. But what if you're going to the beach? Is it possible to spend time with the Greeks and Romans there? Manuscripts can't leave the library, there's no room in a tote bag for the *Oxford Latin Dictionary*, and sand is bad for hard drives. A paperback translation or a few articles might serve your interests. But perhaps you have lighter fare in mind; after all, if you're at the beach, you must be on vacation.

For some time now I've been compiling "Summer Beach Reading for Classicists" for the classics community at the University of Michigan. The books on this list are inspired by what we know, or wish we knew, about the Greeks and Romans. Most are works of imagination: historical fiction set in the ancient world, ancient myths retold, and contemporary stories that owe something to how the ancients saw their world and their place in it (or that reveal our obsession with that world). Many of the books bridge the temporal and cultural gap between "us and them" in compelling and surprising ways, sometimes filling in historical and literary gaps. For example, Ursula Le Guin lets Lavinia speak where Vergil didn't, Zachary Mason has brought us "the lost books" of the *Odyssey*, and Jane Alison envisions the exile of Ovid, the "love-artist," as the story behind the composition and disappearance of his tragedy *Medea*.

The list includes many mystery series, a genre that has no end of practitioners and devoted readers, as well as several versions of the Trojan War myth. There are old favorites (Marguerite Yourcenar's *Memoirs of Hadrian*) and guilty pleasures (Donna Tartt's *The Secret History*), a smattering of science fiction (Dan Simmons's *Olympos*) and a graphic novel (Frank Miller's *300*). Books by travel writers, historians, and biographers round out the list, among them Patricia Storace's *Dinner with Persephone*, Ryszard Kapuscinski's *Travels with Herodotus*, and Neal Ascherson's *The Black Sea*. This last book begins with words from Konstantin Paustovsky's autobiography that capture the spirit in which the list is compiled: "I must admit, I can be perfectly happy reading…and equally happy pouring the sands through my fingers."



Each spring I update the list with new and old titles that have come to my attention. The following titles were added this past April:

In the counterfactual history of *Hannibal's Children*, by John Maddox Roberts, Hannibal prevails against the Romans with the help of Philip V of Macedon. A century later, the descendants of Rome's exiled leaders exact their revenge, engineering a war between Carthage and Egypt in a bid to regain control of Italy. Ace Books.

John Maddox Roberts is also the author of the SPQR mysteries, set in Rome of the late Republic and featuring the sleuth Decius; his wife, Julia, assists. In *SPQR XIII: The Year of Confusion*, Caesar's astronomers, brought to Rome to reform the calendar, are murdered in late 46 BCE—a portent of things to come. St. Martin's Press.

Pliny the Younger, aided by his friend, the historian Tacitus, solves mysteries in a series by Albert A. Bell. The most recent of these, *The Corpus Conundrum*, involves a corpse that goes missing on Pliny's estate in Laurentum and a strange cast of characters connected to the victim. Ingalls Publishing Group.

Pliny the Younger also investigates in Bruce Macbain's *Roman Games*, where, at the command of Domitian, he is on the case of a murdered senator. The fate of the senator's slaves, suspected in the crime, hangs in the balance. Pliny has only fifteen days, the duration of the Ludi Romani, to save them. Martial

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Book Review: *Diogenes*

by Nick Kesinger

M.D. Usher, *Diogenes*. Pictures by Michael Chesworth. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2009. Pp. 32. ISBN 978-0-374-31785-0. $16.95 (cl).

In the opinion of this author, there is a shortage of good dog-stories in modern popular culture. There are a few greats: Fred Gipson's *Old Yeller*, Wilson Rawl's *Where the Red Fern Grows*, and Dodie Smith's *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*. But I struggle to think of any recent additions. There are, however, some wonderful stories about dogs in older, traditional literatures: old loyal Argos of the *Odyssey*, lying on his dungheap, scratching and waiting, scratching and waiting; the origins of Cú Chulainn in Irish epic; and the god Dharma's metamorphosis into a dog to test Yudhisthira in the *Mahābhārata*.

And then there is Diogenes of Sinope.

Technically speaking, of course, Diogenes was not a dog: he was a Cynic, an ancient philosopher who chose to live "like a dog" or "in a doggy manner." He was a notorious, irreverent, delightfully nonconformist thinker, born in Sinope, resident in Athens at the time of Plato, hanging out in Corinth when Alexander the Great breezed through.

But technicalities are overlooked when Diogenes is portrayed quite literally as a canine in M.D. Usher's picture-book *Diogenes*. The author has selected the most familiar and family-friendly of the many anecdotes we've inherited from Plutarch and Diogenes Laertius, made some minor changes of detail, and presented us with a lovable and didactic bowser of a philosopher. Instead of telling how Diogenes was captured by pirates and sold into slavery, for example, Usher has him captured by a dog catcher and thrown into the Athenian pound, where he amuses himself by commenting upon passers-by. One day he heckles a rich merchant by crying out, "Give me to him! He needs to learn a trick or two!"

> The man, who in his heart was a good man, stopped to have a look at Diogenes. "What tricks can you do?" he asked. "I know how to be my own master," Diogenes said, wagging his tail. "And I can teach you to be your own master, too."

Fig. 3. Jacket detail from *Diogenes*, by M.D. Usher and Michael Chesworth. Image © 2009 by Michael Chesworth.

Released into the merchant's care, Diogenes returns with him to Corinth, to live a happy, masterless existence teaching the merchant's family how to find true happiness.

Gimmick though this is, it works very well. The loose thread of a thematic narrative binds the ancient lessons together. There is a beginning, some crazy adventures in the middle, and a happy ending. (Children and parents interested in the "real" Diogenes will find a very readable two-page biography of him at the end of this picture-book; here they will be given a summary of his ideas as well as help with pronouncing Greek names.) Some of the deeper concepts formulated by the real-life philosopher may well go over the heads of young children: will the little ones really get the point about Diogenes' carrying a lantern about in broad daylight in order to find an honest man? Adults reading this book to children (or themselves) will have no trouble.

Even very small children will be delighted by Michael Chesworth's pen-and-watercolor illustrations. Here is Diogenes: a wall-eyed, scruffy, probably smelly mutt of indeterminate origin (there may be some pug in the mix, given the buggy eyes). He communes with butterflies and mice, wears his doggy-dish on his head (until he realizes he can do without it), and doesn't mind an occasional belly-scratch during which he rolls on his back and lets his tongue loll out. Also indeterminate is whether Diogenes is in full possession of his faculties: he begs from statues, hugs cold columns, and curls up in a pot … but that, of course, is just the old Diogenes, who delighted in challenging both the status quo and his audience's perceptions of his own sanity.

In the end, Chesworth's cartoony, anthropomorphic dog might just be a more honest caricature of the real Diogenes than many of the classical and Renaissance portrayals I've seen. Often an artist has employed a healthy, dignified oldster as a model; the finished piece is, outside of sporting a loin cloth, strangely reminiscent of images of Plato or Aristotle, even Socrates. I can't help imagining the real Diogenes as more colorful than that: perhaps a compassionate, benevolent figure. One is reminded too of the 1848 painting of Diogenes by Edwin Landseer: here Diogenes is portrayed as an elderly, mangy terrier lying in his barrel and towered over by a tubby little pug of an Alexander the Great. It's a clever, wry statement; but it doesn't quite capture the wit, wild-eyed playfulness, and contented soul that all the best cynics (and dogs) possess. Chesworth pulls this off with ease.

Supporting Diogenes the Dog is a colorful cast of extras. A ditzy Alexander puts in an appearance. Various cranks, creeps, and courtesans fill the pictures of this funny book. Certain to catch the eye are two cute human children who follow Diogenes wherever he goes; the two clearly represent both Diogenes' real-life students, and the young readers themselves.

And about that happy ending: Diogenes and his friends do ride off into the sunset together. Yet Diogenes is just as happy in the beginning and the middle of this book as he is at the end. Maybe there's a lesson there too. Diogenes does not wait for the "after" to live "happily ever."

Nick Kesinger *holds a Ph.D. in pharmaceutical sciences from Oregon State University. A research chemist, he lives in Albany, Oregon, with wife Billiejohnetta, daughter Gabriella, and border collie Yoohoo.*

TALES FROM THE TRICLINIUM: HOW TO BE A HIT AT A ROMAN DINNER PARTY

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capture of a meal (Martial 2.18).

Formal dinner parties in Rome were about the display of status. The dining room was generally the most lavishly decorated room in an elite Roman's house, and the rarity of the food provided an indication of the host's ability to procure other things, such as favors and coveted imperial appointments. The diners reclined two or more to a couch, and there were three couches arranged around a central dining table—from which arrangement the name *triclinium* is derived. Slaves entered from the fourth side, bringing fresh food, or, on occasion, removing and replacing the entire table.

It was generally very bad form to discuss business during the meal, which was an occasion for light chit-chat and to allow the diners to become acquainted with one another. When the last dessert had been cleared away, however, and the diners had been given a light drink (perhaps of rose-leaf wine), to clear their palates, the top-quality wine was brought out, and the serious discussion began. Sometimes this might be politics. During a tricky political crisis the Roman statesman and general Gaius Marius (157–86 BCE) hosted two rival factions at his house, the presence of each unknown to the other. He managed to host both meals simultaneously by rushing between the two under the pretense of a stomach complaint. By imperial times, discussing politics after dinner was considerably more risky than ingesting a dodgy oyster, and conversation turned to philosophy, jokes, and entertaining anecdotes.

We actually have an account of such a dinner party, prolonged over several nights, in the *Saturnalia* of Macrobius (fl. 395–423 CE). In this story, the dinner party is hosted by Vettius Agorius Praetextatus, the leader of the pagans in the Roman senate, and the participants show off their knowledge of trivia, philosophy, and grammar. (Romans were very big on fine points of grammar, and much of the otherwise diverting *Attic Nights* of Aulus Gellius [125–ca. 180 CE] is given over to how presumptuous would-be grammarians were swatted down at such social occasions.)

No parasite who simply chomped through his victuals and departed could expect a return invitation, and the benefits of hanging around the rich and influential were such that these invitations were fiercely coveted. So it was essential that every would-be parasite equipped himself with a set of bon mots, amusing tales, and philosophical reflections so as to hold up his end of an after-dinner conversation. Fortunately, there was a manual for that. In fact there were several.

By late antiquity some of the more diverting Greek and Roman jokes had been assembled into a little collection called the *Philogelos* or *Laughter-Lover*. The butt of most of these jokes was a sort of idiot academic whom I have called Elithio Phoitete (which is basically "idiot academic" in Greek.

Some of the "jokes" are totally alien to our culture. For example, "Elithio Phoitete stole a tunic. To change its appearance, he smeared it with pitch." Huh? Well, the Romans took theft very seriously. A convicted thief might briefly light up the amphitheater in his *tunica molesta*—a tunic that was covered with pitch and set on fire for the amusement of the spectators and as a salutary warning to other would-be thieves. Even when it is explained, this joke is not exactly funny. How about a few on the trade in human beings?

Someone complained to Elithio Phoitete that "the slave you sold me last week has died." "No!" said Elithio, "all the time I had him he never did that once." Or the time when Elithio was asked to pick up a thirty-year-old slave at the market. He could not find one, and came back with two fifteen-year-olds instead.

The Romans enjoyed their gallows humor, and they used it freely on what we see as the brutal and unpalatable side of their culture. In fact it is from the ancients that we get the words "sardonic grin," which refers to the death *rictus* of someone killed by a Sardinian poison. (See the etymology of "sardonic" in the *Dictionary of English Etymology* [1996] and Liddell and Scott's *Greek-English Lexicon* for *sardanios*).

Thus when the emperor Claudius forgot that he had ordered the death of a certain woman and invited the husband to dinner, Romans relished the man's brief explanation for his wife's absence; that "she had to repay a debt to nature" (because some Roman philosophers saw life as "borrowed" from the universe.)

The Roman dinner party owed much to the Greek symposium. It is one of the injustices of the modern world that Roman dinner parties are popularly supposed to have ended in orgies, but they generally didn't. On the other hand, symposia have come to mean high-minded discussions—if the more exuberant depictions of Athenian vase painters are to be believed, the Greek version often finished with free-for-all fornication.

Nevertheless, between leaping on the hetaerae and servants, the Greeks did manage to string together a few philosophical discussions, and any aspiring parasite would do well to mine the (relatively high-minded) *Symposium* of Xenophon, or the huge list of after-dinner topics left by the Greek biographer and philosophical writer Plutarch on such matters as "Can virtue be taught," "On the education of the young," and whether it is possible to praise oneself inoffensively. But be aware that Plutarch also sounds off about being too talkative, and tells of Aristotle being bored by a long, rambling anecdote. The speaker finished by asking, "And is this not wonderful, Aristotle?" The irritated philosopher replied that the wonder was that he had not run off while his legs were still working (Plutarch *Moralia* "On talkativeness" 2).

Ancient celebrities were always good for a tale or two, and just as every wisecrack today is generally attributed to Winston Churchill or Mark Twain, the emperor Augustus was deemed the master of the Roman one-liner. He allegedly commented to someone boasting of having been wounded in the face during a battle that he "should never look back while running away" (Macrobius *Saturnalia* 2.4.7).

Sadly, in the modern world we seldom have the chance to entertain our fellow diners with quips from Cicero, or with anecdotes about the odd behavior of various Roman emperors (leave the ones about Elagabalus, the cross-dressing third century CE emperor, until very late in the evening!), but it is good to know that if we ever should need to do so, the collected material is still there.

Philip "Maty" Matyszak *(biscuitsoft@gmail.com) has been interested in the ancient world since his parents purchased a set of little plastic hoplites for him in the 1960s. He earned his doctorate from St. John's College, Oxford, and currently creates courses for and teaches in the eLearning Programme of the Institute of Continuing Education at Madingley Hall at Cambridge University. He is the author of books ranging from* A Chronicle of the Roman Republic: The Rulers of Rome from Romulus to Augustus *(2003) to* Ancient Athens on Five Drachmas a Day *(2008), and* Ancient Rome on Five Denarii a Day *(2007).*

Book Review: *Follow Your Fates* series

continued from page 1

APA Comics contest, contributes eye-catching cover art and deft illustrations to each volume. Each book features multiple endings (13 for *Achilles*, 30 for *Odysseus*, and 32 for *Aeneas*), including one path that retells each hero's story as it appears in the original epic. Make the same choices as the canonical heroes, and you are rewarded at the end with the message, "Congratulations! You have successfully followed your fate!" Divergent choices tend to end in death (e.g., if you, as Odysseus, opt for a too-rash supplication of Nausicaa, you will be killed by the Phaeaceans), or sometimes a lifetime of regret or even torment (as Aeneas, you could be haunted by Dido if you don't attempt to apologize to her in the underworld, or by Mezentius if you don't allow his burial). The books are advertised for children 8 and up; the ideal audience might be 10- to 12-year-olds, but the author was inspired by a high school senior project, and these stories could appeal to kids in their teens and beyond. Each volume has a pronouncing glossary in the back.

To some extent, the ancient epics lend themselves well to this interactive treatment. Long before Borges, Homer (followed by Vergil) calls our attention to diverging possibilities and alternative, unrealized plotlines: Achilles tells his comrades that he knows he has a choice between an early death with glory or a long life without it (*Iliad* 9); Odysseus and Aeneas exclaim how much better death in battle would have been than death by drowning, and imagine the precise details (*Odyssey* 5, *Aeneid* 1); and we often hear formulations such as "and then the Greeks, at Patroclus' hands, would have taken Troy, if Apollo had not taken a stand …" (*Iliad* 16; Bruce Louden, who calls these constructions "pivotal contrafactuals," points out that sentences of the type "and now X would have happened, had not Y intervened" occur 60 times in Homer and 4 times in the *Aeneid*). Still, each epic has only one "real" plot, and their familiarity takes some of the fun out of the adventure-choosing: are these books imaginative games, or tests of how well you know your Homer and Vergil?

The premise of the "Congratulations! You have successfully followed your fate!" endings is that things work out for Achilles, Odysseus, and Aeneas in the optimal way. In the *Choose Your Own Adventure* series (the model for *Follow Your Fates*), there is typically one "winning" ending, along with one or two others that are not so bad, just different, and others that are definitely bad, delivering you to a violent death, an extended hospital stay, or jail. The *Follow Your Fates* books denigrate all choices other than the "real" ones, even choices that to many readers might have seemed better: as Achilles, if you get over your resentment and continue to fight on the Greek side, you may not hurl your comrades' souls into Hades, but you lose the respect of your men and return home in disgrace. As Odysseus, if you decide to sail past the Cyclops' island, you and your men arrive home safely, but you soon grow bored and restless: "You start to miss Troy … the danger, the thrill … you are not yet ready to be home," and you leave Ithaca in search of adventure. As Aeneas, even if you ward off destruction from your city by persuading the Trojans not to bring the horse inside the gates, you end up disappointed: "You live a happy life with your wife Creusa and son Ascanius, but you feel strangely empty … you missed out on something, some destiny … which you ignored." If you correctly follow your fate at the expense of your city and make it to Carthage, and then decide that it would be best to check in with Dido before slipping away, you end up dead: in your final embrace, she stabs you with your own dagger. If you make it to the very end of the *Aeneid* but then decide to spare Turnus' life, Evander rushes out and kills you with his dagger.

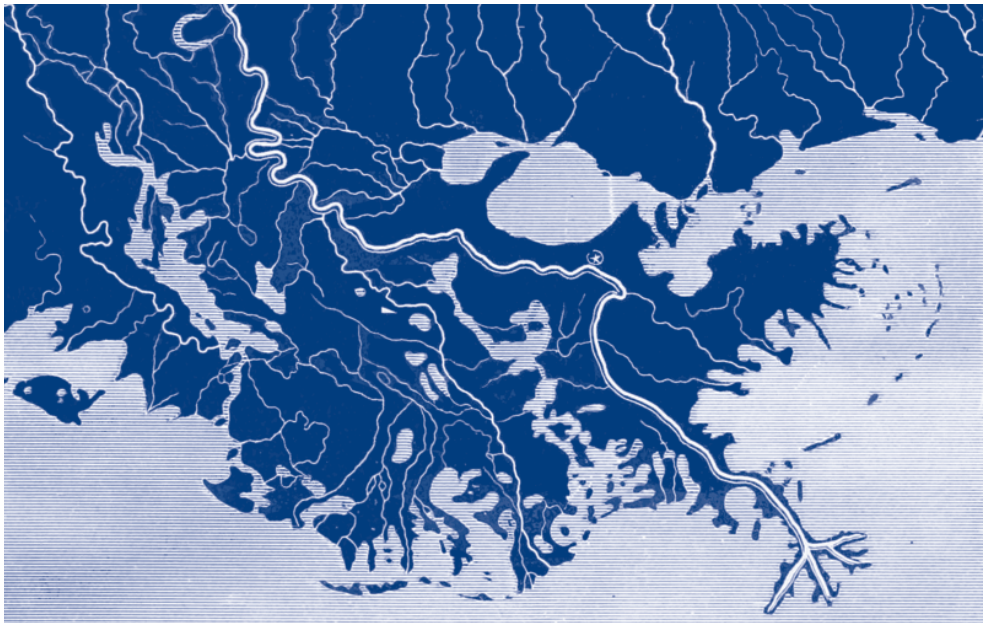

Fig. 4. Delta of the Mississippi River, *Popular Science Monthly* 54 (1899), reproduced courtesy of Wikimedia Commons.

In an interview available on YouTube, DeHoratius says that he hopes to continue writing *Follow Your Fates* books. This is good news: putting classical material in this fun, accessible format draws a young audience to the delights of Greek and Roman literature. But basing the stories on well-known characters with pre-determined scripts undermines the element of choice, and takes away one of the appealing features of the *Choose Your Own Adventure* books: in them, "you" can be either male or female, with your imagination supplying the details of your identity and personality. Perhaps the Follow Your Fates series, drawing on the rich resources of classical myth, the scope for variation and invention that classical authors enjoyed, and the creativity that is evident in these three titles, can bring more flexibility to the storylines and the protagonists' identities in future volumes.

Diane Arnson Svarlien *(arnsonsvarlien@ gmail.com) is a verse translator and classicist whose translations of Greek and Roman poetry have appeared in various journals and anthologies. She has published two collections of translations of the plays of Euripides:* Alcestis, Medea, Hippolytus *(2007), and* Andromache, Hecuba, Trojan Women *(2012).*

GOETHE AND TACITUS

by Herbert W. Benario

Johann Wolfgang Goethe was born in August 1749 and was educated at home by his father, with the classical languages playing a crucial role in his education. By the age of ten he read New Testament Greek with considerable ease and spoke Latin as easily as German, although, as he admitted, there were grammatical and rhetorical failings in his spoken language (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Hamburger Ausgabe 9, 239).*

At his father's insistence, he studied for a law career at several universities and received special training for a career in government service. In 1775, after the publication of *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers* in the year before, a slender novel about a thwarted love affair which had its origin in his own experience and which took the youth of Europe by storm, he was invited by Duke Carl August of the small Duchy of Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach in Thüringen to come to Weimar as his guest. Goethe took root there, and Weimar was his home for the last fifty-seven years of his life, until his death in 1832.

Unlike other young men, who were sent on a Grand Tour of the continent, with Italy the chief goal, Goethe had never seen the "promised land," until he left the spa of Karlsbad in 1786 without a companion. He was at last on the way south, entering upon what would prove to be one of the happiest periods of his life, from which he was not to return to Germany for almost two years. He kept a running diary of his travels and experiences, the places he saw, the people he met, which was later published as the *Italienische Reise.*

His comments and thoughts on his journey and what he is seeing often speak of Latin literature and Roman monuments. When in Venice on October 12, 1786, he wrote, "How happy I am that I dare again to approach the ancient writers! … For some years I could not look at any Latin author or contemplate anything that revived in me the image of Italy."

In Verona, on September 16, he had seen his first Roman amphitheater; in Assisi on October 25 he would see his first Roman temple: "a beautiful temple of Minerva, built in Augustan times, was still standing there."

On October 27, he left Terni in the morning as his journey to Rome was nearing its end. During the course of the day he reached Spoleto and climbed onto the aqueduct, the first he had seen, which served also as a bridge over the valley. The experience evoked a bit of philosophical musing: "This, now, is the third ancient structure I have seen, all of them with the same grandeur of design. A second Nature, one that serves civic goals, that is what their architecture is, and thus arose the amphitheater, the temple, and the aqueduct."

Subsequently, as the day wanes, he writes: "Then, in a remarkable fashion, history vividly links itself up with this, and I do not know what comes over me, but I feel the greatest longing to read Tacitus in Rome."

How happy I am that I dare again to approach the ancient writers!

This is the only mention of the Roman historian in the 550 pages of the work. Why here, why only here?

The emperor Tacitus, who reigned for about six months in 275–76, was born in Interamna, the ancient name of Terni, and claimed to be a descendant of the famous historian (*HA* 10.3): "Cornelius Tacitus. Because he claimed that the writer of imperial history was his ancestor, he ordered that it be placed in all libraries; lest he disappear because readers showed no interest, the emperor ordered that ten copies be made annually at public expense and placed in libraries."

That the two men were related seems most unlikely, since the historian's *nomen gentilicium* was *Cornelius* and the emperor's *Claudius*. Nonetheless, we may be quite sure that the inhabitants of the town took advantage of this then-accepted relationship to draw visitors to their community. The Englishman Tobias Smollett had been in Italy in 1740: when he came to write of Terni, his remarks were complimentary, and concluded with the statement that "[i]t was the birth-place of the emperor Tacitus, as well as of the historian of the same name" (Frank Felsenstein, ed., *Travels Through France and Italy* [Oxford, 1979], 296). However Smollett gained that information, it must be quite certain that Goethe would have been at least as well-informed.

The other occasion in Goethe's life when Tacitus played a significant role came more than twenty years later, when he had an audience with the emperor Napoleon (Gustav Seibt, *Goethe und Napoleon. Eine historische Begegnung* [Munich, 2008], and Jürgen von Stackelberg, *Tacitus in der Romania* [Tübingen, 1960], 239-44). The year was 1808, the place Erfurt, some twenty kilometers west of Weimar.

On October 14, 1806, on the twin battlefields of Jena and Auerstedt, respectively east and northeast of Weimar, Napoleon inflicted devastating defeats on the Prussians and their allies, among whom was the Duchy of Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach, still ruled by Goethe's patron, Carl August. Napoleon thereby ended Prussia's opposition to his remaking of the map of Germany. Almost precisely two years later, Napoleon invited Czar Alexander of Russia to a conference in Erfurt. Its purpose was to renew his treaty with Russia, so that, with his German back secure, he could devote his entire attention to the Iberian peninsula. Duke Carl August was of course present in Erfurt, ostensibly as host. He had Goethe come, and the latter stayed for a few days. On October 2, Goethe was summoned into the emperor's presence, with much discussion of literary matters. Among the subjects was Tacitus, whom Napoleon disliked passionately. Two of his comments about the historian have long been known: "Tacitus insults the empire; he is a malcontent senator," and "Tacitus! Don't speak to me of this pamphleteer! He has insulted the emperors!"

Napoleon asked Goethe, "Are you one of those who love Tacitus?" "Yes, Sire, very much." "Oh well, not I." This exchange could have lost Goethe all respect and regard from the emperor. Happily, this did not occur.

There is one further interesting comment about Tacitus. On March 10, 1813, Goethe stated, in a letter to his close contemporary and long-time friend, Karl Ludwig von Knebel (1744–1834), "I have these days read

only Shakespeare and Tacitus. I was much surprised that, in a certain sense, these two men are so like each other" (Rose Unterberger, ed., *Johann Wolfgang Goethe Sämtliche Werke. Briefe, Tagebücher und Gespräche*, vol. 34 [Frankfurt am Main, 1994], 187). Goethe's experience with Shakespeare went back to his teen years; one wonders what he might have had in mind.

Each author deals with a basic human condition, between man's aspirations and desires and the limitations placed upon him and his actions by a greater force, society. Much of Tacitus' narrative displays the tension in a society dominated by the power of one man and the desire latent in many for the freedom of action which once existed under the republic. Tacitus, as Shakespeare, discusses events not just in their time and place but as elements of human existence.

In the beginning of his biography of his father-in-law Agricola, dated to 98 CE, Tacitus writes:

> Now at last our spirit returns; but, although the emperor Nerva, at the very beginning of a most happy age, united two things formerly incompatible, the rule of one man and personal freedom, and although the emperor Trajan daily increases the good fortune of the times, and although the well-being of the people has not only expressed hope and a prayer for the future but also has received the fulfillment and realization of the prayer itself, yet by the nature of human weakness remedies are slower to take effect than their ills. (*Agricola* 3.1)

Tacitus treats not only events, as any narrator may do, but probes the role and impact of human nature. So too does Shakespeare, and so, to be sure, does Goethe. This common characteristic is surely a key to their immortality, their appeal to readers in other times and places and circumstances. For good and for ill, alas, human nature essentially does not change.

This was emphasized more than three quarters of a century ago by Ludwig Curtius, best known perhaps to classicists for his splendid book *Das Antike Rom*, with photographs by Alfred Nawrath, published in Vienna in 1944 (Ludwig Curtius, "Goethe und die Antike," *Neue Jahrbücher für Wissenschaft und Jugendbildung* 8 [1932]: 306).

> And so we keep in mind Goethe's reminder to Johann Peter Eckermann (1792–1854), Goethe's confidant and "scribe" for most of the last decade of Goethe's life: "One must constantly repeat what is true, because what is false is likewise constantly preached around us, and indeed not by individuals but by the masses." To this repetition of the truth belongs the ever new experience of antiquity. In this context it seems to me that the essentially undogmatic, continually changing relationship of Goethe to antiquity serves us in an exemplary fashion. Classical antiquity is for him not knowledge which he acquires, in order to instruct himself, but a basic element of his education, through which he becomes Goethe—indeed an ever new Goethe—in the very process of self-completion.

*The edition which I have used is that of the Hamburger Ausgabe (Munich: Beck, vol. 11, 1998), edited by Erich Trunz and Herbert von Einem. Translations of the excerpts from the *Italienische Reise* are by Robert R. Heitner, in The Suhrkamp Goethe edition, vol. 6 (New York, 1989). All other translations are by the writer.

Herbert W. Benario *(hwbenario@yahoo.com) is Professor Emeritus of Classics at Emory University. His particular interests include Tacitus, the Germans, and the classical tradition. He was Fulbright Professor at the University of Passau, Germany, in 1990. His most recent publication was an AP text of Caesar (Univ. of Oklahoma Press).*

SUMMER BEACH READING FOR CLASSICISTS

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lends a hand. Poisoned Pen Press.

Nico, investigative agent, older brother of Socrates, and friend of Pericles, is the central character in Gary Corby's mysteries, set in fifth-century Athens. In *The Pericles Commission*, Nico investigates the murder of democratic reformer Ephialtes. In *The Ionia Sanction*, he looks into a suspicious suicide in Ephesus, where the exiled Themistocles provides crucial information. Both published by St. Martin's Press.

Caveat Emptor is the latest installment in Ruth Downie's mystery series centering on the military doctor Ruso in Roman Britain. This time, the hero investigates the case of a tax collector, who has gone missing along with the emperor's taxes. Bloomsbury USA.

In *Song of Achilles*, Madeline Miller gives us the Trojan War myth from Patroclus' point of view, beginning with the story of how the hero and Achilles became inseparable friends well before Helen and Paris sparked the conflict between the Greeks and the Trojans. Bloomsbury Publishing, UK; HarperCollins Publishers, US.

We, the Drowned, by Carsten Jensen (trans. Charlotte Barslund and Emma Ryder), is "appointed with all the trappings of an epic, *Odyssey* allusions included" ("Briefly Noted," *The New Yorker*, 14 March 2011). Narrated in the first person plural, this novel follows the seafaring adventures of several generations in a Danish port town. Houghton Mifflin Harcourt.

Philip Roth draws on the myth of Oedipus in *Nemesis* to tell the story of Bucky Cantor, who unwittingly carries the polio virus to the communities he tries to help. Houghton Mifflin Harcourt.

"Athens has long been a place where lonely people go." So Simon Van Booy writes at the start of *Everything Beautiful Began After*, setting this tale of "lost souls" (including an archaeologist and a philologist) against the backdrop of a city haunted by its classical past. Harper Perennial.

Set in 1970, *Come Like Shadows* is the eighth volume in Simon Raven's *Alms for Oblivion* series. It tells the story of a group of friends involved in making a movie of the *Odyssey* on the island of Corfu. HarperCollins Publishers.

In *The Swerve: How the World Became Modern*, Stephen Greenblatt recounts how a Renaissance book hunter discovered Lucretius' *On the Nature of Things*, lost since antiquity, and traces the impact of this discovery on writers and artists down to the modern age. W.W. Norton & Company.

Netta Berlin *(berlin@umich.edu) is a Lecturer in the Classical Studies Department at the University of Michigan, where she teaches a variety of Greek and Latin courses as well as first-year seminars in Classical Civilization. She is currently working on classical influences in the early poems of Allen Ginsberg.*

WHERE IN ATHENS DID PAUL SEE THE ALTAR OF THE UNKNOWN GOD?

by William C. West, III

When Paul addresses the Athenians in Athens, traditionally on the Areopagus, he gains their attention by reminding them that they have an Altar to an Unknown God (*Acts* 17.23): Ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, κατὰ πάντα ὡς δεισιδαιμονεστέρους ὑμᾶς θεωρῶ· διερχόμενος γὰρ καὶ ἀναθεωρῶν τὰ σεβάσματα ὑμῶν εὗρον καὶ βωμὸν ἐν ᾧ ἐπεγέγραπτο, Ἀγνώστῳ θεῷ. "Men of Athens, I observe that in all things you are very religious. For in wandering about and looking at your objects of worship I found an altar on which was inscribed: 'To the Unknown God'."

The aim of the introduction to any speech is to gain the attention of the audience, so that they may be well-disposed to the speaker and accord him a sympathetic hearing. Paul accomplishes this by reminding the Athenians of their religious character and establishing his point by reference to the Altar to an Unknown God. He does not engage in the reasoning of a Greek intellectual, an orator or philosopher, but adapts his message to the Greeks' own search for such a God. He then proceeds to connect the Unknown God with the Christian God. Jesus is referred to only at the end of the speech. He is not mentioned by name but as "as the man whom he (God) has ordained," in whom the truth of his observation is confirmed, though most of the audience probably did not follow him this far.

New Testament scholars generally believe that Luke, author of his *Gospel*, is also the author of *The Acts of the Apostles*. As presented in *Acts*, the speech is Luke's reconstruction, but there is no reason to disbelieve that he has faithfully captured the salient points of Paul's rhetoric. Paul engages his audience by appealing to what they know. Their intellectual curiosity is familiar from the conversations of Socrates and the diatribes of Stoic philosophers and others, and is highlighted by the search for an Unknown God. He cites Aratus, poet of astronomy, in *Phainomena* ("even as one of your own poets has said," *Acts* 17.28-29): ἐν αὐτῷ γὰρ ζῶμεν καὶ κινούμεθα καὶ ἐσμέν, ὡς καί τινες τῶν καθ' ὑμᾶς ποιητῶν εἰρήκασιν·τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν. "'For in him we live and move and are', as even some of your own poets have said, 'For we are also the race of him'."

In order to gain credence for his observation, however, Paul needs to have evidence to back it up and for this he is counting on the familiarity of the audience with their monuments. Where might he have seen such an altar? A recent biography of the apostle by J. Murphy-O'Connor (*Paul: A Critical Life* [Oxford, 1996]) discusses all aspects of his life and career but does not deal with this question. Recent studies by New Testament scholars have sought to clarify Paul's rhetoric in the speech as well as seeking to understand the substantive points he makes about Christianity. Particular interest among these scholars has been focused on his appeal to an audience that is basically critical, but an approach from topography, even a minor one, can enhance our understanding of Paul.

A clue is given in *Acts* 17.13-14: ὡς δὲ ἔγνωσαν οἱ ἀπὸ τῆς Θεσσαλονίκης Ἰουδαῖοι ὅτι καὶ ἐν τῇ Βεροίᾳ κατηγγέλη ὑπὸ τοῦ Παύλου ὁ λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ, ἦλθον κἀκεῖ σαλεύοντες καὶ ταράσσοντες τοὺς ὄχλους. εὐθέως δέ οἱ ἀδελφοὶ τὸν Παῦλον ἐξαπέστειλαν πορεύεσθαι ἕως ἐπὶ τὴν θάλασσαν. "When the Jews from Thessalonike learned that the word of God had been proclaimed by Paul in Beroea, they went there, inciting and disturbing the multitudes. And then at once the brethren sent Paul away to proceed to the sea."

Luke reports that Paul preached the Gospel in Thessalonike but was angrily driven away by the Jews. He then went to Beroea and continued his ministry, only to be pursued by the Jews when they learned where he was. We then learn that his friends sent him at once to the sea coast, and we may suppose that he then caught the next ship to Athens. He could, of course, have taken the coast road through Thermopylae and approached Athens from the north, but voyage by sea would certainly have been the quicker and easier passage. In Luke's narrative the visit to Athens comes next and his speech on the Areopagus is the central event of his discussion of it.

Before he presents the speech, in *Acts* 17.23-31, Luke gives an indication of the occasion of the speech and of the nature of the audience. He says that Paul visited Jews in the synagogue and reasoned with them and "devout persons" and encountered others every day in the marketplace. Some of the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers who encountered him were entirely dismissive ("What does this babbler say?" at *Acts* 17.18) but others took him seriously and sought to understand what he was saying (*Acts* 17.18). They urged him to explain himself further on the Areopagus. The Areopagus council was composed of exarchons and would have continued to function under the Romans, and so we may infer that the speech was delivered mainly to an audience of elite men, but *Acts* 17.19-20 suggests that others heard the speech as well.

Pausanias, writing about a century after Paul, tells us that Altars to Unknown Gods could be seen along the road from Phaleron to Athens (1.1.4): Ἔστι δὲ καὶ ἄλλος Ἀθηναίοις ὁ μὲν ἐπὶ Μουνυχίᾳ λιμὴν καὶ Μουνυχίας ναὸς Ἀρτέμιδος, ὁ δ' ἐπὶ Φαληρῷ ... ἐνταῦθα καὶ Σκιράδος Ἀθηνᾶς ναός ἐστι καὶ Διὸς ἀπωτέρω, βωμοὶ δὲ θεῶν τε ὀνομαζομένων Ἀγνώστων καὶ ἡρώων καὶ παίδων τῶν Θησέως καὶ Φαληροῦ· "The Athenians have another harbor at Munichia and a temple of Artemis of Munichia, and another [harbor] at Phalerum … Here there is a temple of Athena Skiras and a temple of Zeus further away, and altars of the gods called Unknown and of heroes and the children of Theseus and Phaleros."

We can gather that this road was a well-known thoroughfare for the Athenians from Plato's *Symposium*, as the dialogue is a conversation related by Apollodorus to his companion as they walked along this road (172a, 173b): "Ὦ Φαληρεύς", ἔφη, "οὗτος Ἀπολλόδωρος, οὐ περιμένεις;" … Ἀριστόδημος ἦν τις, Κυδαθηναιεύς, σμικρός, ἀνυπόδητος ἀεί· παρεγεγόνει δ' ἐν τῇ συνουσίᾳ, Σωκράτους ἐραστὴς ὢν ἐν τοῖς μάλιστα τῶν τότε, ὡς ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ. οὐ μέντοι ἀλλὰ καὶ Σωκράτη γε ἔνια ἤδη ἀνηρόμην ὧν ἐκείνου ἤκουσα, καί μοι ὡμολόγει καθάπερ ἐκεῖνος διηγεῖτο." "Τί οὖν," ἔφη, "οὐ διηγήσω μοι; πάντως δὲ ἡ ὁδὸς ἡ εἰς ἄστυ ἐπιτηδεία πορευομένοις καὶ λέγειν καὶ ἀκούειν." "O Man of Phaleron," he said, "you Apollodoros, will you not wait?" ... "There was a certain

Aristodemos, of Kudathenaios, a little guy, always shoeless. He was present at the symposium, being an admirer of Socrates, particularly so among those of that time, as it seems to me. Nevertheless I even questioned Socrates as to some of the details I heard from him and he agreed that it was just as Aristodemos said." "Why not tell it to me, then?" he said. "The road to the city is entirely suitable to travelers for telling and listening."

The settings of Plato's dialogues are locations and situations familiar to his readers, serving the rhetorical function of putting the listener at ease and rendering him or her attentive to the development of the philosophical argument. We recall the gathering at the house of Cephalus the metic in the *Republic*, the reception for Protagoras and the sophists at the home of Kallias son of Hipponicus, and the stroll outside the walls along the Ilissus in the *Phaedrus*. In all of the dialogues a familiar point of reference is essential for maintaining the attention of his readers. The *Symposium*, for instance, bears three levels of reality: the symposium itself, the account of it related by Aristodemus to Apollodorus, and Apollodorus' own narrative related to his companion on the Phaleron road.

If Paul came by ship from Macedonia, it is entirely probable that he landed at Phaleron, the first harbor encountered on this route, and walked to Athens along this road, observing Altars to Unknown Gods along the way. Paul the apostle could have had a good education in rhetoric at Tarsus in his youth, since, as George Kennedy has observed, "Schools of rhetoric were common in the Hellenized cities of the East, and Paul as a boy could have attended one." (*Classical Rhetoric and Its Christian and Secular Tradition from Ancient to Modern Times* [1980], p. 130.) Paul's letters bear the mark of this training, all of them being carefully structured to support the theological reasoning which he develops. Hence it is not surprising that he uses his observation as the *captatio benevolentiae* of his speech to the Athenians.

A couple of years ago I tested this observation by making this walk in reverse. I took the Athens Metro to the Syngrou-Fix station and then walked to the sea, deviating slightly to the small yacht harbor, which in antiquity would have been the harbor of Munychia.

I ended my walk in Piraeus and then caught the Metro back to central Athens. The entire excursion consumed no more than four hours, and the leg from Syngrou-Fix to the sea only about an hour by itself.

Ancient Athens had three harbors: Piraeus, Munychia, and Phaleron (Pausanias 1.2): Ὁ δὲ Πειραιεὺς δῆμος μὲν ἦν ἐκ παλαιοῦ, πρότερον δὲ πρὶν ἢ Θεμιστοκλῆς Ἀθηναίοις ἦρξεν ἐπίνειον οὐκ ἦν· Φαληρὸν δέ—ταύτῃ γὰρ ἐλάχιστον ἀπέχει τῆς πόλεως ἡ θάλασσα—, τοῦτό σφισιν ἐπίνειον ἦν ... Θεμιστοκλῆς δὲ ὡς ἦρξε—τοῖς τε γὰρ πλέουσιν ἐπιτηδειότερος ὁ Πειραιεὺς ἐφαίνετό οἱ προκεῖσθαι καὶ λιμένας τρεῖς ἀνθ' ἑνὸς ἔχειν τοῦ Φαληροῖ—τοῦτό σφισιν ἐπίνειον ἔϊναι κατεσκευάσατο. "Piraeus was a village in olden times, but it was not a port before Themistokles was archon of the Athenians. Phaleron was their port, for in this place the sea was least distant from Athens ... But when Themistokles became archon—for it appeared to him that Peiraieus was more suitable for those sailing to Athens, and it had three harbors instead of one at Phaleron—he made Peiraieus the port." Pausanias (8.10.4) says that Phaleron was 20 stadia from the city.

Themistokles urged the Athenians to use Piraeus rather than Phaleron as their major harbor, since it was larger and better suited for defense. Pericles was aware of the need to defend Athens at Phaleron as well from attack by sea or land and so specified that Long Walls be built to Piraeus and to Phaleron. Thuc. 2.13.7: τοῦ τε γὰρ Φαληρικοῦ τείχους στάδιοι ἦσαν πέντε καὶ τριάκοντα πρὸς τὸν κύκλον τοῦ ἄστεως, καὶ αὐτοῦ τοῦ κύκλου τὸ φυλασσόμενον τρεῖς καὶ τεσσαράκοντα (ἔστι δὲ αὐτοῦ ὃ καὶ ἀφύλακτον ἦν, τὸ μεταξὺ τοῦ τε μακροῦ καὶ τοῦ Φαληρικοῦ), τὰ δὲ μακρὰ τείχη πρὸς τὸν Πειραιᾶ τεσσαράκοντα σταδίων, ὧν τὸ ἔξωθεν ἐτηρεῖτο· "For there were thirty-five stades of the Phalerian Wall toward the circuit of the city, and of the guarded part of the circuit itself forty-three (and there that which was unguarded was the part between the Long Wall and the Phaleric), and the Long Walls toward the Peiraeus were forty stadia, and it was maintained."

It is not known whether Paul landed at Piraeus or Phaleron. Piraeus was certainly the principal port in his time as the harbor for commercial and passenger vessels (cf. R. Garland, *The Piraeus: From the Fifth Century B.C.* [Bristol, 2001], p. 151), but Phaleron should also be considered as a definite possibility. On the need for continued defense at Phaleron, one should note that Anchimolius of Sparta landed there in the late sixth century and disembarked his army (Hdt. 5.63), that the Persians caused much destruction in the area, and that in the fourth century ephebes regularly garrisoned Munychia (Arist. *AthPol* 42) and devoted considerable attention to the site in later years, with sacrifices (*IG* II² 1009), parades (*IG* II² 1029), and sailing to it (*SEG* 29.116; *IG* II² 1008; *IG* II² 1011).

The road connecting Phaleron to the city probably entered the city to the south of the Acropolis (at Gate XII in Travlos, *Pictorial Dictionary of Ancient Athens* [London, 1971]). I thank an *Amphora* referee for helpful criticisms and, especially, calling attention to Leda Costaki's Ph.D. dissertation ("The *intra muros* road system of Ancient Athens" [Univ. of Toronto, 2006]) for a description of the remains of the Phaleron road.

The harbor at Phaleron remained in use throughout antiquity, however, and even today is the location established for the fleet landing of U.S. Navy ships that call at Athens. When I served aboard an LST in 1960, my ship, the *Wahkiakum County*, anchored off Phaleron and ran small craft to the fleet landing there. In terms of its nearness to Athens, I recall that when my ship first anchored there, I could see the Acropolis. Likewise, in 1973, when I had a sabbatical at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, I again learned of the fleet landing at Phaleron established by an aircraft carrier visiting Athens at Christmas. From this location sailors would have easy access to a city bus into town along Syngrou Avenue.

In summary, I suggest that Paul landed at Phaleron and then walked to Athens along the ancient road that now lies beneath Syngrou Avenue. Along the way he observed the Altars to Unknown Gods and determined to use this observation to gain the interest of the Athenians. I also need to say that this observation is not original with me. I am indebted to Eugene Vanderpool, prince of Athenian topographers, who explained it as well when I attended the American School in 1965. I was surprised to discover that Vanderpool's article "The Apostle Paul in Athens" (*Archaeology* 3 [1950]) did not use it, and so I offer this note in his memory.

William C. West, III *(wwest@live.unc.edu), is Professor of Classics, Emeritus, at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He directed the American Office of* L'Année Philologique *and was Book Review Editor for* AJP. *He has been a consultant in epigraphy and history for the excavations at Azoria, Crete, and is publishing inscribed pottery from the site.*

AJAX IN AMERICA

by Claire Catenaccio

Ajax is having a moment in America. In the years from 1986 to the present, at least fifteen major professional productions have been staged, and more are on the horizon. This increase in popularity, of course, is part of the larger renaissance of Greek tragedy that has taken place since 1969. Yet interest in *Ajax* seems to have grown disproportionately, as compared with works such as the *Oresteia*, *Medea*, and *Antigone*, which have traditionally been more popular. Recent productions of *Ajax* have used the play as a means for assertive public and political statements, focusing on the experience of the individual soldier in war. *Ajax* has helped theater makers and audience members explore the problems inherent in continuous American military engagement overseas by contrasting American ideals of heroism with the realities of capitalist and imperialist policy.

Why now? One reason may be the dawning awareness, after the heated Vietnam-era protests, that there need be no contradiction between hating war and honoring the soldier. In 1994, military psychiatrist Jonathan Shay published *Achilles in Vietnam: Combat Trauma and the Undoing of Character*, in which he drew parallels between the soldiers of Homer's *Iliad* and Vietnam veterans suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder. Unhealed PTSD, Shay argued, can be devastating; it prevents its victims from participation in the domestic, economic, and political life of the nation. For Shay, Homer's stories about the moral dimensions of combat trauma, the berserk state, respect for one's enemy, and the communalization of grief could help modern doctors understand how war damages the mind and spirit.

Shay wrote for veterans, their families, and their doctors. In the past twenty years, theater makers have used this juxtaposition of ancient art and modern warfare to approach the general public. *Theater of War*, directed by Brian Doerries, presents readings of *Philoctetes* and *Ajax* to military and civilian audiences across the United States and Europe. To date, more than 150 performances have been staged, at sites including the Pentagon, Guantanamo Bay, VA hospitals, homeless shelters, high school auditoriums, and churches. For the performance I attended, at Columbia University in April, 2011, the actors sat onstage in folding chairs while Doerries gave an introduction. Walking to and fro in front of the stage, he suggested that Greek drama was a form of storytelling, communal therapy, and ritual reintegration for combat veterans by combat veterans. At the time when Aeschylus wrote and produced the *Oresteia*, Athens was at war on six fronts. Sophocles, he noted, was himself a general. The audiences for whom these plays were performed included citizen-soldiers of the Athenian state, and the actors were most likely veterans or cadets. Seen through this lens, ancient Greek drama appears to be an elaborate ritual aimed at helping combat veterans return to civilian life after deployments, during a century that saw eighty years of war.

Doerries then briefly introduced the characters onstage, explaining that Ajax is a fierce warrior who has slipped into depression after the death of his comrade-in-arms Achilles. A perceived betrayal by his commanding officers, Agamemnon and Menelaus, has pushed Ajax into a berserk and frankly psychotic state, and he has attempted to assassinate the generals of the army. Doerries asked the audience to pay attention to the roles of Tecmessa and the Chorus, who attempt to intervene and save Ajax before it is too late, and also to the divine force represented by Athena.

With the house lights still up, the play began. Four actors shared the various parts among them. The actors remained seated in folding chairs, each behind a microphone, and read from a script. Doerries' translation proceeded quickly in clipped, plain prose. Scenes were condensed and streamlined, and the entire story was related in under an hour. Other than an occasional modern phrase (e.g., "shell-shocked," the "thousand-yard stare"), the script did not explicitly mention contemporary warfare or America.

At the end of the play, the actors found seats in the audience. Doerries then invited several individuals to take the empty chairs on the stage. On this evening, the panelists included a veteran of the Vietnam War, a soldier recently returned from a tour in Iraq, the young wife of a soldier, and a military psychiatrist. I was surprised and moved by the thoughtfulness and eloquence of the speakers. The soldier's wife expressed a connection especially to the role of Tecmessa, and spoke about her inability to understand the violent forces that sometimes possessed her husband. The soldier spoke of feeling pulled between two worlds: he had physically returned home, but was still psychologically fighting his war against guilt, anger, and fear. He identified with the isolation of Ajax, his inability to communicate even with his fellow soldiers.

In the third and final portion of the event, members of the audience were encouraged to take the microphone and share their own reactions. This could easily have turned into a heated debate, but Doerries managed skillfully to steer the conversation back to the issues of Greek drama, psychological loss, and the reintegration of the soldier after combat. The audience members who spoke were honest, sometimes tearful, sometimes angry. One young woman spoke about her father's suicide, brought on by PTSD, and the mixture of anger and loss she felt in the wake of his action. A veteran, recently enrolled at Columbia, discussed the haunting guilt he had felt after the death of one of his comrades. Many prefaced their comments by saying they had rarely or never spoken about their experiences of combat and trauma. The reading and the panel discussion had empowered them to share their own private experiences in this public forum.

As stated on the project's website, *Theater of War* aims "to de-stigmatize psychological injury, increase awareness of post-deployment psychological health issues, disseminate information regarding available resources, and foster greater family, community, and troop resilience." Using *Ajax*, Doerries hopes to create a common vocabulary to discuss the impact of war, and to generate "compassion and understanding between diverse audiences." By asking the audience to focus on Tecmessa and Eurysaces as well as on Ajax, he breaks down the barrier between soldier and civilian to consider war's effect on those who do not engage in battle. Doerries sees *Theater of War* primarily as a public health campaign, not as a theater project. As he explained in an interview in *Didaskalia*, "theater is the tool that we are using to catalyze the discussion." By eliminating the theatrical elements of set, costume, props, music, and lighting, Doerries pulls the spectator directly into the content of the play. It is a unique and compelling event, focusing as much on the audience as on its performance.

Theater of War has been enormously successful, and it is not surprising that other directors have tried to adapt

Doerries' formula to a more traditional theatrical context. A full production of *Ajax* in translation directed by Sarah Benson in Cambridge, MA (February 2012), endeavored especially to harness the choral power of the audience, but without risking the possible chaos of open debate. In her program notes, Benson describes her choice of text as motivated by the divide between soldiers and citizens in the modern world. She writes,

> As I began thinking more about the play I started seeing [Ajax's] story everywhere, from accounts in the media of the many cases of PTSD amongst returning soldiers, to those unable to find even menial work after having run complex high-level operations in a war situation, to the epidemic of military suicides and the call centers springing up in response; soldiers seemed to be going through shockingly similar experiences to Ajax. Especially in the context of modern warfare where we are so removed from the day-to-day action of war (despite incredible access through technology), I began asking what our civic duty is as a community during war—and seeing *Ajax* as a response to that.

The choral component was Benson's own invention and floated free of the Greek original. The slanting back wall of the set was covered by a grid of thirty video projections. In each cell of the grid one face appeared, far larger than life, shot at close range. During the choral odes the stage lights were dimmed so that the video projections became the exclusive object of focus. The Chorus members in their individual screens spoke, either in succession or simultaneously. None of the lines came from the text of Sophocles, and they were delivered in ordinary, non-poetic language.

Benson's use of this recorded video was the production's most unusual aspect. The program for the show did not explain how the choral material was gathered, and what follows comes from a conversation with Kathryn Kozlark, the show's assistant director. According to Kozlark, Chorus members came from the community—half were former or current service members, the other half "recognizable faces around Cambridge." None were professional actors or financially compensated. Before the start of rehearsals, Benson and Kozlark approached random individuals on the street; forty-three were then invited for interviews at the theater. Kozlark stated that Benson preferred individuals with no knowledge of the play or Greek theater. Interviewees were asked to reflect on questions like their relationship with theater, did they believe in fate, and why wars happen. Then they were asked to react to a hypothetical situation where a person they trusted and admired did something that they could not respect. A videographer then took the resulting video and created the projected choral montage.

In performance, Benson's composite Chorus introduced the perspectives that ordinary people might have on the fall of a great man. But the Greek chorus also explores themes and tensions of the play in a poetic realm, where music, dance, and lyric verse elevate the drama's events to another plane of meaning. Because Benson filmed the Chorus interviews weeks before the performance, and because the interview subjects had not seen Sophocles' play and were not reacting to the drama unfolding before their eyes, their responses lacked the spontaneity and personal depth of the *Theater of War* talk-backs. With neither the poetry of Sophocles nor the immediacy of live presentation to guide it, Benson's production never rose above the idiom of the person on the street.

Ajax in Iraq, written by Ellen McLaughlin in collaboration with students at the A.R.T, explicitly set the events of Sophocles' *Ajax* in contemporary Iraq. McLaughlin and her students collected vast material from soldiers and veterans in an effort to accommodate multiple perspectives on the experience of war. The production I saw was directed by August Schulenburg in New York in June, 2011. Like Benson, McLaughlin seems to have been influenced by the rhetoric of *Theater of War*. In her program note, she writes:

> Ancient Greek theater was written for veterans by veterans, who made up the vast majority of the audience. In the highly militarized world of the classical era, theater was one of the key means of processing the radical trauma of war, providing a kind of communal therapy that, as we still find, can best be done in the company of other veterans.

Ajax in Iraq juxtaposes scenes from Sophocles' play with story of A.J., a young female soldier stationed in Iraq. Upstage, Ajax is tormented by Athena. Downstage, a chorus of men and women in military fatigues talk about the nightmare of living in a war zone, where anyone may be an enemy and any object may be a bomb. A.J. lives through a contemporary version of Ajax's experience. Caught in sniper fire, she is next to a house when it suddenly explodes. She tries to save the inhabitants, only to discover that they have all been killed.

After the bombing, A.J. is called her sergeant's tent. Instead of giving her a medal, the sergeant mocks and rapes her. That night A.J. leaves camp and goes on a killing rampage in the fields, slaughtering animals and covering herself in their blood. When she is discovered the next morning surrounded by carcasses, A.J. deceives her comrades and goes into the desert to commit suicide. At this point the story of Ajax and that of A.J. come together, as the two characters kneel next to each other on the stage and deliver alternating lines from Sophocles' great suicide speech. At the end of the scene Ajax puts his sword to his chest, while A.J. positions her rifle against her mouth, and the lights go dark.

Looking ahead, *Ajax* is poised to reach even larger audiences. This spring, the National Endowment for the Humanities awarded a Chairman's Special Grant of $800,000, the largest NEH grant ever given in theater, to the Aquila Theater, for a project entitled "Ancient Greeks / Modern Lives: Poetry-Drama-Dialogue." Director Peter Meineck has assembled a team that will stage free readings at a series of public libraries around the country. *Ajax* will feature prominently in the repertoire, alongside scenes from Homer's *Odyssey*, Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*, and Euripides' *Herakles*.

Directors of ancient plays position themselves on a spectrum, where they must both bring out the original, and also re-imagine it in terms of current society. Recent productions of *Ajax* have explored the effects of extensive combat experience on soldiers and their families, focusing in particular on PTSD, suicide, sexual assault, and the difficulty of reintegration into civic society after deployments. Perhaps audiences feel freer thinking about the taboos of war within the context of historical texts, which encourage the expression of strong emotion without personal animosity. The imaginative distance provided by the ancient play encourages us to think empathetically about what soldiers have gone through by letting them speak for themselves in a timeless voice.

Claire Catenaccio *(cec2164@columbia.edu) is a graduate student in Classics at Columbia University, focusing on epic and drama. She has worked with modern stagings of ancient plays as a director, translator, and dramaturg.*

A TALE OF TWO NEROPOLEIS: SOCIAL NETWORKING IN ANCIENT ROME

by Clara Hardy and Jenn Thomas

Part I—Carleton College: Clara Hardy

Almost all college students start out with some sense of the Roman emperor Nero, even if it derives from Bugs Bunny or Hollywood. They know that he fiddled while Rome burned, that he presided over wild banquets and orgies, that he threw Christians to the lions. When they first encounter him in the academic classroom they are amazed that the ancient narratives are fully as outrageous and astonishing as what they've seen on TV. Suetonius' *Nero* is an enormously entertaining text (the account of the multiple attempts to kill Agrippina is always a highlight) and students enjoy reading it. But, perhaps as a result of precisely these sensational aspects of Neronian Rome, it can be challenging to get students to grasp certain aspects of the historical context; they start out by responding to the text as if they were critiquing the plot of a movie rather than considering an alien world. "How could Nero possibly have stayed in power as long as he did?" is the inevitable first question. (Subtext: how implausible! All it would take would be one well-placed dagger to bring down an incompetent lunatic like that!)

This was the conundrum that sparked the invention of Neropolis, an interactive social networking game my colleagues and I have run in our introductory Classical Civilization course in each of the past four years. We wanted some way to bring home to the students, in a powerfully felt manner, at least a small taste of life under a dictatorship, and some idea of the structural elements that made it difficult to remove a sitting emperor from power. The game of "Assassin" is very popular here, and we considered instituting some variation of this, where students would actually attempt an "assassination" in real time on campus. But the potential for unforeseen consequences in a live-action role-play seemed worrying, and we began to investigate virtual options.

While none of us had yet made the leap to Facebook when we started, our excellent and supportive IT staff convinced us that a social networking platform was just what we needed. They happened to be at that moment working on a Facebook-style platform for the alumni community using an open-source product called "Elgg," and they built us our very own customized copy, which we called Neropolis. Once students had a log-in name and password for the site, they could customize their profile (listing interests or ambitions), "friend" other people, create groups, and communicate with others either publicly or privately. We gave the students Roman names, social statuses (freed slaves through senators), and secret goals. They were warned not to reveal their Roman identities to their friends in class. And then we started it up.

Death to Nero!

In the first year we had a class of about thirty-five students, and we left about half of them neutral, with the goal of "maximizing their social status," or getting as close as possible to the avenues of power. The other half were given the goals either of assassinating Nero, passing information to him, or physically protecting him. (In subsequent years we have tinkered with these ratios, and given the "neutrals" some more specific goals to work toward.) In order to assassinate the emperor, five conspirators needed to write "Death to Nero" on his wall within five minutes of each other, without a guard arresting any of them first. But identifying fellow-conspirators was tricky given the presence of spies who were actively seeking juicy information to pass along, or even neutral parties who could decide they'd benefit more from exposing a plot than from joining it. And in the event of success, the assassins had to propose and enact a plan for the continued governance of the Roman Empire. As an added stimulus to action, Nero (played by a faculty member not teaching the course) would occasionally post either a "tip of the hat" or a "wag of the finger" on people's walls, to indicate that he was feeling favorable or hostile toward them; two finger-wags meant that the recipient had to commit suicide unless he or she could provide plausible (although not necessarily true) information against someone else.

While there was a valiant attempt at revolution the first time we ran the game, the main conspirator was informed upon and forced to commit suicide before his fellows revealed themselves. In subsequent years we have had both successful and unsuccessful conspiracies; in the most recent run of the game Nero was assassinated within the first week, and two *principes* later the Republic was restored. We still have never really had betrayals on a scale to match those of the actual Pisonian Conspiracy. But debriefs from the game, and students' written responses to it, indicate that it has been successful in giving them a taste of life under autocracy. They are astonished at how terrified they are of offending Nero, and how tricky it can be to try to determine whether someone might join a conspiracy or betray it. And it has made many of them more thoughtful about their management of their own public images on the real Facebook!

Part II—Oberlin College: Jenn Thomas

In the autumn of 2009, I stumbled upon a blog post by one of Clara's students. I was getting ready to teach "The Age of Nero" in the spring, and Neropolis offered the perfect culmination to a semester spent learning the politics, society, and culture of Neronian Rome—and without all the logistical nightmare of a live-action reacting game. I contacted Clara and received her permission to run the game at Oberlin.

My first challenge was to find a way to set the game up without a conveniently pre-existing college network. I contacted a tech-savvy former student, who suggested that we use Ning, an online platform that allows anyone to

set up a private social network and offers a number of options for customization. The result was something that looked and felt like Facebook with all the familiar features: everyone has a wall where they can post a bio and other people can post comments. There was also a public chat area for everyone logged in with the option of private instant chats between individuals, which supplemented private messages as our main method of communication. Neropolitans could also create groups with group discussion areas as well as events. In the world of Neropolis, RSVPing to an event counted as attending it, which was important for those with the goal of "maximize social status." The news feed kept everyone informed of everything anyone did. Through Ning's customizable features, we were able to name the public chat the "Forum," and the friends' list became "Amici," one of many teaching moments sneaked into the game.

On Thursday, April 29, 2010, after class ended at 4:15, I emailed all my students their secret identities and instructions for logging on, then headed off to an Apuleius salsa party (it was a crazy semester). When I got home at 10:30, I logged in, hoping that at least some of the class had set up their profile page. What I discovered was a Forum filled with conversation, most of it praise for the glorious emperor Nero. Very soon, trouble arrived. The prefect of the *vigiles* mentioned that there'd been a fire that afternoon and he'd had to choose between saving the house's inhabitants or some copies of the emperor's poetry. He chose the poetry. For this, the Neropolitans praised him.

Well, most of them. One hotheaded young aristocrat responded, rather reasonably, that poetry is not more important than human life. Neropolis turned on him as a group. Obviously, Nero's poetry was the most valuable thing in the world. Why would he imply otherwise? Did he have something against our beloved emperor? Was he perhaps secretly plotting against him? He protested his innocence, his family began the first in a long line of apologies, and we were on the path towards a *maiestas* trial, sensational suicides and exiles, and a foiled assassination attempt that, admittedly, resembled *The Departed* more than *The Annals*. Not to mention one wild and crazy Robigalia.

I ran Neropolis again as part of a general Roman history survey with 60 students. My goals were quite different the second time around, but Neropolis adapts well with a few tweaks and creative management. For "The Age of Nero," the game provided a summative experience for a semester spent on various topics of history and culture. In "The History of Rome," we played it near the start of our study of the Principate. This time, a student in the class played Nero; together with Nerva, Tigellinus, and Epaphroditus (called "the Big 4"), she did a masterful job ruling Rome with a velvet glove and almost survived the whole ten days. I also added some new features: conspirator sleeper cells, competition for appointment to office and adlection, and a key change in assassination policy: once Nero was killed, it became easier to assassinate the new emperor. To my great delight, we ended with a "Day of the Four Emperors," and the game's last moments were a jubilant celebration of the clemency and wisdom of our new *princeps*, Lucius Annaeus Seneca!

Fig. 5. A screen shot of Nero's blog from the spring 2011 edition of the Neropolis game. Image courtesy of Jenn Thomas and Oberlin College.

Not only did Neropolis provide a chance to combine political and social history into an organic whole, but the lessons learned through experience of conspiracy and civil war offered students a more sophisticated perspective on the rest of imperial history. This, in my opinion, is the great gift of Neropolis to the Classics classroom: while masquerading as a fun and intuitive online game, it confronts students with the complexities of Roman life and forces them to make difficult choices. They leave the course not just better informed about the Romans, but more aware of them as human beings rather than stock villains or misguided martyrs. Best of all, I was learning right alongside them.

Part III: Conclusions

Our original goals for Neropolis at Carleton were modest: we simply wanted students to reach a basic understanding of how a culture of fear and the pervasive presence of informants made eliminating a figure like Nero much more challenging than they initially assumed. At meeting this goal the game is highly successful, but it works best when the students are most fully engaged. For this reason we allow them quite a lot of latitude for invention and creativity (skills they see practiced by the Romans in the context of rhetorical training when they read the Elder Seneca's *Controversiae*). While our own participation in the game allows us to retain some element of control over events, things do happen in Neropolis that would never have happened in the ancient world. But in our debriefing, after the class has read Tacitus' account of the Pisonian Conspiracy, we can have a fairly substantive discussion of how the game does and doesn't replicate Neronian Rome.

As Jenn's use of the game at Oberlin shows, more ambitious goals are also possible for more advanced students. Inspired by her example, we are working on ways to get students to integrate more fully what they are learning from their concurrent readings into the game environment. And other possibilities present themselves: the whole activity could be transferred (presumably in a simplified version) to a Latin classroom

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LOVE IS A RHYTHMICAL ART: OVID IN LIMERICKS

by Christopher Brunelle

If three preeminent classical scholars (Mary Beard, Catherine Edwards, and Duncan Kennedy; BBC Radio 4, "In Our Time," 11 June 2009) agree that Ovid was Rome's greatest poet, why hasn't his famous *Art of Love* been properly translated into English? It's time for a version that captures the spirit and the sense of the original *Ars amatoria*. Yes, there are other notable English translations of the work in print, but none of them manages to preserve both the humor and the structure of Ovid's poetic handbook. Peter Green's Penguin edition (*Ovid: The Erotic Poems*, 1982) offers a bountiful supply of conversational wit but no sense of the smooth energy of Ovid's rhythms. A.D. Melville's Oxford edition of the amatory poems (*Ovid: The Love Poems*, 1990) simply reprints B.P. Moore's classically elegant but culturally faded translation of 1935. James Michie's *Art of Love* (Modern Library, 2002) presents Ovid in eloquent, rhymed couplets—and yet the verses within each couplet are of wildly different lengths, from seven stresses and sixteen syllables ("Once you've given her something you may be dropped—reasonably so") down to two and two ("World-wide"), as if Ovid were Ogden Nash. Tom Payne (*The Art of Love*, Vintage Classics, 2011) offers the most contemporary and suave rendition of the four. Even so, his rhymed couplets include a good number of questionable pairs (love-proof; squash-touch), and his interpretations are more than occasionally wrong (Hector mistaken for Achilles at 1.15; Ovid's advice at 1.137-38 entirely reversed). *The Art of Love* was and is an important poem, but Latinless readers can't yet appreciate Ovid's unique blend of content and form.

Love Is a Rhythmical Art, my new translation of the *Ars amatoria*, sets out to right that particular wrong through a firm belief in the limerick as the ideal modern counterpart to Ovid's elegiac couplets. Some poetic styles are loftier than others, and limericks and elegy both find themselves near the bottom of the pecking order. Grandiose epic requires exalted meters such as the Latin hexameter or the English heroic couplet, but poetry needs meters for more salacious styles, too. For Romans, elegiac couplets were the standard format for the passionate poems of Ovid's age, as written by Propertius, Tibullus, and Ovid himself, while for Anglophones, limericks tend to express themes of imperfect propriety. Furthermore, some poetic styles only seem to be suited to shorter poems. Ovid's poetic predecessors limited most of their love poems to a few dozen lines, but Ovid himself innovatively and successfully links vast chains of elegiac couplets together in the *Art of Love*. Like the couplet, then, the limerick is perfectly suited to witty, amorous poetry, and its unexpected use in a poem of near-epic length—a "limerepic"—is just what the Doctor of Love ordered.

Poetry needs meters for more salacious styles, too.

Serial limericks have been attempted before, but not, so far as I can see, with any great success. The bar was set very low indeed by Patrick Brontë (1777-1861), father of Charlotte and Emily; his 24-stanza poem "The Cottage Maid" stands out not merely for its pious banality but for the fact that the last line of each rhythmically perfect limerick fails to rhyme. (That he published these stanzas in 1811, one year before Edward Lear was even born, is no excuse.) One example is surely enough:

> Well versed in her Bible is she,
> Her language is artless and free,
> Imparting pure joy,
> That never can cloy,
> And smoothing the pillow of death.

Twice as long and many times finer is Quentin Crisp's *All This and Bevin Too* (1943, with illustrations by Mervyn Peake; repr. 1978), the 48-limerick account of a kangaroo whose patriotic support of the war effort ends in frustration. On the other hand, John Ciardi's much-loved translation of Dante's *Inferno* is in the process of being rendered (and that is the right term) into limericks, but Dave Morice's *Limerick Inferno*—the grammatical ambiguity of the title is most apt—does few favors for Dante, Ciardi, or the poetic form itself. (See http://www.myspace.com/dralphabet/blog; who knew that "Hypsipyle" could rhyme with "style"?) As for Tim Smith and Joe Green's *Limerick Homer* (http://limerickiliad.blogspot.com and http://owloakpress.blogspot.com), both words of the title are quite misleading.

The primary metrical challenge to good limerepics (as heard in this sentence) involves the prevention of rhythmic monotony. Like English, the Latin language employs verbal stress, giving each word an emphasis on one particular syllable. Unlike English, however, the rhythms of Latin poetry rely not on stressed and unstressed syllables but on long and short syllables, which must come along in certain predetermined patterns. Latin poetry relies on the shifting interplay and conflict between rhythmic accent and verbal stress; hexameters, for example, generally begin and end with an overlap between these two types of stress, while the middle of the line allows them to diverge from one another in a variety of pleasing ways. No Augustan poet worth his salt would write a line in which the stressed syllable of every word also received a rhythmic emphasis. Limericks, however, generally require that the metrical and verbal rhythms coincide, with the metrical emphasis falling in the same place as the verbal emphasis. Put too many limericks together, then, and you run the risk of replacing a flexible rhythmic dance with a metronomic march or (at best) the equivalent of the Lord Chancellor's "Nightmare" from Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe*. Even worse, English syntactical decency forbids the sort of supple word order that Latin permits. Combining rhythmic monotony with structural perversity would create super-doggerel, to borrow Sarah Ruden's fine description (*The Aeneid*, Yale University Press, 2008, p. viii) of William McGonagall's verses: "For the stronger we our houses do build, / The less chance we have of being killed." *Paveat lector*.

So: how to be faithful to the metrical demands of the limerick and the structural demands of English? First, maximize the opportunities for rhythmic difference. Triple meter and AABBA rhyme are the *sine quibus non* of the limerick, but each line can begin with its

own number (zero, one, or two) of unstressed syllables, and the line-ending rhymes can similarly be one, two, or three syllables long; in theory, then, one limerick could have five metrically different lines, though in practice this sort of royal flush rarely occurs. Second, avoid repetition of rhymes in separate limericks. Ovid handles certain topics more than once, but the richness of the English vocabulary allows one to find new rhymes for old themes. Although some few middle rhymes show up more than once, no two stanzas in my limerepic share the same A-rhyme (i.e., the three words that end the first, second, and fifth lines). Third, make a virtue of rhythmic smoothness. Ovid's couplets have a particularly graceful flow, due in part to his avoidance of elision, hiatus, and other rhetorical obstacles. My limericks likewise carefully maintain absolute rigor in rhythm as well as rhyme, lest the reader be derailed by peculiarities of sound.

Ovid expects his readers to appreciate a wide range of mythological, geographical, and cultural references. Since I expect my readers to do so as well, the limerepic translates those references in several different ways. Some general terms and ideas are kept as common knowledge (Venus; Cupid; the Trojan Horse), while others are swiftly explained. Ovid did not need to tell his readers that Eurytion, who serves as a warning against inebriated recklessness, was a centaur. In the limerepic, he earns not a footnote but a textual expansion: "A centaur whom no one took pity on / Was the violent and drunken Eurytion." Still other terms undergo a modern metamorphosis. Gargara's plenteous crops become Fort Knox's gold bars; the outdoorsy youths Hippolytus and Adonis become Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett; a list of Roman festivals becomes "In seasons of gift-giving folly, / When decking your halls with bright holly, / Or on Valentine's feast, or / Her birthday, or Easter, / Or Hanukkah, Eid, or Diwali." Finally, some terms are left as they are, with their meaning at least partially clarified by their context. Ovid was and is notorious for his versified catalogs of variations on a single theme, such as infamous women; any reader who has picked up the theme will be able to understand and appreciate the variations. Many other cultural references—gamblers, farmers, sailors, soldiers, lawyers—are sufficiently cross-cultural as to need no explanation. This is not to say that ancient and modern farming (for example) are identical in all

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Book Review: *The Horse, The Wheel, and Language*

by Edward J. Vajda

David W. Anthony, *The Horse, The Wheel, and Language: How Bronze Age Riders from the Eurasian Steppes Shaped the Modern World*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2007. Pp. xii, 553. ISBN 978-0-691-05887-0. $35.00 (cl).

David Anthony's bold new synthesis of linguistics and archaeology solves with reasonable satisfaction two long-vexed conundrums in Indo-European studies. It locates the original Indo-European homeland on the Pontic-Caspian steppes of present-day Ukraine and southern Russia and places Proto-Indo-European there between approximately 4000 BCE and 2500 BCE. Students and scholars of linguistics are only part of the book's intended audience. Anthropologists will gain valuable insights into such key issues in human history as the domestication of the horse, the rise of pastoral nomadism, the invention and elaboration of wheeled vehicles, and the breeding of long-haired sheep for woolen fabric production. Archaeologists will receive the first thorough overview in English of the wealth of discoveries pertaining to early steppe cultures made by scholars in Russia and the former Soviet Union; some of the archaeological digs in question are, in fact, the author's own, and his deep personal familiarity with this tradition, long veiled by the Iron Curtain or by a sometimes even more formidable language barrier, is critical to the book's conclusions. Linguistic comparisons of basic vocabulary from the modern and classical languages of Europe and South Asia are squared with facts about material culture gleaned from steppe-land archaeology to focus a surprisingly clear and convincing picture of the geography and chronology of the emergence of the world's most famous language family.

Linguists have spent over two centuries speculating on the time and place in which Indo-European languages might have arisen. Most regions of Central and Eastern Europe and western Asia have been candidates at one time or another, usually based on scant evidence. Two previous attempts at mustering the archaeological record to shed light on the possible homeland are Renfrew (1987) and Mallory (1989). Based on the fact that the rise of farming

Fig. 6. Bronze horse, eighth century BCE. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Rogers Fund, 1921 (21.88.24). Image © The Metropolitan Museum of Art, reproduced by permission.

helped spread languages, Renfrew (1987) places the Indo-Europeans in Anatolia (modern-day Turkey), from where they presumably migrated beginning in the eighth millennium BCE to become Europe's first farmers. Other scholars see this date as too early for the genesis of Indo-European and point to evidence that the Anatolian relatives of Indo-European (Hittite, Palaic, Luwian) were not autochthonous but rather superimposed on an earlier set of unrelated languages. Mallory (1989) instead identified the early Indo-Europeans with the pastoral peoples on the Pontic steppes north of the Black Sea. Using additional linguistic data as well as the latest findings of Russian archaeologists, Anthony at last solves this problem by showing that the steppe hunter-gatherer tribes who developed the world's first pastoral economy spread the early Indo-European languages, rather than an influx of farmers from Southwest Asia. This conclusion also vindicates the claim of anthropologist Marija Gimbutas (1989) that the kurgan (burial mound) warriors of the western steppes brought Indo-European languages into the heart of Europe. At the same time, Renfrew's view of "elite dominance" as a key factor in the Indo-Europeanization of Europe, rather than outright conquest followed by population replace-

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Book Review: *The Horse, The Wheel, and Language*

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ment, appears valid as well. Anthony makes a persuasive argument that language shift by Europe's earlier farmers to the more prestigious language brought by relatively small incoming groups of pastoralists must have played a large role. This concurs with what is known about Europe's DNA patterns (Cavalli-Sforza et al.), which shows evidence of in-migration from the Pontic steppes as well as significant continuation with earlier Holocene populations that must have been there before Indo-European spread.

Anthony's geographic chronology concurs with the known fact that the Anatolian branch of Indo-European, which contains Hittite and the lesser-known Palaic and Luwian languages, is the most divergent branch of the family. Proto-Anatolian must have split off sometime between 4500 BCE and 3500 BCE from what became the ancestor of all the other Indo-European languages, a language that could properly be called Proto-Indo-European. This scenario vindicates the "Indo-Hittite" hypothesis, which views Proto-Anatolian and Proto-Indo-European as sister languages that developed from a still earlier language which could be called "Indo-Hittite." Speakers of Proto-Anatolian were intruders into the Near East and not its original farmer inhabitants, as Renfrew had surmised, which explains why they formed a superstrate over the languages spoken by earlier farming communities of that area. Anthony shows that a detailed vocabulary for wheeled vehicles arose in Indo-European only after this split with Anatolian, and there is incontrovertible archaeological evidence for the development of wheel technology on the grasslands north of the Black Sea already by 3500 BCE and possibly as early as 4000 BCE. Dating the split to no earlier than 4500 BCE is less secure and depends on accepting hypothetical assumed rates of linguistic change, which are not predictably stable across diverse geographic and social settings. Still, the use of wheeled-vehicle vocabulary to narrow the latest possible window of time for the divergence of Proto-Indo-European and its Anatolian relatives to sometime before 3500 BCE is a remarkable achievement.

No less successful is the comparison of vocabulary pertaining to cloth woven from long-haired sheep wool and its use by the author to date the existence of a Proto-Indo-European speaking community to a time no later than 2500 BCE, when archaeological evidence for the raising of long-haired sheep for wool production on the Pontic steppes becomes incontrovertible. The tribes that spread out from this area into Europe and Inner Asia in the millennia after 2500 BCE brought with them not only the vocabulary but also the long-haired sheep and the weaving technology to make fabrics from this type of wool. Using such a combination of linguistic and archaeological evidence for locating Indo-European speaking communities in the grasslands north of the Black Sea, east of present-day Romania, sometime after 4000 BCE but before 2500 BCE, is extremely persuasive. At the same time, the author should be commended for avoiding more temporal precision than our current understanding of the archaeological record actually warrants.

Linguists have spent over two centuries speculating on the time and place in which Indo-European languages might have arisen.

Also convincing are Anthony's conclusion that horses were first domesticated by early Indo-Europeans as a convenient winter food source, only later evolving into draught animals and instruments of war. His demonstration that chariots were innovated on the steppes millennia after the domestication of the horse and later still (after 2000 BCE) were imported by Indo-European speaking invaders into the Middle East likewise highlights the Eurasian steppes as an important area of Bronze Age innovation, and not merely a "blank spot" on the map, as they are usually relegated in standard histories of the ancient world. With all of the evidence for technological and social innovations on the steppes emerging from the Russian archaeological digs summarized by the author, Eurasia's pastoral societies can no longer be viewed simply as predatory intruders into the world of properly "historical" peoples. Even during the time of Late Proto-Indo-European, the Eurasian supercontinent in all of its diverse ecological niches was already a place of complex human interactions. Anthony helps illuminate some of the players typically left unremarked or mentioned as stereotypes in footnotes. Military conquest played only a part in Indo-European expansion; more important were the many social and technological innovations that allowed steppe cultures to flourish on their own and therefore spread.

Using a similar triangulation of linguistic and archaeological data, the book also pinpoints the likely emergence in time and space of the various subsidiary branches within Indo-European, and clarifies the relationship of Hittite and other Anatolian languages with their Indo-European relatives. Finally, Anthony provides valuable insights into possible interaction between speakers of early Indo-European and other families of western Eurasia, notably Kartvelian (represented today by the Georgian language spoken south of the Caucasus Mountains), Uralic (which contains Finnish and Hungarian), and Semitic (the family that includes Arabic and Hebrew). Some of his conclusions here are rather speculative, such as the identification of the North Caucasus Maikop Culture with early speakers of Kartvelian. This culture could just as easily have belonged to speakers of a language ancestral to modern Abkhaz (the Northwest Caucasian language family). Similarly, there is no hard evidence of what language was spoken by the Cris, Tripolye, and Cucuteni farming communities that flourished near the Danube as Indo-European pastoralists arose directly to their east. Anthony claims it was Semitic, yet no Semitic languages were documented even as far north as Anatolia until the Iron Age, over a millennium after the time under consideration. Also, the known pre-Indo-European languages of Anatolia were, if anything, related to languages spoken today in the Caucasus rather than to Semitic. Without a study as detailed as the one the author makes for Indo-European, we are unlikely to gain any conclusive insight into the tantalizing question of what languages were spoken by bearers of the cultures adjacent to early Indo-European speakers.

Anthony doesn't speculate on two of the most interesting tangential questions of all. The first is the linguistic affiliation of the eastern steppe neighbors of the expanding Indo-Europeans, though evidence for Finnic speakers located somewhere adjacent to the Indo-Iranians near the Ural Mountains does receive fair attention. The second question involves pastoral nomadism—when and how it was acquired by the ancestors of Hungarians, Turks and Mongols (to say nothing of the still linguistically unidentified Huns and Xiongnu). The resolution of this latter mystery, arguably beyond the scope of the present study yet fundamental to an understanding of Eurasian steppe history, awaits its future researcher.

Also lacking is a convincing account of the flooding by salt water of Lake Euxine (the freshwater lake that preceded today's Black Sea), which occurred about 5600 BCE. Anthony's version has the Caspian spilling into the depression around Lake Euxine, yet he provides no facts to support this assertion. Ryan and Pitman's (1999) discovery of the Black Sea flood described it as resulting from the Mediterranean breaching the Bosporus, a more likely scenario given that the sea creatures in the Black and Mediterranean seas are identical, while those of the Caspian are distinct. There is no mention of Ryan and Pitman or of their alternative account. Nor are the possible socio-historical repercussions of the flood entertained, though ancestors of Indo-European speakers and their farming neighbors were undoubtedly profoundly affected by such a cataclysmic event.

These shortcomings involve peripheral issues that in no way weaken the author's main assertions regarding the geography and chronology of Indo-European genesis and expansion. Another possible criticism involves why an already lengthy book should be further extended by mind-numbing rosters of archaeological minutiae. The present reviewer confesses to skimming more than a few pages of radiocarbon data and potsherd analysis in the book's second half. While in earlier chapters the linguistic detail vividly brings to life the accompanying archaeological chronologies, this fascinating story gets bogged down in bone-dry archaeological detail as the book progresses, as the linguistic facts thin out to occasional repetitions of points made in the initial chapters. But this criticism, too, would be largely misplaced. Any book that successfully solves a 200-year mystery and defines new horizons for future research deserves some extra effort from the reader who may find either the archaeology or the linguistics to be a bit daunting. For the lay reader, finishing the entire book will prove challenging yet eminently worthwhile.

Composed in an engaging, sometimes playful style and underpinned by solid scholarship and erudition throughout, this book is a must-read for anyone wishing to keep current in Indo-European linguistics or who hopes to understand the rise of pastoral nomadism among the early tribes of the Eurasian steppes. Not least among the author's many achievements is his persuasive demonstration that a multi-disciplinary approach is necessary to solve long-standing mysteries of human prehistory. Anyone seriously interested in tracing how human societies developed before the advent of written records must become minimally proficient in linguistics and archaeology, if not also in anthropology, paleo-climatology, and human genetics.

Edward Vajda *(edward.vajda@wwu.edu) is professor of Russian and Inner Asian Studies at Western Washington University. His research involves documenting endangered languages of Siberia and tracing their historical origins. He has conducted original fieldwork on the Ket language, spoken by fewer than 100 people in the remote Yenisei River basin.*

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A TALE OF TWO NEROPOLEIS: SOCIAL NETWORKING IN ANCIENT ROME

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Fig. 7. Denarius of Emperor Nero, obverse, first century CE. Private collection, reproduced by permission.

as composition practice.

Our experience at both colleges is strong evidence that our students' inclination toward virtual interaction can enhance, rather than distract from, their education. Jenn's variations to Clara's initial version and the evolution of Neropolis on both campuses testify to the power of virtual collegiality as well. We both are excited to continue our revisions to the game going forward, and we can see many possibilities for use of the platform in other contexts.

Clara Shaw Hardy *(chardy@carleton.edu) was an undergraduate at Oberlin College and received her Ph.D. from Brown University. She has taught at Carleton College since 1990. Her areas of interest include the performance of Greek and Roman drama and gender studies, as well as the scholarship of teaching and learning.*

Jenn Thomas *(jet.felix@gmail.com) received her Ph.D. from Brown University in 2007 and taught at Grinnell and Hamilton colleges in addition to Oberlin, before taking the diplomatic and leadership skills learned from Neropolis to Washington to work at the U.S. Department of State.*

LOVE IS A RHYTHMICAL ART: OVID IN LIMERICKS

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respects, rather that these broad cultural references are one of the reasons that Ovid has maintained his prestige over the centuries. Readers know—or think they know—what Ovid's talking about.

Ovid expected his readers to catch his literary references, too. With allusions to modern and earlier literature, my translation offers a faithful interpretation of that Ovidian penchant. Readers will discover traces of the Bible ("the greatest commandment of all," "my Lord and my God," "an eye for an eye"), Shakespeare ("hoist by her proper petard"), Joseph Campbell ("follow your bliss"), Broadway musicals ("his surrey is topped with a fringe"), and other works. Like Ovid, this translation also relies on a common stock of proverbs and maxims: "A bird in the hand / Is worth two in the bush"; "The grass is more green / On the opposite side of the fence."

But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and poetic manifestos can't replace the verses themselves. Here, then, is an excerpt from *Love Is a Rhythmical Art*: the beginning of Book Two, where Ovid describes how to keep hold of the lover that you've acquired. Does the excerpt succeed? Well, Lord Byron was famously described as "mad, bad, and dangerous to know," and A.D. Melville himself (p. xxxi) claimed that a tightly rhymed translation of Ovid would require "a Byronic virtuosity"; some readers may therefore conclude that this translation succeeds on all three counts. In my defense, I can merely quote Ovid himself, who began his epic *Metamorphoses* with a similar admission. *In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas / corpora*: "my poetic spirit has received a formal invitation to formal innovation." Onward.

Love Is a Rhythmical Art

(Ovid, *Ars amatoria* 2.1-98)

God is love. Give him honor and glory—
My traps have entangled my quarry!
    Neither Shakespeare nor Pope
    Gave my swains as much scope
As they gain from my prize-winning story.

In playing their masculine parts
The men who made off with your hearts,
    Fair Hippodameia
    And Helen, will be a
Fine proof of the strength of my arts.

But slow *down*, lad! A trip of this sort
Is neither too safe nor too short.
    I don't *want* you to fail;
    You're still under sail,
And we haven't yet made it to port.

You've done what my verses ordained,
And a girl is the gift that you've gained,
    But that's only a start.
    She was caught by my art;
By my art she must now be retained.

You can make your portfolio fatter,
But to *keep* it's no simpler a matter.
    In the former, I'd say
    That luck was in play,
But it's art and hard work in the latter.

Dear Venus, now foster my flame!
Dear Cupid, my plea is the same!
    Dear Erato, you
    Must foster me too,
For love is the root of your name.

Love's habits are loose yet alluring;
I shall sing how to make him enduring.
    He's flighty and fickle;
    The tactical trick'll
Be setting some bounds to his touring.

There once was a king with a guest
Whose hopes of escape he'd repressed.
    But that guest was so bright,
    He invented winged flight
And proved that bravado is best.

Our hero planned something unplannable.
When he'd cloistered that curious cannibal—
    The Minotaur, made
    Of a monstrous charade,
When a bull was a man and a man a bull—

Then Daedalus spoke to his captor:
"Your justice, King Minos, is apter
    Than mere words can convey—
    But mercy, I pray,
On a life that's begun its last chapter!

An old exile from Athens am I,
And in Athens my ashes should lie.
    Forbidden by fate
    To live in that state,
In that state I still hope I may die.

If old men cannot get what they plan,
Then release my own child to his clan.
    If you're not reconciled
    To releasing a child,
Perhaps you'll release an old man."

He spoke 'til his face had turned blue,
But seeing that nothing would do
    And the verdict was clear,
    He said, "Daedalus, *here*
Is a project to test your I.Q.

The king holds the land and the sea—
They're no use. But the sky is still free;
    Then skyward we'll go!
    Great Jupiter, know
My uprising is not against *thee*.

My confinement is fell; I must flee it.
If there's more than one route, I don't see it.
    Go through hell? It's a deal.
    If I have to repeal
The laws of my nature, so be it!"

Intelligence tends to be spurred
To new heights when new wrongs have occurred.
    Who could ever believe
    That a man could achieve
Metamorphosis into a bird?

The feathers are laid in a row
And threaded together just so;
    He strengthens their backs
    With a coat of hot wax,
And his artwork is ready to go.

The son of this gift-bearing Greek
Found the wings to be full of mystique—
    Unaware what the trip meant
    And how such equipment
Was fashioned to fit his physique.

Said the father, "To flee from King Minos
My craft to the air must consign us.
    He won't let us go
    On a path that is low;
We'll escape from his Highness through highness.

But follow my course and don't wander.
Orion's sharp sword is up yonder,
    And you mustn't go near; go
    No closer to Virgo—
That maiden's a chance you must squander.

Listen up! Pay attention! Take heed!
Come behind me, and I'll take the lead.
    I have to be blunt:

Let me stay out in front.
If you follow me, son, you'll succeed.

If we try for too lofty a motion,
Firm wax will dissolve into lotion,
And unless we maintain
Enough space from the main,
Our wings will be wet with the ocean.

So fly on a moderate trail
And fear the true force of the gale;
Wherever it pleases
The African breezes
To blow you, unfurl your full sail."

As he tells what such cautiousness gains them,
He puts wings on his son and explains them,
Preparing their use
As a Canada goose
Takes her goslings and tenderly trains them.

He lifts his own wings into place
And tests them with tentative grace.
Preparations are done;
He kisses his son—
Oh, the tears on that fatherly face!

From a hill they were calling their bluff—
Not too high; not too low; tall enough—
They gave Minos the slip
And embarked on a trip
That was treacherous, taxing, and tough.

The sire shows his wings how to wave
And sees if his son's will behave;
Trading fear for delight,
The youth in his flight
Is audacious, artistic, and brave.

An angler at work in his ship
Shook his hook for the fishes to nip;
When he spied in the air
This improbable pair,
His fingers relinquished their grip.

They flew like a spring-bearing swallow
On the course that they'd chosen to follow.
Their northerly axis
Passed Paros and Naxos
And Delos, beloved of Apollo.

To the right and the left of this pair
Lay Lebinthos and Samos the fair,
And like smoke from a chimney
They soared past Calymne
And Astypalaea—but there

Resumption of Publication

This is the first issue of *Amphora* to appear since Spring 2010, and we very much regret the interruption in publication. We particularly apologize to a number of authors who submitted manuscripts in 2010 and whose works are finally appearing in this issue. The enthusiastic new team of editors, Ellen Bauerle and Wells Hansen, with the help of the *Amphora* editorial board, have quickly produced this issue, and we confidently anticipate the production of additional issues of *Amphora* in each subsequent Spring. In addition, Ellen and Wells are developing a more robust presence for this publication on the APA's web site.

APA members in good standing for 2012 will receive this issue by mail **only** if they have checked the box on their 2012 dues bills requesting a printed copy. Nonmember subscribers will, of course, receive a printed copy as usual and will receive two issues (regardless of publication date) for every $10 subscription payment. Each issue will also, as before, appear on the APA web site.

We appreciate the support of *Amphora* readers for this publication.

Adam D. Blistein
Executive Director

—Well, the boy was too bold. He soared higher
And abandoned his sense and his sire.
Hot sun melts soft wax;
Now he finds that he lacks
What the laws of winged motion require.

He looks down from that dizzying height
And loses his sight at the sight,
And as Saint John of Patmos fears,
So from the atmosphere's
Summit he trembles in fright.

No wax on his wings can be found;
His arms are not feathered but downed.
He's terribly scared
And no longer prepared
To keep himself up from the ground.

He fell and, bereft of composure,
He cried, "Father, father, here goes your—"
His crying continued
Until he fell in; you'd
Have said that the waves brought him closure.

The poor father (still father? Ah, no)
Cried, "Icarus, where did you go?
Icarus, where—"
Then he saw in despair
The wings in the waters below.

Now his bones are at rest in the sod;
Now his name suits a sea that is broad.
A king could not ban
The flight of a man,
But I'm keen to pin down a winged god.

Christopher Brunelle *(brunelle@stolaf.edu) has taught at St. Olaf College since 2002. Having published articles on Ovid and medieval Latin pedagogy, he is currently working on gender specification in Latin literature, a commentary on the third book of Ovid's* Ars, *and the curiously neglected topic of ancient readers who kept books under their pillows.*

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

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tors, like the confessed opium addict who narrates "Ligeia" or the guilt-ravaged narrator of "The Tell-Tale Heart." In other words, many contemporary readers do just what the ancients did: they mine a writer's work for biographical details, and they do it on a large scale. Poe's mysterious death—he was found delirious in a tavern in Baltimore, when he was expected to be in Philadelphia—has been the nucleus around which well over a dozen novels have grown.

I hope I don't seem to participate in this pattern if I suggest that in some interesting ways the life and work of Poe resemble those of one ancient figure in particular—Callimachus. Poe knew him well enough to quote him at least once, using a phrase from the *Hymn to Apollo* in a book review. It may not be entirely frivolous to note that Poe's work *The Conchologist's First Book* could perhaps be compared to Callimachus' lost works on the names of fish and of birds.

If the historicity of the feud between Callimachus and Apollonius may be in doubt, we still have Timon's reference to the bickering among the scholars at the Birdcage of the Muses, and Callimachus certainly portrayed himself as the target of insults from the Telchines and in need of Apollo's defense against personified Envy. For the identity of his antagonists, though, we have to depend on scholiasts, on the *Lives*, and on scholarly arguments. Not so for Poe. He names names, and does so regularly; his acid tongue was well known. Here's the beginning, for example, of a review of Longfellow's *Hyperion*, wherein he compares this work to admired works both old and new:

> Were it possible to throw into a bag the lofty thought and manner of the "Pilgrims of the Rhine," together with the quirks and quibbles and true humor of "Tristram Shandy," not forgetting a few of the heartier drolleries of Rabelais, the whole, when well shaken up, and thrown out, would be a very tolerable imitation of "Hyperion." This may appear to be commendation, but we do not intend it as such. Works like this of Professor Longfellow, are the triumphs of Tom O'Bedlam, and the grief of all true criticism.

On the subject of "true criticism," particularly of poetry, Poe was loquacious, and one element in his argument is Callimachean: "I hold that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase, 'a long poem,' is simply a flat contradiction in terms." Non-Callimachean, though, is his explanation: "I need scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul. The value of the poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement."

Again, he seems to agree with Callimachus when he speaks of "the epic mania, the idea that to merit in poetry prolixity is indispensable, [that] has for some years past been gradually dying out of the public mind, by mere dint of its own absurdity." Callimachus may have wished he could make the same claim, i.e., that the epic mania was dying out. But Poe continues by asserting that is has been

> succeeded by a heresy...which...may be said to have accomplished more in the corruption of our Poetical Literature than all its other enemies combined. I allude to the heresies of The Didactic. It has been assumed, tacitly and avowedly, directly and indirectly, that the ultimate object of all Poetry is Truth.

He, in contrast, as we saw above, would argue rather that Beauty is poetry's goal, and is achieved by a spiritual elevation and excitement that sounds far more characteristic of the nineteenth century than of Hellenistic Alexandria.

One piece of evidence that the connection here suggested between Poe and Callimachus is not completely fabricated is the title of a collection of miscellaneous facts—or factoids—reminiscent of Pliny the Elder, that Poe called "Pinakidia," "little notebooks," a title that inevitably calls to mind Callimachus' *Pinakes*, that bibliographical monument to which all readers and scholars are indebted. Poe's notes are of much smaller scope and presumably intended to help him, as editor, fill odd spaces in the columns of a magazine. Some three-fourths of them reveal a philological interest in languages in general and old languages in particular, and in the correct interpretation of texts—in short, in the kind of work classicists do. He traces quotations to their sources. For instance, the phrase *incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charbydim*, he tells us, "is neither in Virgil nor Ovid, as often supposed, but in the 'Alexandrics' of Philip Gualtier, a French poet of the thirteenth century." True, he has found these comments in the writings of others; he shares discoveries that he did not make. Yet he does reveal here an understanding of the goals of scholarship.

If we classicists are to accept Poe in some sense as one of us, how do we feel about that? It's one thing to blink at the behavior of those who lived centuries before us, and another to do so in the case of someone who spoke our language and lived in a world much closer to our own. In Athens, a grown man marrying a girl who was barely in her teens or who was a close relation was not noteworthy. In Poe's Richmond, though, his marriage to his cousin Virginia, when she was thirteen and he twice that age, required him to lie about her age on the marriage certificate, and it *did* set tongues wagging. To a more public matter, Poe's vocal opposition to the abolitionist movement can be far more troubling. It's impossible for us not to acknowledge that Poe was on the wrong side of history in this case.

Not surprisingly a strong current in Poe scholarship has been the consideration of his portrayals of blackness, of Africanness, and of slavery. His one novel, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket*, a traveler's tale with mystical implications, has occupied a central position in these investigations. The narrator, Pym, and his companion find themselves in uncharted lands where the inhabitants—so completely black that not even their teeth are white—are also violent and malevolent. Teresa Goddu acknowledges the central role of this novel in the ongoing critical discussion but encourages "a more comprehensive and complex consideration of slavery and race in Poe's work [that would] situate his texts within a larger sociocultural field" ("Rethinking Race and Slavery in Poe Studies," *Poe Studies/Dark Romanticism* 33, Issue 1-2 [2000]: 15-18). Her call has been heeded, and at least one writer finds in the *Pinakidia* a path that leads us farther toward that consideration.

Shaindy Rudoff's book, *Scripturally Enslaved: Bible Politics, Slavery, and The American Renaissance* (Bar Ilan, 2010), describes the ways in which some of Poe's contemporaries in the American South attempted to argue the institution of slavery was supported by scripture, and thus natural. At the same time, Christian Biblical scholars expressed their concern that believers who couldn't read the scriptures in the original languages were at the mercy of the inter-

pretations of others. The latter concern surfaces in Poe's *Pinakidia*: just as we misunderstand as Vergilian a quotation from a thirteenth century French poem, so too we are wrong to characterize the forbidden fruit of Adam and Eve as an apple: it's a citrus fruit. Rudoff looks at one passage in *Pym* in the light of these concerns. The two explorers travel through a rocky chasm and spy what may be letters carved into the wall—*indentures* is Poe's word for these marks. In a debate over their origin—artifact or act of nature: κατὰ νόμον or κατὰ φύσιν—the "natural" argument wins. Are we to hear in the background the question of indentured servitude, and is the answer that it exists κατὰ φύσιν? Startlingly, the footnotes to the novel, which Poe himself wrote and attributed to an anonymous editor, assert that the letters really are writings in a foreign alphabet and thus a human product. Does this represent a competing understanding, that slavery is a purely human and arbitrary institution? Has Poe's investigation of some accepted truths, like the authors of quotations or the apple in the Garden of Eden, made him more willing to reconsider other beliefs? Does this suggest that careful attention to words and texts can point us a little closer to truth?

Rudoff's argument is far more detailed and subtle than this, but I'd like to accept her conclusion that "the cultural work being done in the *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* is much more complex than many have seen." I'd like to think of Poe as someone convinced of the real importance of language and discourse in our understanding of human life; as someone who values careful research; as someone whose attention seldom strays far from the glories and grandeurs of the ancient world. In sum, as challenging and difficult a figure as he is, I'd like to consider him our friend and colleague.*

*The Edgar Allan Poe Society offers an abundance of resources online at http://eapoe.org/, notably, e-texts of his works, including all those cited here.

***Mary Pendergraft** (pender@wfu.edu) is Professor of Classical Languages at Wake Forest University. A life-long North Carolinian, she earned both B.A. and Ph.D. at UNC-Chapel Hill; she is Chair of the National Committee for Latin and Greek, and a member of the board of trustees for Eta Sigma Phi. This article was based on her presidential address at the meeting of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South—Southern Section.*

A Note From Your Editors

The Landscape

When I joined the publishing world in the 1980s, publishers were in agonies about the advent of cheap photocopy machines. Anxious solutions were plotted, including special book paper that would self-destruct if exposed to bright light. In rapid order we moved from Selectric typewriters that allowed Greek fonts, to "smart" typewriters holding 50K (yes) of memory, to the World-Wide Web with three (yes) possible sites to visit, to our current world of the Beazley Archive, APIS, rogueclassicism, the TLG, HTML, XML, and video, to name just a few. And all of these are part of the "publishing landscape."

These are interesting, not to say scary, times in the education and communication industries, and yet times of considerable optimism as well. We have new tools, new ways to communicate over significant distances, technologies to help those with sight or hearing issues, and many new styles of collaboration. This issue of *Amphora*, for example, comes to you from a group spread among California, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Fiji, Venezuela, and Taiwan, and that's not counting the five states and two countries holding our editorial board.

Those of us bringing you *Amphora*, as my colleague Wells Hansen notes below, are seeking ways to leverage these new technologies on your behalf, to bring you this publication both in a stable format you may wish to consult over long periods or hand to colleagues and administrators, as well as dynamic information that might include large illustrations, sound files, or links to virtual antiquity, all more transitory and experimental forms of data. And we're seeking at the same time to find the edge between a more digital, more interactive *Amphoric* world, and the world of the APA blog, where things happen very quickly indeed.

And just as we are seeking to offer you news and information in a hospitable and appropriate format, we are hoping to bridge the centuries in the articles and reviews we bring you, as well. This issue contains thoughtful, traditional philological treatments of St. Paul's visit to Athens and Johann Wolfgang Goethe's visit to Rome, relying on texts and documentary evidence in both cases. We also are bringing you two accounts of teaching via a web-based role-playing game, designed to teach students about Rome, Nero, and living under a totalitarian state; a consideration of Edgar Allan Poe's classical antecedents; and a telling of how several current stagings of Sophocles' *Ajax* are engaging, didactic, and healing, in our war-driven society. We also include poetry, translations, descriptions of entertaining or enlightening summer beach reading, book reviews, and important updates from the APA's Executive Director, Adam Blistein.

In future issues we hope to offer you a similar spread of ancient and modern, including articles on teaching a Massive Open Online Course, on classics outreach in prisons, and on taking students abroad for study, to name just a few.

Dr. Ellen Bauerle
The University of Michigan Press

The Village

The phrase "classics community" is sometimes used in reference to teachers of Latin, Greek, and classical studies, the sorts of folk who become members of the APA. *Amphora*, however, seeks to connect a broader community, one that includes people whose primary focus of work or study may be in the natural or formal sciences, the professions, the arts, or any other field of endeavor. The tie that binds this broad community of classical enthusiasts together is a common love of classics. However, the members of our community are divided by distance, the demands of their differing work, and the varying groups that they severally join. To bring these individuals together, the *Amphora* editorial board, with the help of Samuel Huskey, the APA information architect, and with the support of Adam Blistein and the Outreach Committee, is at work investigating ways in which our paper-and-ink publication can grow to include a web and a social media presence. Of course the paper-and-ink publication will be available as far into the future as we have planned. Still, we know that many readers want to interact not as members of an audience, quietly absorbing ideas others share, but as citizens of a virtual town in which many individuals debate, advise, amuse, and amaze each other. This, of course, is the stuff of which friendships and fruitful collaborations are born.

In private industry we are keenly aware that a company can afford neither to be forgotten, nor to annoy. It seems to me that some of the challenges in classical outreach involve navigating the divide between two quite similar extremes. Fortunately, the socialization of the web is constantly creating new opportunities for readers and learners to meet, discuss, and engage at their various levels of interest, thus fostering greater cohesion within the group. Right now, the members of next generation of world citizens are forming the friendships and interest groups that will define and expand their pursuits in the future. In this sense, the future of classics rests, in part, on our discipline's becoming a part of the lives of young and curious minds today. Twenty years ago a curious person who loved Greek mythology in youth, studied physics in college, and advanced to a career in aerospace could have become an insubstantial shade in the world of classics by middle age. Now, however, there is no reason for the classical threads of one's childhood not to remain a part of the fabric of his or her entire life. The survival of the classics, perhaps, is not so much a matter of raising interest in the classics as it is a matter of refusing to permit a million sparks of interest to fade out over time. There is reason to believe that *Amphora* has the power to draw together the liveliest and largest community of classical enthusiasts in memory.

Dr. Wells Hansen
Ridgeland Research

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American Philological Association
University of Pennsylvania
220 South 40th Street
Suite 201E
Philadelphia, PA 19104-3512
E-mail: apaclassics@sas.upenn.edu
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Submissions: *Amphora* welcomes submissions from professional scholars and experts on topics dealing with the worlds of ancient Greece and Rome (literature, language, mythology, history, culture, classical tradition, and the arts). Submissions should not only reflect sound scholarship but also have wide appeal to *Amphora*'s diverse outreach audience. Contributors should be willing to work with the editors to arrive at a mutually acceptable final manuscript that is appropriate to the intended audience and reflects the intention of *Amphora* to convey the excitement of classical studies. Submissions will be refereed anonymously.

Suggested Length of Submissions: Articles (1500-1800 words), reviews (500-1000 words). *Amphora* is footnote free. Any pertinent references should be worked into the text of the submission.

Offprints: Authors receive ten free copies of the issue that contains their submission.

Address for Submission of Articles:

Dr. Ellen Bauerle
Editor, *Amphora*
bauerle97@gmail.com

Address for Submission of Reviews:

Dr. Wells Hansen
Assistant Editor, *Amphora*
wells.hansen@gmail.com