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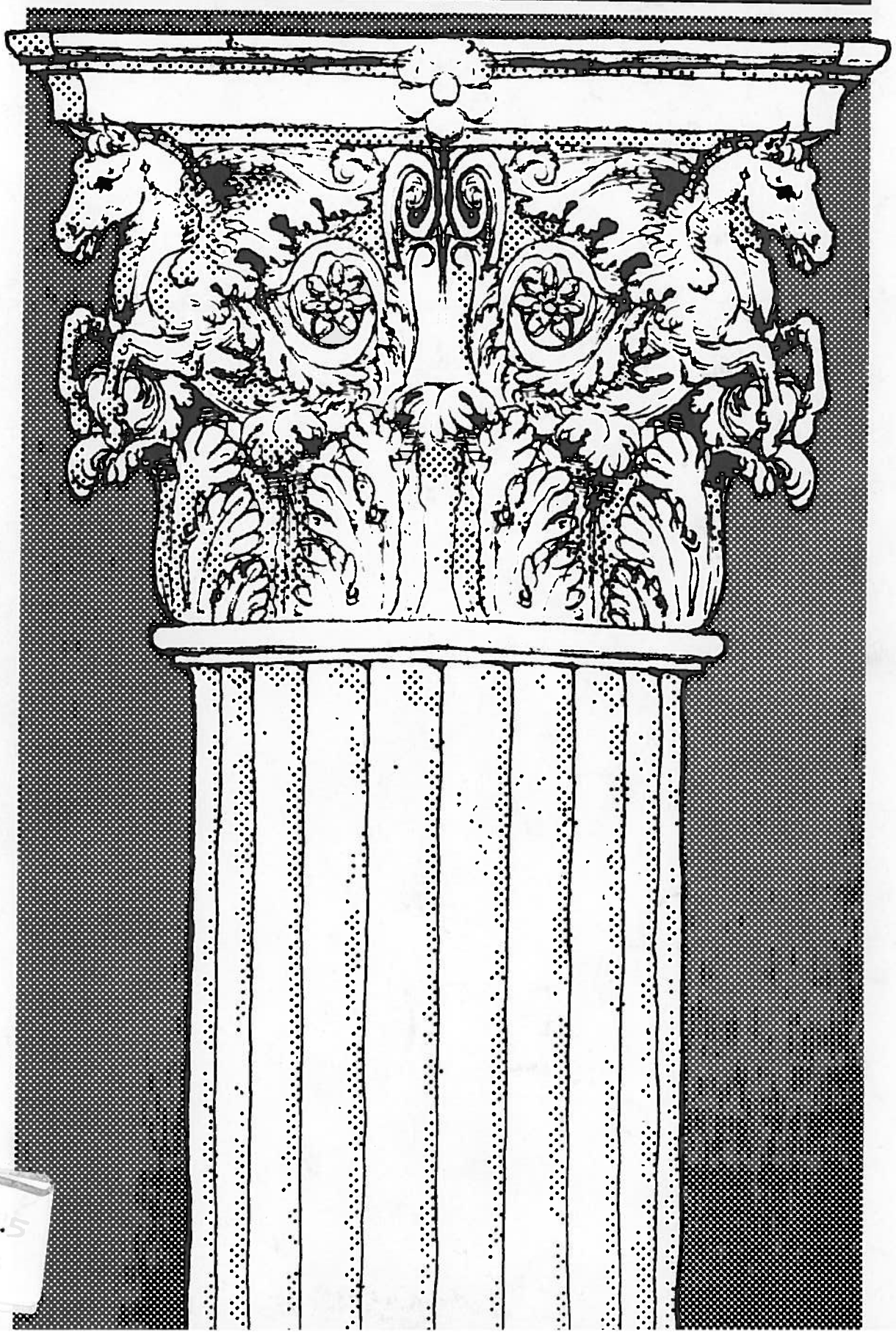

All correspondence to:

The Editor,
Pegasus,
Department of Classics,
Queen's Building,
Queen's Drive,
Exeter.
EX4 4QH

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The cover design by James Gould is based on a drawing by Baldassarre Peruzzi (1481-1536) of one of the capitals from the temple of Mars Ultor in the Forum of Augustus at Rome.

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PEGASUS

The Journal of The Classics Society

Editorial

It is difficult to know quite where to start an editorial which should give some idea of the past and present aspirations of our magazine. Perhaps it is best to start at the very beginning of its history: Pegasus took off in 1964. At first it appeared once a term but academic pressure took its toll on the editors and it settled down to an annual publication. Its aim, as one of the founder editors described it (no.4, p.2) "is not to try to rival the existing classical magazines, but to provide an opportunity for members of the University, be they undergraduates, graduates or staff, to express themselves on any topic related to the classics".

But it soon became more than just an internal Exeter phenomenon. Already in 1967 the national secretary of The Classical Association was telling his members about 'that admirable little publication, *Pegasus*... full of serious as well as entertaining material, lively and provocative' (*Proc. Class. Ass.* vol. 64, p.11).

However, such success brings with it many responsibilities. Exchanges arranged with several larger establishments (from such places as Pisa and Genoa) have forced us to look again at the overall standard of the magazine. This re-appraisal, together with the 'Age of the Cuts!' has caused a radical rethink. Pegasus must pay for itself and in order to do so, it must be seen to be of a standard worthy of the price we ask.

Hence the new format which is all achieved using a computer and a laser printer. This may all sound relatively simple but I assure you, it wasn't! There are still a few bugs to be eliminated so next year's Pegasus should (we hope) look even more impressive.

We may have changed the format completely but we are hoping to keep the same old mixture of the serious, less than serious and frankly frivolous. There is, however, one important innovation – there will be a regular column of news from ex-members of the Exeter Classics Department. So if you want to find out what happened to all your contemporaries or discreetly let the people who really matter know about your fifth Porsche or the knighthood you just refused, then a subscription to Pegasus is just what you need...

Claire Summerhayes
EDITOR

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KILLING CALIGULA

by
Peter Wiseman

Late in A.D. 40, in the fourth year of the rule of Gaius Caesar (whom some called Caligula, but not to his face) , a senior senator was accused by one of his enemies of treason against the emperor. When the case came before Gaius, the prosecutor called the senator's mistress, Quintilia, to give evidence. Quintilia was a stage performer, one of the *mimae* who acted, danced and bared their bodies to appreciative audiences at the *ludi scaenici* of the Roman festivals. She was also a brave woman, and refused to testify. The prosecutor demanded that she be interrogated under torture. Gaius ordered a senior guardsman to take her away and carry out the torture in person.

The officer concerned was a decent and honourable man whom the emperor had often criticised for being too soft; he would have to do a thorough job now, out of fear for his own life. He did – but Quintilia did not talk. What had been a glamorous showgirl was brought back to the imperial presence broken and ruined. Even the sadistic Gaius was affected. He dismissed the case and freed Quintilia with a gift of money 'as consolation for the maltreatment that marred her beauty and the intolerable agonies she had undergone'. As for the officer, Cassius Chaerea, it was that experience which made him resolve that Gaius must not be allowed to live.

This horrible story is part of one of the most important and neglected narratives in the whole of Roman imperial history.

Important, because the death of Gaius was a very critical moment. He was the last of the Iulii Caesares, and he left no heir. What did Chaerea and his friends expect to happen after the assassination? We know what *did* happen: Claudius, the forgotten man, was put in power by the Praetorian Guard, and managed to stay there for thirteen years. But that could not have been predicted. Augustus' dynasty ended with Gaius. Claudius was closely related to it through the female line (his two grandmothers were Augustus' wife and Augustus' sister), and his brother, Germanicus, had become Augustus' grandson by adoption – but he himself was still a Claudius Nero, not a Iulius Caesar.

The events of January A.D. 41, both those that happened and those that might have happened, require a narrative with some historical perspective and political sophistication. But Tacitus' *Annals* are lost from A.D. 37 to 47; the relevant part of Cassius Dio's *History* survives only in Byzantine excerpts and epitomes; and Suetonius, as usual, offers anecdote and character description rather than historical insight or analysis. What we *do* have, however, and very unexpectedly too, is a lengthy account in book XIX of Flavius Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews*, written in the nineties A.D. and evidently based on good, possibly even contemporary, Roman sources. Gaius' proposed desecration of the temple at Jerusalem, narrowly averted by his unexpected death, gave Josephus the motive to narrate in detail, as an example of the power and providence of God, the whole story of the assassination and of Claudius' eventual succession.

It is astonishing how little serious work has been done on this long and historically crucial narrative – no doubt because Josephus scholars don't know much about Roman imperial history, and Roman historians don't know much about Josephus. What I hope to show below is how the details it provides can give us an unexpected insight into Roman political thought.

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As Josephus tells it, after the Quintilia affair, Chaerea, in anger and shame, went to the Praetorian Prefect and put it to him that the Guards were now no more than public executioners. 'We bare these arms,'

he said, 'not for the freedom of the Romans, but to protect the man who enslaves them' (42). When the Prefect promised tacit support for the assassination plan, Chaerea went off to enrol Cornelius Sabinus, an officer of his own rank and like him a 'lover of liberty' (46). The two of them approached L. Annius Vinicianus, a distinguished senator with good reason to hate Gaius, to be the leader of their enterprise. To him Chaerea spoke of his anguish 'at the enslavement of our country, once the freest of all, now deprived of the power of its laws' (57).

Freedom from slavery is in itself a predictable enough ideal for a tyrannicide, but freedom with the addition of the *laws* makes the programme much more specific. It is not a merely casual reference. At the very beginning Josephus' justification for the length and detail of his assassination narrative is that Gaius' death was a happy outcome for the *laws* and the security of all (15). And he makes it a recurring theme: Chaerea is a champion of the rule of law (74); Gaius has abolished the protection of the laws (156); the survival of his wife and child would be a menace to the city and the laws (190); Claudius is urged by the senate to yield to the laws (230-1); and so on.

To a Roman, the combination of those two ideas – freedom and the laws, *libertas et leges* – could only mean one thing: the Republic. Remember the beginning of Livy's second book, after the expulsion of Tarquin the tyrant:

Liberi iam hinc populi Romani res pace belloque gestas, annuos magistratus, imperiaque *legum* potientiora quam hominum peragam (II 1.1).

[The history of the free Roman people in peace and war, annual magistrates, and the commands of the laws more powerful than those of men – this shall be my subject from now on.]

Similarly, Tacitus, at the beginning of the *Annals*, defines the Republic as 'freedom and the consulate' at its foundation and as 'the Senate, the magistrates, and the laws' at its usurpation by Augustus:

Libertatem et consulatum L. Brutus instituit (I 1.1).

Munia senatus magistratuum *legum* in se trahere (I 2.1).

It is true to say that *leges* alone might characterise a 'constitutional monarch' – Servius Tullius, perhaps, or even Augustus (Tac. *Ann.* III 26.6, Ovid *Fasti* II 142) – as opposed to a despot. But in combination with *libertas* the phrase can only mean the Republic.

*****

Few things are so unhelpful to our understanding of Roman history as the firm line we like to draw between the Republic and the Principate. It is true, of course, that the Battle of Actium was a profoundly significant event; but the habit of using it to end or to begin a historical 'period' makes us less able to see the continuities. When, after all, did the Republic end? More important, when did the *idea* of the Republic as the natural constitution of Rome finally become obsolete?

Already in 59 B.C., under the *dominatio* of Caesar, Pompey and Crassus, Cicero could describe constitutional government as totally lost ('rem publicam funditus amisimus', *ad Q. fratrem* I 2.15). Caesar's dictatorship effectively extinguished it, and though it resumed for a year or so after the Ides of March, it was abolished again by the Triumvirate in 43. In 27, Augustus solemnly restored the *res publica* to the Senate and People; in the speech Cassius Dio gives him on that occasion, he defines what he is giving back as 'the armies, the *laws* and the provinces', and more generally as '*liberty* and democracy' (LIII 4.3, 5.4). His own over-riding authority made that a somewhat disingenuous claim, but it is clear enough from Augustus' actions in 23 (Dio LIII 31.1-4) that if he had died in that year, as he very nearly did, the Republic would have resumed – with whatever consequences – just as it had in 44. What we call the Principate was still thought of as a temporary expedient. The *princeps* was like a doctor, urgently needed to cure the ills of the Republic, but not to replace it (Dio LVI 39.2).

Even the formal powers of the *princeps*

were, in theory, revocable. The *tribunicia potestas* was granted every year by popular vote (Dio LIII 17.10), and in principle there was nothing to prevent the assembly from declining to grant it. Similarly, the Senate's vote of the *provincia* in which Augustus' *imperium* was exercised – the command, that is, of the legionary armies – was for limited periods, usually of ten years, and subject always to renewal (Dio LIII 16.2). In practice, the renewal was a formality, as must have been obvious from the very first time, in 18 B.C., but the principle remained important: as the Senate made clear over fifty years later, it was they who granted the *princeps* his power (Dio LVIII 24.1, A.D. 34). The logical corollary was that if ever they chose not to do so, the Republic would govern itself without his guidance.

Some people, at least, regarded that as a practical possibility. Nero Claudius Drusus, Tiberius' brother, thought that *libertas* and the *pristinus rei publicae status* should be restored (Tac. *Ann.* I 33.2, Suet. *Claud.* 1.4), and is said to have written to Tiberius on the subject of 'compelling Augustus to bring back liberty' (Suet. *Tib.* 50.1). Drusus died in 9 B.C., but twenty years later there were still some who shared his opinion, including – so it was thought – his son Germanicus (Tac. *Ann.* I 4.2, II 82.2).

Tiberius himself, when reluctantly taking on the burden of Augustus' responsibilities, begged the Senate not to think of it as a permanent arrangement: 'I will do it,' he said, 'until I reach the age when you may be able to think it right to give my old age some rest' (Suet. *Tib.* 24.2). In A.D. 23, with both his heirs untimely dead, he evidently thought the time was getting close. Commending his grandsons to the Senate's protection, he went on to speak of restoring the Republic and handing over power to the consuls:

> de reddenda re publica, utque consules seu quis alius regimen susciperent (Tac. *Ann.* IV 9.1).

Despite Tacitus' sneer, there is no reason to suppose he didn't mean it.

In the end, like his predecessor, he couldn't take the risk. Holding power, he used to say, was like holding a wolf by the ears (Suet. *Tib.* 25.1). But the idea was always there, the possibility always real in the mind. For Cassius Chaerea, it was real enough to inspire him to kill. Remove the tyrant, and liberty and the laws would automatically resume.

*****

Like the idea of the free Republic, so its corollary, the idea of justifiable tyrannicide, can be traced through several generations both before and after that illusory and artificial boundary line of 31 B.C.

Consider, for instance, the optimate version of the death of Tiberius Gracchus, as reported in Valerius Maximus (III 2.17) :

> When Tiberius Gracchus in his tribunate usurped the People's favour with lavish bribery and held the state in oppresion (rem p. oppressam teneret), ... all the senators demanded that Scaevola the consul should protect the Republic by force of arms. When he refused to use force, Scipio Nasica said: 'Since the consul, in sticking to the letter of the law, is causing the authority of Rome to collapse along with all its laws (ut *cum omnibus legibus* Romanum imperium corruat), ... let all who wish the Republic safe follow me.'

Fifty years later L. Cinna, whose four successive consulships were described by Cicero as *regnum* and *dominatus* (*de nat. deorum* III 81, *Phil.* I 34), was similarly assassinated by his frustrated political opponents. The centurion who killed him did so with the words 'I am here to punish a wicked and *lawless* tyrant' (Plut. *Pomp.* 5.1).

The idea of tyranny was much in the Romans' minds in the late second and early first centuries B.C. The classic tyrant's motto 'let them hate, so long as they fear' (oderint dum metuant) comes from the *Atreus* of L. Accius. As Seneca commented later (*de ira* I 19.4), 'you might know it was written in Sulla's times'. The first-century annalists applied the idea of tyranny and tyrannicide to early Roman history. One of them attributed to P. Valerius Poblicola,

in the first year of the Republic, a law stating that 'anyone who sought to make himself tyrant might be slain without trial, and the slayer be free from blood-guiltiness if he produced proofs of the crime' (Plut. *Pobl.* 12.1). Another re-wrote the death of Romulus as the assassination of a tyrant by a conspiracy of senators. The first known reference to this version, in 67 B.C., vividly illustrates its contemporary political relevance. In the context of Gabinius' proposal for a special command against the pirates, which the optimates thought would give Pompey dangerously unlimited powers, one of the consuls - no doubt C. Piso – told Pompey that if he emulated Romulus he would not escape Romulus' fate (Plut. *Pomp.* 25.4).

Eight years later his words nearly came true. The suppression of optimate opposition to Caesar in 59 is repeatedly described in Cicero's letters as *regnum, dominatio* and *tyrannis* (ad *Att.* II 12.1, 13.2, 14.1, 17.1, 18.2, 21.1, etc.). Pompey got most of the blame, and was attacked from the stage in July in terms which made his 'tyrannical' status absolutely clear. As Cicero told Atticus (II 19.3),

> the lines might have been written for the occasion by an enemy of Pompey. 'If neither law nor custom can constrain', etc. (si neque *leges* neque mores cogunt), was recited to a loud accompaniment of shouting and clapping.

And sure enough, a month or so later a conspiracy of young senators to assassinate Pompey was reported to the Senate. Cicero himself, the informer alleged, had said that what was needed now was a Servilius Ahala, or a L. Brutus (ibid. II 24.3). Ahala, of course, had killed the would-be tyrant Sp. Maelius in 440 B.C.; Brutus had achieved *libertas* by driving out the Tarquins.

The theme continues throughout the fifties. Caesar's enemies plotted to have him killed, either by Ariovistus in Gaul (Caes. *BG* I 44.12) or by one of his own slaves (Suet. *Jul.* 74.1). M. Brutus in 54 B.C. minted coins showing his famous ancestor, and Servilius Ahala too, at a time when his father-in-law Cato was describing the opposition to Pompey and Crassus as a struggle with tyrants for liberty (Plut. *Pomp.* 52.1). In March 49, distraught at the progress of the civil war, Cicero reflected that at least Caesar was mortal, and might be 'extinguished' in various ways (*ad Att.* IX 10.3). Once Caesar had installed himself as an acknowledged autocrat, the assassination plots multiplied, in rumour if not in fact: C. Cassius in 47 (Cic. *Phil.* II 26), anonymous conspirators in 46 (Cic. *pro Marc.* 21-23), M. Antonius in 45 (Cic. *Phil.* II 34) – and then finally Brutus and Cassius in 44.

Assassination could not touch the multiple tyranny of the Triumvirs, but it was a different matter when all power was again in the hands of a single man. The conspiracy led by Fannius Caepio in 22 B.C. (Dio LIV 3.3-4) was clearly no different in kind from those led by the younger Curio in 59 and by M. Brutus in 44; it was provoked by Augustus' unrepublican behaviour, and one at least of the conspirators was noted for his freedom of speech (*parrhesia*) – the characteristic virtue of a free citizen as opposed to the subject of a tyranny. Twenty years later, when Augustus' dynastic plans and the promotion of his adopted sons had made explicit the monarchical nature of his rule, we find another group of disaffected senators executed for treason (Dio LV 10.15, Velleius II 100.3-5). Although they were disgraced as the lovers of Augustus' daughter, their plot had been to assassinate him (Pliny *Nat. Hist.* VII 149). It is not clear what they hoped for after that, but the fact that they crowned Marsyas' statue in the Forum (ibid. XXI 9) shows that they observed at least the rhetoric of the tyrannicide tradition. For Marsyas, the companion of Liber Pater, was for the Romans the symbol of *liberty* (Servius on *Aeneid* IV 58).

The continuity of Roman ideas on tyranny is interestingly illustrated by the popularity of Atreus and Thyestes as a theme for drama. Accius' famous 'oderint dum metuant', which Seneca saw as a motto for the Sullan age, was quoted by Cicero as an awful warning in political speeches in 56

and 44 B.C. (pro *Sest.* 102, *Phil.* I 34). One of the assassins of Caesar, Cassius of Parma, was supposed to have written a *Thyestes.* The story was that Q. Varius, sent by Octavian to kill Cassius, took away the books in his desk after the murder, and produced the *Thyestes* as his own work (Scholiasts on Hor. *Ep.* I 4.3). Whether true or not, it shows that some people, at least, thought Thyestes a fitter subject for a tyrannicide than for a tyrant's accomplice.

According to Ovid (*ex Ponto* IV 16.31), a certain Gracchus wrote a play on the same theme – and a Sempronius Gracchus was one of the senators executed in 2 B.C.. Mamercus Scaurus under Tiberius (Dio LVIII 24.4) – like Curiatius Maternus under Vespasian (Tac. *Dial.* 2-3) – caused great offence to the ruler by writing a tragedy on Atreus and Thyestes. We happen to know of an *Atreus* written by P. Pomponius Secundus (Nonius 210L), whose brother was one of the consuls in the fateful year A.D. 41. And one of Gaius' favourite quotations was 'oderint dum metuant' (Suet. *Gaius* 30.1).

*****

Let's return to Josephus' narrative. It is A.D. 41, and the last day of the *ludi Palatini* in honour of the deified Augustus – probably 22 January. The shows are being held in an *ad hoc* temporary theatre close to the imperial property on the Palatine. About mid-afternoon (the ninth hour), Gaius leaves the theatre to bathe and lunch. He and his entourage enter the imperial complex, which consists of several adjacent houses with streets and passages inbetween. Leaving the rest of the party to go along the main route, lined with servants, Gaius turns off down a narrow passage, either to get to the baths more quickly or else to inspect the dancing boys from Asia who are to perform later in the programme.

Chaerea, present on duty, catches him up to ask for the watchword of the day. Gaius gives him one of his usual facetious obscenities. Chaerea answers him back with abuse, draws his sword and strikes for the neck. Groaning in agony, the wounded Gaius makes off down the passage, but Cornelius Sabinus and several others are waiting for him. They kill him, and the assassins escape before the alarm is raised.

News of the emperor's death caused stunned terror in the theatre, and murderous rage among Gaius' German bodyguard. A general massacre of the theatre audience was only narrowly averted, as their officers managed to bring the Germans back under control with the threat of punishment for indiscipline 'either by the Senate, if power reverted to it, or by the ruler who succeeded' (151).

That summed up the situation exactly, and in the correct order. If the *princeps* died without an heir, then either the Senate resumed responsibility ('the Republic was restored'), as happened in 44 B.C., nearly happened in 23 B.C., and remained a theoretical possibility throughout the lifetime of Augustus and Tiberius; or else some powerful individual might succeed in establishing himself, whether by bloodless coup or by civil war, in the autocratic position left vacant by the defunct. Who, if anyone, might succeed in that, only time would show. But the first alternative – the Republic – was not only constitutionally proper, it was also immediate and automatic.

The Senate was called into session straight away, by the consul Q. Pomponius Secundus, brother of the playwright. The meeting started uncertainly, with a half-hearted enquiry into the murder. But as more senators turned up, including members of the conspiracy and senior figures, like Valerius Asiaticus, who openly approved of it, a mood of self-confidence quickly developed. The other consul, Cn. Sentius Saturninus, gave the necessary lead. 'Romans,' he began:

'it seems incredible, since it comes upon us unexpectedly after so long a time, yet we really do possess the honour of liberty. How long it will last we do not know; that lies with the will of the gods, who have bestowed it. But it is enough to make us glad, and to bring us together in joy, even if we are to

be deprived of it. For men with a sense of honour and independent judgement, it is enough to live even one hour in a country that governs itself, controlled by the laws which made it great... What happened in the old days I know only from report, but I have seen with my own eyes the evils with which tyrannies fill the state. They discourage all excellence, deprive generosity of its freedom, set up schools of flattery and fear – and all because they leave public affairs not to the wisdom of the laws but to the caprice of the rulers. Ever since Julius Caesar decided to destroy the Republic, and threw the state into confusion by doing violence to the rule of law, making himself the master of justice but the slave of whatever brought him personal satisfaction, there is no evil that the city has not suffered.'

His proposal of public honours for Chaerea and the other liberators was enthusiastically endorsed.

By now it was late in the evening. Chaerea asked the consuls for the watchword. 'Liberty,' they said, and he went to pass it on to the urban cohorts. The consuls themselves could hardly believe it:

In the hundredth year since they had first been deprived of the Republic, the consuls were giving the watchword. For it was they who commanded the soldiers before the city was subject to tyranny.

Evidently Josephus, or his source, dated the effective end of the Republic to Caesar's first consulship in 59 B.C. – appropriately, since it was Caesar's dynasty that had come to an end.

The Senate knew by now that Gaius' uncle, Claudius, had been seized by the Praetorian Guards and taken off to their barracks. The consuls therefore sent for a friend of the imperial house, the Jewish client-king Agrippa, who happened to be in Rome that winter. Agrippa obeyed the summons as if from a late-night party, but that was a ruse. In fact, he had already been to the barracks in secret, and urged the terrified Claudius to keep his nerve. Now, disingenuously, he offered to go with a senatorial deputation to persuade Claudius to lay down his authority.

At the barracks, all too aware of the Praetorians' overwhelming military superiority, two of the tribunes delivered the message that Claudius should yield to the Senate and the laws, while Agripppa privately prompted his reply. It was conciliatory to this extent, that he promised to rule in the interests of all; but it was clear that he did intend to rule.

The consuls now summoned the Senate again, this time not to the Curia Iulia, a symbol of the Caesars' rule, but to the Capitoline temple of Jupiter which had been dedicated in the first year of the Republic. Jupiter was the god of the triumph – the bringer of victory, as Josephus puts it – and the consuls knew by now that the Republic would have to fight for its survival. But its own forces no longer believed in it. The urban cohorts insisted that the Senate choose a worthy *princeps* from within its own ranks. The meeting broke up in confusion, and at dawn, ignoring an indignant appeal from Chaerea, the cohorts marched off to join the Praetorians.

The next time the Senate met, it was on the Palatine with Claudius presiding. Chaerea was sentenced to execution. So were the other officers involved, with the exception of Cornelius Sabinus. But he kept faith with them, and fell on his sword.

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It is a tragic tale, a story of heroism and blighted hope. To think of it, as we tend to do, merely as an irregular transfer of power within the 'Julio-Claudian' dynasty is both to trivialise it and to ignore its historical significance. What happened in January A.D. 41 was the resumption of constitutional government, and its subversion by a military coup.

We may sympathise with the Praetorians' view of the arrogance of powerful senators (224), and with the preference of the urban populace for an emperor to protect them against it and prevent exploitation and civil strife (228). No doubt the restored Republic would have been as unstable and corrupt as it had been in Cicero's day. But brave and honourable men thought

it preferable to the alternative, and continued to think so even when the alternative was forced on them.

They staged their counter-coup the following year, while the Praetorians' puppet emperor was still unsure of his power. The leader was Chaerea's friend the senator Annius Vinicianus. With him were Pomponius Secundus the ex-consul, and a substantial number of senators and *equites*. The military force was supplied by L. Camillus Scribonianus, legate of Dalmatia and commander of the nearest legionary armt to Italy. Camillus sent Claudius a peremptory order to resign, and mobilised his forces in the name of liberty and the Republic (Dio LX 15.1-3, Suet. *Claud.* 35.2).

But the Seventh and Eleventh legions were no more willing to fight for the Republic than the urban cohorts had been. The attempt collapsed, and an ugly witch-hunt followed. Informers, treason-trials, torture, executions, the corpses and severed heads of men and women exposed on the Scalae Gemoniae – all the horrors of tyranny returned. It was a time of despair. As Cassius Dio puts it (LX 16.7), the long succession of evils had brought matters to such a pass that to die well was the only virtue left.

Those of us who get our idea of Claudius from Robert Graves and Derek Jacobi would do well to remember that his ancient biographer emphasised *saevitia*, bloodthirstiness, among his characteristics (Suet. *Claud.* 34). However, he did succeed in establishing himself as a moderately successful ruler. Even more important, he made sure he had an acceptable and legitimate successor. For more than twenty years, therefore, tyrannicide was not a realistic political option.

It came back after the great fire of A.D. 64, when Nero had lost his popularity and become suspicious and afraid; and with it came a renewed longing for 'liberty and the laws'. It is true that the conspirators of A.D. 65 were not interested in the Republic. But others were, including M. Julius Vestinus, one of the consuls of that year, whom they excluded from the plot for that very reason (Tac. *Ann.* XV 52). As it turned out, Piso's conspiracy collapsed, and it was the republicans who got what they wanted. For in 68 Galba in Spain succeeded where Camillus in Dalmatia had failed in 42. He declared himself legate of the Senate and People of Rome (Suet. *Galba* 10.1), and hastily organised a mint issuing coinage in the name of the Roman People. One of his issues, with the legend *Libertas p. R. restituta,* imitates Brutus' 'Ides of March' type, with daggers and cap of liberty. In the end, there was no need for that: this tyrant turned the dagger on himself.

When Nero fled his palace, the Senate declared him a public enemy, and the people danced in the streets. Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive – and that dawn, that summer of 68, must be the context of another strangely neglected historical document, the play *Octavia* falsely attributed to Seneca. The very fact of a play about contemporary politics is eloquent of a sense of freedom. So too is the plot, a popular rising against Nero, and the way the chorus dwells on the ancient virtue of the Roman people, which drove out haughty kings (291-6) and gave *laws* to Rome (676-9).

So why was the Republic not restored in June 68? Because the Praetorian Guard hailed Galba as emperor; and the Senate and People used their liberty to do the same (Dio LXIII 29.1). Galba too had a wolf by the ears. As Tacitus makes him say (*Hist.* I 16.1), if it were possible to inaugurate constitutional government again, he was the man to do it. But it couldn't be done.

The year the Republic died, even as an idea, was A.D. 69, the year of the civil wars. Galba's heir, addressing the Praetorians in January, had to assume that for them 'republic' and 'senate and people' were just empty names, *vacua nomina* (Tac. *Hist.* I 30). Even academic theorists had to agree. When Vespasian was in Alexandria, preparing his victorious progress to Rome, the philosopher Euphrates urged him to 'put an end to autocracy; grant the Romans

the favour of popular rule, and yourself the favour of inaugurating their liberty'. Apollonius of Tyana was also present. 'This is puerile babble,' he said, 'when the times demand something more practical' (Philostratus *vita Apol.* V 33-35).

So the great hope of Cassius Chaerea and his friends was finally snuffed out. They had killed Caligula; but thanks to the soldiers he would rise again, generation after generation. Say no to liberty and the laws, and what you get is Nero, Domitian, and Commodus.

Peter Wiseman is Professor of Classics at Exeter University. He has written various scholarly works including , most recently, 'Catullus and His World' (1985) and 'Roman Studies' (1987).

Marc Drogin is known internationally as a distinguished and entertaining calligrapher, illuminator, mediaevalist, author, teacher and cartoonist. His books include 'Mediaeval Calligraphy', 'Yours Truly, King Arthur', 'Anathema' and 'Biblioclasm'.

We are very grateful to Mr. Drogin for allowing us to reproduce a number of his silhouettes from his forthcoming volume 'Letter Imperfect' Look out for more of these in the next issue of PEGASUS.

RECENT BOOKS

Readers may be interested in the following:

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BAKER, Kenneth, *Hercules Conquers Atlantis* (HMSO)
One man's heroic struggle to remove the "pips" (profoundly interesting and profitable subjects) from the "core" (classics out, religion excluded) curriculum. The book begins with "One or two things I must make absolutely clear from the start", and ends with "List of some of the words used in this book", on the grounds that in a few years words such as "Preface" and "Index" will be unintelligible.

BULLETIN OF OBSCENITY vol. I
(University of Manchester Press in association with Men Only; subscriptions to be paid by Bonkers' order)
The first issue contains a penetrating article entitled "The Pubic Wars". Lavish colour plates and centre-fold.

FORMAGGIO, Giovanni, *Monte Pitone: I Scavi* (BBC Publications)
The finds of this excavation include a large foot, comparable with that of Constantine in the Capitoline Museum, fragments of a Pannonian dictionary, the remains of a parrot (dead), and others too humorous to mention.

GRANSDEN, K.W., *Hesiod's Lives of the Caesars*
A sequel to the author's *Virgil's Iliad.*

LEVI-STRAUSS, C., *The Half-Baked and the Overdone*
(University of Brazil-where-the-nuts-come-from)
A bipolar expansion of *The Raw and the Cooked.*

LIDDELL and SCOTT, *Greek-English Lexicon in Strip Cartoon Picturization Form*
(O.U.P., 10p a week)
All authors whose works are published by the Oxford University Press now sign a contract including a clause concerning Strip Cartoon Picturization rights. Here are the first-fruits of this policy.

MACAULAY, T.B., *Lays of Ancient Rome*
(Bulletin of Obscenity, Supplementary Volume I)
Revised, well to be honest totally rewritten, version.

TRYPANIS, C.A., *The Penguin Book of Green Verse*
Professor Trypanis' *Penguin Book of Greek Verse* has rightly received high praise. The present work, presumably a companion volume, seems to have escaped the notice of everyone except the reviewer in the *Grauniad* (2 July 1984)

UNIVERSITY OF EXETER EXAMINATION PAPERS IN CLASSICS 1988
(£999,999,999 in used notes and *in strict confidence, please*, to any member of staff).

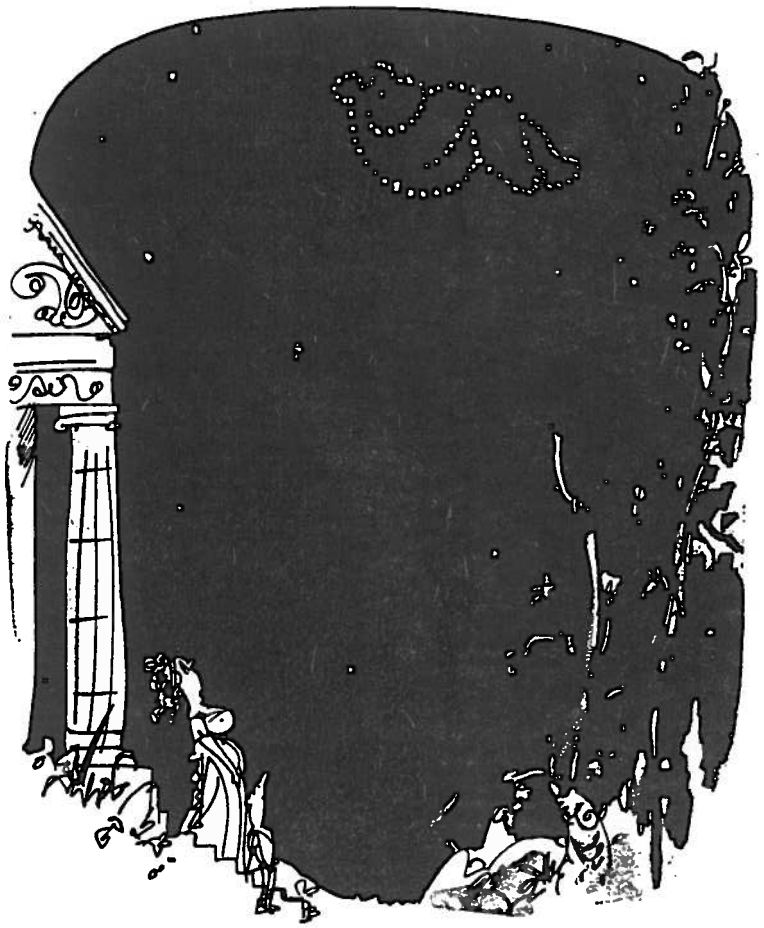
TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
When the blazing sun has gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
The the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.
In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

MICA, MICA, PARVA STELLA

Mica, Mica, parva stella,
Miror, quaenam sis tam bella!
Splendens eminus in illo,
Alba velut gemma, coelo.
Quando fervens Sol discessit,
Nec calore prata pascit,
Tum ostendis lumen purum,
Micans, micans, per obscurum.
Tibi, noctu qui vagatur,
Ob scintillulam gratatur;
Ni micares tu, non sciret,
Quas per vias errans iret.
Meum saepe thalamum luce,
Specularis curiosa;
Neque carpseris soporem,
Donec venit Sol per auram.

Henry Drury (1843)



"That's your father up there, the Great Bear. Actually he wasn't all that great."

of listening comprehension and note-taking in Greek was not apparent to or was simply ignored by W.Glynn Williams, the translator of the Loeb edition of *Epistulae ad Familiares,* who added the sardonic footnote to his passage: "a characteristic request"! [18] Cicero probably took the same view. Even a year later he wrote to Atticus, and not without a note of ironic humour:

Cicero noster quo modestior est, eo me magis commovet. (*Ep. ad Att.*, 15.15)

[The more modest my boy is in his requests the more concerned I am to meet him.]

He was nevertheless loath to reduce the amount he had budgeted for Marcus' daily living allowance, which was financed by rents received on two of his properties in Rome. [19] He did not wish Marcus' wherewithal or lifestyle to fall short of that of his fellow students, [20] nor to reflect badly on his own dignity and status in society, and unashamedly wanted him provided with considerably more than the bare necessities of life. [21] As time passed, however, Cicero evidently began to realise that Marcus was indeed becoming a 'waster'; he was reluctant to believe it, or to take any action to curb Marcus' exesses, preferring to rely on news of his son's progress, even by implication:

A Cicerone mihi litterae sane πεπινωμεναι et bene longae. Cetera autem vel fingi possunt, πινος litterarum significat doctiorem. (*Ep. ad Att.*, 14.7);

[I have had a letter from Marcus, really classically phrased and pretty long. other things can be assumed, but the style of the letter shows he has learned something.]

Tandem a Cicerone tabellarius et mehercule litterae πεπινωμενος scriptae, quod ipsum προκοπην *aliquam* significat, itemque ceteri praeclara scribunt... Quid quaeris? vel verba mihi dari facile patior in hoc, meque libenter praebeo credulum. (*Ep. ad Att.*, 15.16)

[At last a courier from Marcus! But upon my word the letter is well written, which in itself would argue some progress, and others too send excellent reports... Truth to tell I am not unwilling to be deceived in this case and gladly swallow all I'm told.]

Bonner (1977:92) has suggested that Marcus had "an eye to the main chance", and that he deliberately wrote his letters home "couched in his most classical style"; we must presume, too, that these letters most certainly were written in Greek, a fluency in which Cicero prided himself upon, to have made the right impression with his father. [22]

The last straw, however, was a report that one of the Greek teachers Marcus had engaged, Gorgias by name, had himself "been leading Marcus into dissipation". [23] Cicero demanded that Marcus dismiss the teacher forthwith [24] , which Marcus reports having done in his letter to Tiro[25]. Plutarch[26] suggests that the style of Cicero's evidently effective letter – which has not survived – was developed more by his own verbal skill than by any real justification or necessity for being quite as angry as he evidently appeared to Gorgias and Marcus. Nevertheless,

Marcus at once dismissed Gorgias in accordance with his father's peremptory behest, wrote home to apologise, and it seems, remained on the same terms of mutual affection with his father as before. For a time, Marcus was understandably crestfallen, and perhaps genuinely repentant... But the end of these halcyon days was soon at hand. (Bonner, 1977:94) [27]

September, 44 B.C. saw the arrival of Marcus Brutus in Athens, ostensibly to study, but in reality to recruit an army to oppose Marcus Antonius. At first he attended lectures and made friends with many of the Roman students there, dissimulating his true purpose.

ο *Βρουτος εκειθεν επ'Αθηνων επλει. δεξαμενου δε του δημου προθυμως αυτον ευφημιας και ψηφισμασι διητατο μεν παρα ξενω τινι, θεομνηστου δ'ακροωμενος του Ακαδημιακου και Κρατιππου του Περιπατητικου και συμφιλοσοφων εδοκει παντα πασιν αργειν και σχολαζειν. επραττε δε τα προς τον πολεμον ανυποπτως* (*Brutus*, 24.1)

[Brutus put to sea and sailed for Athens. Here the people welcomed him eagerly and extolled him in public decrees. He dwelt with a certain guest-friend, attended the lectures of Theomnestes the Academic and Cratippus the Peripatetic, discussed philosophy with them, and was thought to be wholly given up

to literary pursuits.]

Just then, as Marcus Cicero was, apparently, making the effort to settle down to his studies, political events overtook him. C. Trebonius had written to Cicero from Athens in May, to report Marcus' activities in glowing terms, and making an obvious effort to persuade him of the sincerity of his observations:

Noli putare, mi Cicero, me hoc auribus tuis dare; nihil adulescente tuo, adque adeo nostro (nihil enim mihi a te potest esse seiunctum), aut amabilus omnibus iis, qui Athenis sunt, est aut studiosius earum artium, quas tu maxime amas, hoc est optimarum. Itaque tibi, quod vere facere possum, libenter quoque gratulor, nec minus etiam nobis, quod eum, quem necesse erat diligere, qualiscumque esset, talem habemus, ut libenter quoque diligamus. (*Ep. ad Fam.*, 12.16:1)

[Do not think, my dear Cicero, that I am saying this to tickle your ears; your, or rather *our* young man (for there can be no severence of interests between us) is the most popular fellow in the world among all who are at Athens, and at the same time the most devoted to the arts you yourself love most, to wit, the best. I therefore congratulate you with pleasure also, as I can with sincerity, and myself too no less, on finding that he whom we were bound to love, whatever his character, is the sort of man whom it is also a pleasure to love.]

"The letter from Trebonius to Cicero sounds as though the two (Trebonius and Marcus Cicero) had gotten their heads together" - Daly (1950:52). Rawson (1985:12) notes that Marcus Cicero in his correspondence home "is silent... about his Roman fellow-students, preferring to give the impression that he is mixing solely with serious Greek pupils of Cratippus and with Athenian aristocrats". Notwithstanding, Marcus quit his studies, and, together with his contemporary, Horace, answered Brutus' call to arms and joined one of his cavalry squadrons. Cicero continued to receive extremely favourable reports of his son's conduct, now in his new role as an officer under Brutus.

Filium tuum... videre non potui, ideo quod iam in hiberna cum equitibus erat profectus; sed, medius fidius, ea esse opinione, et tua et ipsius et in primis mea causa gaudeo. Fratris enim loco mihi est, qui ex te natus teque dignus est. (P.Lentulus to Cicero: *Ep. ad Fam.*, 12.14:8),

[Your son I was unable to see when I visited Brutus, owing to his having already started for winter-quarters with the cavalry; but on my solemn oath, both on your account and his own, and most particularly on mine, I am delighted that he is so highly thought of; for being your son and worthy of his father, I look upon him as a brother.]

and Brutus himself wrote to Cicero in a similar vein:

Cicero, filius tuus sic mihi se probat industria, patientia, labore, animi magnitudine, omni denique officio, ut prorsus numquam dimittere videatur cogitationem cuius sit filius. (*Ep. ad Fam. (Brut.)*, 2.3:6) [28]

[Your son Cicero is giving me such satisfaction by his industry, endurance, hard work and high courage, in short, by every kind of service that he seems to me never to forget for a moment whose son he is.]

But Cicero was not easily convinced of this sudden metamorphosis of Marcus' behaviour:

De Cicerone meo et, si tantum est in eo, quantum scribis, tantum scilicet, quantum debeo, gaudeo, et si, quod amas eum, eo maiora facis, id ipsum incredibiliter gaudeo, a te eum diligi. (*Ep. ad Fam. (Brut.)*, 2.4:6)

[As to my son, if he has all the good in him which you describe, I am of course as delighted as I am bound to be, and if you exaggerate it from affection for him, the mere fact of your being attached to him rejoices me more than I can say.]

Marcus was, however, mentioned in Brutus' despatches to the Senate [29] and Cicero was evidently resigned to the fact that Marcus would make a better soldier-administrator than a philosopher, [30] the career he had dreamed of for him. [31] Marcus' inclinations obviously lay elsewhere. Civil war was in the air. The murder of Caesar had not restored the promised liberty of the Republic, but was to engender a war of succession and two decades of anarchy and bloodshed. Young Roman students in Athens now saw Brutus, their very champion of liberty, and one of the conspirators

to the murder, actively engaged in discussion in Greek with their own teachers. As a young man, Brutus had studied philosophy and letters as well as rhetoric, under the teachers of the day, in Athens, and possibly also in Rhodes. [32] It is no wonder that impressionable young men such as Marcus Cicero should have been so readily and willingly persuaded to leave their intellectual pursuits and join Brutus' standards. The fascination of the call to war for the republican cause, especially under so illustrious a general as Brutus, tempted even the placid Horace away from his groves of Academe. Brutus knew where and how to recruit his lieutenants! The allure of the glory and prestige of leading a company on the battlefield, was certainly difficult for these young Roman students to resist. More significant, however, was the evident success Brutus had in recruiting those students who had been sent abroad for their higher education by their parents, an education which concentrated on techniques of forensic oratory and philosphical argumentation in a foreign language. Brutus must have impressed the students with his ability in Greek discussion with their teachers, and prepared his ground skilfully, in order to persuade the young Romans of the legitimacy and judiciousness of joining him rather than remain in Athens, with all its attractions of a peaceful academic life and the varied leisure pursuits available there – particularly as his potential recruits were masters of oral argument. But Rome was where it was at, and these students wanted a share of the action.

The learning centres of Athens and Rhodes evidently had fairly large populations of Roman students because they had been particularly popular with Roman parents and their late-teenage, early-twenties sons as places where the latter could benefit from native tuition in Greek declamation and philosophy.

> By the end of the second century B.C. Greek was a first language in Roman education... and it was in Greek, not Latin, that the young pupil started his declamation... Soon Greek was 'the other language'... From quite early in the second century B.C. most prominent Roman men of affairs spoke Greek fluently... Greek did not count as a 'foreign language'... an educated Roman was fluent... *utraque lingua*. (Balsdon, 1979:43;139) [33]

On the other hand, Latin did not have the same attraction for Greeks as Greek did for the Romans; Greek students did not flock to Rome in the way that Roman students did to Athens. In Cicero's time, an upper class Roman student's education was incomplete without the Grand Tour of Greece.

Apart from the mention of the plans for Marcus Cicero to visit Asia for a study tour accompanied by his teacher, Cratippus, the arrangements for which were overtaken by political events; [34] and the mention, much later, by Gellius of his travelling to Aegina with some of his fellow students, both Greek and Roman, [35] several of the references by Romans to their life as students in Greece are to their spending a good deal of their time, outside classes, with other Romans. Cicero mentioned that his friend Marcus Piso had lodgings within easy walking distance of the Academy, and he described an excursion thither with some other Roman friends; [36] Gellius described regular student gatherings, particularly for Roman festivals, for meals and entertainment of "utiles delectabilesque sermones". [37] This phenomenon has been recognised in our own day as one of the symptoms of the problems of varying degrees of alienation, anomie and rejection frequently encountered in cross-cultural adjustment. Students from overseas often find that they are regarded as persons only by others of their own ethnic or language group, or within the wider student social circle. Outside, they are 'overseas students', thought of functionally rather than in terms of social status. Indeed, their activities in the community are symbiotically rather than socially perceived, [38] and they therefore seek socialisation amongst those with whom they can feel empathy and retain their identity. So often, the crucial factor in this is language. Roman students would meet together to have parties where,

through their conversations in Latin, they would share common experiences and aspirations, prejudices and dilemmas, and express their opinions about the country of their sojourn and its people, just as groups of students from different parts of the world do in universities and colleges in our own time.

Within the context of the academic milieu, however, students could evidently be on good terms with their Greek teachers, especially with those whom they individually engaged. Marcus Cicero mentioned meals with his teacher Cratippus [39] – and we have already noted Gorgias! Gellius mentioned that he enjoyed the hospitality of his teacher Herodes at his villa at Cephisia, and that he travelled to Delphi to see the Pythian Games with the philosopher Calvisius Taurus. [40] On the other hand, in Cicero's time at least, Roman students were not supposed to 'go native' or lose their Roman identity. Wearing Greek clothes, for example, was frowned upon in Ciceronian society. [41] Such overt behaviour, a phenomenon not unknown to modern analysts, is an illustration of a cognitive reorientation, an identification with the new cultural environment which the students have come to appreciate and, in some measure, adopt.

> As a consequence of the resocialization experience in an alien environment, a sojourner tends to acquire expectation patterns compatible with his new social system. Indeed, if his interactions within the new society are particularly gratifying he may identify rather deeply with the new group. The result, of course, is that the sojourner typically finds himself out of phase with his home culture on his return... Similarly, in American universities one often finds cliques of Europophiles – consisting of those possessing the distinction of having lived abroad and of never having returned home psychologically. (Gullahorn et al., 1963:39;44)

The picture that has emerged of the life of Roman students abroad during the time of Cicero and the early Empire is one of a thoroughly enjoyable life, a time which was looked back upon with nostalgia. The great majority of students went to Greece, to study Greek, in particular formal oral Greek. Most of these young men came from wealthy Roman families, but even these students could suffer financial crises. [42] Initial priorities were to find suitable accommodation and to register with well-known teachers. Thereafter, they settled to an academic routine of attending lectures, reading prescribed texts, carrying out set exercises and practising oral declamation or argumentation. Social life included parties and dinners, often enlivened with alcohol, mostly in the company of other Roman students; and cultural trips to the countryside and other cities in Greece and Asia Minor. These were, for the most part, members of a privileged class, latter-day yuppies on their 'junior year abroad', living an exceptional life in a country noted, *pace* Livy (45.27), for its tourist attractions as well as unrivalled educational facilities. Their activities and problems, emerging through the writings and correspondence of some two thousand years ago, are uncannily reminiscent of those of students in similar situations in the latter half of the twentieth century.

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1. See Daly (1950:54-56)
2. *De Leg.*, 1.20:54; *Acad.*, 1.13; 2.113
3. *Brut.*, 314
4. Cf. Quintillian:*Inst. Or.*, 12.6:6; Gwynn, 1926:76-77
5. *Cicero*, 36.7
6. *Div. Iul.*, 1.4:1
7. *Caesar*, 3.1
8. *Epist.*, 2.2:45
9. *Trist.*, 1.2:77-78, comparing his voyage to exile with others taken in his life; but see Janssen et al. (1951) and Fitton Brown (1985) for arguments that Ovid's "exile" was imaginary.

10. Suetonius, *Vita Lucani*

11. See also Daly (1950:49)

12. *Geog.*, 4.1:5

13. Strabo: *Geog.*, 14.5:13. A modern equivalent of Tarsus in this respect might be Hong Kong.

14. Woody (1949:588). Cf. Daly (1950:51); Bowersock (1965:80)

15. *De Or.*, 3.42; cf. Rawson (1985:12fn.)

16. This was before the days of grants for academically deserving and financially needy students; the Romans had to wait until the third century A.D. for the institution of student bursaries and professorial salaries: "Rhetoribus grammaticis medicis haruspicibus mathematicis mechanicis architectis salaria instituit et auditoria decrevit et discipulos cum annonis pauperum filos modo ingenuos dari iussit".

[To rhetoricians, grammarians, physicians, soothsayers, astrologers, engineers and architects he paid regular salaries and assigned lecture-rooms and he ordered rations to be given to their pupils, provided these were sons of poor men and free-born.] (*Script. Hist. Aug. – Severus Alexander*, 44.4); cf. Duff (1964:33)

17. *Ep. ad Att.*, 32.3

18. Cf. Fowler (1922:199-202)

19. Daly (1950:51); Bonner (1977:91-92)

20. *Ep. ad Att.*, 12.32

21. "Nunc magno opere a te peto... ut videas, ne quid ei desit. Id cum ad officium nostrum pertinet tum ad estimationem et dignitatem... quaeso, da operam, ut illum quam honestissime copiosissimeque tueamur" (*Ep. ad Att.*, 14.7)

[Now I earnestly request you... to see that he wants for nothing. That is for me a matter both of duty and of reputation and prestige... pray make sure that we maintain him in really handsome and liberal style.] ;

"De Cicerone quae scribis, iucunda mihi sunt; velim sint prospera. Quod curae tibi est, ut ei suppeditetur ad usum et cultum copiose, per mihi gratum est, idque ut facias, te etiam atque etiam rogo" (ibid., 14.11)

[What you write about Marcus is pleasant for me to read; I hope it augurs well. I am most grateful to you for your trouble in seeing that he gets plenty to live on in good style, and I beg you once more to do this.]

22. Cf. Gwynn (1926:129-132)

23. Bonner (1977:93); cf. Daly (1950:53)

24. "και σχεδον αυτη τε των Ελληνικων μια ...εν οργη τινι γεγραπται" (*Cicero*, 24.4:6-7)

[This is almost the only one of his Greek letters... which was written in a spirit of anger.]

25. *Ep. ad Fam.*, 16.21

26. *Cicero*, 24.4:7; 25.1:1

27. *Ep. ad Fam.*, 16.21:6

28. Cf. *Brutus*, 24.1

29. *Ep. ad Fam.*, 2.5:2

30. Ibid., 2.5:6; also *Ep. ad Fam.*, 1.5:3

31. *De Off.*, 3.2:6

32. *Acad.*, 1.3:12; *Brut.*, 332; *De Or.*, 105; Plutarch:*Brutus*, 2.3

33. See Wardman (1976:42-50) for a fuller discussion; he does not commit himself so definitely to such extensive fluency in Greek amongst the Romans.

34. *Ep. ad Fam.*, 12.16:1; *Ep. ad Att.*, 6.7:2

35. *Noct. Att.*, 2.22:1

36. *De Fin.*, 5.1

37. *Noct. Att.*, 15.2:3; 18.2-3

38. Cf. Siu (1952); Lysgaard (1955); Gullahorn et al. (1963)

39. *Ep. ad Fam.*, 16.21

40. *Noct. Att.*, 12.5:1

41. *Pro C. Rab. Post. Or.*, 10:26-27; cf. Livy, 29.19:12; Bowersock (1965:74; 80)

42. Marcus Cicero, in his letter to Tiro, mentions that he has helped out a friend, Bruttius, who could not afford to pay his rent.

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Gregory James is lecturer in Applied Linguistics at the University of Exeter. His professional concern with the history and development of languages has bred a dilettante interest in sociolinguistic aspects of the ancient world.

THE GOOD OLD GNOMIC EXPRESSION

EARLY TO BED

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Primo surge die; dormitum i vespere primo:
Sic validus, sapiens, sic quoque dives eris.

H.J.Hodgson (1842)

HE THAT FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY

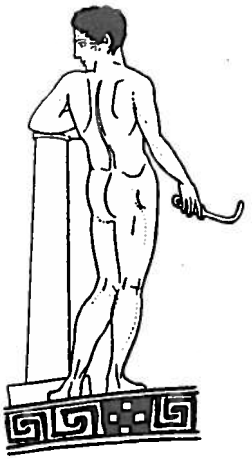
He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.

Goldsmith

Qui clipeum abiecit medio in certamine Martis,
Forsitan ille alio tempore mile erit;
Sed semel in pugna si quis cadat ense necatus,
Illi non iterum pugna nec ensis erit.

G.Denman (1898)

A FRIEND IN NEED



"A friend in need's a friend indeed."
This really is great trash;
I have a friend, and he's in need,
And always wanting cash.

"Certus amicus aiunt incerta cernitur in re";
Non ego consensum talibus addiderim:
Est mihi cui nunquam res non incerta, nec unquam,
Flebiliter nostras non prece poscit opes.

LISTEN WITH HOMER : CHRYSOCOME

by

Martin West

Dawn rose from beside Tithonus to bring light to gods and men, but fair Chrysocome awoke, and sat up in her bed, and put shining garments on her skin. Then she went to the hall, and sat down there on a chair, so that she might taste breakfast. Her mother provided the food, and gave her whereof to drink. When she had dispelled her hunger and thirst, she straightway spoke to her prudent mother:

"Mother: whether some god has put it into my mind, or I have thought it out all by myself, the desire seizes me to go into the leafy wood to gather bluebells, such as grow there in quantity, and white-armed maidens gather them. May I do this, or do you forbid it and say that I mustn't?"

That was what fair Chrysocome said, and her mother replied:

"No, my dear, I do not forbid you, nor do I say that you mustn't, but I give you permission. But listen to what I am about to say, and put it into your heart. Do not go too far into the dark, leafy wood, lest you encounter shaggy bears. Many others before now have been too far into that celebrated wood, and many of their souls have flown forth to the dank house of Hades, and they have not been welcomed home to warm baths by their dear parents."

That was what her mother said. Then Chrysocome at once put on her red ankle-length coat with silver buttons, fastened with finest elastic, and on her feet, down below, she put galoshes of waterproof rubber, such as craftsmen do not make these days. – A man who wore galoshes like that would not get wet feet, even if he were to step in such a puddle as Dr. Foster once stepped in, having come to the well-founded city of Gloucester. –And she went and quickly arrived at the dark bluebell wood, and there bluebells were growing in quantity. She gathered many of them with her hands, and laid them in her basket. It was a well made basket which her father's sister, Edith, had given her as a gift, and she bought it in Ostend. That was the basket she laid the flowers in.

So she gathered many flowers with her hands, and she forgot her prudent mother's warning, and went far into the dark leafy wood. There she came to a house, and shaggy bears dwelt in it. And trees grew all about it, alders and poplars and *sycomorus Aegyptiaca,* and there were birds' nests in the trees. Then fair Chrysocome deliberated both in her heart and her mind, whether it was preferable to stay outside the house, or on the other hand, to go in; and as she pondered the matter, the latter seemed to her the better course. She went in, and immediately she saw three well-planed chairs set in a row. In one of these she sat down. And straightway she stood up again thence, for it was hard, and not agreeable to her tender skin. But next she sat down in the second well-planed chair. But thence too she straightway stood up again, for it was not hard (like the first chair) but dreadfully soft, and it was not pleasing to her mind. But then once more she sat down in the third well-planed chair, which was for the youngest bear to sit in whenever he cared to. But thence she did not stand up again for the third time; for it was very comfortable, this chair, and she sat on as she had begun.

Then she noticed something else, fair Chrysocome did. For three plates were there upon a table, and they were all full of steaming porridge. She threw her hands at the dainties which lay prepared. Now the first plate she cast swiftly upon the earth, for it burned her like a burning fire. And when she tasted from the second plate, this also

she cast upon the dark earth, for it was not burning hot, but cold, like the house of Hades, and she loathed it. Thirdly again she tasted from the third plate, which was for the youngest bear to eat from whenever he cared to, and it proved altogether suitable.

When she had dispelled her hunger and thirst, she went up to the bedroom, not neglecting to use the stairs. In the bedroom were three beds, and on each one was a bedspread. She lay down upon the first bed, and straightway stood up again thence, for it was hard, and not agreeable to her tender back. But next she lay down in the second well-made bed. But thence too she straightway stood up again, for it was by no means hard, but softer than fleeces, and it was not pleasing to her mind. But then once more she laid herself down in the third bed, which was where the youngest bear used to sleep whenever he was sleepy. There sweet sleep immediately overcame her, and all her fastenings were undone.

So she slept, fair Chrysocome did, but the shaggy bears were not asleep. They came back to their house, by way of the door. Then the father bear said:

"Alas, who's been sitting in my well-planed chair of mortal men, or who's been tasting of my steaming porridge?"

That was what he said; but the mother bear, his modest bedfellow, said:

"Alas, who's been sitting in my chair also, or tasting of my equally steaming porridge? These are bad works that have been wrought."

That was what she said; but the youngest bear, groaning deeply, said:

"Woe is me! Who's been sitting in my chair for that matter, and tasting my porridge? He must be a greedy person, I think, since he has eaten it all up, and not left any either!"

So spoke the youngest of the very shaggy bears. Then again the father bear spoke amongst them:

"Wife, and you, my son, here is a proposal. Put it into your hearts and see how it feels. Let us go quickly to the bedroom, where our beds are, to see if we find anyone."

And they went, and quickly arrived, and there they found fair Chrysocome, sleeping in the well-bebedspreadedbed, and they stood over her head, and uttered winged words:

"Wake up, whoever you are. If you are some goddess, who lives on Olympus, we'll say no more about it. But if not, what is your name and address and who are your parents?"

But Chrysocome awoke, and sweet sleep flew from her eyelids, as swiftly as a bank-robber flees from a bank when he has robbed it, and the police chase him on their nimble feet. Then she deliberated, in both her heart and her mind, whether it was preferable to clasp the bears about their shaggy knees and supplicate for mercy, or to run for it; and, as she pondered, the latter seemed to her to be the better course. Quickly she jumped out of the framed window, and forgot to go down by way of the stairs. Then verily, I ween, she would have broken her neck from the vertebrae of the spine, had not grey-eyed Athene swiftly noticed, and come specially from Olympus, and caught her in mid-air, and wrapped her in mist lest anyone should cast aspersions, and carried her back to the well-built house where she lived with her prudent mother. So Chrysocome was back in her own home at last, after many adventures; while Pallas Athene returned to Olympus to rejoin the other gods.

Martin West is Professor of Classics at Royal Holloway and Bedford New College in the University of London, and one of the leading Hellenists of his generation. He has written on virtually every aspect of Greek poetry, from its beginnings (and earlier) through to the Hellenistic age; he is perhaps best known for his work on archaic Greek poetry and his commentaries on Hesiod.

IN THEIR OWN WRITE : LITERACY IN ANCIENT GREECE

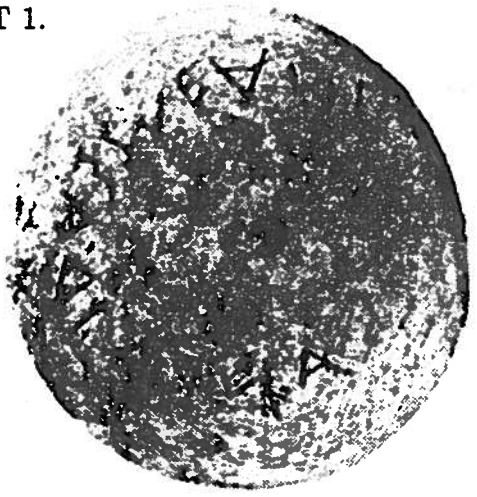
by
Paul Cartledge

Learning an alphabetic script, as some of us can remember more vividly than others, is child's play. Inventing one takes rather longer. The ancient Greeks were by no means the first people to employ an alphabet. As the very names of their letters testify, Semitic peoples beat them to it by many centuries, and it was immediately from the Phoenicians that they borrowed the idea. ('Alpha', 'beta' and so on are meaningless in Greek, but *aleph* was Phoenician for 'ox', *bet* for 'house' etc.) However, in borrowing the Greeks also invented: they invented the world's first more or less fully phonetic alphabetic script, by among other things creating signs for vowels as well as consonants.

Inventing an alphabetic script, though, is one thing. Using it is another. In the United States today, for example, it is officially estimated that one in five adults are functionally illiterate; in India the figure is nearer three in four. For social, economic, political and ideological factors all affect the extent to which the relatively simple technical skills involved in reading and writing are in fact used. So too the definitions of functional literacy will vary from society to society – from the ability to fill in a tax return or hire purchase agreement, perhaps, to the ability merely to sign one's name. So, interesting though it is as a fact of intellectual history that by the mid-eighth century B.C. some ancient Greeks were using a new-fangled alphabetical script, yet more interesting and significant is the question why and for what purposes the new invention caught on. Or, put another way, who learned to write and read, and in what contexts and how routinely did they exercise these skills?

Space precludes the necessarily intricate descriptions and analyses required to answer these questions satisfactorily; for a start, there were hundreds of more or less separate and independent Greek societies, not just one 'Greece', and even for the best documented of these – Classical Athens – we lack the sort of statistical evidence available for, say, mediaeval Russia, let alone twentieth-century America or India. What follows therefore is a very small selection of recently discovered or uncovered examples of ancient Greek alphabetical writing – public as well as private, formal as well as informal, all of them equally 'historical' in the twin senses that they are facts of ancient Greek history and may be used by us towards reconstructing or creating a version of the ancient Greek past.

EXHIBIT 1.



1. ANKAIDAS ME ANETHEKE 'Ankaidas dedicated me': This, the simplest form of dedication to the powers above, was very recently found incised on a limestone river-cobble in a Spartan sanctuary on the east bank of the Eurotas. The direction of the writing – from left to right with the letters pointing backwards – and the shape of the letters indicate an early dating, not later than the sixth century B.C. As is usual in such dedications, the object dedicated is conceived of as speaking the message; what is not usual is the medium of the message, a naturally spherical stone about the size of a tennis ball, the original, secular function of which is unrecoverable. Did Ankaidas throw

it further than his aristocratic Spartan peers in some athletic competition, perhaps? All we can say for sure is that Ankaidas (a hitherto unattested Spartan name, incidentally) felt so strongly about this stone that he wished not only to offer it to the gods (perhaps to the Dioskouroi, perhaps to their sister Helen or her husband, Menelaos) but to tell the world that he was doing so. It is not certain that Ankaidas himself could read and write – he could have paid a specialist script-writer to do the job for him; but there is enough literary and epigraphical evidence from and about Sparta to suggest that it would not have been remarkable if Ankaidas was himself literate. In any case, the three little words of this dedication speak loudly of Ankaidas' perception of the power of the written word in a ritually sacred context.

2. Male homosexuality – or more precisely pederasty, since those involved were typically a young unmarried adult lover (*erastes*) and an adolescent beloved (*eromenos* or *paidika*) – was a social institution deeply embedded in the structure of many Greek societies. Best attested in Sparta and Athens and Thebes, where it performed variously educative, military and political as well as purely sexual functions, pederasty – like, say, slavery – is one of those central traits of Classical Greek culture that remind us how alien to our own mentality Greek civilisation could be. A further, literally graphic illustration of this was recently discovered on the island of Thasos by the French archaeologist, Yvon Garlan.

In the bay of Kalami cut into the living rock is a series of pederastic acclamations datable on grounds of letter-forms c.375-50 B.C. These are by no means the first such rupestral inscriptions to be found on an Aegean island; the sometimes scatological and much earlier examples from Thera spring easily to mind. But in numbers of inscriptions (58) and in richness of acclamatory vocabulary (no less than 13 epithets in addition to 'my', 'Thasian', 'dear' and the ubiquitous *kalos*, 'fair' or 'beautiful') this Thasian dossier is unique.

To take just one, revealing instance of an *eromenos*. Aetes, whose name appears ten times, is hailed as 'blooming' (*horaios*), 'fair of face' (*euprosopos*), 'sweet' (*hedus*), 'full of grace' (*eukharis*), 'urbanely handsome' (*asteoprosopos* – apparently the only known use of this compound adjective in all Classical Greek), 'shapely' (*eurhuthmos*), 'urbane' (*asteos*) as well as, inevitably, plain old *kalos*. His name, moreover, extremely rare as it is, he shared with Medea's father, a sure- fire indication of his high social status and probably aristocratic birth. As such he was a natural member of what was almost certainly an elite company of the Thasian *jeunesse dorée*, disporting themselves at the seaside or, more prosaically, taking time off from a spell of guard-duty.

3. From the sublime to – well, the sublimated or suppressed of Classical Greek society. One way in which the Greeks marked the boundary between free, civic status and the status of slavery was by outlawing pederastic relations between a citizen and a male slave. My third exhibit brings before our eyes the work-a-day world of male slavery in mid-fourth century Athens. A uniquely inscribed black-glazed plate was found in the Athenian potter's quarter more than twenty-five years ago but was only published in 1985, by Alan Johnston.

One reason for the delay in publication was the recalcitrantly obscure nature of the graffiti, and it is strictly only a hypothesis that what we have here is a primitive account-ledger detailing payments over one month for the use of slaves. But that hypothesis does seem best to explain the listing of abbreviated names, a significant number of them non-Athenian, followed by simple numerals (days of the month?) followed by 'prices' (totalling 241 obols or about 40 drachmas) on the upper surface of a plate which seems to have belonged to the Herak (leides?) who probably inscribed it.

EXHIBIT 2.

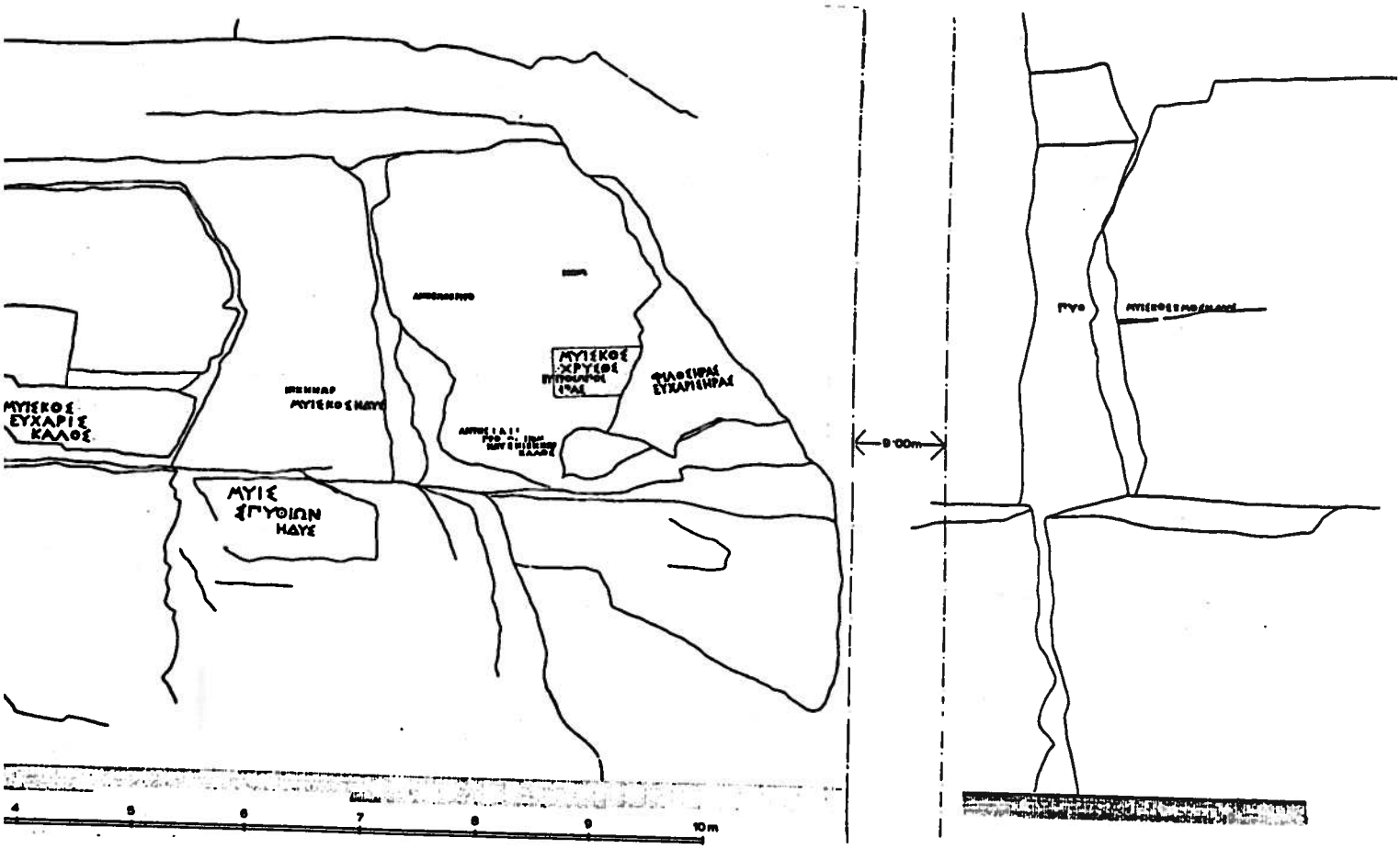
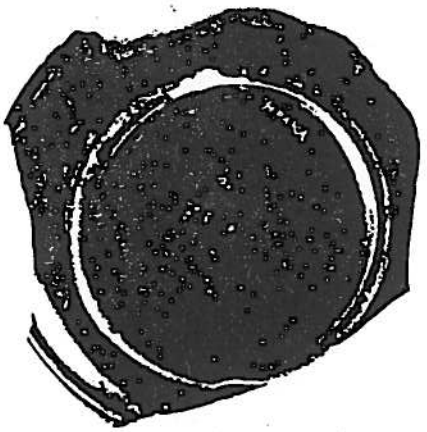


EXHIBIT 3.

1. Attic black-glazed bowl with graffito on floor



2. Underside, with graffito

Maybe Herak... was the slave or freedman entrepreneur who hired out this gang of slaves for work in the Athenian potteries and accounted for the hire to his master on the most suitable material to hand. At all events, we seem to have here a unique slice of Athenian low life preserved thanks to the literacy of Herak... (and his master?) and to the virtual indestructability of fired clay.

4. My first three examples were all private graffiti; my fourth is as unambiguously public and formal as it could be. It is taken from a list of *arkhontes*, annual colleges of three senior civic officials, that was inscribed about 360 B.C. on an important public building made of marble erected in the centre of Thasos city. The ordering (by two French scholars) of the fragments of this sadly but typically mutilated list, is not beyond dispute; but if they are right, in 397 B.C. one of the three officials bore the name Likhes son of Arkesileos.

Like his approximate coeval Aetes (no. 2, above), Likhes was clearly of distinguished birth and high social status. But the publishers of the document were not content with that. For them this Likhes Arkesileo was really the eminent Spartan, Likhas son of Arkesilas masquerading in Ionic spelling. If they are right about the identification as well as about the date of his tenure of the archonship, the history of relations between Sparta and Thasos soon after the Peloponnesian War would be intriguingly enriched if also complicated. But the French scholars were yet more concerned with the possible implications for the writing of Thucydides' history of that war. For in book VIII, Thucydides refers to the death and burial of the Spartan, Likhas, which would mean that he was writing that bit of his history at any rate not earlier than 397 – a fascinating contribution, no doubt, to the Thucydidean 'composition problem'.

Unfortunately, the identification is, for reasons too complex to go into here, almost certainly incorrect. The true significance of the Thasian Likhes' name and patronymic lies elsewhere, in the probable relationship of *xenia* (ritualised guest-friendship) between his father and the family of the Spartan Likhas. This special relationship across the normally exclusive boundaries of the Greek city was aristocratic in origin, amply documented in Homer for example, and yet survived intact and kicking into the high Classical period, even in so anti-aristocratic a state as Athens. It will be enough to mention just the *xenia* between Perikles and the Spartan king, Arkhidamos II. In peacetime this tightly structured relationship between possibly the two most influential individuals in their respective states offered a useful channel of communication and information-exchange. In wartime it threatened to become a weapon of propaganda, as Perikles foresaw when in 431 he 'nationalised' his rural estate lest Arkhidamos should seek to arouse popular fury against him by sparing it from devastation.

EXHIBIT 4.

16 $\overline{\Phi\iota}$λων Δημέω
Λίχης Ἀρκεσίλε[ω]: 397 BC
Βασῖνος Σμίνθι[ος]
$\overline{\Lambda\alpha}$ίβρος Ἀρτυσίλ[εω]

The other main point of interest in the Likhes inscription springs from the publication of the document as a whole. The Greeks in general were notoriously unbureaucratic, and the government of their cities did not characteristically depend on the efficient maintenance and utilisation of public archives. In any case, such archives as did exist would largely be inscribed on perishable materials such as papyrus that could be more conveniently stored, rather than on stone or bronze. The purpose, that is to say, of inscribing a list of annual officials on a major public building was not to facilitate the government of Thasos, let alone the task of some future historian of the island, but to symbolise the openness and rationality of the Thasian public order of state. Being a *polis* meant, among other things, open government in which duly qualified citizens took turns at ruling and being ruled in turns. Likhes son of Arkesileos was here receiving petrified commemoration

as an honoured official of the Thasian civic community.

5. Finally, an inscription that spans the categories of public and private, that was erected within a Panhellenic and religious space and yet served largely secular and 'nationalist' functions:

...in the archonship of Leokhares at Delphi
..when Hippodamus was archon at Athens
having taken (spoils) from the Spartans to Apollo
Pythios, the Athenians and their allies
dedicated the tripod and the maidens

The maidens are in fact dancing caryatids, and the monument – an acanthus-crowned column surmounted by three caryatids supporting a (now lost) tripod – one of the most famous on display in the Delphi Museum. But though the column was found between 1892 and 1895 it was not until 1983 that the French archaeologist, Claude Vatin published the remarkable epigraphical results of a proper cleaning of the column's socle (supporting plinth). Hence, first, the realisation that the Delphi Dancers was a victory-monument erected by Athens and her allies within the Second Athenian League for their victory over the Spartans at Alyzeia in Akarnania in 375. That by itself was enough to shake quite a few art-historical preconceptions, since the monument had conventionally been dated either a generation earlier or a generation later. But a second surprise was in store.

Immediately below the dedicatory inscription translated above came the artist's signature, fragmentary but unmistakable. It was that of the young Praxiteles, then aged about twenty-five, who thereby announced his arrival as a sculptor of the first rank rather earlier than scholars had hitherto suspected. There was nothing unusual in a sculptor signing his work: the custom can be traced back at least to the mid-seventh century, and it was natural that an artist should take personal pride in a commission from his state for display in Delphi, the navel of the earth, the symbolic centre of the Greek universe.

Vatin, however, produced yet a third surprise result of reading the cleaned socle – another inscription:

To Pythios dedicated Timotheos ne/
w yoking Victory
and the People of the Athenians

Timotheos, son of Konon, was the admiral in command of the allied fleet at Alyzeia; the personification of Victory and the metaphor of marriage were very much *à la mode* in 375; and it was reasonable for Timotheos to take credit for the victory. What is very odd and unexpected, though, is to find Timotheos personally assuming responsibility for what was an Athenian victory-dedication. The cult of personality in Classical Greece that began with Lysander of Sparta and culminated in the deification of Alexander of Macedon is now known to have cast its shadow on democratic Athens in the period between the lifetimes of these two charismatic figures.

EXHIBIT 5.

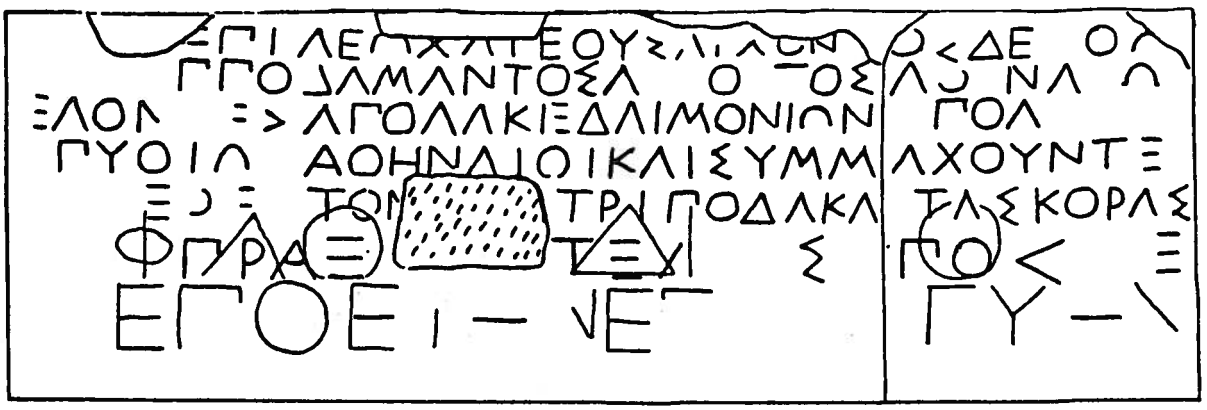


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Exhibit 2: Y.Garlan, *B.C.H.* 106 (1982); on such inscriptions generally, K.J.Dover, *Greek Homosexuality* (1978) esp. 122-4
Exhibit 3: A.Johnston, *A.M.* 100 (1985)
Exhibit 4: J.Pouilloux and F.Salviat, *C.R.A.I.* 1983; but see Cartledge, *L.C.M.* 9 (1984), 98-102
Exhibit 5: C.Vatin, *C.R.A.I.* 1983; endorsed by L.Robert, *R.E.G.* 97 (1984)

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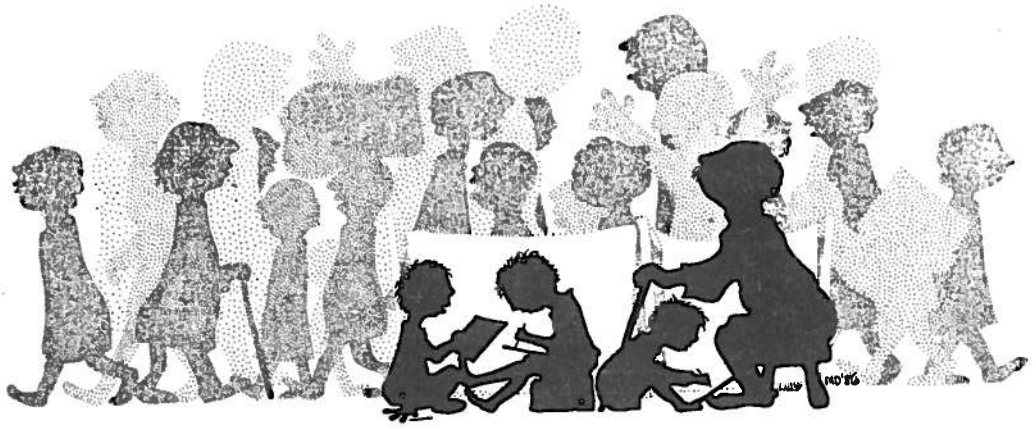
Paul Cartledge is a Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge, and the country's leading Sparta-watcher. He is the author of 'Sparta and Lakonia' (1979) and 'Agesilaos' (1987), and co-editor (with David Harvey) of 'Crux: Essays presented to G.E.M. de Ste. Croix on his 75th birthday' (1985). He has published numerous articles and reviews on matters laconic and otherwise.



HAZY DAYS IN GREECE

by

Felicity Pontin

"Cross the Corinthian Canal and go through the gap in the hedge. Remember me to Kuryakis." So ran our directions scrawled on a piece of paper the size of a thumbnail. Palaios Epidauros was in fact a little harder to find than that! But after crossing Athens in a left- hand drive car, in the early morning rush-hour having spent four sleepless hours on an airport floor, we had become blasé about anything as simple as finding our way.

Some time later, and there we sat with the Mediterranean at our feet lapping crossly against the wall of the little harbour. Every now and then it would splash violently and a little spray of water would slap up into the air over our table. Kuryakos' son would then giggle and point at the funny English who enjoyed being soaked to the skin whilst they ate their lunch. Sometimes he would fish in the afternoon with bits of bread laboriously spiked onto tiny metal and, amazingly enough, more often than not he would land a siver wriggling catch, watching it squirm on the quay until it ceased to flap. He would then turn away, losing interest and lasso his hook again into the dank waters of the harbour. Sometimes too, as we lingered over coffees, watching the dancing lights of the little fishing boats, Kuryakis himself would step out from behind his place at the bar bearing the obligatory Metaxa and sit with us, telling us proudly of his olive trees on the hills above the village.

The beach soon palled. Even the novelty of lazy afternoons spent diving from the pedalo, avoiding the glutinous mass of jellyfish, eventually died. The latter roamed the bay at will – a mass orgy of slimy, stingless flab sometimes feet deep which would cover an area perhaps fifty feet long. From a distance the only warning of their presence was the puckered aspect of the water and its slightly darker tinge. Palaios Epidauros was not best known for its swimming.

So, we turned away from the sea and visited the theatre. To take cushions or not to take cushions, this was the question! Hoards of rather sophisticated Greeks were doggedly pursuing a lethal path up the side of a never-ending hill. Nobody else carried cushions but they all seemed to have them at the top! It was good to feel that the theatre was being used for what it had originally been intended – not just a tourist attraction but a working part of a modern culture; there is no condescension in its use, it was 'Seven Against Thebes'! What happened in that one? Agonies brought about by miss-spent classical years. "You'll pick it up as you go along." I said confidently to two trusting friends. They remained in complete ignorance throughout. One commented at the close of the play:-"Everything seems to happen off stage, doesn't it?"

Argos sadly bypassed but Mycenae eagerly sought... We passed the 'Homer Inn' and the 'Clytemnestra Bar'. Someone asked in all seriousness "Isn't this the place where Armageddon lived?" Yet another hill to climb and the half- way drinks kiosk is doing a roaring trade. Through the Lion Gate, clattering over the slippery, smooth cobbles ever upwards... Chambers to the left, tombs to the right and always marvelling at how the archaeologists can possibly tell the one from the other. And then... the top! Perhaps it's heretical to say so, but for us the most stunning aspect of the palace was certainly the view – miles and miles of it. The rough terrain of the mountains, the dark valleys, the sparkle of the sea in the distance; you could almost see the invaders bringing in the Dark Ages in the background. In just those few seconds, the Heroic Age clicked into place – Agamemnon striding about his palace, the dust of battle, the chink of ar-

mour and the cold-blooded scheming of his bitter wife, Clytemnestra. Driven back by the heat, sliding back down the hill, we remarked with new interest upon the rooms which before had seemed to be mere lumps of stone just dotted about. Then, back to the lapping of the water against the quayside.

Finally, the Acropolis, before we hurried off to our departure lounge floor. Perhaps it is no longer sophisticated to marvel at the temples here. Perhaps it is too well-known – a caricature of all ancient monuments, superceded only by the pyramids at Giza. But on that hot Sunday afternoon we marvelled just the same. That those white stones should rise so perfectly out of the dust. As at Mycenae we stood at the parapets for a long time, gazing out at the landscape. A little more populated perhaps but none the less fascinating. Temples, supermarkets, shrines and sex-shops all under one emporium and all dominated by those aloof pillars. Later, while the city hooted and shouted and roared past, we sat 'in' a café under an expansive tree, the pillars glowed orange in homage to the sun and in the shadow of their serenity I thought of the little harbour in Epidauros with its waves lapping gently against the stonework.

Felicity Pontin is a second year Classics student in the department. She has an abiding love of Greece and spends much of her holiday time exploring the country.

"There was nothing about it in the brochure!"

O TEMPORA! O MORES!
or Dulce est desipere in loco
by
W.J.C.Gill

"I am an occasional student in the Department of Classics". This was how I started the first draft of this seminal article on university education in the late 1980's.

It occurs to me on re-reading that a cynic – there are many in my generation – might well point out that this is a poor identification since it could apply to most modern undergraduates. So, I am starting again.

"I am an Occasional Student". Capital letters here indicate a particular status. It describes a privileged role in that myself and others like me do not submit essays, take examinations, get told off for not submitting work in time and do not get asked awkward questions in tutorials. It is indeed sheer bliss: all the delights of university life without any of the drawbacks.

And yet! Once upon a time, as in all good fairy tales, I, too, was a full- time student. It was a long time ago when all self-respecting undergraduates wore college or university blazers and ties; when all the young gentlemen sported neat grey flannels and all the young ladies wore skirts or dresses. Six foot long college scarfs were *de rigeur* together with curly pipes for the chaps and cigarette holders for the girls.

The staff, too, had their uniform: academic gowns, mortarboards and an air of being six inches off the floor. They looked learned, they indicated that they knew that they were and that, therefore, they were far above the common herd. Social occasions with the staff were limited – an occasional sherry party, and that somewhat strained! Yet we enjoyed ourselves, worked hard and were sure that we were leading a most raffish and bohemian life. We had escaped from school and we took up drinking and smoking; we fought battles with neighbouring institutions and largely ignored everything outside our rather narrow circle. It was in fact, looking back, a fairly sober and serious life broken down only by the war (second, not the first!)

I was aware, of course, that things had been changing in the intervening decades, but I must confess that my re-entry into university life came as somewhat of a culture shock. Everyone I met, more or less, was wearing such weird clothes! All the beautiful young ladies were heavily disguised as poverty stricken old crones. And the staff!! – they actually made jokes and chatted, used christian names with students! What was university life coming to?

After six months I have finally come up with some answers. For a start, all the students I have met seem to be far better prepared for advanced work than I ever was. They are all far more aware of life outside university and play a much larger part within it. Students and staff have a much friendlier relationship and therefore a more profitable one.

What seems to have happened is that the late nineteenth century and early twentieth's customs and habits have been dropped as not only useless, but positively bad. We have gone back to the livelier times of the old universities when all that mattered was learning and living as vigorously as possible.

Our early ancestors in the mediaeval universities knew this. They were quite prepared to throng to lectures at dawn when the teacher was worth it. They were also prepared to lampoon anyone and write parodies of anything considered sacred. For example: there was a famous lyric poem which began:-

"Dum Diana vitrea
Sero lampas oritur"

(when Diana lighteth late her crystal lamp)

The student version:-

"Dum domus lapidea

Foro sita cernitur"

(when the pub is sighted in the market square)

Yet, they were prepared to discuss the great classical authors as if they were near relations and old friends. They saw a continous line between themselves and say Horace and Cicero. Vilgardus of Ravenna saw Virgil and Horace and Juvenal in a dream, "like unto gods" and was thanked by them for his good offices to their memory.

They were excited by the philosophy and the humanities as present day students are excited by their subjects – and yet were (and are still) rightly irreverent.

The most famous song to come from the earlier universities, excepting 'Gaudeamus', is:-

"Meum est propositum in taberna mori..."

which has been felicitously translated by Leigh Hunt:-

"I desire to end my days in a tavern drinking,

May some Christian hold the glass when I am shrinking

That the Cherubim may cry, when they see me sinking,

'God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way of thinking' "

Such enjoyment of life to the full – mentally and physically – has always been the tradition of university life – with the exception of one 'respectable' period: high thinking and 'low' living.

I have greatly enjoyed the past six months. Maybe at the beginning I was:

"Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti se puero, castigator, censorque minorum"

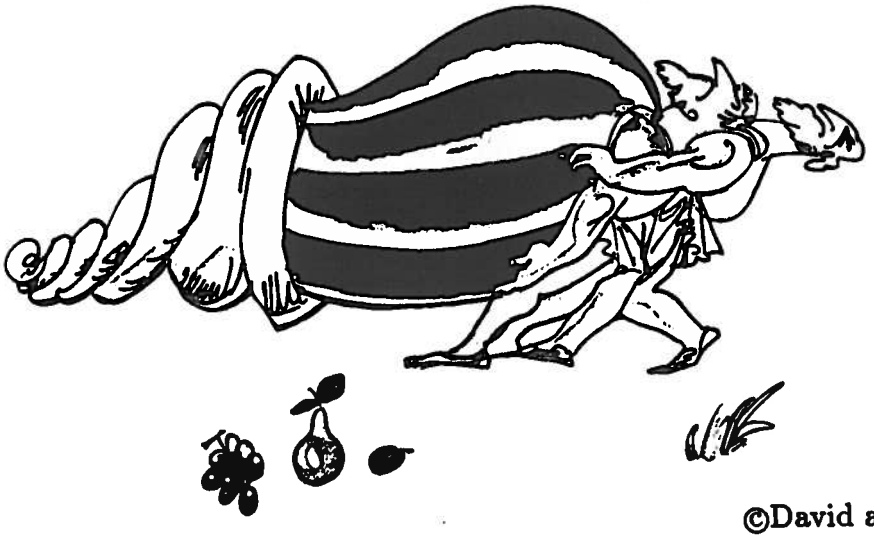
(Difficult, a grumbler, inclined to praise the way the world went when a boy, to play the critic and censor of the new generation)

But, I now maintain a different maxim:

"Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem" (Mix with your wise counsels some brief folly).

Mr. Gill was lately the headmaster of a selective school in Kent and is now retired. He is, by training, a historian – London, King's – and is interested in Mediaeval History along with Mediaeval Latin.

At the moment he is taking a course at Exeter University as an occasional student in the hope of reviving the Classical Latin which he learned earlier on in life.



Index to Pegasus I-XXX

Long ago the policy was established of producing an index of articles after every tenth issue of Pegasus; so there was an index in issues no. 11 and 21. Now that Pegasus is going electronic, it was considered appropriate that a cumulative index of the first thirty issues should appear in issue no. 31.

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30	June 1987	Sarah Barker	19

In the following index roman numerals refer to issues of Pegasus and arabic to page numbers within the appropriate issue. Multiple articles by a single author are given in chronological sequence. I have attempted to attribute anonymous and pseudonymous items to their real authors; where these attributions are erroneous I apologize.

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-	Poem: The Classical Party (1965)	V 31
-	A piece concerning Professor FW Clayton	XI 8
-	Special Fund for the Antiquities of Cyprus	XVIII 19
-	Poem: To Clio	XVIII 21
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-	Who??	XX 24
-	Pegasus Crossword 1980 (solution on XXIII 26)	XXIII 10-11
-	Classical Association guest lecturers - Michaelmas Term 1980	XXIV 52, 61
-	After 'Superman, the movie' it's 'Pegasus, the Book'	XXIV 64
-	Jackson Knight Opuscula	XXV 21-2
-	Let's blurber dans Franglish	XXVIII 6
-	An inside view of the Classics Department	XXVIII 12-13
-	Quid faciam Iscam?	XXVIII 25-7
-	Crossword (solution on XXIX 32)	XXIX 12

Terry Hunt is a past pupil of Exeter University who studied Classics from 1961-4 and then went on to do research on Cicero's manuscripts to get his M.A. in 1967. He is now very successful in the world of computers and we would like to extend our thanks to him for his work on the index.

PEGASUS, back numbers.

24 historic issues of the first series of Pegasus are still available. Nos. I,II,IX,XX,XXII and XXIV are out of print, but while stocks last you can have any of the others for 50p each including postage (special discount, five for £2). So have a look at Terry Hunt's index, and decide which ones you'd like!

Not only that, but there's...

PEGASUS, the book.

(ed. H.W. Stubbs, 1981)

'As fascinating as it is undoubtably penetrative', said *Greece and Rome*, while according to the *JACT Bulletin*, 'the variety of contents beggars review'. In fact, the contents are:

T.P. Wiseman, 'Titus Flavius and the Indivisible Subject' (an inaugural lecture on Vespasian, with some Exeter departmental history thrown in!);

F.D. Harvey, 'Pegasus: a Cup, a Coin and a Context' (the winged horse on an Italian Greek vase in the Exeter museum);

J.W. Fitton, 'Menander and Euripides: Theme and Treatment' (Euripides as a model for New Comedy);

A.H.F. Griffin, 'Ceyx and Alcyone in Hesiod, Nicander and Ovid' (on love, hybris and metamorphosis);

W.F. Jackson Knight, 'Roman Ideas about Death' (the editor calls it a characteristically Jacksonian lecture on a characteristically Jacksonian mystery);

R.A.S. Seaford, 'The Mysteries of Dionysos at Pompeii' (terror and bliss in the Villa of the Mysteries mural);

F.W. Clayton and I.R.D. Mathewson, 'Versions and Imitations' (of Pope, Congreve, Wordsworth, Arnold, Hardy; also Horace in quatrains, Lucretius on modern physics and Lady Mary Wortley on epitaphs);

G.V.M. Heap, 'James Duport's Cambridge Lectures on Theophrastus.' (an insight into seventeenth century university life);

J. Glucker, 'Professor Key and Doctor Wagner: an Episode in the History of Victorian Scholarship' (on envy, malice and academic fraud);

T.P. Wiseman, 'Mortal Trash: an Essay on Hopkins and Plato' (Gerard Manley Hopkins and the *Symposion*).

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