PEGASUS

NUMBER 23

15p

No. 23 June 1980

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University of Exeter Classical Society Magazine

Editor : Michael Berkeley
Business Manager : Andrew Smith

This has been a successful year as far as the Classical Society is concerned. We have put on three films, which, although not all exactly profitable, were certainly, very interesting. The Halloween Disco, held at Tiffany's, was indeed both enjoyable and very profitable - seldom has the Treasurer of the Society been seen looking so happy, and for so long. A few members of the Society enjoyed a trip up to the Museum of London, where we were given a very informative talk on the Roman city of Londinium, and shown part of the ancient city wall, now under a busy road. Many thanks to all the people who have helped to organize these events. Also, I should like to thank all those people who have helped to produce 'Pegasus'. Firstly, all those who have written articles, especially David Viner, the Curator of the Corinium Museum in Cirencester, who has spared some of his valuable time in writing his article. Secondly, as usual, we are deeply indebted to Valerie Harris, who has slaved over a hot typewriter for many hours in producing this magazine.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

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CONTENTS

CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION LECTURES

Monday, 8th October — Dr. Oliver Taplin

The A and Ω of the Iliad

Using a quotation from Pope as starting-point, Dr. Oliver Taplin confounded opinions which condemn the Iliad as being without structure and without a climax, by demonstrating the poem's complexity. Firstly he discussed the Iliad's chronology, and he then drew parallels between Books 1 and 24, the A and Ω of the Iliad; emphasizing however that the parallels drawn have to be purposeful, significant and relevant. In the second half of his lecture Dr. Taplin commented on a passage in Book 24 concerning Priam's appeal to Achilles for Hector's corpse, showing the way in which Homer ties up points which are left unresolved from considerably earlier in the poem. At the beginning of question-time Dr. Taplin invited criticism of his lecture; his theories stood up to cross-examination with admirable ease. We are very grateful to Dr. Taplin for a most informative lecture.

Wednesday, 17th October — Dr. John Chadwick FBA.

The Mycenaean Kingdom of Pylos

This was a joint meeting with the University Archaeological Society and Dr. John Chadwick prefaced his lecture by saying how he felt that he stood in between the two disciplines of Classics and Archaeology. This notion of Mycenaean studies being a 'common-ground' was made clear as the lecture progressed. Dr. Chadwick with the aid of slides of the excavations at Pylos, showed how the palace economy was reconstructed through both archaeological excavation and the interpretation of the clay tablets found there: the filing-system of the palace accountant. This was not only a very interesting lecture but also rather an exciting one, as Dr. Chadwick vividly described the fall and eventual destruction of the palace at Pylos from the 'tax-returns' of the Mycenaeans. We would like to thank Dr. Chadwick for a very entertaining and useful lecture.

Monday, 5th November — Dr. Colin Kraay, FSA, FRNS, FBA.

The Greek Coins of Sicily

We were particularly privileged that Dr. Colin Kraay, one of this country's foremost numismatists, should travel down from Oxford to lecture to the Classical Association. His lecture covered the century during which Sicilian coinage was at its peak - from the beginning of the 5th century BC until the Carthaginian conquest of the island at the end of the same century. Dr. Kraay followed the development of coinage, starting with four main mints at the beginning of the century; then showing the increasing influence of the

Syracusan one over all the other mints. The lecture was illustrated with some magnificent slides, and at the end Dr. Kraay passed around facsimiles of some of the coins which had been shown on these slides, completing the picture of the Greek coins of Sicily.

Monday, 19th November — Prof.B.X.deWet D.Litt et Phil.

Plutarch's assessment of Pompey

Prof. de Wet began what was to be a most interesting lecture by bemoaning the fact that Plutarch is not read these days in colleges and schools as much as he traditionally used to be. This lecture gave those of us who are unfamiliar with Plutarch a valuable insight into his manner, and the way that personal bias would help him to 'colour' certain 'Lives'; and that of 'Pompey' in particular, stands out in this respect. The occurrences of Plutarch's covering up the darker side of Pompey's rise to prominence are quite common and sometimes blatant enough to contradict what Plutarch has to say elsewhere in the 'Parallel Lives'. Prof. de Wet showed that Plutarch tried to balance this by stressing one major weakness of Pompey's: the fact that he could broke no equal and Plutarch recognised that this characteristic saw Pompey's rise to fame and also con tributed to his downfall.

Monday, 21st January — Prof. J.B.Ward-Perkins, CMG, CBE, FRA, FSA.

Slaves and Freedmen at Pompeii

We were indeed very honoured to have Prof. J.B.Ward-Perkins, probably the most distinguished classical archaeologist of today, coming to Exeter to deliver a lecture. Pompeii is justly famous these days as a source for much that is known about low Roman life; Prof. Ward-Perkins however took as his subject the freed slaves of this provincial town and the positions of prominence to which some of them rose. Using mainly epigraphic evidence he showed how freedmen could change their social conditions and rise in the commercial world. To the foremost of these were open the priesthoods of the cult of Augustus, and a highly respected position in society. We would like to thank Prof. Ward-Perkins for giving us such a clear and vivid picture of men and women who dealt with so much of the day to day affairs of the Roman World during the Empire.

NICHOLAS APPLEBY.

The Cirencester Word-Square

Puzzles today are a form of entertainment, largely confined to newspapers, quiz-books and party games. To be successful, all puzzles from riddles and anagrams to crosswords and word-searches must embody the twin elements of disguise and discovery - a clever form of concealment which challenges the ingenuity of the participant. The assumption throughout is that both constructor and solver derive pleasure from the pastime.

In the past, puzzles have sometimes been used for more serious purposes and examples may occasionally be discovered in the classical literature and - perhaps surprisingly - in our museum collections. In the Corinium Museum at Cirencester is displayed a fine example of the hidden meaning. A word-square or palindrome was found in Cirencester in 1868 during the excavations for new houses in New Road, which has since been renamed Victoria Road. It was scratched upon a section of wall-plaster, a very typical example of the type well-known to have been used to decorate Romano-British houses in the town. Beyond this, the rather limited archaeological evidence at the time of discovery could produce no closer dating for the fragment.

The inscription consists of five words:

R O T A S
O P E R A
T E N E T
A R E P O
S A T O R

which read the same both across and down and also back to front - a true palindrome. The scratch-marks are fairly faint and not by any means a confident and bold assertion drawn upon the wall for all to see. Rather, the impression is of a quickly-produced (if careful) inscription executed rather furtively as if intended only for those 'in the know'. Also worth noting is the fact that the inscription is drawn just above a change in the colour scheme of the wall-plaster, from ochre-red to blue-grey, which might perhaps give a clue to its position in relation to the height of the wall- at waist-height perhaps?

What does the puzzle mean? The fascination of this piece is that we will probably never be sure! However, this is not to say that much time and effort has not been spent attempting an answer. A leaflet recently published by the museum summarises all the arguments so far expressed. The favourite idea is that the inscription conceals a hidden code meaningful to the secret Christian community in Corinium before the adoption of Christianity in the Roman Empire in 313 AD. This shows itself in no less than three ways.

Firstly, although the literal translation of the piece 'the sower Arepo holds the wheels with force' seems to be meaningless, if the word-square is turned upside-down and inside-out it reads

S A T O R
A R E P O
T E N E T
O P E R A
R O T A S

which might then be translated as 'the great sower (i.e. God) holds in his hands all works; all works the great sower holds in his hands.' To a believer, the otherwise meaningless code would thus assume a clear message.

The second clue can be drawn from either form of the palindrome. The word tenet can be read across and down the centre of the word-square in the form of a cross, the traditional Christian symbol; this might also give a clue to dating, as this symbol was not in common use before the mid-2nd century AD. The third clue is perhaps the most tantalising of all, and only relatively recently identified by scholars. The twenty-five letters of the palindrome can be seen as an anagram of Paternoster repeated twice thus:

A
P
A
T
E
R
A P A T E R N O S T E R O
O
S
T
E
R
O

There are in fact two clues here: the word Paternoster, being the first two words of the Lord's Prayer, and the A and O, the alpha and omega, referring to Christ as the beginning and the end. A third clue is the reassembly of the letters in the form of a cross.

The Cirencester word-square is probably the best-known example from Britain, although similar examples have been recorded from Pompeii and from Dura-Europos in North Africa. All belong to the 'Rotas...' format and a further discovery of this type was made recently during archaeological excavations in Manchester. Although not a complete fragment, the greatest contribution of this new piece is perhaps its suggested date bracket in the second century, a base upon

which the earlier discoveries might now be reconsidered.

Was there a body of Christians in Corinium in the second century or earlier, secretly worshipping in each others' homes? Have the various discoveries, each with its tantalising lack of supporting evidence, given us the only clue so far to such activities? Puzzle enthusiasts continue to enjoy the challenge, Christian activists argue the case, whilst archaeologists look hopefully for the discovery of better-documented examples in the future of such intriguing and mysterious word-squares.

D. Viner

Further reading

E.C.Sewell 'The Roman palindrome found at Cirencester' in Transactions of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society, vol. 57, 1935, pp. 152-7.

D. Atkinson 'The Sator-Formula and the beginnings of Christianity' in Bulletin of the John Rylands Library, vol. 22, no. 2, October 1938, pp. 3-18.

D. Atkinson 'The Origins and Date of the Sator Word-Square' in Journal of Ecclesiastical History, vol. 11, no. 1, 1951, pp. 1-18.

D. Atkinson 'The Cirencester Word-Square' in Transactions of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society, vol. 76, 1957, pp. 21-34.

B. Jones and P. Reynolds 'Roman Manchester : the Deansgate Excavations 1978' interim report, Manchester, pp. 15-6.

R. Ellis 'The Cirencester Word-Square Corinium Museum Cirencester publications, 1980 (available from the museum at Park Street, Cirencester at 20p. post-free).

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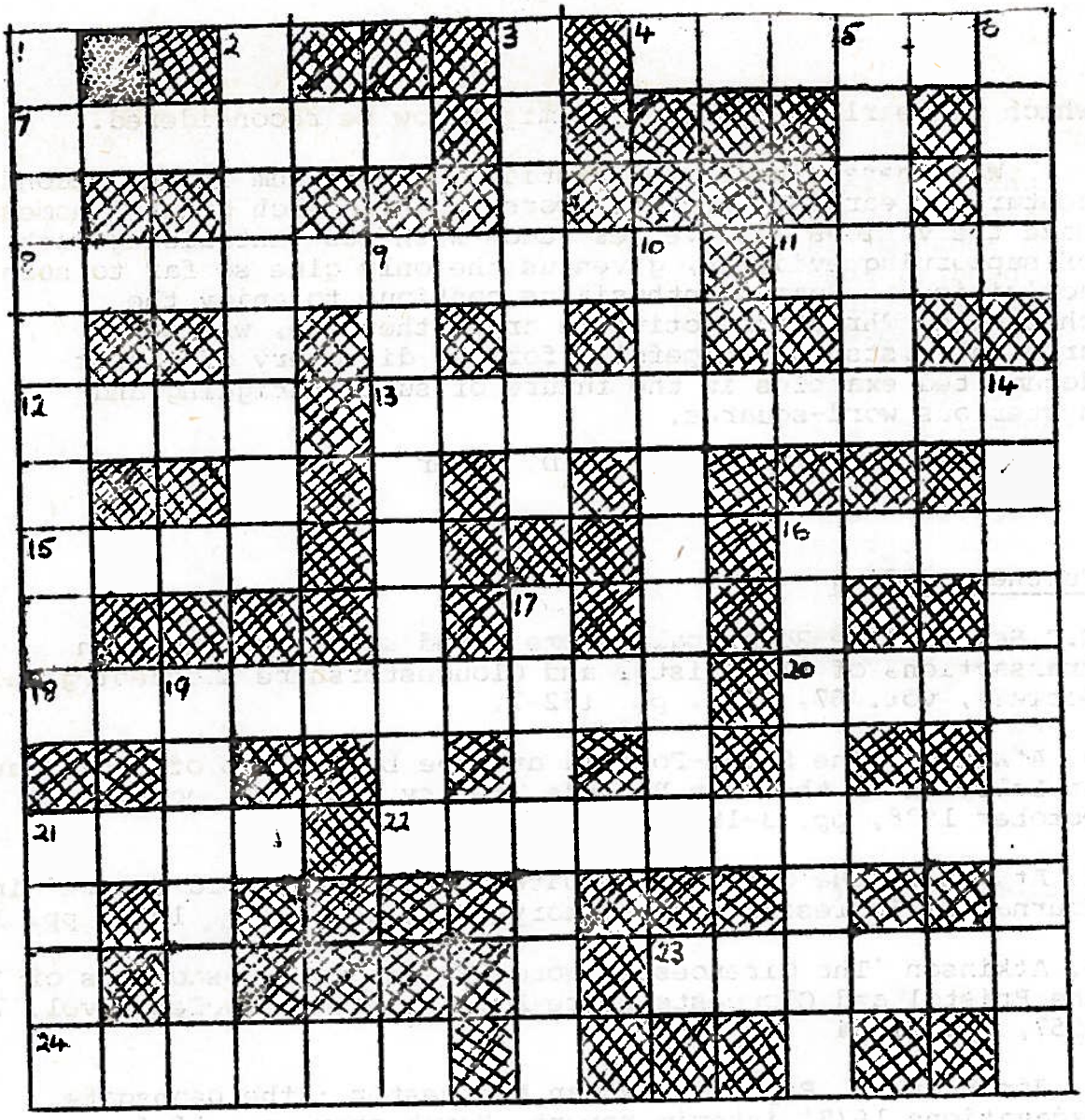
PEGASUS CROSSWORD 1980



Across

4. Note revolutionary with French heart (6)
7. The French discover American potassium in Zambian city (6)
8. Iron oxide in command devoured sulphur and temporarily suspends Oxford student (10)
11. Partly back track latest conversation (4)
12. See 10.
13. Tall bloke, famed poet? (10)
15. Some expect to shop easily? (4)
16. In addition is a student's love...(4)
18. ...audibly gaining control of Tolkien's one controller (6,4)
20. Coffin covering covering the Pope? (4)
21. On reflection part of the decade endangered poverty (4)
22. The break-up forces almost all of the O.U.L.C. into hell in disarray (10)
23. See 19.
24. About a hundred and only just gone by? (6)

Down

1. Confuse a Latin month with a Trafford town? (10)
2. Exist without advertisement, thanks to saint, but have no sense of fashion (3,5)
3. A hundred upset a hundred over the finish as they struggle (7)
5. Sergeant turned over everything to be available for duty (2,4)
6. Avoid an O.U.L.C. sheep (?) but it is nothing (4)
9. Blushed, we hear, to paint a town? (6,3)
10,12. Street file confused wild-west girl on four points to imitate unemployed private investigator (4,6,4)
14. Eponymous Hardy character court'd earth before our queen (10)
16. Remove a politician and high-class art gallery (8)
17. Crack in rock capsizes American ship in flames (7)
19,23. Nice test cases ruined beautiful land-holding (6,6)
21. Point above organ to somewhere not a long way off (4)

The contemporary references to OULC (Oxford University Lacrosse Club) have been included as a tribute to Deborah, Gill, Ruth, Mike and Phil, for their sufferings.

(Solutions on p.26)

Sonnet IV

Your face appears before me as I lie
In drowsy peacefulness upon my bed.
Your flowing hair which gently clothes your head,
Your soft and tempting lips cause me to sigh,
As I recall how once I lived each day
As though it were my last. Like a young boy
I played with love as though it were a toy
For which I thought I'd never have to pay.
I was too innocent: I'd never seen
Life through clearer eyes unsmeared with the thought
That all in love is fair - I've now been shown
That life and love are not so pure and clean;
For what you really are I've now been taught,
And so I've rooted out the love you'd sown.

Chas. Lee.

'Hello, our mam,' said Eustace.

'Look, 'ere 'e is, then, daren't show his bleddy face round t'door,' said Vera Seaton. 'Where in the name of boggery 'ave you' bin, then, eh?'

'Well, our mam,' said Eustace, 'I 'ardly like to say. I've been up the University, and they've accepted me to tek a degree i' classics, our mam.'

Vera looked at him scornfully. 'This is a fine bleddy thing, this is, innit, then?' she said, 'I don't know what Seaton'll say. I expect he'll bat your bleddy tab for yo'. We've never 'ad a bleddy layabout in the family before.'

MALCOLM BRADBURY, Room at the Bottom
(parody of Alan Sillitoe)

Per Tela, per Hostes - Aeneas in Troy

(A lecture delivered at the University of Exeter to Latin 'O' level students in December 1979)

The city of Exeter would probably be surprised to learn that it can claim two literary connexions with the fall of Troy. The first is through Joseph of Exeter whose poem de Bello Trojano, written near the end of the 12th Century, had some reputation over a long period. The second, in the middle of this century, was the Virgilian scholar Jackson Knight, whose translation is perhaps more widely known than the original, and whose book, Virgil's Troy, was first published in 1932. I cannot claim to be either a poet or a Virgilian scholar. I should indeed face you with more confidence if our common enemies, the Schools Examination Boards, had chosen to prescribe for you a book from the greatest of Latin poems, the de Rerum Natura of Titus Lucretius. But I will not complain. I have some acquaintance with Book II of the Aeneid and will put before you some reflections on it, confident that if they do not commend themselves to you you can reject them, without irreperable loss to either of us.

All Latin literature is an imitation and adaptation of something Greek, and the Romans made no bones about it. Not only the stories - the Romans had very little mythology of their own, and it was completely submerged in the near infinity of Greek myths; even the basic forms and conventions of literature (epic, comedy, drama, lyric) and the very elements of poetry, including the metres they used, were importations. We cannot often compare the results with their originals: in tragedy, comedy, and lyric poetry, one or the other is lost. In Virgil's case we are lucky. As well as his pastoral poetry we have Theocritus, and we have Hesiod as well as the Georgics. And we have Homer: we can examine the resemblances and the differences. One thing is clear: the Roman product in Virgil's case, with all the imitations it contains, is something quite different in style, and intent, from Theocritus, Hesiod, or Homer. This is not merely because Virgil was an Italian with a different language, society, tradition and outlook; but also because he was a very well-read man who had absorbed an enormous amount of other literature, Latin and Greek: not only epic, but drama, philosophy, and history. He drew on this continuously, and we can trace the process, sometimes through a whole episode like the Dido Book, where Homer offered no guidance; sometimes in single lines or half-lines, notably those drawn from the lost historical epics of Cn. Naevius and Q.Ennius, our knowledge of whom indeed is largely drawn from the ancient commentators on the Aeneid. Virgil is the greatest chemist, or alchemist, of literature. He perhaps never wrote more than a dozen consecutive original lines, but he had an extraordinary capacity for synthesizing all kinds of elements to produce something quite new, and sometimes better. Of course all poets must do this even when they thing they are being most original, but I think in Virgil the practice is usually conscious and deliberate. Most people

know that the grave and measured words that Aeneas addresses to Dido in Book VI -

Inuitus, regina, tuo de uertice cessi

'Unwillingly, o queen, I left thy shore' -

are lifted, with one word altered, from Catullus' translation of a highly artificial Alexandrian poem in which they are spoken by a lock of hair. Another instance, closer to hand, is in Book II at line 304, where Virgil uses a Homeric simile from Iliad iv.452. Virgil has modified both the simile and the circumstances to which it is applied (in Homer the clash of two armies, in Virgil the fire in Troy). And in so doing he is able to make the shepherd, who in Homer is a functionless ornament, into the central figure, representing Aeneas on his roof. This is creative art in the proper sense of the word. Unfortunately 'creative' today is a term usually reserved for incoherent outpourings of crude emotion, undisciplined by poetic technique or study of the use of words: so perhaps we should settle for the less pretentious word "constructive". Good poetry is constructive, not ejaculatory. It seems that Virgil always needed someone else's poem to provide his initial impulse; but that was only the starting-point. With all his innumerable imitations, Virgil is surely the <u>least</u> Homeric of all poets.

The work which resulted doesn't always hang together very well. We know that he never completed it, and was dissatisfied with it. Virgil is not in the same class as Homer as a story-teller. He produces unforgettable pictures; which is surprising, as his descriptions are usually both short and imprecise, and he uses few descriptive adjectives. He can produce phrases that stick in our minds in a way that Homer's do not, except through force of repetition. Choose your own: I will mention a single instance from Book II that always stays in mine, line 363 -

Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos

'An ancient city is falling, after a rule of many years' -

We all know what 'ancient' means, and the quite prosaic phrase 'multos per annos' tells us no more. 'Antiqua' and 'dominata' are respectable words, but not out of the ordinary. He might have said something like -

Urbs uetus eruitur, quae multos exstitit annos -

all good Virgilian words; but that would never have stuck. It is the placing of ordinary words to produce the right sound and the right 'resonance' that matters. Virgil is to be read aloud. So of course was Homer, who couldn't write anyhow. All the same one can read Homer to oneself without great loss: Virgil without the sound becomes almost negligible.

Compare two episodes in the two poets. Look some time at the Cyclops story in Odyssey IX, and compare it with Aeneid III, 590-690, which is much shorter. Homer has the

whole adventure in detail: we know what the country was like, what Odysseus and the monster said to each other, how Polyphemus minced up men for supper, how long the pole was with which they blinded him, right down to Odysseus' last taunts, which he can't suppress in spite of the crew's protests, and the rock just missing the ship's rudder. The incident moreover is an essential link in the story. In the Aeneid it is not. Aeneas just happens to put in there, and picks up a castaway who tells of Odysseus' adventure; much condensed, and third hand, since he tells Aeneas, and Aeneas is telling Dido. When Polyphemus comes out, with no hostile intention, since he doesn't even know that the Trojans are there, Aeneas simply cuts the cable and runs for it. Nothing is accomplished, no purpose served; the Greek they have rescued is not heard of again. But Virgil does leave us with the grisly and pathetic picture of the monster washing his empty eye-socket in the sea, and then of the whole tribe standing helpless on the shore as he bellows -

> Cernimus adstantes nequidquam lumine toruo
> Aetnaeos fratres, caelo capita alta ferentes,
> Concilium horrendum -

'the brotherhood of Etna, impotent with scowling eye, heads towering to the sky, a horrifying assembly.' The picture sticks: the story is unimportant.

But my subject is Book II. The interesting and complicated part is the beginning, with Laocoon and Sinon. But here I shall exercise restraint and simply refer you to Jackson Knight's imaginative treatment in his book. I shall try to say something about the sack, from the point of view of the story, the narrator, and the poet.

That Aeneas came from Troy and founded the settlement from which Rome was later colonised had been accepted as historical fact for hundreds of years before Virgil wrote; but there was room for difference on how he got there. History is a kind of junk-yard of demolished civilisations from which we can pick up pretty well anything that suits our purposes. Roman epic had been more concerned with actual, that is recent, history, like the Punic Wars, than with the remote and glamorous age of heroes; and Virgil's poem is directed, as Homer's is not, towards the future greatness of his country. The heroes of Roman history, Camillus and Decius, Fabius and Marius, were all (with the exception of the great Scipio) mature men of consular age, of administrative experience and proven ability; short, may be, and bald and warty, as anyone could see from their death-masks, or infer from their names; not young men of great beauty and superhuman gifts like Homer's. Historical Greeks have names meaning 'Strength of the People' or 'Glorious Victory': Roman names tend to mean Bald-head, Bandy-legs, or Squint-eyed. What Aeneas looked like we are never told. But by the time he tells his story to Dido he has spent 10 years fighting and 7 years wandering - well past his first youth, therefore. But since leaving Troy he

hasn't achieved very much, drifting about the Mediterranean. The only personal achievements recorded are laying an ambush for the Harpies (futile, since they were invulnerable) and shooting seven stags. If we imagine him in his late thirties, we may remember that the great hero of Virgil's day, bringer of peace to a war-torn world, was not a very glamorous figure, with his sandy hair, bad teeth, and woollen underwear, and certainly cut no figure as a warrior or general. But this man, soon to be known as Caesar Augustus, was master of the Roman world at the age of 33. Comparing Aeneas in the early books one is inclined to think that the Sibyl's brisk reminder had a point -

Nox ruit, Aenea: nos flendo ducimus horas

'Night is coming, Aeneas; yet we waste the hours in weeping'

Aeneas, indeed, weeps a good deal: I have never heard that Camillus did.

In the Iliad, he is a rather colourless figure. He is important, as commander of an allied contingent, and usually does his bit. But he is not quite in the top class as a fighter, and when he takes on Diomede or Achilles, divine intervention is required to extricate him. He never rates a full-scale simile. So he has no great past to live up to, which is an advantage. But he did get away, and was the only major figure to do so. Various stories were found to account for this; and a number of them were reviewed by a learned Greek called Dionysius a few years after the Aeneid appeared. Virgil will have known them all, and probably knew Dionysius, who lived at Rome.

One account simply said that Aeneas was away on business when Troy fell; a second that having a grudge against Priam's family, he betrayed the city. Neither of these would suit Virgil's book. A third, giving him credit for intelligence if not heroism, suggests that he grasped the real significance of Laocoon's fate and got out while the going was good. The account that Dionysius thought most probable said that (being presumably the only man with his wits about him on that evening of drink and festivity) he seized and held the citadel when the rest of the city was sacked, sending the women and children away under guard; and finally evacuated the position in good order, taking the best chariots and most of his valuables as well as his father, wife and children, and negotiated an honourable truce. This account I imagine commended itself to the Roman nobility, some of whose ancestors had found themselves in similar circumstances when Rome was sacked by the Gauls; Virgil's story may have caused some raised eyebrows. Indeed, elsewhere in the Aeneid elements of this account in Dionysius seem to have been at the back of Virgil's mind. Even after his losses at sea, Aeneas is able, in Books 1,2,5, and 7, to produce, by way of presents or prizes, all sorts of bulky valuables -

reliquias Troia ex ardente receptas -

bronze cauldrons, golden bowls, diadems and necklaces; a Greek helmet and a quiver won from the Amazons; a gold-worked

breast-plate requiring two men to lift it; Priam's own state regalia, and strangest of all, Helen's elaborate going-away clothes that she wore for her 'unacceptable elopement' (inconcessos hymenaeos) from her husband's home; which Aeneas, surprisingly, selected as a suitable present for Dido. It seems a bit odd: one is almost tempted to wonder what he was up to when he crept into Priam's palace by the side door. Of course (as Servius somewhere reminds us) a poet isn't obliged to put in everything, but this is not just omission but inconsistency. I feel that Homer, who could plan a long poem without benefit of pen and paper, wouldn't have overlooked this.

"And so the god-like Anchises persisted, grieved at heart. But I, for some god put the thought into my heart, summoned my busy house-keeper Eurynome, the daughter of Eurybates whom Creusa had brought with her on that day when she came from fertile Cilicia to be joined with me in love and marriage. Her I addressed and said a word: "Eurynome dear to the gods, listen to what I shall say. Go up now into the attic of my well-built house and there you shall find a sweet-smelling cedar chest which Dindymaeon made for me, and he put upon it four wooden handles large and strong. Bring it down, and put into it the gold-embroidered cloak with the design on it of my great-uncle Ganymede hunting, and also the golden bowl used by Anchises at sacrifices, etc....'"

So Homer might have put it. But no Virgil perhaps the details would have detracted from the sublimity proper to epic at this point.

For whatever reason, however, Virgil didn't want the Aeneas that Dionysius regarded as the real one: a cool head, a sharp eye, a quick thinker and effective organiser. In the later books of the poem Aeneas is such a man, when he leaves the defence of his camp to a subordinate and goes off up the Tiber to secure allies. But by that time he is a man changed by his descent into Hades and by what he learns there. Assured of divine support and the glorious future of his race, he is able to co-operate effectively with the decrees of destiny. In Troy he knows nothing of his destiny and there is no question of organising anything. He awakes only when the house next door is on fire, stands stupefied on his roof gazing; then he gets his armour on and asks a terrified priest in full flight what is to be done, where are our defences? And learning that there are none, he goes belting off with no thought of a plan into the flames and the fighting.

Professor Brooks Otis, in his interesting study of Virgil, finds in this Aeneas 'a picture of the old Homeric hero, the man of ira and dolor, the man of Achillean wrath' who is to be slowly changed by harsh experience and suffering into a new type of Roman hero who understands the need for discipline if his people's destiny is to be fulfilled. I cannot go all the way with this. In the final book, Aeneas is as violent as ever he shows himself at Troy, 'furiis accensus, et ira terribilis' savagely and Homerically mocking his unfortunate foe who stands betrayed, deserted, and disabled by the Fury

flapping in his face. The real difference is that the Gods are now on his side, and he knows it. In Troy they were against him, but he didn't know. Troy had to fall, as Lavinium had to be established.

Certainly Aeneas tells, more than once, how he felt, that night in Troy. 'Arma amens capio': 'furor iraque mentem praecipitant', or again

'Iliaci cineres.....
Testor in occasu uestro nec tela nec ullas
Vitauisse uices' -

'I earned the death which fate denied me.' But his actions hardly bear this out. When Anchises refuses to budge, he tells us 'Again I rush to arms, choosing death in my misery.' But it is only a feeling: in fact, he delivers another speech. For a hero, one feels, Aeneas protests rather too much.

Homeric heroes talk, but most of the time they fight, and their duels are described with precise and clinical detail. We know where the spear went in and where it came out, just what joints or organs are severed, and how the man falls. There is none of this in book II, though plenty later in the poem. It may be said that a burning city at night offers little scope for individual combat. But in Book IX Nisus fights in the dark, and Turnus has a vividly reported struggle when penned in the Trojan camp: so why not Aeneas in Troy? Yet what heroic spirit there is comes from others: Laocoon at the Horse: Coroebus in the battle: Priam at the altar.

The fiercest fighting is at the palace. Aeneas on the roof lends a hand in the futile defence; he then watches the slaughter first of Polites and then of Priam. He is standing on the roof of a single-storeyed building. near enough to hear what Hecuba says to Priam through the din of fire, fighting, and the crash of falling masonry: and what does he do? Turnus in the camp (in Book IX), exhausted with killing and overwhelmed with stones and spears, hardly able to support his shield, could still scramble up the wall and jump, like Horatius, into the river. Aeneas, it seems, is not a jumper: even so surely he could have heaved a brick at Pyrrhus? But no. He sees Priam butchered and then, not before (he assures us) he stands paralysed, as he pictures the same thing happening to his own family. But his immediate reaction on recovering the power of movement is not to rush home to save them, but to murder Helen, who is also, it happens, seeking sanctuary, at what to a Roman is surely the most inviolable of altars, that of Vesta.

I wont here discuss the authenticity of these lines. If they were deleted by Virgil's executors, they must have found them here in his manuscript: they are presupposed by Venus' words in the following lines, nor would an interpolator have invented anything so obviously surprising. Nor do I see why editors should be at such pains to explain to us that 'celeratas' in 1.576 really qualifies not poenas, but, by some fancied distortion of syntax, Helen. Aeneas says

plainly that his vengeance at that spot would be a crime; the same crime he has just witnessed, and remembered again in the next book when he hears that Pyrrhus in turn deservedly met the same fate. This seems to me a good piece of psychology, that a man described as 'amens' and 'furiosus', distracted with madness, should seek revenge by the same sacrilegious act that he has just failed to prevent. Aeneas has not yet earned the epithet of 'pius.'

When, back home, he finds that his father refuses to budge, there is no question of staying to defend his family to the last. 'Was it for this, kind mother,' he cries bitterly, 'that you saved me - to see my father, wife and children lying in each others' blood' - to see them, that is, to survive them. And his only thought is to rush again into the battle: 'Not all of us are going to be killed without putting up a fight:' a remark which, addressed to a paralysed man seems, to say the least, petulant.

His final inadequacy is losing Creusa. That she might
739 have sat down to take a rest is a feeble, and implausible, mitigation. In fact, he tells us that already frightened, he panicked and lost his head, or as he puts it, 'some
735 unkind power took away my already confused wits.'

Aeneas, then, tells Dido a good deal more about his feelings than about his actions in the fight. Possibly as he looked back seven years later, feelings are what he best remembered; all else was darkness and confusion. It is not a standard 'Miseratio', and certainly not calculated to arouse admiration. He doesn't conceal his inadequacy. One can understand, and sympathize with his predicament and emotions: but it is not heroic.

Turning to the poet and his intentions we are on less sure ground. If he had told his story straight, all this would have occupied the first book. But he chose first to give us a picture of Aeneas after his wanderings and to make him give his own story to Dido; following, of course, the Odyssey. His seven-year wanderings in Book III are a series of adventures loosely strung together and guided by accidents and prophecies, sometimes misunderstood. Aeneas can hardly be said to surmount his perils like Odysseus, confronting Polyphemus in his cave or hanging like a bat in a fig-tree over Charybdis. He just survives.

Unlike Book III, Book II contains the events of only a single day and night, and as in IV, Virgil had here no Homeric narrative to guide him. We know from a summary that the lost Greek Epic on the Fall of Troy contained most of the events touched on by Virgil. But they will have been told from the Greek point of view; and in that poem Aeneas was away before the assault began. So Virgil found nothing here about Aeneas' part in the fighting. But there was a large number of tragedies, both Greek and Roman which drew on this story, and in which the leading characters

were Trojans: Hecuba, Cassandra, Andromache and Laocoon. Aeneas is not known to have played any important part in them, but Virgil certainly used them. And they will all have contained the regular tragic messenger's speeches, in which deaths and other violent happenings, unsuitable or impossible to show on the stage, were reported in the epic manner, and often at length.

Dido asked for two things: first 'the trap laid by the Greeks and the downfall of your people' and second 'your own wanderings'. The bare facts she already knew, and much of the Trojan war was already depicted on her temple doors: but the end she doesn't know in detail. She wants an eye-witness account; and this she gets.

This poses a problem. Aeneas couldn't plausibly give an eyewitness's acoount if he had been busy all night organising the defence of the Pergamum. And memory is selective, so his recollection is of a confused struggle, in which he dimly discerns a few well-known enemy figures like Agamemnon and Ajax; Cassandra being dragged away: otherwise -

crudelis ubique
luctus, ubique pauor, et plurima mortis imago
'On all sides struggle, panic, death in a hundred shapes.'

But a few memories stand out with complete clarity, against the lurid background; his dream: Pyrrhus at the gate: Priam: Helen crouching in the doorway: the strangely silent and deserted streets he traversed, calling Creusa by name.

755 'horror ubique animo, simul ipsa silentia terrent.'
'Everywhere my spirit shudders, dismayed at the very silence'

The poet is very skilful at half-discerned scenes with the foreground out of focus, and the dream-like quality with which they are endowed, both in Troy, and, even more, in the underworld: -

VI.270 Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
'as beneath the jealous light of a doubtful moon'

VI.454 Aut uidet, aut uidisse putat
'one sees, or thinks one has seen...'

Aeneas must often have seen that night in his dreams; and we know there comes a time when we are no longer clear what we actually dreamed, and what we only think we dreamed. Aeneas didn't see the Greek fleet approaching over the still sea -

per amica silentia lunae

- he had seen the snakes doing it, and imagination supplied the rest:

Non uidet, at uidisse putat.

The narrative, moreover, falls into two parts, 'we' passages and 'I' passages. In the first third of the book (to 270), Aeneas doesn't mention himself at all. Some of it is like a tragic messenger's speech, and I think the death

of Laocoon may have been based on such a speech. Aeneas is simply one of the crowd. Capys and Thymoetes, whoever they may be, voice their opinions, but not a word from Aeneas; which is odd, in view of his status. The night battle also is a 'we' passage: they fight in a body 'densis armis': leadership, such as it is, is left to Coroebus. Between these is an 'I' passage about his dream and awakening (268-333): and the use of 'I' is only resumed after the palace has been stormed. The book is about equally divided.

This anonymous 'we' allows the poet to tell the story more or less straight; nobody is going to worry about how Aeneas could give Sinon's long speech word for word years later (though I don't think Homer allows himself such freedom). In the battle the intrusive protest (432) -

Tastor, in occasu uestro

may suggest a realisation by the poet that he is not giving his hero very much to do. But Aeneas on the roof is more of a problem: how can he just look on and listen? Virgil is realistic enough in explaining how he got in; but after that, realism seems to desert him. My own explanation of his behaviour is simple: the poet is determined to have Priam's death in detail, and in isolation; so he took a chance. It is worth noticing how he tries to put Aeneas at a little distance from the events by starting a new paragraph with the opening line:

506 Forsitan et Priami fuerint quae fata requires

which isolates the episode until at 559 he reverts to himself -

At me tum primum.....

All the same, there he stands and watches, as he insistently repeats (499ff)

uidi ipse furentem
caede Neoptolemum...
uidi Hecubam centumque nurus, Priamumque per aras
sanguine foedantem quas ipse sacrauerat ignes.

Why this insistence on a fact which, if he had any consideration for his hero's courage or even decency, Virgil might have been expected to blur or at least tone down?

There is a possible answer. In these lines Virgil is adapting a lyric passage from a tragedy by Ennius, which seems to have been popular in Rome, already parodied by Plautus, quoted more than once by Cicero, and later, perhaps, sung at Nero's Christmas dinner by the doomed Britannicus (Tacitus, Annals xiii.15: on which see John Clucker in Pegasus 21, 1978 "Britannicus' Swan-Song"). This beautiful song describes Priam's palace in all its splendour -

O Pater, o Patria, o Priami domus
saeptum altisono cardine templum.
uidi ego te adstante in ope barbarica
tectis caelatis laquearis,
auro ebore instructam regifice.

'Ah my father, home of my fathers, house of Priam, o holy place enclosed by the great turning door that resounds on high. You I have seen standing in barbaric splendour, with your carved and coffered roof, built for great kings in ivory and gold.'

(compare Aeneid II.504:

barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi)

Ennius' song continues

haec omnia uidi inflammari
Priamo ui uitam eripi
Iouis aram sanguine turpari.

'and all this I have seen in flames, Priam cruelly voided of his life, Jupiter's altar befouled with his blood.' The repeated 'uidi' sung in the play, in all probability, and appropriately enough, by the captive Andromache, Virgil was determined to keep; and he gives it, less appropriately, to Aeneas. Aeneas meets Andromache again in Book III, where she tells him of how Neoptolemus was in turn murdered at the altar. She could have described Priam's death then, but Virgil wants Dido to learn this directly. Her husband too had suffered this fate.

Another small but interesting indication that Virgil is here disregarding the circumstances of Aeneas can be found at lines 483-5, which are some of the most vivid in the book. After the intense activity and confusion, when the Greeks have finally succeeded in stoving in a panel of the great door, there falls one of those sudden silences as they stand peering in, down the long receding colonnades, past the armed guards drawn up ready for the last forlorn stand:

Apparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt:
Apparent Priami et ueterum penetralia regum:
Armatosque uident stantes in limine primo -

a moment of complete standstill, marked by the abrupt pause in the first line and the stop at the end of each, together with the three heavy initial verbs. Aeneas, up on the roof, couldn't have reported this; it is Virgil's imagination presented directly to us.

Virgil would have made a great film director. It was indeed a brilliant idea to get Aeneas on to the roof, the only position from which he could see both Pyrrhus outside the gate with his axe and battering-ram, and the women inside clinging to the pillars or huddled at the altar. But something has to be sacrificed, and it is Aeneas' virtus. Aeneas has here become a camera.

He is not a Homeric hero in this book. He does nothing that you or I might not have done in his place; he deserves sympathy, not admiration. My own impression is that Virgil is very little concerned in Book II with his hero's character; a subject that has been overworked by modern critics. What matters is that Troy shall be utterly and completely destroyed, and that not so much by Greeks as by the will of heaven. The climax comes, not with the death of Priam, but when Venus lifts the veil that clouds her son's mortal sight and he sees above the smoke and dust, reality: Neptune digging up with his trident the foundations that he had himself laid, Juno armed in fury at the gate, Pallas seated on a tall tower with the Gorgon's head flashing from a thundercloud. These are not the gods who intervene in Homer's battles, well-built men and women, about eight feet high perhaps; but monstrous figures rising into the night, like the Cyclopes in Book III 'towering to the sky.' Human valour is neither here nor there.

602

diuum inclementia, diuum
has euertit opes sternitque a culmine Troiam.

'The gods, the unpitying gods, are overturning
this power and toppling Troy to the ground.'

And then at last Aeneas, who has missed the meaning of Laocoon's snakes, failed to detect Sinon's self-contradictory tale, and disregarded Hector's plain and urgent words, at last Aeneas gets the message: it is time to go. Exhausted, panicky, punch-drunk, he becomes a real, thinking person: prone to error, prone to terror, but capable of thought.

Virgil is a rhetorical poet. Not in the way that Lucan is, out to astonish us with erudition, sententiae, epigram, horrific inventions, and apostrophes on every page. He knows all the tricks, but he knows also that they mustn't be used too often or too obviously. First person narration excludes the embarrassing quid faciat's and heu quid agat's; and we are spared the agonising 'quae quibus anteferam?' inflicted elsewhere, by an unhappy lapse into Ovidian language, on poor Dido. How Virgil achieves his effects, using abstract nouns as often as he does, and so little descriptive detail, deserves more attention than I can give it here. His effects are cumulative, and sound and rhythm are, I repeat, vital to them. Even reading him in English, one should get some idea of the sound of the Latin, by learning to repeat a few passages. Listen to him translating the words with which Homer makes Odysseus introduce his story:

Od.vii 241

ὀργαλέον, βασίλεια, διηνεκέως ἀγορεῦσαι
κήδε', ἐπεί μοι πολλὰ δόσαν θεοὶ οὐρανίωνες.

Homer's flow of dactyls with all the vowels, runs off the tongue so easily, and the words are quite straightforward:

'painful, o queen, to tell my troubles right through, since the Gods in heaven gave me many.'

Then listen to Virgil:

infandum, regina, iubes renouare dolorem,
Troianas ut opes et lamentabile regnum...

with the heavy initial spondees, the sonorous -an sounds, the dark 'o's. What he says is little enough; Troy was rich, its fall lamentable, the pain unspeakable. But to listen to that after Homer is like listening to Beethoven after Mozart: one may not like it as much, but it is tremendous, majestic, and totally different.

I will suggest in conclusion two simple things to look at, by way of a start, if one wants to get some idea of Virgil's epic style. Study the adjectives. Lamentabile and ineluctabile (324) are tremendous words: but such words are rare. The common adjectives are very simple: not at all descriptive, like Homer's 'rosy-fingered', 'wine-dark', 'white-armed'. They usually indicate either size or intensity: magnus, ingens, immensus uastus, altus, profundus, densus: or they are emotional: crudelis, saeuus, trepidus, amens, demens, infestus, infandus tremendus, durus, dirus. (And when Virgil calls something magnus or infandus, it is not like people today when they say a thing is 'great' or 'incredible.') Look also at his verbs, how often he uses the simplest and shortest uncompounded forms: miscet, rumpit, dedit, tulit, iacet, stat, fluit, ruit, but uses them where an ordinary Latin writer wouldn't:

290 hostis habet muros: ruit alto a culmine Troia -

298 miscentur moenia luctu -

333 stat ferri acies -

and the infernal boatman in Book VI with his glowing eyes:

stant lumina flamma

and notice too how often he will use a long compound verb at the start of the line and follow it with a short uncompounded verb at the end, sometimes to say the same thing again, or to expand it slightly.

1 Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant -
35 Demisere naci, nunc cassum lumine lugent -
53 Insonuere cauae gemitumque dedere cauernae

It is the same device as we find so often in the Psalms

'The heavens declare the glory of God,
and the firmament telleth his handiwork

or Shakespeare's

....the multitudinous seas incarnadine,
making the green one red.

Words are meaningful sounds, not marks on paper. In Braille or shorthand, the words aren't changed. And with this in mind, try reading the paragraph that starts at line 268: Aeneas describing Hector, Aeneas addressing Hector, and Hector's reply. You will find out a good deal more about Virgil by spending an hour doing that than by listening to me talking for an hour. Thank you, all the same, for listening.

I.R.D.Mathewson

2001, A Classics Odyssey

'Hi, guys,' said my digital wrist chronometer, interrupting the smoking/drinking/mind-blowing activities of the students eagerly awaiting their lecturer in Room 1A, 'it's 12 noon precisely. So prepare for another scintillating excursion into the classical world - to boldly go where many people have gone before - here he is now, your friendly-neighbourhood robot lecturer, Prof. BC-AD. See you team, have a good day.'

The students stirred lethargically, opening files and dropping biros. The robot trundled up to the lectern and spread out its notes. Peering over its glasses, the robot waved a piece of paper at a female student in the front row wearing very bright, but clashing, clothes. She signed her name and passed it on.

'Sorry I've been ill for the last 1,733 years - but here are 574,192 sort of hand-outs for the lectures I have missed. Prof. Lee has just published his new data-bank on sort of flagellation in Pompeii. I would also recommend his thesis on sort of homosexuality and the automatons, which is in the micro-film wing of the Roborough, and is in a sort of old Druid dialect. Does anybody here speak any sort of old Druid dialects? Ah, I see, nobody. Half a minute, half a minute, er, let me see now. Inceeedentaaarly, this reminds me of an article that I read in that excellent periodical Greece and Rome 437 years ago by that admirable academic P.G.Wodehouse - however, I can't quite remember what he says in the article. By theee way, why have you got a sort of fishing net with you?'

This question was aimed at a student sitting at the very back of the room - with heavy sarcasm the student replied in a strange dialect, now seldom heard in this neck of the galaxy.

'Eh, lad - that's not a fishing net, that's my lacrosse stick. And this is my helmet - why else do you think that I've got a square head? Think aggressive team, that's my motto.'

'Ah, I see,' replied the robot. 'But to return to the matter in question, some of the horribilia in your proses this week were so bad that I had to get out the blood and goose quill. Just listen to this: somebody thought that 'Caesar secundum ventum nactus' meant 'Caesar, his second wind having been got.' How about the person who translated 'Malitia non est jocus' as 'It is no joke to be in the Militia.' And I hardly think that Plato could be considered as the god of the Underground. But this week's prize goes to the student who said that Virgil was in love with a girl named Enid, and that he wrote a lot of books about her. Now, if any of you made these mistakes, I recommend that you write them up on your wall and recite them five times a night before going to bed. Now, any questions so far?'

Immediately, a bearded student thrust his hand up into the air.

'Yes, I have,' he said. There was a pause. 'But I haven't worked out what it is going to be yet...' Groans of derision from the back of the room.

'Since there is nothing else then,' interrupted the robot, sensing the unrest, 'I shall take this opportunity to draw your attention to an excellent lecture on Friday, on the subject of...' The robot checked its notes, and then turned to the blackboard. It wrote up the letter O; it rechecked the notes, and wrote up the letter V; it rechecked its notes and then finished the word with the letters ID. There was a dull thud as 25 foreheads hit the desks. Perceiving that attention was not all that it could be, the robot calmly said, 'Oh well, the time is now half-past twelve. The Ram will be open which means that I'm missing valuable drinking time.'

Lighting its pipe, the dejected robot trundled off again, in the direction of the Ram. Meanwhile, the lecture room echoed with the rhythmic breathing and snoring of bemused students.

DEBORAH MAGGS
SUSAN WAKEFIELD
MICHAEL BERKELEY

Solutions to Crossword

Across: (4) Record. (7) Lusaka. (8) Rusticates. (11) Talk. (12) News. (13) Longfellow. (15) Hope. (16) Also. (18) Master Ring. (20) Pall. (21) Need. (22) Dissolution. (23) Estate. (24) Recent.

Down: (1) Altrincham. (2) Bad Taste. (3) Contend. (5) On Call. (6) Duck. (9) Colour Red. (10) Sift Legal. (14) Woodlander. (16) Amputate. (17) Fissure. (19) Scenic. (21) Near.

GOING TO GREECE: WHY?

Oh, Richard!

To study classics without ever going to Greece is very foolish. But even professional scholars have a curious record in this matter. We can forgive Goethe the feeling that the experience would be emotionally too overwhelming, or an aversion to primitive conditions of travel. But we cannot forgive a recent Professor of Ancient History who on a sea-voyage to Istanbul would not leave his cabin in the Peiraeus harbour to visit Athens because he had studied Athenian topography as a student and feared that the reality 'would only confuse' him. Or so he claimed. Perhaps his real fear was slightly different. An English education produces lovers of Hellenism who, when faced with the prospect of a visit to Greece, may fear that the reality will not match up to the idea. But the truly imaginative have no such doubts: for example, Byron:

> But one vast realm of wonder spreads around
> And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
> Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
> The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon.

In fact Greece is stunningly beautiful. The reality exceeds the idea, and merges with it. Even if Greece were only moderately beautiful, it would be difficult to feel entirely miserable in a place that you have already visited in poetry, in mythology, in history. Refreshing yourself in one of Greece's wonderfully pure torrents is even better when it is called Achelous or Acheron. The study of Greek literature and history is missing a vital dimension if not filled out with visual memories. When I visited Mycenae as a student I managed to elude the guards clearing the site at dusk, and so had the whole palace, and the wonderful view of the Argive plain down to the sea, to myself as darkness fell. I had recently read Aeschylus' Agamemnon, and so it was impossible not to think of the watchman who speaks the prologue, all alone at night, stationed on the palace roof at Mycenae. Suddenly, through the darkness, he sees a beacon on a mountaintop to the north, the last in a long chain of mountaintop beacons stretching all the way from Troy to announce the fall of the city to the Greeks. As I was imagining all this, a fire was lit in the darkness, for what purpose I do not know, on the nearest mountaintop. And so the Agamemnon, which has enriched my visit to the site, is now itself permanently rich in visual memories.

Greek culture is not just the oldest and the most exciting of European cultures, but also the most continuous. This is best shown by a few examples. In Euripides' Bacchae the god Dionysos, disguised as his priest, is imprisoned by King Pentheus, and the band of his worshippers despairs. Suddenly the voice of the god is heard from within, a fire appears around the tomb of Dionysos' mother Semele, and the god himself appears, escaped miraculously from his confinement, and tells his worshippers to take heart (θαρσεῖτε).

The language and context of this passage suggest that it is based on ritual. Moving forward eight centuries, to the writings of Firmicus Maternus, we find a description of a pagan mystic ritual. The worshippers lament the death of their god. Then a light is brought in, and the priest tells the worshippers to take heart (θαρρεῖτε), for the god is saved and they will have salvation out of suffering. The emotional power of the passage of the Bacchae for the original audience derives from their familiarity with this kind of ritual. From the 5th century BC to the 4th century AD the ritual had not changed much. And it can still be experienced, in Christian form, today. In the Easter Sunday liturgy, as a conclusion to the lamentation over the dead body of Christ, the priest brings in a lighted candle, from which the worshippers light theirs, and the choir sings the Χριστὸς ἀνέστη (Christ has risen). Here then is a tenuous but valuable link between Greek culture today and ancient Greek literature, a continuity based on the persistence of popular ritual traditions. As another example of this, take an anonymous tragic fragment which laments the fall of Persia:

ποῦ γαρ τὰ σεμνὰ κεῖνα; ποῦ δὲ Λυδίας μέγας δυνάστης
κτλ.

(Where are those stately things? Where is the great ruler of Lydia...?) The same structure of repeated ποῦ (where) reappears in a lament in the Palatine Anthology (9.151). And two millenia later Ritsos drew on the still living popular tradition of the lament for his wonderful poem Epitaphios (set to music by Theodorakis), in which a mother laments her son killed in a demonstration of unemployed workers:

ποῦ πέταξε τ' ἀγόρι μου; ποῦ πῆγε; ποῦ μ' ἀφήνει;

(Where has my boy flown too? Where has he gone? Where has he left me for?). Or compare Euripides' chorus of Trojan women

ὡς ἡδὺ δάκρυα τοῖς κακῶς πεπραγόσι
θρήνων τ' ὀδυρμοί...

(How pleasant are tears to those who have suffered and the weeping of dirges...)

with a womens' lament from the Mani of today

καλὰ ποὺ εἶναι τὰ κλαήματα, γλυκὰ τὰ μοιρολόγια,
κάλλιό 'χω νὰ μοιρολογῶ,
παρα νὰ φάω καὶ νὰ πιῶ.

(How good are tears, how pleasant are dirges,
I would rather sing dirges
than eat or drink.)

Modern Greek literature, which is exceptionally fine, is continuous with antiquity in another sense too, in that many writers are deeply influenced by, and allude to, ancient literature and religion. This extends even to the cinema. The excellent film 'The Travelling Players', about the Greek

civil war which followed the 2nd world war, alluded constantly and intelligently to Aeschylus' Oresteia. The same phenomenon in reverse occurs in the many excellent modern productions of ancient drama still performed in the ancient theatres. Productions of Aristophanes were banned as subversive by the unspeakable colonels, who ruled Greece by terrorism in American interests from 1967 to 1975, and whose megalomania provoked the Turkish invasion of Cyprus in 1974, as a result of which the colonels themselves were finally removed. The sufferings of the besieged Thebans in a later production of the Seven Against Thebes were conceived in terms of the sufferings of the Cypriots in 1974; and the director showed an understanding of the play denied to most professional scholars when he compared the price paid by the Thebans for getting rid of the cursed house of Oedipus by the end of the play to the price paid by the Greeks (disaster in Cyprus) for getting rid of the colonels. As for architecture, sculpture and vase-painting, a visit to Greece is of course indispensable - sometimes for unpredictable reasons, such as the sight of olives being harvested from the trees by a long stick; the beauty of this was noticed also by ancient vase-painters.

Most importantly, there is the continuity of language. During the decline of classical antiquity the Greek language split into two: the spoken language, which like all spoken languages never ceased to develop, and an artificial, literary language, based on ancient Attic, and called 'Atticistic'. During the last century, as part of the growth of Greek national consciousness in their struggle for independence from the Turks, there was invented a 'purified' language, based on the Atticistic, known as 'Katharevousa'. The spoken language is called 'Demotic'. The consequent polarity between the official-artificial and the popular-spontaneous has developed a political dimension. For example, the right-wing colonels were in favour of the widespread use of Katharevousa, which now, after their overthrow, is on the decline. It appears only in official documents, a few publications, and so on; although there may still be people pretentious enough to speak it, it has been said that nobody has ever been pretentious enough to make love in it. But it is of course more recognisable than Demotic to those who know ancient Greek. For example, if you have read Aristophanes' Clouds, you will be amused by the common sign Φροντιστηριον.

Whereas Italian is not the same language as Latin, even Demotic is basically the same language as ancient Greek. It is therefore both easy and desirable for students of ancient Greek to learn. If they do not, they are in the same position as a Greek student of Chaucer who does not know modern English (Greek has changed more slowly than English). It will furthermore open up the richness of modern Greek literature- And it will open up the joys of getting to know the Greek people, compared to which even the bathing and sight-seeing pursued by millions of tourists are minor pleasures. Greeks are generally intrigued and delighted by a foreigner who can speak their language.

Like Orpheus' lyre, it will almost move the trees and the stones for you. And it is best learnt from two books by George Thomson: The Greek Language (Heffers), which demonstrates the continuity from ancient to modern times, and A Manual of Modern Greek (Collet's), which is based on the correct assumption that the best way for adults to learn a language is not by learning grammar by rote or by sentences about the pen of my aunt, but by assimilating simple passages of poetry and prose which express the life and the character of the people who speak it.

RICHARD SEAFORD

The life of the secretary of a local branch of the Classical Association is not without its little problems. There are the potential lecturers who fail to reply to invitations; there was the lecturer who did reply, but forgot to post his letter; there was the lecturer who - through no fault of his own, but on account of a derailment near Taunton - arrived in Exeter an hour after his lecture was due to start, just in time to see the last fragments of his audience drifting away; there was the lecturer who was physically assaulted by a fellow passenger, who was under the impression that the alterations that the lecturer was making to his paper were personal comments about himself (it took six men to hold him down until he was removed from the train at Westbury).....but these problems fade into insignificance in comparison with those facing the Secretary of the Classical Association in Israel. "At the moment", writes our Tel Aviv correspondent, "he's busy trying to fix a date for the Classical Association conference next year. Since he's still hoping that some Egyptians will come he's having to ensure that the date, in March or April, doesn't clash either with Passover, or any Moslem festival, or any Christian Easter, either Catholic, Protestant, Greek Orthodox or Coptic. So he's having to track down churches or monasteries of all these denominations and ring them up to ask when their Easter is. So far he's discovered that the Catholic, Protestant and Orthodox Easters are all on the same date, which is convenient, if rather surprising, but the Copts are proving a problem as they don't appear to have a telephone...."

GOING TO GREECE - HOW?

PROLEGOMENA

When the Editor of Pegasus suggested that I might write an article offering advice to students intending to travel to Greece, my first reaction was that I'd done that already, a couple of years ago. In fact, that article (written jointly by my wife and myself) was in the January 1967 issue (no. 7), so that it is both temporarily out of print and permanently out of date.

What follows is no more than elementary information for those going to Greece for the first time. It is based on no more than a casual acquaintance with the country: 25 days in 1959, 27 days in 1966, 3 weeks in 1975, and a fortnight in 1977. I hope I qualify as more than a "trivial tourist", but I make no claims to intimate or thorough knowledge. As both Greece and Britain suffer from inflation, there seems little point in mentioning any prices. Accommodation used to be ridiculously cheap by English standards, but this is no longer so; it remains true, however, that hotel rooms and meals cost considerably less than they would in this country.

WHETHER TO GO

Yes, of course.

PLANNING YOUR HOLIDAY - Stage 1

Sit down with a guide book and a picture book. The best guide is the Blue Guide (2nd edn. 1973), edited by the indefatigable Stuart Rossiter, published by Ernest Benn (available in paperback). The authors went to considerable pains to ensure that the archaeological and historical information was accurate and up to date by consulting the British and American Schools at Athens. A few things have changed since the guide was compiled (e.g. the Benaki Museum was open from 8.30 to 2 in 1975, not at the times stated on p.141), and estimates of distances are sometimes optimistic ("5 kilometers" may turn out to be 8, or "half-an-hour's walk" may take nearer an hour), but this tempts you to visit places that otherwise you might not have considered. My most serious criticism of this admirable work is that it is 1½ inches thick (768) pages), and therefore awkward and heavy to carry round all day especially if you have a camera as well. (The publishers should make sections available separately: Athens and Attica, Peloponnese, central Greece, Thessaly and northern Greece, the islands; though the invaluable Practical Information should be included in each.)

The picture book I have in mind is Raymond V. Shoder's Ancient Greece from the Air (Thames and Hudson 1974; available in paperback). This flying Jesuit has photographed the most important classical sites from the air in colour, and the impressive results are gathered together here, with plans and comments. From this you can get a good idea of what is to be seen at each place; and on the basis of Schoder, the Blue Guide, and maybe some of my remarks, you can decide where to go.

PLANNING YOUR HOLIDAY - Stage 2.

The Guild travel service will be able to give you some idea of the cost of the journey, and in particular of student reductions. The National Tourist Organization of Greece, 195-7 Regent Street, W.1. will provide you with an up-to-date list of hotels, attractive tourist brochures, details of fares, and so forth. For my last two visits I have booked through Peregrine Holidays (who specialise in Greece) at Town and Gown Travel, 40-41, South Parade, Summertown, Oxford OX2 7JP, whom I have found invariably helpful, friendly and efficient. If you tell them when and where you want to go, they will give you an estimate of the cost; and if you find this acceptable, they will go ahead and provide you with tickets and hotel bookings. Although you can just turn up at a hotel in Greece and find rooms available (or sleep on the beach), it is reassuring to have them booked in advance. On the other hand, this gives you less flexibility: it is not so easy to change your plans once you are there.

Admission to sites and museums costs money (though there is usually a free day each week), so you should equip yourself with a student pass: details from the National Tourist Organization.

LUGGAGE

Pack as little as possible. In the summer, you may need a sweater and raincoat for the journey, but not when you get there (except perhaps on boats). In the spring - which is the best time to go, with the climate at its best and the flowers all doing their stuff - the temperature may drop sharply in the evenings. There is no need to pack several changes of clothes in summer: things will drip dry overnight. Leave superfluous luggage where you are staying in Athens if you intend to return there.

THE JOURNEY TO GREECE

The cheapest and probably most uncomfortable way to travel used to be (A) by train via Ostend, Munich and Belgrade taking three days and three nights. You get magnificent views of the Alps, but Yugoslavia seems never-ending. In theory one might read War and Peace, the whole of Gibbon, or the Golden Bough en route; in fact, one will not feel like it. And it means that a whole week of your holiday will be taken up by the journey. The same might be said of the more attractive idea of (B) travelling by rail to Brindisi, and crossing by ferry to Patras. But I should remind you that anyone under 26 can buy an Inter-Rail ticket (from British Rail or travel agents), on which they can travel free throughout Europe and at half price in the U.K. for a period of one month. Rail fares are going up, however, and many air fares have come down, so you may find yourself choosing (C) air travel, which is cleaner and more comfortable, as well as quicker - and you still get the Alps.

WHERE TO STAY IN ATHENS

If you book through a travel agency, this will be decided for you. I would strongly recommend Clare's House, 16a Frynichou, Athens 119, a little to the east of the Akropolis - which Peregrine Travel may book for you in any case. The owners (English-speaking Greek and English wife) are very friendly and helpful; it is not expensive; you are about ten minutes' walk from Syntagma Square (banks, tourist office, post office) and not far from the Plaka (food and drink); you can see the Parthenon through the window as you come down to breakfast; the Theatre of Dionysus is no distance; and you can reach the entrance to the Akropolis by a pleasant walk below the northern slope. However, both the British and American Schools of Archaeology recommend it to students, and it was rapturously written up in the Sunday Times in 1977; so it would be as well to book ahead.

FOOD AND DRINK

See the Practical Information section in the Blue Guide. You will either get a continental breakfast where you are staying, or they will tell you where you can find one; and you will find that generally you need only a light lunch - a salad or an omelette, neither of which present any linguistic problems (salata, omeleta) - and one main meal in the evening.

Small change may be troublesome, as three different types are in circulation: pre-colonels (monarch's head), colonels (beastly phoenix) and post-colonels (distinguished Greeks of classical times and of the War of Independence).

SITES AND MUSEUMS IN ATHENS

The sine quibus non, or ἄνευ ὧν οὐ, are the Akropolis (of course), with its Museum; the National Archaeological Museum (quite a distance: bus or taxi); and the Agora, with its Museum. The Agora is much more rewarding if you do your homework beforehand: the American School's fascinating series of Agora Picture Books (16 so far) now includes a brief guide, and there is also their first-rate full-scale guide (3rd edn. 1976).

EXPLORING ATTICA

The most popular excursion is to Sounion (brief guide by W.B.Dinsmoor available on site), which gives you fine views of the Attic coast en route. I would also recommend Brauron (Vraona), where there is a sanctuary of Artemis (see Scientific American June 1963) and Museum [henceforward Mus.]: local bus to Markopoulo, then walk (or another bus if you're lucky). And Thorikos (Guide to the excavations by H.F.Mussche), with its irregular theatre, and classical houses and mining installations currently being excavated by the Belgians. You may like to find your way to the silver mines of Laurion or the marble quarries of Mt. Pentelikon

(neither of which have I explored), or to Marathon, where you can sit on top of the memorial mound and read Herodotus' account of the battle. Buses for all these places in eastern Attica leave from Odhos Mavromateion. To the west lie the monastery of Daphni (Byzantine mosaics), and Eleusis (sanctuary and Mus.), the latter in heavily industrialised surroundings, via what has been called "the least romantic road in Greece".

TRANSPORT

I have already mentioned local buses, which are useful in other parts of Greece too - unless of course you decide to hire a car. There are also good long-distance coach services, which leave from the bus station on Odhos Kifissou in the north-western suburbs (taxi). Mountainous Greece is not ideal railway country, but a line runs around the Peloponnese, and another connects Athens to Salonika; both stations are towards the north-west of the city. An underground service connects Athens (Omonia Square) with the Peiraieus, the port from which steamers leave for the islands and where you will find the shipping offices. Unless you have your own yacht.....

WHERE ELSE?

This depends on how much time you have, and where your interests lie. You might plan a Grand Tour of the Peloponnese, on the following lines: first to Corinth (brief Guide prepared by American School available on site; small Mus.), destroyed by the Romans in 146 BC, so that the remains are mostly Roman. A day's excursion to Perachora is rewarding (Corinth to Loutraki by bus; Loutraki to Perachora by bus; long walk to archaic site). Nauplia (small Mus., and Folk Mus.) is an exceptionally pleasant town with early 19th c. buildings (capital of Greece 1827-34), and is the obvious centre for visits to Mycenae (brief Guide by Helen Wace and Charles Williams), Tiryns (brief Guide by W.Voigtlander), Argos (Mus.; a rather disappointing, one-horse town; Hotel Telesilla has bloodstains on walls(and Epidauros (sanctuary of Asklepios, Mus., and Theatre, where Greek tragedies are frequently performed). After a day's sight-seeing, you can sit on the quay at Nauplia, sipping coffee and eating ice-cream as the sun sets behind the mountains across the water. Further south, Sparta, apart from its Mus., offers as little to the visitor as Thucydides foresaw it would, but is handy for the ruined Byzantine city of Mistra (churches, frescoes, castle).

The spectacular Langada pass leads you over Mt. Taygetus to Pylos, a charming coastal town by a magnificent bay, with triple historical associations: a Mycenaean palace (brief "Guide to the Palace of Nestor" by Carl Blegen and Marion Rawson) a few miles to the north (Mus. at Chora, a little further on), Sphakteria, where the Spartans were cut off during the Peloponnesian war, athwart the bay, and the bay itself, where the battle of Navarino (1827) was fought. Further up the west

coast and a little inland, in rather English countryside (each area of Greece has its distinctive characteristics) is Olympia, the major Panhellenic sanctuary (important Mus.). From here you can go on to Patras and cross the Corinthian Gulf by the Rhion-Antirrhion ferry to approach Delphi. It must now be the most popular tourist centre in Greece: hotels all along one side of the village street, souvenir shops all along the other (none of this in 1959!). But once you're in the sanctuary, all this is out of view; the site is at its best in the early morning, before the coaches arrive. But a tourist has no right to complain of his fellow-tourists. Excellent Mus.; and all the hotels give you the spectacular view of the sea of olives descending to the gulf. And then back to Athens. Or else you can travel along the south coast of the Corinthian Gulf by rail from Patras to Athens, with delightful glimpses of the water through olive and lemon groves, and make Delphi a separate expedition from Athens. The approach from Athens passing the site of the most famous road accident in history, where Oedipus killed his father at the place where three roads meet, is indeed more impressive than that from the west.

This is an ambitious itinerary, and no doubt you will want to leave some bits out. If you have already visited all these places, and want to explore less well-known parts, two friends have warmly recommended North-West Greece.

ISLANDS

You really ought to try and visit one of the islands. An easy one is Aigina, a day-trip from the Peiraieus; the journey takes an hour. More ambitious is Crete, a world of its own; my own memories are overgrown with the dust of twenty years. Mykonos, touristy but not unpleasantly so, is where you stay to visit Delos, a major archaeological site. From Mykonos you can travel on to Samos (stay at Pythagoreion, the ancient capital, not Vathy, the modern one), which combines beauty and history. The Turkish coast is less than two miles away, but you can't go straight across: you sail up the coast to Kusadasi, from which you can reach Ephesus (impressive, by all accounts, but Roman) or Priene (highly recommended). There is a day-return service from Samos which will get you there and (if you're lucky) back again. I've never been to Thera (Santorini), volcanic and spectacular. Friends were most impressed a few years ago, but the frescoes and other finds are in the National Mus. at Athens. Thasos (Guide by French School, available in French or Greek), green and wooded, is very attractive; quite a few antiquities (not too many), Mus., a good walk around the extensive city walls, delicate lingering sunsets; internal flights from Athens. Ithaka rates high for epic associations, if Homer was right in thinking that Ithaka was Ithaka. I'd always heard that Rhodes was crowded, but friends who visited it last Easter say that this is not so. One distinguished Hellenist recommends Halonnesos, on the grounds that it has no classical antiquities whatever.

The list is inexhaustible; the methodical traveller will consult the Sunday Times Colour Supplement of Jan. 6th, 1980, pp. 73-7, where marks are given to 37 islands for a wide spectrum of qualities. Thus Skiathos gets 10 out of 10 for beaches, Karpathos 0 out of 10 for night life; not much ambience on Kea, and only 15 beds on Kythera - presumably this is why Paris had to share a room wi h Helen. Personal reminiscences of Mykonos, Samos, Thasos, and Ithaka on request.

LANGUAGE

The Classics Department no longer offers a Beginners' Class in modern Greek, alas; perhaps the Language Centre can help. Richard Seaford is writing elsewhere in this issue on this subject, so I need say little. Students who know ancient Greek get off to a flying start, as much of the vocabulary is the same, and the inflections of nouns and (less so) of verbs will be fairly familiar . Furthermore, the spelling system exactly matches the pronunciation: ou spells "oo", and there is nothing like the English "through, bough, enough, cough, thought" problem. Once you have learnt the pronunciation, speaking Greek is not difficult. It is much more difficult to understand it: H, I, EI, CI and Y are all pronounced as long e ("ee"), so that words are not easy to visualise. Those who know no Greek ought at least to learn the Greek alphabet in capitals, so as to read signs. Ten letters are identical with English (A,B, E,Z,I,K,M.N.O,T), and there are only fourteen others.

There are various text-books available. I still think Jay Wharton Fary, "Spoken Modern Greek" (Ungar, New York, 1944 with reprints; possibly available secondhand if out of print) is the best; it leads you thoroughly and methodically from Lesson One ("What is that?")to Lesson Twenty-Eight ("There are numerous words in the English Language that come from Greek words, e.g. apoplexy, diarrhoea, dyspepsia, epilepsy, rheumatism, and many others.") Others may provide more entertainment, for example "A Handbook of Modern Greek" by Edgar Vincent of the Coldstream Guards and T.G.Dickson of Athens (Macmillan 1881), in which you are required to translate:

> "It is againstthe law to draw caricatures on the wall. Mind your own business; the house was built by me, and I shall put anything I like upon the walls or inside it, on the top or underneath it. The police are coming. Quick! give me something to wipe it out. Come and stand in front of it to hide it from the eye of the law. Throw me a sponge out of the window. For goodness' sake,be quick, or they will be round the corner. I shall be bound with chains and torn from my wife and family."

Various pocket dictionaries exist, of varying degrees of merit; the better ones such as A.N.Jannaris (English-Greek, O.U.P. 1965) are less portable.

BOOKS ABOUT GREECE

Here are some that I have enjoyed reading, or that friends have recommended. PB indicates that it is available in paperback.

Ralph Brewster, The 6,000 Beards of Athos (1935): bugs and buggery on the Holy Mountain.
Dilys Powell, The Traveller's Journey is Done (1943): Perachora.
Lawrence Durrell, Prospero's Cell (1945): Corfu - PB.
Osbert Lancaster, Classical Landscape with Ruins (1947): splendid illustrations - PB.
Lawrence Durrell, Reflections on a Marine Venus (1953): Rhodes - PB.
Robert Liddell, Aegean Greece (1954).
Patrick Leigh Fermor, Mani, Travels in the Southern Peloponnese (1958): superb.
Robert Liddell, The Morea (1958).
Dilys Powell, An Affair of the Heart (1958) - PB.
Kevin Andrews, The Flight of Ikaros (1959).
D.M.Nicol, Meteora, the Rock Monasteries of Thessaly (1963).
Leslie Finer, Passport to Greece (1964).
Alan J.B.Wace, Greece Untrodden (1964): folktales, some invented - PB.
Patrick Leigh Fermor, Roumeli, Travels in Northern Greece (1966): also superb; will there ever be any more volumes?
Dilys Powell, The Villa Ariadne (1973): Crete.

The sparsity of recent titles reflects the fact that many of the bibliographer's books are second-hand, not any abatement in the flow of books.

MUSEUM PICTURE BOOKS

Ten books on Greek Museums, splendidly illustrated in colour, published by Ekdotike Athenon S.A. in large or small format, and not outrageously priced, considering their quality, cover the following: Athens, National Mus.; Akropolis; Byzantine Mus.; Benaki Mus.; Delphi; Olympia; Pella; Cyprus; Herakleion; Thessaloniki.

There is also a more modest series, Apollo Editions, in which the plates are often identical with the picture postcards available, but with introduction and notes; variable in quality, but good souvenirs and often more than that; at least 32 titles so far.

NATIONAL TRUST FOR GREECE

If you are interested in the conservation of the architecture, wild life, environment etc. of Greece, you should join the National Trust for Greece (subscription £1.50 per annum for students, £3 for other individuals, £5 for family). Write to: The Secretary, The National Trust for Greece Ltd., 31, Southampton Row, London WC1B 5HW.

AND FINALLY

Enjoy your holiday! I have yet to hear of anyone who hasn't.

David Harvey

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about,don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:
If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim:
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
  And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on one turn of Pitch-and-Toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue
  Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
  If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of distance run
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
  And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

KIPLING

Si

Si, cum te omnes increpitant neque te prope stantes
  possunt, in placida mente manere potes,
Si tibi, te simul atque omnes qui te male fidunt
  excusare licet, confisus esse potes;
Sive manere vales nec deficere ipse manendo,
  falsa ferens eadem dicere sive nequis,
Sive expers odii quamquam tu inamabilis ipse,
  doctius effari, pulchrior esse nequis,
Si meditans tu non facturus es illa putata;
  Si iners desidiae non puer esse potes:
Si mendacibus et Lauro Caedique duobus -
  et pariter tractas - obvius esse potes;
Sive ut ineptos illaqueent, quae vera locutus,
  torquentes fures omnia ferre potes,
Sive videns spatium vitae facta omne refracta
  attritis utens haec renovare potes.
Si cumulo tua lucra uno glomerare patique
  cum alea iacta semel perdere cuncta potes;
Si tua nulla tenens nisi prima resurgere rursus
  et de proiectis dicere nulla potes;
Si tu corque tuum nitens animumque torosque
  cogere iussa sequi, cum diu fessa, potes
Si, cum nil remanet nisi vox "sunt illa ferenda,"
  nunc ita quae toleras illa subire potes,
Si concursibus effari probus atque manere

ire et cum dominis e medioque potes
Si tua laedere nec possunt hostes nec amici
Si curare omnes - sed moderate - potes
Si omnia tu cunctae consumere puncta diei,
officiis fungens quae facienda, potes
te, quae quisque cupet, licet haec quoque cuncta tenere
sed vir clarus eris! - ponderis plus quod habet.

PHIL MOORE.

A large firm of drapers, it is said, once opened a branch in a small Welsh town, displaying in its windows the slogan:

MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO

The next morning, not to be outdone, the local draper put up in his window a poster reading:

MENS AND WOMENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO

Suitable prizes are offered for similar anecdotes, true or invented, turning on the misunderstanding of a classical phrase. Entries to The Editor, Pegasus, Dept. of Classics, Queen's Building, University of Exeter before 1 October 1980.

Ire et cum domina e medioque potes
Si tua laedere nec possunt hoptes nec amici,
Si curare omnes - sed moderate - potes
Si omnia tu cunctae commovere puncta dies,
Officiis fungens quae faciunda, potes
Te, quae quisque cupet, facet haec quoque cuncta tenere
Sed vix clarus eris! - ponderis plus quod habet.

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