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P E G A S U S

UNIVERSITY OF EXETER CLASSICAL SOCIETY MAGAZINE

This is the first edition of Pegasus for this session, and we hope to bring out another one in June. It is also hoped that in the next edition we will be able to include a few more student contributions, thus returning to the Pegasus of former years.

Anne Rice
Editor.

CONTENTS

MEHLER TO BERNAYS, 1853

The autograph of the following letter from Eugen Mehler to Jacob Bernays was found by Dr. Funke in a book he acquired in a second-hand bookshop last year, and is now in his possession. It is hardly a document of great importance for the history of Classical scholarship in the nineteenth century, and even the few glimpses we obtain from it into the private life and preoccupations of its author and its recipient add nothing new or very startling to what we already know. But since the letter is addressed by a well-known scholar, teacher and editor to a scholar better known and greater than himself at a time when both were still in the earliest stages of their careers, we have considered it advisable to make its text available to a wider public.

Eugen Mehler (1826-1896),[1] was born in Emmerich on the Rhine in Germany, and studied Classical philology at the University of Bonn under Ritschl and Welcker. In 1846, he published his first work, Mnaseae Patarensis Fragmenta, for which he had obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In the following year, he went to Leiden, attracted there by the fame of its great University and of the great Cobet. Although German by birth and education, he remained in Holland for the rest of his life, acquiring Dutch nationality in 1854, marrying a Dutch woman, and making his living as headmaster of the school in Sneek, and later in Zwolle. Some of his books were also written in Dutch. In 1852, he founded, along with Cobet and others, the periodical Mnemosyne, of which he was one of the editors for the following eight years. Here we find him solliciting a contribution from Bernays, his younger contemporary as a student of the Classics in Bonn (Bernays came there in 1844, when Mehler was already a third-year student) for the new periodical. It is not improbable that Mehler's 'defection' to Holland (and to Cobet, one of the few contemporary Classicists who could lay claims to an equal stature, and equal reputation, with Ritschl), was the cause for Ritschl's coolness towards his former pupil, of which Mehler complains in this letter. Ritschl was a great teacher, and was devoted to his pupils as long as they retained their absolute loyalty and obedience to the Master and planned their careers under his direction. But he tended to be rather tyrannical and vindictive towards those of them who showed any signs of independence and who preferred to plan their own lives ἀέκητι θεῶν. [2]

Jacob Bernays needs no introduction to any serious student of the Classics. The one astonishing thing is that no full-scale biography of him has so far been written. The fullest account of his life is still a 19-page obituary published a year after his death,[3] and this is only partly supplemented by a selection of his letters, with a short memoir, published 50 years later.[4] Yet he was not only one of the most brilliant and original Classical scholars in an age which was not short of brilliant and original minds; not only did his works pave new ways for the study and interpretation of many of the subjects and disciplines pursued by the student of Antiquity; even his private life, short as it was (1824-1881), is by no means lacking in human interest. Son of the Rabbi of the Jewish community in Hamburg, Bernays became proficient in Jewish learning as well as in the various branches of Classical philology and in many of the languages and literatures of modern Europe. By opting for a Classical career, he virtually condemned himself to isolation and partial failure in nineteenth-century Europe. Despite a

few attempts to convert him to Christianity, he remained faithful to the religion of his fathers and lived and died as a strictly orthodox Jew. This excluded him from the company of many of those around him, and closed before him the gates to preferment in his career for a long time. For many years, although recognised as one of the most outstanding Classical scholars in Europe, he had to earn his living by teaching the Classics first in a secondary school, and then in Zacharias Fraenkel's Jewish Theological Seminary in Breslau. A few years in London did little to improve his fortune, and only in his last years did he obtain a personal chair and the librarianship of the University Library in his old University of Bonn. Unmarried, he lived a life of literary seclusion and unremitting hard work, relieved only by his warm friendship with many of his more promising students and a small and select number of close friends. As a scholar, he was ahead of many of his better-known contemporaries, and the insights provided in his works are among the things for which we are still grateful to the great century of German Classical scholarship. Yet he was never happy with the events and the general climate of opinion of his own age, and his life of seclusion may well have something to do with his disillusionment with an age of growing nationalism, materialism and imperialism. Like Lord Acton or Mark Pattison in England, he was one of the great nineteenth-century misfits - although one hastens to add that his real achievement was much greater than that of either - mainly a result of the greater originality of his mind. May 1981 will be the centenary of Bernays' death. Can one hope that, by that time, some 'public-spirited young man' or woman, armed with a good knowledge of Classical philology and its history, complete familiarity with the history of nineteenth-century Germany and its academic insitutions, as well as the life and destinies of its Jewish community, and a sympathetic and perceptive mind, may provide us with the full critical biography so richly deserved by a man like Bernays, followed, perhaps, by a full collection of his letters and any other private documents still available? The few letters published so far contain some masterpieces of German literary style, and are the reflection of a unique and attractive personality.

Sed haec postea. In February 1853, the date of our letter, Bernays was still a young man of 29, living in great poverty in a single room in Bonn and earning his living by teaching the Classics in the local secondary school. But he had already published a number of ingenious and original articles, especially on the fragments and the philosophy of Heraclitus and the text and interpretation of Lucretius, as well as his charming - and now very rare - Florilegium Renascentis Latinitatis (1849) and his Teubner edition of Lucretius (1852). From our letter we can see that he is already engaged in work towards his book on Joseph Scaliger, which was to be published in 1855 during his second year in Breslau, and is asking Mehler for the loan of books connected with this project from the Library of Leiden University, where Scaliger had been a professor for the last years of his life. Mehler asks Bernays for a contribution to the newly-established Mnemosyne. This would be hardly surprising in a fellow-student who knew Bernays in his early days in Bonn as the most promising of Ritschl's pupils, the man of whom the Master himself had said that he was the equal and might well become his superior. At the age of 29, when many a present-day Classical scholar has not yet completed his basic education, Bernays was already a mature and established Classical philologist. Mehler's request to him to 'shake his waste-paper basket' for some contribution to Mnemosyne shows how, to a shrewd contemporary and friend, it was already clear that 'the very dust of his writings is gold'.

We print first the original text of the ltter. It is written on a folded quarto-size piece of writing paper, occupying the first three sides. The hand is Gothic, written with a quill pen, and is extremely small and thin. Mehler uses the German form ß for a double s. This has not been reproduced here, since this ligature does not exist on English typewriters.

An English translation follows. For the benefit of most readers of Pegasus, we give the reference numbers to our notes on any points of interest in the letter in the English translation only. It will be easy to refer back to the appropriate place in the German original, and this will leave the original text free of editorial interference.

p.1 Leiden 15 Febr. 53.

Lieber Bernays!

Einliegend die gewunschten Excerpte, die Deinen Erwartungen gewiss ebenso wenig entsprechen, als sie den meinigen entsprochen haben. Ich habe die Varianten zu Caesar und Octavianus kopiert. Du hattest Varianten zu Domitianus verlangt, aber die Collation endigt in der ersten Capitula des Domitian. Das Beste von Allem scheinen mir noch ein Paar geistreiche Einfälle von Heinsius zu sein.

Von den in Deinem Briefe verzeichneten Scaligeranis ist bloss der Elenchus Trihaeresis Scrarii auf unserer Bibliothek. Ostern reise ich nach Emmerich u, werde Dir dann das Buch mitbringen u. zusenden. Vielleicht ist es mir bis dahin möglich, durch Vermittelung des Büchhandlers Brill auch der beiden anderen (Manip.Not. in N.T. u. Jac.Revii u. Jos.Scal.Epist.) habhaft zu werden. Rechne übrigens bei diesen und bei etwaigen späteren Mandaten ähnlicher Art auf meine eifrige Beherzigung Deiner Interessen.

Deinen Lucrez habe ich erhalten. Meinen besten Dank dafür. Ich werde ihn nächstens mit Geel vornehmen.

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Ich arbeite jetzt fast ausschliesslich im Lucian. Kannst Du nicht Struvii lectiones Lucianeae, die Jacobitz so höchlich gerühmt hat, entweder für mich kaufen oder von der dortigen Bibliothek auf einige Zeit leihen? Auch Programme und Dissertationen über Lucian, deren es doch eine ziemliche Anzahl giebt, bekommt man hier ja nicht zu sehen. Vigiliere mea caussa darauf; Alles u. Jedes dafür Einschlägige, was Du mir besorgen kannst, kommt mir stets äusserst erwünscht.

Noch eins in Angelegenheit unserer Mnemosyne! Wir haben dafür gesorgt, dass ein Exemplar unsres Journals der Redaktion des Rh.Museums zugeschickt wird u. hatten gehofft, unsere Höflichkeit durch Zusendung des Rh.Mus. erwiedert zu sehen. Wie kommt es doch, dass dies nicht geschehen ist u. ist dies in der Folge nicht zu ermöglichen? Mit der Zeitschr.f.Alterth. u.dem Philologus tauschen wir auf dieselbe Weise.

Dass ich von Ritschl in so langer Zeit nichts gehört habe, ist mir unerklärlich und äusserst unlieb. Grüsse ihn herzlich, u. suche ihn zu bewegen, dass er bald Etwas von sich hören lässt.

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Dich darf ich ja wohl kaum bitten, mir eine Liebesgabe zu unserere Mnemosyne zu senden, obschon Du mir das eigentlich doch wohl zu Gefallen thun könntest. Schüttle Deinen Papierkorb nur einmal tüchtig durcheinander; vielleicht fällt doch noch etwas für uns heraus.

Darf ich Dich bitten, Anschütz, den Du ja wohl zuweilen siehst, zu sagen, dass Prof. de Wal an der Erfüllung seiner Desiderian eifrig gearbeitet hat, und ihm nächstens darüber berichten wird.

Was macht doch Schmidt? Empfiehl mich auch ihm!

In jedem Falle rechne ich darauf, dass Du recht bald etwas von Dir wirst hören lassen.

Mit besten Grüssen

Dein

E Mehler.

E N G L I S H T R A N S L A T I O N

Leiden, February 15, 1853.

Dear Bernays,

Enclosed are the excerpts you have asked for, which would surely fulfil your expectations as little as they have answered mine. I have copied the variant readings to Caesar and Octavian.[5] You have asked for variants from Domitian, but the collation ends with the first chapters of Domitian. The best of them all appear to me to be a couple of brilliant emendations by Heinsius.

Of the Scaligerana mentioned in your letter, only the Elenchus Trihaeresis Serarii[6] is available in our Library. I shall be coming to Emmerich for Easter, and will take the book with me and send it to you then. I may manage by then, with the help of Brill the Bookseller, to obtain the other two (Manip.Not.in N.T.[7] and Jac.Revii and Jos.Scal.Epist.[8]). I should add that, in this case as well as in the case of some future requests of this kind, you can always count on my keen sympathy with your interests.

I have received your Lucretius.[9] Many thanks for sending it. I shall soon take it up with Geel.[10] I am now working almost exclusively on Lucian. Can you buy for me, or arrange for a loan for a period of time from your local Library, of Struvius' Lectiones Lucianeae[11] so highly praised by Jacobitz?[12] As to programmes and dissertations on Lucian - of which there is a fair number - they are not to be seen here. Be heedful of such things mea caussa; any and every item concerned with this subject which you can obtain for me will always be greatly appreciated.

Now to the subject of our Mnemosyne. We have ensured that a copy of our periodical should be sent to the editors of Rheinisches Museum, and hoped to see our compliment reciprocated by the dispatch of a copy of Rh.Mus. to us. How come, therefore, that this has not happened, and is it not possible to arrange this for the future? [13] We have a similar exchange of copies with the Zeitscrift für Alterthumskunde and Philologus.

I find it inexplicable and extremely disturbing that I have not heard from Ritschl all this time. Give him my kindest regards and try to persuade him that he should let me hear from him soon.

I hardly need to ask you to send me some little present for our Mnemosyne, although you would do this merely to please me. Shake your waste -paper basket thoroughly: perhaps something for us may fall out.

May I ask you to tell Anschütz, whom you meet from time to time, that Professor de Wal [14] has been busying himself in fulfilling his requirements, and will soon let him know?

How is Schmidt? [15] Give him my regards too.

In any case, I hope that you shall very soon let me hear from you.

With best wishes,

Yours,

E.Mehler.

N O T E S

1. W.Pökel, Philolgisches Schriftsteller-Lexicon, Leipzig 1882 (repr. Darmstadt 1966), p.170; Nieuw Nederlansch Biografisch Woordenboek, Vierde Deel, Leiden 1918, pp. 066-7.
2. See, for example, J.Glucker, Professor Key and Doctor Wagner, Pegasus 12, June 1969, pp. 21-41, esp. 26-7.
3. By his friend and former pupil C.Schaarschmidt, Bursian's Biogr.Jahrb. 1882, 65-83. See also the obituary in Graetz, Monatschrift XXX, 1881, 337-347 and 385-394; Usener's introduction to Bernays' Gesammelte Abhandlungen (1885). See also Wilamowitz, Erinnerungen (1928), p.87.
4. Jacob Bernays. Ein Lebensbild in Briefen, hrsg. von Michael Fraenkel, Breslau; 932.
5. The reference is obviously to the specified Lives of Suetonius. It appears that Bernays knew of some text of Suetonius in the Leiden University Library, containing marginal notes of some collation of variant readings, as well as some emendations, in the hands of some of the great Dutch scholars (including Scaliger?). The only name mentioned in our letter is that of Heinsius. Which Heinsius? Nicolaus was editor of Velleius Paterculus (1678), left notes on Curtius and Tacitus which were published after his death, and was altogether more of a Latinnist than his father Daniel. But Daniel was a friend of Scaliger, and Bernays was already preparing materials

for his book on Scaliger - see next passage in our letter. There is no evidence of any published work on Suetonius either by Scaliger or by Bernays. The Catalogus Librorum...Bibliothecae Publicae Lugduno-Batavae of 1716 offers no help.

6. See Jacob Bernays, Joseph Justus Scaliger, 1855(repr.1965), p.81ff. and 206. The proper title of Scaliger's book is Elenchus Trihaeresii etc. But Mehler clearly wrote Trihaeresis.

7. Full title probably Mancipulus Notarum in Novum Testamentum - some form of collection of critical notes on the New Testament (by Scaliger, or one of Scaliger's manuscripts?). We cannot trace it at present.

8. Epistres Francoises des personnes illustres...à Mons. JJ.de la Scala, mises en lumière par J.de Reves, 1624. It is surprising that this work appears not to have been available at the time in Leiden. Mehler's 'and' is clearly a misunderstanding. The collection contains letters from other people to Scaliger, and de Reves is only the editor.

9. Bernays' Teubner edition of Lucretius, Leipzig 1852.

10. Jacob Geel : Pökel, op.cit. (n.1 above), p.90; Sandys, Hist.Class.Sch. III, p.280. Mehler may have intended to ask Geel to review the new edition for Mnemosyne - or to buy a copy for the Leiden University Library, of which he was at the time the Librarian.

11. Karl Ludwig Struve, Lectiones Lucianeae. Partc.I.Typis Expr. in Friedemanni et Seebodii Miscel..Crit.1823, Vol. II. pp.206-252 (= the same author's Opuscula Selecta, Vol. II, Lipsiae 1854, pp. 42-152)

12. Karl Gottfried Jacobitz (1807-1875), editor of the first critical edition of Lucian, 1836-41, and of the Teubner text, 1852-3.

13. In 1848, Bernays became Honorary Editor of Rheinisches Museum : see Schaarschmidt, op.cit. (n.3 above), p.67.

14. August Anschütz, 1826-1874, Professor of Law at the University of Bonn, 1855-59. In 1854, he was in charge of revising the Law section of the University Library. De Wal is probably Johannes De Wal of Leiden, author of books on the economic and legal history of Holland published in the 1840's and later.

15. Leopold Schmidt (Pökel p.245), born 1824, was Bernays' contemporary as a student of Classical Philology at the University of Bonn, and was one of Ritschl's circle of pupils.

HERMANN FUNKE
JOHN GLUCKER

ANNAEI SENECA

HIPPOLYTVS sive PHAEDRA

Acta Exonii a.d. IV Kal.Iul., et iterum a.d. III Kal.Iul., A.V.C. MMDCCXXVI, ab Vniuersitatis Exoniensis Societatis Classicae sodalibus.

Fabulam docuerunt	Stuartus Fortey et Ioannes Glucker.
Modos fecerunt	Mohammed Rushdi; arguti canes; Wolfgangus Amadeus Mozart; electronice modulandos curauerunt: Antonius Cowley et Dauid Harvey.
Scaenam ornandam et personas faciendas cursuit	Jacquelena Burgess.
Theatrum administrandum curauit	Martinus Lock.

Actores fuerunt:

Hippolytus, Thesei Regis et Antiopae Amazonae Filius:	Stuartus Fortey.
Phaedra, Thesei Coniunx atque Hippolyti Nouerca	:Catherina Arbuthnott.
Nutrix	:Valeria Coxon.
Theseus, Atheniensium Rex	:Ioannes Goldfinch.
Nuntius	:Paulus Stevenson.
Chorus	:Michael Berthoud; Ioannes Glucker; Alanus Griffin; Jacquelina Hallett; Petrus Lewis; Rogerus Pensom; Michael Szilva.
Famuli; famulae; ciues.	

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OUR THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENT WRITES:

A critic reviewing a performance of this kind should ask, and answer, three questions. Was it well produced? Was it worth producing at all? Thirdly, which is not quite the same thing, was it a good play?

The production, and the acting, were, in general, good. Wisely, there was no attempt at realism, no anachronistic modern techniques, no equivalent of a modern-dress production; as far as budget and circumstances allowed, it was as stereotyped as a Noh-play. It could not, of course, be said to resemble a genuine Roman production: for that, one would have needed a genuine Roman theatre, and all the Technicolor resources which Horace had derided. There

were masks, there were set speeches rhetorically delivered, there were theatrical gestures; there was faithful observance of the convention that the Ancients habitually wore little except dust-sheets and bath-towels, though the exigencies of the text gave Phaedra a few touches of purple. The masks had advantages, and disadvantages; the Chorus looked more like pained Victorian schoolmasters than young Athenian huntsmen, and any young man receiving overtures from a face resembling Phaedra's mask might well have fainted right out. We should also remember that the audience in an ancient theatre would usually have been too far away to have traced emotions shown by facial expression, and would have relied on the language of gesture - conventions which were, and are, as widely understood in a Mediterranean culture as the hand-language of Indians or the conventional gestures of ballet.

The masks also seem to have, traditionally, acted as megaphones; certainly the speakers were unusually audible for an open-air performance, though there was something faintly uncanny in the sight of pink chins, pink lips, and pink tongues vibrating in the dark cavities of canvas. The vigour of tone often made up for the obscurity of the language; and a critical audience may, perhaps, be thankful for the obscurity which concealed some of the author's verbal infelicities. Particularly is this the case with the Nurse; Miss Coxon's performance, probably the best of the lot, would have jarred intolerably if we had fully absorbed the epigrams and paradoxes which dropped with every sentence, like the gold coins (or the toads?) in Grimm's fairy-tale. Mr. Stevenson too, profited; his delivery was forceful and impressive (even if the stage listeners took it with surprising calm) and, since a Messenger in classical drama is expected to go on talking for a long time, the flood of rhetorical cliches and irrelevant allusions did not vex the spectators as they must inevitably exasperate the reader. Mr. Fortey, at least in his opening speech, had greater difficulties to overcome; where Euripides introduces Hippolytus and admirably shows his temperament, by giving him a short and moving prayer and a brief dialogue, Seneca gives him over fifty lines to direct what is, apparently, a mass safari over the whole of Attica, and, to a modern audience at least, this exuberant delight in blood-sports fits awkwardly with his fanatical dislike of sex. (His attitude, of course, is not unfamiliar to an English audience; the Euripidean and the Senecan Hippolytus alike sometimes remind us of Lord Baden-Powell talking about "beastliness", but perhaps one would expect this muscular puritanism from a cricketer rather than from a big-game hunter). But once the verbose exordium was over, Hippolytus performed his role admirably; the scene in which he threatened Phaedra with the sword, and which revolted Racine, managed to avoid the extreme brutality hinted at in the text, and thus saved us from the revulsion which we feel, for example, when the thug is terrorizing the girl salvationist in Major Barbara. (A few lines earlier, the obscurity of a learned language saved him from what might well have been a hilarious audience-reaction to a remarkably infelicitous double-entre; how, one wonders, would a plebeian audience, or indeed a Court audience which included Nero, have reacted to the wording of the "dignus en stupris ego?" passage?) Miss Arbuthnott, as Phaedra, had far more to say and do, in an uninterrupted on-stage performance, than any reasonable dramatist would have imposed on his protagonist; but shs spoke, and moved, with feeling, and gave her lines, perhaps, more sincerity and vitality than they deserved. (Seneca, of course, had some first-hand knowledge of hot-blooded ladies in exalted families, and one might wish that there had been more memory, and less rhetoric, in the lines that our leading lady delivered with such passion.)

The Chorus, in their individual capacities, spoke, and on occasion moved, with alacrity and to good effect; collectively, they could not quite overcome our difficulty in believing that a group of ordinary Athenian citizens should ask the Queen's nurse for the latest news about the Queen's sexual irregularities,

that they should be hanging round the place while Queen and Nurse publicly discuss what to do next, and that they should make no attempt at all to mollify Theseus' ill-founded anger. (For this last reticence, of course, there might have been reasons; but when a Euripidean chorus remains improbably silent or inactive, Euripides does usually provide some explanation, however inadequate.) But these are faults of the author, and perhaps of the dramatic convention, which no skill of actors or producers could eliminate. Mr. Goldfinch, as Theseus, had a difficult part. That he should amble on stage looking like something between King Lear and Father Christmas is required by the text (though a tattered purple robe might have been more suitable than a scanty exomis), but he might, perhaps, have announced his return from the Underworld in tones which did not simply seem to be suggesting that he had had a hard day at the office; and his final curse might have been delivered with more force than suggests an irritated paterfamilias telling his son to turn down the volume on the television. But under-acting is certainly preferable to over-acting; how many school plays (and not school plays only) have we seen in which the producer has insisted on every word being underlined? (I remember a Nativity Play in which one of the visiting shepherds was hectored into saying "OX--ASS--AND, SHEEP!!" with an emphasis which would have been exaggerated if he had suddenly stumbled upon a collection of tigers, elephants, and Abominable Snowmen). And actors and producers alike deserve credit for carrying through the grotesque jigsaw-puzzle with the mutilated remains without arousing a guffaw from the audience. (I understand that the Chorus, in this passage, found some difficulty in keeping straight faces behind their masks).

Well produced then, and well acted, was this play really worth producing? The box-office returns would seem to say Yes; and certainly few if any of the audience left before the end. And when we consider some performances that have taken place in one or other of the purlieus of Streatham Hill, we can say that, in comparison at least, this was not only a bold and an interesting experiment, but a successful one; more successful than if, like a Japanese drama, it had simply been spectable without comprehension; and certainly more successful than if it had been given in translation (however good, however accurate) or if the audience had understood every word, every cliche, every epigram.

Is this, then, a bad play? We should hesitate to say Yes. First, because our own Elizabethan dramatists, who were no fools, evidently had a high opinion of it; but secondly, and more relevantly, because, while the standards of good theatre and bad theatre are more or less constant, the expectations of audiences and critics (and hence the aims and the merits of authors) differ from age to age. Factors such as the Unities, comic relief or its absence, the avoidance of what is "low", edifying sentiments, a happy (or at least a suitable) ending, fidelity to (or a deliberately coat-trailing defience of) contemporary stage conventions, tableaux, impressive entrances and exits, greater or less realism-- all of these have been demanded by critics, and audiences, at one time and another. There are more serious matters too. The Agamemnon appeals to any audience, since its themes are integral to human nature, even if we do not believe in the efficacy of human sacrifice, and Macbeth is powerful even if we do not share Jacobean views on sovereignty, and on withchcraft; the Persae and the Septem have strong appeal to any audience that has faced the threat of genocidal invasion; but King Lear can only seem sheer nonsense (as it did to Tolstoy) to anyone who does not have strong feelings about filial duties, unconditional obedience, and the dangers of dividing a kingdom. How does Phaedra fit in here?

This brings up two, perhaps three, questions. What did the Romans expect (and what did they get)? Secondly (or thirdly) what do we get...apart from an interesting lesson in the history of the drama?

Roman tragedy was, apparently, regarded as a kind of Hammer film; no Aristotelian nonsense about ennoblement through catharsis. An audience familiar with gladiators and venationes expected its ration of severed entrails and tomato ketchup (sometimes, we are told, executions occurred on-stage, condemned criminals substituted for the victims). Still, in the times of Accius and Ennius, Greek originals had been rendered with reasonable fidelity, though with occasional exaggeration; and it is generally held that the Silver Age, unable to improve, exaggerated still further. The blame is generally imputed, correctly enough, to the teaching of Rhetoric (Stephen Potter has pointed out the close kinship between Rhetoric and the study now known as Eng. Lit). In this sense, Seneca's plays are commonly regarded as a rhetorical (or, as we would put it, a literary) exercise, intended for reading, or at best for play-reading groups, rather than actual performance. This may be true, though the distinction is a fine one; Tennyson's plays, and Shelley's have been performed on occasion, and the Northcote itself has recently produced, of all things, Pippa Passes. (My heart goes out to any actress compelled to cope with the phrase 'Hist, quoth Kate the Queen..."..."); and, for an audience which tolerated and admired epigrams, paradoxes, high-flown sentiment and lengthy speeches, Seneca is just what is needed. After all, the convention of lengthy and uninterrupted monologues lasted as late as Bernard Shaw; epigrams, virtually confined to comedy by Wilde and Coward, figure fairly freely in James Bond, and thick on the ground as quotations and allusions appear in Seneca, they are thicker in Dorothy Sayers; high-flown sentiment, often in inappropriate surroundings, is a stock feature of the Hollywood Classical. (And the Times recently pointed out that a Hollywoodish mixture of sententious phraseology and Bowery wisecracking is probably far more like ancient reality than the Bulwer-Lytton conventions of our own historical drama).

Given, then, that Seneca was good drama for the Roman public, is it good drama for us? Also, if such a question has meaning, is it good drama by the standard of the Eternal Verities?

For us, I think, it is good, in small doses. Regular performances would engender the kind of hilarity that used to be seen in the audiences at the Old Grand Guignol in Paris; but an occasional performance helps us to appreciate what the Romans admired, and what the Jacobethan dramatists not only admired but imitated. It would probably not translate well---accurate translation would be very difficult to distinguish from parody and burlesque, and soft-pedalled translation would be as misleading as Gilbert Murray's Greek plays, and far less entertaining than they. But an occasional performance, perhaps with clear vocal or gesticulatory indication of when a speaker is voicing an epigram or a noble sentiment, would be of interest even to an audience which could not get into the skin of first-century Stoics, or of the much-maligned Roman plebs (though some might feel a sneaking sympathy for the audiences who preferred tight-rope walkers). Any spectator who could instantly absorb the meaning would find many jewels, but far more morasses of verbiage and junk-heaps of weary paradox; though it might be interesting to speculate, for instance, how far the Nurse, with her addiction to improving remarks and sententious phrases, her high moral attitudes which crumble away as soon as it is quite clear that they are not influencing the listener, and above all her dry comments about the necessity for an underling to keep on the right side of a ruling monarch, may be drawn from the author's own consciousness. (Of Seneca's own personality this is not the time to speak; though we might observe that European scholars who have denounced his subservience to Nero have not always been perceptibly ready to denounce the excesses of tyrants nearer home.

What, then, of the play as an illustration of eternal values, or a picture of the human predicament? There, I think, the play suffers in comparison with its predecessor and its successor. The producers say that "Seneca is more concerned with the dramatic exposition of emotional and mental conflicts" (rather than the fast-moving action of his Greek originals), and this is probably true, both insofar as "emotional and mental conflicts" may be regarded as an intellectual paraphrase of "sex and violence" and, more seriously, insofar as Seneca, like Bernard Shaw, may appreciate an opportunity to make his stage characters express on the boards much the same sort of thing as the author has long been expressing on paper. But---to adopt a criterion which Seneca himself would have accepted as valid--- what could we learn from Seneca's Phaedra, and from other plays on the subject?

Euripides teaches us that the cosmic forces (in this case, another scholarly circumlocution for "sex") are extremely dangerous if they are denied; also, that the kind of hubris known variously as priggishness, fanaticism, and spiritual pride is dangerous and unlovable, though it springs from laudable sources. Racine, who both complicates and enlivens the story with political complications (Troezen versus Athens) ruins the Euripidean point (albeit with some Virgilian justification) by providing the sexless Hippolytus with a rather vapid fiancée of his own, seems to treat the story simply as indicating the irresistible power of love. (So, at least, we may deduce from the fact that the one line generally quoted from the play is "Vénus tout entière à sa proie attachée".) Knowing the temperament and the regular subject-matter of Sophocles, we may assume that he treated the story in much the same way. But what can we learn from Seneca?

Neither the events nor the characters teach us very much. The Nurse varies from orthodox womens-magazine virtue to conspiratorial compliance; Phaedra after contemplating suicide chooses, like Croesus under slightly different circumstances, her own survival; the Chorus shows the lubricious curiosity of the Roman mob, but not its generous readiness to demonstrate in favour of an injured favourite; Hippolytus himself moves, engagingly, from violent misogyny to extreme courtesy towards his stepmother, and reacts like his Euripidean original (that is, in a probably very realistic manner) to his stepmother's advances; Theseus, again, reacts in a fairly natural and human manner, though as ever he makes too many epigrams at the end, and he seems to forget that he has several other children at home. Is there an echo of Creon after Haemon's death here?) Seneca has missed the opportunity to emphasize, as Aeschylus emphasized elsewhere, the effect of loneliness and abstention on a naturally passionate woman (the hot Cretan blood, as in the one grotesque lapse in the Euripidean original, is simply a stereotyped hereditary curse giving occasion for some prurient reminiscences about the Minotaur), and none of the surviving authors seem to have made as much as might have been made of Theseus' descent into the Underworld; perhaps a ritual vacating of the throne, which might have reminded Seneca of a more recent ruler whose wife had got up to high jinks in his absence and had to die on his return? The one timeless passage -- Thesei voltus amo-- deals, rhetorically but not excessively so, with a theme treated by Howard Spring in O Absalom and by Hugh McGraw in The Man in Control and still occasionally appearing on women's pages in daily and weekly papers, but, even so, only affects a minority of fathers and sons (though perhaps a larger minority in days when feminine mortality was high; witness the numerous traditions about hostile, rather than about amorous, stepmothers). The really moving possibility, of a father-and-son confrontation, so dramatically exploited by Euripides, is omitted in Seneca---was Roman feeling about fatherhood so strong that, even in super-tragedy, a father-and-son slanging-match would not be tolerated?

The verdict must, I think, stand: a successful drama, a good play, to contemporaries, but not, on the whole, to us. An interesting and worthwhile experiment, which would stand repetition and variation (how about, for example, a performance of that earliest of all Hollywood-Nero extravaganzas, the Octavia?) but not, I think, a regular reiteration. A production which coped admirably with the difficulties of inadequate resources, and inappropriate (though extremely pleasing) background, and an unsatisfactory text; actors who acted better, perhaps, than their lines deserved; and a memory which the audience, we may hope, will carry away with pleasure and preserve with appreciation and understanding.

H.W.STUBBS.

ARISTOTLE ON ALL FOURS

a competition

"The strange figure of a man with the hindlegs of a horse, on all fours, wearing both a crown and a saddle has, not unnaturally, evoked several different explanations. It is usually described as an allusion to the story of Aristotle who, having warned the young Alexander the Great against the wiles of a courtesan, was himself so much bewitched by the resentful lady that he agreed to earn her favour by acting as her palfrey. The crown worn by the creature is held to imply the role of Alexander in the story, and the saddle that of the courtesan."

This figure is somewhere in Exeter. But just where is it to be found? I offer a £1.00 book token for the first correct solution to reach me. Entries should be sent to 53, Thornton Hill, Exeter; the answer will appear in the next issue.

I have no idea what the literary source for the anecdote is. Another £1.00 book token for the first reader to tell me.

F.D.HARVEY.

ROBERT GARNIER'S HIPPOLYTE - TRANSLATION OR IMITATION?

At the recent performance of Senaca's Hippolytus by the Classics Department one could not fail to respond to the powerful effect of Senaca's verse. More used to Seneca in translation than in the original, I became aware, more than ever, of the profound terseness of Latin expression. When the Latin is compared with translations into English or French there is always the obvious and astounding difference of length. What also becomes evident is the difficulty of accepting the religious concomitants of a Latin play. We have lost the full effect of the tragic influence of the gods. This is inevitable when one culture interprets another and it was probably true of Seneca in his adaptation of Greek dramatic themes. Despite these differences Seneca has been extremely popular with European dramatists and he has the doubtful honour of having been the principal source of inspiration for French tragedy in the sixteenth century. At the height of fervent humanist interest in the Classics, Seneca was the man one first turned to for the model of the tragic play. Where he was not translated directly he was often freely adapted.

Joachim du Bellay in his La Deffence et Illustration de la langue francoyse (1549) had underlined firmly that when the ancient theatre was restored the Greeks and Romans were to serve as models:

> Quand aux comedies et tragedies, si les roys et les republiques les vouloint restituer en leur ancienne dignité, qu'ont usurpée les farces et moralitez, je seroy' bien d'opinion que tu t'y employasses, et si tu le veux faire pour l'ornement de ta langue, tu sçais ou tu en doibs trouver les archetypes (II, iv).

He preconized two methods of creating a French literature worthy of the Ancients, translation and 'immitation'. Although translation was adequate for works of a scientific nature (I,x) it was to be shunned in literature because of the disservice it did to the original "genius" of the author (I,vi). Imitation was thus the art to be employed by the poet and Du Bellay realised that it was not without its difficulties:

> Mais entende celuy qui voudra immiter, que ce n'est chose facile de suyvre les vertuz d'un bon aucteur, et quasi comme se transformer en luy, veu que la Nature mesme aux choses qui paroissent tressemblables, n'a sceu tant faire, que par quelque notte et difference elles ne puissent estre discernées (I,viii).

Classical scholars will have noticed the influence of Quintilian in the elaboration of this thought and it is one which accounts for the vicissitudes and beauties of much of 16th century French poetry because of this confusion over the distinction between straight translation

and/

and imitation. Although a large proportion of Du Bellay's manifesto was not strictly adhered to, the principles of composition to which he refers here were to remaid valid. But even when translating the Frenchman of the sixteenth century allowed himself certain liberties so as to ensure that "on le reçoive comme nostre, et non comme estranger" (1). Thus when one turns to a 16th century tragedy inspired by or translated from Seneca we find immediately lexical references reminiscent of the original, but very often the result in both cases is a loose and unscientific transposition.

Within the context of the Senecan tradition it is interesting to compare an avowed translation of the Hippolytus by Jean Yeuwain of Mons dated 1591 (2) and an adaptation of the same play made by Robert Garnier in 1573 (3). A comparison of just one passage is sufficient to enable us to appreciate the two techniques of translation and imitation. The lines (85-91) are those spoken by Phaedra in her opening speech:

O magna vasti Creta dominatrix freti,
2. cuius per omne litus innumerae rates
tenuere pontum, quidquid Assyria tenus
4. tellure Nereus peruius rostris secat,
cur me in penates obsidem invisos datam
6. hostique nuptam degere aetatem in malis
lacrimisque cogis?

Yeuwain

O grand' Crete qui tiens souz ton royal pouvoir,
2. Tant de mers qu'a-lentour les vens font émouvoir
Et couvres de vaisseaux tous les ports, où Nerée
4. Au navigage estend son echine azurée,
Jusqu'auprès du rivage Assyrien; pourquoy
6. En un palais haÿ et des miens, et de moy,
Femme à mon ennemy, et tenue en hostage,
8. Me contrains-tu passer (malheureuse) mon age
En angoisseux tourmens, pleurs, et soucis?...

Garnier

O Royne de la mer, Crete, mere des Dieux,
2. Qui as receu naissant le grand moteur des Cieux:
O la plus orgeuilleuse et plus noble des isles,
4. Qui as le front orné de cent fameuses villes:
O terre de Saturne, où les rivages torts
6. Remparez de rochers, s'ouvrent en mille ports,
En mille braves ports, qui defendus de l'onde,
8. Reçoivent des vaisseaux de toutes parts du monde:
Pourquoy mon cher sejour, mon cher sejour,
pourquoy
10. M'as-tu de toy bannie en eternel émoy?
Las! pourquoy ma patrie, as-tu voulu, cruelle,
12. Me faire choir és mains d'un amant infidelle?
D'un espous deloyal? qui parjurant sa foy,

Adultere/

14. Adultere sans cesse, et ne fait cas de moy?
Me laisse desolee, helas, helas! me laisse
16. Sur ce bord estranger, languissant de
tristesse?
(Act II, sc. I)

Seneca's six and a half lines become nine in Yeuwain's version and sixteen in Garnier's. Both sixteenth century authors were using a text which gave in line 87 portus rather than pontum. Yeuwain remains reasonably faithful to the text but is restricted by the nature of the alexandrine and its twelve syllables: l.1 royal is interpreted as being inherent in dominatrix; l.2 is for the sense but not in the original; l.4 seems to be a misunderstanding of peruius rostris secat; in l.6 des miens et de moy, l.8. malheureuse and in l.9 angoisseux tourmens have all been added to "pad out" the meaning and to make up the correct number of syllables. The translation is basically prosaic (cf. degere aetatem - passer mon âge)but some attempt has been made to give poetic expression to the original idea, cf. les vens ... émouvoir, son échine azurée, rivage Assyrien.

On the other hand Garnier seems to have been greatly inspired by the original and to have adapted it to contemporary fashion. In l.I he is not content to refer just to Crete but uses another favourite technique of the Pléiade - antonomasia. He draws upon his own culture and develops the associations of Zeus with Crete - O Royne de la mer, Crete, mere des Dieux which is also reminiscent of a Marian doxology. He dispenses with the reference to Nereus as being superfluous and replaces it with the extended image of ll.6-8 but not before he has added to the description of Crete by recalling another description by Seneca, this time from the Troades (l.820):

Urbibus centum spatiosa Crete.

He paraphrases the lines of Seneca (89-91) and calls upon his knowledge of feminine psychology and of Phaedra. By so doing he comes nearer to Seneca than Yeuwain because by Garnier's stressing the cher sejour, bannie, patrie, falling at the caesura as they do, we understand the full force of me in penates obsidem invisos datam and also the pleading nature of cur. Similarly the amant infidelle, espous deloyal are used to recapture hostique nuptam and how effectively the last two lines convey the pathos of:

degere actatem in malis
lacrimisque cogis!

Garnier understood that Seneca was a master in the creation of the pathetic, a master in the art of stylised description. He appears to have grasped the tone of the Seneca play with the tendency in Hippolyte towards the declamation, towards the elegiac. The French lines are constructed according to a rigorous rhetorical pattern of lament; O....Qui...O...Qui...O... with interspersed Las! helas! and rhetorical questions. The use of reduplicatio (ll.6-7,l.9), paronomasia (ll.7-8, ports-parts), all help to construct a picture of stylised woe, reminding

us/

us that "Renaissance poets uphold the natural and beneficial tie between rhetoric and poetry to the point that they are occasionally indistinguishable" (4).

There are a number of similar passages in Garnier's play which could be contrasted in the same way with Yeuwain and Seneca, but this is not the place to undertake an exhaustive study. What I hope has transpired is that Garnier fulfills Du Bellay's recommendations for the composition of a poetic form copied from the ancients. By a careful process of imitation Garnier was able to recreate for his contemporaries an atmosphere of the pathetic which captures the spirit of the Senecan original without betraying its author by a gauche and clumsy translation. Yeuwain, by comparison, belongs to the ranks of the third rate, for we are confronted with a work which tends to tarnish rather than prolong the glory of the original. The modern reader may well wonder whether he is faced with a phenomenon of translate and destroy or imitate and create[5].

Keith Cameron.

1. Taken from Hierosme d'Avost's Préface to his translation of some of Petrarch's sonnets, Essais, Paris, 1584.

2. Hippolyte, tragédie tournée de Sénèque (1591), ed. G. Van Severen, Mons, 1933.

3. Hippolyte, Paris, Robert Estienne, Scolar Rpt. 1971

4. R. Griffin, Coronation of the Poet: Joachim Du Bellay's debt to the Trivium, University of California Press, 1969, p.26.

5. For an examination of Garnier's originality in his dramatic style and characterisation see: O. de Mourges, 'L'Hippolyte de Garnier et L'Hippolytus de Sénèque', in The French Renaissance and its heritage, (Essays presented to A.M. Boase), Methuen, London, 1968, pp. 191-202.

APOLOGIA PRO SCRIPTORES MEDII AEVI

WHO is it who stands up and says that mediaeval writers degrade and deprave Classical Latin? Who accuses them of bastardising the progeny of Rome, of deceiving scholars that they can teach their Imperial grandmothers to suck literary eggs, of vieing with Vergil, striving against Cicero for immortal fame amongst the constellation of laurels? The Classicist; it is he who decries the Mediaeval period as the Lead era of Roman literature - if he admits that far. There can be no doubt that mediaeval writers had but the aroma of the Golden era, the Classicist will say, and all they produced in pale imitation is cheap and tawdry, with something smattered with Greek, old French and Anglo-latinisms. But how is he to think otherwise, steeped in pagan philosophy, bucolic maunderings and anti-Imperial satire? Hypnotised by Vergil, Cicero, Juvenal and syntax, how can he help but cringe at anything influenced by them and anything which, in imitating them to a certain extent, without reason or warning, falls away from plagiarism and Sound Latin with an odd metre or obscure mediaeval word.

YET why must a Meissen vase be compared to a kitchen sink simply because they are made of the same substance? In fact, Classical Latin is the Meissen vase: decorative, fragile and functionless, whereas Mediaeval Latin, cacophonous and dissonant as it may sound to the Classicist when he reads it, is practical, expletive and earthy. Classicists should rejoice that their Latin was able to be transformed into a living tongue, until recently the universal language of the Roman Church. Are not the Greeks proud of their language which has changed as they have, surviving because it was flexible even in ancient times.

THE Classicist has missed the point when he tries to look on Mediaeval Latin as some sort of extension of Classical Latin or a revival thereof. When you consider that most self-respecting English scholars regard American as a foreign language, it seems strange that Mediaeval Latin appears to some to be the result of a neo-Classical revolution. Mediaeval Latin was the Latin of the Church, and since most of the literate were clerics it is natural that what they wrote was mostly scriptural and liturgical - in Latin. Anything else was written in Latin because it was their "writing tongue" and so "literate" came to mean "able to read and write in Latin". Naturally as there was an increase in available Classical texts, and scholasticism and monasticism spread, there was an increase in the adoption of Classical styles - Walter Map for example used Juvenal as a model, but did not actually copy him.

THE fundamental difference between Classical and Mediaeval Latin is God. Where the Classical writer is proud, anxious to show style and to impress the reader, almost defying the gods (who, after all, were little better in moral matters than he himself); the Mediaeval writer grovels in abject humility, expounding the littleness of Man in relation to God, and exposing himself completely to the scholar with embarrassing candour which only Catullus in his more obscene poetry emulates. Of course, the rhymes were more haphazard, and Classical metres almost ignored; much of the poetry was meant to be sung as hymns and the plainchant would not have required "longs and shorts" to make a metre, but merely an ictus and a rhyming scheme.

THE point has been made that the two languages cannot be compared with any degree of satisfaction. And yet it must be remembered that not only did Mediaeval scholars have a better Classical education than we, but also better than some Classical writers themselves, who died before most Classics were written. Is Mediaeval Latin therefore the refined version of what Classical Latin might have been like if Rome had not fallen? It is too inflammatory a question.

C.J.ARBUTHNOTT.

THE STAG-ADDICT'S MANUAL OF ELEUSINIAN CUISINE

An acroamatic phantasmagoria in F Flat Major

μαθοῦσιν αὐδῶ κοὐ μαθούσι λήθομαι. αὐδῶν οὐ V.

(Note : The following is an extract from vol.XIII of Souvenirs of a Satisfactorily Spent Lifespan, by the late Professor Isaac Aemilius Quill, O.B.E., until his recent death Head of the Department of Vacuum-Cleaning at the Royal Professorial Training Centre at Abergavenny. It is to be published shortly by Epimenides & Apella, Inc., of Exeter, New Hampshire. Some of the footnotes have been included in the text in brackets, for the reader's inconvenience).

.....and I shall never forget the famous last words of my great teacher and friend Bill Glyn-Davies of Dawlish University. We were sitting by his bedside one day, as it was becoming clear that his long and useful life was drawing to its grandefinale, when Bill opened his eyes and, turning to my wife, said: 'The trouble with philology nowadays, Samantha, is that it is so very unimaginative'. He pronounced these last words with that engaging mixture of ferocity and gentleness which we, as his students, instinctively identified with one of his great moments of insight. I can still remember the time when, sitting in one of his lectures on the Amores, we were listening to Bill expounding the text as usual when, all of a sudden, he fixed us with those piercing grey eyes of his and said, in the same unforgettable tones: 'The trouble with the Amores is that there are so very few real Amores in them'. Our eyes opened at once to the new revelations, and later on, when my good friend Cleopatra Levy-Bruhl made her reputation with her famous Ovid's non-Amores, she was merely expanding this brilliant flash of illumination into a proper, 700-page book.

We were young in those days, Samantha and I, in our first year of married life. I was writing my first book in my spare time from teaching Italian at school, and Samantha was expecting the first of our eight sons (for their names and dates of birth, see Appendix XXIV to Vol.VII), and in her spare time was translating Genossenspitz's What Isn't Sociology from the original Portuguese. Bill's death was a shock to us both. He was the great and inspiring teacher who had encouraged us both constantly as undergraduates, and, although we had by that time abandoned the path of Classical philology, to which Bill had dedicated his long life ever since he got all the prizes at Oxford, including the Craven, the Ireland and the Gaisford, in a single year, at the same time also publishing his famous first article, On Some Non-Events in Iliad II, 1-47, a precursor of his better known studies What Does Not Happen in Iliad II, 48-75 and Iliad II, 76-83: Some Misapprehensions, which are now in the hands of every intelligent undergraduate, he never resented or criticized our decision to dedicate our lives to more practical pursuits, and continued until his final breath to treat us as his own children and friends. It had been a great boon to the new University of Dawlish when, many years earlier, Bill, then a junior fellow of his Oxford College, had been expelled from his old University after having been found in bed with the Master's favourite boy-friend, and came to open the Classics Department in Dawlish. His contribution to his students' happine and prosperity in later life were only outdone by the tremendous impact he made on the proper study of Classical philology in England and abroad. In the years following his death, Bill's propheoy was shown to be only too well-founded. Classical - and other - philologists continued to publish their large - and expensive - tomes: texts, commentaries, studies in grammar, syntax, epigraphy, prosopography - you name it. They were all full of matter, all efficiently written, and in the same dull and standardized

language, all as unimaginative as the Albert Memorial, the Exeter City Museum or Klogg's Foundations of Modern Logic. There was nothing of the excitement one felt on reading one of Bill's own articles, the discovery of the wealth of hidden possibilities unearthed by a sensitive and imaginative critic out of a text as well-known and as apparently simple as that of the second book of the Iliad. (In his last years, Bill was contemplating the prospect of applying the same methods to the elucidation of Iliad III. Dis aliter visum.)

Imagine, if you can, my ineffable joy when, on a visit to Swansea last year, I was permitted by my friend Sir Muhammed Llewellyn-Jones, Chief Cadi of Wales and South-West England and a distinguished ancient philosopher in his own right, to roam among the unpublished papers of the late Sir Antibarbarus Pottie-Dottie, C.H., M.B.E., at the time of his late lamented death Principal of the University of Ullapool. Among these papers I discovered the typescript, ready for publication, of the work I am about to discuss. The long and sudden illness of Sir Muhammed has so far prevented him from proceeding with the publication of this magnificent work, and at the same time, alas, he has also forbidden anyone else to deal with its publication until his full recovery. As I sas there, on that beautiful summer morning, in Sir Muhammed's lovely Victorian garden near the Swansea Bus Station, drinking my freshly-made Lipton tea as the Welsh sun was illuminating the pages of the typescript, I suddenly realized what had taken place here. Bill's prophecy had been right so far: imagination had deserted the field of Classical learning with his own lamented death. But in this last posthumous work, Sir Antibarbarus had - as could only be expected from a man of his immense intellectual calibre - restored insight and imagination into this much-neglected field. I gloated over the pages, and, since Sir Muhammed was at the time conducting a servece at the Central Mosque at Cardiff , I took the liberty he had never given me and made some notes. These will serve as the basis for my - alas, too brief - summary of the great book. I print it for the benefit of all interested in the serious and imaginative application of literary criticism to the ancient Classics, and in the hope that the general diffusion of the ideas contained in it will help to promote a larger and revived interest in the ancients among the apathetic public of the present day and age. It may be some time before Sir Muhammed, happily released from hospital - as we all hope to Allah - will gladden our hearts with the publication of the extensive text. But before I come to the main subject of this chapter, a few words about Sir Antibarbarus himself and his intellectual milieu may not be amiss.

It was some years after Bill's death, when we were living in London, that a book came out which shook the philosophical world like a supersonic boom. There was nothing extraordinary about its title: Childhood and Philosophy, by A.S.Pottie-Dottie, M.A. (The S., incidentally, stands for Sallust. His Aunt Artemidora, who was allowed to choose the baby's second name, was at the time lecturing on Dennis Wheatley at Sussex University). But as one read on, one discovered that a uniquely active mind was at work here, revolutionizing one's whole philosophical orientation. Modern linguistic philosophy, its author maintained, was the consequence of special psycho-physical syndromes caused by the peculiar conditions of the philosopher's own childhood environment. A psychoanalytical study of the early childhood of some of the linguistic philosophers who were no longer among the living showed that, in most cases, some retarded development of the excretive organs in childhood had resulted in the budding philosopher's excessive concentration, as a compensatory measure, on his oral faculties, and particularly on his speech-organs. As some of these philosophers grew up, they sublimated these processes into a morbid-but seemingly purely academic-interest in what they called 'language games'. The very word 'game' betrays the derivation of the whole theory from an infantile fixation, nourished and embellished by the game-ethos of our old English Public Schools and the - more recent - football clubs.

One can add that many of these philosophers also showed signs of an excessive preoccupation with drinks - sherry, port, beer or even plain milk (like the late Dame Clafta Farmhouse, who received special permission from the Trustees to take her milk-bottle to the Bodley with her) - another sure symptom of the oral fixation. Linguistic philosophy was thus exposed as a mere sublimation of a minor psychological complex acquired in early childhood. Instead of curing others - the role of the analytical philosopher as envisaged by the great Wittgenstein - the linguistic philosopher now stood himself in need of cure. The cure, we were promised, would become apparent in the same author's forthcoming works, which would demonstrate that all great philosophical systems of the past were sublimations, under various disguises, of deep-seated neuroses harboured by the individual exponents of these systems for many years.

The book fell on us like a bombshell, yet it was hardly the first sign of dissatisfaction with the current fashions in analytical philosophy. There had been Sprugge, author of Analysis and Metaphysics Reconciled - whose views were, however, not widely accepted - and there was, of course, Wisniewski. Pottie himself - 'Pottie' was how we all came to call Sir Antibarbarus in later years - had been, while at Oxford, a member of the famous Wisniewski Group. I myself only attended one of the Sessions of this group as a guest of my good friend Tim Nicholas, but Tim and other friends I have made through him have since told me more about the Group than one can find even in the best books (of which I specially recommend Bedstead Q. Heydenloewe III's The Halcyon Days of Wisniewski as by far the best account)

Sositheos von Wisniewski, son of an impoverished Polish aristocrat and emigre, was brought to England in his teens from his native Budapest. He had a strange and brilliant career at Cambridge, obtaining a Treble First in Classics, Philosophy and Theology in the same year, and elected Fellow of Vic Feather College even before he graduated B.A. One evening, as he was sitting with his colleagues in the Combination-Room, conversing, as usual, on the rising prices of second-hand cars, he overturned his coffee-cup on the table, spilling its contents on Professor Klogg's trousers and shoes. He stood up, surveyed the astonished faces around him, and said, in that famous German-Hungarian accent which never completely departed from his - otherwise perfect - English, and which, together with his slight lisp, gave his pronouncements added charm. 'But this is all absolute nonsense. Racoon!', and left the College, walking all the way to Oxford with nothing on him but his evening clothes. In Oxford, he starved for a few weeks, attending the lectures of many a famous philosopher whose fame he was later destined to eclipse, until he meet Donna Clytaemnestra Mainomena y Deshabillia de Querimonia Y Papel, the beautiful, wealthy and estranged wife of the former Professor of Spanish who had turned alcoholic after he had joined the New Islamic Monastery at Abingdon. Their marriage followed her divorce in a few weeks, and from then on, Wisniewski lived a life of opulence, supported by the ample means of his rich and adoring wife, whose novels, translated into many languages, continued to maintain her husband and children on a standard of unheard of even in Oxford. In a few years, when the fame of his brilliant philosophical insights began to spread from Donna Clytaemnestra's famous tea-parties to the University itself, he inherited the Clementsson Chair of the Philosophy of Philosophy, vacated by the mysterious disappearance of Sir Ringo Brookes. He never lectured in his College or at the Schools - in fact, he never gave a public lecture, except on the occasional conference held in foreign parts. The few adoring students who were allowed into the Presence met in the Old Stables at the back of his large garden

on the Woodstock Road. There, in a badly-lit room with no furniture, he would sit inside the 14th-century fireplace, his head completely concealed in the chimney, the only sign of life emanating from him from time to time, apart from his great Sayings, being a suck at the large hookah given him many years earlier by a Turkish girl he had met at a conference in Benghazi. His pupils would sit around for hours, occasionally starving or freezing - the only activity permitted at the Stables was smoking - with their pens and notebooks ready to capture for posterity every word uttered by the great Master. Wisniewski himself, like many an eminent thinker before him, from Socrates and Carneades to Cock Wilson and Beniamini-Pontifici, never published a book in his life. But he also gave clear signs of his objection to the publication of any of his sayings by his adoring pupils. The story of how this came to be known is worth recounting at some length, as a typical example of the high intellectual tension pervading the life of the Group. I was told it by the protagonist himself, my good friend for many decades Tim Nicholas, now famous as Sir Timothy Nicholas, co-founder, with Bouldoisier-l'Ecrivain, of Veltudinological Isonemithmy and leading British expert on the Sociology of False Teeth.

There were rumours at the time among the various members of the Wisniewski Group that, if persuaded by someone he had not known long enough to despise - ideally, a new member who had only been to one or two Sessions - the Master might consent to the publication, in a limited edition comprising a Polish and Hungarian translation, of some of his agrapha dogmata. Tim was approached. Being self-confident, one could even say cocky, and extremely young - he had been only fifteen when he came up to Oxford in the previous year, but had already obtained brilliant results in Mods and was happily married to Lady Albania Clarion, a wealthy widow 25 years older than himself, whose five children from four previous marriages he had adopted - Tim was convinced of his powers to work the miracle. During one of those sessions at the Old Stables, when the Master had been silent for 5 hours, 35 minutes and 14 seconds, his silence was interrupted, for the first and last time, by someone else. It was Tim. In his now famous self-confident, deep voice, he spoke the following words: 'Professor Wisniewski, Sir, it is the ardent wish of posterity - of all future generations of philosophical mankind - that your words of wisdom should be made available in published form'. A silence of six hours followed. Then, all of a sudden, the Master emerged from the fireplace, hookah and all, and instead of his usual 'That's all', which was the sign for the ending of these Sessions, he stood silent and erect for a few minutes (16 mins. 45 seconds, I am told), his agitation showing only in his eyes. He put down the hookah - something he had never done before or was ever to do again during one of his Sessions - and said in measured syllables and in fluent Hungarian German: 'Wer hat diesen Dreck gesprochen?' A hero to the hilt, Tim stood up and said: 'I did,Master'. Wisniewski approached him and surveyed him in silence for a few seconds, then, in one sudden flash, he raised his hands and bestowed a sharp, resounding slap on each of Tim's cheeks. After another brief silence, six minutes and forty-two seconds this time, he said: 'Nein' through his clenched teeth, repeated: 'Nein, that is, No. NO, no, no! Clear?', and, before anyone had time to reach, Tim was honoured again with two harder slaps on both cheeks. The Master's agitation was great. He collected his hookah, marched to the open door (it was February), turned again to Tim and added: 'You, You Wisniewski!', and marched out towards his house.

I said 'honoured' and I meant it. After a few moments of consultation, his pupils decided that, although the Master had not, for the first time ever, said: 'That's all', his retirement to his house must have had the same meaning. They

withdrew to the Duke of Edinburgh, where Tim bought four rounds of drinks for everybody, one for each time the Master's hand had touched his face. A photographer was immediately summoned, and photographs were taken of Tim, with the marks of the Master's hands still fresh and clearly visible on his pale and, as yet, beardless cheeks. One of those still hangs in his study, and to the more distinguished visitors, Sir Timothy is never tired of relating the story of how he, a mere undergraduate at the time, was the only member of the Group whose cheeks were ever slapped by the great von Wisniewski himself. (Spitting on one of the members on his way out of a Session was much more common habit of the Master. Some members can also remember being invited to tea by Donna Clytaemnestra. The Master would, on thos occasions, sit in the corner, completely immersed in the last issue of Murder and utterly oblivious to his visitor. But the greatest sign of distinction on those occasions was when the visitor was fortunate enough to be hit over the head with a bicycle-pump by the Master's youngest son, Télémaque, who was later killed in a road-accident near Farringdon while still in his eighteenth year). The book, needless to say, never materialized in the Master's lifetime.

Great was the joy of the initiate when, on the Master's lamented death, no clause forbidding any publication was found in his short will, which consisted of a mere two sentences: "You have never understood it - how could you? Poof!" From now on, his pupils hastened to publish the notes they had taken at those long Sessions. The Master's silences were recorded too, each minute of silence being represented by an empty line of print. Thus, a volume of these Sessional Sayings usually comprises 20-40 sentences per 200-300 pages, and the reader is generally instructed to ponder these silences of the Master as solemnly as he would ponder his words of wisdom themselves. The Sayings are, as could only be expected, brief and oracular, in a mixture of English, German, Hungarian and - occasionally - Polish, with a phonetic transcription representing the Master's exact pronunciation of each Saying. It has, alas, proved too expensive to use this phonetic transcription for the silences as well. But the puffs at the hookah are represented each by an asterisk printed in red, yellow or green according to the quantity of smoke emitted. The Sayings abound in devastating criticisms of other philosophers and their methods - those famous criticisms which later gave rise to the numerous new and original works by so many of his distinguished followers. We give here - without, alas, the phonetic transcription - a few specimens, taken mostly from The Wallpaper Book and The Andrex Notes, both prepared for publication by Uriah Speed :

- They call themselves philosophers. Ach, nein! NEIN! Fagy daganat! They cannot even grow potatoes. Ja wiem. Ja wiem.
- Swanwich is a pig! A pig! Schwein! What does he know about language? He has never washed his socks. Kraut!
- To say that the name of the game is the same as the game of the name amounts - often, if not always - to saying that the game of the name is the same as the name of the game. Pfui, Teuffel! Name and game are name and game. Ja wiem.
- Ilse Klein thinks she knows Mathematics. Hah! Even those who say that $K = VM256^2$ know better. Ja, viel besser. Istenem!
- When I say that I say something: it is I, Sositheos von Wisniewski, who say it, and I say it. Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott. Ja wiem.
- Vasilievskaya writes that all is language. What she really means is that all is Vasilievskaya. But the Stables, my hookah, or the Cheddar cheese my wife has just eaten are not Vasilievskaya. Consider that piece of Cheddar: she has never seen it and will never see it again now. Silly!
- My head is in the chimney. I am not just saying it: it is in the chimney. Tak. But the hookah is not.
- Abracadabra! Boom! Pi-ti-ki-ni-ri! There's language for you. Signifying nothing. Nichts. Ja wiem.

One can see in several of these sayings some of the seeds which later matured into the reaction that started among members of the Group and bore abundant fruits, after the Master's death, in the voluminous writings of the numerous so-called Anti-Linguistic schools: the Potato School, the Cheddar Cheese School, the Boom! School, the Tak School and the - now generally discredited - Ja wiem School - to mention but a few. None, however, developed the consequences of this new orientation in a more fruitful and original manner than the late Sir Antibarbarus. A devoted pupil of the Master - who once even referred to him in conversation with his wife as 'my stupid young Scotsman' (Sir Antibarbarus was, in fact, Scottish only by extraction. His family had emigrated to Sussex in the 182 , and he himself was born on the London-to-Brighton train. His mother was the daughter of a Japanese Catholic professor of Swahili - a fact which may explain his first name, on which he always adamantly refused to comment. But he was always proud of being the first Principal of a thriving Scottish University), Sir Antibarbarus was never fortunate enough, like his friend Sir Timothy Nicholas, to be touched by the Master's own hands. But he always kept in a place of honour in his Library a pair of white trousers on which, when they were only a day or two old, the Master had once spat on his way out of a Session. This was the turning point in young Antibarbarus' career: from now on, he knew with unerring certainty that he could not but dedicate the rest of his life to the pursuit of philosophy. His first book made his name a household word in the houses of all lovers of wisdom. It was followed up, in a long and distinguished career which spans the lifetime of two generations of mortals, by a succession of no less brilliant works which revolutionized the study of the history of philosophy and did more than anything else to cure the world of the dangerous and infectious disease of abstract thinking.

Although a Classical scholar by training - Sir Antibarbarus obtained First Class Honours both in Mods and Greats - most of his earlier works were concerned with the psychophilosophical analysis of the great German systems of philosophy. I am fortunate enough to know the reason for this, as the story was once told me by Sir Antibarbarus himself, when we were having a drink together in a public house near Cambridge having escaped there in the midst of a seven-hour lecture on Plato by that distinguished historian of ancient thought, Professor Mordecai Ebenezer Winscreen-Howe. It was soon after the publication of his first book that Pottie had received a note, written by the hand of that grand old master of Physiodontological Ethics, Sir Gegenteil Schmidt, who was then in his hundred-and-fifteenth year. It read: 'Sir, I have enjoyed your book and adored the smell of the plastic paper it is printed on. Come for a glass of sherry. My great-granddaughter is on the 'phone and sees me every morning. Sir Schmidt'. Young Antibarbarus hastened to arrange the meeting, which lasted three hours. During most of it, Sir Gegenteil (who had actually shaken hands with members of the Vienna Circle when, as a small boy, he sold the evening papers in the cafe where they used to meet) was either fast asleep or reciting some of the poetry of Platen and Uhland with his strong Viennese accent. But as the session was drawing to its close - Sir Gegenteil was to preside that evening at a meeting of the British Academy, a meeting, alas, which he never lived to attend - the grand old man raised his head and his glass and said: 'To German philosophy, young man - it is, ja, to German philosophy now necessary that you should dedicate your considerable talents'. His voice trembled, then his glass, and his sherry was spilt all over his dinner-jacket and trousers. These were the last words any mortal ever heard from the lips of Sir Gegenteil Schmidt, KCMG. Nor was Sir Gegenteil among the living for much longer, for Death, the indomitable contrast of Life was not slow any longer to undertake that mah of many contrasts, whose

contributions to British philosophical thought will always be fondly remembered by all who knew him and the few who read his works. Young Antibarbarus took this as an unmistakable sign from Allah, and the next thirty-two years of his life saw the publication, in rapid succession, of that great series of studies in the classical German philosophers which is now so well-known to all educated persons. First came the brilliant Kant, the Thing-in-Itself and Sexual Inadequacy. It was soon followed by Schleiermacher, a Study in Theological Promiscuity and by Fichte, Oversexed Nationalism at Work. A few years later appeared Hegel, Absolute Dialectic as Consequence of Severe Indigestion and Schopenhauer, Auto-Eroticism and Philosophical Dyspepsia. His mastery of the biographical detail and of the minute points of logic and metaphysics has never been equalled even by the best of German research. But more astonishing were the wide avenues of original insight which, for the first time, opened our eyes to the hidden and morbid causes that had led these great but misguided geniuses to devote their energies to the futile game of abstract speculation. He had already, in his first great work, demonstrated the slightly less serious psychosomatic disturbance which had made so many British philosophers indulge in a different, but no less futile, activity, and he had, in consequence, been elected Honorary President of the London Institute of Psychosomatic Pancomplexism, a foundation which throve under his leadership and increased the number of its practising members from a mere 92 to an unprecedented three millions. He now applied himself with undiminished vigour to the analysis of later philosophical systems, including those of the major French and Italian thinkers. The ideas first propounded in these astonishing volumes have now become part and parcel of the intellectual stock-in-trade of all educated persons, and it is difficult now to convey the stunning impression they first made on us as young people, as we realized that, despite its economic problems and the mounting wave of crime in its major cities, Britain - as the Prime Minister has just reminded us last week - was still great, and capable of producihg intellectual giants of more than Gargantuan stature. We all know nowadays that Nietzsche's philosophy was the expression of his deep-seated nymphomania, carefully concealed in his published work as an ambiguous form of latent homosexuality; that Positivism in its original form was the result of Comte's morbid fascination for small girls with black hair, almond eyes and white cheeks, symbolically expressed in his passion - known, for a long time, only to a few intimate friends - for egg mayonnaise with large quantities of black pepper, ground almonds and fried garlic; that Bergson's philosophy sprang, in the last resort, from the excessive amounts of liquid passed through his weak bladder, an unmistakable symptom of faulty training in early childhood; or that Croce was very fond of Greek taramosalata served without a plate and with hot tea on a special grey carpet in his study - a clear indication of anal disturbances in early infancy. As for Beniamini-Pontifici, we all realize now, after his widow's death and the publication of his sensational In una selva oscura, that he was quite, quite mad. But the exact nature of this madness was analysed with astonishing precision by Sir Antibarbarus only a year or two after Beniamini-Pontifici's death, when everyone was still quite convinced that he had been an ordinary, if somewhat eccentric, small-town Italian professor, who shot his graduate students with his water-pistol, whppped the dogs of his female students, and threw pieces of half-chewed pasta at members of the Oriental Faculty at the Senate meetings merely out of sentimental attachment to the ideals of Fascism.

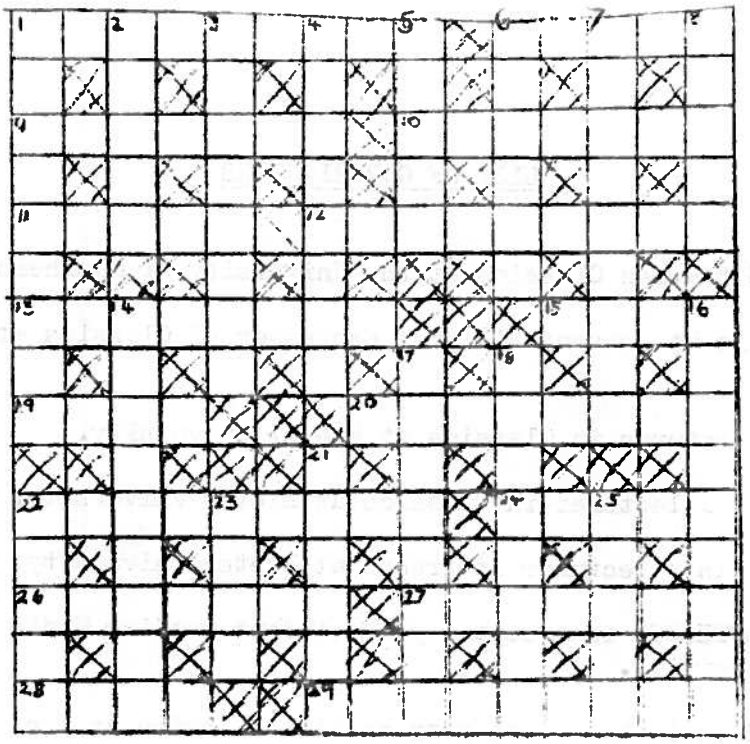
It was rumoured for some years before Sir Antibarbarus' death that he was, at last, turning his attention to the Greek philosophers, whom he had hardly touched since his famous and amazing success in the Plato and Aristotle Paper in Greats. But the rumours could hardly be confirmed or denied. When at work on a new book, Sir Antibarbarus always locked himself up in his Writing Room, which was connected by a one-way door to his Library, where his food was brought throughout the period of writing by his daughter or his son-in-law. Even they were never told the subject of the latest oeuvre until, some weeks later, its author would emerge from the Writing Room, unshaven, unwashed, pale and emaciated, with the typescript in his hands. Without eating, drinking, sleeping or uttering word, he would jump into his car and drive all the way to London or Edinburgh to deliver the script to one of his publishers. After a day or two at a luxury hotel somewhere in the country, he would drive on to France, spend a few days sampling the local cuisine and wines in some outlying villages, and end his tour with a Mass in the nearest ancient cathedral. This done, he would drive back, non-stop, all the way to Ullapool, as healthy, normal and exuberant as ever, to barge in on the next available committee meeting, and singing the Marseillaise at the top of his voice, eject the acting chairman from his seat and conduct the rest of the meeting with his usual brisk efficiency. It as on one of these occasions, when he was singing the Marseillaise and at the same time pushing the butt of his umbrella into the ample nose of the acting chairman, Professor Lionel Dreesk of the Department of Lobotomy, that he collapses, with the words 'Marchons! Marchons!' still on his lips, and was carried off to hospital with what proved to be his fatal heart attack. He was only 83 years of age, in full possession of his physical and mental faculties, and had just handed over to his publisher his latest typescript.

It was this typescript, passed on, in accordance with the deceased and much-lamented author's last will and testament, to my good friend Sir Muhammed Llewellyn-Jones, that I was reading, as I have already mentioned, on that beautiful summer morning in Sir Muhammed's lovely Victorian garden near the Swansea Bus Station, when the Welsh sun was shining as bright as it ever does in Swansea, and the Lipton tea tasted as good as any tea one can get this side of the Bristol Channel. I have already attempted to depict my sentiments on that first reading of the book, and by now, the reader must have become as familiar with Sir Antibarbarus, his friends and his intellectual environment as he is with his own friends, colleagues or favourite students. The title of the book is the same as that of my present chapter, but few readers could have realized that its subject is Aristotle. Not the customary, above-the-surface treatment of the philosopher, but a courageous attempt, in the best spirit of the author's other great works, to penetrate behind the outlying facade of scholastic drudgery and to unearth the true and hidden core of Aristotle's philosophy of life. This is done chiefly through a deep and detailed analysis of that philosopher's most famous work, the Poetics. In the process, the author makes the fullest use of his multi-farious talents and encyclopaedic knowledge of a great number of disciplines, including philology, linguistics, ancient history, Biblical criticism - not to mention his own specialty, psychophilosophy. The result is the most magnificent tribute to Sir Antibarbarus' achievement, a shining monument to the great and good man who has left us so suddenly with the words 'Marchons !

Marchons!' still on his lips. It is a picture of Aristotle never before attempted by human ingenuity, nor is it likely ever to be surpassed in the ordinary world of academic mediocrity. My own notes can only do sparse justice to the immense wealth of insight and suggestion contained in each single word of the stupendous oeuvre. May Allah soon restore my good friend Sir Muhammed to full health, and may the full text of this crowning achievement be soon made available to the general reader. Here, in the meantime, I submit this feeble attempt at conveying the contents of a great book, which, for the sake of piety, will either be praised or excused.

J. GLUCKER

To be continued in our next issue.....



ACROSS

1. Note I'm backwards in a squash, being made sick easily. (9)
6. Result from two points on which to prosecute. (5)
9. Roar of public transport inquiet places? (7)
10. A vital number from the country of the Letts. (7(
11. Conscript that medical man at the back! (5)
12. Disect louse cast? Only St. Jude could help!
13. Write down with hesitation, magistrate! (8)
15. One Latin goddess brings conception. (4)
19. "Age drops her - upon our heads". Duncome: Horace, Odes II, xi,9. (4)
20. Note old ale made from seaweed brewed in a stormy location? (4,4)
22. Tanner prepares fifty-two mixtures every three years. (9)
24. Where the Spanish head-dress is hidden? (5)
26. Locked away, I'm knocking liquor back, Edward. (7)
27. Very old orange in France. (7)
28. Absconded with the spoon. (4)
29. "His head and - -s distil in show'rs" Dryden - Ovid's Metamorphoses 1.269 (6.3)

DOWN

1. Was the Roman army efficient because it had these? (9)
2. Total shade in Burma. (5)
3. Duly rate marital unfaithfulness. (8)
4. Affronted by contrived sin last month, Edward. (8)
5. Outstanding Roman features. (5)
6. Coax ten to slip on ice. (6)
7. Somehow used drink, sitting on a buffer? (4,5)
8. Electronic equipment in east Ireland. (5)
14. Mix sorcery and spells to produce metrical feet? (9)
16. Shifting a strongbox? There's no danger in that. (1,4,4)
17. Excuse an aged friend (about fifty) I devoured. (8)
18. Don't panic, look up at a frenzied shell-fish. (4,4)
21. Name speedy Greek (or English) writer. (6)
22. Chord of three grace notes? (5)
23. Ancient balsam found in Northern Ardennes (4)
25. Fifty-one wrecked in a stormy sea, now in church. (5)

J.D.WHITELEY.

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