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P E G A S U S

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For the first time in several years we have managed to produce two editions of Pegasus during a single session. This is largely thanks to the efforts of our contributors and to Mrs. Harris, the long-suffering Classics Secretary. Also, students are at last beginning to show an interest in writing their own articles, rather than reading other people's and we hope this trend will continue.

Anne Rice
Editor.

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APOLOGIA PRO FAUTORIBUS LINGUAE LATINAE CLASSICAE.

Speaking as a biased Classical Latinist myself, I make no attempt to deny the existence of a certain snobbish attitude towards the Medieval Writers, if snobbish is quite the word for it. I shall not seek to defend the Classics against the Medievalists, when I would do better to defend them both against the batterings of the 20th century. I can only hope to investigate why the Classicists feel as they do.

It is the fault of the system, as usual. How many people begin with Medieval Latin and then proceed to Classical? No-one. It is always the other way about, so one always approaches the Medieval authors from the same direction. One is unlikely to study Medieval Latin in school, so that anyone taking it at University will come upon it from one of two quite different directions; either as an extension of historical studies, or of Classical Latin studies. The historian studies it, either under compulsion, as part of his course, in which case he may well detest it as much as most people seem to in school, or because his special interest is the Medieval World. 'Hinc illae lacrimae.' Of course, if this is one's chosen field of study, it is clearly another matter.

Here is the Medieval World, alive, very much alive, and in a language which, so we are told, is dead. This Latin has the advantage of being easier - no more complicated metrical schemes, but just rhymes (why did't Horace think of that?), no more learned mythological allusions, such a nuisance to keep looking up; the syntax is simpler (unless you are a Classicist, in which case it sometimes reads like a bad school prose!) - and as for the vocabulary, of course a lot of it is new, but what a refreshing change from all that military terminology. It is a language of great emotions, of deep religious feelings, such as the Ancient World, with its multiplicity of dogmatic, heathen philosophies, merely the products of an enquiring mind, never saw; of disarming self-revelation and alarming self-deprecation that makes the 'sleek pig from Epicurus' sty' look like a hypocrite.

But what of those dwindling few who got past the stage where all Gaul was divided into three parts by an interminable string of ablative absolutes? Those actually mad enough to study it past A.level? They will presumably attain a better understanding of Latin, they might even like it. Do not Historians usually have some feeling for the period in which they are studying? Could there possibly be a similar case with the Latinist? But consider his frame of mind when he is first confronted with A Medieval Author. Here comes the Classicist, full of pagan philosophy, brought up on naughty mythological deities, endless military campaigns, senatorial and imperial proceedings, and the odd Ode or Satire for good measure. And he finds himself flung headlong into another world, which he is at a loss to understand; a world where religion dominates (what would Lucretius have said!), people reproach themselves for being 'Ciceronianus', the Day of Wrath towers over one with a horror, a fanatical frenzy that makes Virgil's underworld look like a scene from Walt Disney, and people really believe in ghosts and demons. 'Tantum religio potuit.....' And all this, in the language in which once, one poet wrote of the peace of the country, another of the imperial mission of Rome, a third of all too human gods whose lives were spent in endless amatory conquests that might fire the jealousy of Casanova. Who can wonder if the Classicist is bewildered? The language is not quite yet Italian, but the spirit of it surely is, for this is not the language of Roman dignitas, severitas, humanitas. This is Latin, the parent of Italian,

but its child has not yet come into its own. The atmosphere has changed, the pagan world has passed away, but somehow its tongue has contrived to linger on, tenaciously clinging in a world not its own, where it does not belong. The plain truth is that the Classical and the Medieval Worlds do not mix, and while, the Medievalist rejoices that his world made a living language of the straight-laced, severe tongue of Rome, the Classicist cannot help wondering, not so much what became of the syntax, the metres, the stately dignity with which Cicero once captivated the Forum, as what happened to the mind that produced that language. It is the unfamiliarity of the Medieval World that the Classicist objects to - even if he does not admit it. And when, in the middle of it all, he finds his language changed, used as a vehicle of expression for sentiments foreign to the world which spawned that language - is it very surprising that he reacts?

Indeed, it is an inflammatory question, so let us keep apart these two incompatibles, and keep each of us to what we know and prefer. I have merely tried to show that there are, I think, deeper reasons for the attitude of the Classicists towards the Medieval authors than just a few linguistic changes. It is for no-one to judge which is the better language, but that does not stop us from having personal preferences. Let us not be ashamed to admit that familiarity, far from breeding contempt, carries much weight with us. But when all is said and done, I wish those Medieval authors had written in Italian and left a pagan language to a pagan world!

V. A COXON

DE TERRAE MOTU PUTEOLANO

The people who live at Pozzuoli
Move up and down very slowly.
    It doesn't surprise 'em -
    It's just bradyseism,
Which is better than vanishing wholly.

.....

THE STAG-ADDICT'S MANUAL OF ELEUSINIAN CUISINE (continued)

.....Sir Antibarbarus begins with a survey of the various traditional views - a section which, for our purposes, may well be cut short. The Poetics has always been considered to be a study of poetry in its various forms, with epic, tragedy and comedy occupying the chief places. In it, Aristotle has been taken to discuss the principles of poetry, its main effects, and the various ways in which an author can achieve these effects. It is, in other words, commonly considered as one of those manuals for intending writers, like Horace's Ars Poetica, Boileau's L'Art Poétique, Greenslade's Suggestions for Young Authors, or Glucker and Harvey's Essay-Writing in Three Hours - Without Tears (London 1987 still available from most booksellers for a mere twenty pounds, with free handkerchief enclosed for the first hour of the course. Highly recommended, especially to students with literacy problems).

But the Poetics, our author continues, contains a number of glaring difficulties hitherto unsolved even by the most ingenious scholars; difficulties which may point the way to a deeper insight into its true meaning and message. Its first three chapters deal with the distinction between the various types of poetry under the three headings of the means, the object and the manner of 'imitation'; and, in the second chapter, Aristotle proceeds to discard the metrical distinction as hardly relevant. But what, asks Sir Antibarbarus, is more appropriate to poetry than metre? Means, object and manner are, after all, criteria eminently applicable to so many other types of human creativity - the making of shoes or plastic wine-bottles, or the setting of examination papers, being a few examples that spring to mind. Aristotle's whole manner of identifying poiesis with mimesis is extremely suspect - especially when, in Chapter 4 (1448b5-9), he claims that mimesis, usually rendered as 'imitation', is natural to man from his early childhood (ek paidon). This, taken at face value, is manifestly absurd, as all of us who have had small brothers or sisters, or small children of our own, must know. Until the child is six or seven years old - if even then - what he or she is most intent on doing, far from imitating its elders and betters, is the exact opposite of what they do, or intend to do. As for the proper art of imitation - the Thespian art - its greatest propounders have never been children (and Aristotle, at least, could hardly have known of Mickey Rooney or Mrs. Shirley Temple Black). It is only when an actor is in his late twenties or early thirties that he can really begin to make his mark, and only a few great actors have ever been discovered in their very early infancy. Aristotle himself must have been aware of all this. He was twice married, the father of a son and a daughter, and, in the course of his extensive studies of literary and dramatic history, he must have come to know many a famous actor or producer. And, as our author reminds us, he was no fool.

We are next faced with the famous definition of tragedy, on which a twentieth-century commentator once remarked that no single word in it had ever achieved a unanimous interpretation. The situation has worsened in our great century, when most scholars have to make use of the various old translations, a fact which has done much to inflate their confidence in the correctness of their own interpretations of difficult passages. It is a puzzling definition, and, as Sir Antibarbarus maintains, it was meant to be such. Where, for example, had Aristotle found the strange idea that

'tragedy' is an 'imitation' of a complete (teleia) action, and that it should have magnitude (megethos)? Why should it be couched in what is normally translated as 'pleasant diction' (hedusmenos logos)? We have just been informed (1449a23-8) that the change to iambics had occurred because this, of all metres, is the nearest to everyday speech. Surely, everyday speech - at least that of most people - has little or nothing in common with pleasant diction. What, if anything, is the sense of eleos kai phobos? 'Pity and fear', as these words are usually rendered, is rather feeble. Besides, we have just been told (1448b 10-12) that even those objects which would cause us pain in real life are contemplated by us with joy when represented in works of art. Surely, pity and fear could hardly be an adequate description of the aesthetic experience. As for the notorious katharsis, the amount of controversial literature written on the subject since the publication of Bernay's famous essays has been so enormous that Sir Antibarbarus, we are told in a long footnote in Latin, had to spend eight months in the Bibliothèque Nationale, with three research assistants, four shorthand-typists, and an experienced butler to provide a constant supply of drinks to the Library assistants, before he could form a consistent general picture of its extent and nature.

We proceed to muthos, usually translated as 'action' or 'plot'. This is manifestly bizarre, especially since the three major elements of this 'action' or 'plot' are stated as peripeteia, anagnorisis and pathos, commonly translated as 'change of fortune', 'recognition' and 'suffering'. Is this what action, or plot, is really about? Where did Aristotle acquire such an unintelligent, rigid division? What about realism, tension, suspense, flashback, continuity or break in continuity - not to mention more recent additions like stream-of-consciousness and anti-plot?

This is all clearly unsatisfactory, and so is much else, into which I cannot now go in detail. Aristotle, a clever man, il maestro di color che sanno, could hardly have conceived of a more foolish and inadequate method of treatment had he attempted to deal seriously with his professed subject of poetry, epic and drama. It must be evident to any intelligent reader that six centuries of study of this difficult text have obscured the issue rather than illuminating it, and the huge disagreements among scholars are in themselves, the most eloquent comment on this phenomemon. Aristotle, we must agree, could hardly have intended the more perceptive among his readers to take the Poetics at its face value. The real message of the work, Sir Antibarbarus concludes, 'must, like many a hidden treasure, lie buried deep beneath the rough and untidy vegetation which, for centuries, has been allowed to grow loose on its surface like the hair on a pop-star's head. It is the task of the earnest and intelligent modern researcher to penetrate beneath this surface and unearth, for the benefit of our great parascientific century, the treasure that has been lying in wait for us all these years'. Here endeth the last chapter of Part I: Contradictions.

Part II: Approaches, begins with a long and detailed chapter, Etymologies. This is the section of the book which shows the author's penetrating intelligence and encyclopedic knowledge to his best advantage. His arguments draw on languages as different as Sanskrit and Modern French, Swahili and Lithuanian, Egyptian and Middle English - not to mention the Classical languages themselves, Hebrew, Coptic and disciplines like epigraphy, papyrology, numismatics, prosopography, Herodotology, Thucydidology, Ovidosophy and Vergiliolatry. Its full flavour can only be captured by the trained reader as he works his way carefully through it with his texts, handbooks, dictionaries and concordances at his elbow. It would be an utter waste of time if I tried in the brief space given me here, and on the basis of faulty and hastily-taken notes, to convey anything

like the full wealth of suggestion, allusion and argument contained in it. Some of the etymologies are, however, essential to the arguments of the rest of this great book, and, at the risk of appearing to be as ignorant as, I trust, even I am not, I shall have no choice but to present them here in brief, the results without the crucial evidence, for which the reader will have to wait patiently until the final recovery - may Allah hasten it - of Sir Muhammed.

Sir Antibarbarus opens the chapter with a restatement of the Principle of Multiple Etymology, first detected in the twentieth century, and applied to Biblical Studies, by that underrated genius John M. Allegro, and later expanded and established as a major canon in the interpretation of any ancient text by yet another neglected genius, the late Professor Adagio Maestoso ma con Spirito of the University of Villanova, Alabama. Since this ingenious principle has not yet received the wide attention and diffusion it so richly deserves, it may be worth explaining it briefly. Some ancient texts seem to be teeming with contradictions and inconsistencies, hardly worthy of the authors, whom we all know to have been men and women of acute intelligence and a clear, logical mind. It has long been known that contradictions of this kind, when they make their appearance in, say, the plot of an epic or a drama, must point the way to a deeper message concealed in the work by the poet - witness the brilliant work done on inconsistencies in Sophoclean tragedy by those twentieth century giants whose work we all admire now. Our Principle seeks to apply the same methods to the interpretation, not only of actions, but of words. It tries to establish that, in all cases where the simple meaning of words leads the reader to various contradictions, inconsistencies and illogicalities, the author's intention must have been concealed behind the simple facade. It can be discovered by the modern reader only on the basis of minute etymological studies, which would reveal to him the 'secondary' meaning lying beneath the simple one - the deep meaning which would provide him with the true message of the works. The ancients, of course, were quite aware of all this, as their distinction between logos and muthos testifies. A logos is a mere plain text, where every word signifies just what it means in everyday speech. Muthos, on the other hand, is a text of much greater complexity, in which the intelligent, educated reader should be expected to find the true, hidden meaning by a diligent pondering of the various senses of each word. The surest sign that one is faced with such a text is when one is told so plainly, as in the case of the Platonic muthoi. But another way of detecting that one has to do with a muthos is by discovering the contradictions we are faced with as long as we persist in taking our text to be a plain logos.

It will have been noted by now by the perceptive and truly parascientific reader that few ancient texts answer to these requirement more fully than the Aristotelian Poetics. As if to warn us of its true nature, its author has not been satisfied with filling the work with contradictions and absurdities - some of which we have briefly sampled - but he has also made the very word muthos one of the key-concepts of the whole book, used almost as frequently as poiesis itself, and making its first appearance in the very second line of chapter I, where we are told that the muthos has to be construed (sunisthasthai: 1447a2) - that is, the hidden meaning has to be arrived at, not by a mere superficial reading, but by diligent analysis.

Here, then, are the results of some of Sir Antibarbarus' etymological disquisitions:

poiesis is derived, not from poieo, to make, but from poa, Ion. poie, grass. This word is commonly used in contexts related to eating, especially by tame animals like horses, and its connection with food is thus well established. It is even likely that poieo itself, to make, create or produce, was also derived from poie grass, at a time when the production of foodstuffs was the only creative activity known to man.

mimesis is more complex, but it is essentially clear that it comes from the same root as meignumi, to mix, or miaino, to taint, colour or stain. All are derived from Indo-European root meu, wet or muddy, from which also Sanskrit mutra, urine, Latin muscus, and probably the name Moses (='child of the muddy waters'). The essential idea behind this root is the immersion of a solid in a fluid element, and the production of a muddy taint in consequence. In the context of poiesis, the production of foodstuffs, mimesis can only mean the process in which solid food is immersed in liquids (water, oil, fats or wine) - that is, the art of cookery itself. In the same context it may be observed that muthos, beside its function as an indication that one should apply to our text the Principle of Multiple Interpretation, is also derived from the same root and must mean the same thing when used in the text. It is nothing but the same principle of the softening of hard foodstuffs through immersion in liquids which is of the essence of the art of cooking. When Aristotle says (1450a38-9) that 'muthos is the principle, and, as it were, the soul of tragodia' (on which more anon), we can see what he is driving at. The soul, as we remember from his De Anima, is the principle of movement and change. So, of course, is the art of cooking-

praxis does not, of course, mean just 'action'. It is derived, in fact, from the same root as Latin premere, to squeeze or press, and in our text it can only mean the softening of foodstuffs through cooking to make them tender and edible. That pressure is of the essence of cooking was recognized long ago in the twentieth-century pressure-cooker, which can still be seen in most of our museums of the history of technology.

tragodia is, by any interpretation, one of the central concepts of the Poetics. It is also one of the key-words in our code. It is usually explained as derived from tragos, goat, and ode, song. Sir Antibarbaris, however, ranging over the whole field of ancient and mediaeval zoology, shows that this has been one of the most profound errors of the more traditional type of Classical philology. While elaphos, gazelle (f.), has always been taken to mean 'stag', as distinct from dorkas, gazelle (m.), which has always been taken to mean gazelle (m. and f.) on account of its gender, it is now clear that both words apply to the different sexes of the gazelle, while tragos should mean, not goat, but stag. The evidence is too immense to be reproduced here from my insufficient notes, and the sceptical reader will have to await the publication of the complete work. As to odia, it comes, of course - as one might have guessed by now - not from ado, to sing, but from edo, the Greek (and Latin) verb 'to eat'. The iota subscript was added very much later, when the true etymology had been forgotten and a new etymology forged. Modern scholars, as is their wont, have so far been hoodwinked by this iota and by this etymology.

eleos comes from the same root as elencho, to refute. Both had the original sense of tearing to pieces, and eleos is shown, by numerous examples, from the various Indo-European languages (as well as Hebrew Elohim, 'the one who tears sinners to pieces' - see Psalms 141,7), to mean - in our context, of course - the cutting of large chunks of foodstuffs (megethos echousa: 1449b25) into smaller pieces to increase the efficiency of the process of cooking.

It would be futile to tire out the reader with many more examples of such etymologies, taken from my hastily-written notes and without the main body of the evidence reproduced in their support. One cannot, however, and without citing one more crucial word and the new interpretation given to it in our book - and, to conclude, the newly-emerged translation, in the true spirit of our great century, of the famous so-called definition of tragedy.

katharsis has always been the subject of heated controversy between the supporters of the religious interpretation ('purification') and the medical ('purgation'). In a brilliant section of this chapter, our author demonstrates that there is no contradiction between the two. The medicine-man has always been a religious figure, working his cure with the aid of supernatural powers, in ancient Greece as elsewhere. This can be shown, not only from the close connection between medicine and the cult of Asclepis, but even more so, from large portions of the Hippocratic corpus, which being full to the brim of predictable inconsistencies, can only be treated as muthoi. Katharsis is thus to be understood, in our context, as the medico-religious effect of the eating of the stag on the participa nt in this ritual, and the feeling of salvation as a result of communion with the god which comes at the end (telos, both the end and the fulfilment of the ritual, which turns its participant into a teletes. Hence tragedy is mimesis praxeos.....teleias: 1449b 24-5).

Now to the true meaning of the 'definition of tragedy':

> The eating of the stag, then, involves the (religiously observed) cooking of its meat through pressure to achieve the end result (also: the initiation). It (=the meat) has to be of certain defined measurements, and is to be seasoned with pleasant spices in its various parts, boiled and not roasted (or possibly: fried). Through cutting it to small pieces and boiling it in spiced water, it produces the medico-religious sense of salvation and communion with the gods inherent in these parts of the stag's body treated in this manner.

It is now clear that all these apparent discussions of poetic techniques which have beguiled and hoodwinked the Classical philologist throughout the centuries can only mean what they are made to imply in this ingenious and revelatory interpretation. Behind the illogical surface of a dull and muddle-headed treatise on poetry and drama, the Poetics has all this time been nothing less than a manual of cookery, and its central section, which seems to discuss a dramatic form called tragedy, is nothing if not a recipe for the proper preparation of the sacred stag, to be eaten by the initiate in one of the mysteries. This is not the place to enlarge on the various details of this recipe, as expanded in the rest of Chapter 6 of the Poetics. My notes on this section seem to be somewhat confused, probably as a result of the warm Welsh sun - or, perhaps, the Lipton tea. But our new picture of the Poetics as a cooking manual can clearly assist us in resolving some of the apparent inconsistencies we have met with in its current interpretation.

The treatment of the means, the object and the manner of mimesis would now cease to be problematic and out of proportion to their true importance. For, if mimesis, as we have seen, is the preparation and cooking of foodstuffs, and if it may - and in one case, that of tragodia, we have seen that it is - be closely connected with religious ritual, it follows that it is of crucial importance in such a context to observe strict precautions as to the means (the proper cooking utensils required for each ritual), the objects (the proper sacrificial animal - in the case of tragodia, a stag), and the precise religious manner of its cooking (=spoudaias:1449b24). On the other hand, the precise measurements of the object (see the discussion of metron: 1447a28-b24) have now, quite preditably, been relegated to a position of secondary importance. After all, the quantity of meat, water and spices varies according to the number of the teletai participating in each ritual. We can also see why peripeteia (the change in the quality of the meat from raw to cooked), anagnorisis (the complete fusion between the meat and the various spices) and pathos (the softening of the meat until it is tender enough to be consumed) are the three essential elements in the ritual cooking known as tragodia. We can, incidentally, also see why Aristotle spends his final chapters demonstrating that this latter ritual is preferable to the one known as epopoia. Epopoia is derived, of course, from hepso, normally translated 'to boil', but demonstrated by Sir Antibarbarus with legions of examples from various Indo-European languages as well as some of the more obscure passages in the book of Job and the Aramaic sections of Daniel and Ezra, to mean 'to stew'. The stewing of the meat was the procedure employed in the 'lazy man's mysteries', those open to the general public, in which the participants were so numerous that large and unmeasured quantities of meat had to be left stewing for many days for each member of the populace to come and consume his piece when it suited him. (There follows here a digression concerning the possible derivation of the Irish Stew from these plebeian mysteries). Tragodia, on the other hand, was the mystery meant for the earnest and small band of the initiates. From such mysteries, the generality of the Athenian citizen-body was excluded - odi profanum uulgus et arceo - and only the priest in charge of this cooking ritual (Musarum sacerdos: musa being derived from the same root as muthos and mimesis) could determine wh who should be admitted into them.

Which mysteries is Aristotle referring to? There can be no doubt - not since the publication, five years ago, of the first four volumes of De la ville des Oiseaux's impressive La fonction rituelle des cerfs dans les mystères d'Eleusis, that one could only refer to these mysteries. It is in Eleusis, the mystery-city of Attica, that the sacred stag was usually sacrificed and consumed by the initiates in a ritual called tragodia. When democracy came, and with it the demand that such a ritual, like every other institution, should be thrown open to the public, Thespis, under instructions, no doubt, from Cleisthenes, called his own performances by the name of tragodia, to beguile the populace into believing that the ritual has now been transferred to the open stage. No wonder, then, that the brighter ones among the more left-wing Athenian statesmen realized the deception and soon conducted their election campaigns under the slogan ouden pros ton Dionyson - tragedy, that is, is only a mythical drama and has nothing to do with the real mysteries. This was probably the origin - not, as we are told, of the satyr-play as introduced by Pratinas, but of the 'mysteries' of the stew introduced by some clever cook. (Pratinas, in any case, is derived from praos, soft or tender-surely' the man who makes meat tender to eat'). As for satyrs - what else could they be but stags?).

Whether Aristotle was ever himself initiated into the mysteries or obtained his information from another source, we shall probably never know. But he clearly could not resist the temptation to divulge some of those delicious recipes to the wider public of the uninitiate. Sir Antibarbarus himself suggests - but, with the caution of a true scholar, he emphasizes here that this is a mere hypothesis - that the initiate who disclosed these recipes to Aristotle was none other than his friend and pupil Tyrtamus of Eresus, whom Aristotle named, as a joke on his 'communion with the gods' Theo-phrastus. Be that as it may, it is clear that Aristotle had no scruples as to the wider diffusion of this closely-guarded culinary art, as long as one could do it through the code-system of muthos, which the priests at Eleusis, one assumes, were too stupid to decipher. It may,of course, be the case that the decipherment of this code by one of the more intelligent initiates and his report to the priests was the real cause behind Aristotle's going into exile at Chalcis towards the end of his life. He did not want, he said, to give the Athenians another opportunity to offend against philosophy. He was clearly hinting to the trial of Socrates, who was executed, we all remember, on religious grounds. Aristotle's own god, as we know, was the unmoved mover. We can now, at last, understand this as a reference to the fire, which changes raw foodstuffs into cooked recipes to be consumed by men, without changing or being consumed itself. As to his lyric poem, areta polumochthe genei broteio - what else could it be if not a hymn of praise to the art of cooking, areta being derived from aroo, to sow, plough, and, by implication, to cook?

The new image of Aristotle which emerges from this book is one of the most astonishing achievements of a mind which never ceased to surprise an astonishing century with its original discoveries. No longer do we have now the dull, methodical and bookish student of the Academy,, whom Plato, with his usual Irony (never quite comprehended by a dull Macedonian, so one would imagine), called 'the reader'; the thorough and meticulous collector of facts, documents, inscriptions, constitutions and biological specimens; or the scholastic poring over his book at night, an iron ball in his hand carefully poised over a bowl of water, so as to wake him up whenever he nodded to sleep. The tutor of Alexander is now seen to be as worthy of his great pupil as his great pupil was worthy of him. If every philosopher, as Sir Antibarbarus' whole life's work has convinced all but the more obstinate and old-fashioned among us, had his 'tick', Aristotle still emerges as the healthiest of them all. His only obsession was his passion for properly cooked recipes. It is no accident tha t he died of a poisoning of the stomach at the early age of 62. He was, in the most genuine sense of this word, a bon vivant, and the recurrent reference, in his writings, to to eu zen has now, for the first time, acquired its full significance.

How far was the secret message of the Poetics better understood in Classical antiquity, when some educated people could spot a muthos when they saw it? One can do worse than follow the history of the Peripatetic School after the death of the Founder. Theophrastus - perhaps the man who disclosed the recipes to Aristotle, as we have already hinted - proceeded to occupy himself with the study of zoology, and this tendency was even more accentuated during the scholarchate of his follower Strato. It is clearly a mark of the healthy atmosphere of the School that such men, whose research interests were directly relevant to

the art of cooking, were elected as Aristotle's immediate successors. Others, like Dicaearchus and Aristoxenus, took the message of the Poetics at its face value, occupied themselves with the study of poetry, drama and music, and were never allowed to attain to the headship of the School. Strato's successor, Lyco, was perhaps the man who understood the true spirit of Aristotelian philosophy more than anyone else. He was plainly and unashamedly a bon vivant, and appears to have despised all academic (in our sense of the word) disciplines except rhetoric (which, after all, had been compared by Plato in his Gorgias with what he calls pseudo-arts like cookery). For this attitude, he is usually taken to task by narrow-minded intellectuals (see, for example, the Oxford Classical Dictionary, 2nd ed., 1970, p.627). It is clear now that it is his myopic critics who should be taken to task.

Another philosopher who got the message was, of course, Epicurus, who realized that the Master's to eu zen could only mean hedone. It had been pointed out more than a hundred years ago by that inspired scholar Ettore Bignone in his L'Aristotele perduto, that much of Epicurus could only be understood on the basis of Aristotle's early writings, now lost to us. Much more, indeed, could be understood on the basis of the extant Poetics than Bignone could have guessed in his best dreams. Epicurus was, of course, a pupil of Aristotle in his last years, when, in exile at Chalcis (Diog.Laer.X,1), he could divulge to an intelligent pupil like Epicurus the true message of his philosophy of life.

The home of the epicure has always, of course, been France, where cuisine stands as high, if not higher, than, the other French virtue, Amour (derived, of course, from the philosophy of Plato). It can hardly be an accident that it was in Renaissance and post-Renaissance France that the Poetics received its greatest welcome and became the code of law to be literally followed by all aspirers to the name of poet or dramatist. It is no accident that the reaction against this tyranny of the Poetics over literature came from the Germans, who looked to the English (Shakespeare, Dryden) for guidance and for models. Unlike the French, and most Mediterranean nations, the English and the Germans have never understood the true philosophy of to eu zen, so closely connected, as Aristotle so clearly saw, with the culinary art. His vision was thus preserved in that most civilized of European countries, here the pleasures of the palate have always received their due importance. It reached its apex in the golden age of French literature and civilization, when the dull and uncomprehending poets and critics still took the Poetics at its face value as a manual for the writing of poetry and drama, while the more sophisticated circles at the court - le roi soleil and his closest friends - carried on the arcane tradition. One is tempted to speculate as to how this true message of the ancient Peripatetics had reached France in the first place. My own guess would be that it was brought there by the philosopher, orator and sophist Favorinus, a native of Arles and a contemporary of Plutarch. Favorinus is described by Plutarch as a Peripatetic philosopher. He was a eunuch, and, one assumes, must have indulged, in compensation, in the pleasures of the palate. It may well have been Favorinus who introduced the aristocracy of his native Gaul for the first time to the real philosophy of the great School he joined while in Athens. It will be a worthwhile objective

for some public-spirited young man or woman, a student of French as well as Greek civilization to pursue this, and other, theses to their logical conclusions through a meticulous investigation of all the extant evidence. Such a book, Les origines du vrai aristotélisme francais, will surely, when it comes to be published, be one of the greatest achievements of a century already rich in great achievements. But this is a topic for another investigation.

Τ Ε Λ Ο Σ

J.G.

ADDENDA

I.A.Quill, Souvenirs of a Satisfactorily Spent Lifespan, vol. XIV, Appx. XXXVII: a letter to the author from Sir Muhammed Llewellyn-Jones after the publication of vol. XIII.

My dear Quill,

Many thanks for the copy of the thirteenth volume of your Memoirs. I note that you fail to mention what is surely Glynn-Davies' most important article, What On Earth Has Happened to Uliad II 878 ff.? which appeared either in the Revue des Etudes Grecques or Penthouse, I forget which; but apart from that, I am somewhat dismayed by your premature publication of Sir Antibarbarus' view on the Poetics of Aristotle. It is not that you misrepresent his main doctrines; but you appear to be unaware that there was a great deal of further material not included in the typescript which you stole from me during my illness. This material was kept in Sir Antibarbarus' Norwegian, Ethiopian, Croatian, Rumanian and Oscan file (the NECRO file for short); I put it there myself, thinking, rightly as it proved, that by this device I would prevent you from getting your thieving hands on it.

I am certainly not going to tell you all about this additional material, or you will only go and publish it in vol. XIV of your Memoirs; but since you were kind enough to declare my stupid sister (I assume, of course, that you won't publish this!) unvacuumcleanable last month, I felt it was only fair to let you know something about it in return.

In the first place, Sir Antibarbarus draws attention to the description of Aristotle as "the Stagirite". This, of course, means "the rite of the stag" (stagi ritus), and provides clinching proof of the truth of his views. The reactionary Professor Vercingetorix Auprès de ma Blonde of Patakos University, Pandateria, has admittedly attempted to maintain the old connection with drama by taking the word as meaning "of Stageira", i.e. Stage-ira, "of passion (pity, fear, anger, etc., abbreviated to ira) on the stage"; but that is manifestly absurd.

Secondly, in a note whose importance for all branches of Aristotelian studies can hardly be overestimated, despite its brevity, Sir Antibarbsrus pointed out that the expression to eu zen has always been mistranslated. Zen is of course the infinitive of zeo, not zo; consequently to eu zen does not mean "the good life", but "good (or thorough) boilding".

Thirdly, he demonstrates that many passages of ancient "tragedy" which appear bizarre to us become quite clear if we remember that "tragedy" was fundamentally concerned, not with drama, but with the processes of cooking and eating. For example, the ravenous eating of Herakles during a period of mourning in the Alcestis; the slaughter of the cattle in the Ajax; the sparagmos and omophagia in the Bacchae; the way in which Hippolytus is forced to eat his words (Eur. Hipp. 612); and so forth.

Finally, it is obvious that the names of a number of ancient dramas have been consistently mistranslated and in a number of cases corrupted in transmission. Fortunately it is a comparatively simple task to emend these in the light of Sir Antibarbarus' views, following the old principle differentior lectio potius (i.e. if the MS reading doesn't fit your hypothesis, change it). Even more fortunately, Sir Antibarbarus himself has corrected the translation or text of the titles of a number of these works himself; perhaps others may be inspired to carry on where he left off. Here is a summary of his conclusions:

AESCHYLUS :
Persae: from pepto, to boil or bake: "The Bakingwomen".
Prometheus Vinctus: from the same root as mimesis and muthos, to cook: "Pre-cooked, [wrapped and] tied up [sc. in a parcel]".
Hepta epi Thebas: from hepto, to boil (the same root as epos): "The Boiled Mea t at Thebes".
Choephoroi: emend to Chloephoroi (cf. poiesis) : "The Grass-Bearers", or, better, "The Bearers of Greens".

SOPHOCLES :
Electra: "The Electric [sc. Cooker]".
Oedipus Tyrannus: emend to Octopus Tyrannus: "The King-sized Octopus".
Trachiniae: from trachus, rough: "Roughage".
Philoctetes: emend to Philoctenes, from ktenos, cattle: "The Man who Liked Beef".
Oedipus at Colonus: emend to Octopus (cf. supra) epi kolei: "Octopus on Thigh-bone".

EURIPIDES :
Medea: confusion of delta and lambda: "The Apple-girl".
Hecuba: intrusive initial vowel: connected with kubos, a square: "[Pineapple] Chunks".
Ion: loss of initial pi: "The Drunkard".
Troades: corrupted from Trogades, "The Munching Women".
Electra: see Sophocles Electra, supra.
Iphigeneia in Tauris: literally, "Iphigeneia among the Bulls", i.e. "Iphigeneia at the Abattoir".
Orestes: this of course should be Omestes, "The Man who Liked Raw Meat".
Iphigeneia in Aulis: literally, "Iphigeneia in the Hall", i.e. "Iphigeneia in the Dining-room [sc. Having Returned from the Abattoir]".

There is also a tantalizing fragment of a MS in pencil, which runs as follows: 'Pickled-Cambridge, Cook, Boardman, Haigh, Duckworth, Cornford, Turyn, Duff, Bruno Smell, Helen Bacon, Bean, Talbot Rice, Gavin de Beer, H.W.Porke, Millar, Mylonas, Bayleaf and Field, Hill's Sauces, Burnet, Butcher, R.Pfeffer, Browning, Maguinness, Pease, Sparkes, Salmon, Russell M.Eiggs, Northrop Frye.....all of them Submerged Cooking Deities? .....new light on ancient Grease....."

Yours unerringly,

(Sir Muhammed Llewellyn-Jones)

F.D.H..

ADDENDIS ADDENDA

Professor Quill is dead. He was already the late Professor Quill when vol. XIII of his memoirs was published. Has Sir Muhammed forgotten this, or is he writing letters to the dead like Petrarch?

J.G.

JACKSON KNIGHT MEMORIAL LECTURES

Readers of Pegasus may like to know that the sixth Jackson Knight Memorial Lecture has recently been published : this is Mr. John Sparrow's 'Dido v. Aeneas: the case for the defence' (30p). The publisher is the Abbey Press, Abingdon; copies may be obtained from any good bookseller (although one's mind naturally turns to Messrs. Blackwell's that institution to which, as someone once so rightly said, we all owe so much).

It is perhaps worth adding thst copies of the earlier lectures are still available, though stocks of some are running extremely low. The details are as follows :

1. Sir Basil Blackwell, Letters in the New Age 18p.
2. Cecil Day Lewis, On Translating Poetry 25p.
3. Coling Hardie, 'The Georgics: a Transitional Poem' 30p.
4. Prof. Francis Berry, 'Thoughts on Poetic Time' 30p.
5. Prof.G.B.Townend, The Augustan Poets and the Permissive Society 30p.

To Stuart Fortey

Of John Kilmerston, Who Persisted in Reading Ancient Plays, and Ended Up As Being A Mere Academic

A Most Ruthful Tale with Moral Support

Of ancient Deeds and ancient Men
The Muses, who conduct my Pen,
Have had their fill, they now require
A Theme more modern to inspire.
Avaunt, then, Muses, and engage
In Topics of this Day and Age,
And fix your ancient Orbits on
My Friend Professor Kilmerston.
Another Friend may, with your Aid,
Recall some Things we thought and said,
Which I, and he, and even you,
May still regard as being true
-To him, my Song, then, soar, and try
To hit with your bald Head the Sky.

John Kilmerston of Martley Clot
(A Place in Surrey, which is not
Quite as respectable as, say,
Clotilda's Tress or Southward, Hey?
But where the Houses till cost more
Than you or I could bargain for
And where the brand-new Cars evince
The Presence of Sufficient Means)
-John Kilmerston, the Story says
Was rather fond of ancient Plays.
When all the other local Boys
Would play with nice, expensive Toys,
And while his Sisters Marge and Sue
In Company with Cousin Hugh,
Would let the old male Persian Cat in,
John WOULD read Plays in Greek and Latin.
On Sundays, when his Uncle Birch
Would preach a Sermon in his Church,
You could espy him, on his Knees
The Ion of Euripides,
Or Seneca's Thyestes, or
The AGAMEMNON (why say more?)
Of Aeschylus, a pocket-size
Edition by Herr Wilpert Weiss
With lengthy German Notes, which he
Would swallow like a Cup of Tea.
Such odd Behaviour, you may trust,
Would fill his Elders with Disgust.
His Father, Something in the City
(They say he would not quite admit he
Attained no more exalted Rank
Than Chief Accountant in a Bank)

-His Father, when approached upon
The Matter of his Offspring John
Would offer you a Glass of Port,
And, if pressed further, would retort:
'But, dear old Chap, what CAN I DO?
What,in a Case like this, would YOU?
To which his Mother would then add :
'I think the Boy is quite, quite mad'.
His Aunt Matilda (Lady Creek)
Would burst in Tears, and often squeak,
While Uncle George (called to the Bar)
Would light himself a long Cigar
And puff at it, as if to say:
'This Court will be adjourned today'.

At School (a Boarding-School, of course,
Blenting's, at Cantley-on-the-Horse,
Known for its Cellars and its Games
And a Regatta on the Thames),
At School, poor John would still persist
In reading BOOKS NOT ON THE LIST,
And Rumours spread around that he
Was even WRITING POETRY!
His Friends were such as would disgrace
His Father's, or his Uncles', Place,
And one of them was known-alas!-
To be COMPLETELY WORKING-CLASS,
Who got his Scholarship because
He was quite good at LATIN PROSE!
With Friends and Pastimes such as these
He gave his Games a frequent miss,
Was often bullied, flogged and taunted,
But carried on, just as undaunted
As ever, adding to his Whims
A morbid Interest in Grimm's
Law of Phonetic Change, and spent
A WHOLE VACATION, with a Friend
(That Working-Class Lad, need I mention?)
In Italy,paying Attention
To Paintings by Old Masters - and,
Some say, he even used to spend
His precious Money on such Things
As Chamber Music played by Strings!
On his Return to School, the Head
(Who was not really all that bad,
Except for drinking, now and then,
More than is good for Decent Men),
The Head and Mr.Clements-Gold,
The Classics Master (rather old)
And keen on Cricket even more
Than John was keen on Ancient Lore),
Determined that the only Way
To make John's Father's Money pay,
As well as raising the School's Tone,
Was getting rid of Kilmerston.
They made him try, against the Odds,
A Scholarship for reading Mods,
But John, although not yet sixteen

Came first on all his papers. In
A Year or so he was installed
In College - Pembroke - where the old
Mods Don quite took to him, and said:
'I've never had a clever Lad
Quite like this one! No, ne'er before'.
He taught him properly, what's more,
He taught him other Things besides
Which made his Knowledge Deep and Wide.
His Occupations still remained
The same, a Thing which greatly pained
His Parents, who now understood
That John will never quite Make Good.
His Uncle George was even said
To hear from his old Tutor Ted
That, while revising for Greats, John
Had found the Time for putting on
An ancient Play - in Latin, too!
....'But, dear old Chap, what COULD WE DO?
He got his First in Greats, the Play
Was no too bad - or so they say
(I never waste my Time on Plays:
I used to, in my younger Days).
But have some Sherry, don't despair,
The Boy is not beyond Repair'.

They tried to make him see the Light:
Now, with a First in Greats, he might
Do something useful for the Nation....
The Ministry of Aviation,
They said, was short of Men with Brains,
And, as for British Rail, the Trains
Would gain immensely if they all
Were handed to the safe Control
Of Men of Breeding - not to mention
The Ministry of Intervention
Whose Functions (secret!) should require
One who could sign himself 'Esquire'.
They coaxed, they whined, beseeched and cried,
They threatened him, they even tried
To set on him old Uncle Birch -
But John went on to do Research!
His Thesis was admired by all
Who could pronounce on it; a Call
Was soon accepted to a Chair
At a provincial Place somewhere,
Where, as Professor Kilmerston,
He is a most successful Don,
Whose Books - so far, he's written ten -
Are read by People now and then
And highly praised by Those who Know.
His Salary is rather low
-Compared, of course, with incomes got
By those who live in Martley Clot.

There, with his Wife, the Daughter of
Professor Hermann Kahlenkopff
(A German, between me and you,
And some would say he was a Jew!)
And with his children, Tom and Bill,
He lives, at Seven, Browning Hill,
An old Victorian House, but which
Was once adorned by the Rich,
Until those Immigrants took on
The District, lowering its Tone.
His Students think the World of him
And answer to his every Whim:
Some of them even have the Grace
To call him 'Johnnie' to his Face
(These, I regret to say, would not
Feel quite at Home in Martley Clot;
Old Uncle George would put it thus;
'Well, after all, they're NOT QUITE US!')
His House is always open to
Those Students who prefer to do
Some Work, or simply sit and natter
On Things which John still thinks do matter.
His Colleagues think his rather strange
(Though brilliant) - for he WOULD NOT CHANGE:
He still reads more Books than is good,
He would not talk of cars or Food
-Prices, or Houses; he still cares
For Students, Friends, and their Affairs,
And finds a Critical Apparatus
More valuable than Social Status;
He still produces - at his Age!-
A Play or two upon the Stage
From time to time - with STUDENTS to
Help him prepare the wretched Do!
In Senate Meetings he prefers
To practise Greek or Latin Verse;
He thinks the Library is BAD!
-In short, he's every bit as mad
As in his younger Days, when he
Would hold the Ion on his Knee,
While Uncle Birch, as well he can,
Would justify God's Ways to Man.
His Family had cut him off
When Marriage to Miss Kahlenkopff
Had proved to be the Final Straw;
His Uncle George just told him: 'Go
Hence, to your Books, your Chair, your WIFE
-I'll never see you in my Life'.
His Parents never visit John,
And, when approached anent his Son,
His Father (now Sir Jacob) says:
'TO HELL WITH ALL THESE ANCIENT PLAYS!'

JOHN GLUCKER.

"Excudent alii....."

Fellow sufferers will know the feeling all too well, but on behalf of all Classical Students, I should like to say to "the rest" that we are not the strange specimens we are often thought to be. I have frequently noticed Looks of Horror and exclamations of varying strength, when asked to reveal what I study. Reaction varies from "Latin! Good God!, or "What's that?" (Incredible as it sounds, someone did once say that to me) to "Oh, really, I've always wanted to meet one of those." (That one made me feel like a monkey at the zoo.) Occasionally they try to be humane and say "Oh yes, and what made you choose that?"

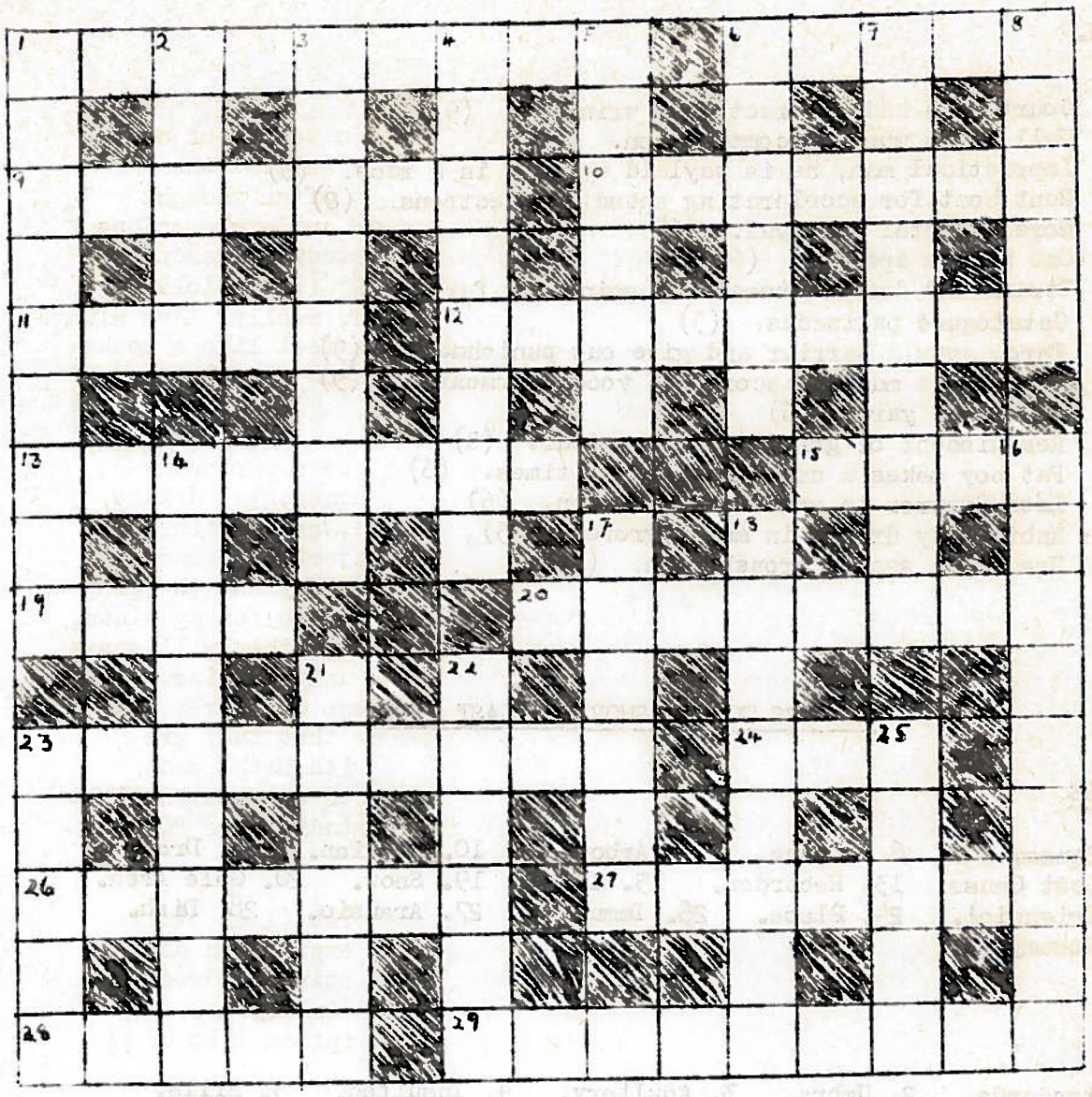
Does it never occur to them that there might be a perfectly simple explanation for this seemingly strange phenomenon? I like Latin! Presumably students of French like French, and similarly Historians like History. But they are never subjected to such a barrage of fire; people do not howl at them as if they had the plague. I realise that a Classical magazine is hardly the place for my views, but perhaps if any of "the rest" happen to read this, they will spare a thought for the down-trodden of our schools and universities. Neither Latin nor Greek is a disease, but a harmless creature, a cross between history and a language. The excuse that they are difficult will not do. Personally, I struggled with Maths and disliked it. However, students of science subjects are reasonably well innoculated against Looks of Horror - their studies are "useful in this day and age".

So, please, the next time you meet a classicist (I am still addressing "the rest") refrain from a too obvious expression of your reactions. And remember, not so very long ago, Latin and Greek, now in danger of Declining and Falling, were in their heyday. Be warned! Your subject could be next on the Proscription List of Anachronisms destined for extinction.

I close, with apologies to any classicists still reading, and to Virgil.

Let others better psychoanalyse the human mind
Or plough through Government papers green and white.
Solve the administrative problems of the State,
Do calculations astronomical, or equate the
Algebraic functions xyz - I for my part
Will not deny the better social use of those
Who study microscopic shapes and overcome disease.
Each to his own: and when they've had their say -
Give me an Ode of Horace any day!

V.A.COXON



ACROSS.

1. Policeman partakes of prisoner's food. (9)
6. Southern instrument for sitting on. (5)
9. Go back and sing again poetically. (7)
10. Half-wit hesitates, then smirks. (7)
11. Where a French communist retires, bedwise? (5)
12. Thus, a ruse was devised for making a lexicon. (9)
13 Forbear chances to ride without rebuke. (8)
15. Tediously persevere with an instrument. (4)
19. Comfort in a bishop's seat. (4)
20. Shark kept on a farm? (8)
23. Somehow at a newspaper office in Rome. (9)
24. Marine counterpart of the Roc? (3)
26. Quiet plaything produces childish talk. (7)
27. "Ile rather - - my necessitie" (Merchant of Venice 1.3.) (5,2)
28. Cut the fur off hares. (5)
29. Ties back about five hundred promissary notes - how rebellious. (9)

(cont.)

DOWN.

1. Court rage and contract into wrinkles. (9)
2. Well known musical composition. (5)
3. Impractical man, he is waylaid by gold in a race. (8)
4. Rent boat for accelerating speed of electrons. (8)
5. More oriental festival. (6)
6. One man is apelike. (6)
7. Strain and defeat oneself by going too far. (9)
8. Catalogues palisades. (5)
14. Throw away a barrier and give out punishment. (9)
16. Divide the musical scores of vocal harmonies. (9)
17. Dearth of yarn. (6)
18. Reminiscent of grief without a tear. (8)
21. Fat boy makes a small cake three times. (6)
22. Late Emperor in pointed depression. (6)
23. Habitually drinks in mango groves. (5)
25. Used by a seated crossbowman. (5)

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD IN LAST ISSUE

ACROSS

1. Squeamish. 6. Ensue. 9. Arbours. 10. Latvian. 11. Draft.
12. Lost Cause. 13. Recorder. 15. Idea. 19. Snow. 20. Gale Area.
22. Triennial. 24. Place. 26. Immured. 27. Arausio. 28. Dish.
29. Rheumy Eye.

DOWN

1. Standards. 2. Umbra. 3. Adultery. 4. Insulted. 5. Hills.
6. Entice. 7. Skid Under. 8. Ernie. 14. Choriambs. 16. A Safe Move.
17. Palliate. 18. Keep Calm. 21. Pindar. 22. Triad. 23. Nard.
25. Aisle.

ARISTOTLE ON ALL FOURS: COMPETITION RESULT

'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.'

In Pegasus 16 I offered a £1.00 book token to the first reader to tell me where in Exeter this 'strange figure' was, and another to the first reader to tell me the literary source of the anecdote. The former prize goes to John Whiteley, from whom I received a correct answer by first post at 8.45 on December 6th (and a consolation prize of 50p to John Goldfinch, whose answer arrived by hand at 11.15 the same morning); and the prize for tracking down the literary source goes to Stuart Fortey.

My quotation came from M.D.Anderson, Misericords: Medieval Life in English Woodcarving (King Penguin, 1954), p.20, where three alternative interpretations of the figure are also given; a photograph of it appears as Plate 3 in that book.

John Whiteley rightly identified the figure as 'the carving under the misericord of seat 41 on the north side of the Quire in the Cathedral, opposite the Bishop's Throne'. He added: 'The figure also seems to have a tail rather in the shape of a snake's head.' This is certainly true, and it is worth adding that this detail is not explained by any of the four interpretations offered in the King Penguin volume.

Stuart Fortey wrote as follows: 'According to George Cary's The Medieval Alexander (1956; University Library 809.92) pp. 231-2, where he relates the anecdote, it is first to be found in the Lai d'Aristote by Henri d'Andeli. The woman's name is Phyllis or Campaspe. Cary's footnote to p. 232 (on p.333) gives three references to discussions of the anecdote: (i) A. Héron, La légende d'Alexandre et d'Aristote (Académie des Sciences, etc., de Rouen, 1892), pp. 367-84; (ii) A.Borgeld, Aristote en Phyllis (Groningen, 1902); (iii) Die exempla aus den Sermones feriales et communes des Jakob von Vitry, hrsg. J. Greven (Sammlung mittellat. Teste, IX, Heidelberg, 1914) no. 15, pp. 15-16.'

Cary puts us all to shame by calling the story, which was unfamiliar even to some of our more distinguished readers in Oxford, a 'well-known' anecdote. He solemnly tells us that 'it depicted the terrible dangers into which even a wise man falls if he has anything to do with a woman'. There seems to be no complete text of the Lai d'Aristote in the University Library, but it does appear in a slightly abbreviated form in Poètes et Romanciers du Moyen Age, ed. A. Pauphilet (Bibliotheque de la Pleiade, 1952; University Library 840.81), pp. 483-93.

The question of relative dates is of some interest. There is another misericord in the Cathedral which shows a knight in a boat pulled by a swan. This can be none other than Lohengrin. Now the Exeter misericords were probably carved between 1255 and 1279, though the evidence is not absolutely conclusive (see Anderson, op.cit., p.7) - so here we have a pictorial representation of Lohengrin which is earlier than any written account in English. Presumably a carver would choose a theme that was intelligible to his patrons. Therefore, it seems, Lohengrin was known in oral tradition in this country before he appears in our literature (although he was of course familiar to readers on the continent). This fact does not appear to be widely known among medievalists; I am indebted to my wife for pointing it out.

What about the Aristotle misericord? Which came first in this case? Here again - provided that the image is correctly interpreted as Aristotle - it seems that our Exeter carver is illustrating a theme that had not yet appeared in English literature. Indeed, it was not so very much earlier that it had received its first treatment in European literature; for Henri d'Andeli was writing in the second quarter of the thirteenth century, a few decades before the carving was executed.

In order to check this, I turned to Stuart Fortey again, who referred me to the Dictionnaire des Lettres Françaises edited by Cardinal Georges Greute and others. In the volume Le Moyen Age (ed. R.Bossuat, L. Pichard and G. Reybaud de Lage, Paris 1964; University Library 840.3) there are two entries that concern us: that on Henri d'Andeli by M. Delbouille on p.371, which offers a very full bibliography, and that onthe Lai d'Aristote by G.Oury on pp. 448-9, from which I have taken most of what follows.

In the first place, although Henri may have been the first to introduce the story into literature, he certainly didn't invent it. The story came from the east; it was already to be found in various forms and had entered into folklore before it was used by Henri. What these 'various forms' were, I cannot say; no doubt the answer is to be found by following up M. Delbouille's bibliography. Perhaps the oriental origin accounts for the fact that the lady in the story is an Indian (with that well-known Indian name Phyllis). And in the oriental version, the hero of the story had been a vizier, not Aristotle. It was Henri, or one of his predecessors, who was responsible for making Aristotle, the philosopher par excellence, the victim of feminine wiles.

The later life of the story is no less interesting. It occurs frequently in the iconography of the late Middle Ages. It appears on the façade of St. Jean at Lyons, in the stalls at Rouen and Montbenoît, and on a capital in St. Pierre at Caen. Perhaps there are other examples in our own cathedrals and parish churches. Then, as John Whiteley told me, there is a splendid woodcut of Aristotle and Phyllis by Hans Baldung Grien (1484/5-1545); Phyllis is a Teutonic lady (to put it politely) of impressive proportions. One wonders what Aristotle saw in her. The picture is reproduced in D.P.Bliss, A History of Wood-Engraving (1928; not in the University Library, but in the City Library) on p.139 and no doubt frequently elsewhere. The next development is unexpected; in 1780 the story appeared as a comedy in an adaptation by Barré and Piis (who?); and almost a century later, in 1878, Daudet was

wasinspid

was inspired to write a comic opera on the theme in collaboration with Paul Arène. (At least, that's waht M. Oury says; but I thought that L'Arlésienne was Daudet's only stage work, and Arène isn't in Grove.....)

Aristotle on Four Legs has opened up much wider vistas than I had expected. I would like to thank the competitors for pointing the way to them. There is still plenty to be found out - perhaps one day I will go into the subject more thoroughly. Perhaps the Classical Society would like to revive Daudet's comic opera ? - it would at least be a change from Seneca. Meanwhile, if anyone comes across any more relevant information, I'll be glad to hear from them.

David Harvey