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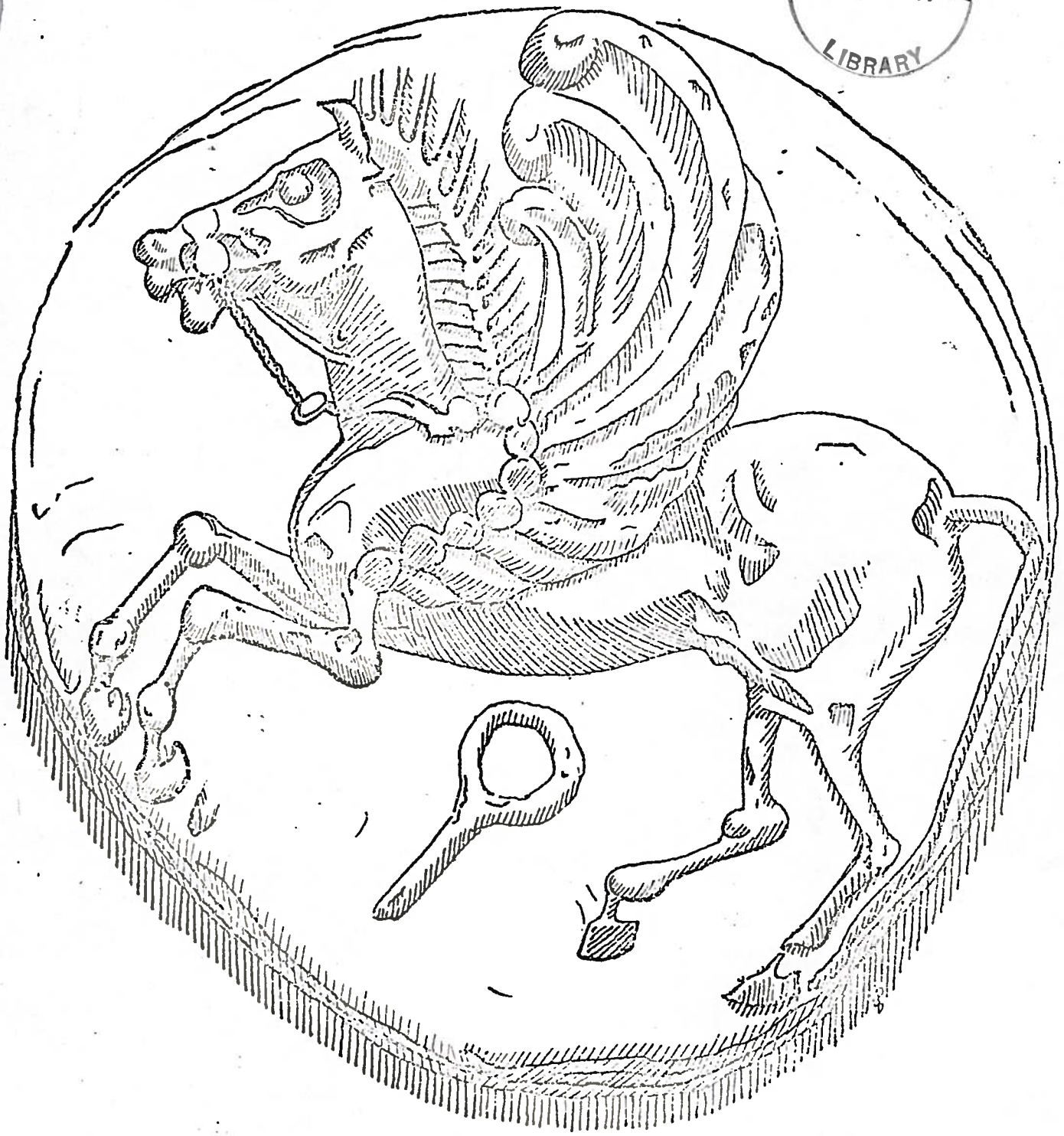

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P E G A S U S

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Editors: Christine Matthews, Alison Whaley.

For many months the Pegasus file, apart from "The Nine Against Isca", lay empty and the Editors despaired; but at last the Muses, perhaps bored by their frequent invocations, inspired some members of the Department to write. Heeding the pleas of last year's editors, they went to students as well as staff - long may this continue.

Before departing for Israel, Mr. Glucker composed his swan-song to Exeter - "The Nine Against Isca". We wish him well in Tel-Aviv and hope that he will sometimes spare a thoughtfor Pegasus. We welcome his successor Dr. Seaford to the Department, who has already contributed to Pegasus, and we hope that he will not scorn future editions.

Our greatestthanks must go to Mrs. Harris, who has not only typed the whole of Pegasus - but has also borne with patience the idiosyncracies of both editors and authors.

A.Whaley
C.Matthews.

Contents

DIDO v. AENEAS: THE CASE FOR THE PROSECUTION. A REPLY TO THE SIXTH JACKSON KNIGHT MEMORIAL LECTURE.

In the sixth Jackson Knight Memorial Lecture[1] John Sparrow presented a subtle and elegant case for the defence of Aeneas' conduct towards Dido in the fourth book of the Aeneid. The charge to be rebutted is one of heartlessness, 'that his love for Dido was not deep or genuine, but lasted as long as was convenient for him and no longer.' The defence advanced is (apart from the well-known point that any obligation to Dido was over-ridden by the command of Jupiter) as follows.

Firstly, the lines immediately following the description of the amorous meeting of Aeneas and Dido in the cave have been misinterpreted.

169. Ille dies primus leti primusque malorum
causa fuit; neque enim specie famave movetur
nec iam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem:
coniugium vocat, hoc praetexit nomine culpam.

The last four words are usually translated 'with this name she veils her sin'; by calling her guilty passion coniugium she thought to make it respectable. But this flatly contradicts line 170: neque enim specie famave movetur: appearances and reputation no longer have any weight with her. Praetexit is not the perfect of praetego, a word which Virgil nowhere uses, but the present of praetexo, a word which occurs elsewhere in Virgil six times - and only once with the implication of concealing. The culpa is not her yielding to her passion, it is the passion itself (cf.v.19). By calling it a coniugium Dido is not concealing it, she is 'blazoning' it (praetexit). She has lost all shame. And having adorned her culpa by the name of coniugium she is in a position to taunt Aeneas with breach of promise should he wish to depart.

Secondly, the only mention of marriage is made by Dido (307, 314, 316, 324). Aeneas explicitly denies that any marriage or promise of marriage has occurred (338f.):

nec coniugis umquam
praetendi taedas aut haec in foedera veni.

If Aeneas had promised to marry Dido, we would expect some hint of this fact outside the pleas of Dido. In particular, we would expect some mention of it in Jupiter's message to Aeneas rebuking him for his delay in Africa.

Thirdly, Dido deserves our pity but not our sympathy. She is 'the personification of unbridled passion.' And by attempting to set fire to his fleet and cursing him and his descendants she shows herself willing to do Aeneas all the harm in her power.

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1 Delivered at Exeter University in 1972 and printed by the Abbey Press, Abingdon.

Finally, there is no doubt about the distress and the remorse of Aeneas. If it is urged that by accepting Dido's favours Aeneas was obliged to be constant, he can claim in his defence 'the innocence of his mind and his intentions.' As he says to Dido in the underworld (6.463-4):

> nec credere quivi
> hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem.

In replying for the prosecution we can expect to have the prejudice of the jury on our side. Most readers and critics, as Sparrow is aware, sense that Aeneas is something of a cad (or a male chauvinist pig), Dido a victim. But rather than advancing all the factors in favour of this view, we will confine ourselves to points emerging from Sparrow's case for the defence. This will in fact give a new strength to the case for the prosecution, in the form of armour against all the weapons that an acute critic has employed to destroy it.

Firstly, the apparent inconsistency of line 172 (as usually interpreted) with line 170 is well worth pointing out. But closer attention to the occurrence of the word praetexo in Virgil reveals the weakness of Sparrow's argument. It is true that of the six cases five do not mean concealment. But of these five cases it turns out that two are from the Ciris, which whoever it is by is certainly not by Virgil: according to the most recent, and the most thorough commentator[1] it is 'surely post-Ovidian and, I think, post-Statian.' As for the remaining three occurrences, they cannot be said to imply adornment any more than concealment: at Ecl. 7.12 and Georg. 3. 15 the river Mincius praetexit its banks with reeds; and at Aen. 6.5 the ships at anchor praetexunt the shore. Furthermore, they refer to physical facts. Apart from Aen.IV.172, there is only one Virgilian use of praetexo with an abstract reference (Aen.IV.500), and that is also where praetexo means to conceal! This is enough to make it likely that the abstract reference of praetexit in line 172 is also to concealment. But the case is clinched by the further point that this other abstract reference of praetexo is also used of Dido, later in book 4 (v.500):

> non tamen Anna novis praetexere funera sacris
> germanam credit.

Can we really believe that Virgil used praetexere in two crucially different senses in describing two of Dido's most significant actions? Finally, our point is confirmed by examination of the use of praetexo outside Virgil. The Oxford Latin Dictionary has four headings: 1. To border or edge (with anything). 2. To set up or place in front. 3. To screen, cloth (with). 4.To put forward as a pretext, pretend.

But if, as we believe, praetexit here does imply concealment, how are we to explain the contradiction with what has just been said of Dido: neque enim specie famave movetur?

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1 R.O.A.M.Lyne, Ciris (Cambridge 1978) p.3.

Now poetry, like life, is full of contradiction. Indeed, meaningful contradiction is often of the essence of poetry. The question is: is there any meaning in the particular contradiction with which we are faced here?

Dido manifests her indifference to public opinion by allowing her liaison with Aeneas to become public knowledge (171 nec iam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem). This liaison, whether it was regarded as a marriage or merely an affair, would be condemned by public opinion, because Dido had vowed eternal loyalty to her dead husband Sychaeus (and had therefore turned down her suitor Iarbas). And so by announcing her coniugium with Aeneas, Dido spurns public opinion. But at the same time a coniugium[1] is more respectable than a mere love-affair. Her affair with Aeneas is a culpa because it betrays Sychaeus and also because it is extra-marital. And so by calling it a coniugium Dido is (in the latter respect) making it more respectable. This then is one sense to the contradiction: you can basically flout public opinion by yielding to temptation, and yet at the same time salvage what respectability you can by giving what you have done a respectable name. This actually happens all the time. Secondly, there is the further implication in line 172 that Dido is concealing the culpa from herself, as she seemed to be trying to do in verses 15-23 and 54-5, and of course with this there is no contradiction at all with line 170. Furthermore, self-deception can be a subtle thing, and it is possible to feel on reading these lines that it consists here in Dido taking the culpa to be merely extra-marital, to the exclusion of disloyalty to Sychaeus. And so we think that we can say that the ambiguity and apparent contradiction in verses 169-172 are a subtle and vivid picture of the natural ambiguity and contradiction in Dido's state of mind, and that therefore praetexit does mean what we would expect it to mean.

Secondly, were Dido and Aeneas ever married or betrothed? Sparrow is emphatic that there was not even a promise of marriage. But in fact all that can be shown (vs. 338-9) is that Aeneas thought that he had not entered into any obligation of this kind. Dido, as Sparrow is aware, speaks of data dextera (307, 314), coniubia nostra, inceptos hymenaeos (316), and of Aeneas as coniunx (324), just as from the day of their meeting in the cave she had called their relationship a coniugium (172). Because the marriage is mentioned only by Dido, Sparrow chooses to believe Aeneas. But it is not as simple as that. Here again is a contradiction which turns out to make excellent poetic sense. Dido believes that there is an obligation between them, Aeneas that there is not. We should suppose not that Dido is lying, but that both she and Aeneas believe what they say. Here again, as at line 169-72, we find the subtle depiction of wishful thinking. But here there is an an extra subtlety. For it seems that neither Dido nor Aeneas is wholly wrong. The confusion is not just subjective.

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1 This means marriage, and not, as Sparrow thinks, betrothal: v. below.

It is impossible even for us to say with certainty that Dido and Aeneas have entered into a marital obligation or that they have not. It is hardly surprising therefore that the interested parties themselves should adopt opposed interpretations of the situation.

We must first of all reproduce certain basic facts about Roman marriage from the Oxford Classical Dictionary. (2nd ed.)

'No formalities were necessary for the inception of a marriage: the ceremonies which normally accompanied it had no legal character. All that was necessary was the living together of a man and a woman with the intention of forming a lasting union (affectio maritalis) to which should attach the social consequences of marriage (honor matrimonii). The ceremonies, and in particular the customary deductio in domum mariti, would provide the normal evidence of this intention ...It necessarily followed from the factual character of Roman marriage that it could be brought to an end by the free will of either or both. As with the formation of the marriage, so also with its termination, all that was needed was some evidence of intention...'

Roman marriage was flexible indeed. Even if Virgil's readers tended to conceive of the mythical past in terms of contemporary practice, there is no question of Aeneas having entered upon a legal obligation that could not be terminated simply by the production of evidence of his intention to leave. But it is equally clear that both Dido (307, 314, etc.) and Aeneas (338-9) believe that the question of whether they are married is of moral importance. The confusion and contradiction have arisen because Dido has an affectio maritalis but Aeneas has not. Normal evidence of this affectio would be provided by the ceremonies, and in particular the deductio in domum mariti. But of course leading the bride into her husband's home is impossible when the husband, like Aeneas, is a homeless visitor. But have any other ceremonies occurred?

Let us look for the moment at Olympus. We can do no better than to quote Sparrow himself (p. 6-7).

'...Juno is plotting to keep the Trojans in Africa and away from Italy. Her stratagem is to bind Aeneas to Dido with the tie of marriage: Aeneas and the Queen are going hunting; she will see that they are caught in a storm, and that they take shelter in the same cave; then, she tells Venus (125-7),

> adero et, tua si mihi certa voluntas,
> coniubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo;
> hic hymenaeus erit.

Venus is well aware of Juno's treachery, but Jupiter has assured her that it will prove ultimately unsuccessful, so she does not attempt to thwart it. Things fall out exactly as Juno has foretold, and the exactness with which the prophecy is fulfilled is emphasised by Virgil's almost word-for-word repetition of its terms (120=161; 124-5 = 165-6). Dido and Aeneas come to the same cave; then (166-8) the storm reaches its climax:

prima et Tellus et pronuba Iuno
dant signum; fulsere ignes et conscius aether
conubiis, summoque ululârunt vertice Nymphae.'

This has to be supplemented from Austin's Commentary:

'The witnesses to the union of Dido and Aeneas are no mortals, but the Elements, primeval Earth, Fire, Air; Juno, goddess of marriage, is there (cf.125) taking the place of the pronuba, the matron who was in charge of the wedding-ceremony on the bride's side and gave her to her husband... Prima tellus...represents the bread of the marriage-rite (see Mackail), the lightening is the marriage torch....and the air is witness (conscius); the wedding-chant is sung (ululârunt) by the mountain-nymphs...Virgil thus makes the wedding ritually correct...But it remains a supernatural ceremony.'

It is now that Dido proceeds to call her love coniugium (171). Sparrow (p.8. n.1) takes coniugium here to mean 'betrothal.' But the word has this sense nowhere else; and it is perfectly clear from what Dido says later (307, 314, 316, 324) that she regards herself as married to Aeneas. In a sense she is right. A wedding has taken place, with the goddess of marriage herself as pronuba, at the divine level. Whether Aeneas and Dido are aware of this is left unclear. But because Virgil proceeds immediately to tell us that Dido considered herself married, it is natural to feel that the difference in opinion between Dido and Aeneas derives from the half unreal nature of their (divine) wedding. The source of the confusion is to be found on Olympus. Dido does not, as Sparrow believes, simply fabricate a betrothal. The tragedy is more subtle than that. She is the victim of the machinations of Juno and Venus. Juno's scheme is to use her to keep Aeneas in Africa and so away from Italy. But it is primarily of Venus' concern for Aeneas that Dido is the victim. At the end of the first book Venus, worried about the possible intentions of Juno(671), sends Cupid to take the form of Ascanius and arouse passion for Aeneas in Dido, thereby assuring him a favourable welcome. And in the fourth book she happily (127-8) accepts Juno's plan for the marriage: it suits Aeneas' immediate interests, and she knows that Aeneas will eventually reach Italy anyway. We are reminded of those innocent mortal victims of the gods who populate the tragedies of Euripides, and especially of Phaedra, who is inspired by the Greek goddess of love with a passion for her stepson Hippolytus. Aphrodite does this simply in order to destroy her enemy Hippolytus; the fact that Phaedra is also destroyed causes her no qualms. The casus of Dido is iniquus (Aen. VI 475)

This leads directly to the third of Sparrow's points. Dido, it is argued, is as vindictive as she can possibly be, and 'the personification of unbridled passion': she deserves our pity but not our sympathy. At the opening of his lecture, when presenting the material relevant to the case, Sparrow says 'There is no need to recount the earlier stages of the story; the best starting-point is the beginning of the Fourth Book.' With this manoeuvre he is able to ignore the source of Dido's unbridled passion (Venus' concern for Aeneas) in book I, and thereby to deny that Dido deserves our sympathy. But who is Dido to resist the power of the goddess? Furthermore, her

reaction at Aeneas' departure, even if it were morally reprehensible, is anyway irrelevant to the evaluation of Aeneas' previous behaviour. This brings us to the fourth of Sparrow's points.

He claims (p.15) that 'if [Aeneas] was culpably weak in yielding to Dido's passion, and insensitive in failing to appreciate its depth, he was amply punished by the remorse that assailed him when he had to leave her.' Certainly, Aeneas feels remorse. And we have no reason to disbelieve him when he says to Dido (361): Italiam non sponte sequor. But remorse does not bring with it moral exculpation. The question of whether Aeneas is insensitive and culpably weak is left open by Sparrow. But this is the question that has to be decided.

There are two possible criteria by which to decide it. On the one hand we may attempt to infer the attitude of Virgil and of his original readers. And on the other hand we can make up our own mind about Aeneas on the basis of his conduct in the poem. Sparrow is not clear about which of these criteria he is using. It is true that given the greater consideration generally given (at least in theory) to the feelings of women in our society, it is likely that the second criterion will produce a verdict less favourable to Aeneas than the first. Aeneas has no legal obligation to stay in Carthage, but neither has he been deceived or blackmailed by Dido. Because, as Sparrow himself argues (p.11), he has not decided to abandon his mission, he must be aware that before long he will have to leave Dido. Jupiter's message, as Sparrow is again aware (p.10), does not change his mind, it merely speeds up his departure, so that he leaves even before the arrival of the favourable springtime weather. He can be unaware neither of Dido's passion for him nor of Dido's public announcement of a coniugium. And although Aeneas' narrative in books II and III, which is heard by Dido, contains passages referring to his mission to settle in Italy (e.g. III.381), Aeneas never tells Dido during their affair that despite appearances to the contrary he is still intent on leaving for Italy. When galvanised by Jupiter he gives orders for the fleet to be surreptitiously prepared (289ff.); and it is only then, when challenged by Dido, that he (as Sparrow puts it) 'appeals to his heavenly mission'. Certainly Aeneas had no choice but to leave for Italy. But because he was himself all along aware of this, he should not have allowed Dido to act as if they were married. No divine, irrestible pressure was put on him to fall in love.

This view of the conduct of Aeneas, though certainly not irrelevant to the reading of the poem, is our own. But what of Virgil and his readers? Poetry, and in particular tragic poetry (by which Aen. IV is clearly influenced[1]), is not

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1 and the Aeneid in general: v. e.g. K. Quinn Virgil's Aeneid 1968, 323-49. cf. e.g. Aen. IV 648ff. with Eur. Alc. 175ff.; Soph. Trach. 917ff.

condemned to the abstraction necessary in a court of law: innocent or guilty? Aeneas does not personify virtue; indeed he seems himself not entirely unconscious of having behaved badly (IV 283-4, 332, 333-5, 360, 395; VI 458ff.). The conflict within him is not, as Sparrow would have it (p.14), the banal one between duty and desire. We should rather give Virgil the credit of having fashioned a conflict between on the one hand the stern imperative of his destiny, Jupiter and the Fates, and on the other hand both his own human desires and the moral claims, for which he himself bears some responsibility, of a woman injured in the interests of his destiny.

IVOR LUDLAM
CHRISTINE MATTHEWS
RICHARD SEAFORD
RICHARD YOUNG

JUVENAL 10. 326-8

In the last issue of Pegasus I published a note on Juvenal 10. 326-8, suggesting that red and white, rouge and powder, anger and shame causing pallor and blushes, a word-play between Crete and chalk, the idea of an old hag's make-up being shaken off, were the basic ideas.

I should like to add one or two points which I omitted. Talking of make-up in 6.467 Juvenal himself uses "tectoria prima", just as English writers apply terms used for stucco on a building. In 8. 38-9, he has Creticus, Camerinus, Rubellius Blandus in sequence, where other names would have suited the surface meaning just as well. Vitruvius (7.3) begins a chapter called "On Stucco" by the Loeb editor with "camerarum ratio", while "tectoria" comes in 7.8. Lime rather than chalk appears here. Nevertheless Juvenal has juxtaposed chalk, ceilings suggesting plaster or stucco, and redness in his three names. Latin poets are apt to have hidden or half-hidden contrasts or connexions of this kind.

Petronius (24) has "inter rugas malarum tantum erat cretae ut putares detectum parietem nimbo laborare" - "He had so much chalk in the wrinkles of his cheeks that you'd have thought it was a wall being peeled to pieces by a rain-storm." Energetic action is the cause, as in "ut se concussere ambae".

On Juvenal 2.107 there is a scholiast's note in which "excandere" is used actively with "cutem" for make-up.

The sequence "creta hac ceu" has some resemblance to "cretaceus".

F.W.CLAYTON

VVLGVS ABHORRET AB HAC

'Fluctibus e tantis uitam tantisque tenebris.' T.Lucretius Carus.
'In order to write a long poem, a poet must master the prosaic.'
T.S.Eliot.

Huius quem fluctum memoro simulacrum et imago
ante oculos nobis uersatur, cum legionis
hastati a dextra cursum seruare iubentur.
primus enim a dextra paullum si progrediatur,
proximus inde pari momento quisque uicissim
adgredier properet, ne fiat linea praua,
atque ita per totum a dextra quasi missa maniplum
unda sinistrorsum uideatur protinus ire
cum tamen haud quisquam motum det corporis illuc.
sin qui primus init prorsum prius, inde retrorsum
pauxillum certis sese mouet interuallis,
temporis ut duplici puncto moueatur utroque,
unda quasi efficitur per tempus quodque, minutum
quod uocitare solent, triginta pulsibus aucta.
ordine quisque suo motus in tempore tali
triginta faciet prorsusque retroque, sed illo
paullo posterius qui dexterior procedit.
quod si desubito iam fiat pausa mouendi
curuata uideas aciem constare figura:
et quantum inter eos spatium est qui ex ordine primi
prouenere, gradumque parem gestumque facessunt,
tantam nos fluctus mensuram nominitamus.
cum tamen in motu fuerunt, exstare uideres
primum hunc, deinde illum serie quicumque sinister
hunc iuxta graditur: primi sic ordine toto
iam positura uiri oblique fluitare uidetur
non secus ac uenientis apex prouoluitur undae.

A good illustration of what we mean by a wave can be seen when a line of soldiers dresses by the right. If the man on the extreme right were to make a small movement forward, every man, dressing by his neighbour, would successively make a small movement forward, and a ripple would run along the line from right to left, but no individual man would be moving from right to left. If the right-hand man were to make a small movement forward and backward at quite regular intervals, say every two seconds, we should have a perfect example of a wave of frequency thirty a minute. Every man in his place would be likewise making a movement forward and backward thirty times a minute, but each man would be a little behind his right-hand man in this movement. If the men were halted sharply the line would be wavy , the successive distances between men who were in the same position and at the same stage of their movement being called the wave-length. While the wavy movement was in progress, one moment one man would be at the extreme forward position, at the next moment it would be his left-hand man. The position of the particular man in the forward position would run along the line, corresponding to the advance of the crest of a wave.

E.N.da C. Andrade.

Quatrains from the Rubáiyát
of Omar Khayyám of Naishápúr
(translated by E.Fitzgerald)
Latinised

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter - the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean -
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Sordenti uitam licet aequiperare tabernae
qua forium peragunt noxque diesque uices:
Hic tibi magnanimum series ex ordine regum,
certo quisque suo tempore functus, abit.

Atria - fert ita fama - leoque lacertaque seruant
qua mera gaudebat ducere uina Capys,
Nec uenatori caput insultantis onagri
Assaraco somnos ungula mota quatit.

Fors et, si qua nitet rosa formosissima, caesi
regis Achaemenio sanguine pasta rubet,
Eximioque olim, quemcumque hortus hyacinthum
induitur, lapsus uertice cessit honos.

Quae reuirescentem riui disterminat oram
praetexens teneris herba refecta comis,
Huic superincumbens leuis es: quis scire, latenti
quo prius optato nata sit ore, potest?

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Instar putandum est hospitii putris
aeuum: et superbis ordine regibus
hic noctis aut illic diei
porta patet breuiter moratis.

Cessit lacertis atque leonibus
uino insolentis regia Tantali,
longo neque Oriona somno
suscitat insiliens onagrus.

An quae rosarum splendidior rubet
surgit sepulti caede Agamemnonis?
an uertice elapsus uenusto
uestit honore hyacinthus hortum?

Ergo recumbens qua Tiberis nouam
praelambit herbam, sis precor o leuis,
ignarus an prisci decoris
supposito eniteat labello.

R.MATHEWSON

After Catullus, it's my turn...

(To his lady, Rosemary, by way of sempiternal thanksgiving.)

Let's live and love a lot, my dear;
To oldsters' grumbles give no ear,
Not care a groat: they're impotent
Except when saying: "Youth's misspent!"
The sun riseth, goeth again...
The short-lived day once done, well, then
For us a non-stop night is kept,
One endless night that must be slept...

100 kisses, if you please;
and then 1,000 smacker-Gs;
and then another 1,000;
on top of that 100 more;
and when we've made 1,000 grand
we'll cook the books, not know the score,
in case some cad should jealous look
if he spied in our kiss-accounts -
inside our double-entry book -
of kissings such lavish amounts.

PAUL STANIFORTH

SHAKESPEARE'S ATHENS: OR, FRAGMENTS OF ANOTHER GREEK TRAGEDY

A Study in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

If Hippolyta's son was in his late teens when Phaedra was first married to Theseus, and if Phaedra's two sons were old enough to fight at Troy, the events of A Midsummer Night's Dream cannot have occurred much later than 40 years before the Trojan War. But they cannot have been much earlier, since Theseus' mother was alive, and in Troy, shortly before its fall (Iliad III, 144), and Menestheus, who commanded the Athenian contingent, was of the same generation as Theseus (great-grandson of Erechtheus) and younger than Nestor (Iliad II, 555). Helen herself must already have attracted Theseus with her Lolita-like charms in Sparta (MND V.i.11, cf. IV.1.126), but at least ten years must have passed before Theseus abducted her, and when Paris followed Theseus' example, she must have been fairly mature, an Elizabeth Taylor or a Jacqueline Kennedy. All in all, Shakespeare seems to be describing Athens just on its transition from Late Helladic IIIa to Late Helladic IIIb, when, as we know from Hooker (Mycenaean Greece, 103), the walls of Athens were beginning to enclose the Mycenaean Acropolis, and as we know from Chaucer (Knight's Tale, 1045-50) temples (chapels with Mycenaean frescoes?) had just been built at the East and West Gates.

There are difficulties, however, in the micro-chronology. The title and the first scene suggest that the wedding was to take place four days later (MND I.i.3-4) at the new moon of Hecatombaeon, when the Athenian year began (we may note that in Helladic times, epicleroi were not yet automatically married-off to their next-of-kin: cf. 156-7)= but on the following evening (209-13) the moon seems to be full, or nearly so, shortly after sunset (I.ii.95 II.i.60). It is not surprising that the Dionysiac performers have to consult the calendar to find out whether the moon will be full at the noumenia (III.i.45 sqq.); should we suppose that these Velikovskian upheavals (cf. II.i.88-114) coincided with the reversal of the sun's course when Thyestes was seducing Aerope (Ovid, A.A. I.324-30) and, far to the South-East, Joshua was halting the sun at Ajalon (Velikovsky, Worlds In Collision, 44.216-8)? Perhaps the same causes may have enabled the Theban Elders on the Cadmea to watch the sun rising over Dirce to their due West (Sophocles, Antigone 104-5).

The geography is simpler than the chronology. Lysander and Demetrius, equal in social status (I.i.100-4), presumably had town-houses on the Northern slope of the Acropolis, perhaps in the modern Odos Prytaneiu; Lysander's aunt, 21 miles away (I.1.57) and outside Athenian jurisdiction, presumably lived in Megara -- epigamia was not disallowed until the time of Pericles (Aristotle, Ath.Pol. xxvi.4) and it was not until Solon's time (Glots, Histoire Grecque, I.433) that Egeus would have been unable to execute or disown a daughter for any other reason than flagrante-delicto, stylum-in-pyxide unchastity. But, in Late Helladic times at least, she could opt to be a permanent votary of Artemis Brauronia (I.i.70-4); the "school" she and Helena had attended was presumably the Bear-Maidens of Brauron, and Hermia had been a metaphorical "vixen" rather than a totemic one. The curriculum must have included a course in futurology, since Hermia knew about Dido and Aeneas (III.ii.324, I.i.173-4), just as the artist who decorated the Temple of Ares (on the site of the later Temple of Wingless Victory?) knew about the deaths of Caesar, Antony and Nero (Chaucer, op.cit. 1173-7).

If Athenian drama was already in existence in LH IIIb, Lord Raglan was clearly right in suggesting that its pedigree must have been far longer than Aristotle allows, though private performances at Court may have preceded public performances in the Agora, and we may note that the choice between epinicion (V.i. 42-5), dithyramb (48-9), threnos (53-4) and tragedy depended upon the patron. The mechanicals must have performed in, or in front of, the megaron which stood on the site of the later Erechtheum; and, as we know from Philochorus (Muller, FHG I 391, fr.30, ap.Burn, Minoans, Philistines and Greeks 100) Minoan usage, probably followed in Athens, allowed the sexes to watch the performance together.

Peter Quince (an erotic name, cf. Plut.Solon 20.4, Ibycus OBGV p.40,164, suitable for an epithalamic performance) was clearly the choregus, and the mechanicals must have been a Dionysiac thiasus, though this need not exclude allegiance, as craftsmen, to Hephaestus and Athena Ergane. Bottom's experience with Titania seems to be a Frazerish or Murrayite hierogamy corresponding to the union between Dionysus and the wife of the Archon Basileus on the second day of the Anthesteria (a February festival which seems to be on Theseus' mind -- IV.i. 139-40); Theseus' warlike wooing of Hippolyta, and Oberon's ultimate triumph over Titania, seem to indicate that the female principle was still in retreat after its last decisive victory recorded on the W. pediment of the Parthenon. Bottom himself, as a weaver, may have been responsible for an earlier equivalent of the Panathenaic peplos; Professor Clayton's learned speculation (Jackson Knight Memorial Lecture, 1977) that his name suggests euryproctia, must be regretfully discarded, since the word "bottom" in this sense is first recorded in the OED under the year 1794, and, though it seems to have been known a decade or so earlier to Dr. Johnson's circle, an argumentum e silentio makes it clear that it was unknown to Dean Swift. The Attic form would presumably have been the (Minoan-sounding) Pyndax -- or is it possible (cf. Palmer, Mycenaeans and Minoans 147) that *Nicos Basis may have been an abbreviation for Nicolaos Basileus, as Neleus for *Nesileos?

Dionysus himself does not appear in person, since Puck is clearly Hermes (Pan, later resident in one of the caves north of the Acropolis, was not yet born); Titania, a name given by Ovid to both Artemis and Leto, can hardly be other than Hera, quarrelling with Zeus about rapti Ganymedis honores, though the "lovely boy"'s origin has moved from Troy to India (II.i.22; or can "Indian" be a printer's error in the Folio for "Ilian"?), and the situation seems to have more of Joe Orton than of Homer (Il. XX.232-3) in it. Oberon's triumph, as well as accelerating the decline in the power of the Female Principle, must have contributed to the decline of the Hera-cult in Athens, of which so little is heard in classical times (temples or sanctuaries only at Phaleron, Eleusis, Thoricus and Halae, and no civic festivals except the January Gamelia, RE VII,371-2), but Hera still has attendant nymphs. The association of donkeys or mules with hierogamy suggests possible connections with the Astrabacus-cult in Sparta (for Dionysiac connections with the latter, see Wide, Lakonische Kulte 279, ap. How and Wells, II.91, on Hdt. VI.lxix.3, and v.sup. for Theseus' Spartan contacts) and perhaps also with the mule carrying Hephaestus towards Aphrodite on the François Vase.

The Pyramus story comes from Babylon, fairly recently (I.ii.17-18 -- Bottom does not know it), perhaps brought by the traveller who dropped the cuneiform seals on the Cadmea (Hooker op.cit.111). The peripeteia, sometimes compared to

that of Romeo and Juliet, has a touch of Haemon and Antigone, and perhaps Starveling, Snout and Quince, whose parts allotted in I.ii do not appear in the final performance, were intended to recite in a kommos, vetoed by Theseus (V.i.343, which would have resembled the Creon-Eurydice passages suggested in Antigone 1180-1276). Similarly, Bottom's suicide, though taking place on-stage, has something in common with the suicide of Ajax. Unlike Housman's Fragment, which is Aeschylean in dialogue and Sophoclean only in choral passages, Quince's Fragment is (like its background of woods and nightingales: II.i.13, cf:OC 16-18, 670-9) almost entirely Sophoclean; even Bottom's original song, faintly evoking both Seneca's Hercules Furens 558-569 and Aeschylus' Persae 591-4, seems with its joint theme of Dawn and Liberation, to prefigure the opening chorus of the Antigone, where the Theban elders feel, like Shakespeare himself, "no longer forfeit to a confined doom". The "shivering shocks" can hardly, by our chronology, describe the Knossos earthquake of a century earlier, though that may have already come to be confused in folk-memory with the more recent earthquake which dismantled Troy VI.

We may end by wondering whether the Pyramus theme was purely cathartic, or whether, like the Oresteia, it had topical and didactic implications. The apparent message, that a girl's marriage should not be dictated by her father, seems to oppose the patrist views of Theseus, as it opposes the mores of classical and modern Athens. Are the players, then, supporters of the Mother-Goddess, fighting a rearguard action, in contradistinction to the patrist, and left-wing. dramatists of the 5th century (Thomson, Aeschylus and Athens, 303-8, cf:287-9) -- and indeed to our own patrist democrats, Milton and Tennyson? We may note that by the 450's Athene herself had gone over to the patrists -- Aesch. Eumenides 736-40. though not to the extent of actually subjecting herself to patrist dominance (737). Hippolyta, compared by recent critics both the Betjeman's Joan Hunter-Dunne and to "a certain modern equestrian Princess" seems to dislike the play (V.i.207,242), and Theseus can see nothing in it but a Hamlet-like pile-up of corpses (343-8); nor do Lysander and Hermia see any reflection of their recent predicament, with dangerous forests and unsympathetic parents. (Shakespeare's much-quoted I.1.135-55 may be compared to Milton's less-known but even more realistic cri-de-coeur of Paradise Lost X,898-908). The difference between the situations is that Pyramus and Thisbe have taken to the jungle, and perhaps to the monuments of an earlier more matriarchal tradition ("Ninus' tomb", III.i.92), whereas to Lysander and Hermia the jungle was only an obstacle on the way to the frontier, beyond which lay a sympathetic kinswoman and a more matrist (or at least an independent) society; but even for them the jungle proved impenetrable and terrifying, and their objects can only be achieved with the combined help of a deus ex machina (II.i.ad fin) and the Royal Prerogative (IV.i.196). They are thus reconciled to a new system, as Hypermnestra to Lynceus, the Eumenides to the Areopagus, Katharina to Petruchio, and Prometheus to Zeus. Pyramus, like Ajax, is a heroic anachronism, and, like Ajax, he fails to adapt himself to changing times, wanders into the outer darkness, suffers delusions, and makes a samurai's farewell.

H.W.STUBBS

Tu pires comme une coche; mais je reste ton proche.
(To -, from a friend, after Catullus.)

Be philosophical, you sot:
Hark unto me and wonder not
Just why 'tis no mother's daughter,
E'en with rocks of the first water
Upbutterèd or priceless mink,
Lets you, -, get your leg over.
But for hearsay you'd be in clover -
The spiteful grapevines spread the stink:
"Beneath thy armpits there does dwell
A savage skunk of savage smell."
It frightens ev'rybody off,
It even makes the garlic cough:
It's not surprising in the least
'Cause it's a really evil beast,
And no nice girl would share its bed.
(-, but for this plague of noses
You'd be in a bed of roses...)
Call Rentokil to kill it dead
Or give up wondering today
Why all the girlies run away.

"Fat-Punch" Trashardilior.
(cf. Arrant Hid Authorship, Leipzig 1875 pps. 343-61)

COMPETITION RESULTS (see Pegasus 21, p.26)

In our last number we asked readers to send in Greek palindromes, promising an unspecified prize for the most ingenious. A copy of M.I.Finley's collection of essays, "Aspects of Antiquity", is on its way to Professor William M. Calder III, who has sent us the following palindrome, which he believes to be inscribed on a sacred fountain in the courtyard of St. Sophia:

νίφον ἀνόμημα μὴ μόναν ὄψιν

"Wash your sin, not only your face".

We regret we cannot ofer Professor Calder a second prize for his ingenuity in naming his house "The Villa Mowitz" (2810 Juillard St., Boulder, Colorado).

Since writing this we have received another entry from Mr. Robin Mathewson: two palindromes, one of astonishing ingenuity, the other of inspired simplicity.

see over....

As these are original compositions, and Professor Calder's was not, we feel that Mr. Mathewson should be awarded a more splendid prize. He gets a copy of Anne Jeffery's "Archaic Greece" (and we hope he doesn't notice that it's second-hand). The first palindrome allows omega ss equivalent to omikron; as the letters were identical in the Attic alphabet, we can hardly object to this licence. With the second we may compare the Attic prayer quoted by Marcus Aurelius 5.7.

CORPUS PALINDROMIARUM GRAECARUM

1. Dialecti ut videtur Attici uetustioris. versus tragici saec. V. Exeuntis.

ἀΐδια τίη λαβῶ
πήματα ἀλλ' ἔα.
σῶσον ἔμ . ἐσέπεσέ
με νόσος, ἄελλα.
ἄτα μήπω
βαλῆι τὰ ἴδια.

2. Carmen populare uetustissimum.

ὄε Ζεῦ

I.R.D.M.

DAVID HARVEY.

PUPPETS IN ANTIQUITY

A puppet may be said to be an image, made in two or three dimensions, of a living creature, moveable by human force. For the existence of the two-dimensional "shadow" puppet in the Mediterranean world we have no firm evidence: in the Orient such shows were common from at least the early medieval period. Perhaps one reason for this disparity is that for a Hindu the acting of ancestors and deities was taboo: not so for a Greek (witness Greek tragedy and comedy). According to Herodotus the Egyptian "Dionysia" - a name given to the festival by the Greeks, possibly by Herodotus himself - differed from the authentic Greek - Dionysia in that the Egyptians used puppets:

1. ἀντὶ δὲ φαλλῶν ἄλλα σφι ἐστὶ ἐξευρημένα ὅσον τε πηχυαῖα ἀγάλματα νευρόσπαστα τὰ περιφορέουσι κατὰ κώμας γυναῖκες νεῦον τὸ αἰδοῖον οὐ πολλῷ τεῳ ἔλασσον ἐὸν τοῦ ἄλλου σώματος... διότι δέ μέζον τε ἔχει τὸ αἰδοῖον καὶ κινέει μοῦνον τοῦ σώματος ἐστι λόγος περὶ αὐτοῦ ἱρός λεγόμενος (Herodotus: Histories 2:48). "Instead of a phallus (the Egyptians) have puppets about eighteen inches high; the genitals of these figures are made almost as big as the rest of their bodies, and are pulled up and down by strings as the women carry them through the villages.....there is a religious legend to account for the size of the genitals and the fact that they are the only part of the puppet's body that is made to be moved." (Penguin Classic translation)

Ptolemy Philadelphus, who ruled Egypt from 285 to 247 B.C., presided over a festival in which there was an automated image of "Dionysus":

2. ἐπὶ δὲ ταύτης ἐπῆν ἄγαλμα Διονύσου δεκάπηχυ· σπένδον ἐκ καρχησίου χευσοῦ κτλ (Athenaius: Diepnosophists 5:198C) "On this (sc. the waggon) there stood a statue of "Dionysus" ten feet high, which poured (wine) from a golden goblet." (My translation).

In contrast to oriental religious puppet shows, Greek puppetry seems to have developed not within religious festivals, (the Egyptian "Dionysia", so called, is no exception to this) but rather as a popular, secular art. We find isolated showmen (γελωτοποιοι, θαυματοποιοι) operating at the fringe of mainstream theatre and that we know of no puppet theatres or plays (with the possible exception of Hero's "Nauplius", albeit an automated show) may be due to the sparseness of our evidence or may indicate a peripatetic role for the puppeteer as was the case until the late medieval revival in Germany, starting with the theatrum Mundi. Only in the twentieth century do we find puppet companies with their own theatres in any number. Even today γελωτοποιοι survive - as Punch and Judy performers.

Ancient Greek puppets themselves do not survive: they have perished with time. Some terracotta statuettes from Megaris, Tanagra and Myrina may be imitations of marionettes judging by the positioning of the limbs: however such gestures as holding the arms aloft and forward could indicate that an object was once being held that has since been broken from the figure. (See Max Von Boehn: Dolls and Puppets, pp. 298-303, London 1932).

Literary evidence is more prolific: the word used in Greek for puppet is νευρο σπαστον and mea ns "string-pulling": this does not mean rod or glove puppets did not exist (some types also involve strings, as one word could cover all types of puppets), and the sources give little operational explanation. However, they do confirm that it was a widespread art. An inscription from Delos, dating from 172 B.C. gives a list of artistes, the last of which is νευροσπα[σται?](Inscriptiones Graecae XI (2) 133 (1912). We know of two Sicilian puppeteers:

3. ΣΥΡΑΚΟΣΙΟΣ; οὗτοι γὰρ τὰ ἐμὰ νευρόσπαστα θεώμενοι τρέφουσι με (Xenophon: Symposium 4.55).
"SYRACUSIAN: You see these people watch my puppets and that's how I make my living." (My translation)

4. Ἀθηναῖοι δὲ Ποθεινῷ τῷ νευροσπάστῃ τὴν σκηνὴν ἔδωκαν ἀφ ἧς ἐνεθουσίων οἱ περὶ Εὐρίπιδην (Athenaius: Diepnosophists 1:19E). The Athenians yielded to Potheinus the marionette player the very stage from which Euripides and his contemporaries inspired them." (Loeb translation) Eustathius, the twelfth-century bishop of Thessalonica, tells us that Potheinus was περιπυστος (well-known abroad) adding that:

5. παντῶς οὐ σπουδαία (sc. ἡ νευροσπαστία).....ἀλλὰ τῶν κατ' εἶδος παιδίας (457: 38 on Iliad 4:151) "(puppetry) is not altogether serious.....but a sort of child's play."(my translation) This view is more Christian than Greek: Lucius Gelius Firmianus Lactantius, who died in A.D. 325, also disapproved of "puppae" (dolls or puppets) offered to deities "even by grown men". (Inst. Div. 2:4:12ff.) Although a popular art, puppetry could, as other popular entertainments have done, attract royal interest: Ptolemy II (Philadelphus) for instance (see 2. above) and Antiochus Cyzenicus (Philopator) who ruled in Asia Minor from 113 B.C.:

6. ὁ Αντίοχος..., ἐξέπεσεν εἰς...ζηλώματα βασιλείας ἀλλοτειώτατα. ἔχαιρε γὰρ μίμοις καὶ προδείκταις καὶ καθόλου πᾶσι τοῖς θαυματοποιοῖς καὶ τὰ τούτων ἐπιτηδεύματα μανθάνειν ἐφιλοτωμεῖτο.ἐπιτήδευσε δὲ καὶ νευροσπαστεῖν καὶ δι'αὐτοῦ κινεῖν ζῷα *καὶ ἕτερα πλείονα τοιαυτα μηχανήματα. (Diodorus Siculus 34:34). "Antiochus...lapsed into.... pursuits utterly inappropriate to a king. He delighted, for example, in mimes and pantomimic actors, and generally in all showmen, and devoted himself eagerly to learning their crafts. He practised also how to manipulate puppets, and personally to keep in motion silver-plated and gilded animals five cubits high, and many other such contrivances." (Loeb translation)

Puppetry was, then, a widely practised, although not always highly commended, popular art: and this may, indeed, be the reason why Plato chooses the image of a puppet stage to elucidate the casting of shadows in his cave and line analogy. It is common uneducated people who need to see the light:

7. ὥσπερ καὶ τοῖς θαυματοποιοῖς πρὸ τῶν ἀνθρώπων προκεῖται τὰ παραφράγματα ὑπὲρ ὧν τὰ θαύματα δεικνύασι κτλ (Plato:Republic 6:541B). "[a curtain wall has been built] like the screen at puppet-shows between the operators and their audience above which they show their puppets." (Penguin Classic translation)

*πενταπήχεα κατάργυρα καὶ κατάχρυσα

Aristotle compares the deity's manipulation of worldly events to a puppeteer's skill:

8. οἱ νευροσπάσται μίαν μήρινθον ἐπιστάσαμενοι ποιοῦσι καὶ αὐχένα κινεῖσθαι καὶ χεῖρα τοῦ ζῴου καὶ ὦμον καὶ ὀφθαλμόν. ἔστι δὲ ὅτε πάντα τὰ μέρη μετά τινος εὐρυθμίας. οὕτως οὖν καὶ ἡ θειὰ φύσις κτλ. (Pseud-Aristotle: de mundo 6: 398B 16ff.) "Puppeteers by manipulating one cord make the neck and the hand of a creature and the shoulder and the eye move. All these parts move together with a kind of rhythm. This is how the deity..." (My translation). The type of puppet here referred to is most likely to be some sort of marionette (that is operated with strings from above), or, like the Japanese Bunraku puppets, with internal strings from behind: but whatever method is used this passage may form the model for a philosophical topos: divine manipulation of human affairs compared with puppetry. Horace makes use of it not apropos of the deity but of our passions:

9. nempe/tu mihi qui imperitas alii servis miser atque/ duceris ut nervis alienis mobile lignum (Satires 2:7: 80-2) "Of course you, poor fool, are the servant of someone else (sc. your passions), although you hold sway over me, and you are manipulated by someone else's strings like a moveable piece of wood" (My translation). Clemens Alexandrinus follows suit (Strom.2:3; 4:11) as does Marcus Aurelius Antoninus:

10. μηκέτι καθ' ὁρμὴν ἀκοινώνητον νευροσποσηθῆναι κτλ (communings with himself 2:2). "(be) no longer a puppet pulled aside by every selfish impulse" (Loeb translation). (See also 3:16; 6:16, 28; 7:3, 29; 10:38; 12:19).

We can therefore affirm that puppetry was a widespread popular art, in the ancient Greek world, with less religious significance than in the orient; it was, moreover, practiced by royalty and formed a basis for a philosophical topos.

ANDREW DAVID

Translated from the poem by S.Sheppard.
With apologies to the author and thanks to
Mr. R. Mathewson for his correction to line 9.

hic sunt dissimiles vita quicumque fruuntur.
esse putantur ibi, cum periere, pares.
et, velut in tecto communi, ibi victor in ipso
tecum, capte, solo membra sopore levat.
quantam ibi terram illi qui Caesar ubique valebat
e medio civi tantam habuisse licet.
infandi pariter fiunt cineresque benigni
partem aequam sapiens mentis inopsque tenent.
quisquis es, huc tandem venies. contendere demum
e Danais nitido sordidus audet homo.
Thersita vivo faciem non majus, Achilles,
non auso Aeacidis cernere, pondus habes.
in simili lecto matrona ancilla - recumbens
ad dominam - dominus servus uterque jacet.
jus dat rex toties quoties comitatus in aula.
exanimes placidi dona soporis habent
herba quam placide dormit, facto aere reponens
tam placide et Pario marmore quisque caput.

PHILIP MOORE.

THE JUDICIOUS GLUCKER
Corrigendum:

On the first page of my appreciation of John Glucker in Pegasus 21 I stated that John was born in Vienna. This is a mistake. Although his family came from Vienna, he was in fact born in Haifa. My apologies to readers, to John himself, and to the future contributor to the D.N.B.

DAVID HARVEY.

Addendum:

The book that tells you have to live for ever is "Quite Well, Thanks" by Leonard Henslowe, author of "How Are You?".

DAVID HARVEY.

THE NINE AGAINST ISCA (AND A FEW EXTRAS)

From Northcote Tower, reaching to the sky,
Or from the Physics Building roof on high,
Or is it from that mushroom-shaped new house,
Where legal minds on Rex v. Smithson browse,
Or from the Language Lab., now Language Centre,
Where new machines the whole of knowledge enter
On tape-recording, forty minutes each,
To rescue teachers from the need to teach
Or be it Room 1G, 1B, 10,
Where Latin Proses follow Cicero,
Or LT2, that dungeon wide and deep,
Where JK speakers lull us to our sleep?
Arise, o Muse, that o'er this joint preside,
Inspire my verses and with me abide,
Hold up your standard, keep your beacon burning,
And sing the praises of this Seat of Learning.

Where shall I start, o Muse, and where begin?
Not from the Ram, or Ewe, or suchlike inn,
Where weary student-politicians rest
And drown their squabbles in a pint of Best.
No, not from reading rooms and libraries,
Where sleepy readers crawl on hands and knees
And search for books which are - alas - all gone,
Since tutors have prescribed them for Part One.
Nor from those quiet rooms in noisy halls,
Where proper students, peering over scrolls,
Defy the discotheques, and pop, and trends,
And read their books, or argue with their friends
On God, or the condition of Mankind,
Or any subject which may cross their mind,
Pursuing reason and imagination
At great expense to their tax-paying nation.
Such students do exist in Birks and Hope
And other halls; but let us say with Pope:
The proper study of mankind is man;
Let those be scholars who so wish and can.
No, not for us this daily, nightly bore:
Life - real Life, with big L - offers more.
There's Social Life, and there is Public Speaking,
Which leads in its good time to office-seeking,
Guild-Council meetings in the DH attic,
And, if you're lucky, President Sabbatic.
There's music, dancing, discotheques and pop,
And every other week a great big hop
(At least, they called them hops some years ago;
What is their name now? Who am I to know?)
And if you're true blue - which does stand to reason
In this old city - there's the hunting season;
Grouse-shooting is officially acknowledged:
Its dates are in the Small Red Book of Knowledge.
Why bother with your learning or your mind?
These men who do so leave their times behind.
And time leaves them behind, for, at the end,
Too intellectual their ways to mend,
They can do nothing useful for the nation:
Not theirs, alas, to propagate inflation,
Embezzle public money, fly around,
Make speeches full of fury and of sound,
Put signifying nothing. No, not they:

They read and write and study and convey
Thoughts, facts and useless knowledge to the few
Who care to join the tail end of the queue
And dedicate their lives to the pursuit
Of longs and shorts, substance and attribute.
I leave this sort of life to men of letters;
I join the big battalions of their betters,
Where Real Life, devoid of soul and mind,
Enjoys the public worship of mankind.
Come, let us eat and drink, let us be merry!
(Jeeves, could we have another glass of sherry?)
We want our pleasures now, not fame posthumous;
This city is a city of consumers,
Where houses, cars, new carpets, drinks and foods
And all the rest of the consumer-goods
Are all-sufficient for beatitude:
To ask for more would be ingratitude.
Leave the peculiar pleasures of the mind
To those eccentric members of mankind
Who fret about them, since they know no better,
And barter joy of life for deadly letter.
In Exeter, a true Exonian be,
And dedicate your life to Liberty,
And the pursuit of Bliss, whose definition
The meanest eye can watch on television;
Pursue your studies only in so far
As to avail yourself of caviar;
Have your degree, but only on th' assumption
That 'tis your entry-ticket to consumption;
Be glamorous, like all Harrys, Toms and Dicks,
And use your brains to get more Weetabix,
A country-cottage, a new car to ride in
- And let the devil keep Mozart, Bach and Haydn.

But our digression on the Life of Pleasure
Has run its course and overstepped its measure.
Let us go back, then, where we have to go,
And start right at the top, with CICERO,
A man of brilliant talents, glowing wit,
As he himself would readily admit...
From Oxford and from Cambridge he progressed
Up North before retiring South-West.
From his exalted Chair there he expounds
The wit and wisdom of Pavlovian hounds;
Conditioned Reflex has him for her own -
But can man live on science, and science alone?
Waste all his years in study and reflection?
And has not Nature made us men of action?
No, not for him the mere life intellectual,
'Tis but a stepping stone to an effectual
Career, one beneficial to the nation -
You know what rhymes with this: Administration.
So, when a vacancy comes up, he moves,
Leaving behind the academic grooves

To take up the pursuit of fame and power,
And rule the universe from Northcote Tower.
* With self-contentment he draws near his room,
But lo! The door is open, there within
Rebellious students empty his dustbin,
They scan its contents and they find a page
Whose handwrit ink has faded now with age,
The names are hardly legible: no matter,
For this my comrades, is no simple letter.
.....
.....
[Hic multa desunt, quae quidem ipse poeta et conficere ausus est et uos alios perlegere exoptauit. Editores autem, Nasonis fati aliorumque multorum non immemores, hos circa CXXX uersus publici iuris facere nondum e re publica esse iudicauerunt - quibus de causis, sciant multi lectores qui rem publicam uiderint. Quibus tamen moris est illicita mirari, eos ad ipsum auctorem scribant quaesimus, a quo hos uersus quos nos praetermittere pacis interfuisse putauimus, obtinere queant. Quos uersus alio tempore publici iuris faciendos maxime speramus, rara temporumfelicitate , ubi sentire quae uelis et quae sentias dicere liceat. Abi [illegible]iator...]
.....
.....
Peace reigns supreme now over Tower and wings,
And servants know their place and fear their kings,
They speak their thoughts in private, but in public
Obey th' unwritten law of the Republic
Of Letters, gently smile, and ne'er defy
The sanctity of officers on high.
Hail, blessed Tower, give us peace and bread,
No enemies are left for you to dread.
We make no trouble, we confirm, obey:
Send us our monthly salary-slips today.
We do acknowledge your authority:
The function of a university
Is just to function, smoothly, pay the fees,
Prepare and mark exams, hand out degrees;
Thinking too much is risky, to express
Your views may cause exceptional distress
To those content with their sweet country life:
Hail, simple Peace! Avaunt, thou clever Strife!

But why dwell longer on such scenes of doom
Than necessary? Why increase our gloom?
Come, leave this building with its Tower and clock,
It's concrete Zephyrs, gilded weather-cock;
Come down the hill, enter that other house,
Where scholarship, though quiet as a mouse,
Still keeps its head and heart and mouth and lungs
In the obscurity of learned tongues.
Come, let us search those crannies and those nooks
Where youthful eyes pore over ancient books;
Where, far away from the suspicious herd,
The sounds of Greek and Latin are still heard;
Where learned teachers still expound the stories
Of ancient cities and their pristine glories;
Where Ilion and Antioch and Rome
Are, to the few elect, a home from home;
Where Sophocles still speaks to Paul and Ed,
And Jenny does not find Catullus dead;
Where John and Stuart - in this day and age! -
Produce a Latin Phaedra on the stage.
If from reality this be a flight,
Why blame us, leaving darkness for the light?

On whom, o Muse, shall we now fix our eyes?
Let us first celebrate NATHAN the Wise;
His temples grey with years, his mind alert,
Ready to speak, hold forth, converse, dissert
On subjects tall and broad and deep and wide,
From India and King's to Merseyside,
Where, born and brought up on the ancient themes,
He wrote iambic verses in his dreams
Still in his teens, an age when school-boys now
Know not the diff'rence between 'thee' and 'thou'.
When Cambridge took him, there was no surprise:
He got away with every single prize;
He still wrote ancient verses in his sleep,
And won a Fellowship, which he could keep
For ages, had he not been quite content
To teach Ben Jonson on the Continent,
Tell them about our British Way of Life,
Make many a friend, and meet his future wife.
In wartime he made India his abode
And used his wit and knowledge to decode
The secret missives of the Japanese,
Which, knowing Horace well, he did with ease.
Some rumours have it that the Japs took fright
Of one who wrote iambics in the night:
Such rumours may contain some truth or none,
But NATHAN did his duty, and we won.
He spent some years in Athens of the North,
Until the call came up, and he marched forth
To take his Chair in this great Seat of Knowledge,
A University now, but then a College;
Before his many students to discourse
On Tacitus, on Horace and the Stars,
On Homer, and on texts prescribed and set in
A brand-new course in Mediaeval Latin.
In Classics, he did reign with gentleness,
And things got always done - well,more or less -
On time, and everyone felt quite, quite free
To live in peace, work in tranquility,
To read, write, think, speak, lecture, teach and hear
What things he wished, with none to interfere:
For NATHAN's mind was broad, his heart was wide,
He saw two hundred aspects to each side,
He had his views (though none was ever sure
How long each view or aspect would endure:
But this, I'm told, appears to be endemic
To people living the life academic),
These views, however, he did not impose,
He did not push them down the throats of those
Who took a different side: he let them be,
And work with him was true democracy.
In his time peace and friendship reigned supreme
- They still do now: that's largely due to him,
For his successors chose to imitate
The law of freedom NATHAN did create.
Long may he live with us, and teach, and write
Iambic verses in the dead of night,
And entertain us with amusing stories
Of past adventures and of vanished glories.
One wish remains yet: may he bless the nation
From time to time now, with the publication
Of verse or prose, translation or his own:

An author cannot live just writing down
Or reading out: he must give us the pleasure
To read his thoughts in print and at our leisure.
But modesty - I still have some - and time
Compel me now to hasten with my rhyme.

We turn our gaze now to another age,
To MARCUS VARRO, Interrex and Sage,
In whose profound perception and sharp mind
Language, philosophy and verse combined
In right proportions and in such just measure
As to result in that delight and pleasure
Which German scholars (whom he thinks all daft)
call "klassische Altertumswissenschaft".
No, not for him a manner mild and meek;
In Public School he acted plays in Greek;
He went to Trinity - not Balliol -
And when he finished there, he knew it all.
He crossed the Ocean, and at Harvard tried
To make some U.S. scholars see the light,
But war broke out, then teaching in St. Paul's,
Where pupils were not bad, not bad at all.
Thence came he down to Exeter, and here
His voice has always sounded loud anc clear,
Sparing no pain, no effort, no expense,
To make those wretched students see some sense
- Which some have seen, and others as yet might,
To his, and their, and our supreme delight.
His lectures on Lucretius are reputed
To touch on many pass'ges now disputed
And leave them less disputed than before,
Illuminating them and much, much more
With sharp perception, sense and knowledge perfect;
I wish he made them public: they are worth it.
With Sophocles he has a close affinity
(For, after all, he was a man of Trinity,
With accents perfect, manner suave, and views
Which make good poetry, but not good news
- No, not a King's man, not by any dint
Of what old Sheppard wrote and put in print)
To Sophocles, I say, he's very close,
He knows him inside out, I wish he chose
To make his knowledge useful to the nation:
It might help scotch some silly speculations.
He's written on Anaxagoras and others
E'er since your grannies were incipient mothers,
And what he knows not of Plato and Aristotle
Can be contained inside a tiny bottle.
A teacher gentle, patient but severe,
His pupils love him even when they fear
His wit, which can be mordant, but is free
Of malice. He has humour and <u>esprit</u>,
He speaks and writes with style and with <u>panache</u>,
And what he does has always the right touch.
Long may he live, and teach us all to make
Some sense of things, plain sense, and no mistake!

The proper test for one who's not a bard
Is when he comes to something really hard:
I must confess that I am not quite privy
To many words which could make rhyme with LIVY
-Yet that must be his name, for the affinity
He has with that old author's Patavinity:

These are his words, he's proud of it, though God
Knows why; I tend to find it rather odd;
He's not exactly a provincial metic;
He's been, if anything, peripatetic.
From Manchester he went to Balliol College,
A place traditionally rhymed with 'knowledge',
Except that there are cases, there are times,
When truth is wilder than the wildest rhymes.
He made his mark in Mods and Greats, and then
Went on to do research on those New Men,
Who managed, though the odds were all agin' it,
To find their way into the Roman Senate.
He's settled Cinna's business, and the base on
Which he's exposed Lucretius a stone-mason
Is Prosopography, a study which
Provides a demonstration that the rich
Were always rich and powerful and strong
And influential, and could do no wrong,
And intermarried, and had clubs and bands
Which kept all power politic in hands
Born with a silver spoon to their mouths fixed
- God, how my metaphors are getting mixed!
From here to Leicester did he move his home,
But not for long: he spent a year in Rome,
Proving to those Imperialists that pains
Could well be spent on earlier remains,
That one could provitably (dash those rhymes!)
Search for what's left of Ciceronian times.
To Leicester he returned, but then went on to
Give courses in Queen's College in Toronto.
Then back to Leicester, England, but again
You always find him travelling on a train:
A paper here, a lecture, a committee,
Or just some plain research in the Great City.
His energy is boundless, and to prove
That point, you always have him on the move;
You never see him standing in one place;
His very lectures, like a football race,
Move back and forth, run, jump, kick, push and fight
- But can you see the sweetness and the light?
I knew him once in Oxford, in those days
When we all lived in post-Imperial haze,
When pounds were pounds, and we had drink and food,
We'd never had it - as they said - so good.
I took to him - but then he left, and so
Did I go later; little did I know...
And now he's here - and long may he remain -
Fortuna plays her game: I go again.
Well met, old friend, farewell once more, new friend;
Where's the beginning? Where, I ask, the end?
But life is calling, and we cannot stay;
The whistle's blowing: soldier, hence, away!

How could I, a mere mortal, sing, o Muse,
The praises of the learned RHABANUS,
Whose memory, like Lucullus' only more so,
Stretches from Adam to the Pact of Warsaw
Who knows of everything in prose and rhymes
From Homer to the crosswords of the Times?
Descendant of historians and of priests
And Highlanders, who fought against wild beasts
And Englishmen, his knowledge has no borders,

From Trotski to the Battle of the Orders,
From Aeschylus to Carter and Sadat,
And from Thucydides to Gorley Putt.
But what is knowledge, details, information,
What's teichoskopia, Funeral Oration,
Or Roman Colonies, or Strife of Faction,
Compared with human kindness seen in action?
For RHABANUS, my friends - you may have guessed -
Is human, Christian kindness at its best.
Humility and modesty combined
Could try as hard they wish, they'll never find
A better, more appropriate, place of rest
Than RHABANUS' accommodating breast.
But be not serious, be not solemn, for
Old RHABANUS has plenty of humour;
And mercy on you, simpleton or nit,
If you're a victim to his scathing wit;
This may look inconsistent, but it's not
Unnatural to an Oxford English Scot.
Long may he live - he will live long, I'm sure -
Enjoy the best of life, the worst endure,
Look down on us mere mortals and our crimes,
And solve the crossword puzzles of the Times.

Now fear and trepidation fill my heart:
I've reached the point where my old, hackneyed art
Can do no proper justice to its theme,
I must sing DICAEARCHUS, must sing him
Whose friendship I did know and cherish when
Our present students were in the play-pen,
Or crawled a little - some might manage walking,
Or offer an apology for talking;
When Empire was not such a distant dream,
And old Macmillan held his sway supreme.
I knew him then in Oxford; in those days
Our future was still shrouded in a haze,
We both were young then, we were students, we
Would walk the streets, or sit on the settee,
And talk about a hundred million things,
From Moore and Russell to the Spartan Kings,
And when the day seemed clear and dry and warm
We punted on the Cherwell, till a storm
Came down and did what storms have always done,
And left us wet and hungry and alone.
He left for Exeter the year before
I, too, came down here: Yes, I've known him more
Than any other person in this College
That's now a University of Knowledge.
(This etymology is wrong, I know:
For universitas is 'guild', no more;
But it would be a dreadful waste of time
To search for words that would with 'college' rhyme;
How many English words can rhyme with 'college',
Unless it be the invocation 'o, ledge'?
An invocation which, perhaps, might be
Of use to mountaineers, but not to me.)
Must I now sing his praise? My failing arts
Could do no justice to his many parts:
At home in ancient literature, mythology,
Geography, art, history, archaeology,

Prose, verse, the orators and the tragedians,
Philosophers, misosophers, comedians
- 'At home', I say, in all these, and I mean
At home: to be believed it must be seen.
He's taught them almost for a generation
To students who regard with veneration
His breadth and depth, good sense and sharp precision,
The avenues and vistas full of vision,
That sense of joy, discovery and mystery
Which he brings into Ancient History,
Without forgetting - how could one forget
A thing as rare and whimsical as that? -
The wit and humour thrown in for good measure
To make delight a more delightful pleasure.
But, not content with teaching, he collates
Those handouts full of quotes and facts and dates,
Papyri and inscriptions; reading-lists
As long as Nonnus, into which he fits
The names of articles, books, dissertations,
The scholarship and wisdom of all nations,
From Niebuhr, Mommsen, Busolt, Swoboda,
To Stevens, Andrewes and de Ste.Croix.
With such hard labours others might well be
content; not DICAEARCHUS, no, not he!
Watch as he leaves this building, for he will
Soon be at 53, Thornton Hill;
There, far from all the tumult of this age,
He goes and locks himself up in his cage;
The walls, the desks, the tables and the floors,
Are full of books. For there, behind closed doors
The real, serious business of the day
Begins. 'What is this business?' you may say
- As if you did not know: a scholar must,
To be a scholar, swallow heaps of dust,
As Eduard Fraenkel had it. There he sits,
Reads, writes, absorbs and thinks, employs his wits
To make his learning wider day by day;
And when - as often - he has things to say,
When new ideas swarm into his mind,
He would not keep them secret from mankind,
But follows the original spark or vision,
Examining his sources with precision,
Looks into contributions made by all
Who wrote upon the subject, great or small,
And when he's reached his own conclusions, out
Come pen and ink and paper thin and stout:
The article is being written, soon
It will be typed, dispatched, another boon
Has yet again been added to the store
Of ancient letters, history and lore.
His article on Literacy is
As famous now as was Thucydides
In his own age - or even better known
Than was Thucydides, for it is on
The reading-lists of students far and wide,
From Tokyo to Chicago and Strathclyde.
His other publications - there are many -
Are all well-known and highly praised by any
Who still believe - there are such men about -
That ancient Greece and Rome are not without
Their uses, interest and fascination:

For it was they who made civilization,
Who brought it out of chaos, to produce
Sophrosyne and sophia and nous,
Things dear to DICAEARCHUS' heart, which he
Embodies to a very high degree.
But letters, history, polit'cal thought,
Are they enough for him? No, they are not;
His house is full of books in many fields;
He's read them all - or most of them - he yields
To this temptation just as others would,
When pressed by hunger, sit and eat their food;
To cut it short - and cut it short we must -
He is a lit'rate man: he swallows dust.
But books are not the only item which
He swallows, for his menu is quite rich;
To painting, sculpture, and art history
He is no stranger; as for music, he
Made it his own, and made himself at home
In it, just as in ancient Greece or Rome,
Long, long ago: it could have been his Fach,
He might have been another J.S.Bach,
Or Mozart, Schubert, Debussy, Ravel;
He plays the piano and the organ well,
As well as a professional musician;
He has, at times, indulged in composition;
In music, then, he's just as much a Fachmann
As in the works of Gibbon, Grote and Lachmann.
I must sum up, and if I must I can:
A civilized and civilizing man,
A man of culture and great erudition,
A scholar, wit and very fine musician;
I would not be exceeding the right measure
If I described him as a national treasure
(The phrase was used by Jimmy Carter, and
What Jimmy Carter can do I, too, can.)
Long may he live - he'll live quite long, I think,
I know he does not smoke and does not drink -
Long may he live and read and teach and write,
And spread more wisdom, learning, culture, light,
Pushing his reputation far afield;
Long may he feel strong, happy and fulfilled.

We have been left with just one other don:
Sing, heav'nly Muse, the praise of EUTHYPHRON,
Whose knowledge mythological encloses
All fifteen books of the Metamorphoses,
Their language, syntax, metre, sources, style
And stories - not forgetting all the while
The telos, or the summum bonum: it,
Of course, is that thing which we call Lit.Crit.
In Dublin, they say, he knew Latin more
Than any student since the last Great War;
To Cambridge he proceeded, where he had
Some profitable time with Guy and Ted,
And worked, of course, on Ovid, until he
Could add the useful letters Ph.D.
(He does like useful letters) to his name:
The thesis was quite good, it made his fame.
He went to Leeds and taught there for a year,
He was quite liked by Mr. Martin there
And by his students. Then a lectureship
Came up in Exeter; he made the trip
To the South-West, he had the interview
What happened there I am not telling you,

Except to say he was by far the best,
A good few leagues ahead of all the rest;
He got the job: he came, he saw, he won;
He moved to Exeter; he has stayed on
All these long years; he's lectured with much profit
On Tacitus, on Virgil, Lucan, Ovid
And other hexametric poets; he
Has even taught some ancient comedy
And tragedy - Euripides, of course -
And some set books, and some unseens, and prose.
But, not content with Ovid and his stories,
He's set his sights on higher, loftier glories:
For, having proved his genuine vocation,
He's now a candidate for ordination
In the Established Church - and one say that? -
And, once a priest, he'll have the right to add
The title 'Reverend' to his various degrees:
I wonder if he'll be content with these?
Or will he try to carry on from there?
A Bishopric? A Deanery? A Chair?
A Knighthood? Peerage? Seat in County Hall
Or Westminster? Or will he try them all
And get them all? I cannot promise you;
One thing is sure: he'll be in Who is Who?
Watch him as he bestrides the corridor,
His head high up, feet firmly on the floor,
No self-effacement, no false modesty:
Strong, practical, muscular Christianity.
In arguments, discussions, consultations,
No wasted words, no doubt, no hesitations,
He knows his own opinions, they are strong,
If others disagree, they must be wrong.
'He's stubborn,' you will say - I'll give you that;
Sometimes too hard on others? Yes. And yet
He's not a fool our EUTHYPHRON, not dense,
He has much sound and practical good sense
And wit, his conversation is good fun,
And when his sense of humour's on the run,
One listens, and enjoys, and asks for more,
For EUTHYPHRON can never be a bore;
No matter what he says, it makes some sense;
What's more, he can laugh at his own expense
Or let the others do so and join in:
Solemnity is not his favourite sin.
Long may he live and teach and laugh and joke
(He does go in for drink, but does not smoke,)
And preach the Gospel, and increase his fame,
And add a lot of letters to his name.

We come now to our students: should we run
Through all of them in order, one by one?
I wish I could - I love them - but my song
Is long enough - and some would say, too long.
Shall I just single out some specimens?
How could I, without giving an offence
To those not mentioned? If I mention A,
Or B, or C, what would D.E.F, say,
Or G,H,I, or M,N,O,P.Q?
'He did not speak of me: he did of you;
This is not fair: a teacher must maintain
An attitude impartial, and remain
Objective, like a football referee.'

I've heard this often; sometimes I agree
-Not always, though. Yes, in the classroom, we
Pay our respects to objectivity,
When essay, proses and exams are set,
We read what's there before us and forget
(At least we try) those human beings who
Have sat and listened with endurance to
The baffling and conflicting points of view
We'd put before them. Now it's their turn to
Instruct us, teach, inform and entertain,
And show that all has not been quite in vain.
Some win, some lose, some have to leave the race,
While we must keep a bored, straight, poker face.
So far I go along with what you say:
A game must have its rules, we must obey
And play along with fairness. All the same,
Are our endeavours nothing but a game?
Are we computers, robots, nothing more?
No, we are human. How can we ignore
The hearts and characters, the lives that loom
Behind those faces in the lecture-room?
They come to us as people, and we meet
In coffee-bars, in bookshops, in the street,
In parties or in the refectory,
Or in our homes: not just in Room 1B.
We come to know each other, we disclose
The human heart behind the Latin Prose.
We've done the Prose, for sure: yet on we stay,
Let personality come into play,
And Nature, Human Nature then decrees
Where Philia should prevail, where Neikos is.
(This never interferes, believe you me,
With fairness or with objectivity:
The marks, the classes, grades, remain the same,
When on the playing-field, we play the game.)
Some we know less of, some we know well, some
We wish to know far deeper,and they come
And give us of themselves till, at the end,
Your student has become your latest friend.
Why should I not, in parting, sing the praises
Of one or two of those familaiar faces
Who have become, to me, far more than mere
Essay, exams, or proses, who are dear
To my own heart, whom I have met at leisure,
Whose company and friendship are my treasure?
But ere I do so, may I first address
Our students all and sundry? I confess,
There was a time - not now, some years away -
When many students filled us with dismay,
Work was not done, or not done properly,
There was no thought, no spark and no esprit,
Some honest workers plodded on at best,
But little could be said about the rest,
The game was played, but it became a bore,
No personal relations any more,
'Twas "us" and "them" then, following the trend,
Enthusiasm reached a deadly end,
No Pegasus, Department parties none:
The lecture over, you and they were gone.
Now things have come full circle: once again
Our students work, and live, and entertain,
The barriers of apathy and division
Have given place to interest and vision,

Enthusiasm, character, good nature,
And sometimes true potential and true stature;
One moves with ease, there's give and take again,
No wasted time, no effort spent in vain
You feel that that old phrase, 'the British Nation,'
Could rhyme with other wods beside 'inflation'.
The standards fall in schools, the pound is weak,
The present dark - but is the future bleak?
No, not with you around to navigate
The floundering and sinking ship of state.
Go on, pass your exams, have your degree,
But never sink back into apathy;
Go forth into this world and spread your light:
The battle may be won yet if you fight.
Long may you live - some longer than the rest -
And stop at nothing but the very best.

O God! Here am I, preaching yet again!
Must I do this? Why not just entertain,
Or seal my lips, forever hold my peace,
Go off, depart? But just a moment, please,
Young ZENODOTUS here before me stands,
Can I forget him? He and I are friends.
He read his Latin and his French combined,
This could not satisfy his ample mind.
He wanted Greek: he did it. When? Don't ask:
For scholarship with him is no mere task,
It is his raison d'être and his pleasure,
Not just a labour, for he spends his leisure
In his Kilmorie attic, with his texts
(Oxfords and Teubners - what would you expect?)
He reads, examines, ponders and suspects,
He lets no speculations thwart hard facts,
For knowledge - as was once before him put
By his schoolmaster - has no substitute.
From French and Classical Philology
He's now launched forth into Theology,
To Deutero-Isaiah, Proto-Luke,
And other suchlike tricks not in the Book.
He reads his Greek and Latin Fathers, all
In critical editions, large and small.
Who,pray, was Hermas? Why ask me? Just go
To ZENODOTUS, he will let you know.
Did Saint Augustine think the will is free?
Ask him, for he has read through twenty-three
Of his collected works, and if you come
Again next month, it will be forty-one.
I taught him for a while; this had its end,
No longer student, he is still my friend.
Long may he live among his books, and try
To read them all, ahd when he's read them, buy
More texts with praefationes, indices:
There are no substitutes for men like this.

It's getting late, I must try to be brief,
(I hear around me murmurs of relief,)
But brief? At whose expense? Can I omit
The youngest of my friends? Just go? Just quit?
I cannot leave the stage, depart, retreat, as
I have not sung the praise of THEAETETUS.
A student? Yes, he is, but he will mend:
Give him some years: he will be just a friend.

But why some years? He is my friend; why wait
Till he's had his degree certificate?
'Who is he, then? Explain, describe, comment!'
The Sage of Dartford, your next President.
Watch him as he is marching down the hill,
His shoes enormous, his feet larger still,
With speed and energy, he wends his way,
Looking ahead of him without dismay,
But does he look ahead? Oh no, wait till
He's bumped his head against the window-sill.
He leaves the chaos of this world behind,
Retreats into his sharp and nimble mind,
Where talent jostles wit, bright fantasy
With deep, hard thought contends for mastery,
And good, sound knowledge, one of his chief vices,
Is seasoned and embellished with the spices
Of sense, unerring judgment, straight, clear vision,
A native bent for measure and precision,
Maturity, good humour, versatility
And lively intellectual agility,
Creating unity of multiplicity
And simple truth miscalled simplicity.
His unassuming manners, modest clothes,
Straight talk, plain, honest words, may not impose
On votaries of showmanship and sound
Who see gold where mere glitter has been found;
But gold authentic, gold not counterfeit,
Lies hidden deep, one has to dig for it;
God shuns the rumbling storm, the thund'rous noises,
And dwells in peace among the still, small voices.
How could mere verses, hedged by rhymes and metres,
Recount the exploits of our THEAETETUS
In his [illegible] School in Dartford, [illegible]
A scholar [illegible]
(They shout it not from rooftops there, I'm told:
They know the diff'rence between dross and gold,)
All prizes went to him, but they were never
Quite plentiful enough for one so clever:
I would, if they had asked for my advice,
Have made them institute a special prize
Designed to suit, reward and glorify
The nous of that Academy on high.
But, not content with learning and ability,
He showed his many-sided versatility
In pastimes and pursuits of varied sorts:
He sang, played flute and piano, games and sports,
Bought books, of which he is an avid reader,
Formed youthful characters as Boy-Scout Leader,
And then, to crown it all, he took the crown
From old Napoleon's head, he pulled it down:
Supreme in war-games, he dispatched his hosts
To cross old borders and invade new coasts,
Bombard, destroy, shoot, maim, kill, wound, impale,
And use diplomacy where tactis failed;
His generalship now rendered him ahero
As feared and loved as Caesar, Trajan, Nero,
Roland, El Cid, Don Quixote - his renown
Surpassed the boundaries of his home town;
War-gamers far and near came forth to pay
Their homage to the Pompey of the day,
Kneel down in adoration, kiss his shoes -
And go off to the local for some booze.

His fame established, he did now progress
From Dartford to this City on the Exe,
Where new horizons, lands unknown, expanded
Before him; here he vanquished, single-handed,
The tongue of Hellas: I can testify,
He knows all forms of leipo, gignomai,
Gignosko, pascho, peitho, lambano,
The mi-verbs just as well as verbs in o,
Has shaken hands with Plato and Euripides,
Knelt before Homer, Xenophon, Thucydides;
The time is not remote when he will be
Peritus utriusque linguae,
His erudition travel far and wide,
And Dartford rub her hands in honest pride.
But sophia, anchinoia, logos, nous,
Are they enough? This man is no recluse,
Mere authors, texts, mere proses and unseens:
His company in Crossmead and in Queen's
Is sought for and enjoyed by all good men,
And where there's call for action, there he can
Advise and guide, give helping hand and lead,
And use his wits to cope with every need;
A leader you can trust and want to trust,
For he respects you - and he makes no fuss.
He lives his life with relish, he enjoys
Good company, good music, books and toys,
Long country walks - and, yes, he likes his pint -
But wait till the small hours of the night:
He's wide awake then, ready to propound
His views on any subject that comes round;
Sit, listen, do not prod him, just be patient,
His very small-talk is an education.
He's quiet, unpretentious, you observe,
He keeps his feelings - true - under reserve:
He's English, friends, he comes from Dartford, Kent,
His sleeve is no place for his sentiment,
But watch his face: he's good and true and kind,
His feelings are as potent as his mind
And just as deep, as honest as the day:
Ask those who know him, see what they will say.
He's young, our THEAETETUS, but he has
The' elusive quality of agelessness.
What will his future be like? What will he
Do when he's passed exams, had his degree?
Not a Tiresias I, no Calchas, Manto,
I can but hope and pray: to d'eu nikato;
One thing I know: he's good and wise and true,
He'll be all this whatever he may do;
He'll read and think, play war-games, piano, flute,
And know a substance from an attribute;
He'll lead, and guide, and give a helping hand
To those in need, and be a faithful friend,
Take things quite seriously when they deserve,
But keep his sense of fun, esprit and verve,
And sit and talk to me late in the night
With customary wit, sweetness and light.
Long may he live (you've guessed this, haven't you?)
Long may he live and read and think and do
And talk and play and help and lead - and be
His own quite matchless personality.

Have I now finished, Muse? Can I now go?
Please let me Muse! I'm weary, Muse! But no!
For I can see PLOTINA standing there:
How can I end my song but not sing her?
They say that LIVY is our lord the King,
That VARRO was, and NATHAN before him
- Go to the office, and you'll find this odd:
LIVY may be the king - but she is God!
With boundless energy she runs the show,
There's nothing going that she does not know,
She takes it down in shorthand, types and files,
Watches our foibles and mistakes, and smiles.
'How can she be so cheerful?' you ask me:
If you've lived through three Caesars, you must be
An optimist; and if you are to cope
With all these academics, there's no hope
For you, unless you put yourself above
The whole caboodle, and look down, and laugh.
She laughs - we laugh with her, and recognize
That things which looked quite solemn in our eyes
Can look absurd to an astute observer;
She gives us orders: we obey and serve her
- For has she not been here as long as some
Of us, and will be here for years to come?
At least, I hope so: if she were to go
The whole affair, the pantomime, the show,
Would crumble down in seconds. She must stay
Keep things in order, hold unquestioned sway,
Put us all in our places, and make sure
That this Department does, indeed endure.
And who - if I may ask - who will produce
The brand-new copies of our Pegasus?
And who has run admissions? No, not me,
I only interviewed, but it was she
Who told me how to make the right decisions,
On which A-level grades and what conditions.
No, she's essential, more than you and me
And everyone; without her, we would be
Lost in primordial chaos, quite, quite mad,
And life in the Department would be sad,
Devoid of laughter, mirth and joviality,
Remote from common-sense and from reality.
Long may she live ('Must we have that again?)
Long may she live, and long may she remain
In office, in command and in the know,
Make us see reason, and control the show.

At last, I've reached my peroration now,
And floods of tears are streaming up my brow:
Needless to say, they should run down my cheek,
But that would be plain English and plain Greek;
I have a right, a priv'lege - fair enough? -
To be original in my epitaph.
How can I leave friends wise and good and kind?
How can I go and leave them all behind?
True, I would not regard it such a pity
To leave this old, provincial little city;
A greater place awaits me when I leave:
From Exeter I go to Tel-Aviv,
The mighty city of a great small nation,
With learning, culture and civilization
Full to the brim, where you can go and eat
Falafel and Tahini in the street;

Where sunshine is the order of the day
From May to January, and then from May
To January again, year in year out
- ll this quite, quite true, my friends, no doubt.
But can I still depart and shed no tears
For all these friends and pupils, all these years?
Can I just end this long and limping song?
If only I could take you all along
With me, put you in one big suitcase, try
To smuggle you through customs, and to fly
With all of you to Tel-Aviv for good
(El-Al, of course: they give you kosher food.)
Alas, my friends, this plan is too sophistic,
On this cold earth one must be realistic.
I go to greener pastures, and I try
To be quite rational and not to cry.
But should I - could I? - be so cold and blind
When I am leaving all of you behind?
They tell me not to cry: I try to keep
A straight and clever face: but men do weep,
And so they should and must, at least at times
When what they feel is far too strong for rhymes.
Farewell, my friends, my body goes away,
My heart remains with you for e'er and aye;
Forget you? Not upon my life, not me,
Not if I live for all eternity.

JOHN GLUCKER

NOTE: 'Dramatic date' : the Department party, Thursday June 22, 1978. I should have sung for my supper than, but the whole affair was sprung on me as a surprise, and I cannot sing madrigals. In the first episode of this poem, some poetic licence has been indulged: some of the minor characters are fictitious, and a few small details are invented or embellished. But I have tried to keep to the 'poetic truth' - whatever that expression may mean. I am quite sure that there must be some minor inaccuracies in some of the details of the second part as well. But the praise of my friends is perfectly true and deserved, however inadequate my Muse may be to celebrate them. J.G.

While ladling butter from alternate tubs
Stubbs butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs.

attrib. J.E.T.Rogers (1823-90)

And now with butter from rotating tubs
Stubbs butters Clayton, Glucker butters Stubbs
And Harvey Glucker, Glucker all the rest
In this, of all worlds possible, the best.

Dicaearchus (1937-?)

SNAP

I discovered in my post the other day the first number of a new journal issued by the Joint A sociation of Classical Teachers, entitled HESPERIAM. After recovering from the initial shock of receiving a journal whose nominative, so to speak, is in the accusative, it occurred to me that in some circumstances - for example, in ordering a volume by inter-library loan - there might be some confusion between the new publication and the long-established American journal HESPERIA. The same thought had occurred to the Editor, who writes (vol. 1, 1978, p.85): "We feel there is no more danger of anyone acquiring Hesperiam in mistake for one of the learned and bulky publications of the American School at Athens than there is of some ex-member of the Parachute regiment finding himself reading scholarly articles from the Classics Department of Exeter University simply because they are published in a journal entitled Pegasus."

If only life were so uncomplicated! I must, alas, reveal that the year before last we had an American student in the department who was an enthusiastic parachutist and hang-glider; and I can imagine him only too vividly back there in the States seething with disgust as he finds himself reading the wrong Pegasus...

Our best wishes, none the less, to the new HESPERIAM, to Tom out there in California, and to any other parachutists who may be perusing these pages.

F.D.H.

SOLUTIONS TO CROSSWORD IN "PEGASUS" 1978.

ACROSS:

1. Catamantaloedis. 13.Amore. 14.Hexagon. 15.Repperi. 17.Ineris. 19.Pilosus. 22.Erota. 23.Egenus iste. 26.O nux. 27.Ac rudis puer. 29.De. 30.Mea. 31.Idcirco. 35.A. 36.Meae. 38.Tauro. 40.Sane. 42.Immo. 43.Utros. 44.Ut. 45.Ce. 46.Odi. 47.Prensus. 50.Alas. 51.E. 52.Eaque mallem. 54.SPD. 56.-um. 57.Aiunt. 59.Ea. 60.Rea. 62.Ti. 64.Cumae. 65.In. 66.Arma uirum. 67.De.

DOWN:

1.Carneades. 2.A me. 3.Topper. 4.Arpinum. 5.Me elude. 6.Th. 7.Ae. 8.LXI. 9.O ane. 10.Egero. 11.Doron. 12.Initu. 16.Rosi amicum. 16a.Isis. 18.Saxa. 20.Uspiam. 21.Studeo. 24.GCE. 25.EEC. 28.Ritu damna. 32.Ratis. 33.Cur. 34.Oro. 35.Antequam. 37.Emesa. 39.Os. 41.Aura. 46.Oleum. 47.Petra. 48.Num. 49.Se. 50.Alium. 51.Epei d'. 53.Lacu. 55.Dane. 58.Te. 61.Er. 62.Tu. 63.Ii.