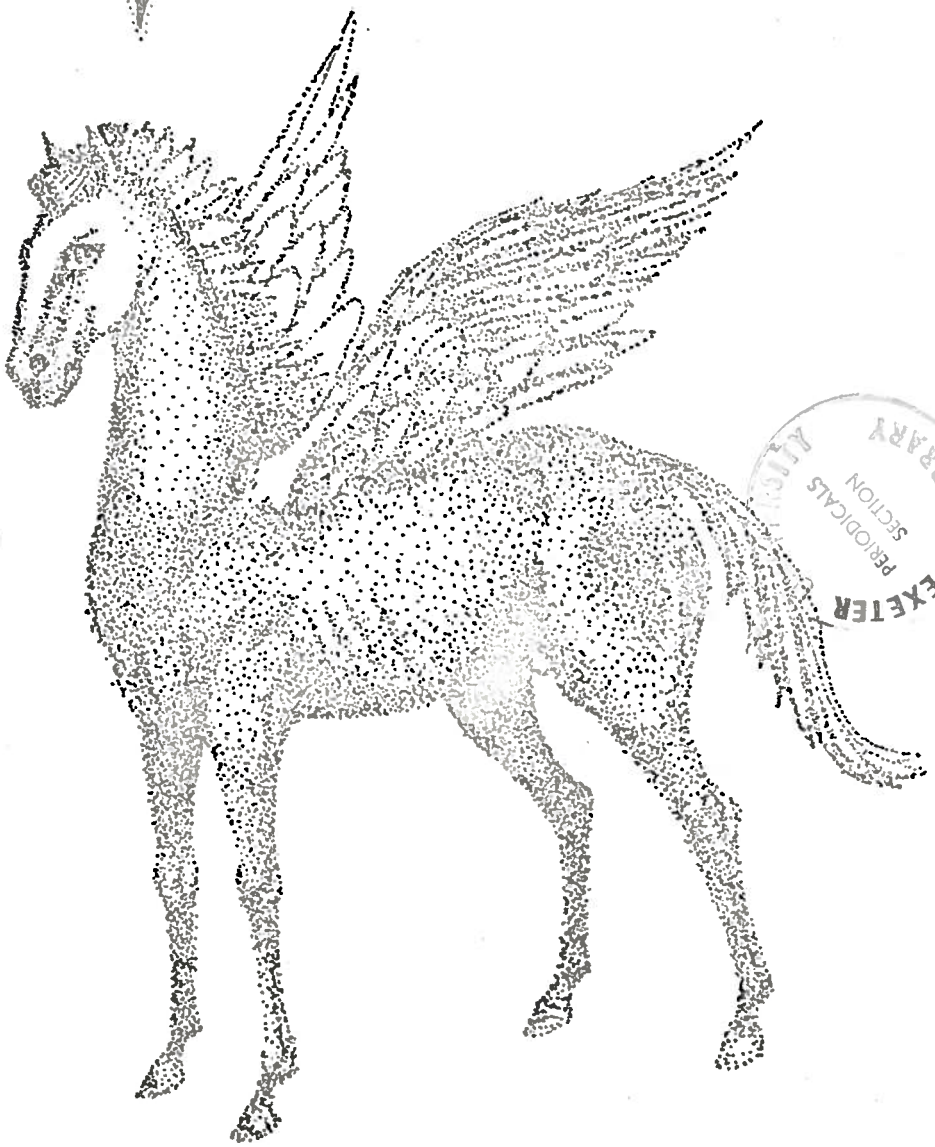
Pegasus



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P E G A S U S

University of Exeter Classical Society Magazine

The number of contributions to Pegasus seems to have increased this year and hopefully there is something of interest for everyone in the magazine. Many thanks to all contributors, especially to Charles Sisson, who gave the Jackson Knight Memorial Lecture earlier this year and who has kindly donated his previously unpublished translation of Aeneid III, though unfortunately there is room for only an extract in this edition. Thanks also to Valerie Harris, our departmental secretary, who in addition to doing most of the hard work involved in the production of Pegasus has found time to put pen to paper.

I would also like to take this opportunity to urge students to think about making more contributions to Pegasus - after all it may be the only chance you get to see your work in print! And as several of the items included here show, Classics doesn't always have to be deep and meaningful, it can also be fun.

Caroline Perkins
Editor

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Augustan Apollo : The conflation of literary tradition and Augustan propaganda

In 31 BC there was fought off Actium a naval action which was to be a decisive point in the career of Octavian. His opponents, Antony and Cleopatra, never recovered from their defeat, and from then on Octavian was effectively master of the Roman world. Subsequently, when poets celebrated the victory, they recalled that it was won under the eye of Apollo, whose temple on the promontory overlooked the bay (Virg. Aen. 8.704-706, Prop. 4.6). The god of poetic creativity, of the arts of civilization and of the founders of cities was an apt patron for the young man who was destined to put an end to nearly a century of civil unrest and warfare, and restore the morale and sense of purpose of the Roman people. But Octavian's use of Apollo for propaganda in fact started much earlier than Actium. He inherited the cult from family tradition, since the Julii worshipped Vediovis/Apollo, and Julius Caesar had revived the cult (1). Devotion to Apollo on Octavian's part would strengthen his claim to legitimacy as the heir of Caesar.

Caesar's resuscitation of the cult of Apollo undoubtedly owed something to the precedent of Sulla, who always carried a small image of the god after his visit to Delphi, and regarded Apollo as his special patron. Sulla's less successful rivals also used Apollo in their propaganda, almost as if laying claim to Apollo's special favour sanctioned one's bid for power. The same rivalry in claiming Apollo's favour is to be seen in the years 44-42 BC, when both Brutus and Cassius issued coins depicting Apollo or his attributes, while the senatorial moneyers, in a series flattering the Caesarian party, included a coin linking Octavian with Apollo (2). Brutus showed his awareness of the importance of Apollo in Octavian's propaganda in his quotation from the Iliad (16.849): 'But as for me, hateful destiny, and the son of Leto, killed me,' and used 'Apollo' as his watchword at Philippi (3). Once the republican party had been defeated, Octavian had sole title, as it were, to Apollo's favour (rather as if he had employed the ancient practice of evocatio of the enemy's god), and made the most of this in his propaganda in the thirties. During this decade it was fashionable for aspirants to power to identify themselves, in Hellenistic fashion, with gods (Antony with Dionysus, S.Pompeius with Neptune, Cleopatra with Aphrodite). Suetonius (Aug. 70) records the scandal created by a banquet given by Octavian, at which he appeared dressed as Apollo, with his guests in the guise of other gods. Popular reaction called him 'Apollo of the Torments' because of the current food crisis caused by Pompeius' stranglehold on corn imports. At about the same time Octavian circulated the story that he was actually the son of Apollo by the serpent in the temple of Apollo in which his mother spent a night (Suet. Aug. 94). Saecular themes, connected with the new age of Apollo, were already being circulated in c.40 BC, as Ecl. 4 shows, and in c.37 Octavian issued coins showing the tripod and laurel wreath of Apollo to celebrate his election as a quindecimvir sacris faciundis (4).

After Actium, of course, Apollo's importance as Octavian's patron deity increased enormously. The god appears frequently on coinage in the years immediately before and after Actium (5). His worship was centralised in the great Palatine temple, begun in 36 BC, but not dedicated until 28 BC. The site was next to Augustus' house, and he was closely associated with the cult (Ovid, Met. 15.865, speaks of 'Phoebe domestice'). In the library associated with the temple there was a statue of Augustus in the garb and with the insignia of Apollo, perhaps suggesting that he had wished to be identified with the god, at least in his younger days. In this respect he went further than the poets, who honour Apollo as Augustus' patron, but never suggest any identification.

Apollo themes reached a climax in propaganda in the period immediately before and after the celebration of the Saecular Games in 17 BC. The New Age was the Age of Apollo prophesied in the Sibylline Books. Apollo was honoured by the chorus of boys and girls who sang Horace's Carmen Saeculare before the Palatine temple as well as on the Capitoline Hill. The whole celebration was a masterpiece of propaganda, and marks the culmination of Augustus' dissemination of the idea of Apollo's special favour and protection. Once again we find Apollo and related themes featuring prominently in the coinage, disseminating ideas of peace, victory, reconstruction and auctoritas (6).

Apollo was also, of course, the god of poets, and Augustan writers could draw on a wealth of traditional images in which Apollo inspired and directed poetic creativity. Mention of the god is often purely literary and conventional, but there are also many instances which show that the poets are aware of the Augustan significance of Apollo.

Of all the poets, Horace goes furthest in building up an association of ideas based on the Apollo image but having contemporary reference. More than half his references to Apollo occur in poems that have some political significance, and in these instances he stresses two aspects: first, Apollo's power for destruction and, conversely, healing, and second, poetic inspiraction .(7) Most of these references occur in Odes 1-3 (i.e. the period of reconstruction after Actium; this accords with the evidence of the coins that Apollo was particularly prominent in propaganda at this time). Unlike Virgil, Horace does not appear to give special significance to Apollo before Actium. (It could be argued that the emphasis laid on the political aspect of the god increases with Horace's commitment to Augustus.)

Horace believed that a poet ought to be 'utilis urbi'. More than any other poet, he developed the Augustan concept of the vates, the poet specially set apart and divinely gifted with inspiration and insight, and authority to comment on society and even give advice to the ruler. When he claims this divine authority, Horace regularly refers to Apollo as his inspiration. Clearly the god both underlines Horace's right to speak as 'vates', and is specially concerned in the Augustan reconstruction programme which Horace supports.

Apollo's destructive aspect, as Far-Shooter, and his healing aspect, as Paean, are repeatedly mentioned by Horace in connection with the civil wars. Horace expresses horror and revulsion at the atrocities of this type of warfare, and looks to Apollo to ward off war and defend the state. He clearly sees Octavian as the potential saviour of the state, and Apollo as his patron and divine counterpart. His own reaction to the evils of contemporary society is one of withdrawal: he sees political problems in individual human terms, with avarice, ambition and discontent as the fundamental causes of unhappiness. So when, in Odes 1.31, on the dedication of the Palatine temple, he calls on Apollo to grant him personal contentment, he is in a way using the god to underline his notion of a remedy for the public ills.

Apollo also appears in the battle against the Giants, a myth which had special significance for the Augustans, as symbolic of the victory of order and vivilization over disorder and chaos (i.e. Octavian and the West over Antony, Cleopatra and the East). As the founder of the New Age, Apollo

is of course prominent in the Carmen Saeculare, where his protective, healing and creative aspects are stressed. He was the founder of Ilium, and so indirectly of Rome, and he is the patron of the new age in which Augustus re-establishes Roman greatness.

Like Horace, Virgil uses Apollo both as the god of poetic inspiration and as the patron of Octavian. He combines the two aspects at the beginning of Georgics 3, with the image of the temple of song (clearly intended to recall the Palatine temple of Apollo). Apollo is invoked; and under the authority of his inspiration Virgil sees himself as not merely hymning Caesar's greatness, but almost as creating that greatness.

Virgil was probably the first Augustan poet to link Apollo and Octavian, as early as Eclogues 4 (c.40 BC), where the New Age of Apollo, an era of peace and prosperity, is dawning. In Eclogues 5.35 Virgil draws a link between Julius Caesar and Apollo, since Caesar is identified with Daphnis, and Apollo and Pales withdraw in sorrow at the death of Daphnis. Apollo's reaction reflects Virgil's own shock and grief at the murder of Caesar, and shows the poet's awareness of the special significance of the god for the Julian house.

Virgil's most extensive use of Apollo in connection with Octavian/Augustus is in the Aeneid. Apollo repeatedly guides the Trojans in their search for their new home (8), and protects both Ascanius and Aeneas (9). He is seen also as the protector of other leaders and founders, like Evander (10). All these are types of Augustus. Virgil repeatedly uses Apollo to underline links between Aeneas and Augustus (11), both of them leaders destined to further Rome's divinely-appointed mission. He refers specifically to Apollo of Actium, vividly portraying him as instrumental in Augustus' victory (12).

By contrast with Horace and Virgil, Tibullus makes no reference to Augustus, and scarcely ever writes on contemporary themes. His use of Apollo is mainly literary and conventional, showing no interest in the Horatian and Virgilian quasi-political Apollo image. 2.5 is the only significant exception. Here Apollo is invoked on the occasion of the election of Messalla's son, Messalinus, to the College of the quindecimviri sacris faciundis, probably about 19 BC (when, as we have seen, the coinage shows a renewal of propaganda interest in Apollo, building up to the celebration of the Saecular Games in 17 BC). The poem does not directly praise Augustus, but its themes of peace, happiness, family pride and affection and personal achievement are in keeping with Augustan ideals, and Apollo is mentioned in every section. Yet at the end of the poem Tibullus appears to reject Apollo. Using a convention of elegiac poetry, he says it is not Apollo that inspires his verse, but his girl-friend. Is he deliberately undercutting the seriousness of the poem, and thereby indirectly insulting Augustus? I think not. Rather, he is using the amatory convention to link the poem with the main body of his work and to unite his private world with the public one of Messalla and Messalinus.

Propertius also uses Apollo largely in traditional ways, but he often shows awareness of the Augustan significance of Apollo, and particularly of Horace's use of Apollo to confer authority on the vates.

So it is significant that he very frequently uses Apollo to underline a recusatio - a refusal to praise Augustus or write so-called serious poetry. In 2.34B he challenges Virgil, and maintains the worth of his own poetic genre, and he carefully constructs a 'framing' device, repeatedly using the image of Apollo, to drive home his point. On a larger scale, he 'frames' the whole of Book 2 by opening and closing with poems in which Apollo is used to underline the recusatio.

Propertius is often suspected of undercutting apparent praise of Augustus by irony or exaggerated effusiveness, and in such poems Apollo is again prominent. The prime example is 4.6, the aetion for the temple of Apollo commemorating Actium, which very few scholars take seriously as a sincere tribute to Augustus. Most, like Gordon Williams (13) see it as intolerably artificial and abstract, 'fundamentally unserious'. Sullivan thinks Propertius deliberately wrote a very bad poem to prove to Augustus that he really could not write 'official' poetry: this was his 'ultimate recusatio' (14). W.R.Johnson goes further, maintaining that the poem is a deliberately daring and witty exposé of the whole Augustan myth about Actium, Apollo and the deified Julius (15). If the poem is intended to be anti-Augustan, the prominence of Apollo in it is to be regarded as highly offensive. It is a sign of Propertius' inventive wit that here and elsewhere he uses the emperor's favourite god to signalise his intellectual independence and his non-acceptance of Augustan standards.

To some extent Propertius had a successor in Ovid, who occasionally seems to use Apollo as a means of poking fun at Augustan ideals. The coin evidence suggests that Apollo was not greatly used in propaganda after the Saecular Games (nor do the later works of Horace present him in an Augustan or political sense). Ovid of course belongs to the later Augustan age, when Actium and the horrors of civil war and the hopes for a New Age were only memories. Nevertheless Ovid must have been aware of the importance of Apollo, and the fact that he often treats the god with a frivolous lack or respect (e.g. his account of the pursuit of Daphne, Met. 1.452ff., or of Apollo, love-sick for Hyacinthus, in 10.170ff.) may indicate a lack of respect for Augustan moral seriousness. It is difficult to be sure on this point, because of the conventions of amatory poetry and Ovid's natural tendency to daring, extravagant wit.

Ovid often mentions Apollo of the Palatine, referring to the libraries associated with the temple, and to Augustus' adjoining house. He includes Apollo in flattering prayers for the safety of Augustus and his family. Apollo is pictured as presiding in splendour on the Palatine (AA. 3.119ff.), an example of the glories of the new civilization. But even here Ovid is not totally serious: civilization to him means not the restoration of Roman greatness and of political and moral order, as in Horace and Virgil, but a climate of sophistication and leisure for amatory pursuits. Is this anti-Augustan? Or is it flattery, in Ovid's own way? In two other passages Augustus is certainly flattered by being associated with Palatine Apollo (Fast. 4.949ff., Trist 3.1.34ff.), and in both these Augustus' divinity is suggested. Apollo is used also twice to flatter Germanicus (Fast. 1.19f., Pont. 4.8.75ff.). But much more of this more serious flattery derives from the period of Ovid's exile, when he needed to placate Augustus. He appears to be frivolous about Apollo in the earlier poems and serious about him later, as if aware that his earlier attitude had displeased the emperor.

We have seen that all the Augustan poets, with the possible exception of Tibullus, respond in their individual ways to Augustan propaganda about Apollo. It is important to observe that none of them specifically equates Augustus with Apollo: although he himself at one stage seems to have sought to be identified with the god, the poets did not follow his lead. For them, Apollo is Augustus' patron: Augustus is not an earthly manifestation of Apollo. They reflect the more successful interpretation, that Augustus was not a god himself (although his achievements might win him immortality) but was especially favoured and helped by a god to whom the Romans had often in the past turned in times of crisis. Before Augustus, Apollo had usually been the object of state, rather than personal, cult, consulted at Delphi and through the Sibylline books in response to grave and critical situations. Apart from Augustus' family reasons for devotion to this god, he was the obvious choice for the times, when it seemed only some miraculous intervention could put an end to the destructive ambition of the power-hungry faction leaders and the recurrent outbreaks of civil war. Augustus used religion, and particularly the cult of Apollo, to inspire confidence in and devotion to himself. The revival of religious interest in the Augustan age reflects his more imaginative approach to religion, involving the personal commitment of the individual to an idea to a far greater extent than the formal state religion of the Republic had ever done.

The poets' response demonstrates the success of Augustus' propaganda in catching the public imagination. There was a longing for peace and a new beginning, and people were ready for a heroic, divinely-inspired, saviour-leader. It is impossible to know whether the poets, in developing a complex associatinn of ideas around the Apollo image, are reflecting Octavian's approach (or that of Maecenas, that master of propaganda), or whether their use of the Apollo theme encouraged Octavian to develop it for propaganda purposes. I think it likely that the exchange of ideas between poets and politicians stimulated both. What is certain, though, is that the earliest Augustan poetry, the work of writers who were in close contact with Octavian and his party and who felt serious concern about public affairs, gives a special depth of meaning to the Apollo image.

Anne Gosling

Notes

1. Servius ad Aen. 10.315-316; ILS 2988; S.Weinstock, Divus Julius (Oxford), 1971) 13; R.Syme, The Roman Revolution (Oxford, 1939) 454 n.1; M.H.Crawford, Roman Republican Coinage (Cambridge, 1974) I, n.32 (coin of L.Julius Caesar, 103 BC, showing Apollo's lyre).

2. Crawford, op.cit. nos. 501-504, 506 (Brutus), 498-500 (Cassius), 494.34 (Octavian). Crawford (ibid. II, 741 and n.6) stresses the connection between Apollo and libertas, another prominent theme of Brutus' and Cassius' coinage.

3. Plutarch, Brut. 24.4-7, Appian 4.134.564, Val.Max. 1.5.7. For a discussion of the authenticity of the anecdote, and Brutus' mood at the time, see J.Moles, AJPh 104 (1983) 249-256. Moles suggests that 'Apollo' was in fact the Caesarian, not the republican, password, and that 'in the propaganda battle for the favour of Apollo (Brutus) had been decisively defeated'.

4. Lily Ross Taylor, The Divinity of the Roman Emperor (Middletown, Connecticut, 1931) 120.

5. E.g. C.V.H.Sutherland and C.M.Kraay, Catalogue of the Coins of the Roman Empire in the Ashmolean Museum (Oxford, 1975) I, nos. 227-236.

6. E.g. RIC 150, 157-159.

7. Odes 1.2, 1.12, 1.21, 1.22, 1.31, 3.3, 3.4, 4.2, 4.6; CS.

8. 3.79ff., 358ff., 6.12, 7.241.

9. E.g. 9.638ff.

10. 8.333.

11. 3.274ff. (mention of the Trojan city founded at Actium recalls Octavian's foundation there of Nicopolis; the dedication of the shield by the Trojans foreshadows Octavian's dedication of trophies after Actium; and the games celebrated there bring to mind Octavian's Actian games); 4.142ff. (where Aeneas - like Octavian - looks like Apollo); 6.69f., 791-795 cf. Georg. 4.560ff.562.

12. 8.671-713, 720-722.

13. Tradition and Originality in Roman Poetry (Oxford, 1968) 51ff.

14. Arion 5 ((1966) 5-22; cf. Propertius: A Critical Introduction (Cambridge, 1976) 42.

15. CSCA 6 (1973) 151-180.

LET'S BLURBER DANS FRANGLISH

Last year a well-known French publisher sent us an advertisement for a new book on Pompeii. We reprint it here verbatim (apart from a few omissions) as we feel sure that it will evoke the admiration of all connoisseurs of the fine art of translation.

"The most favous archeological place in Europe is hard hit by oldness. Two centuries of excavations, therefore two false centuries life for a deserted city, risk to mean a new disparition by crumbling to dust if systematical safeguard measures are not quickly adopted. The 23rd November 1980 earth-quake, by accelerating the destruction process catalysed the other damages but provoked an authorities kick; realyzing that Pompeii from lapilli exhumated was not immortal.... The file includes first a breaf but necessary presentation of the Pompeian construction, in order to precise its aspects and structures (chronology, shapes, materials nature): the 1980 earthquake, vegetation, water, touristical erosion, vandal and thieves, atmospherical pollution, farmer restaurations... In compliment to our Italian collegue-fellows this file established with the Pompeian datum may stike upon an extrapolation to the general problem of the antique architecture safeguard wherever it is vulnerable."

Note: "farmer restaurations" = "les anciennes restaurations".

Plutarch on Romulus

In reading Plutarch's Lives we can discern quite a bit about the nature of early Roman history. For instance, we can determine, to some extent, how Romans and other peoples viewed Rome's history. We can postulate the origins of certain historical explanations, as in Greek myths which describe how various Roman customs and legends began. And most of all, we can determine why biographies such as Plutarch's were written and what functions they were intended to serve. In the paragraphs which follow, I will suggest ways in which Plutarch enables us to derive clues about the attitudes toward and the origins of early Roman history and the specific functions of his own writings, in reference to the life of Romulus, chapters XII-XXIX.

In his book Ancient Historians, Michael Grant points out that Plutarch's writings include references to as many as 250 Greek authors, 80 of which are unknown to us today (p.325). From these figures we can determine that Plutarch was a well-read man and one devoted to thorough research. Because of his thoroughness, however, he was often faced with conflicting accounts of events. While some accounts show strong anti-Roman sentiment, others portray the Romans favourably. Take, for example, the explanations as to why the senators were called patricians (hapter XIII). One story, obviously of anti-Roman origins, holds that the senators were called fathers because they were among the few people of the city who actually knew who their own fathers were. This is a not-so-subtle stab at the first settlers of Rome, a potpourri of "slaves and fugitives" (chapter IX) who undoubtedly came from less than respectable backgrounds. But another account, which presents Rome in a more favourable light claims that these leaders were called patricians because it was their duty to watch over the common people with fatherly care and concern.

This example is one of many showing varying opinions of Rome, its history and of particular characters in the story. There are other such instances in the life of Romulus where conflicting accounts are present, showing strong anti-Roman sentiment on one side and pro-Roman on the other. Since Plutarch's sources are primarily Greek, this discrepancy can perhaps be explained in the following manner: some Greek historians felt hostile toward the Romans and wanted to belittle their past. But others, like Plutarch himself, were more interested in reconciling Greek and Roman differences and recognizing their common bonds.

This brings me to my second point. The effort to bridge the gap between these two peoples, along with the Greeks' need to explain Rome and its origins, offerstwo reasons for the fact that many of Plutarch's accounts contain striking similarities to Greek mythology. According to Michael Grant in his book Roman Myths, the chapter XVIII account as to why the pool in the middle of the Roman Forum is known as Lacus Curtius (translated Pool of Curtius) may be Greek in origin. Plutarch writes that the pool is so named because, during a battle with the Romans, a Sabine called Mettius Curtius charged with his horse into the mud and slime left there by a recent flood. This story is related to those Greek myths about great men who get lost in holes in the ground, supposedly used to communicate with the Underworld (Roman Myths p.127).

Other examples of Greek influence contained in the story of Romulus include Plutarch's explanation of the violence of Roman wedding customs, as in the practice of parting a bride's hair with a spear. Grant suggests this may be related to a custom in ancient Greece whereby men would seize their brides by force and the symbolic survival of violence in Spartan wedding ceremonies (Roman Myths p.119). Finally, the account of Tarpeia in chapter XVII may have had its roots in Greek myth. It is the tale of a Roman girl who betrays her country by allowing the Sabines to enter the citadel and ultimately is smothered by a heap of Sabine shields. This story resembles Phillip A.Stadter's account of Polycrite, a young Naxian girl held prisoner by the Milesians. Polycrite, as one version of the story goes, sent a message to her brothers to attack the Milesians after a feast one evening when they were drunk and asleep. The Naxians attacked and were victorious. Polycrite was suffocated by all the presents the grateful Naxians heaped upon her (Plutarch's Historical Methods, p.94).

Faced with all these different accounts, some decidedly Greek in origin, many blatantly anti-Roman in their sentiments and still others portraying Rome favourably, Plutarch maintains a remarkable degree of consistency amid the confusion. However, in almost every case, he shows a decided preference for the accounts which present his hero - and therefore Rome - in the most favourable light. In the story of the Sabine womens' capture for instance, Plutarch clearly prefers the version in which Romulus seized the maidens for marriage purposes and to achieve a "blending and fellowship" afterwards, not merely to provoke war with the Sabines (chapter XIV). Plutarch goes to great lengths to prove Romulus' good intentions. He claims that not 30 but 527 or 683 women were taken, enough women to provide wives for many men and too many for the purpose of merely arousing Sabine hostilities. Plutarch returns to the story later, in chapter XX, pointing out that although some authors (pp. 127, 131, 153) - who used the Rape story as an aetiology for the 30 curiae - claim that each of the ten brotherhoods of Romes three tribes was named after the thirty original Sabine women, many of the brotherhoods bear names of places.

Another example of Plutarch's bias can be found in the story of Tatius' death (chapter XXIII). Despite the fact that Romulus took no steps to punish the murderers of his co-ruler, Plutarch discredits the suggestion that Romulus was glad of Tatius' death, claiming instead that Romulus acted as he did to preserve the unity of Rome. In both of these cases, Plutarch takes many pains to present Romulus as a ruler acting in the best interests of his country when he could just as well be viewed as selfish and power hungry, and indeed was by some authors.

After seeing evidence of Plutarch's bias, we must now ask why he so consistently favours those accounts presenting the Romans most favourably. The logical conclusion would be that he wishes to win favour for Rome. According to Grant, however, Plutarch is equally biased towards the Greeks in his Greek Lives (Ancient Historians, p.311). This brings me to my final point, Plutarch's purpose in writing the Lives. In C.P.Jones' book Plutarch and Rome, the author explains that above all else, Plutarch was a biographer. Before his time Polybius had identified biography as a field in which the writer's foremost task was to give honour and glory to his subject. Polybius

that sometimes it was even necessary for the writer to be partial to his/her subject. Since Plutarch approached biography more as a philosopher than a historian, Jones points out that it is unlikely Plutarch would adopt stricter standards than Polybius (p.88).

In addition, Plutarch himself clearly states that he is writing lives, not history (the Life of Alexander, chapter 1). Grant explains that Plutarch thought people should gain moral benefit from the study of the past. This idea was common among biographers of Plutarch's time, and since the gradual development of this genre from the 4th century B.C., biographers have tended to write in a style praising their subjects. Plutarch followed this form, not merely giving an account of a particular life but encouraging his readers to imitate the exemplary conduct of those great men who experienced extreme moral stress and remained on the side of good (Ancient Historians, p.314).

With this fact in mind, Plutarch's writings take on a new significance. Take, for example, Plutarch's preferred explanation of why Roman senators came to be called fathers (chapter XIII). The biographer claims that the title "father" confers respect and dignity and evokes the least envy among those of lesser rank, and was thus chosen by Romulus. Plutarch goes on to paint a rosy picture of class relations in Romulus' time: "he (Romulus) inspired both classes with an astonishing goodwill towards each other..." We know that Plutarch urged loyalty to the Roman government in his own time (Ancient Historians, p.314); perhaps the story of the fathers is another way of reinforcing the necessity of that loyalty. There are other instances where Romulus is shown to be a wise and kind leader, as in Chapter XVI where, after a victory over the Sabines, Romulus ordered the conquered peoples to settle in Rome where they would receive full rights as citizens. Throughout the Life of Romulus, Plutarch shows his hero to be courageous and wise in battle as well as prudent and kind in peace.

In reading Plutarch's Lives, therefore, much can be learned about Roman history. Plutarch provides important clues about the way Romans and others viewed Rome's history and about the outside influences on historical explanations. But more significant is the fact that Plutarch was first and foremost a biographer, dedicated to drawing moral examples from history. From this we can understand Plutarch's motivation for writing the Lives and his reasons for adopting the bias that he does.

Cathy Hale

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A VIRGILIAN DRAFT: An extract from Aeneid III
translated by C.H.Sisson.

Here an incredible rumour reaches us,
That Helenus, one of the sons of Priam,
Is now reigning as king over Grecian cities,
And has possession of the wife of Pyrrhus,
Son of Aeacus, as well as of his sceptre,
And that Andromache has once again
Passed to a husband of her own race.
This tale filled me with more than curiosity
To get to him and find out what had happened.
I went up from the harbour, leaving the fleet,
And there was Andromache, as it chanced,
In a clear space under the city walls,
Among the trees, pouring a ritual offering
Beside a spring that represented Simois,
Mourning gifts to the ashes of Hector,
Calling his spirit to an empty tomb,
A mound of turf, where she had consecrated
A pair of altars. When she caught sight of me
And saw the Trojan arms all around,
She was beside herself and terrified
By such extraordinary appearances.
She froze at what she saw, to her very bones
And collapsed. It was long before she spoke:
"Is your shape what it seems, does it speak the truth,
Son of the goddess, can you be alive?
Or, if the light of day has left us all,
Where is Hector?" With that, her tears came,
She filled the palace with her cries. For my part
I could only throw in a few words,
So frenzied was she, and I was so moved
That I could hardly say what I said:
"I am alive indeed, and keep on somehow
Through all extremities; so do not doubt
These are real things you see
But oh, what has happened now to you
After your marriage to so great a husband?
What fortune could be worthy of your past,
Hector's Andromache? Are you still with Pyrrhus?"
She hung her head and spoke quietly:
'Oh, fortunate above all other women
Was Priam's virgin daughter who was ordered
To die at the tomb of an enemy
Under the walls of Troy. No lots were drawn
For her and no victorious master took her
A prisoner to his bed! But I, when Troy
Was burnt, was carried off through distant seas
To bear the scorn and youthful arrogance
Achilles' son showed to a slave in labour;
Then, when his mind turned to Hermione,
Leda's grand-daughter, and a Spartan marriage,
He handed me over to Helenus
As one slave is given to another.

But then he fell foul of Orestes
Who, jealous because Pyrrhus had taken his bride
And driven by the Furies for his own crimes,
Surprised him beside his father's altars
And finished him. After the death of Pyrrhus
Part of his kingdom fell to Helenus;
It was he called these plains "Chaonian"
And the whole place "Chaonia", taking the name
From Chaon in our home country of Troy,
And he topped this eminence with a Pergamus,
A citadel that would recall Ilium.
But you? Where have the winds taken you?
What course have the fates set you on? What god
Has brought you here without your knowing it?
How is that boy Ascanius? Did he survive
And does he still breathe in the living air?
In Troy already.....
And does he still think of his lost mother?
Does he show signs of following in the footsteps
Of his father Aeneas and his uncle Hector?"
The words poured from her as she wept, she broke
Into prolonged laments, vain though they were,
And as she did so, from the city walls
Emerged the hero Helenus himself,
Priam's son, with a great company.
He knew at once that we were his own people;
Delightedly he led us to the gates
And yet shed tears with every word he spoke.
I went ahead and saw a little Troy,
A citadel copied from the great Pergamus
And a dry water-course they called Xanthus;
I hugged the pillars of the Scaean gate.
And indeed all the Teucrians loved the city,
The king received us in a pillared walk
And in the middle of the courtyard there
They tasted cups of wine and they were served
On gold plate and drank from great bowls.

ATTENTION ALL FEMALE FINALISTS! Before finally deciding on your chosen career, do consider the following:

Are you - (a) good with children? (b) clairvoyant? (c) the holder of a driving licence? (d) a nag and bully? (e) a member of the magic circle? (f) sympathetic to the lovelorn? (g) a Tory? (h) not easily provoked to homicide? (i) able to use two fingers or more on a typewriter?

Do you (j) mind telling little white lies? (k) know what Henry VIII said to Cardinal Wolsey? (l) have a stab at impossibilities? (m) try to love this Department and its inmates?

Job Description

(a) requires the training of a Norland Nanny to look after loveable lecturers while trying to make them aware of the nasty world outside.

(b) requires the ability to guess that when a lecturer gives you Book IV, lines 620-656 as a reference for a handout, he actually means Book II, lines 120-156.

(c) requires you to drive the Department of Archaeology's Ford Transit round the campus with 15 visiting students on board while trying to look as though this isn't the first time you've ever been behind the wheel of anything this size.

(d) requires dedicated daily bullying from you between November and February to get lecturers to put together the examination papers they were actually supposed to set by the deadline of November 30th! Not much of an example will be set by the Departmental Examinations Officer who will generally be found at Duryard marking proses (?)

(e) requires that you should endeavour simultaneously to type a letter, answer the phone and carry on a conversation with a student/lecturer while also idly wondering whether your family would notice if you chucked the dried-up 3-week old tin of baked beans loitering in the fridge into the curry for supper.

(f) requires calming down a distraught student whose girlfriend/boyfriend has given him/her the heave-ho, usually with impeccable timing on the day before the Part I examination in Greek Set Texts.

(g) requires a right-winger, a supporter (on occasions) of Margaret Thatcher and opponent of unilateral disarmament, to strike a balance in the Department.

(h) requires striving to keep your temper when a student comes in to ask for information which has been on the noticeboard for the last three weeks. (It is a wellknown fact that students never read noticeboards.)

(i) re"kwires some Abilty on the e typeright..er, but also enjoyment in collating hundreds of copies by hand when you work in a Faculty that will spend thousands on computers and word processors but begrudges a few quid on a collating attachment for the copier. There is also the annual chore of typing Pegasus - an oddly named magazine which to my knowledge has never contained an article either on the Paras or the Horse of the Year Show!

(j) requires the pacifying of the Finance Office/Faculty Secretary/ Deputy Registrar/Personnel/Examinations Office etc. who have had no reply to their urgent memos because certain people prefer to sit and think about the next book they are going to write.

(k) requires some historical knowledge in order to understand an erudite joke with the punch-line in Latin told you by the Department's walking encyclopaedia.

(l) requires being able to produce copies of handouts at one minute's notice when every copier in the building has a queue a mile long. Does the latest addition to the Department prepare his lectures on the way to work?

and finally....

(m) requires you to love this Department and its inmates because you certainly wouldn't work here for the money Universities pay. (The present incumbent must at least fulfil this last condition, since she has stuck it for 15 years.)

If this is how you see yourself, then perhaps a job as a Classics Departmental Secretary might appeal to you? Apply now before the rush starts!

"Penelope Dubitat"

In Pegasus 27 was an English serenade "Penelope Doubts". The Latin Alcaics here are a mere attempt by one-reader to render the theme. They do not profess to get within miles of the quality of Collinsplatt's.

Troiae cadentis quis fuit immemor?
Troiae per annos non ego iam decem
Quae signa flammarum catenae
Clara darent redeuntis eheu!

Cur non Ulixei, pignoris et dati?
Canent capilli (quae mea nunc?) mea
Dum semper exspecto maritum
(Uae speculum!) pereunte forma -

Dum longa tristes taedia seruulae
Reddunt dierum, quos vigilauimus -
Nec maesta succedens sopores
Hora vehit quotacumque noctis.

Me flos procorum cum lare praemio
Apponet auceps, inuidet et tibi
Iam iamque defunctum putans te -
Dum capiunt bona nostra reges

continued

Ritu latronum quae iuuet - horruit
Rugas et annos nostra prior venus -
Munusque texendum retexo
Penelope, cubitura quando?

Quocum? - vagantes tu vice fluctuum
Sectare cursus nauta! - Cupidinis
Ne rere quo flatu latentis
Corde meo foveas favillas!

Alan J. Barron

This Greek column really doesn't exist

moreover....Miles Kington

"Do you have any moussaka'" "No". "Any souvlaki?" "What do you have?" "Only chicken".

This conversation is taken, not from real life, but from a BBC Greek language course. In any other language it might have been meant humorously but in a Greek context it seems to reflect quite honestly the uselessness of relying on the menu. A Greek menu is a list of things which, over 12 months, may be on offer in a restaurant. To find out what is on offer today you have to interrogate the waitor or, morehelpfully, go and look in the kitchen. Very sensible, too.

And it seems to reflect a general optical illusion that takes place in Greece, whereby what is not there is just as important as what is there. The afternoon, to take one example, is not there. We Northerners are regularly warned that hot countries close shop at siesta time, but it wasn't until I went to Greece that I was warned it was highly impolite to phone or call on anyone between three and six, even during the winter when the absence of blistering heat makes the siesta unnecessary.

A lot of Greek history isn't there, either. Being an outpost of the Byzantine, Turkish or Venetian empires for so long seems to mean that Greece got by without our Middle Ages or Renaissance or imperialism, only starting to revive in 1830. The remains that date from that period are generally ignored by the Greek tourist business, which prefers to point us in the direction of ancient Greek temples, which of course do not really exist any more.

Nor, to listen to the tourist business, does the mainland exist, only the islands. A Greek advertising man I met told me he has a second home three hours' drive from Athens, just round the corner from some of the most superb skiing country.

"But you never see any foreigners there. This suits me of course, but you would think the tourist industry would stop selling Greece as merely a collection of islands with three months of sunshine. You would never believe that Greece is 80 per cent mountains. To take another example - we make some very fine wines in Greece, but all you ever see on sale in London is the most ordinary kind of plonk.

This is true. I came across some delicious cheap wines in Greece, from Nemea for example, and have failed to find them in London. It is no use going to the Greek Food Centre. This, too, does n exist.

Nor does coffee exist in Greece. Well, that is not quite true. The phrase book lists more phrases for coffee than any other European language, specifying varying amounts of sugar, whether cold or ot, and so on. But this disguises the fact that there is nothing in between the incredibly strong Greek coffee and instant; nothing that we would regard as ordinary coffee made with ordinary grounds to which you can add ordinary milk. The Greek word for ordinary coffee is "nes". Nascafe must be well pleased.

Even in the Greek alphabet you will find curious omissions. They have no letters to represent our sounds b, g and d, although they use the sounds, so these have to be written respectively mp, gk and nt. A place marked "mpar" is obviously a bar, though I was baffled by a similar place labelled "mpouat". It turned out to be a small night club and the word thus disguised was the French word boite. The one that finally stumped me was the drink on a menu described as "mpeleis". Finally, I asked the waiter to show me what this was. He brought me a bottle of Bailey's.

None of this is intended as a criticism of Greece or the Greeks, of which which and of whom I am all in favour. I merely record what seems to me to be a curious series of optical illusions and wonder what the explanation can possibly be.

I have an uneasy feeling that the explanation does not exist either.

Now let's hear it for Nafplion

moreover.....Miles Kington

I would like to say thank you to a woman I met a month ago in the Pembridge Road branch of Kensington Library. As I was preparing to remove a pile of books on Greece she leant over and said: "If you're going to Greece, you don't need any of those. All you need to do is head for Nafplion and make it your base; it's a smashing town and there aren't many tourists there. It's full of bubbles."

Thus, through my anonymous informant, did I acquire the double knowledge that "bubble and squeak" is Cockney slang for Greek and that Nafplion is a fine centre for one's first visit to the Peloponnese. Not only is it within reach of Argos, Mycenae, Epidavros and all the other sites, but it is - unlike most places described as tourist centres - a fine town in its own right. It has one startling advantage over Athens and indeed over any other Greek town I saw: it looks as if it has a real history.

Athens, for instance, looks as if the builders left at about the time Christianity arrived, promising to get back as soon as possible and not making it for another 1,500 years, in the 1830s. There is virtually nothing between the last of the temples and the first of the Victorian mansions. Other towns which might have had more to show than Athens were destroyed in the War of Indpendence (the war which made Lord Byron the most loved Englishman in Greece and Lord Elgin the most hated) - only Nafplion, by some miracle, avoided being razed to the ground, and when Greece's first king was imported from Bavaria it was here that he set up his capital while Athens was being refurbished.

The Venetians alternated ownership of the place with the Turks for hundreds of years and to this very day the main square is dominated at one end by the old Venetian garrison building, now the museum, and at the other end by the old Turkish mosque, now a cinema.

The middle of the square is dominated by children learning to ride bicycles, because for once the Greeks have sat on their love of cars and made it pedestrian only. But the town is overshadowed by a huge hill on which sits a huge castle - really three castles in one perimeter wall - called the Palamidi.

This was built by the Venetians up to 1714 in one last great attempt to preserve their empire. Unfortunately the Turks marched in in 1715, the year after completion, leaving the poor people of Venice feeling like an art gallery that has had all its Rembrandts swiped the week after the burglar alarms were fitted. But the Palamidi, reached by 857 sandal-eroding steps, is still pretty inside, a dizzying complex of ramps and staircases as fiddly as an Escher drawing. One can imagine the in-fighting between the Venetian commander and the architect...

"Look here, dammit, the castle is full of sloping ramps. How the devil do you expect my men to run up and down without falling over, eh?"

"They're not meant for running up and down. They're interlocking inclined planes. I don't want you soldiers' nasty boots on my nice shiny ramps."

"Well, get some staircases put in or you don't get a Venetian penny, my man."

The result is as pretty a castle courtyard as I've ever seen, crammed with nooks and crannies and the odd fig tree. But the Palamidi, well preserved as it is, is not high on the list of Greek things to see.

In fact, I suspect this is because it is well preserved. There seems to be a paradoxical feeling in Greece that if a thing is in a good state of preservation it is not nearly so worth seeing as something which has almost entirely vanished. Greece boasts a wonderful series of medieval Frankish fortresses - there is a fine hill-top example frowning down on the town of Argos - which are simply not mentioned in guide books, except under duress, whereas the least classical remain, even if it looks like a marble spare part yard, is given endless lip service.

You will not, for example, find much mention of the little town of Myli. Yet this tiny port, ten miles round the bay from Nafplion, contains not only its own castle but the most picturesque site I saw anywhere in Greece. The tableau is based on the railway station. Imagine, if you can, a graceful station building surrounded by eucalyptus trees. Next to it is a taverna with vines growing over it. Across the lines are three of the most remarkable rusting steam engines, 2-8-2's built in Boston U.S.A. Behind the station is the dome of an old mosque and the other side, 50 yards away, are several fish tavernas on the quay-side, looking out from under friendly plane trees over the blue water to the heights of Nafplion across the bay.

Magic, as they say. Yet I could not find a single Greek who could understand what I saw in the place.

EH-WA-AU-WAU-AOOOW

The relationship between the Tarzan books and the literature of classical antiquity is a subject that has received surprisingly little attention. It is, however, the theme of Erling B.Holtsmark's TARZAN AND TRADITION: CLASSICAL MYTH IN POPULAR LITERATURE* which constitutes to all intents and purposes the sum total of the secondary literature on this hairy subject, and as such deserves careful scrutiny. "I come to this study as a professional classicist, and I bring to it... meth-ds similar to those I apply to classical literature", says Professor Holtsmark, who dedicates his book to "many students, past, present, and future; to their parents; to the people of Iowa." "These individuals should be thanked for supporting the fine university system of which I am privileged to be a part. They have made this book possible. I salute the dedicands of this book: they put my family's bread on the table, and they butter it." Other professional classicists will read these words with a twinge of wistful envy. How many of us have received as much as a scrape of margarine from our future students?

In his introduction, Professor Holtsmark insists that Burroughs' fiction should not be condemned for its improbability. "If the criterion for acceptable literature is verisimilitude to the real world, not only must

* Contributions to the Study of Popular Culture no.1, published in 1981 by the Greenwood Press, Conneticut.

Homer be discarded, but also ...the Bible... There are times when the suspension of disbelief must be willingly and ungrudgingly granted." We grant the required suspension, and read on. "Among other ostensible justifications for relegating Burroughs to oblivion, if not banning him entirely, have been his reliance on formulas, belief in Darwinian evolution, inferiority to Kipling, preposterousness, antireligious tendencies and right-wing extremism, excessive violence, infantile appeal, lack of imagination, and snobbery." But "beginning with the Iliad and moving right down through the ages and up to the latest bestseller, we would be forced to ban or seriously expurgate most books on the basis of one or another of the suggested criteria." Here the present writer, who hastened to buy and read Tarzan and the Leopard Men (fivepence second-hand from Cambridge open market) cannot quite agree. Moving down and up as proposed, he does indeed notice one or another of the listed faults in the great writings of the past, though he would not go so far as to ban or expurgate any of them. What he found daunting about the Tarzan book was that it contained the whole lot. A sensitive reader may well respond as did Waugh's Paul Pennyfeather, when the prison doctor certified him as "capable of undergoing the usual descriptions of punishment as specified below, to wit, restraint of handcuffs, leg-chains, cross-irons, body-belt, canvas dress, close confinement, No. 1 diet, No.2 diet, birch-rod, and cat-o'-nine-tails." "But must I have all these at once?" asked Paul, dismayed.

On the credit side, Professor Holtsmark refers to critics who have seen in Burroughs' Tarzan "more than an unidimensional figure pandering to the lowest common denominator of the vulgar masses." Without ourselves invoking such mathematically disparate concepts, we must surely respect a writer who has created a twentieth-century legend, brightened the boyhood of some of us, and held the interest of more readers than any professional classicist could ever command. Should we also accept the thesis that Burroughs' "masterly adaptations of various techniques from the epics of Greece and Rome underscore and sustain the powerful sense of the heroicness of the world and the action he has created"? The book's "methodology makes it a veritable primer", they tell us, "on the proper way to read both ancient and modern literature. Ideally suited for adoption in courses of literature mythology and popular culture, it will fascinate students with its creative insights." Our appetites whetted, we turn to chapter 1, "Language."

Burroughs himself made no more claims for his style than for his classical scholarship. He just reckoned that "each writer had his own method of expressing himself." Professor Holtsmark would seem to be asking more from each writer when he states that "language must always be an organically integrated element of a work of literature, and not something that leaves behind the original, merely missing its distinctive language." But what exactly does he mean? When Jerome K. Jerome's George was buying a cap, and was unwise enough to ask "whether it became him", a shopkeeper a Cockney humorist, replied: "your friend's beauty I should describe as elusive. It is there, but you can easily miss it. Now in that cap, to my mind, you do miss it." Similarly, in sentences like the above, one can miss Professor Holtmark's meaning, though doubtless it is lurking somewhere about. Anyhow, he

must find Burroughs' style organically integrated all right, for he later tells us that "Burroughs' alleged stylistic defectiveness constitutes the very bedrock on which his heroic fantasy is constructed." So the chapter on Language is devoted to showing how well Burroughs writes. "I have only examined a few passages", Professor Holtsmark says, "an analysis of every sentence obviously being impractical." That is kind of him; but I was disappointed to find that he only examines a few books, and that Tarzan and the Leopard Men is one of the many excluded from consideration. This cannot be due to any lack of generosity on the part of Mrs. Marion T.Burroughs, vice-president of Edgar Rice Burroughs Inc. of Tarzana, Calif., who graciously granted him all the freedom she had to bestow. But, like the Byzantine editors of Greek Tragedy, he evidently prefers to restrict himself to a canon, and goes further than they in quoting from it by number (1 = Tarzan, 2 = Return, 3 = Beasts, 4 = Son, 5 = Jewels, 6 = Tales)

"Three characteristic features of ancient Greek and Latin style - polarity, chiasmus, and parallelism - are prominent in Burroughs' prose. "Professor Holtsmark gives examples. John Clayton, Tarzan's father, "was both elated and appalled" when he received his commission to go to Africa. "The use of the polar expression here provides the springboard for viewing Clayton with a fullness that a less pleonastic phrasing might have rendered difficult." Next comes chiasmus. The bedrock of chiasmus would appear to offer a springboard for even fuller viewing. For instance, "the psychological antithesis and hostility between the wily Arab, Achmet Zek, and the renegade Belgian, Werper, is cast into sharp relief by the chiastic style of the sentence "Achmet Zek scowled and Werper's heart sank; but Werper did not know Achmet Zek, who was quite apt to scowl where another would smile, and smile where another would scowl." Professor Holtsmark explains: "the plaited* language mirrors the tangled suspicions" which the two feel for each other ... Two sets of chiasmus organize the sentence and underscore the extreme ambivalence of the two men toward each other...:

1. Achmet Zek : Werper:: Werper : Achmet Zek
2. scowl: smile :: smile : scowl."

The third feature of Burroughs' Greek and Latin style is parallelism. Observe how the word order of a sentence in Tarzan of the Apes is, at a dramatic juncture of the story, accurately mirrored in the one that follows it:

" A (comparative adjective predicated of the subject)	higher
B (verb)	crept
C (subject with modifiers)	the steel fore-arms of the apeman;
A	weaker and weaker
B	became
C	the lioness's efforts

* Not plated, even though it mirrors. Plaited.

Chapter 2, "Technique", brings us on to the organization of themes and motifs. "Classical scholars have long recognised", Professor Holtsmark explains, "that Greek and Latin literature relies extensively on the technique called ring composition...The entire Iliad may be read as a vast ring composition of almost unbelievable complexity... Thematically, the Iliad ends as it began: a father comes to claim a child from an enemy and offers handsome recompense as a ransom... A multiplicity of internal rings also organizes the smaller modules of the larger whole." Similar examples of ring composition, Professor Holtsmark triumphantly shows, are to be found in Burroughs. Chapter 2 of Jungle Tales of Tarzan, for instance, "deals with Tarzan's rescue of Tantor from a trap which the hunters have built, his capture by them as a consequence of his rescuing of the elephant, and the elephant's reciprocal rescue of Tarzan. Chapter 11 sets forth Tarzan's eventual rescue of a lion who was caught in the trap and the trapping of one of the natives, as if in balance to his own entrapment in Chapter 2." Then there are the techniques of juxtaposition and contrast, better called synkrisis. "In the Homeric Odyssey...a running synkrisis is developed around the notion of actual marriage and connubial relationships. Comparison is drawn among the situations of Penelope and the suitors, Penelope and Odysseus, Odysseus and Calypso, Odysseus and Circe, Arete and Alcinous, Odysseus and Nausicaa, Hephaistos and Aphrodite, Ares and Aphrodite, Laertes and Anticleia, Menelaus and Helen, Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, to name a few... In Burroughs, we may direct attention to the type which juxtaposes Tarzan to his uncle or cousin, the putative heir and heir-apparent to the distinguished title of Lord Greystoke... The antitheses leap out from the page. The phrase 'g[illegible]ed down a great quantity of the raw flesh' is opposed to 'sent back his chops to the club's chef because they were underdone', and 'wiped his greasy greasy fingers upon his naked thighs' to 'dropped his finger-ends into a silver bowl of scented water and dried them upon a piece of snowy damask.' The underlying polarity of the 'raw' and the cooked', the uncivilized and the civilized, is quite unmistakable." It is indeed.

Chapter 3, "Animals", shows a further link between Homer and Burroughs. "Both deploy their non-human actors the better to explain and comment on the human participants...As the gods are both idealizations and replicas of mortal imperfections, so the apes live a life that in its primitiveness is both a romantic idyll beside the corruptions of man's world and an unfortunate image of his less noble instincts." However, Professor Holtsmark concedes, "Burroughs' groups of apes do differ from the Olympian household in certain respects... The food of the gods is rather limited, consisting primarily of ambrosia and nectar." By contrast the apes have a varied diet. The Professor's list does credit to his exhaustive researches: "bananas, beetles, birds, bugs, caterpillars, cabbage palm, eggs, field mice, fruits, fungi, gray plums, grubs, grubworms, herbs, insects, mammals, meat, nuts, pisang, reptiles, rodents, scitamine, wild pineapple, and even human flesh." It will have been the wish to go in for a little synkrisis on his own account that has led him to put the most grisly (or, to use his preferred spelling, grizzly) item last, in defiance of alphabetical order.

It is only at this stage, and not, as one might have expected, under the previous headings of "language" and "technique", that Professor Holtsmark introduces what must rank as his major discovery. Burroughs uses epithets, just like Homer! He calls the apes great,

huge, grotesque, powerful, fierce, awesome, fearsome, and large. These epithets "acquire the force of conventional formulas." These apes are also called hairy, shaggy, hideous, sullen, brooding and snarling. "A favourite substantival appellation is the word 'brute'. Their brows are shaggy and beetling, their eyes are close-set, wicked, bloodshot, and savage; their fangs are mighty, long, sharp, bared, fighting and yellow. The epithet 'hairy', Burroughs' favourite, is applied to their face, chin, throat, neck, arms, hands, paws*, limbs, legs, body, coat, shoulders, chest, breast, back and stomach." (Full references are given). Even so does Homer give special epithets to each of the gods, and call them, collectively, dwellers on Olympus, blessed, heavenly, deathless and always-existing. But "where the ancient writers made clear the inferiority of the hero to that world of divinity to which he was always striving, Burroughs developed a hero who, coming from the Darwinian world of apes from which all men come, has surpassed their status and is superior. This development reveals not only Burroughs' awareness of a participation in a heroic tradition, but also his innovating departure from it. e makes the tradition work for him without being entrapped in a mindless replication of it."

Plato would have been pleased with the etymologies which conclude this chapter. Burroughs' Duro, the hippopotamus, is here derived from durus, Gorgo the buffalo from γοργός, Horta the boar from hortus (but why?), Tantor the elephant from tantus, Kudu the sun from κῦδος, and so on. And now, at last, Professor Holtsmark can quote confirmation, of a kind, from Burroughs himself. In a letter to his brother he wrote: "Sometimes I must unconsciously use a word or name that I have read and forgotten, as for instance Numa the lion. There was a Roman emperor, of whom I had forgotten until I was recently rereading Plutarch's Lives. The name must have been retained in my subconscious brain, later popping out as original..." Only it is too bad of Burroughs to have thought it was an emperor he had forgotten of. Why did he not anticipate Professor Holtsmark's thesis and take a little more trouble?

"It is to Tarzan himself, in his great complexity, that we now turn" in Chapter 4. By now Burroughs is described, with no qualification as one who had "read widely in the classics, and who, by his own admission, was inordinately fond of classical mythology." So "Tarzan must be understood as a completely and thoroughly traditional hero with an unalienable place in the upper branches of that literary tree whose roots are deeply embedded in the still fertile soil of the Greek and Roman classics." Swinging from branch to branch of that literary tree, Tarzan might understandably feel some regret for not having every one of the heroic attributes listed in Appendix III. He was not, for instance, born of a royal virgil, as Professor Holtsmark reluctantly admits. But "although his conception in England can only have been normal, no one would deny that the circumstances of his birth in Africa were extremely unusual." There are certain analogies between Tarzan and Aeneas. Tarzan descended into the Valley of Opar: "there was no trail, but the way was less arduous than the ascent of the opposite face of the mountain had been. Once in the valley, their progress was rapid." How reminiscent, to be sure, of "facilis descensus Averno"! To "the golden domes and minarets of Opar", his ultimate destination, "with the coming of night he set forth." An echo, Professor Holtsmark insists, of "ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram."

* Yes, they have hands and paws. But we agreed at the outset to suspend disbelief.

But we are soon back with Homer, and the reader who has followed us so far will not be surprised to find the hero Odysseus taken "as a basic analogy for our discussion of the huge body of material that presents Tarzan to the reader. Great amounts of formulaic vocabulary cluster around Odysseus". But "these epithets are not applied to Odysseus alone... They move freely among different men and even between the world of men and gods. It is important to realise that the epithets ... function as unifiers of the two worlds in much the same way that unrestrained movement of epithets from animals to Tarzan unites the two groups and emphasizes their close interrelation." The epithets applied to Tarzan's "many features," and especially his eyes - for these cover "a staggering range of possibilities" - embody "the same type of repetition that is so well developed in the Homeric descriptions of heroes, although Burroughs is more specific in his delineations." Burroughs, flr instance, makes much "of Tarzan's voice and the staggering range of sounds it can produce. This aspect of his being assumes a fairly prominent position in the general prosopography of the apeman." "Shifting our attention to a different aspect of Tarzan's heroicness, we may note that a character's fears and his handling of them offer a not unreasonable touchstone for judging his perceptions of himself and the world in which he moves. Tarzan acquits himself rather well in this respect. He seems to have more of the ever-cautious Odysseus of the Odyssey than of the Iliad types like Achilles, Patroklos, Hector, Adrestos and others."

Chapter 5, "Themes", begins with the all-important theme of sexuality. "The Trojan War was fought over a woman, Helen. Eroticism is also a prominent theme in Burroughs." The beautiful female ape, Teeka, for instance, causes Tarzan and the ape Taug to fight for her." "The spurt of red blood brought a shrill cry of delight from Teeka, Helen of Troy was never one whit more proud than was Teeka at that moment.' (italics added)." It is agreeable to imagine Professor Holtsmark himself uttering a cry of delight when adding those italics, and perhaps we should leave him there. Let us not comment on whether this quotation presents an entirely Homeric view of Helen, and refrain from summarising the rest of his chapter on Themes. By now, his method of argument will be clear enough. It remains for us to congratulate him on his careful appendices and index, and on the 48 books and articles listed in his bibliography. They include his own article, "ring composition and the Persae of Aeschylus", Symbolae Osloenses 45 (1970) 5-23, upon which, with commendable restraint, he no more than touches in his text (p.60), and the article by Edward T. Ewen, "Eh-wa-au-wau-aooow", New York Times, 23 September, 1962.

It was probably an inclination for deadpan jocularity that led Edward T. Ewen to choose this title. Professor Holtsmark has no such inclination. His book is not a spoof. There is not the least twinkle of mirth in any of its 196 pages. He is not even like Professor Robinson Ellis, who Grundy, in his 45 years in Oxford, says was "often credited with a sense of humour by those who did not realise that he would never have said the amusing things he did say if he had had one." This is a sad book, for it is the result of good intentions allied to an inability to distinguish good arguments and good writing from bad. In the absence of any feeling for quality, its conscientious analyses are barren.

He might have seen what was wrong with them if he had read more than the Classics and Tarzan. (Those who believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare are often people who have fallen into a similar trap: they have become obsessed by the similarities between those two writers because they have never read any others). Polarity, chiasmus and parallelism exist in every kind of speech and writing. I remember how, during the worst period of the Maoist excesses, I succeeded with a group of friends in deciphering, thanks to one of those excellent Yale manuals which enables even a non-Sinologist to find his way, a stray copy of the People's Daily. It proved to read "SHANGHAI LEARNS FROM THE PEOPLE. THE PEOPLE LEARN FROM SHANGHAI." Pure chiasmus - but we may be sure that the hacks who write it had never read Homer, whose works were banned in China at the time, and whose scholarly translator into Chinese, Yang Xianyi, had been thrown into prison. For parallelism, one need not go to Homer. It is enough to go to church, as Burroughs must often have done as a schoolboy, and as fifty per cent of Americans still do. The psalms, composed by poets who had never heard of Homer, are in parallel verse throughout, as are many other Biblical texts. Ring-structure is a feature of every good story, not least of the animal tales from Africa which delighted me as a child But it would be preposterous to suppose that these stories have any link with Greek literature.

When it comes to synkrisis and epithets, any thoughtful reader will scowl and smile, and smile less than he scowls. For here the lack of feeling for quality reaches such enormity that there is no way of taking the argument seriously. How can one possibly reason with an author who thinks that Burroughs' omnivorous apes are much like the Homeric gods, but who solemnly commends Burroughs for noticing one or two differences and so escaping from being entrapped in a mindless repitition of Homer? How can one deal with a critic who does not understand the difference between a Homeric epithet and the crassest of cliches? If only he did, he might have paused before deriving the second from the first. Homer was widely read in the last century. But Victorians who chose to describe a stream as murmuring, or a rage as towering, were by no means "masterfully adapting" Homeric language, either consciously or unconsciously. They were not, at those moments, being masterful at all.

Caution is a useful human attribute, and it is natural that Odysseus and Tarzan should have this attribute in common. So what? The present writer, too, is cautious after his own fashion. At least he refuses to believe very much of what Professor Holtsmark tells him. But he would not for this reason claim to be embedded in Homeric bedrock, or leaping about in a literary tree which has deep Homeric roots. And sexuality, so important to Homer and Tarzan, does not stop there. It is a universal theme. "What does this remind you of?" asked the medical officer, fingering his pencil. "Sex", answered the G.I. "Why?" asked the medical officer, keenly. "Gee", said the G.I., "I guess everything reminds me of sex."

Like the heroine of Tarzan and the Leopard Men, Professor Holtsmark has embarked on "a rashly conceived and illy ordered safari." But that is not to say that no other safari should be undertaken into Burroughs country. One should not belittle a writer who has pleased millions of young readers, and quite a few grown-ups, not necessarily infantile ones, besides. Who would begrudge a great fortune, made so innocuously, to a man of his private virtues, and who would not follow in his footsteps, if only he had the talent? The talent is rare, and there is surely room for elucidation of it. In the words of one of Burroughs' characters, an ivory-poacher, "there's elephants in them thar hills." But meanwhile, the soundest comment seems to be that made by Brian V. Street, author of The Savage in Literature, whom Professor Holtsmark quotes as saying that

that Burroughs' novels "sell because they present in the crude forms assimilable by the crude tastes and intelligences of their special public certain commodities which are in themselves by no means contemptible."

Burroughs, as emerges from a family letter quoted by Holtsmark, "credited his fascination with the ancient Roman legend about the suckling of Romulus and Remus by a she-wolf for the origin of Tarzan, himself suckled by a she-ape." The motif of the man-child reared by animals as old as human story-telling and common to many civilisations, speaks to something within us all. Professor Holtsmark could have found plenty of relevant material in classical literature, although, unfortunately for him, there is none in Homer. Kipling had revived the motif with uncanny brilliance in the Jungle Books, and one cannot quite forgive Burroughs for selling Kipling's goods so profitably and in such tawdry wrappings. Kipling himself, towards the end of his life, commented generously. "If it be in your power", he wrote, "bear serenely with your imitators. My Jungle Books begat zoos of them. But the genius of all the genii was the one who wrote a series called Tarzan of the Apes. I read it, but regret I never saw it on the films, where it rages most successfully. He had 'jazzed' the motif of the Jungle Books and, I am sure, had thoroughly emjoyed himself. He was reported to have said that he wanted to find out how bad a book he could write and get away with, which is a legitimate ambition."** It is unfortunate that Professor Holtsmark should devote a whole book to trying to prove Burroughs' debt to Homer, and only mention his genuine debt to Kipling once, on the passage cited in our second paragraph. Porges, Burroughs' biographer, tells us that Burroughs affected to admire Kipling's verse but not his prose. This will have deceived nobody.

But is it profitable to trace the true origins of Burroughs' style? Besides exploiting the Jungle Books, he was not a great reader. For one thing, he was too busy writing. He not only turned out scores of books - science fiction as well as Tarzan stories - but wrote weekly articles for the Honolulu Advertiser in what was intended to be a jocular vein. For the rest, he was a practical man. Much of his hugely energetic life he spent dealing in real estate, running his ranch, paying alimony, and looking after the members of his families. To judge by his photographs, he grew to look like the spitting image of President Lyndon B.Johnson, though he was not to know that. All this left little time even for Gibbon and Macaulay, and we have seen that he can have done no more than leaf through a little of Plutarch in translation. He hated Shakespeare and Dickens. If he had ever been made to read Homer, he would have hated him too. The books he really liked are on record: the novels of the rip-roaring Jack London, Anthony Hope's Prisoner of Zenda, George Barr MacCutchen's Graustark, and Zane Grey's stories of the American West.

By the standards of his own time, his style was deplorable. But, however chillily we react to "illy", we need not suppose that Burroughs was every, willy-nilly, a silly-billy. He knew what he was doing. He could spin out a plot and keep up the suspense. And his English can be construed, which is more than one can always say for Professor Holtsmark. The Latin Burroughs learned, grinding away at Caesar in one school after another, had done him some good, as his youngest son noted in 1970. It would also be pleasant to think that outside the classroom, or under the desk, he had read what any good-hearted American boy would have read in the eighteen-nineties: James Fenimore Cooper, Poe's Tales, Mark Twain, and Rider Haggard and G.A.Henty besides the illustrious Kipling. These writers had learned, some directly and some indirectly, from the Classics; so ultimately some tracks may lead back to Homer after all, though not along

**Something of myself (1937) p.249.

the route marked out by Professor Holtsmark. It is melancholy to reflect that schoolboy fare is less nourishing today, and that at undergraduate level the more literate survivors may well fall victim to books with the "creative insight" of Tarzan and Tradition. In Eng. Lit., books comparable to this wizened cultural monstrosity come pouring out of the presses daily. Class. Lit. is not immune, and the denizens of London, England, are as vulnerable as the hard-working and hospitable people of Iowa who butter Professor Holtsmark's bread. //

When Hitler was menacing Europe, Churchill wrote an article on the ex-Kaiser, then a recluse in Holland, saying that the democracies which had formerly abhorred him beyond expression would now welcome his restoration, "not because his own personal light burns the brighter or the more steadily, but because of the increasing darkness around." In the same spirit, those who once abhorred Burroughs' style may afford it some faint handclappings today. At least he got on with his job. At least what he wrote, however crude, made some sense. Would that all present-day professors of literature could follow his example.

Thomas Braun

// See para. 1 above. The present writer could not resist indulging in some ring structure himself. But that is not Homer's fault.

The following essay was judged to be the best contribution to a departmental essay-writing competition. For reasons that will become obvious on reading it, the author's name must remain unknown - but congratulations and many thanks to that person.

Quid Faciam Iscam

Do not overly perturb yourself, dear reader, if you are a lecturer, or perhaps merely of a disposition easily embarrassed by such themes - for my pen will lash with gentle stroke both lecturer and lectured.

When I cannot reply to a lecturer, his papers crammed with notes, in the margin, top and bottom, on the back and still not finished Xenophonteid. When seminars are semi-animate, when lectures are no more than tragic soliloquies (sleep having long since made the students' eyelids heavy), when the only unseen part about doing an Unseen is that you're unseen looking up the translation, it's difficult not to write satire.

However, the main reason for penning my thoughts is that I was somewhat distressed at a friend's dropping out after the first year, though I applaud his reasons. For I saw him packing his bags below where the rain drips through the broken guttering at the back of the Queen's Building. For one last time we descended towards the precinct of the Wahsington Singer Laboratories, where the natural stone and grass has been defiled by modern brick. Here we stood, and he poured out his troubles to me.

"What am I to do at Exeter? If I hate Catullus, I cannot pretend to the Professor that I love him, and ask him for a copy. Mythological and religious clap-trap is not my bag, you see, for doing it holds no thrill. I don't know the difference between subjective and objective genitives. Nor can I copy my essays from the Oxford Classical Dictionary - paying as a price nights spent racked by insomnia, in fearful expectation of the return of the marked work.

"So, while Dr. Griffin still has a few hairs left on his head, and Mr. Stubbs doesn't need a shave, I'm going back to the quiet life. But I'll tell you what I really can't stand here - a Sloane-filled Exeter. For years they've been flowing in on the native Exe, bringing with them the accents, habits, clothes and Renault 5's. And now everyone behaves like them - rushing along to dinner-parties in their cummerbunds and cravats, tripping over the laces of their black patent-leather shoes. One has arrived from Wokingham, another from St. John's Wood, another from Cheltenham, all heading straight for the poshest part of town - Topsham. Limitless wit and audacity, and the gift of the gab - those are the characteristics. The versatile little Sloane knows it all.

"Everyone here lives well behond their means to keep up with the Sloanes! We have to follow every whim of fashion. Everything at Exeter comes with an overdraft. Here's the first question - "How much is he worth? What's the credit limit on his Barclaycard?" Or again "What does his father do? How much land does he own? How much silverware at home?" A person worth knowing is a person worth something. The poor "socially unaware" student is the butt of endless jokes - his scruffy trousers carelessly patched, one shoe gaping where the leather has split, and that old, old jumper - the worst thing for a poor student is that he is made to feel ridiculous.

"Ever since the time when Noah landed his Ark after the flood, and hard stones began to quiver with life, and boys began to learn the pleasures of girls, HWS has been teaching Classics. But when has cribbing been more prolific than today? On the table lies P.Vergilii Maronis - Opera, while underneath the table on the lap lies Virgil, The Aeneid translated by W.F.J.K. For when we read a book, first should be considered text and commentary. But then the translation jumps out and says "What about me? I may not be the original, but I do have some value! I can save you time and money." And so the ancient text whose fruits have nurtured generations, which has survived the fire at Alexandria, and the sacks of Constantinople by the Franks and Turks, now is forced to yield its place to a flimsy Penguin Classic.

"Here comes another student employing a well-known trick - "I've done my essay, but I just need a few days more"... which becomes a few weeks, ...which becomes a few months... which becomes forgotten. Honesty is praised but put out in the cold. For what about this bleary-eyed student, thin and weedy? What good does it do him that his lamp burns long into the night? He totters away from the library towards his room, in his left hand a huge precarious pile of books, in his right another book which he conscientiously reads. What if all those books fell on top of him? What would be left of his body? What of his bones? Who could identify him? Meanwhile unknowing the cleaning lady sweeps his room and lays out the clean linen, and the cooks prepare his lunch. But all the time the new arrival stands shivering at the

Gates of Heaven, stuttering dreadfully as he tries desperately to recall the good deeds of his short life, and St. Peter impatiently taps his foot and nonchalantly jangles the keys.

"I'll tell you a story I heard the other day about a meeting of the staff, called by the Professor. For a huge piece of paperhad been placed on his desk, listing all the grievances of the students. All the staff rushed in horrified. "What do I do with this?" said the oddly-bearded Professor, passing round the strange object. "I have no waste-paper bin big enough to file this in!" The oldest member of the group mumbled and muttered something, but before anything was audible, still less coherent, the one with the Irish accent and over-zealous tonsure said "For what it's worth - and this is only my opinion, so it may not be true... and probably isn't...- he'd dried up again. Then suddenly another member of staff became very pensive and cerebral, the noise of his ticking brain caught the attention of the others who stared at him in impatient expectation - perhaps a gem of wisdom was about to emit from the 'oracle's' mouth. "Of course, you have to remember marriage rites in Greek religion" - poor fellow was still in his last Myth. and Hist. lecture. By now the Professor, Zeus to his friends, was getting rather impatient, and was stroking his oddly-shaped beard with increasing fury. Then the young male suggested, "We can, in my estimation, do one of two things - eat it or screw it up and play football with it." His wife glared icily, the room shook with terror, the hefty male fell into an embarrassed silence. That just left the cuddly, tubby one. with the cute voice and cheeky grin - "Why don't we just tear it up into hundreds of little pieces and throw it in the bin?!" Later that day the Professor whose beard was still very odd, mused "annoying how the cuddly cute one with the giggly face always comes up with a good idea!"

"Anyway," conceded my friend, "I could go on for ever, but the sun's going down and my dad's been honking his horn for some time - I'll have to go. If you should ever come my way, call in, and we'll have another good laugh about the place."

And so he disappeared off into the sunset. Now, in his memory, I have recorded his words for posterity. Some will accuse me, no doubt, saying they are a little too juvenile, or that I have a chip on my shoulder. But it is nearer to the truth to say that this is no more than a chip off the Juvenalian block.

Anonymous
With apologies to Juvenal Satires I, III and IV.

Ovid Tristia 1.2 and the tradition of literary Sea Storms

The literary tradition of sea storm description which I want to look at in this article covers a period of almost a millenium. It extends from Homer to Valerius Flaccus and Silius Italicus who write towards the end of the first century A.D. By this time the theme had become hackneyed and cliche-ridden. It was chiefly dependent on Virgil's sea storm in Aeneid I and consisted of a platitudinous repetition of details whose impact had long ago been exhausted. This situation enabled the satirical Juvenal to sneer at literary sea-storms in his twelfth satire when he describes an actual sea storm as 'just the sort of storm that you get in a poem' (omnia fiunt/talia tam graviter, si quando poetica surgit/tempestas, 22-4). Dionysus of Halicarnassus described the sea storm as an 'empty showpiece and a waste of words' (ματαία ἐπίδειξις καὶ λόγου ἄνάλωμα, Art.Rhet. 10.17).

In the rhetorical schools of the first century A.D. the sea storm became a topic which young orators prepared for their teachers, rather like a modern seminar paper. These schools have left us neat descriptions of the contents of the literary sea storm whose pattern remained remarkably constant throughout antiquity. Take Seneca's description, for example, procul a conspectu reliqueram patriam...subito fluctibus inhorruit mare ac discordes in pernitiem nostram flavere venti; demissa nox caelo est et tantum fulminibus dies redditur; inter caelum terramque dubii pendimus. (Controv. 8.6.2).

> 'I had passed far out of sight of land...suddenly the sea grew rough with waves and winds blew from all directions to destroy us: night descended from the sky and lightning alone provided light. We hung perilously between the sky and the sea bed'.

Most of the important details of the literary sea storm are present here:

1. the ship is a long way from land
2. the sea suddenly grows rough
3. the winds blow from all directions, either as a hurricane or a cyclone
4. night comes on
5. lightning flashes
6. the ship is tossed sky-high by some waves and carried down to the sea bed by others.

Seneca's brief description breaks off at this point but we can supplement it with three items which are often included:

7. the helsman and sailors despair
8. the ship disintegrates (usually under the impact of an extraordinarily large wave)
9. the sailors are washed overboard and, often, drown.

Most of these details derive ultimately from book 5 of the Odyssey, where Poseidon raises a storm at sea to prevent Odysseus reaching the land of the Phaeacians where he is due a respite from his ordeals. Odysseus was some distance out to sea when Poseidon.....

'...marshalled the clouds and seizing his trident in his hands stirred up the sea. He roused the stormy blasts of every wind that blows, and covered land and water alike with a canopy of cloud. Night swooped down from the sky. East Wind and South and the tempestuous West fell to on one another, and from the North came a white squall, rolling a great wave in front. Odysseus' knees shook and his spirit quailed. In anguish he communed with his noble heart, "Poor wretch, what will be your end now?..." As he spoke, a mountainous wave, advancing with majestic sweep, crashed down upon him from above and whirled his vessel round. The steering-oar was torn from his hands, and he himself was tossed off the boat'.

Seven of the nine elements of the literary sea storm which I enumerated above are present in this description. The two elements which are absent are items 5 and 6 - i.e. there is no description of lightning during the storm, and we are not told that the ship was carried aloft by some waves and down into a trough by others. The earliest description I can find of the alternating elevation and depression of a ship owing to the movement of the waves is in the Latin dramatist Pacuvius writing in the second century B.C. (rapide retro citroque percito aestu praecipitem ratem/reciprocare, undaeque e gremiis subiectare adfligere. 'And swiftly to and fro with seething swell / Waves summoned and summoned again the ship headlong; Billows dashed down the ship and then upcast it out of their bosoms', Warmington, Remains of Old Latin, Vol. II, 361-2). Virgil took over the idea and used it in a rhetorically heightened form in the Aeneid (1.106-7, hi summo in fluctu pendent, his unda dehiscens/terram inter fluctus aperit. 'some of the crew hung poised on wave-crests; others saw the waves sink before them to disclose, below seething water and sand, the very bottom of the sea', 3.564-5, tollimur in caelum curvato gurgite, et idem / subducta ad Manes imos desedimus undo. 'We mount up to heaven on the arched billow and again, with the receding wave, sink down to the depths of hell'). This topos was accepted by Latin poets as an integral part of sea storm description, though it is not Homeric in origin. It may, of course, have had a Hellenistic model.

The description of lightning is also absent from the sea storm in Odyssey 5. The reason for its absence is interesting. The storm is caused by Poseidon whose power extends over the sea and the winds, but not over the sky. Thunder and lightning were not his province: they belonged to his brother Zeus the Thunderer. We only find thunder and lightning during Homeric sea storms when Zeus is its source as at Odyssey 14.305 where a Phoenician trader tried to abduct Odysseus. Zeus struck the trader's ship with lightning: the sailors were thrown overboard and drowned. The storm at the beginning of the Aeneid provides a nice illustration of how far Virgil has moved away from this Homeric world. The Virgilian storm includes thunder and lightning and the traditional commotion of wind and sea. This storm is raised through

Juno's spite and is contrary to Jupiter's plans for Aeneas. This is completely un-Homeric. Secondly, Virgil's sea storm takes place without Poseidon's co-operation: he knows nothing about the storm until he comes up to the surface of the sea and looks around to see what is causing the noise. This, too, is completely un-Homeric. It is unthinkable that any Homeric sea storm could (a) be caused by such a minor deity as Aeolus who causes the sotrm in Aeneid I, (b) be contrary to Jupiter's wish and (c) take place without Poseidon's knowledge.

Ovid's sea storm in Metamorphoses Book 11 goes a step further than Virgil's. Ovid presents the storm in purely natural terms. Not even Aeolus says Ovid, in pointed contradiction of Virgil, has any power over the winds once let loose - 'Nothing is forbidden to them; every land and every sea is disregarded by them. Even the clouds of heaven do they insult, and by their bold collisions strike forth bright lightning' (433-6). Ovid deliberately eliminates from this storm description the ideas of divine causation and interference. His interest lies exclusively in describing the natural phenomena which comprise the storm and the emotions of its victims. The chief victim was Ceyx whose father was the god Lucifer. Ovid carefully points out that Lucifer was incapable of helping his son (invocat heu! frustra -'he called on his father, alas! in vain', (562). When Ceyx drowns Lucifer can do nothing more than hide his face in thick clouds.

Virgil develops and Ovid abandons the Homeric ideas of Jupiter the Thunderer, and Poseidon, Lord of the Seas and Winds. Lucan goes even further. He takes the Homeric Jupiter the Thunderer at 6.467 and turns him completely upside down to produce the paradoxical remark et tonat ignaro caelum Iove - 'the heavens thunder while Jupiter knows nothing about it.'

Lucan, in fact, turns the whole tradition of storm description upside down and reverses the application of the conventional motifs. Julius Caesar is the victim of the storm in book 5. Caesar attempts to sail alone from Greece across to Italy. The storm is a political allegory. It presents Caesar as a determined anti-hero who, in order to achieve his ambition, is willing to engage in combat with the worst that Nature or the gods can put in his way. He defies the whole of the created Universe which opposes him in the form of a sea storm. The conventional motifs are overturned at the following points. 1. Nature, not Caesar, becomes afraid of the storm (extimuit natura chaos, 634 - 'Nature dreaded chaos'). 2. The gods, not Caesar, are endangered by the storm (rursusque venire/nox manes mixtura deis, 636 - 'it seemed that primeval Night was returning to jumble the spirits of the underworld with the gods of Olympus'. 3. Caesar, unlike traditional sailors does not despair, or fear drowning. 'What trouble' he cries defiantly 'the gods take to work my ruin' (quantusne evertere.../...me superis labor est, 654-5). 'I ask no burial of the gods. Let them leave my mutilated corpse amid the waves: I can dispense with grave and funeral pyre, provided I am feared for ever' (mihi funere nullo / est opus, o superi; lacerum retinete cadaver / fluctibus in mediis, desint mihi busta rogusque / dum metuar semper, 668-71. 4. Finally, Caesar's ship is struck by an extraordinarily large wave. This wave, called the 'tenth wave' - decima unda in Latin, usually shatters the ship, but here, paradoxically, it carries Caesar safely to terra firma (decimus, dictu mirabile, fluctus / invalida cum puppe levat...(et) / imposuit terrae, 672-6 - 'A tenth wave upbore him and his battered craft...and placed him on the shore').

Lucan's storm illustrates the way in which a skilful poet can take a traditional theme (the sea storm) and adapt it in such a way that it achieves a new significance. A modern reader cannot properly appreciate the storm unless he is aware of the ways in which Lucan has adapted the literary tradition. It is the business of the commentator or critic to point out these adaptations and to reveal the purpose behind them. It is not enough for a commentator to say that an author is using traditional themes and ideas. It is more important for him to ask, How does the poet use them? This is the question I now want to ask in the case of a sea storm in Ovid, Tristia Book 1.

The poems of Tristia Book 1 were written as Ovid journeyed into exile on the Black Sea in December of AD 8. Two of these poems - numbers 2 and 4 - describe sea storms. These storms are heavily indebted to the literary tradition which we have been examining. A recent commentator on Tristia I - Georg Luck - has compiled lists of parallels to the conventions which are found in poems 2 and 4. He does not ask, however, how Ovid used the conventions. Luck's failure to appreciate the working of literary convention is unfortunate and creates, for example, a non-existent problem for him in Tr.1.3. Ovid there mentions the rising of the star Lucifer on the morning of his journey into exile. Astronomers have ascertained, it seems, that Lucifer was the evening, not the morning star, in December of Ad 8. Luck suggests that Ovid may have made a mistake. There is no mistake however. Lucifer is the traditional herald of the morning in elegy, and Ovid is simply employing a literary convention to describe daybreak.

When we look at the literary conventions in Tr. 1.2 and 1.4 we must ask the following questions. 1. Has Ovid taken over the conventions from previous writers in a purely mechanical fashion? 2. Does he use them simply to fill out his verse, because he himself has nothing to say? 3. Does he comment on, or develop, the conventions in any respects? We have seen how Lucan turned the conventions upside down. Can we expect any less of Ovid, who, as E.J.Kenney reminds us, 'was a conscious artist who exacted a great deal from himself and in return expected a great deal of his readers'?

Luck interprets the storms in Tristia 1 as descriptions of actual storms which Ovid encountered as he crossed the Adriatic to Greece. I see them rather as attempts by Ovid to present his experience of exile, and the suffering and danger which it involved, in terms of traditional literary convention. The fact that almost all the storm details in Tristia 1 are conventional literary topoi, encourages a strong suspicion that Ovid did not intend them to be taken as literally true. Augustus condemned Ovid to live at Tomis on the Black Sea. This edict brought Ovid's world down in ruins. What better symbol to describe this collapse than a sea storm, whose victims experience a similar range of emotions - terror, bewilderment, hope, despair - to those an exile might feel? The absolute power of the storm also provides an analogy to the absolute power of life and death which Augustus held over Ovid. Let's look more closely at Tr. 1.2. There is no difficulty in accepting this poem as an allegory of Ovid's peril. In other exile poems Ovid talks of himself as literally shipwrecked, storm-tossed, drowning. 'Recent events ruin me', he

writes, 'one blast sends to the bottom of the sea the craft that has so many times been safe. It's no small part of the flood that has harmed me, but all the waves of ocean have fallen upon my head' (Tr. 2.99-102). Elsewhere he thanks a loyal friend for 'not being afraid to open a safe harbour of refuge to a ship struck by a thunderbolt' (Tr. 4.5) and describes himself as a 'shipwrecked man who fears every sea' (E.P. 2.2.126).

Are there any indications in Tr 1.2., however, that Ovid did intend the poem to be taken as an allegory of his peril, rather than as a description of a particular storm? I would draw attention to the following features of the poem. First, Ovid does not name the ship on which he is travelling. I think this is deliberate. At Tr.1.10 he names the ship which took him from Corinth to Tomis as the Minerva. In Tr.1.2, however, Ovid does not wish the reader to associate the ship with any particular ship. Secondly, Ovid does not mention his ports of departure and arrival, nor the fact that he is sailing across the Ionian Sea. This vagueness also seems deliberate. Ovid does not wish the reader to locate the storm in any clearly defined region. He does mention that he is heading towards the Black Sea (82-3) and leaving Italy (92), but these references are not attempts at geographical precision, but simply Ovid's way of saying that he is going into exile and leaving home.

Thirdly, Ovid talks vaguely about an unnamed god 'pressing hard on him' (premente deo, 4) and 'angry with him (irate deo, 12). Who is this unnamed god? The storms in Homer and Virgil are caused and motivated by named gods - Zeus, Poseidon, Juno, Aeolus. Ovid's unnamed god must be Augustus whom Ovid refers to unambiguously elsewhere in the exile poems as a god. The description of Augustus as deus is, of course, adulatory. Tr.1.2 is intended as an appeal to Augustus and Ovid has shrewdly decided to add a touch of flattery to his pleas.

Fourthly, verses 49 and 50 do not make much sense if we have to try to fit them into the description of an actual storm. 'Here comes a wave that overtops them all - the wave after the ninth and before the eleventh'. The 'tenth wave' is a literary convention in Latin to describe an extraordinarily large and destructive wave (remember we saw it in Lucan). In a real sea storm it would do something. In Tr.1.2 it does nothing, and Ovid's thought immediately turns elsewhere. The difficulty disappears if we interpret the 'tenth wave' as a symbol. Ovid is afraid that some final calamity (symbolised by the wave) is imminent. Perhaps he was afraid that Augustus might increase his present penalty of relegation (a mild form of banishment) to that of exile which would deprive him of his citizen status and possessions. Perhaps he was afraid that he might be executed. If the idea of execution was present in Ovid's mind as he talked about the 'tenth wave' (50), we can see that a logical progression of thought led him to reflect on the topic of death (letum) in verse 51.

Verses 51-106 take the form of a soliloquy in which Ovid reflects on his present condition and prays for relief. The soliloquy interrupts the description of the storm. It is preceded by the mention of the deadly tenth wave. Its conclusion is followed immediately by the mention of a subdued wave (frangitur unda maris, 108). The soliloquy is thereby framed by the notion of a wave. This neat arrangement seems to me to indicate that Ovid was writing as a conscious artist and not as a journalist intent simply on describing a storm he had experienced.

Tr.1.2 is unique among literary sea storms in that it is cast entirely in the form of a prayer - 'O gods of sea and sky - for what but prayer is left' (1). It should be read, therefore, as an appeal for relief rather than as a narrative description. When Ovid asks the gods in verse 2 to spare the battered frame of his ship (solvere quassatae parcite membra ratis) he does not mean that the ferry which is carrying him across the Ionian sea is leaking and in danger of disintegration, but rather that he has endured as much in the way of suffering and punishment as he can bear. This interpretation of verse 2 is confirmed by another passage in the Tristia (5.11.13ff) where Ovid admits that his penalty was milder than it might have been, 'My ship was shattered, not submerged and overwhelmed, and though it is deprived of a harbour, yet even so it floats upon the waters' (quassa tamen nostra est, non mersa nec obruta navis, / utque cavet portu, sic tamen extat aquis).

Although Ovid finds himself in a crisis situation, and gives way to despair at moments (e.g. 33, 'We are surely lost, there is no hope of safety'), he cannot refrain from indulging in some humorous mock heroics at his own expense. Odysseus and Aeneas both encountered sea storms in the course of their adventures. Juno (i.e. Saturnia v.7) inspired the storm in Aeneid 1 in the hope of preventing Aeneas reaching Italy. Neptune (9) caused the storm in Odyssey 5 to prevent Odysseus (Ulixes, 9) reaching the land of the Phaeacians. Minerva (10) stilled the Odyssean storm when Neptune had had his fill of torturing Odysseus. The epic background to verses 5-10 gives an heroic dimension to the Ovidian sea storm: Ovid appears in the guise of a hero of old, faced with an heroic disaster. Like Aeneas and Odysseus he has to cope with an angry and hostile god - in his case, Augustus. The unwarlike Ovid, the self-confessed tenerorum lusor amorum 'poet of tender love', is cast in the role of a somewhat absurd epic hero.

The mock heroics do not end here. Odysseus and Aeneas were both appalled at the thought of drowning during the sea storm. 'They are the lucky ones', cried Odysseus, 'those countrymen of mine who fell long ago on the broad plains of Troy... If only I too could have met my fate and died that day the Trojan hordes let fly at me with their bronze spears over Achilles' corpse. I should at least have had my burial rites and the Achaeans would have spread my fame abroad. But now it seems I was predestined to a miserable death'. Aeneas' sentiments in Aeneid 1 are very similar: envy of those who died at Troy, and regret that Diomede had not struck him down on the battlefield. Odysseus and Aeneas regret that drowning will deprive them of the opportunity to die as heroes in a noble cause on the battlefield. Ovid echoes this theme at verses 53-4, 'Its worth something to fall by fate or by the sword and lay one's dying body upon solid ground'. Ovid would prefer to die it seems like a hero in battle. He has just said however that what he is afraid of is drowning as such, 'I fear not death: it's the form of death that I lament. Save me from drowning and death will be a boon', 51-2). He doesn't want to become 'fish food' (et non aequoreis piscibus esse cibum, 56). Aeneas and Odysseus feared drowning because it was an inglorious end to a hero's life: Ovid fears drowning simply because it is an unpleasant way to die.

If Ovid was squeamish at the thought of drowning, we can hardly believe that he would have faced a lethal sword on the battlefield with greater equanimity. I take his declaration that he would prefer to die by the sword as a parody of the epic theme of the hero's fear of death without glory. Ovid humorously exposes his own timid nature, probably in the hope that somebody will take pity on him because of it.

Let's look finally at the three couplets in verses 75-80. Ovid gives three examples of types of journey which his journey to Tomis is not. Note the anaphora of non at the beginning of each couplet: we call this way of talking about something the technique of negative description. The first couplet ('Not in greed of limitless wealth do I plough the sea to trade my waves') hints again at Ovid's timidity. It is a commonplace of ancient literature that merchant sea-faring was a sign of man's audacia. In venturing on the sea man was overstepping the limits which the gods had set him. Sea storms and drowning were their punishment for his audacia. Ovid points out here that he is not audax. Again he is not afraid to hint at personal cowardice.

In the second couplet Ovid says 'I am not on my way to Athens as once I was while a student, nor to the cities of Asia, nor the places I have seen before.' Like Cicero before him, Ovid had made the grand educational tour to Athens and the learned cities of Asia Minor. In this couplet we glimpse the plight of Ovid the intellectual exile. He realizes that the coast of the Black Sea will be an intellectual desert. Tomis will lack the library facilities of cities like Rome and Athens and deprive him also of contact with minds as keen and sophisticated as his own. Perhaps Ovid hoped that this pathetic reminder might strike a responsive chord in Augustus who also valued the things of the mind.

At first sight the third couplet seems to continue the idea of Ovid the student tourist, 'I am not sailing to Alexander's famous city'. Alexandria was a renowned centre of learning. In the pentameter, however, Ovid's thought modulates into a different key, 'to see your pleasures, merry Nile'. Alexandria was regarded by the Romans (especially after Augustus' propaganda against Antony and Cleopatra) as a haven of luxury and dissipation: delicias and iocose inevitably suggest sexual adventures. A sophisticated interest in the amatory side of life inspired almost all Ovid's poetry: this Ovid assures us here will become a thing of the past when he reaches Tomis.

It is commonly believed that Ovid's poetic talent dried up after his exile. His own words lend some support to this belief: 'And so, kindly reader, you should grant me the more indulgence if these verses are - as they are - poorer than your hopes' (Tr. 1.11.35-6). We cannot accept his attempts to play down the merits of his exile poetry entirely at their face value. Ovid is tugging somewhat disingenuously at his readers' heartstrings in the hope that somebody will take pity on him and allow him to return to Rome. Ovid was too much of a poet ('utterly in love with poetry' as Gilbert Murray puts it) ever to become anything other than a first rate artist. His use of the literary tradition of sea storm description in Tr. 1.2 shows that this was the case. It is no mere description of a storm but a vivid presentation of Ovid's reactions to his downfall. We see him from a number of angles, terrified, despairing, hopeful, cowardly, clever, affectionate, self-critical, loyal, humorous. We find in the poem a subtle blend of emotion and conscious artistry, of literary reminiscence and rhetoric, of wit and pathos. The poem may not make us admire Ovid's courage, but it does evoke our sympathy. And that, I think, was the intention behind it.

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