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The cover design is a freehand sketch by Anne-Georgina Standley of the History Dept.; more of her work appears throughout this issue.

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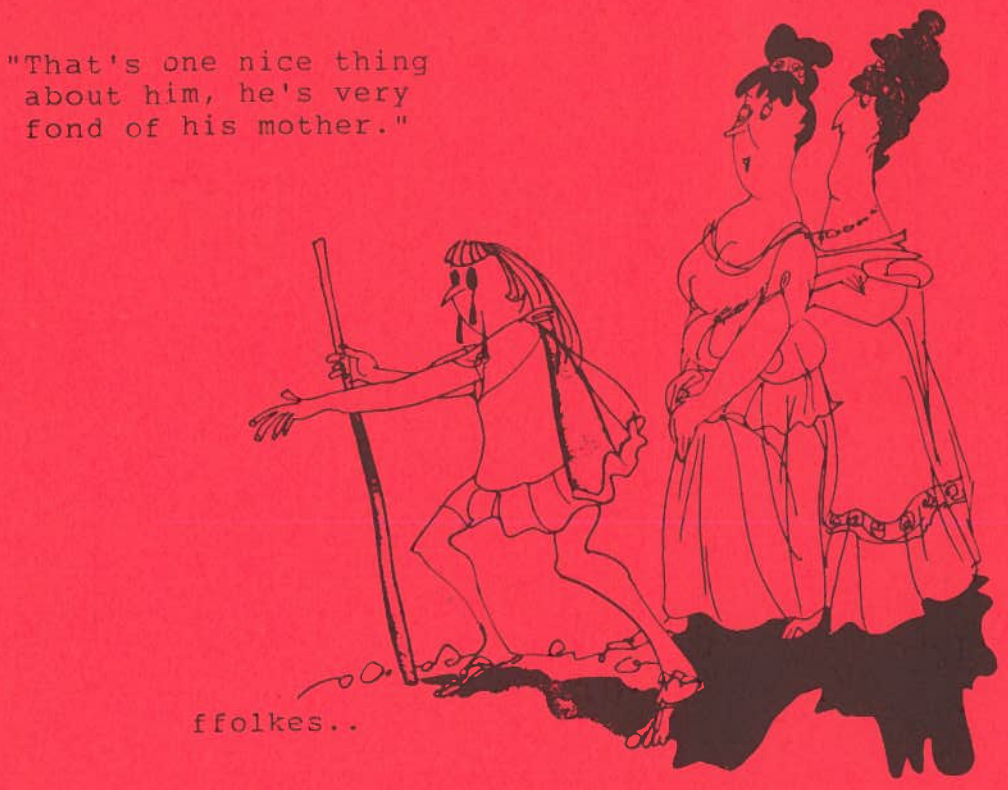


The Journal Of The Classics Society

EDITORIAL

Editing a journal is never an easy job, and this year was no exception, so I saved the fun part until last - namely writing this message!

As always, this magazine aims to appeal to as wide an audience as possible, catering for both hard-working students and fun-loving professors, and this is reflected in the contents. We have among other things, not only articles on a mass murder and a suicide, but also a recently recovered comedy, thoughts on the nature of higher education, and the second eagerly-awaited instalment of Res Gestae. Whatever your taste or academic interest, I hope you find something here to interest you. Happy reading!

Chris Hole

EDITOR

Contents:

A TRIBUTE TO ROBIN MATHEWSON 1916-1989.

ALAN H.F. GRIFFIN

In valleys of springs of rivers,
By Ony and Teme and Clun,
The country for easy livers,
The quietest under the sun,

We still had sorrows to lighten,
One could not always be glad,
And lads knew trouble at Knighton
When I was a Knighton lad.

Robin was born at Clun. So he was a Shropshire lad and A.E. Housman's verses apply aptly enough to him[1]. Although Robin was born in the quietest country under the sun, sorrow struck while he was still young. His father, who was a general practitioner, died and left his widow with a large family to bring up. A strict regime at home and somewhat straitened early circumstances of Robin's early life left their mark on him. Robin's relationship with his mother never seems to have been easy. Even as a child he was serious and solemn and his intellectual tendency may have seemed irritating to a mother who was struggling to make ends meet. Clever children, like clever adults, are sometimes hard to live with. "The child is father to the man". Robin's lifestyle remained simple and modest throughout his life and he tended to regard others as a bit profligate. He told a close friend fairly recently that he had never lived up to the level of his salary or of his pension. But he always rembered with gratitude the financial assistance which an older half-brother gave him when he was an undergraduate at Trinity College, Oxford. Robin's interest in classical literature and philosophy was lifelong. Oxford gave him a first class degree. At Oxford Robin met Diana Laski, a fellow undergraduate. When Robin was awarded a Commonwealth Fellowship at Harvard University, Diana accompianed him across the Atlantic to Boston. Robin and Diana were married in the United States. I suspect that Robin was too English to remain in the United States, though with his intelligence and his wonderful voice he would surely have done well. A colleague at Exeter once told him, "Robin you should sell tapes to the Americans: you would make a mint". It was good advice.

During the Second World War Robin served as an artillery officer. His job was administrative in the main and he never left Great Britain. He spent most of the war in the north of England, and found it uneventful, except when a fellow soldier shot himself. After the war Robin returned to teaching at St. Paul's School, London, a school with a fine classical tradition. Robin was essentially a teacher. His intellect was pure alpha in quality and he was a scholar of the first rank, but a scholar for whom wide and intelligent reading of the best literature of the western world, ancient and modern, was the chief priority. On that firm basis his teaching rested. He was sceptical about much academic publishing and research. "Who will read it?" he used to ask.

Robin had married the daughter of Harold Laski, a socialist intellectual and chairman of the Labour Party in 1945-6. This was a curious match in that Robin was a natural Tory if ever there was one. In 1969 Diana caught viral pneumonia, lost her eyesight and died suddenly in hospital. Robin was devastated and never fully recovered from the blow. Diana had been baptised not long before she died and her membership of the Church of England was a great source of joy to her. She seems to have nurtured the hope that Robin would share her new-found faith to the full, but Robin's characteristic reserve came into play. His support and approval were, no doubt, cautious rather than eager.

In 1951 Robin had moved from St. Paul's School to become a lecturer in Classics at the Univrsity College of the South West of England. This was the first appointment to a lectureship made by Professor Fred Clayton who had come to the Chair of Classics at Exeter in 1948. Robin spent thirty years lecturing at Exeter. He did a spell as Warden of Crossmead Hall and gave offence to some po-faced members of Hall when he intoned "Miserere miserorum" as the grace at dinner following Crossmead's defeat in a rugby match. A deputation from the Christian Union waited on him after the meal.

When the University College became a University in 1955 Robin was elected a member of the first Senate. A commemorative photograph showing Robin standing with other Senators on the steps of the Gandy Street Building now hangs in the foyer adjoining the Senate Chamber in Northcote House. This was the only time that Robin served as an elected Senator. He hated committee meetings. "Owing to an attack of extreme lassitude, Mr Mathewson will not be attending this afternoon's meeting of Senate" read one

of his apologies for absence. Often irritated by the way others organised things, he was, however, strangely unwilling to do the organizing himself. Robin was a big man, a handsome man, with an aristocratic air that could seem overbearing at times. A lecturer who was allocated a room in which Robin had always taught at a certain time on a certain day was soon sent packing class and all. The manner of his dismissal still riled the dispossessed lecturer years after the event.

To his teaching and his pupils Robin was fully committed. Some of his pupils became close personal friends. He was particularly proud of those who became teachers or lecturers. One of them, Rosemary Wright, wrote on hearing of Robin's death, "I shall always be grateful for his good teaching, and for setting me on the path of Greek Philosophy. I don't think that there could have been a better training than two hours a week with him for two hours on the subject, followed by graduate study under Gill Owen". Robin had some useful tips for young lecturers. "Tell them six things in a lecture. They won't remember any more". Robin knew that it was dispiriting for a student to receive back his translation into Latin covered in red pencilled corrections so his advice was to "correct five mistakes and leave it at that".

He did not publish a great deal, though his article on "Aristotle and Anaxagoras" in the Classical Quarterly is still read and highly regarded thirty years on[2]. The manuscript of his commentary on Lucretius still exists: perhaps someone will edit and publish it in years to come. Robin found Lucretius a congenial poet and said that he intended to read him over and over in retirement. Whatever Robin wrote - on philosophy, on Virgil, on Horace - was clear,concise, commensense, elegant, perceptive and completely unphoney and unpretentious. The quality of his writing was a true reflection of his powerful intellect. Highly intelligent and with an independent mind Robin had no hesitation about dismissing the work of well-famed scholars who had published a great deal more than himself. A mammoth three volume commentary on a Greek play received short thrift from Robin. Many of Robin's friend were surprised when he sold all of his Classics books on retirement, though, of course, he got good money for them. He loved the Classics - thereis no doubt of that - but there was a perverse streak in him that denied them and his own intelligence. Robin's concern for the survival of the Classics at Exeter was clearly shown in 1975 when his tireless efforts secured the appointment of Peter Wiseman: without Robin's persistence the Chair would almost certainly not have been filled.

In his spare time Robin loved gardening. In particular he enjoyed cultivating roses. He was something of a financial wizard and was successful (in a small way) on the stock market. He loved choral singing, madrigals and Tudor music. Soon after I arived in Exeter he remarked to me, "You must have a tenor voice". "Oh it's alright" I very foolishly replied, and soon found myself standing in a small group of singers beside Robin's piano in an embarrassing situation which will be familiar to readers of Lucky Jim[3].

Robin was always reserved about his family, but such reserve often goes hand in hand with deep feelings and genuine concern. Robin's determination to do his best for his four sons remained till the end and partly explains his own austere lifestyle. He twice visited Australia where John had settled and he even thought of moving there in retirement. He did not want his family to be troubled by his final illness and kept its seriousness from them. Many years ago Robin found a house at Topsham for his mother, and his brother Peter, a retired preparatory schoolmaster, still lives there. Peter's cheerfulness was always a tonic for Robin who used to go out to Topsham for tea at weekends. The two brothers were planning a trip to see the Roman sites in Provence, but Robin's health deteriorated and the holiday nevr took place. In general, however, his family life was a private matter.

Many will emember Robin for his *bons mots* and his amusing way of putting things. "What's new in Classics Robin?" asked Ken Schofield on one occasion. "Nothing, I hope" came the reply. About to set off on a holiday to Tuscany Robin announced that he was going to Pistoia and not, as one might expect, to Florence. "Why Pistoia?" asked Peter Wiseman. "No Roman remains" replied Robin. He also enjoyed making sweeping and quite indefensible generalisations: "The Greeks (sometimes it was "The French") are very stupid people". His compliments and his condemnations could be equally undiscriminating: "David is "always right" or "that dreadful man Beethoven".

His comments about students and colleagues were often entertaining. When a particular girl's work was being discussed, he remarked "Her essays have a beginning, a middle and an end, but not necessarily in that order". On one examination script he wrote 0% adding in brackets "generous". Soon after I arrived in Exeter he told me that "There's only one real scholar in the Department". This put down of all his collagues save one was hardly the best way of encouraging the rest of us. Those who knew Robin well will not find his last words altogether surprising, "Don't be so damned silly".

Some will remember his intimidating and crusty exterior, and that he was shy, affectionate and lonely underneath. Women in particular found him charming and thoughtful: he loved their company and they his. He could be very funny and had interesting things to say about art, poetry and music. He composed and he painted. He admitted to being moved to tears when he saw "The Birth Of Venus" by Botticelli in the Uffizi Gallery in Florance.

Some will remember him as a good friend and good company. "That makes good sense" was his highest accolade. As far as he was concerned all

change was for the worse. He was in many ways behindthe times. In the Department most syllabus changes and things like "Classics in translation" were anathema to Robin. He must also have owned the oldest Ford Cortina in Exeter. His telephone was located just inside his front door, as far away from the kitchen, study and bedroom as it could possibly be. Callers always had to allow the telephone to ring for a very long time before Robin could get to it. It was only at the very end of his life that he was persuaded to have an extension by his bedside. And yet, in Robin's somewhat self-contradictory way, he refused to convalesce at his brother's house in Topsham because there was no telephone.

Robin's scepticism about Christianity and religious belief in general was not total. His scepticism was that of an intellectual and a philosopher. His mind searched for the truth and was too honest to pretend that he had found truth and faith when he had not. In this area, as in others, his approach was complex and not without contradictions. At one moment he could acknowledge that the universe must have a creator, at another moment that "religion is not a subject that interests me much any more". His final illness made him very miserable at times and he admitted that he found himself praying at times when things got bad. But his honesty compelled him to add "This seems like cheating doesn't it?". Robin disliked the sectarian spirit of over-enthusiastic believers and had no time for, in the words of a former Bishop of Durham, "the crudity of their distinctive beliefs and the repulsiveness of their "corybantic" methods"[4]. Robin's version of Horace *Odes*1.34 (***Parcus deorum cultor***) shows, however, that he could rise above scepticism and agnosticism.

Robin was like Horace in that even when he was being serious, or semi-serious, about himself, an element of self-mockery and testing was also present. This forms part of the charm of Horace's ***Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*** and of Robin's version. But it is also clear from Robin's version of the poem that for him, as for Horace, epicureanism did not have the last word.

I wandered in the uncharted seas
Of Wittgenstein and Ayer;
I never thought the lord to please
And seldom said a prayer

But now fresh evidence prevails,
Compelling me once more
To put about and trim my sails
And hug the well-known shore.

Instead of driving through a cloud,
As is the usual way,
The Almighty thundered clear and loud
Upon a cloudless day,

Whose force the stubborn earth can rend,
The wandering streams compel,
And Atlas the far world's end,
And horrid gates of Hell.

His truth revealed the weak can raise
Or bring the mighty down:
His angel stoops with wings ablaze
To snatch, or grant, a crown.

Notes

1 A.E. Housman, A Shropshire Lad, poem 50.
2 "Aristotle and Anaxagoras" Classical Quarterly 52 (1958) 67-81.
"Sophocles' Oedipus Rex 219-221, 227-229" Mnemosyne 21 (1968) 1-6.
"Taking Liberties With Horace" Greece And Rome 17 (1970) 142-165.
"Per Tala, Per Hostes" Pegasus 23 (1980) 13-25.
"Versions and Imitations" in Pegasus: Classical Essays from the University of Exeter, ed. H.W. Stubbs (1981) 71-78.
3 Kingsley Amis, Lucky Jim (Penguin Books, 1954) 36-38.
4 Herbert Hensley Henson, The Church of England (1939) 238.

THE DEATH OF DIDO

RICHARD HEINZE

The third edition of Richard Heinze's *Virgils Epische Technik* appeared as long ago as 1915, yet many still consider it the best book ever written about the *Aeneid*. We print here a brief extract from the translation by Hazel Harvey, David Harvey and Fred Robertson which is to be published by the Bristol Classical Press. Mr. Robertson, however, is not responsible for anything in this section.

We are grateful to the Bristol Classical P.ess for their patience over a project that has progressed almost as slowly as the *Aeneid* itself, and for their permission to publish some pages from it in advance. The translations from the *Aeneid* are taken, with permission, from the Penguin version by W.F. Jackson Knight. Heinze's copious footnotes are omitted here, but will of course appear in full in the book.

Virgil describes Dido's journey towards death with all the artistry at his command. The *peripeteia* occurs immediately after the climax of the narrative; the poet passes rapidly over the period during which the two lovers live peacefully together, as though he were afraid of showing his hero neglecting his duty. We only hear what Fama says (173ff.): she distorts the truth when she depicts the pair as indulging in a life of luxury, unmindful of their duty as rulers; it is only later that we discover that this is untrue, when Mercury finds Aeneas busy with the work of building the city. The gossip reaches Iarbas, Jupiter listens to him and dispatches Mercury, Aeneas immediately obeys his command; Dido hears about his first secret arrangements for departure again from Fama, who thus completes her fatal work. From this point onwards, we accompany Dido along the short path she has yet to tread, which leads her to her death by way of every torment of the soul. Virgil has no need, nor did he consider it his duty, to display originality in the way in which Dido expresses her feelings. Despite the fact that much ancient literature has not survived, there is hardly a single essential feature in Virgil's depiction of her emotions that we cannot find in his predecessors. Here too, the poet was borrowing his material; his personal contribution was the art by which he transformed it, and this art was so great that Dido is the only figure created by a Roman poet who was destined to have a place in world literature.

The material that was available to Virgil was rich enough. The grief of a forsaken woman had again and again been the subject of Greek poetry of every genre and style. From this mass of material, Virgil from the very first rejected anything which was inconsistent with the dignity of his style because it was too realistic or not realistic enough. Tragedy supplied the earliest example of the figure of the forsaken woman, Medea. In the more dignified love-poetry of the Hellenistic period there were many such characters, more, at any rate, than we know of today; but we can name Ariadne, whose lament at the loss of her love had been made familiar to the Roman public by Catullus; Phyllis, well-known through Callimachus' poem; Oinone, whose unhappy fate is certain, although it is known to us only from a Hellenistic version (that of Quintus of Smyrna), to say nothing of numerous other poems about whose merits we are totally in the dark because the information that we have about them is so inadequate. Of these, two, like Dido, committed suicide: Phyllis hangs herself all alone (Ovid *Rem. Am.* 591), Oinone throws herself into the flames of the funeral-pyre which is consuming the body of Paris. But Greek poetry had also often enough recounted the story of unfortunate characters who commit suicide for reasons other than disappointment in love, and Virgil drew upon at least one of these figures, perhaps the most famous of all: the Ajax of Sophocles.

Virgil has made as much use as possible of the abundance of available motifs, intent as ever on the enrichment of his portrayal. But he does not describe a gloomy, irregular oscillation of the emotions: his Dido is not tossed this way and that by the conflict of her passions. On the contrary, the tragedy strides to its conclusion in a clear and controlled fashion. Here too, Virgil strives as far as possible for dramatic effect. He narrates only the observable action: he does not describe emotions but almost always lets the heroine herself express them. Indeed he always directs his attention above all to linking the progressive heightening of these emotions closely with the development of the observable action. Each new phase in the outward course of events leads to a new phase in her inner development; and each of these phases represents as purely as possible one particular state of mind, uncontaminated by any other. Her first words to Aeneas (305ff.) express *painful surprise* at his lack of loyalty; she has not yet entirely given up all hope of awakening his pity and sense of obligation to her. When she realises from his words that everything is now over, she says farewell in words of scornful hatred. She cannot maintain this iron façade for long. When Aeneas' preparations for departure begin to be made openly, she abandons her pride - and the poet makes us realise what this means to someone like Dido -, she gives way to *humble renunciation* and begs for at least a short delay so that she will not collapse in the pain of parting (429ff.). This extreme measure does not work: Aeneas remains unmoved; horrifying omens of all kinds appear and Dido decides on death. The preparations for it begin; Dido herself takes part in

them; we hear the thoughts that torture her on a sleepless night as her hard-won repose is lost in the storm of her emotions, and these thoughts lead her to the conclusion that death is really the only way out of her sorrow: she has finally come to *despair* about her future. And now, in the grey light of dawn, she sees her fate sealed: the fleet is sailing away. The sudden sight rouses her to extreme *anger*, which is accompanied by a *thirst for revenge*: what her vengeful hand cannot achieve, the curse shall do. But Dido cannot end her life like this, in demented fury. She makes her final arrangements, ensures that her sister will be the first to find her body, and mounts the pyre. Gazing at the silent witnesses of her shortlived happiness, she discovers the sublime *peace* of renunciation and takes stock of her life: in full consciousness of her own greatness and of the height from which she has fallen, she takes her leave, unreconciled with her murderer, but reconciled with death.

All this is presented to us as vividly as possible in Dido's own words; only the linking text is supplied by the poet. From the point of view of technique, it is worth noting how Virgil sought (deliberately, it seems) to avoid, or disguise, the monotony of constant monologues. She confesses her love to her sister. The *peripeteia* is followed by her two speeches to Aeneas, then she entrusts the mission to Anna. The considerations which lead to her final decision (534ff.) are presented not as a monologue but as an account of her thoughts (*secum ita corde volutat* [communing with herself in her heart, 533]). The sight of the ships sailing away throws her into a demented fury, in which she breaks out into wild cries. She comes to herself, horrified to find that she is talking to herself: *quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quae mentem insania mutat?* ["Oh, what am I saying? Where am I? What mad folly is distorting my mind?"] (595). The monologue develops into the prayer and *mandata* [solemn commands], which are naturally spoken aloud. Her final monologue also begins with an address, as in tragedy.

Virgil will hardly have found individually characterized female characters in his Hellenistic sources; nor can his heroine be compared in this respect with her great tragic predecessors, Deianeira, Medea or Ajax. She is not depicted with any realistic touches that might lead us to think that she was modelled on some living person, nor does she have any particular trait of character. On the other hand she is certainly not like some lifeless musical instrument from which, although it has no feeling, the poet can coax sounds full of pathos. The listener is expected not only to be interested in the state of her emotions, but also to feel personal sympathy for her, as the poet himself unmistakably did. In short, Dido is an ideal portrait of an heroic woman as conceived by Virgil. She therefore has to be portrayed in a way that is essentially negative: she must not be presented as girlishly naive or timorous; nor humble (like so many of the women portrayed by Ovid); nor sly, spiteful, or barbarically savage (the idea of physically attacking Aeneas to punish him for his faithlessness occurs to her only when she is in a demented state of delirium); moaning and lamentation, sentimental wallowing in her own misfortune, useless regrets that things have happened like this and not turned out differently - Virgil uses all these standard features of tragic monodies and melodramatic Hellenistic scenes extremely sparingly; only at one point, as we have seen, does Dido forget her pride. In contrast to these negative characteristics, Dido is given what seemed to Virgil a truly regal attidude: the deepest *humanitas* [qualities of humanity] combined with *magnanimitas* [nobility of character], displayed magnificently in her last words. Otherwise he dispenses altogether with devices that might have appealed to a poet striving to characterize his heroine - for instance, he could have transformed the masculine firmness of purpose and energy which she had displayed after Sychaeus' death into a dominating trait which she still possessed even in her misfortune; or he could have developed her *humanitas* in accordance with modern ethical ideas into a generous forgiveness which would put her enemy to shame; or yet again, he could have brought her consciousness of her royal duty, to which Anna appeals, into the centre of her existence, so that everything else would seem unimportant by comparison - as it stands, we find, somewhat to our surprise, that the dying queen has no concern at all for the future of her city.

Virgil's renunciation of detailed characterization is consistent with the way that he does not attribute Dido's death to any one single motive, but heaps up every imaginable one: sorrow at the loss of her beloved is by no means the predominant cause. Here Virgil, consciously or unconsciously, is under the spell of tradition. For, strangely enough, although poets, particularly of the Hellenistic period, frequently described the suicide of young people unhappily in love, and although Greek epic and poetry frequently described the faithful wife who voluntarily followed her husband into death, there are very few examples of girls or women inflicting an injury on themselves purely because they are disappointed in love or because their love is unreciprocated. Rather, in the majority of cases, the hero or heroine suffers from a sense of shame because of some wrongful or humiliating deed: the threat of dishonour, or horror at their own action makes life unendurable.

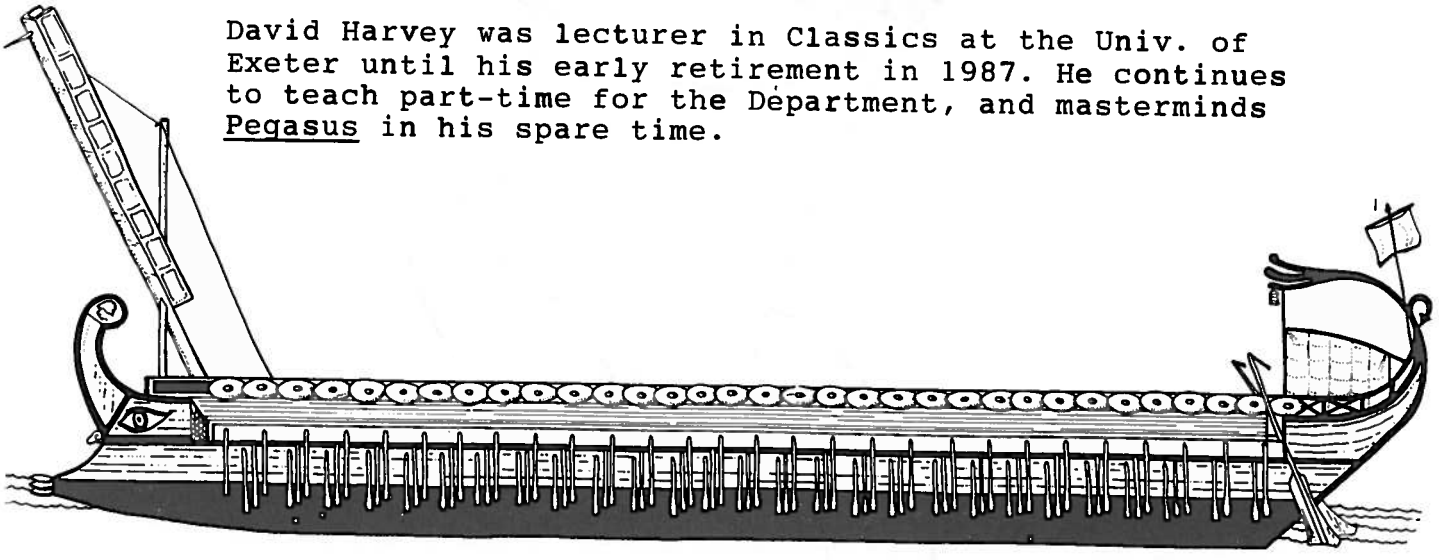
We have seen that Virgil also introduced a motive of this kind: *non servata fides cineri promissa Sychaei* ["The vow that I made to the ashes of Sychaeus is broken", 552] is the thought which sets the seal on Dido's decision. But that is not all: there is also shame at the insult she has suffered (500ff.), the loss of her reputation for modesty, her greatest claim to fame (332); fear of being abandoned to the enemies who surround her, now that she has even lost the trust of

her own subjects (320ff. 534ff.); the horrifying omens of every kind, which increase her fear (452ff.); the voice of her dead husband (457ff.). All these rage within her, and she succumbs to their combined onslaught, not to one single sorrow. Was Virgil seduced here too by the sheer richness of the motives available to him? Or did he think that it was impossible to accumulate too many causes to account for the death of his heroine, to outweigh such an heroic life? - Here, too, Virgil has taken care to preserve unity within this multiplicity: the whole of this disaster arises from *one* deed, and it is one man who has turned this deed from blessing to ruin. We can only admire the skill with which we are made to see the far-reaching consequences of Aeneas' act, one after the other, without being wearied by any long-winded narrative. And this very skill, which allows a *situation* which has been brought about by a single deed to unfold in every direction like some growing plant - this skill irresistibly but imperceptibly convinces the listener of the necessity of the tragic ending, whereas other great poets achieve this effect by letting it emerge from the growth of a deep-rooted and individually depicted *character*.

It still remains to look at the way in which Dido prepares for and accomplishes her death. There was a traditional version of the scene, which Virgil must have had in his mind's eye: Dido has had a funeral pyre constructed for her on the pretext that she intended to dissolve her former ties by means of a sacrifice to the dead; and on this pyre she kills herself by the sword. Virgil needed only to substitute another pretext that was connected with Aeneas in order to make it convincing. He replaced the sacrifice to the dead with a magic one, that was still suited to the Underworld, so that it could serve as a preparation for her own descent into that realm. But, to the Roman mind, there was something mean and vulgar about magic; they knew the old witches and wizards who carried on their disreputable trade with love-charms. Virgil must therefore have felt it necessary to transform the whole scene into something great and heroic. His *maga* [enchantress] is no common witch, but one who has "guarded the temple of the Hesperides", and knew how to tame the dragon (483-5); this helps to convince us that she also possesses the other powers of which she boasts: love-magic comes first, but this is followed by magical powers which go beyond those normally mentioned and begin to suggest an almost divine omnipotence. The magic ceremony is then performed in a style that is correspondingly elevated: for this occasion no ordinary altar will suffice, but a funeral pyre, surrounded by altars, is constructed; Erebos and Chaos are involved, as well as Hekate, the goddess of magic; "in a voice like thunder" she calls up three hundred gods from the depths. And the sacrifice is so sacred that Dido herself is not too proud to participate as the servant of the gods. For the rest, the magic rite brings about exactly what Dido intends: a death amidst all the mementos of the brief period of joy that her love had brought her.

In tragedy we do not normally witness a death on the stage, but are only affected, like the hero's nearest and dearest, by the impact of the terrible event. So too in Virgil. We do not see Dido plunge the sword into her breast. Virgil's narrative passes over the decisive moment: her handmaidens see her collapse under the mortal blow. Lamentation resounds throughout the halls, and spreads like a raging fire through the streets and houses of the city: we are made to feel the full significance of the death of a woman like Dido, and it is made explicit in Anna's words: *exstinxti te meque, soror, populumque patresque Sidonios urbemque tuam* ["Sister, you have destroyed my life with your own, and the lives of our people and Sidon's nobility, and your whole city too"].

David Harvey was lecturer in Classics at the Univ. of Exeter until his early retirement in 1987. He continues to teach part-time for the Department, and masterminds Pegasus in his spare time.



Artist's Impression of the Emperor Hadrian

Anne-Georgina Standley.

LIVESTOCK AND LINGERIE AT LEWES

LIZ GODBEER

The idea of working in a small archaeology museum seemed at first very attractive. The sixteenth-century building looked suitably picturesque, and in July, with sunlight streaming in through the windows (illuminating the dust on top of the cases and the faded felt backing in most of them), there was a distinct aura of restrained study - the perfect place, I thought, for gaining some valuable but not too exacting experience of museum work. So I started training as a cataloguer. However, it has since become abundantly obvious that museums are run in much the same fashion as swans swim - serene and composed on the surface, but frantic below it.

Lewes itself seemed a quiet little market town, very respectable, the sort of place where Miss Marple would have felt at home - before someone shot the vicar or poisoned the bus conductor. The biggest excitement for years was generated when a cow escaped from the local livestock market; you can always tell when this is on, there's a distinctly agricultural tang in the air. This cow was obviously not as highly educated as the majority of Lewes livestock who can presumably read the instructions at the market entrance: "CATTLE AND CALVES TURN RIGHT - PIGS STRAIGHT ON". Or perhaps she thought she was a pig. But the sleepy atmosphere disappeared when the BBC arrived to film "Songs of Praise", to be shown on November 5, 1989. Lewes, like Ottery St. Mary, has a tradition of spectacular displays of fireworks, pageantry, and more or less goodnatured, drunken revelry, (or goodnatured, more or less drunken revelry), with torch-lit processions and bonfire societies trying to outdo each other with pyrotechnic displays. The BBC production team arrived several weeks in advance, drank copious amounts of tea and checked out the vicinity for hostelries and public toilets. They included among their number several professional squinters, who looked at the arched gateway of the Barbican, narrowed their eyes and announced confidently: "Yep, the lorry will fit under there".

All this took place in the beautiful summer weather. But by late October, when S.o.P. was actually filmed - aha, you hadn't realised they cheated! - we were enjoying lashing gales and driving rain, and The Boss was contemplating spraying the mud around the castle a tasteful green hue. However, people sang on grimly, yet devoutly, though the candle-lit effect was rather spoilt by the fact that everyone's jam-jar kept filling up with rain.

The only other occasion when Lewes achieved national renown was when an M.P. was being tried at the Crown Court on the charge of having stolen his girlfriend's underwear. Every time the courts closed or the jury retired, the museum shop was thronged with journalists and T.V reporters, all trying to get out of the rain. (Thankfully Kate Adie wasn't among them, so all we knew that there wasn't going to be a military coup, environmental disaster, or an attempt to assassinate the custodian.) One reporter did have the audacity to ask for sex and scandal (didn't he realise he was in a Museum?), so we sold him a guide book and in view of the nature of the case, a brief history of Lewes.

At Christmas, the museum ran a competition, and the staff spent the entire evening wandering about in medieval costume (in other words, looking much the same as usual). It must be conceded, however, that our advertising technique was sadly lacking in panache: a wooden cut-out of a town crier and one person in a wimple (albeit a very nice wimple) exhorting passers-by to test their local knowledge could hardly compete with the butcher's shop over the road ("Guess the length of the longest sausage in Lewes") or the lingerie shop next door ("Free pair of silk knickers with every purchase"). We did have one of those inflatable trampoline-castles, but it obstinately refused to inflate, so any members of the public who escaped the Scylla and Charybdis of sausages and silk knickers and actually reached the comparative safety of the museum were greeted by a notice reading "Due to unforeseen circumstances there is no bouncy castle. Sorry."

As cataloguer, I'm responsible for "accessioning" new material. This is a technical term which means filling in the paperwork, writing the accessions number on the object, filing the paperwork, and losing the object in the cellar. If this job is done correctly, there is no record of where the object is, and the chances (a) of finding it and (b) of associating it with its paperwork are infinitesimal. The museum's collection includes items that relate to the building's history, and after the S.o.P. episode, a cardboard box appeared on my desk. It seems that although the BBC's professional squinters had said the lorry would fit, it hadn't. It had backed into the brickwork and knocked out several lumps of masonry and part of the original medieval hinge of the gates. Thank you Barbican Bashing Corporation.

Opening unmarked boxes or bags is always a risky business; a lot of bits and pieces tend to hang about the office for years, waiting to be catalogued and put away. A plastic bag under the table turned out to contain various parts of a Romano-British cow; rumours that it was all in a Dewhurst bag are unfounded and I have no information as to whether this cow turned right or went straight on.

Another anatomical oddment turned up in the summer. The first that any of us knew of a dinosaur on the premises was when another museum asked to borrow part of it. Cue for a frantic search for that bit, plus any others that might be lying around. After a systematic search (plus a little frantic

ransacking) of the cellar, revealing an amazing array of spiders and other insect life, a fossilized mammoth tooth turned up behind some chunks of Lewes Priory, together with a collection of other fossilized bones, some mammoth, some iguanodon, obscured by a box labelled "Monkey Skull Pease Pottage". We discovered that the iguanodon remains were from Crowborough (a popular resort for dinosaurs) and had come to the museum some time ago; the poor creature had wandered all over Crowborough Golf Course leaving a trail of footprints, reached the fourth green and, presumably overcome with embarrassment at being stuck in a bunker, expired. Not only that, but although he or she made his or her footprints with a full complement of toes, we now have only one in the cellar; presumably the other four are on the golf course. The remains were positively vetted and identified by Sir Arthur Conan-Doyle no less ("Elementary, my dear Watson." "Surely, Holmes, you mean primeval").

The required bone was despatched and arrived safely at its destination; a far more nerve-wracking transport operation was taking three Anglo-Saxon skeletons across Brighton by bus - all on one ticket, because I felt sure they would qualify for an O.A.P. reduction.

Staying in the shelter of the museum can be equally nerve-wracking however: a new, fool-proof alarm system, combined with complete re-wiring (and tearing up of the sixteenth-century flooring) of the building allows us a *son et lumière* display of flashing lights and wailing sirens at the drop of a hat. So having learned not to drop any hats, we went on to develop a sixth sense - the ability to notice whether the floor is there an instant before treading on it - plus a rather distinctive walk, somewhat like a mountain goat, of which even John Cleese would be proud. Unfortunately, many visitors have not acquired these abilities, and several elderly ladies have been on the brink of disappearing through the plaster and lathe and reappearing a floor below. School parties provide even more entertainment: as soon as a coachload of schoolchildren arrives, there is a frantic dash to rip up as many boards as possible, to see how many eight-year-olds we can lose in thirty minutes.

Eight-year-olds have been frequent visitors in the past six months: a group of fifty-three came for a session of handling flint implements and proceeded to drop all the fragile pieces while treating the robust ones with great care. Once the novelty wore off, they scampered away to play with the Roman querns and storm the castle; meanwhile, a selection of arrowheads and blades kept their headmaster quiet for hours.

These large groups always turn up at the most inconvenient times; the display technician and I had just removed the plate-glass front (approximately five feet by four) from a case of Roman material, when the museum was invaded by eighty-seven French schoolchildren, intent on finishing what William the Conqueror had started, and under the impression that an open display case was an invitation to handle the contents. We were left to defend the Roman glassware armed, not with a whip and chair (which was not, I was surprised to learn, standard curatorial issue for those working with children), but with one purple toothbrush between the two of us. The toothbrush is used for sweeping out the little crevices in the display and is standard curatorial issue. Perhaps after a lifetime of dedicated study, it is possible to achieve the "Black" toothbrush. But for the moment, it's trowel duty; we switch to "repot" mode and resurrect our vandalised pansies. The controlled chaos goes on...

Liz Godbeer read Ancient History and Archaeology at the Univ. of Exeter from 1983 to 1986. She then did research on Minoan and Mycenaean seals at the Univ. of Bristol, for which she was awarded her M.Litt earlier this year. Her next project is to convert her thesis into a book.

MASOCHISTIC MINDBENDER

Here's a riddle that some literate character might like to solve:

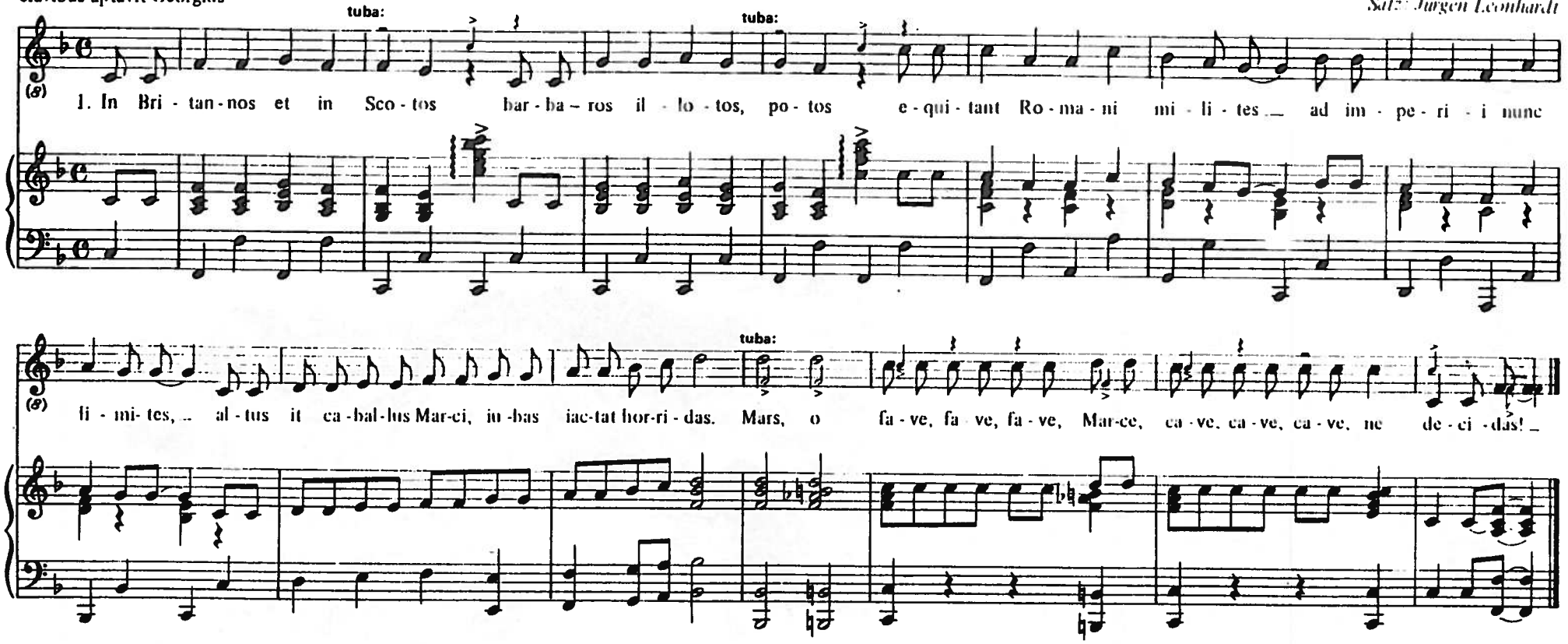
Ego sum principium mundi
Et finis saeculorum.
Per me omnia continentur,
Sine me nihil est.
Sum Trinus et Unus,
Attamen non sum Deus.

The solution will be found on page 31.

CARMEN EQVESTRE

Verba et modos invenit Valahfridus
clavibus aptavit Georgius

Text und Melodie: Wilfried Stroh
Satz: Jürgen Leonhardt



2. Olim Alpes superarunt,
malos Raetos debellarunt.
pedites tantam victoriam
meruerunt atque gloriam:
quantas equites tenebunt
quotque palmas splendidas!
Mars, etc.

3. Ergo Anglia tremescit
et regina iam horrescit
neque theica nec viscica
pavidos solantur pocula.
iam Romanis faenum equis,
iam parate paleas!
Mars, etc.

4. Militare sumptuosum
et crumenis est damnosum.
quantum Marci crescit gloria,
tantum deficit pecunia.
date equiti Romano
copias argenteas!
Mars, etc.

1. Against the Britons and the Scots,
these unwashed tippling barbarians,
ride the Roman cavalry
all the way to the borders of the empire.
High steps Marcus' mount
and tosses his bristling mane.
Mars be gracious,
Marcus watch out
lest you should go for a burton.

2. Long ago they overcame the Alps.
and conquered the dreadful Raetians.
Such a glorious victory and reputation
their infantry have already won:
But what splendid heaps of trophies
their cavalry have yet to display!
Mars etc.

3. Therefore England is a-tremble
and the Queen's hair is standing on end.
Neither tea nor whisky
can calm their fears.
Bring out the hay for the Roman steeds,
bring out their fodder!
Mars etc.

4. The military is an extravagance
that eats into the coffers.
The greater swells Marcus' glory,
the further he's into the red.
Shell out for this Roman knight
masses of silver!
Mars etc.

Dr. Marcus JUNKELMANN is a specialist in Roman military history. In 1985 he led an infantry force in Roman armour from Verona to Augsburg. This year, mounted on his horse Pegasus, he intends to invade Britain and take his cavalry beyond Hadrian's Wall. The Times has been informed and hopes to send a scribe. This song was composed for the occasion by Prof. Dr. Wilfried STROH of Munich. We are indebted to Prof. Dr. Herwig GÖRGEMANNS for this news, and for securing permission for us to publish the carmen, granted by Prof. Stroh on behalf of the Societas Ludis Latinis in the following terms: Valahifridus Dauidio Exoniensi salutem. Nihil obstare uidetur, quominus carmen illud equestre a me de Marco Junkelmann compositum in PEGASO uestro diuulges. (de hac re appellauit Heruigius Heidelbergensis amicus tuus - et meus.) gratissime autem facies, si mihi et M. Junkelmann equiti PEGASI exempla mittetis. Semper cum Musarum fauore uale!

If anyone wishes to contribute to Dr. Junkelmann's expenses, David Harvey will forward donations.

A LATIN RENDITION OF HUMBERT WOLFE'S "AS THIS BLIND ROSE"

ALAN J. BARRON

NONNE VIDES CAECAM HANC, MEA LUX, OCULISQUE CARENTEM,
TERRA VOLENS NOLENS QUAM CREET, ESSE ROSAM?
NEC MINUS UNAM OMNES HANC FORMA VINCERE FLORES,
QUAM STUDEAT NULLO TAM BONA MORE FORE?
NOS QUOQUE, NOS, GENUIT QUOS TEMPORIS ALEA CAECI
NON SINE CONIUNCTIS FORTE LIBIDINIBUS,
DUM BELLUM GERIMUS, CURIS DUM NITIMUR ATRIS
SEMPER UT INGRATAS ACCUMULEMUS OPES,
UNUM ULTRO MELIUS PATIMUR. QUOD AMAMUS AMAMUR
ACCIDIT HAUD ULLO SIC ITA CONSILIO.

The four lines of the English occur on page 39 of "As This Blind Rose" by Humbert Wolfe (Gollancz, London 1928).

"As this blind rose, no more than a whim of the dust,
achieved her excellence without intent,
no man, the casual sport of time and lust,
plans wealth and war, and love by accident."

"I love me, I love me not, I love me, I love me not . . ."

THE MYTH OF THE DANAIDS IN AESCHYLUS, HORACE AND OVID

VANDA ZAJKO.

The myth of the daughters of Danaus has many variations both before and after Aeschylus. Pausanias says (2.16.1) that everyone knows of the crime of the Danaids, and features of the story occur in Euripides, Plato, Pindar, Apollodorus, Hyginus, Tibullus and Servius as well as in Aeschylus, Ovid and Horace. Other writers such as Hesiod, Aristophanes and Menander treated the myth in works which do not survive today. But no two versions concur in all its details. There is disagreement about the reasons and initiative for the wedding of the girls to their cousins, the location of events, Hypermnestra's motive in sparing Lynceus and the consequences of the murders. The main pattern of the myth on which most writers can agree can be summarised as follows: Two brothers, Danaus and Aegyptus, are the descendants of Io, who was desired by Zeus, turned into a cow by Hera, and impregnated by the god. Danaus had fifty daughters and Aegyptus fifty sons. The brothers quarrel. The fifty sons then desire to marry the fifty daughters but they are unwilling. Danaus commands his daughters to murder their husbands on their wedding night. All obey except one, Hypermnestra, who spares her husband Lynceus.

Aeschylus' surviving play, the Suppliant Women, tells only part of this story. It is set in Argos, where the Danaids have fled in order to escape marriage with their cousins. Guided by their father, they approach the King of Argos, Pelasgus, and ask for his protection. After consultation with his people, he promises not to surrender the women to violence and welcomes them into his city. When the servants of the Aegypti arrive to capture the women, Pelasgus prevents them and they report back to their masters threatening war. In terms of the main features of the myth, Aeschylus contains only the detail of the women's resistance to the marriage within this play. But it is highly possible that it was the first play of a trilogy that dealt with the Danaid theme, and that the traditional story would have been developed in the other two plays which are now lost. To gain a fuller understanding of Aeschylus' treatment of the myth, it is valuable to try and reconstruct those plays, at least in outline.

Three sources are available to us. First, Aeschylus summarises the story in the Prometheus Bound (lines 846ff.) as part of the prophecy given to Io, their ancestor. Secondly, the Oresteian trilogy illuminates Aeschylus' practice in the handling of myth and in particular his exploration of the relationship between the sexes. Thirdly, a fragment of a speech of Aphrodite, from what would have been the third play in the trilogy, the Danaides, points, by analogy, to one particular context. This last involves more subjectivity than the others, but when considered together, these sources give a fairly coherent picture of the Aeschylean Danaids.

Lines 846-876 of the Prometheus Bound show close similarities to the choruses in the Suppliants where the same story is told, suggesting that whichever play was written first, Aeschylus' representation of the Io and Danaid myths was consistent in both. (I do not intend to discuss here the possibility that Aeschylus did not write the PV). Io and the Danaids are tied together by more than genealogy. In the Prometheus, Io is a victim of Zeus' lust as Prometheus is a victim of his hate, and her gentle liberation by Zeus and the resolution of the Danaids' struggle in the love of Hypermnestra and Lynceus are used to provide hope that Prometheus' own struggle will be resolved. In the Suppliants, Io's suffering on account of Zeus' lust provides a parallel to that of the Danaids and again her release and gentle impregnation emerge from the conflict and violence as will the sparing of Lynceus by Hypermnestra. The cohesion of the themes and motifs in the two plays is strengthened by the use of the same language. In Prometheus Bound 849, emphasis is laid on Zeus' gentleness in conceivig Epaphos, the child of a touch. In the Suppliants, when the Danaids call upon Epaphos as their protector, the same description is given of Zeus impregnating Io with a "breath and a touch" (lines 40-46). Prometheus, when foretelling the pursuit of Danaus' daughters by the sons of Aegyptus, likens the sons to hawks chasing doves, a "topos" of the wedding song (PV 857). In the Suppliants (223-4) Danaus describes his daughters as doves cowering in fear of hawks, using the same two words. The closeness of the two accounts suggests that Aeschylus probably developed the Danaid story in the works which no longer survive in the form which is summarised in the Prometheus (846ff), featuring the flight to Argos of the women pursued by their cousins, their welcome on Argive soil, their murder of their husbands on their wedding night and the winning over of one by desire for her husband. The last statement in the play (865-6) could be interpreted to mean that it was desire for children that led Hypermnestra to spare Lynceus. But as such a wish for children is mentioned nowhere else in the tradition, and as it suits the themes of the trilogy as introduced in the Suppliants much better if it is desire that persuades Hypermnestra, this interpretation seems unlikely. The flight of the Danaids to Argos before the marriage in the hope of avoiding it, in both the Suppliants and the Prometheus Bound, rather than after the murder in the hope of avoiding punishment, as is common in other versions, reinforces the ties between the two plays. Whether or not both plays are by Aeschylus, they both share a common tradition.

In the Oresteia, Aeschylus uses the basic story

of Agamemnon's return from Troy, his murder by Clytemnestra and the vengeful matricide of Orestes to explore the relationship between the sexes, and the relative status of women and men, wives and husbands. In his predecessors' work, especially in the Odyssey of Homer, the Catalogue of Hesiod and the Oresteia of Stesichorus in the sixth century, Clytemnestra's role in the murder of Agamemnon is second to that of her lover Aegisthus. But in the Agamemnon, she is portrayed as an unrepentant murderess, gloating in her triumph, manipulating Aegisthus, taking pride in her domination and challenging male supremacy in Mycenae. Her power and aggression represent a conflation of male and female roles which is in evidence throughout the play. From the start she is an anomaly: the first allusion to her by the chorus is of a woman who counsels with a male heart (11). At line 351 they tell her that she speaks wisely like a prudent man. In the "carpet scene", directly before Agamemnon is murdered, he stresses the abnormality of his wife's position and behaviour when he says: "It is not a woman's part to desire contention" (940). Clytemnestra's "man-woman" is mirrored by the weakness of Aegisthus' "woman-man" and he is addressed as "woman" at line 1625. The queen is aware of the limitations usually placed upon her sex (e.g. 1661) and deliberately transgresses them.

The status of women and men is further explored in the Choephori. In the dialogue between Orestes and his mother just before he kills her, there is an implicit definition of the roles each should fulfil, the status quo that Clytemnestra had rebelled against (919). The dramatic tension inherent in the relationship between mother and son prepares the way for the scene in the Eumenides, in which parenthood is discussed, the personal conflict within the house of Atreus developing into a general debate. The Furies are the champions of Clytemnestra as woman and mother, and Apollo is the champion of Orestes and of Agamemnon as man and father. The irony of Athene's final pronouncement in favour of Orestes on the grounds of preference for the male (737) is that Athene is herself a "man-woman" who by virtue of being divine is able to exercise the power that Clytemnestra strove for. Her resolution of the conflict in accordance with the will of Zeus seems initially to confirm Aeschylus' belief in the rightful dominance and superiority of the male. But the women in the trilogy are depicted as stronger and more purposeful than the weak and unconvincing males, and Clytemnestra's portrayal is complex and intriguing. Aeschylus was certainly aware of the restrictions which prevented women in his society from using their resources to their full potential. He provides no corrective solution and the outcome of the trial ensures a return to the safe, normal, male-dominated state. But his Clytemnestra and Furies demand that women be taken seriously, and his reconciliation of the Furies advocates the use of compromise and persuasion in the setling of the conflict rather than intimidation and force. The supremacy of Zeus, the presentation of opposing views and the emphasis on persuasion are all relevant to consideration of the Danaid trilogy.

If Aeschylus treated the myth as outlined in the Prometheus, then the lost plays must have contained the marriage to and the murder of the Aegypti, the sparing of Lynceus by Hypermnestra and the consequences of these actions. Issues would have arisen similar to those in the Oresteia: conflict between loyalties to the marriage-bond and to the paternal family, the extent of the power of men over women and the dangers of responding to violence with violence. It seems likely that Aeschylus might have chosen to examine the moral issues in a trial scene like the one in the Eumenides, perhaps in the trial of Hypermnestra, who would have stood accused of disloyalty to her father and sisters. The longest surviving fragment of the third play (F44) supports this theory. It is part of a speech by Aphrodite proclaiming the universal power of sexual love. If it was true desire for her husband which led Hypermnestra to spare him, then Aphrodite might have defended her by declaring her own power as irresistible (as she was later to do in Euripides' Hippolytus). Alternatively, if Aeschylus wished the peitho [persuasion] of Aphrodite to triumph over the bia [violence] of the Danaids' resistance to marriage, then the goddess might have performed a function similar to that of Athene in the Eumenides and reconciled the Danaids to the idea of marriage. A study of the Suppliants in isolation would not necessarily lead to these conclusions about Aeschylus' treatment of the myth. For at the end of the play, the sisters, and more significantly Danaus, are still violently opposed to marriage with the Aegypti, with only the threat of war hinting at circumstances which might force a change of resolve. The observation of ideas which preoccupied Aeschylus in other works enables us to identify the potential major interests in the Suppliants itself.

The play begins with a long speech by the chorus of the daughters of Danaus, who are the protagonists, in which the scene is set and the background given to their suppliant status. Five lines are especially significant for the understanding of the motives of the women: "Not under ban for guilt of blood, nor driven out by a city's sentence but by our own act, our hope of escape from lust of men, for we abhor as impious wedlock with the sons of Aegyptus" (6-10). Mention of blood-guilt in this context anticipates the murder of the Aegypti and the pollution it constitutes (cf.the references to the Furies in the Agamemnon [59,155,463,1646-8] which look forward to the Eumenides and anticipate Orestes' return). Why the marriages are considered asebe [impious] is unclear. It could be because the Aegypti were trying to take the women by force, because as individuals they were repellent to them, or because the women found

the thought of marriage under any circumstances abhorrent. Marriage to cousins was not considered incestuous in Athens. Although a few cases are known where women had a hand in choosing their own husbands, they were the exception rather than the rule. Generally it was the responsibility of the father, the brother or another male relative to arrange a girl's marriage and the Danaids' proclaimed autonomy is juxtaposed with a statement of their dependence on and obedience to their father Danaus (11-14). The impression is given that it is largely due to their father's support that the Danaids have been able to avoid the marriage. But their own violence and resolve is demonstrated by the ironic prayer to Zeus that the Aegypti might die before violating them and by the request to Artemis, goddess of chastity, and so their associate (146-9). Their desire to remain virgins is so strong that they are prepared to hang themselves if their entreaties are ignored (158-161). Danaus advises them on how to plead their case to King Pelasgus. He claims that right is on their side, for "How could a man be pure who mated with a woman against her will and that of her father?" (227-8). He thus emphasizes the father's control of his daughters and the difference between rape and willing marriage. The former is represented as being punishable even after death in Hades, but going against the father's will is as important as going against the will of the women themselves. It is the accord of the Danaids with their father which enables them at this stage of the play to resist the Aegypti.

King Pelasgus questions the women and tries to find out who they are. His likening of them to the Amazons (287-8) is significant in that they were the most extreme example of women in myth who lived without associaing with men. His accusation that they "feed on flesh" is typical of the way in which a variety of unusual or deviant characteristics are attributed in mythology to groups of people (such as the Amazons) or individuals (such as Hippolytus) whose lifestyles were different from the mainstream and therefore threatening to society. The Danaids' behaviour in refusing marriage poses just such a threat and although he does not know their story when he says this, the appropriateness of his allusion is there for the audience to pick up. When they are questioned closely as to why they will not marry the Aegypti, their replies are indirect and obscure. Instead of answering the king's questions, they generalize about the follies of marrying within the extended family because of the lack of support when things go wrong. It is again unclear whether the Danaids oppose any marriage or particularly loathe the violence of the Aegypti. But the brutality of the latter is stressed continually throughout the rest of the play and the atmosphere of violence is accentuated by the Danaids' claim that if they are not protected they will hang themselves (465) (cf. the Karyatids, worshippers of Artemis who hanged themselves in order to escape being raped). The threat of the approaching Aegypti makes clear the sheer physical vulnerability of the women which they themselves acknowledge (749). Faced with the terror of rape, they utter the wildest and most militant statements in the play (787-91,804-7), and the request for death rather than violation looks towards the murders known to the audience from the mythical tradition. The helplessness of the women is increased because Danaus is not present. They remain passive in the power struggle that ensues when Pelasgus and his armed guards challenge the servants of the Aegypti who have come to take them. In a macho dialogue (e.g. 913) the king argues with the herald about possession of the women and the confrontation leads to the brink of war. When the temporary safety of the Danaids has been settled, Danaus returns and gives his daughters some advice on how to behave in Argos, which highlights his control over them and the control of men over women in general. Deploying a topos of the wedding song he tells them that their virginity is almost unbearably provocative to men, and uses the imagery of an orchard to depict the difficulty of preserving it. Aphrodite is used to externalize the men's lust and give the impression that it is beyond their control. His exhortation (996) brings into question whose choice it is that they remain chaste. The women's reply to him indicates submission to him and to the will of the gods (1014-1017). Now an extra chorus of handmaidens joins in and externalizes the conflict of chastity and sexual love as that of Artemis and Aprodite (1030-1031). They warn that the women should not be too extreme but should bow to the will of Zeus. They hint at the forced marriage in the second play by advising the expediency of marriage. The Danaids' last words are a prayer to Zeus that he who set Io free from her affliction might grant victory to the women's cause, but this prayer to be protected from men's lust is addressed to a god whose lust was responsible for Io's metamorphosis in the first place. The Io motif combines the theme of suffering and eventual relief. At the end of the play, its use anticipates the conflict and violence that must occur in the rest of the trilogy before the acquittal of Hypermnestra and reconciliation of the Danaids to their fate.

In the Suppliants Aeschylus' focus is on the fifty Danaids. They speak for themselves and are shown to be victims of violence. In the other two plays, in typical Aeschylean style, the victims themselves become the aggressors and general issues arising out of their particular myth are explored. The focus of the myth in Horace and Ovid is on Hypermnestra. She is not mentioned in the Suppliants and, as we can only speculate as to her treatment in the Danaides, the later accounts cannot be compared with that of Aeschylus. But the light in which Horace and Ovid present Hypermnestra suggests their attitude towards her sisters.

In Horace's Odes 3.11, the details of the Danaid myth are inserted into a poem in which he combines elements of the cletic hymn, contemporary situation and mythological *exempla* with his customary skill. Horace depicts himself as having difficulties seducing a girl called Lyde who "fears to be touched, is inexperienced of marriage, and is as yet unripe for a rough husband" (10-12). The Danaids, who also refused to have sex with the men who pursued them, offer an appropriate parallel. Horace's *persona* hopes that Lyde will be persuaded of the error of her ways by their example. His first picture of them is in the underworld, being eternally punished for the murders of their bridegrooms, trying to fill with water a vessel which has a hole in the bottom. The punishment of the Danaids in this way was probably a late addition to the myth. Other writers variously depicted them as being purified by Zeus, killed by Lynceus, or married off in an athletic contest. Horace does not show any sympathy for their position but sees it as justified: *nam quid potuere maius?* [for what worse deed could they have done?] (30). Hypermnestra's isolation from her sisters is stresed: *una* at the start of line 34, where she is said to be *una de multis face nuptiali digna* [one amongst so many, who deserved a proper wedding] because she spared her husband. The oxymoron *splendide mendax* [admirable in her wickedness] (35) is used to describe her disobedience to her father, an appropriately unusual phrase because disobedience is not a quality usually praised in women. Her reward according to Horace is that in contrast to her sisters whose punishment is *notas* [well-known] (25), she will be *in omne virgo nobilis aevum* [for all eternity a noble maiden] (35-36). *virgo* could here refer to the preservation of her virginity but given the context in which Horace's *persona* is trying to persuade a girl to sleep with him, it is more likely that it means simply "young girl".

Having used his personal situation with Lyde as a means of introducing the myth, Horace now sets it aside, and plunges vividly into the scene on the wedding night itself. He dramatizes the scenario by by switching from impersonal narrative to Hypermnestra's indirect speech. She is depicted waking up her husband, Repetition of "surge" (37+38) lending urgency to her plea. Her temerity and horror at her situation are intimated by the use of the periphrases, *longus somnus* [long sleep] for death (38) and *unde non times* [from a source you do not fear] for herself (38-9). This temerity contrasts sharply with the savagery of the Danaids who are likened to lionesses pouncing upon calves (41-42). Their animal brutality reverses the usual hymeneal image of male savagery towards passive women who are often depicted as calves. Hypermnestra is *mollior* [tender], a more usual description for a woman. Her anticipation of her father's vengeance for her *clementia* [mercy] adds pathos to her portrayal. Her physical weakness in facing his anger contrasts with her moral strength in disobeying his command. The contemporary realism of the threat of her banishment is the ultimate expression of isolation and misery as she sends her husband to safety. The repetition of "i" (49-50) is plaintive, and the mention of Venus (50) reminds us of the perversion of the wedding night by her sisters. The final request that she be remembered on his tomb depreciates her service to him but reminds us of inscriptions on Roman graves.

Lyde probably did not exist, but the experience of a woman being pursued by a man for sex of course did. Horace's condemnation of the Danaids with reference to this contemporary situation represents male anger at women who resist their lust. His praise of Hypermnestra is the praise of a woman conforming to acceptable patterns of behaviour which do not threaten male dominance in society. Lyde is a bit of a "red herring" as far as the structure of the poem is concerned, for after line 25 she is not mentioned. But the link that she provides between contemporary women and the Danaids explains Horace's particular treatment of the myth in this poem.

Ovid includes a letter from Hypermnestra to Lynceus in his Heroides, a collection of poems in which he adopts the *personae* of mythological women writing to their men. In this work Ovid begins the process completed in the Metamorphoses of taking well-established mythological figures and recasting them in new literary forms. Central to the letters is love in all its manifestations, often combined with hate, anger or self-pity. But Hypermnestra's letter (no.XIV) is different because in it she shows little evidence of love or affection in the past or the present for her husband Lynceus. Chained up in her father's palace she reviews her actions and comments on her present unhappy state.

The first line *mittit Hypermnestra de tot modo fratribus uni* [Hypermnestra sends this letter to the only brother who has survived from so many] establishes the detached and formal tone of her communication. She does not address Lynceus by name, or as a husband or lover. She presents herself as a pious martyr-figure. *non est, quam piget esse, pia* [she is not faithful, who regrets her faith] (14), steady in her resolve that she acted properly and ready to face whatever punishments may befall her as a consequence of her deed (5-14). Although terrified at the memory of the wedding night (17-20), she steels herself to describe it. Using vivid present tenses, the bustle of the wedding is reviewed in her memory beginning with the entrance of the brides and ending with the entrance of the garlanded and drunken grooms into the bridal chambers. The noise fades into quiet as everyone falls asleep, but Hypermnestra lies awake hearing the groans of the dying Aegypti and trembles as she considers their significance. Initially prepared to carry out her father's wishes, she rises and stands over her

husband holding the knife. Three times she tries to kill him and three times her *timor et pietas* [fear and dutifulness] prevent her. Her inner conflict is depicted by pairs of matching lines in which inner voices urge her to do different things (55-62). Her weakness as a woman is acknowledged *femina sum et virgo, natura mitis et annis; non faciunt molles ad fera tela manus* [I am a woman and a maid, gentle in nature and years; my soft hands cannot wield fierce weapons] (55-56). She is suposed to use other tools *aptior est digitis lana colusque meis* [the distaff and the wool are more suited to my fingers] (66). She would rather die herself than kill her husband (60). At the crucial moment Lynceus, who has not yet been mentioned by name, almost cuts his hand on the knife as he tosses in his sleep and seeks her embrace. She wakes him and sends him away. The brevity of the description once her decision has been made emphasizes the torment of the preceding lines. The scene swiftly changes to dawn and the discovery by Danaus of Hypermnestra's betrayal. He ghoulishly counts the corpses one by one and reacts violently when one is missing. She suffers punishment for her virtuous behaviour: *haec meruit pietas praemia* [such a reward has my honesty won] (84).

Ovid next follows Aeschylus by interweaving the Danaid and the Io myths. Io here provides a parallel for Hypermnestra's undeserved suffering, and their common terror at the situations in which they find themselves is stressed (92). Unlike Aeschylus, Ovid makes only a passing mention of Io's eventual happy release (86). Hypermnestra avoids dwelling on the sexual nature of the myth, as she has avoided mention of sex in her account of her wedding night. But she is much more heated when discussing Io than she has been previously. She projects her grief and fury at her own plight on to the story of her ancestor and when she returns to her letter, her emotion is released. In a direct plea to Lynceus, she admits that she longs for rescue (125). If this is not possible then she, like Horace's heroine, wants an inscription on a tomb. But unlike Horace's Hypermnestra, she wants her memorial on her own tomb and not on that of her husband. The words she chooses are reminiscent of her strong self-esteem at the start of the poem: *exul Hypermnestra pretium pietatis iniquum, quam mortem fratri depulit, ipsa tulit* [exiled Hypermnestra, as the unjust prize of her loyalty, has herself endured the death from which she saved her brother.] (132). But her last words bely her confidence and expose her fear at the consequences of her "virtuous" deed: *Vires subtrahit ipse timor* [fear takes away my strength]

Ovid is clearly more interested in the psychological potential of Hypermnestra's situation than was Horace. His letter attempts to present a credible female psyche, a woman coldly obsessed with memories of her wedding night, unable to forget the one action which now causes her to live in fear. He portrays her fluctuations of mood and her longing to live up to her heroic deed. In excluding the depiction of any feelings of love for her husband, Ovid must have been trying to create an innovative Hypermnestra. His description of the myth from her perspective is a sign of his interest in women as he saw them, which he developed in the Metamorphoses.

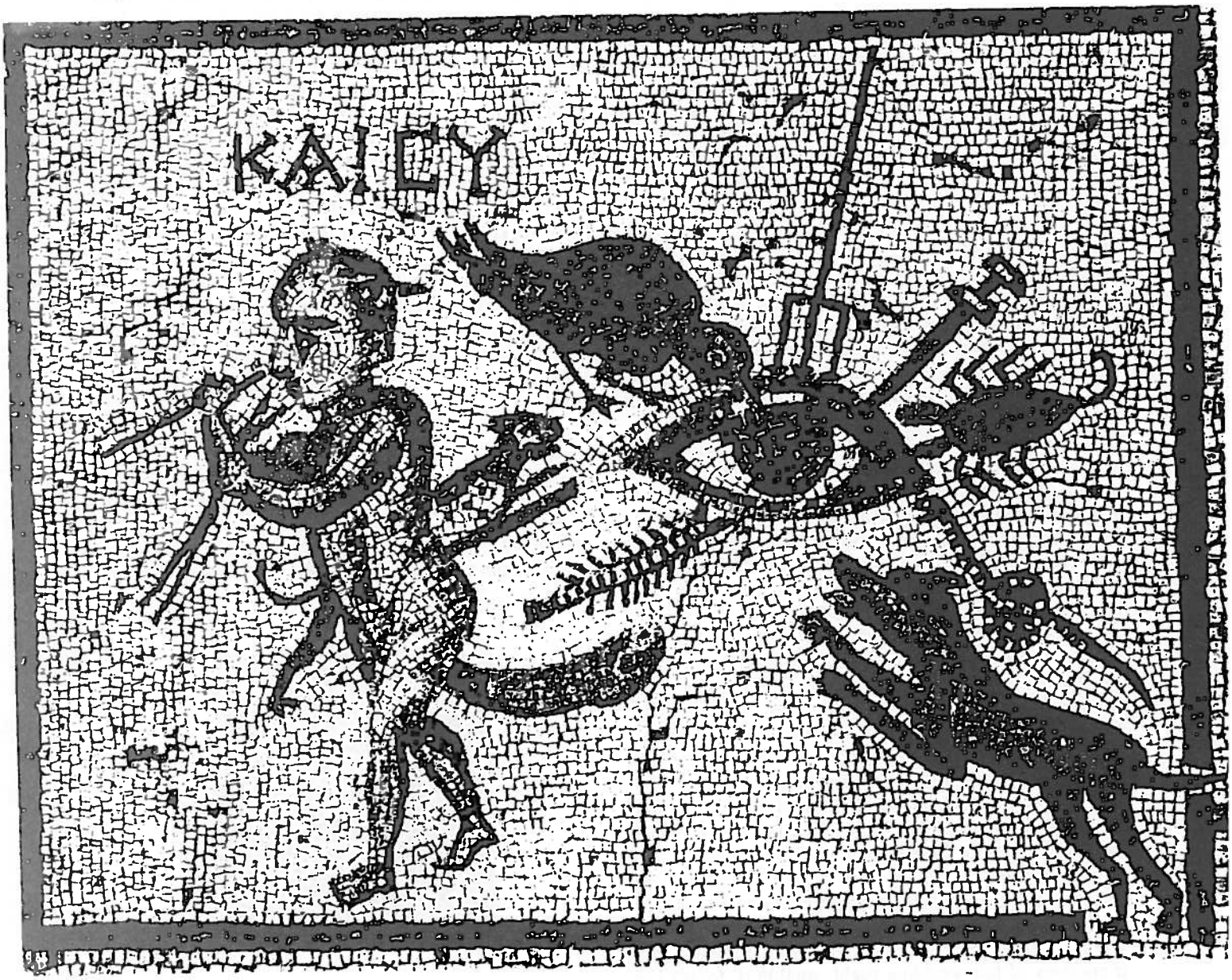
Originally the myth of the Danaids may have grown out of a fear of womens' sexuality; the fear of women who won't conform to their society's norm of marriage; the fear of women who won't grow up (the Danaids don't even grow up after their marriage - they are still under the control of their father rather than that of their husbands); lastly the fear of trusting women at all when only they know for sure the paternity of their children. The articulation of these fears in the story, and their dramatic presentation later in the works of Aeschylus and other writers, helped to rationalize and alleviate them. Rape is a means of men demonstrating their power over women, and women who resist that power, such as the Danaids, pose a threat to that power. By the time of Horace and Ovid, virginity and the desire to preserve it is no longer a feature of the myth, and neither author is explicit about whether the Danaids had sex with the Aegypti before killing them. It is impossible to tell whether Aeschylus dwelt on this aspect of the story, but in his play the difference between rape and willing marriage was at least powerfully stressed. He is interested in exploring the issue of might versus right, and in particular the rights of the suppliants at their ancestral altars.

Vanda Zajko graduated at Exeter a few years ago, and is at present completing her PhD thesis on the resistance of women to sex and marriage in Greek mythology, having taught part-time for the department. (We hasten to add that she is herself happily married).

THE MOSAIC MYSTERY

We are offering a copy of Pegasus: The Book to (a) the reader who sends us the most accurate explanation of the mosaic below, and (b) the reader who sends the most amusing explanation, however inaccurate.

Entries to: Pegasus, Dept. of Classics, Queens Building, University of Exeter, by 31 Dec. 1990 please.



PLATO'S ATTITUDE TO WOMEN: EQUALITY, JUSTICE AND NATURE.

WENDY LINES

Plato's proposals concerning his ideal state and the position of women within it can be seen as part of the development of his ideas on virtue and justice. Within the early Socratic dialogues, he begins with discussions on the nature of these concepts and how they may be defined. In *Protagoras*, which can be seen as a later step in the development of this argument, Socrates arrives at the conclusion that virtue is equivalent to self-interest (virtue having been achieved through self-knowledge). His reasoning is that with full knowledge, an individual will know that the long term-effects of doing wrong will be harmful to him/herself, and so will choose the "right" action. Hence his argument that no-one does wrong knowingly (352C).

The character of Protagoras argues that knowledge and virtue is innate in all humans; that these are divinely inspired qualities which can potentially be known by everyone through education. However, Plato believes the potential to gain true knowledge to be limited to only a few who are capable of learning through philosophy - hence his elite class of guardian-philosophers, of which a proportion could be women, since "superior women are better than inferior men" (Wender P75). If the guardians are assumed to have gained knowledge and therefore virtue, they will rule justly and for the benefit of all rather than out of self interest (since again, to rule justly would, in his terms, *be* self interest). The majority of the population would in the meantime be given a limited education (heavily censored to exclude the corrupting influence of the poets and of art) so that each is aware of the justice within the system and so will be contented with their lot. As Plato states in the *Laws*, the purpose of his proposals is to make the "good...govern and ...allowing the bad to live, make them submit willingly to be governed" (Book I,627-8).

This is an interesting definition of justice, since the modern concept is usually firmly linked to ideas of equality. Bluestone says that many scholars of Plato have had a "tendency to ignore the matter of sexual equality as an important element of justice" when considering these proposals. Feminists argue for equal rights and opportunities for women in terms of it being "just" to treat all women and men the same, regardless of class or status. Plato does treat men and women the same, in so far as he regards both as capable of being either guardians or non-guardians, but he segregates society into two distinct classes of rulers and ruled. He does not accept equality as a feature of justice except within those classes, i.e. he abolishes private property in order to reduce tension between individuals within the same class. In this he agrees with Aristotle's view of justice, that it is not concerned with equality for all, but with equality between equals (*Politics* 1280A 11-12). Hence the equality between individuals in each of his classes of guardians and non-guardians but not between the two classes themselves, since for Plato, equality between the two classes, who are not equal in capability/knowledge, would be a false value and inherently unjust (*Laws* VI, 757A). Plato believes that even friendship cannot exist between people who are not equal- "friendship is the name we give to the affection of like for like" (*Laws* VIII, 837A) and regards democracy as entirely unjust precisely because it imposes a level of equality on people he regards as naturally unequal (Annas P.316).

The difference between Plato's and Aristotle's views on justice and therefore virtue is that Plato believes that women and men are just as capable of both, whereas Aristotle insists that the virtue of women is of an inferior kind, on a level with the capability of slaves, and is indeed of a different nature to men's; "A man's virtue lies in his ability to command while a woman's lies in obedience" (*Politics* 1, 1260 A23).

What is quite clear in these discussions of justice is that Plato does not consider sexual inequality as unjust in itself, only that its form in fourth century Athens was of no benefit to the state. As Julia Annas states (P.31), "The proposals for women are not a matter of their rights" since no such concept existed in the fourth century. Plato never directly mentions the inequality between the sexes in contemporary Athens; this is not his concern except to dismiss his society as generally unjust. In nis view, justice could only be achieved through his ideal state; he is not interested in reforming the existing one as such.

One of the major aspects of the concept of justice in the classical period was that what is "natural" must be right and therefore just. There was much debate over the antithesis of *physis* (natural law) and *nomos* (human law/convention), as is clear from many of the contemporary sources. *Physis* consisted of the unwritten laws, which were eternal moral principles of divine origin and which were universal in their nature, while *nomos* consisted of the laws of the state (which can be changed at the will of the ruler[s]) and the customs imposed by tradition, mythology and history. As Guthrie says: "The distinction between what is legally enforceable and what is morally right was much more clear-cut among the Greeks than it is with us."

There is a fairly consistent idea in the sources that *nomos* is inferior to *physis*, precisely because it can vary according to state, constitution, etc. Also, according to *physis*, the "naturally" strong could, and indeed should, dominate the "naturally" weak, and *nomos* was seen to interfere with this natural dominance by allowing the weak to have recourse to

the law-courts. Plato does align himself with these concepts to some extent, in that he believes that those who are most capable and therefore best (i.e. the guardians) have the right to rule over the mass of the populace, since they are naturally suited to govern. He is therefore anti-democratic, since in his opinion democracy allows the ignorant majority to rule the wiser minority.

Aristotle's theories on the ideal state rest entirely on his belief in the "natural" relationships between master/slave, ruler/ruled, etc. which he sees reflected in the state, family and even in the soul. "Such duality exists in living creatures ...it originates in the constitution of the universe" (*Politics* I:1254A). Individuals are, he claimed, either natural rulers or natural subjects: "from the hour of their birth, some are marked out for subjection, others for rule" (*Politics* 1:23-4). Since it is natural it must therefore also be the ideal. He goes on to discuss those who claim that "The distinction between slave and freeman exists by law only and not by nature, and being an interference with nature is therefore unjust" (*Politics* 1253 B21-2). He obviously doesn't agree with this, but it is significant in both arguments, and indeed those of Plato, are couched in the same terms, i.e. what is natural and therefore just.

Plato was therefore having to redefine *physis* to some extent when he outlined his plan to have women guardians, not least in arguing against the tradition that men and women are "naturally" different and therefore should have different functions in society. He has to do so in order to defend his initial assumptions about women on which the rest of his proposals are based. He does this through the discussion in Book V of the *Republic* about the differences between men and women: are they not naturally different and therefore isn't it natural for them to have different roles? Socrates replies that he regards the differences as being based on, and limited to, that of the reproductive function, and as such, are simply not relevent to social roles (453B-454E).

It can be seen that the issue of what is natural to either sex is still very much an issue, and to a large extent, an unresolved one. Plato's dismissal of the relevance of differences between women and men seems radical, but at the same time rather simplistic to the modern reader. To us, it begs the question of the value of women's biological role (i.e. if we accept that it is not important, will women lose status in society?). Also, modern socialism/feminism tends to accept that in restructuring society, women and men have different needs, however equal in opportunity and status they may be. Obviously, we cannot expect Plato in the context of fourth-century Greece, to have been aware of these considerations, but his proposals provide a valuable starting point for such issues to be considered.

It is interesting that there is still debate on this subject, and there are proponents of the argument that "biology is destiny" (as Aristotle claimed) even within the modern feminist movement. After several decades of feminists arguing against the idea that women cannot have equal opportunities because of their biological role, some writers such as Germaine Greer have revised their earlier theories to state that women's biological role <u>is</u> significant and should be taken into account when considering their social and political potential. She claims that the "liberation" of women in the Western world has really only allowed women to be more promiscuous, which in turn has reinforced male perceptions of them as sex objects (since they are considered as being more sexually available, especially as there is less risk of pregnancy with readily available contraception). She therefore argues that women need to regain the respect of men to a certain extent by re-establishing the importance of women's childbearing role. She now believes that women could and should be fulfilled through motherhood, their "natural" function, and can establish status and respect for women by doing so. Other feminists strongly criticise this argument, insisting that women are <u>not</u> innately maternal and should not therefore carry the burden of childcare alone. They believe that motherhood should not be regarded in any kind of semi-mystical way, but merely as a practicality, much as Plato did.

Those who agree with the arguments of Greer tend towards the idea that if men and women are accepted as being different, is there not a case for having roles in life that are separate but of equal status? Xenophon seems to support this idea, accepting Socrates' ideas that women and men have equal virtue, but believing that they should have different duties within society (Wender,P.87). Bluestone (P.191) argues convincingly against this, in that under a just system, all must have a share in both what is fulfilling and what is dull, regardless of gender. To restrict roles/duties would not allow this, and so could not be called just.

Rosenthal (P.32) states that "nature has often been appealed to, to justify historical acts of dominance". I would argue that it has been used to justify social dominance too, e.g. white over black, men over women, and that this is certainly what Plato was doing. He used the traditional ideas of *nomos* and *physis* to "prove" his ideas on the state and on the role of women and the guardians.

However, a shift in Plato's views on biological or natural characteristics of men and women can be detected in his later work, *Laws*. Here he states that there should be different songs taught to men and women "as defined by the natural difference of the two sexes", and he even sets out what their qualities should be: "noble" and "manly" for men, but songs with more "decorum and sedateness" for women (VII. 802E). He also givess a list of "natural" superiors (much as Aristotle does in *Politics*): "parents are superior to their offspring, men to women and children, rulers to ruled. And it will be proper for all to revere all these

classes of superiors" (*Laws* XI,917). He also states that the "stronger should rule and the weaker be ruled", since this is "according to nature" (*Laws*, III, 690B).

The continuing relevance of these arguments can be seen by the fact that experiments are still conducted in an attempt to discover what the physical and biological differences are between men and women. According to Bluestone (P.188), we have to guard against the "tendency to accept too quickly whatever the current scientific view of the "natural", the biologically inescapable appears to be." Plato certainly did this, dismissing the then current view of what women were capable of as irrelevant. In recent years, it has been considered how the results of such experiments and study should be used - in other words, even if differences are found, for instance in the ability to learn different things, can this still be dismissed as irrelevant? I would argue that it can, in so far as different does not necessarily mean inferior, and as Bluestone says (P.188), what must always be remembered is that the differences between members of the same sex will always be greater than the average differences between those of a different sex.

Wendy Lines graduated fom Exeter in 1989; she is currently working towards an M.Phil on "Rationality and Autonomy in Plato".

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"With some people it's their heel that's vulnerable."

TACITI AUDITE MAGISTRUM

Gregory James

Personal and corporate heraldry provide the layman with constant reminders of classical and biblical usage through the mottoes and wise saws adorning armorial bearings. Those of our universities, for instance, provide some interesting examples, from exhotartary imprecations to students: "let us seek higher things" (Altiora petamus) (Salford) to institutional pretensions "ever to be the best" (aien aristeuein) [1] (St Andrews).

At Brunel, Edinburgh, Heriot-Watt, London, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Reading, Stirling, Strathclyde, Surrey and Ulster, however, staff and students will look to the murals of their Great Halls in vain for pithy counsel from the great and good of the past: these universities have no mottoes.[2]

By contrast, at Exeter, "we follow the light" (Lucem sequimur), though quite where it might lead is not apparent; at Cambridge the light comes with goblets (Hinc lucem et pocula sacra)! Perhaps we at Exeter join the students at Manchester on "the steep ascent to the sun" (Arduus ad solem). On the way up too are students at Southampton, where "the heights yield to endeavour" (Strenuis ardua cedunt), and at Birmingham, where they strive "through endeavour to the heights" (Per ardua ad alta).[3] At Durham, where "its foundations are on sacred mountains" (Fundamenta ejus super montibus sacris), there is perhaps little point in a further climb. Another simple solution to the problem of ascent is afforded to the alumni of Buckingham by its allusion to its independence, "flying with our own wings" (Alis volans propriis).

Students at Dundee are morally uplifted by the words of the Magnificat: "My soul doth magnify the Lord" (Magnificat anima mea dominum)[4]; and it is, indeed, in the Lord that Oxford students seek their own intellectual light: "the Lord is my light" (Dominus illuminatio mea).[5]

A starker approach invests students at Aberdeen, who are afforded tangible, if alarming, evidence of their initiation into intellectual development, by being made aware that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Initium sapientiae timor domini).[6] At Nottingham, "the city is founded on wisdom" (Sapientia urbs conditur), and at Kent, "which to serve is to reign" (Cui servire regnare est) students are afforded a confidence denied those at York, rather disparagingly assured that they are merely "on the threshold of wisdom" (In limine sapientiae). At Leeds, the words of Daniel "and knowledge shall increase" (Et augebitur scientia[7]) may, however, throw a crumb of encouragement to the disheartened. The full sentence in the Authorised Version reads: "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased"; the Good News Bible translation more perspicaciously reads: "Meanwhile many people will waste their efforts trying to understand what is happening"[8] - perhaps an exemplification of Warwick's "the power of mind moves the mass" (Mens agitat molem)![9]

The University of Wales contents itself with an advertisement of its main faculties of "Science, Engineering and Arts" (Scientias ingenium artes), summarising also the qualities of the ideal student. At Loughborough, students are offered a route to the ideal: "in truth, in knowledge and in work" (Veritate scientia labore), although at U.M.I.S.T.,"truth" is absent: Scientia et labore. "Truth is" nevertheless "open to all" (Patet omnibus veritas[10]), as students at Lancaster are reminded, and incorporated into the Christ-image of the University of Glasgow, "the way, the truth and the life" (Via veritas vita[11]). At Leicester, a purposeful approach is adopted: "that they may have life" (Ut vitam habeant[12]).

The pacific image of the groves of academe persists in the motto of, of all places, the University of Liverpool: "these days of peace foster learning" (Haec otia studia fovent),[13] definite objectives for which sentiment are offered by Horace to students at Bristol: "(learning) promotes one's innate power" (Vim promovit insitam[14]); and by Virgil's: "to discover the causes of things" (Rerum cognoscere causas[15]) to those at Sheffield - a motto, indeed, shared with the Institute of Brewing.

Virgil's *Georgics* are also the inspiration for students at Bath, to "learn each field of study according to its kind" (Generatim discite cultus[16]), the source apparently an extended heraldic pun on the name of the university's first Vice-Chancellor, George Herbert Moore (ha ha!). Another personal pun is to be found in the motto of the University of Hull, Lampada ferens, ("bearing a torch"), a reference to the founder and chief benefactor of the university, the Rt. Hon. Thomas Robinson Ferens, erstwhile High Steward of Hull.

Not all universities have selected Greek or Latin as their language of motto. Aberystwyth, Bangor and St. David's Lampeter use Welsh: Nid byd byd heb wybodaeth ("a world without knowledge is no world"), Goreu dawn deall ("the best gift is understanding") and Gair Duw goreu dysg ("God's word is the best learning") respectively, as does Swansea, but with less encouragement to the upward plodders: Geedw crefft heb ei dawn ("bereft is craft with no inborn gift").[17]

Aston contents itself with the simple English, Forward[18]. Students at Bradford Give invention light[19], and at the City University they are enjoined To serve mankind. At East Anglia they Do different, at Keele they Thanke God for All[20]; and those at the Open University appropriately Learn and live in the real world. At Essex, the more one thinks about it, the better one gets at it: Thought the harder, heart the

keener.[21]

It is at Sussex, however, that the most honest academic advice of all is given to students: Be still and know[22], perhaps somewhat uncharitably interpreted in the circumstances as "shut up and listen"[23].

1 Homer, ILIAD, VI:208. The motto has never been officially registered by Lord Lyon King of Arms. The quotation is also the motto of the baronetcy of Broadbent.

2 In some cases, colleges of these and other universities mentioned may have their own mottoes; except in that of the federal University of Wales, I shall confine myself to universities as corporate institutions.

3 Also the motto of the barony of Swinfern.

4 The words of the Virgin Mary (in Luke,II:46), Patron Saint of the City and Royal Burgh of Dundee.

5 Psalm XXVII:1.

6 Psalm CXI:10.

7 Daniel, XII:4 (R.S.V.). This had first been proposed in the seventeenth century, and rejected, as a motto for the Royal Society. It was also passed in 1936 by Senate as the motto of the Queen's University of Belfast, but has never been used officially by that university.

8 Pointed out in a letter in the University of Leeds Reporter, by one A. Mattocks.

9 Virgil, Aeneid, VI:727. This is also the motto of Rossall School in Fleetwood and the barony of Connesford.

10 Apparently from Seneca's Epistolae Morales: I have not been able to locate the precise citation. In De Beneficiis III.xviii.2, one finds, however, Nulli praeclusa virtus est; omnibus patet, omnes admittit, omnes invitat.

11 John, XIV:6

12 The phrase is construed as a wish on behalf of students of the university, as well as referring to those who died in the first World War, whose memory the university perpetuates.

13 Conceived as a complement to the motto of the City of Liverpool: Deus nobis haec otia fecit ("God has given us these days of peace", Virgil, Ecologues, I:6).

14 Horace, Odes, IV,4.

15 Virgil, Georgics II:490.

16 Virgil, Georgics, II:35.

17 The recently created University of Wales College of Cardiff has petitioned for armorial bearings, but these have not yet been granted. I have been unable to ascertain whether a motto will be incorporated in the blazon.

18 Also the motto of the City of Birmingham, the London Borough of Illingdon, the marquessate of Queensbury, the earldom of Castle Stewart and the baronetcy of Stewart of Athenree.

19 Shakespeare, Sonnet XXXVIII:8

20 The motto of the Sneyd family, the benefactors of the university.

21 Adapted from The Battle of Maldon, 312: Hige sceal the heardra heorte the cenre.

22 Psalm XLVI:10.

23 I am grateful to my colleague John Marr of the Classics Deptartment, University of Exeter, for his technical assistance and the apposite back translation I have used as my title.

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TWO LATIN INSCRIPTIONS

The words MORS CERTA HORA INCERTA are written under the clock on Leipzig Town Hall; we might paraphrase the motto as: "We all know that we must die, but none of us knows when". The locals, however will solemnly assure you that it means: "You can be dead sure that the clock's wrong".

Everyone knows Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's, SI MOMENTUM REQUIERIS, CIRCUMSPICE: "If you want a monument, look around you". Less well-known is an inscription on the door of a north-country church, which opens directly onto a busy road: NISI MONUMENTUM REQUIERIS, CIRCUMSPICE: "If you don't want a monument, look around you".

THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ROME, SUMMER '89

AMANDA RIGALI

Every year the British School at Rome runs a summer school for about twenty-five students who are studying Classics or archaeology-related subjects. These students stay for two weeks at the school, and are shown around the sites of ancient Rome by the organiser of the course Amanda Claridge, and visiting lecturers.

I applied for the course little thinking that I would be accepted, as I am a combined honours student of English and Greek and Roman Studies, and did not think that I would be considered a "real" Classics student. It is to the school's credit, however, that they accept students from a wide range of course backgrounds, from mediaeval Latin to archaeology of the Mediterranean. If a student shows an enthusiasm for the subject and has a good knowledge of antiquity, he/she stands a good chance of being accepted. There were also some mature students on the course, and surprisingly enough, more women than men. The one lamentable fact however, was that half of the students came from Oxford or Cambridge. This was primarily because those universities give generous grants to their students to go on these kinds of courses, while I had to pay for the whole thing myself, as it was decided that Greek and Roman Studies students would not benefit from this trip enough to be eligible for a grant to pay for it.

Despite this lack of faith on the part of the Classics Dept. I found the trip to be of enormous benefit, both course-wise and for my own interest in ancient history. We were taken around all the archaeological sites by excellent lecturers from the universities of Oxford and London, who talked us through the history of the site, its importance, and function in Roman society. Doctor Claridge, who researches in sculpture and architecture, would also explain how the structures were built and the materials used. We could not have hoped for a more comprehensive introduction to Ancient Rome. The School of Rome's prestigious reputation also meant that we were allowed into places that tourists are forbidden from, such as Nero's "Golden House", a series of underground rooms that is quite spectacular.

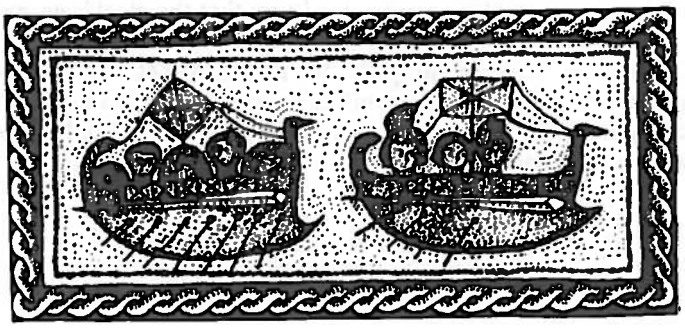
One of my favourite excursions was to Ostia, where it is possible to see the ruins of an almost complete Roman town, particular emphasis being put on the religious sites, including the "Mithraea".

Our excursions outside Rome took us to Lavinium, where excavations are still being carried out, and we were able to see the "Thirteen Altars", ranging from the sixth to the fourth centuary BC.. We also visited Praeneste, where the sanctuary of Fortuna Primigenia was, and to Hadrian's villa, a complex the size of a Wimpey housing estate which takes all day to go around, after which one is left wondering whether anyone really needed all thos dining rooms.

For those whose idea of a holiday is rest, relaxation and plenty of nightlife, this trip is not for them. We travelled to most places by public transport, leaving the school at 0830 and not returning until 1800, by which time everyone was well and truly pooped. There were also some after-dinner lectures, just in case we had not had enough culture for one day, and if after all that some resilient student did want to escape for drink, they were made to think twice by the male prostitutes that hung around outside the school... However, the school did have its own bar, where residents helped themselves and wrote their order down in ledger, and there were a few unorganised parties, mainly due to a few enthusiastic (and drunk) students. In fact on the last night we did have a little disco, and a certain professor of Roman history whose name propriety forbids me to mention (Professor Wiseman) was seen to get down and strut his funky stuff to Bananarama. Believe me, it was worth going on the trip just to see that!

To end, I would encourage any student of the ancient world to apply for the summer school, as it constitutes an important part of any course, despite what some people would have you believe.

Amanda Rigali is a second year student of English and Greek and Roman Studies; this year, she hopes to attend the summer school at the British School of Athens.



HEAP ON KNIGHT

JOHN POLLARD

This academic year saw the 25th anniversary of the death of Exeter's best-known Classical scholar, W.F. Jackson Knight (1895-1964), who came to the then University College South West in 1935 and retired in 1961. His brother G. Wilson Knight, the Shakespearean scholar and literary critic, wrote a superb biography of him (published 1975) - which no less an authority than George Steiner has described as "a masterpiece ... a book that brings a life to life as almost no other life has done".

John Pollard, who had been a student at UCSW when Jackson Knight arrived, lent his copy to G.V.M. Heap, ex-head of department (1938-47). Heap's reaction is worth quoting at length, not only as a fragment of departmental history but also for its reflections on the nature of higher education. Mr. Pollard has kindly given us permission to publish the letter, and has added his own recollectoions of the writer.

Dear Pollard,

Herewith the Life of Jackson Knight and many thanks for the loan of it. It is an exteraordinary document and a somewhat melancholy one. Wilson Knight has put everything he has got into it, but I wouldn't like to claim that I fully understand W.F.J.K. In some ways the business is reminiscent of Coleridge, but Coleridge had none of Knight's intense personal ambition - or maybe it was (more negatively) an anxiety for recognition. Likewise Coleridge's mind was, I imagine, primarily devoted to the abstract and general. W.F.J.K. was more susceptible to individuals and particulars, e.g. his curious interest in people of every description.

A thing for which I was looking throughout the book was any evidence that Knight had ever maintained a strong equable workaday relationship with an adult or a group of adults. I doubt whether there is any. Knight's contacts with adults seem to have been by remote control, or intermittent, or for some specific function. Neither at Bloxham or at Exeter does he seem to have been what could have been called a "colleague".

My recollections unfortunately are dim, and I rather regret sometimes that I destroyed my diaries. When he arrived at Exeter I should guess that I was interested but distinctly wary - apprehensive no doubt that I might, as the administrator of the party, be left holding some distinctly disagreeable baby. Miss Gordon, I think, was in a flurry of bewilderment, gathering her skirts around her as she fled. Costello, when he appeared was distinctly hostile and Armstrong dubious. As to Knight's fellow inmates at Mardon Hall (not good evidence) they seemed satisfied with the simplistic theory that he was a bit crazy. In fact with the adults generally things were somewhat strained. With the young it was quite different. The proper relationship for Knight was what he called himself "patron and client".

This suggests what I thought particularly interesting in the book, viz. the strong emphasis on "helping" people. Evidently it meant a lot to them, but I don't find it quite as easy as it looks. The help needs to be defined in relation to specific contexts. Take two cases at opposite ends of the spectrum. If I go to the railway booking office I might reasonably expect the clerk to help me find the right train in the timetable. The area of help is delimited: he understands the timetable and has the authority of British Rail behind him. There is no difficulty here. At the opposite end of the spectrum, take the case of Newman, virtually removed from his tutorship at Oriel because he claimed it gave him the right (and duty) to exercise a pastoral relationship towards his pupils. Now at Oxford in the 1820's Newman had a case - in fact he was very probably right. Oxford in the 1820's was still an ecclesiastical foundation and Newman an ordained clergyman. Newman's "help" would be reasonably predictable and limited in the terms of his office: he would be unlikely (at least) to interject private views or impose his personality. But what of UCSW a century later? In a disintegrated pluralist society and where the universities are part of the public sector of education, i.e. the mechanism of the Welfare State, can anyone be trusted to exercise pastoral functions ad lib.? It is of course obvious enough that the function of teaching by its very nature involves some degree of personality, and it is likewise obvious that in a really critical situation the rules would have to go overboard and one might have to take a chance. But to take a chance willy nilly once in a while is a very different thing from taking every opportunity.

You will gather from this that so far as state education is concerned - and this includes universities - I find myself very much a reductionist. When I hear educational pundits prattling about "the education of the whole man" or "education for a changing society" my mind goes back to a book by F.D. Maurice, whose thesis was that the state cannot educate in the full sense at all. Would it not be better for our pedagogues to abandon their inordinate ambitions and confine themselves to (a) imparting knowledge, (b) training in skills, (c) inculating a minimum agreed standard of behaviour. I use the word "behaviour" because we are not concerned with states of the soul here but with something external, observable and measurable. If they confined themselves to these three they might even have some small success.

I won't bore you with more of this doctrine except to suggest that if the pedagogues had not the saving grace of laziness they might become a real menace. And you had better destroy this letter. I don't

want any adverse criticism of Knight to float about. I am still convinced in spite of all the grousing I had to listen to from sundry colleagues that his appointment at Exeter was desirable and justified by the results.

Yours sincerely,
G.V.M. Heap.

George Vivian Mervyn Heap, Scholar of Peterhouse, was appointed Assistant Lecturer at Exeter university college some ten years before WWII. At that time the department consisted of Jowett's protege, the diminutive Frank Fletcher, who was nominally in charge, and Miss Mary Gordon, an ancient historian. With Fletcher's retirement the Principal, John Murray, became Acting Head, and later Heap succeeded him. He remained head of the department until called away for war work, and the appointment in 1948 of Professor F.W. Clayton to the newly established Chair.

The staff was in the meantime augmented by the appointment of the Dickensian Humphry House, who left for a Chair of English at Calcutta. Jackson Knight took his place. Heap quietly slipped away after the war, when further appointments had been made as the department grew. "I managed to extricate myself" were his exact words; his excuse made to me in a letter at the time was that he wished to see something of real life before he died (and consequently bought a bookshop), and secondly because that in his view matters in universities had become nonsensical since one tended to enter them in the same spirit as a public convenience!

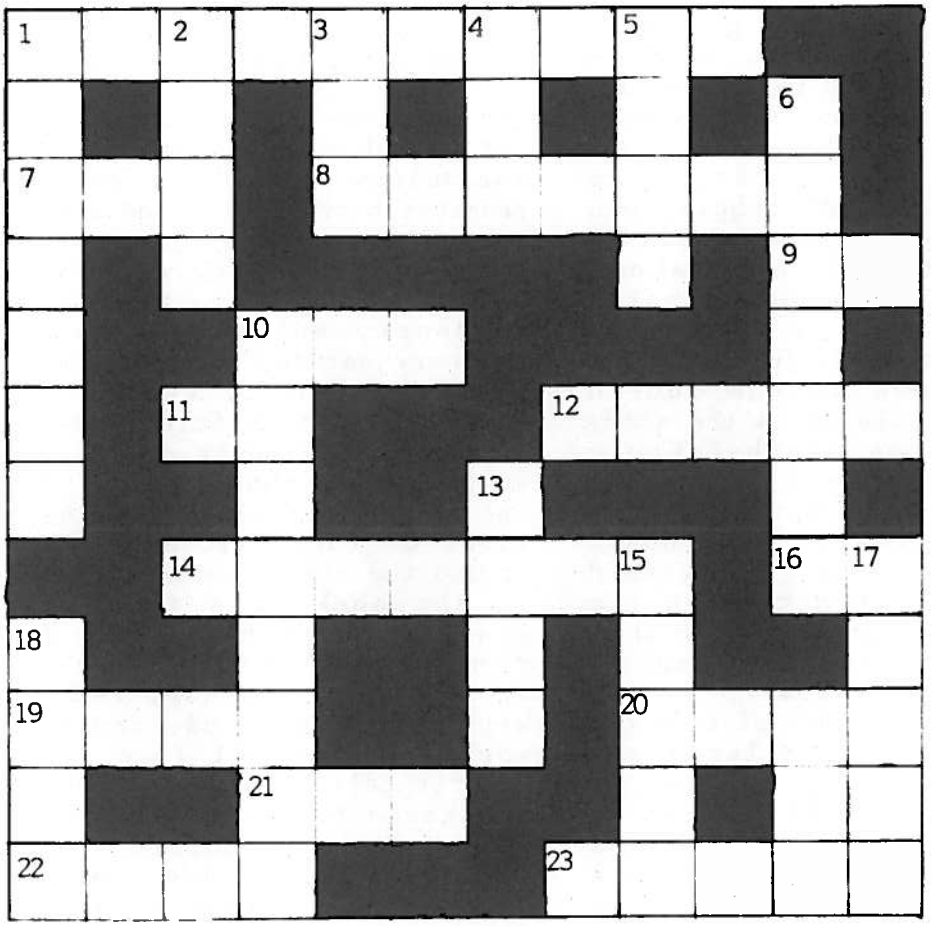
In his lectures he concenterated mainly on Greek drama, Epicureanism and Virgil's *Georgics*. He impressed by his deep scholarship, but in tutorials he sometimes seemed oblivious of his pupil's deficiencies, and it remained for Jackson Knight, who had been a schoolmaster, to supply the groundwork which Heap seemed to take for granted. A true scholar, the quality of his mind was only revealed to a wider public late in life in a series of highly erudite papers[1]. His letters to me were not only informative and memorable, but inscribed in a calligraphy of rare beauty. I was happy to entrust them to the care of the University of Exeter's Classics Department.

"He's the opposite of me" Jackson Knight observed soon after his arrival in Exeter. Whereas Knight was an extrovert, Heap was a very private individual who preferred to express his thoughts in the third person. He was in short a Classical scholar of the old school.

1. One of them, "James Duport's Cambridge Lectures on Theophrastus", is in ***PEGASUS***:Classical Essays from the University of Exeter (1981) 84-97. The book is available for a mere £2.50; cheques payable to "PEGASUS" please.

John Pollard, born in Exeter in 1914, was a student at UCSW from 1933 to 1936. From 1949 to his retirement in 1981, he was Lecturer and then Senior Lecturer in Classics at the University of North Wales, Bangor. His books include Journey to the Styx (1955), African Zooman (1963), Wolves and Werewolves (1964), Helen of Troy (1965), Seers, Shrines and Sirens (1965), The Long Safari (1967) and Birds in Greek Life and Myth (1977). In 1981 he gave the fourteenth Jackson Knight memorial lecture, "Vergil and the Sybil".

AGS.



ACROSS:

1. Adjective relating to Dido.
7. English singular of many deities.
8. Black-belted satirist.
9. Old-fashioned vocative.
10. Interjection.
12. My fault! (mea-).
14. Lesser-known fabulist.
16. Greek Accusative pronoun.
19. Mixed real.
20. Mother of Remus.
21. Part of Zopyrus' self-mutilation at the siege of Babylon.
22. Messenger of the Gods.
23. Student of Socrates.

DOWN:

1. Flying Foal.
2. Rank, File.
3. Abbreviation of Subject.
4. Heart (!).
5. Deeds.
6. Dwelling for Gods.
10. Much laboured hero.
11. About-(oratory/republic/ nature of things).
13. Aeneas was always this (Latin).
15. Ars.
17. Muse of the Lyre.
18. First of J.C.'s "V"s.

Solution on P. 31.

HOW SCHOLARSHIP WORKS

CHRIS ROWE examines a less well-known episode in the life of Socrates.

There is currently a good deal of pressure on those who work in universities to justify what they do. The justification of one part of what they do - i.e. teaching - is obvious enough: the aim, as I see it, is to help produce "educated" people, who will take their place in a civilised society, and contribute their talents to that society. The other part, scholarly research, is less well understood. But its best justification was already known in the fourth century BC. Aristotle tells the story about Thales, the sixth-century philosopher-scientist:

"For when they reproached him because of his poverty, as though philosophy were no use, it is said that, having observed through his study of the heavenly bodies that there would be a large olive-crop, he raised a little capital while it was still winter, and paid deposits on all the olive-presses in Miletus and Chios, hiring them cheaply because no-one would bid against him. When the appropriate time came there was a sudden rush of requests for his presses; he then hired them out on his own terms and so made a large profit, thus demonstrating that it was easy for philosophers to be rich, if they wish, but that it is not in this that they are interested." (Aristotle *Politics*: 1259a9ff, tr. Kirk, Raven, Schofield.)

As researchers, most academics - like Thales - are involved in an activity which is by its nature divorced from questions of practical utility; for most of us, knowledge and understanding are important *for their own sake*, although nowadays the financing of one's Department also depends partly on the quantity and quality of published research. What follows is an example of that kind of activity.

Plato's dialogue *Phaedo*, which purports to describe the conversation which took place before Socrates' execution in 399 BC, and ends with his drinking of the hemlock, is named after the historical Phaedo, who was from the Peloponnesian city of Elis. Phaedo is the narrator of the dialogue, having been (as he claims) one of those present on the occasion. But according to the commonly accepted chronology, a war was currently in progress between Elis and Sparta, with Athens supporting Sparta under the terms of the treaty which ended the Peloponnesian War. Now Phaedo was evidently an able-bodied man of military service age; so what was he doing in Athens, when Athens was engaged in hostilities with his own city? The beginning of an answer is supplied by, among others, Diogenes Laertius, who wrote a book on the *Lives of the Philosphers* somewhere around the second century AD. Included in the book is a short piece on Phaedo, which begins as follows: "Phaedo of Elis, one of the aristocrats, was captured together with his fatherland, and forced to work in a brothel [i.e. as a male prostitute]; but putting the door to, he shared Socrates' company, until finally Socrates impelled Alcibiades or Crito to ransom him; and from then on he philosophised as a free man" (II.105).

Of course it might be that Phaedo's presence at the execution is a fiction of Plato's; no-one nowadays claims that the dialogue is a faithful historical account of what happened in the jail on that day. But it is certainly *based* on fact (Socrates certainly did die in prison after drinking hemlock), and it is not clear why Plato should have gont to the length of using as a narrator someone who was not there at all. If then (probably) Phaedo was there, the question is a legitimate one - what *was* he doing there, when by all rights he should have been at Elis? And Diogenes' story offers us a quite plausible reason: namely that he was, or had been, a prisoner of war.

But at the same time there serious problems about what Diogenes says. In the first place, he implies that the war was already over, and indeed had been over for some time,

since supposedly Phaedo was captured "*with* his fatherland", and quite a lot seems to have happened between then and Socrates' death (his career in ther brothel, his meeting - or as the Greek probably implies, meetings - with Socrates, and the ransom negotions). Secondly, and more importantly, there is a clear implication that the encounters with Socrates took place *inside* the brothel. Of course, Phaedo's shutting of the door might in principle imply that he was going out, and turning his back on the brothel; but that would spoil his story, since his escape and conversion to philosophy are supposed to be the *consequence* of his being with Socrates. And "shutting the door" is in any case an odd way of saying "going out".

But what on earth would *Socrates* be doing in a brothel? According to Plato at least, although Socrates was attracted to beautiful young men, his interest in them was purely "Platonic", i.e. philosophical. He met plenty of young men in any case, without having to resort to paying for their company. (Again what would he have paid *with*? All our sources are agreed that he never had an obol to his name, but had to be supported by his friends.)

The first problem, the chronological one, has been resolved by Earl McQueen, who has shown that the Spartan-Elean war was in fact over by the first half of 400 BC. It ended, incidentally, with Elis' capitulation, and without any enslavement of her citizens, so that it cannot be strictly true, as Diogenes says, that Phaedo was "captured with his fatherland". Probably *he* was captured - by an Athenian, which would explain why he turned up in Athens rather than Sparta - in the course of the actual fighting in one of the previous two years.

The second problem is less tractable, but a likely solution might run as follows. The story as Diogenes tells it obviously has a *moralistic* ring to it: "Phaedo, though being an aristocrat, became a slave and a prostitute; but as a result of meeting Socrates, he was freed from his slavish condition, and thereafter did what a truly free man does, by becoming a philosopher". There are a number of oppositions here which are dear to the hearts of ancient biographers, who generally preferred moralising to facts (though frequently they had no choice in the matter, since there were few facts to be had) - high/low, free (noble)/slave, loftily intellectual/grossly physical, admirable/shameful. Socrates' encounter with Phaedo in the brothel is, we might suppose, no more than an accidental by-product of this worthy fable of a young man's transition from the lowest form of life - although of course he was *really* a noble - to the highest.

But we can guess further. Another habitual method of the ancient biographers is to draw material from literature; and the juxtaposition of eroticism, Socrates, and philosophy recalls another, more famous incident - the one in the *Symposium* in which Alcibiades attempts to seduce Socrates, and which ends, if not with his conversion to philosophy, at least with his recognition of the superior beauty of Socrates' soul. Might this have been the model used by Diogenes source for the original story of Phaedo and Socrates? The hypothesis is of course unprovable, but would certainly help to solve the problem in hand. (So far from interfering with the moral of the story, Socrates' presence in the brothel will now actually further it: as with Alcibiades, so with Phaedo - the philosopher shows himself free even of the slavery of love.) And might it perhaps be this connection with Alcibiades, that somehow - in the long and probably complex history of the tale - lies behind the impossible suggestion in Diogenes'text that he could have had a role in freeing Phaedo? ("Socrates impelled Alcibiades or Crito to ransom him": but Alcibiades was murdered in 404.) There is a more tangible, if minor, link: just as Phaedo shuts the door on his meeting(s) with Socrates, so Alcibiades in the *Symposium* insists that the slaves should not know about his intentions with Socrates: before telling his fellow guests at the banquet what transpired, he instructs

those serving to "fit some biggish gates to their ears"; and he says that on the occasion itself he made no move until his own slaves had left.

It might be objected, of course, that if so much of the story is invented, we might as well junk it all. But two considerations are against this. Firstly, unless it is true, or was said, at least that Phaedo became (or was) a slave, then there would be no reason why any later writer should attach the moralising story to him rather than to anyone else. Secondly, if Phaedo really was a prisoner-of-war, and was ransomed at Socrates' instigation, that would fit very neatly with two things we know independently of Diogenes - namely that there had recently been an extended war involving Athens and Phaedo's city of Elis, and that Phaedo became a member of Socrates' circle. Nor is it at all unlikely that a prisoner-of-war should have been sold into prostitution (cf. Aeschines, *Against Timarchus*). Or might that part of the story itself have been an invention, to make room for his (pseudo)-erotic connection with Socrates? At the very least, I suggest, it is true that Phaedo was captured in the Spartan-Elean war, came to Athens as a slave, was ransomed, and then immediately attached himself to Socrates. And as it happens, this gives us a pleasing motive for Plato's choice of him as narrator in the *Phaedo*. The ultimate aim of the *Phaedo* is to persuade us that philosophy is a better option than the material things that concern us in ordinary life; and it consists mainly of a conversation led by the master-philosopher, condemned and imprisoned, but cheerfully awaiting death as something that will bring him final liberation both from the prison and from the body. What better than to have an actual ex-prisoner to narrate the conversation?

My main concern on this occasion, however, is not with finding out the truth about Phaedo and Socrates, but with the question whether activities like this - research activities which have no pay-off - matter at all. No one in fact dares be seen denying it too openly. What opponents of pure research are more likely to say is that there is no clear reason why "the taxpayer" (i.e. the community at large) should pay for it. Socrates, when asked what sentence he should propose for himself as an alternative to death, suggested that he should be sentenced to living at public expense; the Athenians preferred to execute him. But there is a utilitarian answer, for those who demand one: namely that society needs its members to be educated - as well as trained - to the highest possible level, and that teaching at the highest level can only be done by those who are themselves involved at the margins of their subject, and indeed who *have* a subject, given that we cannot all be Renaissance men or women. (The argument also of course requires the further premiss that society ought to pay for what it needs; this seems to be at least as defensible a principle as that the individual ought to do so, although the latter is currently the more fashionable.) The fact that this point - about the inseparability of university teaching from research - has been repeated so often, and by people (like me) who have a vested interest in its being true, does not make it any less true; those who question it can only be taking a cynical view of university teaching, as a hack job of passing on used ideas, like selling second-hand cars (I've done it myself), but there's often something wrong with the cars, and all of them will need replacing sooner or later. And the day we are told officially that there's no room in universities for the production of new ideas and the examination of old ones, is the day when I pack my bags and look for a more civilised place to live.

Dr. Chris Rowe is Reader in Greek at the University of Bristol. This is an extract from an article by Dr. Rowe and Earl McQueen, originally published in *Bacchus*.

BOOK REVIEW: MAGUS MIRABILIS IN OZ

GRAINNE LANDOWSKI

It is my guess that far more people are acquainted with the Judy Garland movie, *The Wizard of Oz*, than have read the book on which it is based, published by L. Frank Baum almost a hundred years ago. *Magus Mirabilis in Oz* then seems to be a perfect opportunity to indulge in some light reading while at the same time practising one's Latin translation techniques.

This book first appeared three years ago and follows on the success of *Winnie ille Pu*. It keeps close to the original English text, even including Baum's forward (put into Latin) and the original illustrations of W.W. Denslow. It is these pictures that add to the book's light-heartedness and supplement the text where the Latin translation fails.

It is very rare to find the translation inadequate however: the book is kept in a simple and unpretentious style, an extra benefit being that since the original text was written for children, Hinke and Van Burren have little difficulty in keeping the vocabulary straightforward. Baum's subtle humour is maintained marvellously, for example when we see "Dorothea" slightly bemused at her predicament;

"*Dorothea erat parva puella innocens innoxiaque, quae multa milia passuum domo turbine vecta erat, et numquam per totam vitam aliquid interfecerat*". Dorothy was an innocent and harmless young girl who had been carried many miles away from her home by a whirlwind and never in her whole life had she killed anybody.

Having said that the style and language are fairly simple, vocabulary regularly crops up which can be found nowhere in Virgil or Cicero, so be prepared to keep a Latin dictionary by your side when reading. It is not a book full of literary techniques, and as such is not likely to be placed on any schools' "extra reading" lists, but the chapters are of manageable size and any problems of unexpected vocabulary are overcome by the humour with which the characters are presented.

This book is suitable for all those who want to prove to the world that Latin is far from being dead. It is excellently translated and well presented. The blurb on the inside front cover tells us that "When Classic meets Classic, the result ... classicissimus est". Well I wouldn't go as far as that, but suffice to say that it makes a change from the ***Aeneid***!

C.J. Hinke & George Van Burren. Magus Mirabilis in Oz. Aldershot: Scolar Press, 1987. Translated from L. Frank Baum's The Wizard of Oz. np. nd.

Grainne Landowski is a second year Latin student in the Department; she has a keen interest in all fantastic and mythological exotica.

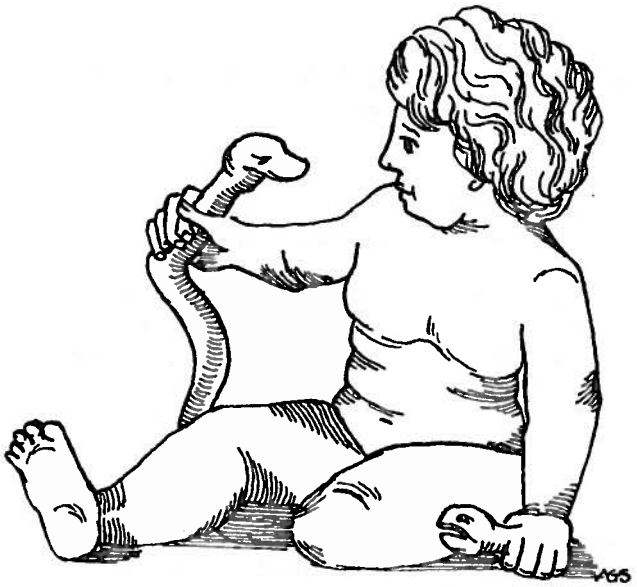
SOLUTION TO MASOCHISTIC MINDBENDER (page 10)

The answer to the riddle, which we have stolen from Hans Weis' *Bella Bulla*, is the letter M. It begins the word *mundus*, & ends *saeculorum*. The beginning and end of *omnia* are held together by it; it doesn't appear in *nihil*. It is *trinus*, because it requires three upright strokes, and *unus*, because it's a single letter.

Solution To Crossword (P.27)

Across: 1.Phoenician. 7.God. 8.Martial. 9.Ye. 10.Heu. 12.Culpa. 14.Babrius. 16.Se. 19.Earl. 20.Ilia. 21.Ear. 22.Iris. 23.Plato.

Down: 1.Pegasus. 2.Ordo. 3.Nom. 4.Cor. 5.Acts. 6.Olympus. 10.Herakles. 11.De. 13.Pius. 15.Skill. 17.Erato. 18.Veni.



CATANDDOGSTROPHES

In the year 1720 Heinrich Harder published a poem about a fight between cats and dogs: Canum cum Cattis certamen carmine compositum currente calamo C. Catulli Caninii. This is how it starts:

Cattorum canimus certamina clara canumque,
Calliop concede chelyn; Clariaeque Camoenae
Condite cum cytheris celso condigna cothurno
Carmina: certantes canibus committite cattos,
Commemorate canum casus casusque cattorum,
Cumprimis causas certamina cuncta creantes.

Dr. Hans Weis, in whose book Bella Bulla (Bonn 1952) we came across this information, unfortunately fails to print the eighty-seven remaining lines of the poem...

"No way with Athene, Danae might and Hippolyta will with practically anybody."

THE LAESTRYGONS of EUGENIDES

This play is an English translation of one of the several works of the little-known Cajun coon-ass dramatist Eugenides, who lives somewhere in the swamps of Louisiana, wrestling alligators in his spare time. For better or for worse, I have decided to make this play available to a wider audience, and hope that I have retained some of the Creole flavour of the original.

Dramatis Personae:
ADIPOSA - The overweight daughter of King Anti-Fat.
ODYSSEUS - A wily and cool dude.
EURYLOCHUS - A relative of Odysseus.
KING ANTI-FAT - King of the Laestrygons
QUEEN ANTI-FAT - Wife of King Anti-Fat
CHORUS - An energetic group of Laestrygonian women

ADIPOSA: I, the overweight daughter of King Anti-Fat, ruler of the steep stronghold of Lamos, Telepylos of the Laestrygons, was engaged to renowned Odysseus, son of Laertes, seed of Zeus, but ere the day that I was engaged to share his marriage bed, the greatest misfortune came crashing down upon me. For, even though I had gone on a crash diet and rigorous exercise plan the morning before my ever-hoped-for wedding, I broke my father's heavy-duty chariot on my way to the ceremony. And Odysseus, having already found out about the wreck and having decided against the mariage, since he claimed that he was already married, has left. And that wuzzock, Odysseus and his friend Eurylochus, having made their way back to their ship, have escaped; but as for the other ships, having moored in the hollow harbour, they were smashed to smithereens by our valient Laestrygons, and those wretched men, speared like fishes, were brought home and made into sandwiches. That is the price that Odysseus has paid for his insult to our Royal family. He thought me unworthy as his bride. But let us go back to the beginning of this ill-fated romance...

ODYSSEUS: Goodly Eurylochus, six days we have sailed by night and day continually, and on this seventh day we have come to this distant shore. From the looks of it, it seems that one herdsman, leading his flock to the mountains, could greet another herdsman as he leads his flock home, since here the night lasts but a short while. Indeed, a sleepless man could earn a double wage, but of course he would have to pay more taxes. Let us go, Eurylochus, and see what people inhabit this strange land, whether they eat grain from the earth or have any good videos. With my ship stationed at the mouth of the harbour and my other ships moored safely in the hollow harbour, we have no need to fear for their safety.

EURYLOCHUS: Wise Odysseus, your decisions are always the best, and we shall never regret having made this expedition with you to Troy. But lo, I see a damsel drawing water at a spring. Let us draw near and ask what race inhabits this land. Perhaps we may receive many gifts of hospitality and even more than we could possibly ask for. Odysseus, why don't you lay it on thick so we can get in good with these folk?

ODYSSEUS: Hey you foxy mama, my, what a healthy and well-nourished gal you are! Shall I compare thee to a goddess or a tubercular hippo? For never before has the love of goddess or woman so mightily overflowed and conquered the heart within my breast. Not when I loved Calypso, who desired to keep me deep within her hollow cave, nor Susie my baby-sitter, with whom I played "doctor and nurse", never, but as I look upon you, sweet desire possesses me all over.

(They begin to walk to the town).

ADIPOSA: O stranger, your words titillate my soul and I desire to know who you are, what land nurtured you, and how much money you make. For I am Adiposa, daughter of King Anti-Fat, and this is the land of the Laestrygons, who delight in spearing fish and watching the Flintstones.

ODYSSEUS: My fair lady, to thee I will declare my humble origins. I am Odysseus, who having failed his A-levels, was sent away to fight the Trojan war for the sake of a friend's

nymphomaniac wife. I come from the land of Ithaca, an island paradise and beach resort, where fair-skinned people often come to sacrifice their bodies to Helios. And this is my comrade Eurylochus, who is always at my side.

EURYLOCHUS: Howdy signorita. I don't suppose their are any more nice-looking girls like you in town, who might be looking for a little excitement?

ADIPOSA: To tell you the truth, I'm the fairest and most available girl in town, but I'm sure you could meet some girls at the disco on Saturday. So, here we are; we have come to Lamos. Y'all come to my house and meet my folks.

ODYSSEUS: I'll take the bucket; I want to show your parents that I'm a nice guy by helping you out. Wowie zowie! Is this your home? Your parents are real rich!

(Enter King and Queen Anti-Fat)

ADIPOSA: Mom and Dad, I would like you to meet Odysseus and Eurylochus. Odysseue has told me many sweet words and he has even carried the bucket for me.

King Anti-Fat: Truly, when a man shares the burden of a woman in our lands, it is reckoned as a sign of love. My dear guests, do join us in our celebration this afternoon, for there will be a marriage, and we would hate for you to miss it. Let us, my wife, show our guests to their chalet across town, and meanwhile, you female housemaidens, prepare Adiposa for the ceremony.

(Exit Odysseus and Eurylochus)

Queen: Yes, you girls, give Adiposa a good work-out. She needs a crash course in physical fitness, and of course keep her away from sweets!

LEADER: All right you girls,
You too, Adiposa,
Fall in for aerobic exercise
And be snappy!
Come on, stretch those legs,
Shake those bodies,
That's right
Knock off those pounds by doing a little extra.

CHORUS: We Laestrygonian women like to keep healthy
That's why, each day, we eat right
And do our waist-trimming routines.
We like to do it in the shade,
Where Helios can't give us cancer.

LEADER: Come on Adiposa, move it and shout;
"Yummy, yummy, yummy,
I've got love in my tummy."
You'll never get into your gowns
If you don't knock off some blubber.
Lift up your knees, fatty.
Get that blood circulating
Through those congested arteries.

(Meanwhile back at the chalet)

ODYSSEUS: Eurylochus, this is a groovy house which King Anti-Fat is letting us use. He even sent over lots of nice clothes for us to wear for the celebration today. I wonder who's getting married. Well anyway, let us munch on this delicious food which the pizza man has just delivered. I hope ol' Anti-Fat doesn't mind us charging this to his account. Right on, I'll take a slice of Canadian bacon and a Budweiser for now.

EURYLOCHUS: This pepperoni pizza looks out of sight. Lets see what's on the tube. Oh, this must be some highlights from the Trojan war. Hey, check out Achilles dragging Hector's body to the ships. Go Achilles! Go for the touchdown!

ODYSSEUS: Try another channel. Perhaps we can tune into the Ithaca news station, IBS 3. I would like to know what's happening back home.

EURYLOCHUS: Odysseus, isn't that Penelope, your wife, crying, since it appears that you are dead, and that she has to chose another husband?

ODYSSEUS: Great Zeus! That is my wife. Those bastard suitors! Wait till I get home. I'm going to make mince meat out of every one of them. I've got to get home as soon as possible or else I'll lose my wife.

(Enter messenger).

MESSENGER: Excuse me Odysseus, King Anti-Fat has sent me here to tell you that the wedding will be delayed.

ODYSSEUS: What's the problem? Has the bride fallen ill?

MESSENGER: You have shot the arrow like a master archer.

ODYSSEUS: But tell me, is the bride not faring well?

MESSENGER: This is really too funny even to begin.

ODYSSEUS: Oh come on, if you don't tell me, I'll smack you around a bit until you do.

MESSENGER: Oh alright; Adiposa, owing to her great weight, broke her father's chariot as she was on her way here.

ODYSSEUS: Why was she heading this way?

MESSENGER: Today her father has announced that she will lose her virginity.

ODYSSEUS: You mean Adiposa is getting married today? To whom? Who is the lucky bridegroom?

MESSENGER: Oh Odysseus, the king told me what a funny guy you are, but this is too much!

ODYSSEUS: Well, I am kind of a funny guy, but unfortunately this time, I don't realise how funny I am. Can you tell me what's going on here?

MESSENGER: Odysseus, Odysseus, and you too Eurylochus, y'all quit screwing around. Have you two been at the ouzo?

EURYLOCHUS: We haven't touched the stuff.

ODYSSEUS: Now, come on, tell us if Adi was hurt in the accident.

MESSENGER: Alright, I will tell you just as I saw it. As I was following behind Adiposa who was being led in a four-horse chariot, we passed by a herd of Persian camels parked by Allah's restaurant just across the street from Lamia's massage parlour. As soon as the camels caught sight of Adiposa, for reasons which I will not state, they let out huge thundering farts, which shook all the buildings like an earthquake and stunk up the street like the unburied dead. The horses, naturally, were driven mad by the sound and smell, and they began to gallop at full speed, trampling over bouzouki players and chestnut roasters who were standing by the roadside. The charioteer tried his best to restrain the frenzied horses, but to no avail. Adiposa, seated in the rear, and hollering like a Valkyrie, crouched down in her seat to avoid falling out. Finally the linch pins fell out from the axles and the wheels flew off, with the result that the chariot was completely shattered. That was King Anti-Fat's favourite chariot, I'll have you know, which he used for hauling his swollen-uddered swine to the agora and his black bulls to the altars.

ODYSSEUS: I am deeply touched by the fate of the chariot and I hope King Anti-Fat will eventually overcome his grief at having lost so fine a vehicle. By the way, what about Adiposa?

MESSENGER: Well, when the chariot fell to pieces, she of course flew out, and landed on her mammoth-sized matched white moons. She's doing fine, and in fact will be here shortly, being escorted by her maids of honour and her parents will be right behind her.

(Meanwhile returning to the wedding procession).

LEADER: Come on Adiposa, run
Sweat that fat off.
Don't you want to look tip-top for Odysseus,
Who will be your husband this very day?
Quit lagging behind, blimp
Keep up with us and burn those calories.

CHORUS: O Olympian Zeus, give us the power
To win the gold in the next marathon.

LEADER: You too, Adiposa, can win a reward
If you lose that flab;
You'll win a man who'll keep you fit.
Run, girl, run.
The hour of your wedding draws nigh,
And tonight you will be in heavenly bliss.

CHORUS: That's right, sex burns off lots of fat.

Let's keep our waists trim, girls.
Let us never miss a chance to lose some weight.

ADIPOSA: Odysseus, I have finally arrived. Now let us rejoice, for today we shall be husband and wife.

ODYSSEUS: What are you saying? Am I going to be your husband? I'm sorry, but I was just on my way home, to return to my wife before one of her suitors, who thinks that I am dead, takes hr hand in marriage.

CHORUS: Adiposa, this man brings tears to my eyes,
And your wretched disfigured face
Transfixes my heart with misery.

ADIPOSA: Ah ah! Boo hoo! Odysseus, I am wretched and destroyed on this, my wedding day. You are lying to me, you jerk! I thought that your gestures of kindness to me were signs of love, but it seems that you have played trivial pursuits with my feelings.

CHORUS: That's right Adiposa, tell him what a bastard he is.

ODYSSEUS: Adi dear, I'm so sorry, but I must go home to my wife.

ADIPOSA: You god-damn lying son-of-a-bitch! You are not going to leave here without having your guts brutally mangled or having all your men brutally chopped up!

(Exeunt Odysseus and Eurylochus).

CHORUS: That man and his friend, Eurylochus,
Have escaped out the back door.
Surely they return to their ships?

(King and Queen Anti-Fat arrive).

KING: What's wrong Adiposa? Whither has Odysseus run off to? From your tears I surmise that the wedding has been called off.

CHORUS: Yes, you have discerned the situation well, O king.

ADIPOSA: O father, O mother, Odysseus has run away. He said that I was too fat to marry and that all I was good for was piling stones and turning a tread-mill.

CHORUS: Odysseus must forsake his life for this outrage.

QUEEN: Don't just stand there, my husband; order the youthful men of the Laestrygonians to wipe out the fleet of Odysseus.

KING: Yes, that scoundrel, Odysseus, shall pay dearly for making a laughing stock of our household. You Laestrygonians, you brave warriors, destroy the fleet of that deceitful man, and return the corpses to my palace.

LEADER: There you go, King Anti-Fat,
Sock it to 'em.
Kill those Ithacan shrimps.
Lo, in the distance I see our men
Destroying Odysseus' fleet in the hollow harbour.
And I can hear the clatter of broken bones,
And I can hear the clatter of broken ships,
As our team casts man-size rocks
Upon their dark prows.
Go, team, go! Don't let them get away.

CHORUS: But one ship, having parked at the harbour mouth, has escaped, bearing away Odysseus and Eurylochus. May they all perish, but if this cannot be fulfilled, may Odysseus return late, having lost all his comrades.

And so ends the sad tale of Adiposa.

Eugene Benoit was a post-graduate student at Exeter in 1986-7. He is currently researching in the field of Greek tragedy at Mainz, Germany.

(A)

Athene, detail of an Etrurian amphora, c.520BC.

(B)

Amalgamation of a Hydria, and central design of "Glaucus received by Aphrodite"

RES GESTAE II

compiled by DAVID HARVEY

I am most grateful for all the letters which have enabled me to piece together this second instalment of **Res Gestae.**

Former students are listed under the names by which they were known at Exeter: thus Mrs.Trish **AVERY** appeared under A, but Mrs.Stewart **REES** is listed as Rosemary **BOURNE.** When information has been derived from hearsay, I have said so, since it may not be always entirely accurate. All dates are shorn of their first two digits; the figure following a person's name represents the date that they entered the department (not their age!). Three dots ... indicate lack of up-to-date news. Postal districts (e.g. NW3) always refer to London. I'll be happy to send addresses (if I have them) on request.

I was embarrassed to find so many misprints in **Res Gestae I,** especially as they were entirely my own fault: I submitted my copy so late that there was no time for proof-reading. Fortunately the errors rarely affect the sense; but I apologise to Mrs. Janet **CROOK** and Ron **ABBOTT** for mis-spelling their names.

Res Gestae III should take us up to F. It would be a great help if former students who fall into this alphabetical group would send me brief autobiographies without waiting to be asked. I'd like details in January 1991, so why not do it during those empty days after Christmas?

NEW MEMBERS OF STAFF

Chris GILL has transferred to Exeter from the Univ. College of Wales, Aberystwyth. His principal scholarly interests are in ancient philosophy, epic & tragedy, especially the ancient understanding of character and personality. He likes hill-walking & swimming, (good) theatre, cinema & chamber music. Work & leisure activities are massively impeded, for himself & his wife Karen, by three lively lads (or squalling brats) aged 5, 3 & 1. Nonetheless they find Exeter congenial, & social life in the town & university less starchy & welly-ridden than might have been expected.

John WILKINS moved to Exeter with his wife Heather in July 89 as a result of the government's closure of the Classics Dept. in Aberdeen. After six years in that city he is firmly of the opinion that foreigners are a good thing, & looks for reform in England on the basis of Scottish and European practice. He has worked on Greek tragedy for some years (editing that famous play Herakleidai), but thinks he is now becoming more comic. Drama aside, his main interest in life is food: he is obsessed with it as a cultural indicator in the ancient and modern world, marking himself down as a Brambles & Old Fire House man as opposed to a Macdonalds & Forte man. In the summer he sports an Elvis Costello tee shirt.

FORMER MEMBERS OF STAFF

Readers will notice that about half-a-dozen persons are missing from this section. They are all alive and well, & by scouring my house for correspondence I could have cobbled together entries for them. But I prefer to wait for their own accounts.

Barbara BELL writes: "I thoroughly enjoyed my year at Exeter (86-7), but because of increasing family commitments, I regretfully accepted a local job. I'm now teaching part-time at Bristol Grammar School, which has a flourishing Classics Dept. My girls are now 8 & 5, & after a school project both are passionate about the Romans."

Jim FITTON's family: Molly is now Mrs. Ernest IVES-FITTON, & lives at Bridford near Exeter. Jim's eldest daughter Mandy is married to an Orcadian, Alan Smith, & is mother of James (born 82) & Michael (born 85); they have now returned to the Orkneys. Belinda studied German & is now teaching in the Midlands. Jonathan is married, has three children, & is living near Exeter.

John GLUCKER is professor of Classics at Tel-Aviv. He writes:"My Antiochus & the late Academy, written in Exeter, was published by Vanderhoek & Rupprecht (Göttingen) in 78. Apart from my main work here, I have taught some courses at Ben-Gurion Univ. of the Negev (Beersheba) & Bar-Ilan Univ. near Tel-Aviv. In 86/7 we spent six months of a sabbatical in London, & I lectured in Exeter and Cambridge. In the last few years I've been to conferences & given lectures in Dublin, Graz, Mannheim (Germany, not Arkansas), Samos & Athens, where I was pleased to be elected Corresponding Member of the Greek Philosophical Society." John will be spending the academic year 90/91 in London. For news of his family see under **Carol EVANS & Ivor LUDLAM.**

Valerie HARRIS retired as Dept. Secretary after 17 years in May 88. A farewell dinner was held in her honour at Reed Hall, attended by some 40 colleagues and ex-students - surely a unique honour for any secretary. She then enrolled as a student, to do the Julio-Claudian course in 88-9. She adds: "I'm still typing away: I did a spell at the Education Dept. at County Hall & in a local doctor's surgery. This unfortunately prevented me from taking a second course in the Classics Dept. I've also been getting good value from the suitcases given to me on my retirement: so far they have visited Egypt, America, Portugal, France and the Caribbean, & they are standing up to the baggage handlers very well."

V.A.L. ("Val") HILL died on 12 Feb. 88, aged 82.

Robin MATHEWSON died on 4 Apl. 89. An appreciation appears elsewhere in this issue.

Ann RIDGWELL (now **WHILEY**) writes: "I've lived in S. Wales for over 20 years now, teaching (mostly French). Since 78 we've been living in Brecon, in a wonderful rambling Tudor house, which means a lot of DIY & gardening. I've done quite a bit of TEFL since 85, teaching European adults (mostly businessmen) in a high-powered private language-school. My husband Tony is Head of Brecon High School (mixed comprehensive with some 850 pupils). We have two grown-up children: Siân, a nurse, married and living in Cardiff, & Gareth, just becoming a solicitor in the City. My other interests are music (spinet continuo for a baroque group), various charities (e.g. Citizen's Advice Bureau, Cruse Bereavement Care), & being an Elder in the United Reformed Church."

Brian SHEFTON FBA FSA moved to the Univ. of Newcastle in 55, & was Prof. of Greek Art there from 79 to 84 (now Emeritus). He established the Greek Museum at Newcastle in 56, & directed it from the start. His publications include the expanded English version of Arias & Hirmer's splendid History of Greek Vase Painting. His academic distinctions occupy 26 long lines of tiny print in Who's Who, amongst them 14 visiting Fellowships etc. ranging from Albania to Malibu. In 83 he delivered the JK lecture at Exeter (publication eagerly awaited); he received an honorary D.Phil. from Cologne in 89. He still lives in Newcastle. No conference on ancient art or archaeology is complete without him.

Hugh STUBBS writes: "I'm spending my retirement gardening, drinking strong ale when possible, & trying to read Pushkin in the original. I've read a paper on the Arthurian legends to the Devonshire Assocn., & am now preparing a study of Devon & Exeter in Fiction, to be delivered as a Presidential Address to their Folklore section. My translation of Sir P.G. Wodehouse's "Jeeves & the Great Sermon Handicap" is included in a volume recently published by Heinemann. My elder son and daughter-in-law are caring for the infirm in Nairn & Elgin; my grandsons are studying at Nairn Academy. My second son is Head of the Computer Dept. of Kingston Coll. of Further Education, & has a four-year-old daughter & two cats. My daughter is secretary to the History Dept. at Univ. Coll. London."

FORMER STUDENTS

Michal ("Ben") BENZINSKI (69) did social work in Bromley (London), & married "a smashing girl called Kathy", a journalist, in 77. He took his BPhil in Social Work at Exeter (78-80). They then settled in Morchard Bishop, & Ben worked for social services at Barnstaple. Their two children were born 83 & 85. They moved to Langtree in 86, where Ben was told you could see America from Bude (on a clear day). He took a job in Child Guidance in 87, & they are now living in Stroud.

Michael BERKELEY (78) joined the Ministry of Defence after leaving Exeter, has been Asst. Private Secretary to the Under-Secretary of State for the Armed Forces, & is now working on introducing the New Management Strategy for the Royal Navy. He married Edwina in Oct. 87 & is living in SW6.

Brodie BIBBY (86) is teaching history & sport at Finton Howe School, London. He visited the United Arab Emirates in Easter 89, & travelled to S. Africa, Zimbabwe & Botswana in Summer 89. He lives in Betchworth, Surrey.

John BIRD (78) was married on 29 Dec. 89 & is at present teaching Classics at Radley Coll., Oxfordshire.

Charlotte BLOFELD (81) worked for a while for Radio Norwich. She is now producing programmes for BBC Radio 4 & Radio 1. At present she's the producer of Woman's Hour; soon she'll be doing social action campaigns & documentaries on Radio 1 on subjects such as drugs, jobs, choices for school-leavers, benefits, sex & alcohol. She lives in London.

Mandy BOARDMAN (now **GILLAM**) (81) did her PGCE at Bath, & then taught Classical Civilisation at a convent in Shaftesbury. In 87 she moved to Millfield Senior School (Street, Somerset), where she's been teaching Latin, Class. Civ. & Modern History at O & A level. She still enjoys tennis, and plays for Somerset County. She writes: "I've just [Apl. 90] got married to Martin Gillam, a disreputable character from St. Luke's. The wedding should be followed by a fairly swift divorce, since we're leaving teaching, & are hoping to go into business together."

Jonny BOSTON (81) is a clothes designer. An anonymous voice on the phone told us that he runs Ding Design Ltd., a highly successful firm that supplies leading London stores. Jonny is best known as the inventor of the Tube, a modular clothing system. His belts are imported into Spain; we're pretty sure his firm designs ties, possibly cummerbunds. He's just moved from SW5 to Battersea.

Rosemary BOURNE (now **REES**) (74) took a secretarial course before working for 3 years in admin. at Oxford Univ. She then entered publishing with Mowbray's (Oxford), where her work involved the production of several books. She married Stewart, a librarian, in 86, & moved to Cardiff, where she began to learn Welsh & worked freelance in publishing & secretarial work. Their daughters Jessica & Catherine were born in 87 & 89; motherhood now keeps her fully occupied.

Louise BRIDGE (86) is a retail management trainee with John Lewis, & lives in N12. She writes: "Training here is superb. I & my fellow-graduates like to think that the store's record week just before Christmas was due to us. I'm at the Brent Cross store, & will remain there for at least two years; I hope to

take up my first management post in mid-90. I miss Exeter an awful lot now that I've left (even lectures) but wouldn't swap it for what I'm doing now."

Alan BRIER (61?) married Mary soon after finals; they have two children, James & Janet, born in the 70s. After taking a higher degree in Sociology here at Exeter, Alan was appointed lecturer in that subject at the Univ. of Southampton. He has always been a keen cyclist (& this includes cycle-racing). They were living in Eastleigh, Hants., when last heard of...

Anne BRIERLEY (85) is training to be an accountant with the international firm Spicer & Oppenheim. She has two more gruelling years to go. At first she commuted to London from Croydon, but now shares a house in Ilford (near where boxing manager Frank Warren was shot & a consignment of marijuana recently uncovered). She's still learning modern Greek in the vain hope that she'll be assigned an audit in Greece.

Peter BRIGGS (75) married Alison Wakefield in 83; their sons Timothy & Andrew were born in 85 & 86; no.3 is due in July. After qualifying as a chartered accountant, Peter has been working in his family shoe retail business: area manager in the early 80's, head office 84, managing director 87. He & Alison are very involved in their local church, including its musical activities. Peter resigned from Briggs in Feb. 90, & will be going to Bible College next academic year. They live near Leicester.

Claire BROWN (83) has been companion to an elderly ex-English teacher (much poetry reading & running up & down stairs with false teeth [his, not hers], & au pair in Apeldoorn, Holland. She read for an MA in Scientific Methods in Archaeology at Bradford Univ., & is being hotly pursued by Philip Rahtz because her dissertation isn't written up yet ("no surprise to Exeter lecturers", she says). In 89 she took a menial & uncongenial Sites & Monuments Record post at Aylesbury. She's now assistant to a fine art dealer in W11 & lives in W5. "Young, free and single" adds a friend.

Nicholas BROWN (73) writes: "In Aug. 89 Hilary & I celebrated 10 years of married life in the same Sicup maisonette. Hilary is Head Occupational Therapist of the Elderly Unit, Queen Mary's Hospital, Sidcup; I've recently been appointed Account Manager of the Tottenham Court Rd. branch of the Midland Bank. I'm organist at the local Baptist Church; our other interests include travel (Italy & Greece recently), swimming & walking."

Simon BROWN (83) undertook voluntary work in Birmingham City Museum, 86...

Charles BUSS (83) may have returned to the W. Indies (a colleague's guess)...

Anastassi CALLINICOS (75) lectures in Classics at the Univ. of Zimbabwe. He writes: "I always wanted to do a full Classics degree, but lack of Greek prevented me. So I taught myself the grammar & began to read texts, including the whole of the Iliad & Odyssey. I then took a BA & MA in Classics (completed 89) here, with some part-time teaching; when a lectureship turned up, I applied & got it. My textual knowledge isn't as full as classicists with school Greek, but I'm building up my repertoire. There are only two Classics lecturers here, so we have to teach a wide range of subjects - & as I teach, I learn more & more." Anastassi would love to hear from old friends - especially **Pete CHAMPNESS** & **Sarah HANBURY-TENISON**.

Peter CARPENTER (82) is a schoolmaster, now Director of Studies at St. Aubyn's School, Rottingdean. He lives in Hove.

Hester CASEY (76) works for the DHSS. "I present the Dept.'s cases at appeal tribunals", she writes, "& have to cope with the ever-changing complexities of legislation. But I vividly remember Mr. Mathewson's wise words: "If you bang your head against a brick wall long enough, it stops hurting, then you grow used to it & eventually you even start to like it." Amazingly this proved true even of commuting to London, though after 7 years it started hurting again & I gave it up. I've done nothing very scandalous & am not even married (may one use this column to advertise?). But as all my female colleagues were all geting maternity leave, I applied for hobby leave - & (though considered eccentric) I got it: 3 months of arts & crafts & reading in the garden." She lives near Reading.

Pete CHAMPNESS (74) went to seek fame and/or fortune (preferably both) in the USA in 77. He read for a higher degree at an American Univ. (Pennsylvania, we think)...

John CHAPLIN (78) is a barrister. He writes: "I've done lots of different jobs since leaving, ranging from kitchen porter in a West End hotel to teaching English in Paris & Turin; finally I studied Law at Chester College & Bar School in London. I stayed in London as a pupil barrister for 2½ years, then moved to my native Cheshire & have joined a set of chambers in Manchester." He lives at Alderley Edge.

Apologies to those beginning with C who didn't make it this year. For our next exciting instalment, beginning with **Ray CLARK**, order PEGASUS 34 (1991) now!

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 (***PEGASUS*** no31, 1988) 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 hose 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" (Gerald Manley Hopkins and the *Symposion*).

All of that now available at the bargain price of a mere £2.50, including postage.

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"She's a nymph, they named a mania after her."

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