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PEGASUS

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Correspondence for *Res Gestae* to:

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Errata:

The Editor wishes to extend sincere apologies to all of last year's contributors whose articles were adversely affected by errors which resulted from the incompatibility of the DTP program on which the Journal was prepared and that of the printer's.

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SUPPLEMENT

Departmental News
Chris Gill

This has been a rather momentous year for the Department with some major impending changes.

Leverhulme Support

From 2001-2, the Leverhulme Trust will be funding two additional posts, a Professor and a Lecturer. The Department was one of four (the others were Bristol, Durham, and Edinburgh) invited to make proposals for two extra posts, and Durham and Exeter were successful. Our proposals centred especially on plans to make the Department a leading centre for research and teaching on Hellenistic Culture, understood as including the Greek culture of the Eastern Mediterranean under the early Roman Empire. Another innovation is a new fast-track Greek module and enhanced teaching of Beginners Latin, expressing the strength of our commitment to language-teaching at a time when this is under increasing threat in schools and some universities.

Staff Changes

Another major change is that Peter Wiseman is taking early retirement from next session, though we are delighted that he will continue for the foreseeable future to direct the MA in Roman Myth and History and supervise postgraduate research students. Since he was appointed as Professor of Classics in 1977, he has transformed the Department; its current vitality owes enormously to his leadership in this period. He oversaw the introduction of Ancient History and Greek and Roman Studies alongside Classics in undergraduate teaching and the doubling in size of the Department though relocation of staff at the end of the 1980s. He has published a series of important and innovative books on Roman history and literature, with a major study of Roman myth in progress. He has held positions of leadership in virtually every Classical organisation in the UK (he is the current Classical Association President) as well as being Vice-President of the British Academy. He has set the highest standards of scholarship as well as being a humane, generous and thoughtful colleague. Karl Woodgett has taken over Peters undergraduate teaching for the last two years, while Peter has been on research study-leave. From 2001-2 we will be appointing two new permanent new lecturers.

Anne Wiseman is also retiring after teaching Latin (Beginners and Intermediate) for a number of years. She has been an absolutely first-rate teacher of Latin and immensely helpful to several generations of students. We will hope to draw on her expertise in the future development of language-teaching at Exeter. Also, the School of Classics, Ancient History and Theology has appointed an Administrator, Ms. Chris Austin, who joins us after extensive administrative experience at the Universities of Plymouth and Exeter.

Publications, Visitors

John Wilkins has published *The Boastful Chef: The Discourse of Food in Ancient Greek Comedy* (with Oxford University Press) and two co-edited volumes, *Athenaeus and his World*, with David Braund (University of Exeter Press) and *The Rivals of Aristophanes*, with David Harvey (Classical Press of Wales/Duckworth). Norman Postlethwaite has published *Homers Iliad: A Commentary on the Translation of Richmond Lattimore* (University of Exeter Press). Eireann Marshall has published a co-edited volume, *Death and Disease in the Ancient City*, with Val Hope (Routledge) and also completed her PhD thesis on Cyrene. Christos Zafiropoulos has a book on Aesops Fables forthcoming with Brill, based on his Exeter PhD thesis.

There have been two post-doctoral research fellows in the Department this year. Sergei Saprykin, from Moscow, has been continuing his work on the Pontic region as part of the Black Sea History Project, directed by David Braund. Thorsten Fögen, from Heidelberg, has been editing the unpublished papers of the late former Professor of Classics, Fred Clayton (died 1999). Three books are in preparation: a translation of Terence, a reissue of Claytons 1942 novel, *The Cloven Pine*, and a collection of academic essays. Thorstens own PhD thesis has just been published by Sauer of Leipzig: *Patrii sermonis egestas: Einstellungen lateinischer Autoren zu ihrer Muttersprache.*

Visitors to the Research Seminar or the Classical Association in the last year have included Valerie Huet (Paris), Consuelo Ruiz-Montero (Murcia, Spain) and Yulia Yustinova (Israel), as well as Kate Gilliver and Nick Fisher from Cardiff, Penny Murray (Warwick) and Niall Rudd (Bristol).

Teaching, Students

This Department, like others in Classics and Ancient History in England, experienced a Subject Review by the Quality Assurance Agency. This involved a large-scale assessment of all aspects of teaching and organisation. We gained a grade of 22/24, which falls in the excellent rating, after a gruelling inspection by what seemed to us a very tough review panel. In general, undergraduate teaching seems to be thriving, with excellent results at all levels (including 6 Firsts among finalists) and an intake of around 65 (full-time equivalent) new undergraduates. The student Classical society is very active, led by Duncan Howitt-Marshall, and students play a large and positive role in the Department, through the student-staff liaison committee and in many other ways. Several new postgraduate research students have joined us, including James Richardson who comes from New Zealand with a Bright New Future scholarship. Now in their third-year, Arlene Allan and Eleanor have been vigorous givers of papers at conferences; Eleanor has continued as Meetings Secretary of the Classical Association.

David Braund D.C.Braund@ex.ac.uk

The big job of this last year has been *Athenaeus and His World*, which John Wilkins and I edited and for which we each wrote two chapters. It's a monster at 625 pages and should set work on Athenaeus on a new footing. Now I'm back with Scythians: I'll be holding a conference in the Crimea in September on Greek-Scythian relations, following up a similar event in Exeter last January. The book *Greeks, Scythians and Amazons* is completed in my head, but not yet on paper. Too much to do and not enough time in which to do it.

Emma Gee E.R.G.Gee@ex.ac.uk

My monograph on astronomy in Ovid's *Fasti*, entitled *Ovid, Aratus and Augustus*, appeared in April 2000. I have recently completed two articles, entitled 'Cicero's Astronomy' (*CQ*, forthcoming), and 'vaga signa' ('Wandering star-signs' for an Oxford University Press volume of collected essays on Ovid's *Fasti*, edited by Geraldine Herbert-Brown. I have begun a long-term undertaking, a commentary on Cicero's *Aratea*, his translation, written in c. 89 BC, of Aratus' *Phaenomena* (the *CQ* article is a preliminary exploration of the *Aratea*). I am working with the Classics editor of Routledge on the plan for a book on ancient astronomy, and co-editing the proceedings of the conference held in honour of T.P. Wiseman in Exeter in March 2000, with Chris Gill and Dave Braund.

Chris Gill C.J.Gill@ex.ac.uk

I have been continuing my work on Hellenistic and Roman thought, focusing on concepts of self and on social ethics, and am in the later stages of a book on this subject. I have also written several papers on Plato, particularly on his use of dialectic and the dialogue form, and on interpretative issues. I am the inaugural editor of an internet journal, 'Plato', for the International Plato Society, designed to promote world-wide debate on Plato (http://www.ex.ac.uk/plato/).

David Harvey F.D.Harvey@ex.ac.uk

The Rivals of Aristophanes, edited by John Wilkins and myself, was published in Nov. 2000; we anxiously await the review in *Pegasus*. Annotation of David Hume's essay 'Of the Populousness of Ancient Nations' (1754) therefore becomes my first priority. We now envisage three volumes of Geoffrey de Ste. Croix's essays (see *Pegasus* 2000), to be edited by Robert Parker and myself, with the help of Paul Cartledge and others; the OUP has

been very encouraging. I remain ghost-editor of *Tragic Fragments* (ed. Fiona McHardy, assisted by James Robson in place of the original collaborators, who have fled). It's about time to get down to my own work instead of editing other people's.

Rebecca Langlands R.Langlands@ex.ac.uk

Having completed my PhD, *Gender and Exemplarity in Valerius Maximus*, I am now engaged in preparing material from it for publication. I am currently working on an article entitled 'The Pageant of the Past in Valerius Maximus', as well as a monograph about *pudicitia* or sexual virtue in Roman thought and society generally, which will be a much expanded version of Part II of my thesis. In addition, am delivering a paper at a Colloquium on Roman Marriage in May 2001, entitled 'Conjugal love in Valerius Maximus'.

John Marr J.L.Marr@ex.ac.uk

I am still working on my edition of the 'Old Oligarch', for which I now have a contract from Aris and Phillips, and hope to complete by the end of this year.

Lynette Mitchell L.G.Mitchell@ex.ac.uk

My research continues to focus on the issue of panhellenism and Greeks and barbarians, and I continue to work on the monograph based on this material which I plan to complete this year. As part of this monograph, I am currently concentrating on Greek notions of geography and space.

Norman Postlethwaite N.Postlethwaite@ex.ac.uk

The earlier part of this year was spent finalising my *Commentary on Homer's Iliad*: this is a literary commentary designed for readers of Richmond Lattimore's translation of the poem; it was published by University of Exeter Press in December. Since then I have been continuing work on gesture or, more accurately, non-verbal communication, in Homer's epics.

Richard Seaford R.A.S.Seaford@ex.ac.uk

I am nearing completion of my project on money and culture. I have also this year published vigorous replies to critics, in *Mnemosyne, Classical Quarterly*, and *Arion*.

John Wilkins J.M.Wilkins@ex.ac.uk

This year three books have appeared, *The Rivals of Aristophanes*, co-edited with David Harvey from Duckworth, *Athenaeus and his World*, co-edited with David Braund from Exeter Press and *The Boastful Chef: The Discourse of Food in Ancient Greek Comedy* from OUP. My edition of Galen is coming on apace.

Peter Wiseman T.P.Wiseman@ex.ac.uk

See *Res Gestae* Supplement and the conference review on page 31.

Sigmund Freud once remarked that it is impossible for us to conceive of our own deaths: any time we try to do so, we are left in the position of a spectator - and as such, a survivor - of the very death we are trying to imagine.[1] This difficulty inherent in being both self and audience, of course, has not kept many a figure in both fact and fiction from such morbid imaginings, nor has it squelched first-person accounts of out-of-body experiences. Readers of Petronius' *Satyricon* may be reminded of a scene more germane to my topic today, in which the obscenely rich (and distastefully maudlin) freedman Trimalchio throws a dinner party and stages his own death at its conclusion. Trimalchio, who is unacquainted with Freud, has little concern for the self-defeating quality inherent in being an audience to one's own death: he just wants to overhear his dinner guests making flattering comments about their dead host. Now, I am sure several of us later figures who have delivered the Jackson Knight Memorial Lecture have also been tempted to end the evening by pleading, like Trimalchio, "Pretend I'm dead, and say something nice about me."[2] But what I would like to talk about today is not so much the story of a Roman freedman providing an audience to his own death, as the curious ways in which a self-conscious stance of being a viewer to one's own *life* became, for some of Petronius' contemporaries, part of a complex struggle to define and control the meaning of that life and the boundaries of selfhood in the first century AD.

A few caveats to begin with. The nature of personal identity is a vexed topic under any circumstances, and to talk about personal identity two thousand years ago among the senatorial class of ancient Rome is certainly no less ridden with problems. Indeed, a scholarly battle has long been fought over the question of how to conceive of the self in antiquity. If there is any consensus, it seems to be that aspects of identity we take for granted in the modern world and in the West were comparatively alien to the ancient Romans and Greeks. Perhaps the most drastic expression of this dif-

ference would be the now discredited thesis that the early Greek self was not conscious of itself as a unified psychological agent, but reacted to impulses issuing from cognitive components as distinct from each other as the physical organs are.[3] Accordingly, opinions on how one should behave might issue from one cognitive center or another, or even from what seemed an alien voice altogether, as when Achilles thinks he hears Athena's command to control his rage in the first book of the *Iliad*.[4]

Scholarship endows the later Greeks and Romans with no such schizophrenia, but here, too, the ancient self is seen as distinct from the modern. Part of the argument has centered on the Stoic theory of the four *personae*, or roles, associated with Panaetius and taken up by philosophers of the late Republic and early Empire. I cannot treat this complicated formulation in detail, but it suggests that identity is made up of a combination of roles determined in turn by human nature, our own talents and aptitudes, our social status, and our chosen role in life. In its partial focus on personal abilities, this concept might seem to approximate a modern understanding of individuality; indeed, as Christopher Gill has argued, our notion of "being yourself" or "being true to yourself" is reminiscent of not one but two of the strands in this tradition: "1) that you should match your life to your specific nature and 2) that you should understand and express your 'real' or 'essential' self, that is, your capacity for rational agency."[5] But Gill and other scholars have ultimately concluded that even this theory of four *personae*, with its apparently radical focus on living according to who we are both individually and socially, has no relation to the private self of Romantic and post-Romantic theory: the appeal to "be yourself" always aimed at a self that was measured in relation to a shared cluster of Stoic ideals. The *telos* of self-development was the Stoic *sapiens* - hardly an escape into a unique

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[1] "Reflections upon War and Death," trans. E. Colburn Mayne, in *Sigmund Freud: Character and Culture*, ed. Philip Rieff (New York, 1963), p.122.

[2] "Fingite me" inquit "mortuum esse. Dicite aliquid belli" (Sat. 78).

[3] Snell, Bruno. *The Discovery of the Mind: The Greek Origins of European Thought*. Cambridge, Mass: Harvard UP, 1953; p. 15. See also the evolutionary argument of Julian Jaynes in *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1976. Both views have been definitinely criticized by A.A. Long, Christopher Gill, Bernard Williams, and others.

[4] *Iliad* 1.190-218. I suppose a vaguely related view of this self could be said to thrive in our law courts, where personal agency can be abdicated in favor of the internal workings of too many Twinkies.

[5] Gill, Christopher. (1994) "Peace of Mind and Being Yourself: Panaetius to Plutarch." *Aufstieg und Niedergaup* 2.36.7: 4599-640; here at p. 4631.

and idiosyncratic identity.[6]

These cautions about Stoic notions of selfhood provide a necessary background to Michel Foucault's well-known contention, in *The Care of the Self*, that a new process of subject formation took place in the classical world in the first centuries after Christ, in part stimulated by the popularity of Stoic thought. In Foucault's words, there was an "intensification of the relation to oneself by which one constituted oneself as the subject of one's acts,"[7] which translates into a simple preoccupation with the idea - simple in our age of therapy, at any rate - that if one works on oneself hard enough, one can train oneself to be better; that the "I" can modify the "me." But despite the broad outlines, Foucault makes a point which I think Gill and others would agree to: namely, while the ancients may never have stressed individuality to the degree that we do in the modern West, something new happened to the idea and practice of selfhood in the first centuries after Christ nonetheless. If the *goal* was bound to a template, nonetheless the *process* of becoming oneself could no longer be taken for granted: it called for intervention by the self for the self.[8] It is a specific manifestation of this self-formation, and the alternatives to which it is a reaction, which I would like to take a look at today, with a focus not so much on Stoic philosophical treatises, but rather on the letters of Seneca and a related cluster of literary and cultural preoccupations that emerge from the first century AD.

I want to start by making a simple observation about ancient Roman society. Given that all formulations of identity that emerge from a particular culture, including our own, have a symbiotic relationship with the society in which they are formulated,[9] it becomes crucial for us to recall that

Roman ethics in general was built on a foundation that was visual: that is to say, as recent study puts it, Roman society was oriented towards "passing judgement on others on the basis of observed, community-oriented actions and visible status markers."[10] To be a member of the Roman elite was to arrange one's public life with an eye to the evaluative opinion of the community: hence the number of spectacular displays that shaped defining moments of civic life - the morning retinue that followed a senator down to the forum, the processional triumph that followed certain military victories, public trials before a jury of the fellow elite, even the importance of such minutiae as how one wore the toga in public.[11] Even the *imagines*, the ancestral masks that the Roman nobility kept in the atrium of their houses, were conceived of by the Romans as serving as (to us, ghoulish) spectators of the actions of their descendants; as Harriet Flower has concluded, "For the aristocratic Roman the *imagines* played the role of an audience which reflected the norms of his 'honour group.'"[12] So it is that Cicero, trying to move the jurors to acquit a newly minted Roman consul, did not ask how the man could go home to face the wife and kids if convicted, but what he would say to the grieving *imago* of his distinguished father that awaited him as he entered.[13] The *imagines*, as is well known, were also worn at the funerals of important members of the household, as if to cast an assessing gaze on the successor and in turn provide an instantaneous visual genealogy of a noble old line.[14] And even
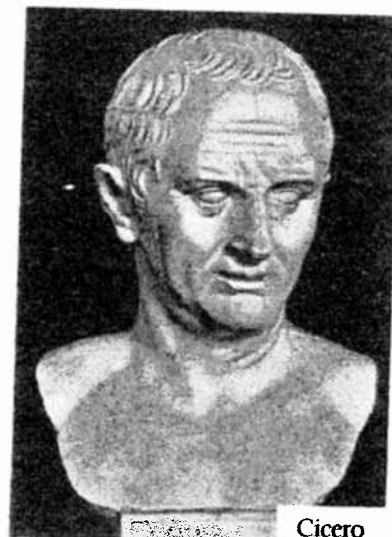

Cicero

[6] Gill, "Peace of Mind," p. 4602. See also, e.g., the related article by Christopher Gill (1988) "Personhood and Personality: The Four-Personae Theory in Cicero *De officiis* 1." *Oxford Studies in Ancient Philosophy* 6: 169-99; De Lacy, Phillip H. (1977) "The Four Stoic Personae." *ICS* 2: 163-72; and Engberg-Pederson, Troels. (1990) "Stoic Philosophy and the Concept of the Person," in Christopher Gill, ed. *The Person and the Human Mind*, 109-35. Niall Rudd, in chapter 6 of (1976) *Lines of Enquiry. Studies in Latin Poetry* (Cambridge), formulates the question as one of sincerity, and argues against the idea that Roman individuality is completely shaped by family, class, and state.

[7] Foucault, Michel. (1986) *The Care of the Self. The History of Sexuality*, vol. 3. Trans. Robert Hurley. New York; p. 41.

[8] Nicely demonstrated by the statement of the *proficiens* at Sen. *Vit. beat.* 24.4: "Cum maxime facio me et formo et ad exemplar ingens attollo." On this topic, see also Long, A. A. (1991) "Representation and the Self in Stoicism," in Stephen Everson, ed. *Psychology: Companions to Ancient Thought II*, 102-20. Cambridge.

[9] Gergen, Kenneth J. (1977) "The Social Construction of Self-Knowledge." In Theodore Mischel, ed. *The Self: Psychological and Philosophical Issues*, 139-69. Totowa, New Jersey.

[10] Roller, Matthew. (1999) *Thinking the Principate: Aristocratic Ethics and Imperial Power in Julio-Claudian Rome*, ms. p. 85.

[11] See F eldherr, Andrew. (1998) *Spectacle and Society in Livy's History*. Berkeley and Los Angeles: 12-17; Dupont, Florence. (1985) *L'Acteur-roi*. Paris: 19-42; Roller, cited above.

[12] Flower, Harriet. (1996) *Ancestor Masks and Aristocratic Power in Roman Culture*. Oxford: p. 14.

[13] Cic. *Mur.* 88: "Si, quod Iuppiter omen avertat! hunc vestris sententiis adflixeritis, quo se miser vertet? domumne? ut eam imaginem clarissimi viri, parentis sui, quam paucis ante diebus laureatam in sua gratulatione conspexit, eandem deformatam ignominia lugentemque videat?"

[14] The famous description of a Roman funeral occurs at Polybius 6.53-54.

the Stoic philosopher Seneca, to whom I will return in a few moments, thought enough of himself at the time of his suicide to suggest such a role for himself. Tacitus attributes to him the dying boast that he is bequeathing to his followers his most precious possession, an *imago* of his own life; if they keep it present in their mind, they will attain the good character for which they strive.[15] The several meanings of the word *imago* at play here imply that Seneca is leaving behind an image that can both keep an eye on posterity and, as the model of an exemplary life, offer a representational model for it as well.[16] *Imago* and human viewers provide a mutual audience.

Normally, of course, the audience of peers at Rome would be the community itself rather than the family *imagines*. The force of their assessing gaze has led several recent scholars, following Bernard Williams and others, to associate this stress on the visual with the idea of a "shame culture." On this argument, shame is not only closely linked to a visceral feeling of who I am and how I relate to others, but its constraining influence is further felt to depend on the gaze of another; and we all know the feeling of wishing to disappear from sight at moments of such shaming.[17] This gaze, however, does not have to be understood in any literal sense: shame can also be the product of an internalized viewer that embodies the judgments of the community. "When the agent himself endorses and subscribes to those [communal] values, when he judges himself as he foresees being judged by others and as he would judge them in turn, then this community-oriented value can also exist internally."[18] Indeed, the ancients themselves were so conscious of this connection between ethics and the sense of being seen that a few of them derived the origin of religion accordingly; the fifth-century Athenian Critias suggested that when it was clear to primitive man that human laws prevented men from committing acts of violence in the open, but not so in secret, some psychologically astute ruler invented the gods and warned that they could see and punish acts which no mortals could.[19]

This hastily-sketched visual culture provides the backdrop for the first problem of identity I would like to set before you today. It is a difficulty that emerges full-blown from the work of Seneca, a man whose own identity involved a complex balancing act - indeed, many of his letters and essays mount a defense against a charge frequently levelled at him, namely, that any man who aspired to Stoic sagehood and self-denial could hardly explain his concurrent position as the fabulously wealthy advisor and former tutor of the Emperor Nero. But what Seneca's writings are most concerned with is the stability of the self, its ability to inure itself to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune - or outrageous emperors - by a process of constant reasoning, meditation, and exhortation, by an extreme cultivation of mind over matter, and most of all, by a twist on one of the oldest injunctions in classical philosophy. When Seneca adapts the ancient command carved into the temple of Apollo at Delphi, *Know thyself*, his treatment narrows to focus on the visual dimension of ethics:[20] If you would know thyself, *watch* thyself. It is all too easy to see another's faults, Seneca notes, but one's own can only be detected by a conscious examination of the self, a *respectus nostri* (*De ira* 2.28.8; cf. *Epistulae Morales* 98.4, 26.4-5; *De ira* 3.36.1-4). "Shake yourself out and scrutinize and observe yourself in various ways," he advises his correspondent Lucilius (*EM* 16.2), and even the formidable Nero is told to subject his conscience to inspection (*De clem.* 1.1).[21] For no matter how you hide away, there is no remedy for the most inescapable witness, *testis*, of all: yourself.[22] On the

[15] Tac. *Ann.* 15.62: "Ille interritus poscit testamenti tabulas; ac denegante centurione conversus ad amicos, quando meritis eorum referre gratiam prohiberetur, quod unum iam et tamen pulcherrimum habeat, imaginem vitae suae relinquere testatur, cuius si memores essent, bonarum artium famam tam constantis amicitiae pretium laturos."

[16] Other examples of the imagines as a potential audience: Cic. *Cael.* 34 and *De Leg. Agr.* 2.100; Sallust *BJ* 4.5-6; Pliny *Pan.* 56.8.

[17] Williams, Bernard A. O. (1993) *Shame and Necessity.* Berkeley and Los Angeles; see esp. 75-102. Williams is, of course, discussing classical Athens, but I am not the first to find his perspective equally illuminating for aspects of the Roman world.

[18] Roller, *Thinking the Principate*, p. 20.

[19] In his *Sisyphus, Trag.Graec.Frag.* fr. 25.9f.

[20] In a very different formulation, the visual already provides a metaphor for self-knowledge at [Plat.] *Alcib.* 1.132d and many other places in ancient philosophy. See Bartsch, Shadi. (2000) "The Philosopher as Narcissus: Knowing Oneself in Classical Antiquity," in Robert S. Nelson, ed. *Seeing as Others Saw: Visuality Before and Beyond the Renaissance.* Cambridge University Press.

[21] See, on the Epistulae Morales, Edwards, Catherine. (1997) "Self-Scrutiny and Self-Transformation in Seneca's Letters." *Greece & Rome* 44: 23-38.

other hand, peaceful sleep comes to any mind that serves as spectator and secret critic of itself ("speculator sui censorque secretus") and reflects on its own character.[23] And this reflection, always, is based upon a discourse one should have with oneself: the famous Stoic *askesis*. For example: "Am I tormented for no good reason, am I interpreting things in the wrong light?" (cf. *EM* 13.16). Or: "What is there to fear about death? Is it really an evil?"

This internal spectator is not always represented as a splitting of *oneself* into agent and audience, although this is what such a split must inevitably enact. Seneca suggests that one can deliberately pick another figure to be the little man in one's head. Epicurus is a favorite, and so Seneca bids his correspondent Lucilius to "do everything as if Epicurus were watching." [24] Other popular options are such legendary Roman figures as Laelius, Cato, or Scipio;[25] we can even pretend that dead relatives are gazing down from above,[26] and finally, the imaginary witness could even be Seneca himself: "Live as if I will hear of whatever you do - no rather, as if I will see it" he urges the same Lucilius (*EM* 32.1).[27] Even God can be figured as internal: "God is near you, he is with you, he is inside you. I mean this, Lucilius: a holy spirit lives inside us, an observer and guardian of our good and bad deeds" (*EM* 41.1). This notion is not inconsistent with Stoic thought, but it is significant that elsewhere, when Seneca identifies this internalized other with an external viewer, or with God, he nonetheless ends up squarely with the self watching the self:

We should live as if we lived in plain sight, and we should think as if someone could look into our innermost heart. For someone can. What use is it for something to be hidden from man? nothing is hidden from God. He is present in our minds and intervenes in the middle of our thoughts.... Therefore, I will do as you bid, and I will gladly write to you about what I am doing, and in what order. I will observe myself continually and (this is most useful) I will review my day. It is this that makes us bad - that no one turns his gaze on his life.[28]

We travel here from the notion of the watching community, to that of an all-knowing God, and end up with the self-observant self - with Seneca, rather than God, as the endpoint. Even at the moment of death, it is I who must pass judgment on myself (*EM* 26.5).[29]

There are several things that are unusual here, and I would like to pause to point them out. First is that the origin of what Bernard Williams has called "the internalized other" seems to lie within the will of the Stoic individual. The case is no longer that this internalized other operates automatically as an aspect of community-regulated ethics; rather, we are to self-consciously set it up as a second "I" that regulates our behavior from within. At the same time - and this is the second peculiarity - we are to turn away from the assessing gaze of the community at large: if Rome is a shame culture, it is one that Seneca mostly wants nothing to do with. For he repeatedly abjures the observation and judgment of the community in general as a source of ethical self-shaping, and the internalized other is frequently set up in opposition to public opinion. The majority's choice is the worse option, he tells us (*Vit. beat.* 2.1); and lest we think he is talking about the lower classes only, he specifies that "By the rabble I mean no less the servants of the court than the servants of the kitchen."[30] Having your peers think good of you is completely irrelevant; a just man will even derive pleasure from a bad reputation earned by doing

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[22] "Si honesta sunt quae facis, omnes sciant, si turpia, quid referet neminem scire, cum tu scias? O te miserum, si contemnis hunc testem!" *EM* 43.5.

[23] Sen. *De ira* 3.36.2: "Quam tranquillus, quam altus ac liber, cum aut laudatus est animus aut admonitus et speculator sui censorque secretus cognouit de moribus suis!" See Foucault, *Care of the Self*, 62; Edwards, "Self-Scrutiny," passim.

[24] "Sic fac, inquit, omnia, tamquam spectet Epicurus. Prodest sine dubio custodem sibi inposuisse et habere, quem respicias, quem interesse cogitationibus tuis iudices."

[25] *EM* 25.6. See also *EM* 11.8-9.

[26] "Sic itaque te, Marcia, gere, tamquam sub oculis patris filiique posita" (*Cons. ad Marc.* 25.3.1). See also Solimano, Giannina. (1991) *La prepotenza dell'occhio: Riflessioni sull'opera di Seneca.* Genoa, 35-36.

[27] In *EM* 34.2, not only is Seneca the guardian, but Lucilius is addressed like a runaway slave, and told he is Seneca's handiwork.

[28] Sen. *EM* 83.1-2: "Sic certe vivendum est tamquam in conspectu vivamus, sic cogitandum tamquam aliquis in pectus intimum introspicere possit: et potest. Quid enim prodest ab homine aliquid esse secretum? nihil deo clusum est; interest animis nostris et cogitationibus medius intervenit ... Faciam ergo quod iubes, et quid agam et quo ordine libenter tibi scribam. Observabo me protinus et, quod est utilissimum, diem meum recognoscam. Hoc nos pessimos facit, quod nemo vitam suam respicit."

[29] A similar progression prevails at *Ben.* 3.1.17ff, where the bad man is said to be punished by knowing that he is under the gaze of the community—of God—of himself.

[30] "Vulgum autem tam chlamydatos quam coronatos voco," *Vit. beat.* 2.2. For the translation and interpretation, I have used the Loeb edition by John W. Basore.
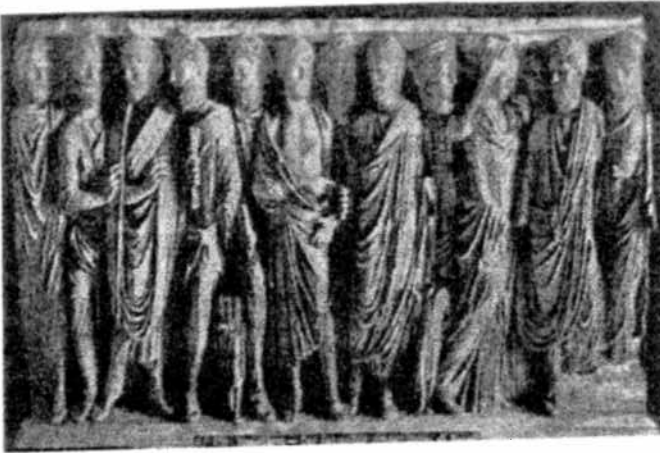
good ("mala opinio bene parta," *EM* 113.32). Seneca actually goes so far as to warn Lucilius that if he sees him applauded by the populace, if the whole state is singing his praises - he deserves nothing but pity (*EM* 29.12).[31] Indeed, even Socrates and Cato and Laelius might have lost hold of their moral character before such a communal onslaught; but our options are not only to imitate or loathe the world: instead, recede into oneself and select your internalized other with care.[32] Supplant all traditional sources of approval yourself. "Are you doing battle against some illness?" Seneca asks, using the military imagery more often associated with *gloria*. Well, be your own audience, offer yourself praise (*EM* 78.21).[33]

The third peculiarity is an outgrowth of the second. As we have seen, Seneca denigrates community judgment, and yet more than once he indicates that the mark of the truly good man is the ability to live as if in a glass house - indeed, he claims that a good conscience actively invites the crowd in to see it.[34] Elsewhere too, the stress on an idealized viewer disappears, and Seneca tells us that in a pinch, anyone will do (*EM* 25.5).[35] As Thomas Rosenmeyer has remarked, "Again and again the moralist seems to be recommending self-reliance and autonomy, but it is clear also that the old shame-consciousness of the culture inevitably calls for the approving presence of others. Without their express sanction, the achievement of the solitary agent would forfeit its value."[36]

These three oddities will lead to complications. For Senecan texts, self-spectatorship provides a path to an identity that is *not only* seen as more laudable by Stoic standards and closer to an ideal, but *also* seen as more *authentic*, in a way that I would suggest goes beyond the simple Stoic injunction that one live and be in accordance with nature. For Seneca speaks about the formation of this identity in rather striking terms. First, it is a self that responds to your efforts by taking on a new form: as Seneca writes excitedly,

I perceive, Lucilius, that I am not only being improved, but actually transformed. I don't promise yet, nor dare hope, that nothing remains in me that has to be changed. Obviously there are still many remnants that have to be bound together, or made thinner, or raised higher. And this very point is the proof that my soul has been changed for the better: namely, that it now sees its vices, which up to now it did not know.[37]

It is a laborious process, he concedes, and yet we must begin to shape and set straight our mind before its wickedness hardens it beyond moulding (*EM* 50.5-6). A similar language of artistic creativity characterizes Lucilius' progress: he is fashioning himself into a person in whose presence he wouldn't dare to sin ("dum te efficis eum, cum quo peccare non audeas," *EM* 25.5). Elsewhere, quoting Vergil, Seneca bids Lucilius to fashion himself worthy of a god - but reminds him to do so with clay, not with the corrupting material gold or silver (*EM* 31.11). Here too the metaphor of the creating artist is clearly highlighted.

As we've seen, the prerequisite for this created self is, both syntactically and cognitively, that it be split into two.[38] Seneca's catachrestic language, his constant play with sentences in which subject and unlikely object refer to the same person, won't let us forget it. Consider the following random expressions, all culled from his letters: *Linger a while with yourself. Liberate yourself for yourself. A man should be equal to himself. I dare to entrust you to yourself.*

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[31] See further Motto, Anne L. and John R. Clark. (1993) "Seneca on the *Profanum Vulgus.*" *Classics Bulletin* 69: 35-39.

[32] Sen. *EM* 7.6-8: "Socrati et Catoni et Laelio excutere morem suum dissimilis multitudo potuisset; adeo nemo nostrum, qui cum maxime concinnamus ingenium, ferre impetum vitiorum tam magno comitatu venientium potest.... Necesse est aut imiteris aut oderis."

[33] See similarly *EM* 94.55, 94.68, 99.17.

[34] Sen. *EM* 43.5: "Bona conscientia turbam advocat."

[35] This theme is particularly pervasive in *EM* 10.

[36] Rosenmeyer, Thomas G. (1989) *Senecan Drama and Stoic Cosmology.* Berkeley; p. 52. The discrepancy shows up particularly strongly at *EM* 20.4, where Seneca first claims he does nothing according to public opinion, now, I would like to make the following claim: in these

then says that all he does when he is alone, he does as if the populace were watching. Roller, *Thinking the Principate*, has an excellent discussion of the problem at pp. 91-97; for him, Seneca is using familiar metaphors of community judgment to get his argument about internal *conscientia* "off the ground." Our conclusions will differ, but my thinking has been much influenced by his powerful exposition of the Senecan language of interiority.

[37] Sen. *EM* 6.1: "Intellego, Lucili, non emendari me tantum sed transfigurari. Nec hoc promitto iam aut spero, nihil in me superesse, quod mutandum sit. Quidni multa habeam, quae debeant colligi, quae extenuari, quae attolli? Et hoc ipsum argumentum est in melius translati animi, quod vitia sua, quae adhuc ignorabat, videt."

[38] As Edwards, "Self-Scrutiny," p. 30, points out the constant use of the terminology of witnessing, "the self divides in order to play a variety of roles simultaneously - one part of the self scrutinizes the other - though with no sense of the rigid hierarchy of parts of the soul that one finds particularly in Plato."

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You outstripped others - better still, you outstripped yourself. You run from yourself, who are also your companion; the miser, the crook are within you: so take a better [internal] companion along.[39] This language may be explained away as simply figural, but I would argue that its usage by Seneca, already unusual, gains new force in light of his explicit discussion of the internalized other. The idea of this other even functions as the source for jokes that would not work if the point were not a *contrast* between merely figurative expressions and the philosophical cultivation of the internalized other. Here is an example from *Epistle* 10: A young man is walking down the road when the philosopher Crates bumps into him and asks what he's doing there, all alone. "I'm just conversing with myself," replies the youth. "Do be careful, then," replied Crates, "you're conversing with a really bad sort" (*EM* 10.1).[40]

But how does all this mean that the created, doubled self is more *authentic*, as I just claimed? Authentic may be too problematic a word to insist upon. But what I have in mind is a striking sentence unparalleled in Latin usage: when Seneca is criticizing the non-self-reflective selves around him, he complains, "Nemo sibi contigit-"no one falls to his own lot," or "no one coincides with himself" (*EM* 32.4); elsewhere, he puts this as "how few people chance upon having themselves" ("quoto cuique habere se contigit," *EM* 42.10). This is as odd in Latin as it is in English: what does it mean? It cannot be boiled down to behaving consistently all the time, to a harmony between public and private selves, or else the man who was greedy and unstable in every realm would be one who "sibi contigit." The self that coincides with itself is simply the self that is the endpoint of Senecan self-formation: it is both the best self, and the one truest to what one is meant to be. Or perhaps we could say that in this self, finally, there is no difference between the witness and the agent: they act, they judge, in complete harmony.

It would seem, then, that this more authentic self-and again, I think that the phrase "in accordance with nature" underplays what is novel about Seneca's unparalleled in Latin usage: when Seneca is criticizing the non-self-reflective selves around him, he complains, "Nemo sibi contigit - no one falls to his own lot," or "no one coincides with himself" (*EM* 32.4); elsewhere, he puts this as "how few people chance upon having themselves" ("quoto cuique habere se contigit," *EM* 42.10). This is as odd in

Latin as it is in English: what does it mean? It cannot be boiled down to behaving consistently all the time, to a harmony between public and private selves, or else the man who was greedy and unstable in every realm would be one who "sibi contigit." The self that coincides with itself is simply the self that is the endpoint of Senecan self-formation: it is both the best self, and the one truest to what one is meant to be. Or perhaps we could say that in this self, finally, there is no difference between the witness and the agent: they act, they judge, in complete harmony.

It would seem, then, that this more authentic self - and again, I think that the phrase "in accordance with nature" underplays what is novel about Seneca's formulation - has several distinct features: first, it is something you yourself have given form to, shaped as a sculptor shapes his clay; second, it is divorced from community norms, which are figured as external while the self itself is figured rather as internal; third, it is repeatedly figured as doubled, or split, into two separate agents; and fourth, it is dialogic, by which I mean that the mark of its presence is the ongoing dialogue between its two voices that emerges from the daily review of one's actions and motives.[41] When all four of these traits are present, presumably, then Seneca can say, as he does in *Epistle* 31: "Now I recognize my Lucilius! He is beginning to exhibit the man he had given promise of."[42] Despite the language of recognition, it is not an indication of Lucilius' return to a *previous* state, but of his assumption of a self he has created - his doubled, self-moulded, anti-establishmentarian, and dialogic self.[43]

Here is a new model for identity. And here is one of the paradoxes of my title, a paradox that has to do with the very distinct difference between unselfconscious action and the knowledge that an observer is present. We've seen how Seneca approaches the issue of how one behaves when one knows one is being watched, especially if by an internalized other based on a selected favorite: namely, in accordance with Stoic doctrine, and with disregard for public opinion. But the gaze of the public as well has restrictive force in this kind of culture, and this gaze is less salubrious.

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[39] See *EM* 32.1, 1.1, 10.2, 20.2, 15.10, 104.20-22. Does the language of doubling in the case of a man who wants to escape himself imply that even the pre-proficient self is split? I should point out that anyone who can already formulate his problem in these terms is, for Seneca, already a *proficiens*.

[40] In *Ben.* 5.7ff. Seneca denies that one can bestow a benefit upon oneself, and argues that we should not be misled by linguistic expressions such as "I am angry at myself" or "I am conversing with myself" - for "innumerabilia sunt, in quibus consuetudo nos dividit" (*Ben.* 5.7.6). But the expressions above have nothing to do with *consuetudo*, with the exception of the idiom in the joke, the whole point of which is the *play* on normative usage.

[41] Epctetus, some decades later, would stress many similar themes: e.g., *Discourses* 4.6, pitting self-knowledge against the gaze of the community; the self must form itself by becoming both pupil and teacher. It is true that the ubiquity of the theme of self-spectatorship might simply seem a reflection of the shared concern for the review of the self - as seen in the Pythagoreans and elsewhere - but Seneca sets it up as something else: a direct response to the power of the external viewer, which produces inauthenticity, a false self.

[42] Sen. *EM* 31.1: "Agnosco Lucilium meum; incipit, quem promiserat, exhibere."

[43] For anyone familiar with Senecan drama, there is an unsettling echo here of the deranged anti-heroes of the *Medea* and the *Thyestes.* Medea threatens throughout the play, "Medea fiam," "I will become Medea" (*Med.* 171); having dispatched her children after a prolonged version of what looks like a Stoic self-review, she announces happily: "Medea sum," "I now am Medea" (910). And it is when Thyestes has realized his brother's final atrocity that he says, echoing Seneca to Lucilius, "agnosco fratrem" (*Thy.* 1006).

"See," says Seneca, "how a person lives in one way for the public, and in another for himself.... When the witness and the spectator are absent, the vices whose profit lies in being pointed out and being gazed at subside."[44] Here our philosopher is talking about the enjoyment of wealth and power, but it seems that the same is true of how we feel grief:

How few men [he says] are sad in their own company! They groan louder when they are heard, and although they are silent and tranquil in private, whenever they see anyone they are spurred to new floods [of tears]. Then they lay violent hands on their own persons, which they would have been able to do more easily if no one were there to stop them; then they pray for their own deaths, then they roll off their beds; without a spectator, grief goes away.[45]

But this is not just the pernicious effect of the external audience provided by the community: strikingly, it can also be the effect of *our watching of ourselves.* This is the content of Seneca's chastisement of Lucilius in *EM* 63.3, as his correspondent grieves for his dead friend Flaccus: "As soon as you stop observing yourself grieving, the picture of your unhappiness will go away; for now, you yourself are the guardian of your own grief."[46] *Custodis dolorem tuum:* the metaphor is that of the internalized other who keeps watch, and for whom Lucilius, willy-nilly, is now performing *as if* it were the community that was watching. It seems that the presence of an audience, even, alas, when it is internalized, can corrupt the behavior of the subject under observation. And yet, for Seneca, self-knowledge and self-improvement involve precisely such observation. In other words, one paradox of Senecan identity is the ambiguous status of the subject under view as the site of authenticity - to act before an assessing gaze is often precisely that, to act, to put on a show; and yet this assessing gaze is crucial to the development of a

truer self.[47]

For sceptics who feel that a few aberrations do not a paradox make, I should point out that exactly the same rift operates in the discussions of a related topic, role-playing, in the Senecan corpus. Playing a role is represented now as a source of an inauthentic self that straitjackets itself to satisfy community standards, now as the means to a specifically Stoic authenticity that relies on the shaping force of a role to reform the character who plays it. In a passage that links self-observation to precisely such role-playing, Seneca observes that

Constant observation of oneself is tortuous, and one fears to be caught out of one's usual role. Nor can we ever relax, when we think we're being assessed every time we're looked at; on the one hand, many chance occurrences can bare us against our will, and on the other, even granted that all this effort over oneself turns is successful, it's not a pleasant life, nor a one free from anxiety, to live constantly wearing a mask.[48]

Here assiduous self-observation is linked, not to a positive, but to a negative, self-formation; it is a self-spectatorship that has apparently internalized

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44 Sen. *EM* 94.69: "Aspice, quanto aliter unusquisque populo vivat, aliter sibi.... Ubi testis et spectator abscessit, vitia subsidunt, quorum monstrari et conspici frutus est." As Solimano notes, "L'uomo vuole uno spectator, un testis della propria opulenza, potenza, ingenium, cultura, persino delle inclinazioni filosofiche, di alcuni vizi, e del dolore," *Prepotenza*, p. 38.

45 Sen. *EM* 99.16: "Quotus quisque sibi tristis est! Clarius, cum audiuntur, gemunt et taciti quietique cum secretum est, cum aliquos videre, in fletus novos excitantur. Tunc capiti suo manus ingerunt, quod potuerant facere nullo prohibente liberius, tunc mortem comprecantur sibi, tunc lectulo devolvuntur; sine spectatore cessat dolor." Cf. similarly *Tranq.* 15.6. People even lose their appetite for fancy foodstuffs when an audience is missing: *Tranq.* 7.2.6; and other vices fall away as well: "Ambitio et luxuria et inpotentia scaenam desiderant; sanabis ista, si absconderis" (*EM* 94.71). The cure for all this? pick a *monitor*!

46 "Cum primum te observare desieris, imago ista tristitiae discedet; nunc ipse custodis dolorem tuum."

47 "Stoic heroism...achieves its full meaning only if it draws attention to itself as the central spectacle in a crowded arena," Rosenmeyer, Thomas G. (1989) *Senecan Drama and Stoic Cosmology.* Berkeley; p.48. See also Leigh, Matthew. (1997) *Lucan: Spectacle and Engagement.* Oxford; 182-83, on Vulteius' craving for an audience.

48 Sen. *Tranq.* 17.1: "Torquet enim adsidua observatio sui et deprendi aliter ac solet metuit. Nec umquam solvimur, ubi totiens nos aestimari putamus quotiens aspici; nam et multa incidunt, quae invitos denudent, et, ut bene cedat tanta sui diligentia, non tamen iucunda vita aut secura est semper sub persona viventium." See the discussion in Rosenmeyer, *Senecan Drama*, p. 51.

community standards to the degree that the agent performs constantly for the other. But elsewhere, this kind of role-playing is depicted as potentially positive. In the *Consolation to Polybius*, Seneca urges the emperor Claudius' powerful freedman to control his grief for his dead brother: people, after all, are watching him. Indeed, the unanimous will of the people has imposed upon him a great role (the Latin word is *persona*); this role must be maintained. Perhaps Seneca is simply flattering the emperor's secretary vis-à-vis his high profile in the public eye. Perhaps; but we cannot dismiss the benefits of role-playing so easily. For to play your role well, and consistently, to the end, is a central Stoic metaphor for the business of being alive, and as I mentioned at the beginning of this talk, even Stoic theorizing about identity is couched in the language of the four *personae*, or roles, that a person must fulfil. The very life of the Stoic *proficiens* is seen as the struggle to play a role well - the role of himself. All that matters is to stick to it, or, as Seneca puts it in another striking formation, "be consistent with yourself" ("cura ut constes tibi," *EM* 35.4).[49] "It is a great achievement," he reminds us, "to play the part of just one man; no one can do it except the wise man; the rest of us take on too many different appearances. Avoid this; and if you can't be praised, at least make sure you can be recognized" - and here again the verb is *agnoscere*, linking the consistent playing of one identity to a term elsewhere used to mark an identity that has reached its full potential.[50] Finally, even the "theatricality" of role-playing is put into question: what was a role can through force of habit become the authentic you. So it is that we read in the *De ira*, that your conscientious playing of a role - in this case, the role of a man who is not irascible - can affect for the better the reality of who you are: train yourself not to show the emotions you feel, and eventually your insides will learn to conform with your outsides.[51]

This is the Senecan self. It is balanced rather precariously at the intersection of a series of binary oppositions formed when Stoic principle meets Roman culture. It both craves and fears the gaze of

the other.[52] It looks for self-regulation and self-formation to a real or imaginary other, and yet shows itself suspicious of behavior that adapts to the expectations of a viewer. And it despises the self that is oriented to the surface rather than the interior, yet is willing to concede that the one can become the other.[53]

What happens when we raise our gaze from the Senecan texts and look around in Nero's Rome? What of the impact of the famously theatrical regime of the emperor Nero? What of Petronius, with whose Trimalchio I started this lecture? In the few minutes that remain, I'd like to present you with two very different models for the interaction of self and audience in Neronian Rome: the models, in a sense, against which and because of which I believe Seneca is writing. The first model seems to me to run all through the work of Seneca's contemporary Petronius. Consider the following scene. The setting: the *Satyricon*. The topic: the dialogic self, the self that splits into two to reason with itself, to observe itself, and to shape itself according to Stoic ideals.[54] Our hero Encolpius is upset because his love-object, the adolescent Giton, is responding to the attentions of an ancient, but decidedly lascivious, poet, Eumolpus, who is stay-

ing with the pair. This is precisely the kind of disturbance the good Stoic works on himself to avoid, and Encolpius reasons with himself accordingly: "It's annoying that our guest likes the boy. But so what? Aren't Nature's masterpieces the communal property of all? The sun shines for everybody..... Will love alone, therefore, be private booty rather than a common prize?" This

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[49] Is the difference between this positive role-playing and the kind that Seneca calls "tortuous" based on the distinction between the gaze of an idealized other and that of the community at large? One might think so, but even this distinction fails to hold: the virtues that struggle for outside show among the populace at large are sometimes worthy ones, sometimes mere plumage, *Tranq.* 1.3. And in any case the role of life is played before a general audience, and yet the most important thing is still "ut constes tibi." Cf. *Ben.* 2.17.2 on the behavior of a Cynic philosopher: "hanc personam induisti; agenda est."

[50] Sen. *EM* 120.21-22: "Magnam rem puta unum hominem agere. Praeter sapientem autem nemo unum agi, ceteri multiformes sumus.... Effice ut possis laudari, sin minus, ut agnosci."

[51] Sen. *De ira*, 3.13.2: "Paulatim cum exterioribus interiora formantur." Cf. Galen *Aff. Dig.* 5.20-21.

[52] In my treatment of Seneca, I am not willing to go quite as far as Edwards, "Self-Scrutiny," p. 34, who writes that "Seneca's *Letters* direct attention to the self but they also serve to problematize the self in profound ways. The Senecan self is multiple, fragmented, and riven with conflict. Dramas are enacted within the self, new roles assumed at every moment."

[53] Sen. *EM* 80.8: "omnium istorum personata felicitas est."

[54] *Sat.* 100.1-2: "molestum est quod puer hospiti placet. quid autem? non commune est quod natura optimum fecit? sol omnibus lucet. ... solus ergo amor furtum potius quam praemium erit? ... haec ut infra fiduciam posui fraudavique animum dissidentem, coepi somnum obruto tunicula capite mentiri."

inner dialogue, however, has no persuasive power for its internalized audience. As Encolpius says of his own efforts to mobilize an internalized other, "When I had made these points that were beyond credibility, and cheated my protesting mind, covering my head with my cloak I began to pretend to be asleep." His mind is *dissidens* - it refuse to agree with the rationalizing other

Consider another example in which self-dialogue seems both ineffective and, here, parodied. Encolpius has been having trouble with impotence, and so, following the model of Odysseus' famous address to his heart in book 20 of the *Odyssey* ("Endure then, my heart. For you once endured things more shaming still," *Od.* 20.18), he sits up and addresses the offending member: "What do have to say, you disgrace among men and gods?... I beg of you, don't provide me with such a lackluster performance" (*Sat.* 132.12). But there is no improvement to be seen, and in any case, despite such splitting of the self into subject and object, the procedure seems hardly Stoic. Seneca might have appreciated the struggle of Plato's Leontius, who in book four of the *Republic* berates his eyes for their desire to look upon corpses lying at a place of execution near the Piraeus; but Encolpius' self-directed talking-to would seem - and be - a mockery of such an attempt at control of the self.

Indeed, the whole world of this novel looks like a theater for the self. Its protagonists are constantly performing, both for the gaze of the other and for themselves: Giton twice commits suicide with a fake razor to win sympathy from assorted lovers and assailants. Like the fake suicide in Seneca, the one who rolls out of his bed and threatens his own life, it's a suicide fed only by the presence of an audience. And as for Encolpius, he is now a *scholasticus*, now a slave, now a Stoic lecturing on the vicissitudes of life. The poet Eumolpus plays the philosopher in order to get into a young man's bed. And so forth.

Is it too far-fetched to align this chaotic world - in which no self is authentic, but everyone is constantly on show, putting on now one *persona* and now another - with the Senecan texts? I would argue not. Petronius and his characters often pay lip service to the moral self while they are under the assessing gaze of other characters. But they prefer to acknowledge it verbally only, and only as a means for self-advancement.[55] The Stoic gaze is mocked, revealed as hypocritical, rejected as ineffective; and its crowning defeat occurs when the author himself, or his main character, Encolpius, turns to his real audience - his reading audience, us - to ask, as if chiding us, "Why are all you Catos looking at me with a furrowed brow?" ("Quid me constricta spectatis fronte Catones?", *Sat.* 132.15). Stoics with their regulatory gaze are, as it were, *personae non gratae*, their notions of authenticity are not a goal - and are perhaps an impossibility - in Petronius' world.

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[55] Cf. Martial 10.20:Tunc me vel rigidi legant Catones, and 8.2.

A second model emerges from Seneca's own writing. The setting: Early imperial Rome. The protagonist: an unfortunate Roman knight named Pastor. The topic: again, acting for an audience.

Gaius Caesar [Caligula], offended with the son of Pastor, a distinguished Roman knight, because of his foppishness and his too elaborately dressed hair, sent him to prison; when the father begged that his son's life might be spared, Caesar, just as if he had been reminded to punish him, ordered him to be executed forthwith; yet in order not to be wholly brutal to the father, he invited him to dine with him that day (*De ira* 2.33.3, trans. John Basore).

Pastor comes; he drinks the toast that Caligula proposes and puts on the garlands and unguents Caligula has supplied; he shows no sign of reproach whatsoever, but rather smiles, laughs, makes merry, and in general, says Seneca, "acted as if he had obtained the pardon he had sought for his son. Do you ask why? He had a second son" (2.33.4).

Pastor is not the only one: Seneca praises other models who knew to fake it under the assessing gaze of a tyrant. Socrates himself, under the Thirty Tyrants, never changed his expression (*EM* 104.28); Cato didn't either; and no matter what happens to him, the Stoic never lets himself visibly react (*De const.* 5.4). Even the public gaze is dangerous, given the presence of informers in society at large: men like to destroy other men (*EM* 103.2). Seneca himself acknowledges that there are no Catos and Scipios among the audience in his own Rome. What there is, is the presence of a very different gaze altogether: the abusive, performance-demanding gaze of power, the gaze that leads Seneca to urge, over and over again, that the good Stoic should never change his expression, because a Caligula, or a Sejanus, or an informer, might be watching (cf. *Cons. ad Marc.* 15.3).

The Senecan model of identity, then, is one that jostles side by side with others in first-century Rome in which the same elements recur - subjection to a gaze, the playing of a role, even the notion of a dialogue with the self. And yet these other models seem to deliberately abjure any concern with authenticity or immutability. Those who participate in them are more concerned to please the audience than themselves, and they role-play accordingly; the regulatory gaze of a Cato exists only to be mocked. One is almost tempted to suggest that Seneca's project, amid all this writing on spectatorship and identity - a project in which I think he ultimately fails - is to re-establish the sense of some authentic core of non-socially-determined selfhood in a culture in which, socially and politically, this core, for the newly powerless elite classes, was weaker than ever before.

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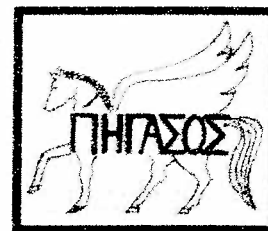
Terry Hunt was an undergraduate at Exeter from 1961 to 1964, and completed an MA in 1964-66 on the manuscript tradition of Cicero under John Glucker. He contributed to Pegasus, *was joint editor of nos. 2-6 (1964-66), and compiled the indexes in nos. 11, 21 and 31. Astonishingly, Terry wrote his book entirely in his spare time, using evenings and weekends over three decades while he was working full-time for an IT company. Our reviewer, Nigel Wilson, is Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, co-editor of the Oxford Classical Text of Sophocles, and author of* Scribes and Scholars *and other books on manuscripts and the classical tradition.*

When we read an ancient text it is all too easy to take it for granted and assume that the transmission of the author's words from his own day down to modern times has been accurate and uneventful; the printed word on the page, especially if the type face is aesthetically pleasing, creates an impression of authority, so that to challenge it or at least entertain the notion that it might be challenged requires a kind of intellectual courage. One of the many interesting results of the researches contained in this book by Terry Hunt is that in the period from the 16th to the 18th century, when Cicero was widely read, very few of his readers had that courage. But that is to anticipate; the starting point of this review is to say that the book is a fine example of a type of learned monograph that did not really become a feasible undertaking until photography and easy travel lightened the task of textual scholars by making it possible to examine all or almost all the extant manuscript copies of a Greek or Latin text.

The origin of the book goes back to 1967 when Hunt submitted his MA dissertation; work resumed in 1976 and has been carried on ever since, with a persistence which deserves our admiration, in such hours of leisure as an unrelated job would allow. The book owes its form to the pattern set by a comparable study of Cicero's *De legibus* by P.L. Schmidt. Hunt has collated the whole text in every known copy of the *Academicus primus* - there are now 70 of them - whereas the editor of the Teubner text, O. Plasberg, knew of only 55. Such thoroughness is more practicable for his chosen text than for the *De legibus*, which is much longer and survives in 95 copies.

The story begins with a strange episode. In May 45 Cicero completed the *Catulus* and the *Lucullus*, as the two books of this original version were called. But in the following months he introduced substantial alterations, and the two books became four. Despite the rapidity of the revision - Atticus

Terry Hunt with infant son, Adrian (off-stage right), 1983

must have been a more efficient publisher than most - copies of the earlier version had begun to circulate, and the *Lucullus* has come down to us, contrary to Cicero's intention. Of the revised version, which appears to have been called *Academici libri*, only a part of Book I survives.

In Chapter 2 Hunt gathers all references to the text from antiquity and the middle ages. It was not one of Cicero's most influential dialogues, and some references to it may be based on second-hand rather than direct knowledge; the earliest writers who certainly consulted the text were the grammarian Nonius Marcellus and the Christian Lactantius. They are followed by Augustine. Then comes a gap; there is no clear mention between the 5th and the 12th century, after which there are occasional mentions in Dante and early humanists.

With Chapter 3 begins the main part of the book, an examination of the manuscripts. There are not quite as many of them as for some of Cicero's other philosophical writings. Their chronological distribution is: 12th c. 2; 13th c. none; 14th c. 3; 15th c. more than 60. They are easily divided into two families, each characterized by numerous errors.

One may conveniently be called French, the other Italian. The main part of the book is a careful description of each manuscript with an account of its variant readings, so that a family tree of extant codices is constructed as far as possible. Hunt also traces their subsequent history and what use has been made of them; naturally many famous names occur in these pages. The French family (A) is traced back to P (Paris.lat.6331), written in northern France in the second half of the 12th century, whereas the Italian family (Ā) descends from a lost book with ten surviving descendants, which divide into a Florentine and a north-eastern Italian group.

A short chapter is devoted to reconstructing the archetype from which the two families derive; the text at one stage was transmitted along with the *De*

Finibus and the possibility is raised that it was still completely preserved as late as the twelfth century. One sympathizes with a number of scribes who noted the loss of part of the text and expressed the wish that those responsible for it because of their own laziness or carelessness should suffer appropriately (see pp. 163, 176, 181). A much longer chapter deals with the so-called *deteriores*, a large group of 15th-century manuscripts mainly written in Italy. These need to be analysed with care in case they contain some unexpected good features; on the whole they follow the text of P but have occasional traces of Ã, and so they are products of contamination, i.e. the result of a medieval reader comparing his text with another copy and incorporating from it a number of readings that seemed better. When this procedure occurs early in the middle ages - or indeed in antiquity - it creates a situation in which the construction of a family tree becomes difficult or impossible.

This is the kind of text that most of the Italian humanists such as Poggio were acquainted with, and there are no fewer than nine copies which appear to have some connection with the famous Florentine bookshop of Vespasiano da Bisticci, active in the middle of the 15th century. The transmission of this text in the Renaissance and after is representative of the history of classical studies, since it obviously received the attention due to an interesting, even if incomplete, essay by a central author. One oddity, which is certainly not typical in the history of Latin texts in the Renaissance, is revealed on pp.161-2. The manuscript Ottobonianus lat. 1984 was written by the well-known book collector Giovanni Aurispa in collaboration with a certain Jacopo Veneto; Aurispa signed and dated the MS in Constantinople on 12 August 1422. Though humanists went to the Byzantine capital to learn Greek or collect books, it is not usual to have evidence of their copying of Latin texts while there. Hunt has missed a description (with a plate) of this manuscript in P. Eleuteri & P. Canart, *Scrittura greca nell' umanesimo italiano* (Milan 1991) 143.

Another fact worthy of mention is that most of the Renaissance MSS are written on parchment rather than the cheaper alternative of paper. If one examines MSS of Greek texts copied in the same period, paper is the norm and parchment is frequently a sign that the book was being made for a rich man. Scholars' copies had to be less expensive.

With Chapter 8 we reach the history of the editions. Hunt has collated as many as possible; as he says, it is a dry and time-consuming task. The earliest is by Sweynheim & Pannartz (Rome 1471) and there were four more in the 15th century; these were followed by no less than 89 in the 16th century, more than half of them being produced in France. There are some interesting considerations on the history of printing. One important negative finding (not unexpected) is that the early editions were based on mediocre manuscripts and editors often copied a previous text without doing any further research. The Aldine by Andrea Navagero (1523) was an honourable exception, and his text became more or less the standard for quite a long time. Hunt traces with meticulous care the stages by which editorial practice gradually reached modern standards.

The book is completed by appendices on lost manuscrites (9 items) and the printed editions, bibliography and indices.

This is an excellent book and I have very few further comments to offer. One concerns the statements about watermarks (p.73 and elsewhere), in which there appears to be some confusion between the places where the papers were manufactured and where their use is attested. On p.75 we are not told where Mirella Ferrari published her important identification of the script of Gasparino Barzizza. On p.80 it would have been nice to hear a little more about the Greek words added in the margin. On p.123 read "basilisk" for "basil"; this is a watermark design and if Hunt has identified it accurately it seems that the scribe was using a batch of paper that had been stored away for some thirty years or more. The mysterious name on p.197 Scipionis Bargelini is perhaps to be read as Scipione Bargagli (1540-1612), a humanist from Siena who wrote about the Italian language and was a prominent member of more than one academy.
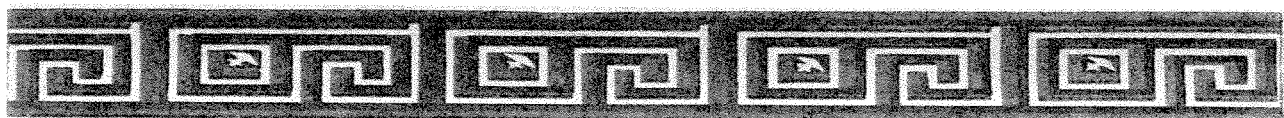
New Insights into Virgil's *Aeneid*

*The *Aeneid* was one of the few books that was not destroyed by Augustus in his life-time, though some claim this is not the case.

*Juno plays a trick on Turnus by making a hologram of Aeneas.

*Aeneas has gone into Care to seek help...

*In Book 2 we see Ascanius for the first time with a big fire on his head. But he is not on fire elsewhere...

*Evander feels that being older he should have gone with Aeneas and left his son behind. Then he would have died a glorified death and when he returned home dead, he would have felt much better.

Aileen - A pioneering Archaeologist. The Autobiography of Aileen Fox.

In teaching the history of archaeology, it is customary to recommend the value of biographical and autobiographical studies. Their illumination of the general through the particular makes an important contribution to understanding a discipline which has depended so much on the energies of creative individuals. In this case it is a double pleasure to welcome to the literature of archaeology a new autobiography which describes the life and career of one such energetic and creative figure: for not only has Aileen Fox made a significant contribution to twentieth-century archaeology, but she was also responsible for establishing archaeology at a university.

But the value of the book goes beyond archaeology, for it is also an important piece of social history. Its charismatic subject has led a life in which many different strands have been woven together: a protected upbringing in a wealthy family contrasted with the 'do-it-yourself' culture of archaeological fieldwork; a formal education in English literature in a women's Cambridge college contrasted with a professional archaeological life in various contexts, including a provincial university; thirty-odd years of happy marriage followed by thirty-odd of widowhood; contrasting working environments including south Wales, south-west England and New Zealand.

It is a book to be read with obvious profit by archaeologists, but also by students of scholarly and social life in general. The various themes of her private and professional life are set against the background of wider twentieth-century events and there are many insights into the broader world. And, importantly from today's perspective, it describes the achievements (and occasional failings) of a woman in generally male-dominated circles. But Aileen Fox's 'feminism' (not that she would have labelled it thus) arose not from self-conscious social or political motivation, but from her own character, interests and ambitions. There is a sense, running through her own story, that what might have been expected of a girl from the wealthy upper-middle class was simply not enough for her and that she knew that a more challenging and

satisfying life could be found. The paradox, implicitly acknowledged, is that the comfortable background which provided the financial security and self-confidence without which her early prospects would have been poorer was, later, the milieu against which she rebelled in a more self-reliant world. Her autobiography will thus be of interest to a wide range of readers, not simply archaeologists. Putting aside its academic interest, it is a facinating personal story, well-written, photographically illustrated with photographs and a thoroughly good read - a book to be enjoyed as well as learned from.

The variety of Aileen Fox's professional achievements is rich indeed, particularly so from the viewpoint of present-day university life where more time can be spent on bureaucracy than doing anything useful. Those achievements were made against a background of national developments which created modern archaeology and in which many great characters took part. Most of the influential folk of British archaeology in the middle fifty years of the twentieth century crop up somewhere in the narrative. Indeed, one of the many pleasures in being a friend of Aileen's in recent decades has been the feeling that she put one in direct touch with an earlier world. Historians sometimes remind themselves that great consequences don't necessarily have great origins, and so it is with life in general. Aileen Fox's entry to archaeology came from wondering what to do after graduating in English. A stay at the British School in Rome and a period working on the Richborough excavations for Bushe-Fox confirmed her new direction and thereafter followed a life of unbroken dedication to her chosen field.

The fascinating narrative encompasses, from the 1920s to 1970s, fieldwork at a range of prehistoric, Roman and medieval sites, as well as a major contribution to the foundation of 'urban rescue archaeology' through excavations in post-war Exeter. And from the early 1970s to early 1980s, a 'post-retirement' career took off in New Zealand, where she was able to pursue Maori archaeology in a spirit of pioneering fieldwork reminiscent of her earlier efforts in Britain. Not that she was unaccus-

tomed to overseas excursions. Although her own primary fieldwork was in Britain, her attitudes, knowledge, linguistic ability and teaching had also been formed, from an early stage, by regular foreign visits in which archaeological study was accompanied by other interests, notably natural history and botany.

Alongside the academic dimension, there was the institutional. The present Department of Archaeology at Exeter University is the linear successor to a series of units in which archaeology figured (finally as the Department of History and Archaeology from 1979, after her retirement) in various forms from the University's creation in 1955. The systematic teaching of archaeology had been started by Aileen Fox, in 1947, in the days of the University College of the South-West, at the instigation of the historian Norton Medlicott. Already practised in lecturing part-time at Cardiff University in the war years, she moved to Exeter in a logical extension of her successful post-war excavations there and coincident with her husband's retirement from the National Museum of Wales. The description of her Exeter years is a fascinating account of how archaeology's university profile was gradually raised by her efforts, with in-

creasing student numbers, more staff appointments and varied degree courses. This period also saw ceaseless activity in south-western fieldwork and research, to whose commitment her book *South-West England*, first published in 1964 and again in the 1970s, is splendid testimony.

Inevitably, her energies were also drawn into the public sphere of archaeology and much time was generously given to local, regional and national bodies over many years. But whereas some archaeologists can be drawn into this world almost for its own sake, Aileen Fox's involvement was purposeful and always led to material progress in some form. She was also a relentless monitor of undesirable developments which threatened archaeological sites and buildings, campaigning effectively with local and national government bodies on many occasions. This activity is amongst the many which reveal her total commitment to the study of the past which at times bordered on a crusade. Archaeology was never simply intellectual entertainment, let alone a means of earning a living: it was a serious social endeavour with heavy responsibility. It was this commitment, as well as her engaging personality and prior achievements, which made her so welcome in the south-west on her return from New Zealand in 1983. And it has been entirely fitting that so many of her efforts in the 1980s and 1990s, researching, writing and promoting archaeology to the public within the framework of the Devon Archaeological Society. Her friends, colleagues and students, as well as the archaeological establishment in general, have had good reason over many years to be grateful for her labours. Now they can be grateful also for this highly readable and reflective account of a life covering almost a century of archaeology's history.

Aileen Fox taught archaeology at Exeter from 1947 to 1973 ; Bob Higham teaches archaeology here now.

Degree Day 2000

Oration presenting J.K. Rowling for an Honorary Degree, 14 July 2000 by T.P. Wiseman

My Lord Chancellor, ladies and gentlemen, I have grave news. He Who Must Not Be Named has escaped from his living death in the forests of Albania. With the aid of his servant Wormtail he has regained bodily form. Professor Trelawney's prophecy was true: the Dark Lord has risen again, greater and more terrible than before. He has summoned the Death Eaters, Cornelius Fudge is not to be trusted, and as for Snape... but my lips are sealed.

It is possible, Chancellor, that there are people in the hall who don't know what I'm talking about, so perhaps I'd better start again, from the beginning.

Just ten years ago, a young Exeter graduate was on a train - an ordinary, Muggle train - from Manchester to London. She had been flat-hunting. Her first job, two years as a Research Assistant with Amnesty International, was coming to an end, and she was wondering about what she'd be doing next. She was also anxious about her mother, who was very seriously ill with multiple sclerosis. As sometimes happens, the train broke down, and she was stuck for four hours with nothing to read. Nothing to write with, either, which for this particular young woman was perhaps an even greater privation. What happened during those four hours is the reason she is here today.

On Radio Four recently, Joanne Rowling described herself to her listeners as the epitome of a bookish child - short and squat, in thick National Health glasses, living in a world of complete daydreams, writing stories endlessly.[1] That was when she was at school in Chepstow, but when she came to Exeter, to read French with Greek and Roman Studies, the daydreaming went on. Sometimes it got in the way of her work, as she recalls elsewhere with affectionate irony (I resist the temptation to name the lecturer she refers to):

> His tolerance towards my frightening ignorance of his subject was awe-inspiring. The closest he ever came to admonishing me for my erratic attendance and propensity to lose every hand-out he gave me the moment we parted company was when he described me as sleep-walking around the place. This was said with an expression of mingled patience and amusement. I lived to regret repeating his remark to friends. It was sufficiently apt for them to repeat it rather more often than I found funny.[2]

What the sleepwalker was doing was writing stories. 'It was a secret. People at the office used to ask me if I was coming down the pub and I would say that I was going shopping. I just felt embarrassed about saying, well, actually, I'm writing a book.'[3] Not that she was writing for children, or indeed for publication. By the time she was twenty-six, and stuck on that train, she had the drafts of two novels in her drawer, but no illusions that they would ever see the light of day.

That was when Harry Potter appeared, strolling into her head fully formed:[4] 'I was staring out of the train window and saw him very clearly: little, scrawny and dark-haired. I knew he was a wizard. Then I thought, he must go to a wizarding school...'[5] He too has National Health glasses, as his creator had at his age. His friend Hermione Granger is a compulsive achiever, as her creator was at her age. Why shouldn't 'speccies' and swots be heroes and heroines too? [6]

As soon as she got home, Joanne Rowling started exploring the idea of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry and its odd inmates. But so far it was just sketches and short stories; no epic theme yet.

A few months later, Mrs. Rowling died. She was only forty-six. To get an idea of the effect on her daughter, just read the chapter on 'The Mirror of Erised' in the first of the Harry Potter books. Joanne, who was working as a secretary for Manchester University, took stock, and thought about what to do with her life. She decided to be a teacher, took a TEFL course, and went to Portugal to teach English. There she married, and her daughter Jessica was born. But the marriage failed, and Joanne took refuge with her baby at her sister Di's house in Edinburgh.

That was Christmas 1993, and for the next six months she was living on benefits, worrying about whether the pack of nappies would last the week, unable to afford the child-care she needed to work on what was now taking shape into a book:

> I decided this really was crunch time. I told myself that I was going to carve a book out of this mass of papers... I didn't tell anyone. People would ask me what I had been doing and I would say just out walking. I think they thought I was very strange and possibly depressed. What I was actually doing was walking around town with Jessica in the push-

chair. When she fell asleep I would run into a cafe and write for two hours.[7]

The Dementors, those grim guards at the prison of Azkaban, 'represent the coldness and deadness of clinical depression. Anyone who's had it knows that feeling of emptiness.' But thinking about Harry helped her through it: 'it was like thinking about a friend'.[8] She took a PGCE course at Moray House, which was useful because the computer room stayed open till 9 pm and she could work there on the book. Her tutor remembered her as 'a very, very private person. She was very strict with herself and her time. She allocated time for everything she had to do'.[9] Of course she did: she was doing her course work, bringing up her little girl on income support, and writing a book all at the same time.

I hope, Chancellor, that the graduates in our audience today are ambitious to succeed, in business or the performing arts.[10] But if they take 'J.K. Rowling' as the paradigm of sudden and spectacular success, they need to remember what it takes. First, natural talent and the obsession to practise it - that daydreaming child and her stories. Second, formative experience - the bad times that strengthen the character that lives through them. And third, sheer hard work - a self-disciplined concentration, dedicated to achieving the end no matter what.

For we have now reached the turning point of the story. The first Harry Potter book is practically finished, and Joanne Rowling has in her head an entire seven-volume sequence, covering the whole of Harry's school career. From the *Writer's and Artist's Yearbook* she picks out the name of a literary agent and sends him the typescript. He agrees to act for her - 'it was the best letter of my life', she says - and after some rejections by big-name firms (who must now be grinding their teeth), a publisher is found. Ms Rowling tells a nice story of the lunch at which it was arranged; her agent Christopher Little said to her afterwards, 'Now remember, Joanne, this is all very well, but it's not going to make your fortune.'

By now Joanne Rowling was teaching French at Leith Academy. On the strength of Bloomsbury's acceptance, the Scottish Arts Council provided an £8000 bursary, which at last enabled her to afford care for Jessica (now three) and to get to work on the next book. And then, in July 1997, *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* was published; the American rights were sold by auction, and suddenly J.K. Rowling was a household name.

It's important to remember that what happened was not a media event. Of course the media have made the most of the Harry Potter phenomenon, but they didn't create it. In fact, it happened against all the fashionable trends. Penguin and HarperCollins weren't interested in the first book because they thought it was too long and too serious. Well, each volume since has been longer and more serious than the last, and there is no sign that the enthusiasm of readers is waning. What everyone has noticed is that many children who read Harry Potter were never interested in reading anything before - and if I may speak as a Professor of Classics, I'm delighted that there are now thirty million or so people around the world who know at least one Latin sentence, even if it does mean 'Never tickle a sleeping dragon'.

Amid all the hysteria, and the malice (for there has been some of that too), a few thoughtful reviewers have been able to identify the essential point. Let me end by quoting from two of them:

The cult of Potter has been created by word of mouth, not marketing hype... In the TV-dominated, celebrity-spotted, self-referential world that dominates the children's market these days, he is alarmingly old-fashioned. He is not post-modernist, ironic, sophisticated, slick, hip, or street-smart. He is cheerful, decent, kind and brave, good at games and rather moral.[11]

When Rowling's heroes battle evil, we do not think of them as good simply because they are asserted to be (as in, say, computer games), but because they manifestly are so. They behave with decency and courage. They deserve trust. They face danger for their friends. They forgive. And, while readers enjoy the books as much as any for their comedy, pace, surprises and creativity, it is the ordinary, everyday goodness of the protagonists that moves us.[12]

And that is why we honour J.K. Rowling today. It's not just the twelve literary awards she has won, or the twenty-eight languages into which her work has been translated, or even the OBE which she received this year. It's something more important even than that, something she has in common with her beloved Jane Austen: in more ways than one, what she writes makes the world a better place.

My Lord and Chancellor, I now have the pleasure of presenting Joanne Kathleen Rowling for the degree of Doctor of Letters *honoris causa*.

[1] 'With Great Pleasure', BBC Radio Four, Thursday 25 May 2000.

[2] *Pegasus* 41 (1998)26.

[3] *Independent* 21 November 1997.

[4] *Time Magazine* 4 October 1999.

[5] *Telegraph Magazine* 26 June 1999.

[6] *Independent* 29 January 1999, *Telegraph Magazine* 26 June 1999.

[7] *Independent* 21 November 1997.

[8] *Telegraph Magazine* 26 June 1999.

[9] *Sunday Express* 24 October 1999.

[10] The substantive degrees awarded at that ceremony were in the School of Business and Economics and the School of Drama and Music.

[11] Matthew Fort, *Guardian Weekend* 26 June 1999.

[12] Nicolette Jones, *Sunday Times* 11 July 1999.

Joanne Rowling replied in what the Chancellor rightly described as an 'inspiring, moving, down-to-earth address':

This is the third honorary degree I've received, and I was feeling quite pleased with myself until I met Peter Sutherland![1] But I have to say, even should I attain the headly delights of ten, I think this will always be the one that means the most to me.

It is a real honour to be back here under these circumstances, and frankly a shock - a shock that is shared by certain Exeter friends of mine. One sent me a congratulatory postcard: 'I assume this is to show the new graduates that you can make something of your life even if you spent three years in The Black Horse.' Another suggested it would be more appropriate to give me an engraved ashtray in the Devonshire House coffee bar. Kind remarks such as these echo in my ears.

As I sat blankly staring at my office wall wondering what to say to you today, the prospect unnerved me. Firstly, you are not all nine years old - though if I narrow my eyes at the people at the back, you do look as though you've come dressed as wizards, which is comforting. I was also intimidated by the memory of the distinguished scientist who spoke at my own graduation, on (if I remember correctly) ethical choices in the medical profession. It was a fascinating lecture, but in all honesty it has not proved of particular relevance to me in subsequent life. So I have decided against a speech on what to do when you are stuck for a good name for a hippogriff at four o'clock in the morning, and decided instead to speak about making mistakes, taking risks, and life, three subjects very dear to my heart.

It is possible to reach the age of twenty-one without having made anything in the nature of a life-altering mistake. Pass the examination and reap the reward - such was the basic pattern of my life between the ages of about twelve and twenty-two. At my own graduation, and I hope that the same is true of all of you, I had very little experience of personal failure or regret. I'm pleased to say I made up for that almost the moment I left university.

If you judge the wrongness of a decision by the degree of discomfornt it brings to its maker, I have made some magnificently misguided choices since leaving Exeter University. In fact, if I examine the route I have taken on the way back to this hall, it is littered with decisions that, judged by the happiness or success they brought me at the time, were entirely and wholly wrong. If I were able to meet my twenty-two year old self now, I would be able to warn her that relocating to Manchester for the Exeter boyfriend would lead to nothing but a year of misery; that however much she tried to convince herself to the contrary, she would be a liability to any office which had the misfortune to employ her; and that the novel she had just started would never be finished, let alone published.

Given the chance, however, I would not go back and warn myself against moving to Manchester, or taking the office job, or starting that very bad novel. The fact is that it was on the train from Manchester, as we have heard, after a weekend's fruitless flat-hunting, that I had the idea for Harry Potter - and for all I know I *needed* to be sitting on an over-crowded train, tired and discouraged, staring out of the window at that particular stretch of scenery, for inspiration to strike. If I hadn't taken those office jobs, I'd never have proved to myself that I was emphatically not cut out for that line, nor would my typing speed have increased so dramatically (it has proved useful). The abandoned novel, meanwhile, was as necessary as all failed experiments. It took me one step nearer to the experiment that succeeded. In fact, I have learned that almost all mistakes - I exclude those involving loaded guns - result in some gain.

In retrospect, I think that I had a pronounced fear of failure, and certainly a fear of taking risks, when I left full-time education. I was afraid to risk poverty and disillusionment and devote myself wholeheartedly to the only ambition I have ever had, to be a writer. I was too busy looking sideways at my friends, all of whom were devoting themselves to the attainment of what I saw as realistic goals, entering careers which had a sort of purpose and structure that novel-writing certainly does not. Lacking confidence in my own abilitiy, I took the easier and more cowardly route of pretending to want what other people wanted; and so I embarked on a series of jobs at which I was never better than mediocre, scribbling away during the lunch hours and evenings and being as secretive as possible about the one thing that was more important to me than any other.

It was not until my well-publicised period of poverty-stricken single motherhood that I finally got up the courage to find out whether what I had written was worth publishing. Judged by most conventional standards, I had not made a great success of my life at that point. I had a failed marriage behind me, no job and no money. Yet, difficult though that time was, it was strangely liberating to have nothing much to lose in terms of self-esteem. It is even possible that, had I been safely settled in a lucrative day job, I would have wanted to protect my ego much more than I did then. Finally, I knew that I would have much more respect for myself if I tried and failed than if I continued to nurse ambitions without ever attempting to achieve them. And the pity of it is that I needed to have reached such a point before I was ready to take the risk.

I say this not because of the material rewards that that first book brought me, highly enjoyable though those are, but because I was finally being true to myself. I was happier as an impoverished and unpublished writer than I had ever been as a solvent and mediocre executive. But before I become finally self-congratulatory, I remember the words of Harper Lee in *To Kill A Mockingbird*: 'Nobody in their right minds takes pride in their talents.' I did not earn a vivid imagination. It has been as much a part of me as freckles and short sight for as far back as I can remember.

I am lucky - in fact, all of us who have graduated from this university are lucky, in having had the opportunity to come here, in most cases in having families who have encouraged them, and in having had an education the like of which most people never receive. There are plenty of people in this world who have the kind of ability we are all fortunate enough to possess, but who through no fault of their own never had our opportunities. I would hope that all of us have sufficient humility to recognise that fact, and to acknowledge that, being privileged people, it becomes us to set off into the world with the intention of improving it, wherever we can.

This then is what I would most hope for you today as you leave Exeter: that you will not be constrained by a fear of failure, that you will not live up to any expectations but your own, and that you find work in which you can give of your best and therefore live the fullest and most satisfying life you can. I hope that you take some risks, and make some splendidly useful mistakes, so that these past few years do not turn out to have been the happiest of your life - though I do hope they will come close.

[Copyright, J.K.Rowling, 2001]

[1] The other honorary graduate at the ceremony was Peter Sutherland, ex-EC Commissioner and Chairman of Goldman Sachs international, who has ten previous honorary degrees.

Dissertations
2000

MA: Roman Myth and History

Joanna Clift -

All you Need to Know: Ampelius on Roman History.

Rebecca Symonds -

Praenestine Cistae: Iconography and Myth.

MA in Ancient Drama and Society

Anthi Sambani -

Fusion of Opposites in Aeschylus' *Oresteia*.
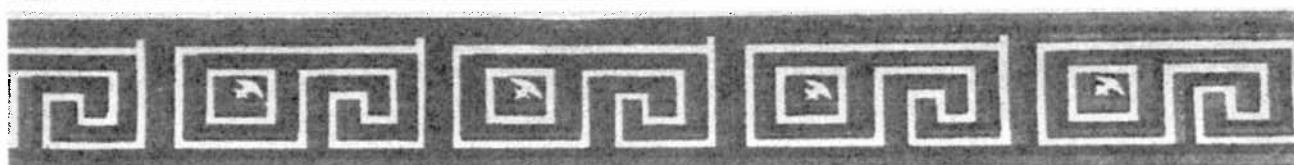
MA in Homeric Studies

Jill Marrington -

Taking the Myth out of History: Fact and Fiction in the Homeric 'Trojan War'.

MA in Ethics, Religion and Society

Tanya Rebel -

In what ways can Ecofeminism contribute to the formation of a Global Ethics?

Orestes' Death: Did Sophocles Get It Wrong?

Larry Shenfield

κεῖνος δ' ὑπ' αὐτὴν ἐσχάτην στήλην ἔχων
ἔχριμπτ' ἀεὶ σύριγγα, δεξιὸν δ' ἀνεὶς
σειραῖον ἵππον εἶργε τὸν προσκείμενον· . . .
καὶ τοὺς μὲν ἄλλους πάντας ἀσφαλὴς δρόμους
ὀρθοῦθ' ὁ τλήμων ὀρθὸς ἐξ ὀρθῶν δίφρων·
ἔπειτα λύων ἡνίαν ἀριστερὰν
κάμπτοντος ἵππου λανθάνει στήλην ἄκραν
παίσας· ἔθραυσε δ' ἄξονος μέσας χνόας,
κἀξ ἀντύγων ὤλισθε· σὺν δ' ἑλίσσεται
τμητοῖς ἱμᾶσι· τοῦ δὲ πίπτοντος πέδῳ
πῶλοι διεσπάρησαν ἐς μέσον δρόμον.

Sophocles *Electra* 720-22, 741-8

Orestes always drove tight at the corners
barely grazing the edge of the post with his wheel,
loosing his hold of the trace horse on his right
while he checked the near horse.

    ... In his other laps / the poor
young man and his horses had come through safe.
But this time he let go of the left rein
as the horse was turning. Unawares, he struck the edge
of the pillar and broke his axle in the centre.
He was himself thrown from the rails of the chariot
and tangled in the reins. As he fell, the horses
bolted wildly to the middle of the course.

Trans. D. Grene (University of Chicago Press, 1957)

In Sophocles' *Electra* the Paidagogos or 'Old Slave' in disguise relates, primarily for Clytemnestra's benefit, his elaborate fiction of Orestes' violent death as his own charioteer in a furious chariot race (taking up 83 famous thrill-packed lines, 680-763). The accident that kills him seems on first examination to be inexplicable, defying common sense, or else a case of garbled transmission by copyists. Orestes' four-horse team and chariot are coming round, as was usual, from the right, to turn sharp left around the the stone end-pillar, στήλην (744), going into the last lap. Sophocles clearly says that Orestes' death while negotiating this at top speed is his own fault, 'loosing his left-hand rein,' λύων ἡνίαν ἀριστερὰν (743), apparently in a moment of uncharacteristic inattention, that is, λανθάνει (744).[1] He should have waited until he had guided his chariot and team successfully the full 180° to the left all the way around. The hub of his left wheel strikes the pillar, shattering the 'axle box', ἄξονος μέσας χνόας (745),[2] and Orestes is tangled in the reins of bolting horses and dragged on for a distance, mortally hurt.

The logical result, however, should be that the whole team simply carries straight on (if only out of sheer momentum), *away from*, and thus *easily missing*, the turning post. The left wheel would not be smashed and Orestes would not be thrown over the chariot front rail (as at 746). So did Sophocles get it wrong? Or is there some simple solution?

The question has been asked in the past by many classical scholars without a resolution, as we shall see. After all, although Orestes' mishap is purely imaginary, Sophocles in *Electra* displays a vivid and detailed knowledge of what must have been his model, the chariot races of his own day, with all their risk, danger and fatal spills.[3] Before the field was later limited by the installation of the customary ten starting gates (probably first at Olympia in the fifth century BC), the danger was increased by a dense crowd of competing teams, as many as 48, all rushing out onto the track at the start.[4] There were usually seven laps requiring 12 hazardous turns (not 14, as often assumed by scholars, since there was no turn before the first lap and only one turn in the last lap).[5] Estimates of the distance covered vary from nine to

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[1] Literally, 'he, loosing, (λύων) the reins, unawares, strikes (λανθάνει, with participle).

[2] 'Axle box' is a more accurate translation than the literal 'axle in the centre' here (see Lloyd-Jones, Loeb 1994, ad loc.).

[3] A similar real-life episode is attested by Pindar, *Pyth.* 5.46-51 in the 31st Pythian games of 462 BC: of 41 chariots taking part, all crashed except for the winning team of Arcesilaus of Cyrene. A literary precedent was the crashing of the chariot of Eumelus son of Admetus in the funeral games for Patroclus (*Il.* 23.391-7, 531-8). In another story of the *Iliad* (meant to reflect reality), Diomedes (23.457-68) is seen by Idomeneus to lose his grip on the reins as he fails to round the post with his team, and crashes. Elsewhere in tragedy the quadriga of Peleides is described in vivid detail (even rounding 'the perilous turning post') by the chorus in Euripides' *I.A.* (206-26), with Achilles trying vainly to outrun it.

[4] The later Roman hippodromes usually had 12 starting gates (for 12 or, later, 24 teams of the competing *factiones*).

[5] Pindar in *Ol.* 2.55 and 3.33 and *Pyth* 5.33 speaks of 12 laps, but most likely meant 12 'straightaways' as he perhaps meant 'course' (δρόμος) in this sense. See P. Vigneron, *Le Cheval dans l'antiquité gréco-romaine* (Nancy: 1968), 198 and n.7; also compare Crouwel [n.7] 63 with notes 305-11.

Estimates of the distance covered vary from nine to 18 kilometres.

The races were probably witnessed by many in his audience, as they were reputedly the most popular spectator sport of the time. Sophocles seems to delight in thrilling his theatre audience and creating suspense, much as Euripides presumably wanted to do when, at nearly the same extraordinary length (75 lines), he dramatized Hippolytus's fatal chariot dash in his *Hippolytus* (1173 / 1248). To win a prize for their play, any inaccuracy would be meticulously avoided, as the skill in handling a quadriga would presumably have been well known to most in their audience. So how can we presume that Sophocles made a mistake?

After all, the crash would most likely have had an obvious and quite different cause, if Orestes at that moment (while the left-hand trace horse was still pulling hard) had instead slackened off on the *right-hand* rein as Sophocles says he had done on the previous turns (720-2). His chariot would then have been pulled *too far left* by the left-hand outrigger, striking the heavy stone post. There is no hint of this in the text. The solution suggested in this paper, which argues for an ingenious element of the construction of classical-era Greek racing chariots, previously unverified, appears to have been arrived at, relatively recently, by experimental archaeology, and confirmed by a contemporary model chariot in the Vatican Museum.

Sophocles may well have deemed the truth of the matter (mysterious to us) so obvious to his audience, as part of their everyday knowledge, that there was no need to explain it for them in his verse. It is hardly sufficient to surmise (as many scholars have done) that Orestes should have waited until he rounded the turn before slacking off the left rein: this is the mistake Sophocles imputes to Orestes and by itself it explains nothing. We have to try to understand what was happening in an actual Greek chariot race to the same extent as his Athenian audience.

This implies that there is possibly a simple explanation, obvious to Sophocles' audience but not us, that would exonerate him. Just such an explanation is proposed in this paper, by newly examining a promising technical solution, until recently somewhat neglected, but well documented. It derives from experiments carried out in France from 1965 to 1977 by horseman and scholar Jean Spruytte, who for the purpose built a series of replicas of ancient chariots. Our prime interest here is in his1978 publication of the results of extensive

Figure 1

field trials carried out with his painstaking reconstruction of a classic-era Greek racing *quadrigae*,[7] illustrated here in Figure 1.[8] He used authentic ancient coach-building techniques and materials, and recruited horses of small stature matching those presumed for the classical period.[9] His findings will be summarised later, followed by discussion of how far they, with other evidence, can resolve the questions we have been pursuing.

By way of preamble, we need to have a clear idea of the unique method of harnessing the team of four horses which we call a quadriga, in Greek τέθριππον (sc. ἅρμα) (Latin *quadrigae*),[10] imagined by Sophocles to be driven by Orestes in a race in the mythical past, but visualised (as was usual in fifth-century art and drama) in the Greek-style racing context of his own day.[11] As is well known,

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[6] Spruytte carried out extensive field trials with research-based, hand-tooled reconstructions of Egyptian, Greek, Etruscan, Roman and Chinese chariots, and of other ancient wheeled vehicles, fully illustrated and reported in his *Études expérimentales sur l'attelage: contribution à l'histoire du cheval* (Paris, Éditions Crépin-Leblond: 1977). There is an English version: J. Spruytte, *Early Harness Systems* (tr. M. A. Littauer) (London: 1983).

[7] J. Spruytte, 'L'attelage sportif: le quadrige de course' *Plaisirs équestres* (1978), 102, 418-24, Figs. 12-16 and four photographs pp. 423-4. Driver in the trials was usually a member of Spruytte's family or one of his associates in the experiments (Spruytte 1977 [n. 6], 'Introduction'). Spruytte's findings were commented on nine years ago by J. H. Crouwel, *Chariots and Other Wheeled Vehicles in Iron Age Greece* (Amsterdam: 1992), 65 and notes 321 and 322.

[8] Figure 1: Spruytte 1978 [n.7] 424.

[9] The horses' height was limited to 1.28m because in classical racing the horses used were quite small, resembling our typical pony (Crouwel [n. 7], 24 and notes 33-35).

[10] The Latin term was always in the plural. The *quadrigae* race was initiated at the 25th Olympiad in 680 B.C. (Paus. 5.8.7-8); it does not feature in the Homeric epics (although hinted at), in which only two horses are customary. The two-horse race (the *synoris*), described in Book 23 of the *Iliad*, was run apparently for the first time as late as the 93rd Olympiad in 408 B.C. (Paus. 5.8.10).

[11] Elsewhere in tragedy the *quadrigae* of Peleides with a yoked pair and two σειραφόροι is described in vivid detail (even rounding 'the perilous turning post') by the chorus in Euripides' *I.A.* (206-26), with Achilles trying vainly to outrun it.

the two centre 'pole horses', ζύγιοι (*iugali*) (with their own sets of reins) would be firmly yoked together across their necks, but the two 'trace horses' or 'outriggers' (σειραῖον ἵππον, 722)[12] are in effect free-running, not yoked but tethered on either side with only a single rope or 'trace', which ran from the outrigger's chest-collar back to the chariot body. Where the traces were fastened is of prime importance here because it is thought to be related to the severe problem of centrifugal force on a sharp turn; and will therefore be a cardinal point of this paper.

The driver controlled each trace horse independently with its separate reins, each pair passing from the bit through a 'terret ring' on the yoke collar of the nearest pole horse, and thence back to the driver's hands. There is little evidence for straps connecting the outriggers to the central pole horses: all that prevented them from swinging outwards was the tautness of the reins as they passed through the terret rings to the driver's hands.[13] Neither were they likely to swing inwards, disrupting the team's efforts, as each yoked horse usually had protective metal studs on the outside of its girth strap.[14] With a firm tug on the left-hand trace horse's rein and applying a goad, κέντρον, like a whip,[15] the charioteer could command him (only stallions were used) to pull diagonally off to the left, helping to turn the team more swiftly than could be done by the two pole horses alone. He needed to accomplish this successfully all of twelve times to win a race, perhaps following Nestor's advice to his son Antilochos in the *Iliad* (23.322-3), 'the crafty charioteer keeps his eye always on the turning post and wheels close by it'; and again at 23.344-5: 'If you take the shortest turn at the post, there is no other who will overtake you [on the outside] by a sudden spurt, much less pass you'. Sophocles' audience would no doubt have been familiar with these daunting requirements.

Orestes in the *Electra* does in fact negotiate this manoeuvre successfully *each time for six laps* (720 - 22), correctly reining in hard on the left-hand trace-horse rein and just grazing the pillar on each turn (ἔχριμπτ᾽ ἀεὶ σύγγγα 721). Then, on the straight, he *loosens* the reins of the *right-hand* trace

horse or *seiraphoros* (721-2), which thus repeatedly arcs to the outside to block off pursuers (προσκείμε-νον 722). Suddenly, at the half-way point in the race, ahead of Orestes, two chariots collide and all the chariots in the race are wrecked (724-30) except Orestes' and the Athenian competitor's.[16] These two manage to carry on, avoiding the carnage and commencing a reckless duel (735-42). They speed neck and neck for lap after lap, until Sophocles has Orestes, presumably on the last turn, *mistakenly* or *inadvertently* (the central question asked in this paper) relax his *lefthand* trace-horse rein (λύων 743).
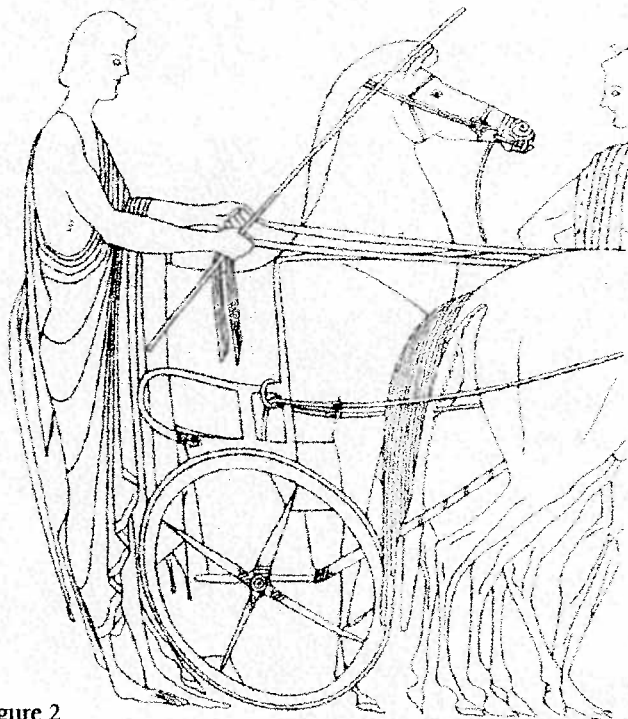
Figure 2

Kells, in his highly regarded 1973 commentary on the text, accepts that Orestes made a mistake,[17] but does not try to blame a copyist's error for the ambiguity. A. C. Pearson in the *apparatus criticus* of his Oxford text notes that ἔπειτα λύων 'then loosing' the lefthand rein (743) is 'suspected by many'. He cites Toepfer's suggested emendation ἔπειτα τανύων ('then reining *in*'),[18] without commitment. (Lloyd-Jones's 1990 Oxford text curiously omits any mention of all this.) Jebb in his epochal 1907 commentary seems to

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[12] Also encountered is παρήορος ἵππος, a horse which draws by the side of the regular pair (*Il.* 16.471, 474), always Doric παράορος in the Tragedians; παρηορία (η) in the plural, 'side traces' (*Il.* 8.87, 16.152). Also often σειραῖος (Soph. *El.* 722) or σειραφόρος (sc. ἵππος) [Ionic σειρη-] (Aesch. *Ag.* 842, Eur. *I.A.* 223), or παράσειρος (Pollux, Eustathius); Latin, *funales, funarii.*

[13] Crouwel [7] 45 and n. 186. In some very early fifth-century vase paintings, the σειραιοι are loosely linked to their respective pole horses by bridle reins, not attested again until the fourth century BC (Daremberg & Saglio, *Dictionnaire des antiquites* 1900 Vol. 3, 1640).

[14] Presumably these kept its accompanying trace horse from bumping against it (Crouwel [n.7] 45 with notes 188 and 189, illustrated by Plates 11.1 and 13.1).

[15] The ancient Greek "whip" (*kentron*, "goad" *Il.* 23.387) appears to have been a long pliant rod with a double point at the end, indispensable to charioteers as either a whip or more often (as shown on pottery) a simple goad.

[16] Although Sophocles is here recounting a fictitious race (probably his own invention), a similar episode is attested by Pindar, *Pyth.* 5.46-53 in the 31st Pythian games of 462 BC: of 41 chariots taking part, all crashed except for the winning team of Arcesilaus of Cyrene (Crouwel [n.7] 64 with notes 314-17). A literary precedent was the crashing of the chariot of Eumelus son of Admetus in the funeral games for Patroclus (*Il.* 23.391-7, 531-8). For corroborative evidence of the frequency and nature of crashes, see M. B. Moore, 'The Death of Pedasos', *AJA* 86 (1982) 578-81.

[17] J. H. Kells (ed.) Sophocles *Electra* (1973) 43ff.

[18] A Homeric usage of τανύω (e.g. *Il.* 23.324, when Nestor instructs Antilochus).

ignore any possibility of corruption in the text,[19] attributing the accident (as many still do) to Sophocles allowing Orestes simply to 'forget' Nestor's first advice to Antilochus in the *Iliad* (23.336-7) 'Lean in your sturdy chariot a little to the left [at the turn], then spur and encourage with your voice *while giving the right-hand horse rein*, but make the left-hand horse hug the pillar closely, so that the nave of the well-made wheel may seem to touch the edge of it, but mind not to strike the stone, lest you lame your horses and crash your chariot.' Nestor's advice, in any case, cannot strictly apply to Orestes in *Electra*, as Antilochus was not driving a four-horse team but the usual Homeric racing chariot, a *bigae*, drawn by only two *yoked* horses, with no outriggers.[20]

Kamerbeek in 1974 offered a curious explanation of how the chariot hits the post when, as he puts it, Orestes 'slackens too soon' the left-hand rein of the left trace horse: 'the horse swerves to the right, the chariot to the left'.[21] This is hard to understand unless Kamerbeek had in mind Jebb's long-accepted judgment in his commentary of 1907: 'He was turning sharply round the goal from right to left, and was therefore pulling the rein of the left-hand trace horse. He slackened this rein a moment too soon, thus letting the horse draw with more force. The effect was to create an *angular velocity* (my italics), which brought the left wheel into collision with the goal'.[22] In other words, he blames the pull of the left-hand trace horse as being decisive. Unfortunately his theory (probably not based on practical experimentation) is based on a fundamental error, for he assumes (in his *Appendix*, 215-17) that all four horses in the *Electra* passsage are yoked tightly together, which is not the case at all.

The simulated experiments by Spruytte (already mentioned) which I now describe may give us a reliable answer to the questions left unanswered by earlier scholars.[23] The challenge was to discover precisely how and where the traces of the *seiraphoroi* were attached to the 'body' of the chariot. We have no Greek evidence from any sources. As Spruytte was soon to find out by experimentation, their position can affect the all-important stability of the chariot, which not surprisingly is always threatened by the factor of centrifugal force on the hazardous 180° turn. His driver, upright as was the ancient custom, had to keep a precarious foothold

in the careering chariot without being able to hold onto anything except the reins.[24] It was difficult to keep the team in line and pulling equally even on the straightaway. On the turn (Figure 1 illustrates a rapid turn to the left),[25] even leaning to the left and pulling strongly on the left-hand trace-horse rein, Spruytte's driver found himself in danger of tipping over to the right as the left wheel lifted well above the ground.

Spruytte had begun his research by examining a variety of chariot and trace-horse harnessing portrayals on some 52 examples of Greek vase paintings and other art of the sixth and fifth centuries BC, selected for their apparent accuracy. (Most of such chariot-team paintings, found on some 4,000 of the known 50,000 or so Greek vases so far catalogued, are sketchy or conventional, with no attempt at fine detail.)[26] On most of the selected pottery examples he found that the two outrigger traces were not attached to the frame o f
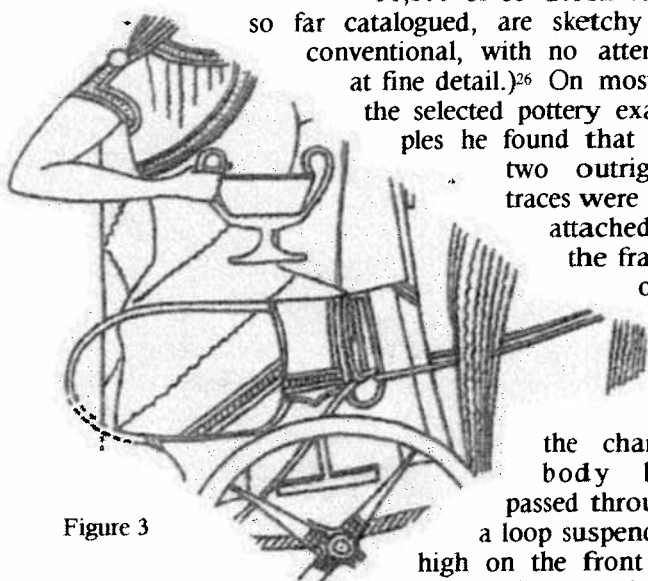

Figure 3

the chariot body but passed through a loop suspended high on the front or side rail of the chariot.[27] Thence they passed down either *inside the chariot body*, as shown in the example in Figure 2,[28] as less commonly portrayed in Figure 3,[29] one outrigger trace after leaving the ring passes downwards *outside* the body. Where they were attached has never been

[19] Sir Richard C. Jebb (ed.) *Sophocles - the Plays and Fragments*, Part VI, The Electra (1907) 215.

[20] Crouwel [n.7] 65 n. 324. As noted by W. Leaf and M. A. Bayfield (eds) *OMHPOY IAIAΣ The* Iliad *of Homer* 2 Vols. (1895-98 repr. 1956) Appendix D, 624-27, trace horses are rare in Homer and then only for the occasional *trigae*, as that of Patroclus at *Il.* 16.148f.

[21] J. C. Kamerbeek (ed.), *The Plays of Sophocles. Commentaries V*: The Electra (1974), *ad* 743-45.

[22] Jebb [n.19] 216, *ad* 743.

[23] Crouwel, one of the few to recognise Spruytte's achievement, has commented [n.7] 65: '[Spruytte has] produced a solution based on independent and differential attachment of the traces and use of the long goad as auxiliary directional control to put the inner outrigger to the left at the turn.'

[24] Fifth-century chariots were apparently fitted with half-shoes into which the charioteer wedged his feet, as Hippolytus does when starting his dash (Eur. *Hipp.* 1189, ἀρβύλαισον).

[25] 'Le tourner rapide à gauche: action du bricollier gauche [*left-hand outrigger*] dont le trait tendu maintient le véhicule sur sa trajectoire.' (Spruytte 1978 [n.7] 424 (photograph caption to Plate 37(c).)

[26] See M. B. Moore 'The West Frieze of the Siphnian Treasury: A New Reconstruction' *BCH* 109 (1985)131-56 at 138-40 with notes 33 & 36.

[27] Spruytte 1978 [n.7] 422f.; Crouwel [n.7] 44 and notes 180-83. Well illustrated by Crouwel's Fig. 1, detail from the Attic black-figure volute-krater by Kleitias and Ergotimos, the so-called François vase, from near Chiusi (*ABV* 76 no.1).

[28] Figure 2: Detail of Attic black-figure hydria by Psiax, from Vulci (Berlin, Staatliche Museen 1897; *ABV* 293 no. 8). Drawing (detail) from Crouwel [n.7] Plate 13.1.

[29] Figure 3: Spruytte 1978 [n.7] Figure 11. Detail of Attic black-figure amphora fragment by the Amasis Painter from Selinus (Palermo, Museo Archeologico Nazionale; *ABV* 151 no. 19). Drawing from Crouwel [n.7] Plate 12.1.
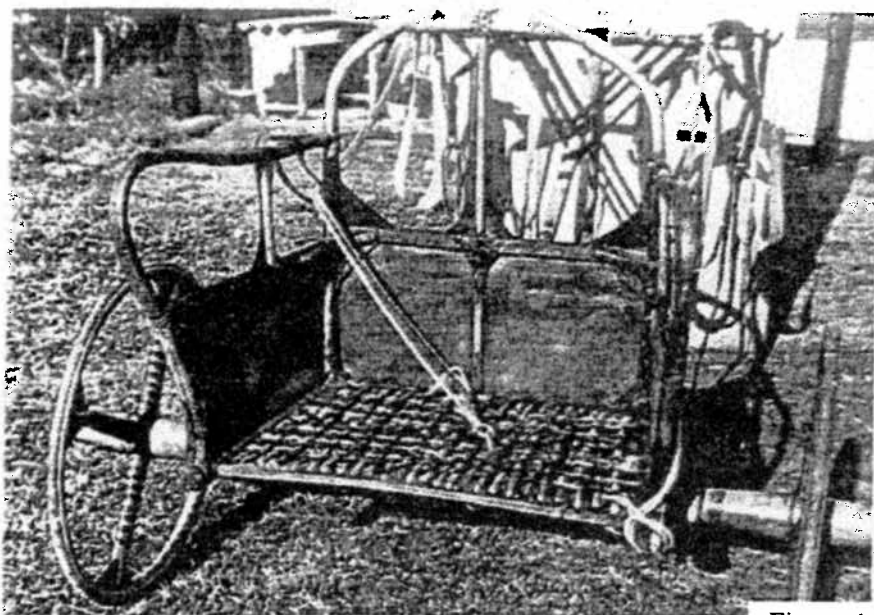
Figure 4

close to the ground, counteracting the centrifugal force (as in Figure 1) and with no danger of overturning to the right. At the same time, the driver found that he had to stand well back of the axle (as in fact we see on nearly all chariots in art of the time), to counteract the unsettling downward pull exerted by the left trace horse which seriously upset the balance of the chariot.[35]

The right-hand trace, however, to improve the traction, demanded a different solution, because, in Spruytte's words (my translation): 'If the right-hand trace is attached in the same way, the right-hand horse must absolutely not pull diagonally to the right [on the turns], but continue parallel with the pole-horses; and having less ground to cover, he need not pull at all; in fact the effect of doing so would be to increase the centrifugal force and endanger a capsize.' Spruytte concluded that the righthand trace should be fixed instead to the *rear right-hand bottom corner* of the chariot body (as on the pottery fragment, Figure 3). The left-hand trace remained fixed to the axle through the floor as before. He found that this arrangement avoided the risk of capsize, but that there was both another risk and a benefit: 'if the right-hand trace horse is stimulated to pull hard straight ahead, this accelerated the rotation of the vehicle *to the left* on the turns'.[36] This was a benefit until just before the left-hand outrigger arced sharply left, but disastrous when, as on his last turn, Orestes loosened his left-hand trace horse's rein too soon.

Our conclusion, therefore, must be that Sophocles got it right after all. Orestes probably did make the mistake described in the *Electra.*

Spruytte's experimental evidence suggests that Sophocles was correct (and there was no copyist's error) in saying that Orestes caused the accident by loosing too soon his left-hand trace-horse rein, perhaps readily realised by the theatre audience.

We can even go a step further and surmise that in all likelihood, guided by depictions on some 35 contemporary vases (e.g Figs 2 & 3)[37] and Spruytte's meticulous experiments, the fastening of the traces as devised in Figure 4 was such an effective cure for the centrifugal-force danger on the turns that it was adopted for the *quadrigae* by most if not all of the Greek racing fraternity by the fifth century BC. The presence on so many Greek vases of loops on the chariot rail, through which the traces pass back

known for certain, as pictures on known Greek vases do not show such detail.[30]

Archaeological findings give us no clue.[31] The probable, ideal points of attachment were deduced only following Spruytte's repeated field trials, each time trying a different combination. Of those tested, the one most effective for rounding the post was that illustrated in Figure 4,[32] which shows Spruytte's replica chariot from the rear.[33] The trace (doubled here and not single)[34] of the left-hand outrigger is here brought diagonally *to the right side* of his reconstructed chariot and fastened to the axle through a hole in the lattice-work floor. Then, as the left-hand trace horse, urged with the goad, arced wide off to the left, Spruytte's driver found that the strong pull kept the left side of the chariot down

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[30] An early attempt to address such problems was made by M. B. Moore, 'Horses on Black-Figure Vases of the Archaic Period: ca. 620-480 B.C.' (Diss., New York University: 1971).

[31] In the 22 years since Spruytte published his findings (admittedly in an equestrian journal) only Crouwel [n. 7] and Moore [notes 16 (1983) and 26 (1985)] have highlighted the potential significance of the rope rings. That the traces quite extraordinarily passed through such a limp ring and were (seemingly) attached nowhere aroused so little curiosity, although visible on many vases including those cited by Spruytte, is surprising.

[32] Figure 4: Spruytte 1978 [n.7] 422 Fig. 15.

[33] Acknowledged as the correct solution by Crouwel [n.7], 44: 'Experiments (by Spruytte 1978 [n.7] 422f.) have shown that in actual chariots the traces must have been attached to the axle, or perhaps more likely, to the rear floor bar.'

[34] Spruytte does not explain in his reports why he used double traces instead of only a single trace for each horse, as shown on all the vases. Crouwel [n.7], 44 (with Pls. 10:2, 13:1 and n. 182) explains that when two strands are shown, one is the trace proper, the other a short strap coming from the chariot body, the two being joined by a toggle, 'presumably for rapid release of the outrigger if the horse should fall.'

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[35] Crouwel [n.7] 65 and n. 325. Euripides in Hippolytus's race mentions *arbulae* (ἀρβύλαισιν 1189) which were fittings on the chariot floor which held the driver's feet firmly in place.

[36] Spruytte 1978 [n.7] 423.

[37] See notes 28 and 29 above.

and downwards to be secured, is a further argument in favour.

There is even evidence that the same solution was known and adopted as far away as Etruria and Rome. Trade connections and Greek influence in Etruria and early Rome are well known. Racing chariots in Etruria and the Roman Republic were nearly identical in construction with those in Greece, and the races were of the same number of laps and conducted in the same style.[38] It is perhaps, therefore, not surprising that metal bars for attaching outrigger traces have been found under the axle on a bronze model of an Etruscan chariot of the late fifth century BC in the Vatican Museum (Figure 5). The details were illustrated and described a century ago by Daremberg and Saglio, who were convinced that the bars were for fixing *quadrigae* traces.[39]

Figure 5

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[38] For authentic Roman racing chariots (very light and similar to those of classical Greece), see M. Junkelmann, *Die Reiter Roms: Die antike Reitkunst im archäologischen Experiment.* 2 Vols. Anhang 1, *Zur Konstruktion römischer Rennwägen* (Mainz-am-Rhein: von Zabern: 1992), 217-220 + Abb. 138. For Etruscan racing chariots, see J. Spruytte 'L'aggiogamento degli equini nel mondo antico. Aspetti tecnici generali' in
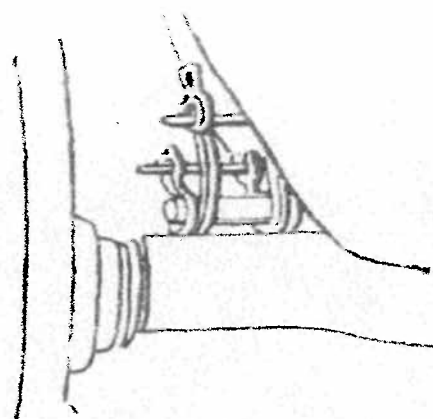
Emiliozzi A (ed) *Carri di Guerra e Principi Etruschi: Catalogo della Mostra a Viterbo, 24 Maio 1997 - 31 Gennaio 1998* (1997), 69-72.

[39] Daremberg and Saglio [n.13] Vol. 3, 1641-42 and Figures 2221 and 2224, who thought the model was possibly a temple votary. 'On peut remarquer au char étrusque conservé au Vatican, de chaque côté de la caisse audessus de l'essieu, des barres destinées à attacher les traits' (1641).

CLASSICS AT EXETER IN THE 1940s:
some comments on Brian Balsom's article in *Pegasus* 43
H.W. STUBBS

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive (especially to survivors of the Blitz) but to be young was very Heaven: though official folk-memory tends to forget the fact, or to suggest otherwise.

Some details: C.B. Armstrong had a Dartmoor parish before moving over to Clyst St George, I think in 1945. Henry Chalk was at Exeter from 1948 (he arrived at the same time as Fred Clayton) to 1950; Miss Depree (not Dupre) arrived I think in Sept. 1944, married and left with Donald Southgate in or around 1955.

Group photograph: not the full department, either staff or student [perhaps it's just the finalists? - FDH]: neither Armstrong nor Pat Depree is present, nor, among the students, the ubiquitous *ewiger-Student* Peter Phelan, though the latter may have been away on National Service - from which, however, he seemed to get an enormous amount of leave. He was an Exeter resident (his mother lived in one of the streets between Howell Road and

Hoopern Fields) and was regularly around the place at any time between 1944 and 1956, when he got a barrow-wheeling job at W.H. Smith in Sidmouth; later Jackson Knight managed to get him a job with the Publishers' Association. He died, I think, some time in the 1980s. Oddly, I had completely forgotten Marjorie West, and I don't think she had occasion to come to many of my classes (attractive/conventionally pretty students were comparatively rare and would not be easily forgotten). The oddly-named Olive Rabbits was quite a character....

The Guild had no large-scale office, but [G.V.M.] Heap once complained that whenever one came into the front hall at Gandy Street, the students seemed to be holding an election.

The local branch of the Classical Association *did* continue to meet in wartime: it was meeting all the time, and if Jackson Knight was in on anything there was sure to be *some* student participation.

How did you get started in Classics ?

Well, that goes back a long way. I think, like quite a lot of people, I originally got fascinated by the Greek myths and stories, and so I wanted to see how I could find out more about them. I wanted, therefore, to learn Latin and Greek at school and it simply carried on from there. As I have gone on over the years my basic interests have changed as I am now more interested in social history rather than mythology. I went to a school where they taught very good Latin and Greek but I soon became interested more in history rather than the literature. So I think it's a fairly simple story of how I initially got involved with Classics.

What interests do you have that lie outside of the field of Classics ?

I'm quite interested in sport and I watch a certain amount on television, especially the rugby. I play a certain amount of golf when I can and I also enjoy walking in the countryside and going on nice holidays.

As a professor in the School of History and Archaeology at Cardiff University, what sort of involvement do you have with archaeology ?

We run a complicated set of degree programmes which involve a certain amount of integrated degrees both with the archaeologists and particularly with Medieval History, so we have regular meetings and discussions with the archaeologists. I am not a field archaeologist myself but I use quite a lot of archaeological material in my work and I have recently been involved in a joint project with a Greek archaeologist at Cardiff to start investigation into variations of settlement and housing patterns in

different Greek regions over quite a long period of time. Through this project we will see an increasing amount of collaboration with the archaeologists and a joint conference on this theme in five months' time.

You have many major works to your name: *Slavery in Classical Greece*, *Social Values in Classical Athens* and *Hybris* to name but a few. Which of these was the most enjoyable to work on and why ?

A long project like the *Hybris* book, which was my thesis that was re-written and then published, was both the most annoying and frustrating because it took so long, yet the most pleasurable to have finished and released in order to see what response it got. The *Slavery* book, on the other hand, was a much shorter book that formed part of a series that was aimed at undergraduates. I got this book done in pretty quick time by my standards, and it was very pleasurable to have a very small specific project that I could work on and reach a reasonably satisfactory result and get it published within a two-year period. I think that with anything you do there are moments when you find it frustrating or difficult or you wish you hadn't started it or that you're never going to finish it and you get fed up, and there are other times when you're work goes really well and you enjoy it a lot.

How did you develop an interest in aspects of violence in ancient social history?

A large part of my writing has been concerned with violence and seriously insulting behaviour. It doesn't reflect a deep need in me but it's more something that I'm trying to understand, and it's also something that I partly came across by accident as well. I started off wanting to work on comedy and Aristophanes when I finished my undergraduate degree and started doing postgraduate work, and then I thought that perhaps I needed to look more at the society and other sources for the society - lawcourt speeches and the law - and see what insight you get into society from the way they frame laws about it. Then the follow from that may have come out of some work on Aristophanes that I was interested in, the conflict of generations and the violence between parents and children. So then

I thought I would look into the laws about the control of violence and so on, and rather by happy accident I discovered a theory of mine which then I thought I would test, and that became my thesis and first and largest book, *Hybris*.

Was violence more acceptable in Classical Athens than it is today?

It was very much expected that good citizens would be prepared to fight for their country, whether in a professional or citizen army. People who weren't rich enough to fight as heavy infantrymen served in other ways - they rowed in the ships or fought as light-armed troops. This was a very important part of being a good citizen and proving yourself to be a man, that you stood up to danger and faced battle. So there was a very strong expectation that everybody would be face to face with serious violence at some point in their life and might well end up dead.

Has your subject specialisation affected your own personality? What sort of impact has it had on your life?

I don't really know, it's quite a hard question to answer and I haven't thought about it that much. I don't think I have an interest in violence because I'm a violent person - I'm extremely non-violent and fortunately I live a life that doesn't bring me into contact with violence. I also like investigating aspects of more peaceable social interaction, such as banquets, drinking parties and dinner parties and so on - and I certainly enjoy those in real life! I think one works on topics that one finds interesting and there isn't necessarily any connection between the subject and the individual.

How do you view the future of Classics ?

The major change, which was happening when I was still a student, is the decline in the study of Greek and Latin in schools and the terrific switch of emphasis in teaching at universities. There are still people who do Latin and Greek at places like Exeter but there are many universities, like my own, where there are virtually no people coming in with previous knowledge of Latin or Greek, and we offer them the chance to learn it, but undergraduate courses are now teaching Ancient History and Classical Studies through English translations. This has been the major change and, in many ways, it's

been very advantageous in that the changes at A Level too mean that many more people are now studying the ancient world. So I think in that respect there has never been so much interest in the ancient world.

What advice would you give to any Classicists wanting to go into academia?

I think that people should do what they like doing best and enjoy it. I believe that people should pursue subjects that really interest them and get the most out of doing.

If there was a text that you wished had survived from the ancient world or that you would like to see discovered now, what would it be and why?

That's one of those questions that you are well aware of and wished you had given more thought to! I don't think that this is really the most serious answer I could give, if I had more time I'm sure I could give you other ones that would be much more useful. What I've been working on recently is a speech that Aeschines made to prosecute an enemy named Demarchus, who is allied with Demosthenes. We have the prosecution speech and we know the result, but it would be nice to have the defence speech and see how these rather ridiculous charges were actually answered. That would give me a lot of pleasure at the moment, but as I say, I don't think that's necessarily the answer I would give in another year.

PLAYFUL TRAGEDY:

Meidias reviews the Departmental production of Euripides, Alcestis (Queen's Building, 3rd-5th May 2000)

Many recent productions of classic drama exhibit a tendency towards re-contextualization. In other words, it has become common to remove plays from their traditional historical or spatial settings and relocate them in different surroundings, with the intention (one presumes) of stimulating a greater range of responses and re-examining the meaning of the drama. Some of these attempts, inevitably, are more successful than others. This reviewer has seen *The Duchess of Malfi* relocated to a Soho nightclub; a production of *Twelfth Night* set against a backdrop of the Irish potato famine; a dubious rock-and-roll musical version of *Hedda Gabler*...and now, Euripides' tragedy *Alcestis* presented by the students of Exeter's Classics department in the guise of burlesque satyr-drama. A radical project, this, but by no means perverse; for even in antiquity there was some confusion as to the precise nature or genre of *Alcestis*.

The playwrights who competed at the festival of Dionysus each year were required to offer a tetralogy of plays, usually consisting of three tragedies followed by one satyr-play. Euripides' tetralogy in 438 B.C., which won him second place, consisted of *Cretan Women, Alcmaeon in Psophis, Telephus* and *Alcestis*. Since *Alcestis* has no chorus of satyrs, it is clearly not a satyr-play. But the fact that it was the fourth play in its set confused Aristophanes of Byzantium, who wrote the introduction (*hypothesis*) to the play three centuries later. His opinion was that the *Alcestis*—the only surviving play of the four—was 'quite like a satyr-play (σατυρικώτερον)' on account of its 'rather comical *dénouement* (κωμικωτέραν ἔχει τὴν καταστροφήν)'.

But there are a number of reasons for questioning the value of Aristophanes' evidence. In the first place, the text of his *hypothesis* is demonstrably corrupt: it includes factually incorrect information about other plays, as well as the statement that the 'happy ending' of the *Alcestis* has more in common with comedy (‹ἃ› ἐcτι μᾶλλον κω-μωιδίας ἐχό-

μενα). Not only do a number of tragedies have seemingly 'happy' endings, but it is impossible for a play to be *both* comic *and* satyric! More important, though, is another fact which Aristophanes seems not to have realized. The arrangement of three tragedies plus one satyr-play was not invariable but subject to occasional alteration, as early as the mid-fifth century. For instance, Aristias' satyr-play *Wrestlers* was the third in its group in 467 B.C., and Pratinas exhibited fifty plays of which thirty-two were satyric.

Despite these problems, Aristophanes of Byzantium continues to influence readings of the *Alcestis*. To-day, the play is often labelled 'pro-satyric', a title implying that its genre is mixed, somewhere between tragedy and satyr. But nevertheless, the events of the plot are strikingly tragic, as a brief glance will show.

The scene is Pherae, in Thessaly. Apollo offers king Admetus the chance to escape death if he can find another willing to die in his place; Admetus' wife Alcestis is the only volunteer. He accepts, and Alcestis presently dies, throwing the household into misery and confusion. Amid the obsequies arrives Heracles; oblivious to the lamentation which is going on around him, he prevails on Admetus to entertain him and proceeds to get embarrassingly drunk. When Heracles realizes his mistake, he undertakes to bring Alcestis back from the dead, and thus Admetus and his wife are re-united.

The theme of inebriation did, in fact, figure in the satyric genre (as we can see from *Cyclops* and the fragments of other satyr-plays), but otherwise the familiar elements of tragedy are present: the violation of normal *philia*-relationships among close kin; distortion of marriage and funerary ritual; the ambiguous moral position of the principal characters; death, suffering and lamentation. Even with Alcestis restored to life in the final scene, it is scarcely 'a laugh a

29

minute'.

But, under directors Arlene Allan and Eleanor OKell, this tragedy was transformed—no 'pro-satyric' middle ground here, but un-equivocal, full-blown satyr-drama. Euripides' chorus of old men of Pherae was replaced by a cavorting *thiasos* of ithyphallic satyrs, the motifs of sex (even incest!), food and feasting were given exaggerated prominence through-out, and the English translation was adapted in such a way as to make it explicitly funny—in the words of the directors, they have 'endeavoured to make this play comic with modern sensibilities in mind, without distorting the original text beyond what it will bear.' Perhaps Allan and OKell had in mind Demetrius' description of the sa-tyric genre as 'playful tragedy (τραγ-ωιδία παιζουσα)'.

Visually as well as conceptually the production was extremely stylish, with sets and costume clearly based on *art nouveau* and Aubrey Beardsley's sensuous interpretation of Clas-sicism. It is a matter for regret that the aesthetic ideals of the designers were not more closely matched by their available budget; still, the limited

resources of the theatre were used to the full.

The acting was of a uniformly good standard. Allan and OKell themselves danced in the *thiasos*, sporting immense *phalloi* which had been constructed, as all else, with painstaking attention to detail. James Millen and Victoria Penn, as the doomed couple, combined pathos and pusillanimity to great effect. John St Do-minic was a delightfully menacing Death, re-appearing later in a different costume as Admetus' aged father Pheres. The versatile Alex Perryman filled not one but three roles (Apollo, Servant and infant Son of Alcestis). Particularly noteworthy was the hilarious performance of Alistair Christie as a swaggering, Tarzan-like Heracles: as an inebriate he was utterly convincing, and his character was the greatest source of humour in the drama.
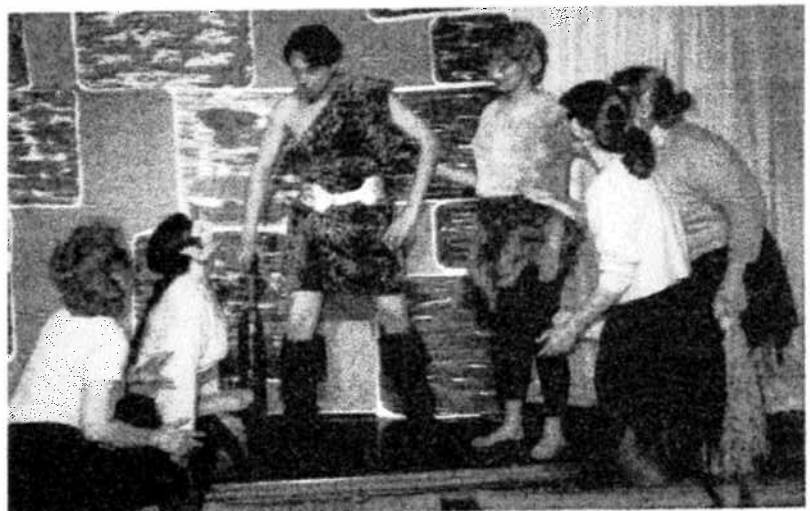
But I remain unconvinced that *Alcestis*, as conceived by Euripides, offers much in the way of amusement. The result was ultimately, and—I think, inevitably—a jarring mixture of tones. How-ever (lest I seem to be disparaging), this was no rock-and-roll *Hedda Gabler*, but an intel-lectually ambitious production from two Greek drama specialists with real vision, which turned out to be more thought-provoking than almost anything of its kind that I have seen. It demonstrated just how far one could legitimately go, without violating artistic integrity or taste, in the interpretation of a Greek play. I look forward to seeing what the same directors will bring to their next project, which promises to be Lucian's *Satirical Sketches*.

'*Meidias*' is a part-time teacher of Clas-sics and one-time Organist to the Clerkes of St Giles.

ΠΗΓΑΣΟΣ

From 20-23 March 2000, the Department was proud to host a conference, 'Myth, History and Performance in Republican Rome: a Celebration of the work of T.P. Wiseman, locally known as 'The Wisemanfest'. This was an extremely affable occasion on which the University welcomed many scholars, the majority of them international, who know, love and work with Peter. All members of the Department were present at various stages, some throughout. Notably lacking was the cut-throat undercurrent of many conferences; the sparring of rivals was put aside as part of the good feeling generated by this celebration.

Myth, History and Performance in Republican Rome: A Celebration of the work of T P Wiseman

20-23 March 2000

Reviewed by Emma Gee

The programme began on the afternoon of Monday March 20th with Michael Crawford from UCL on 'Land and People in Republican Italy', and continued that evening with an urbanely-delivered and rich art-historical presentation from Mario Torelli (Perugia) entitled 'Le megalografie dell' oecus della villa di Boscoreale: programma iconographico e programma politico'. The following day, Nicholas Purcell (Oxford), Tim Cornell (Manchester), Elaine Fantham (Princeton) and Edward Champlin (Princeton) held forth on various topics both historical and dramatic, including Coriolanus and Agamemnon (Cornell and Champlin), the creation of Roman history, and Pacuvius (Purcell and Fantham). In the evening we were intrigued by Frances Cairns on 'Catullus - in and about Bithynia'. The 22nd saw Susan Treggiari (Stanford) on 'Ancestral Virtues and Vices', James Zetzel (Columbia) on 'Plato with Pillows', a virtuoso performance in legal advocate style from Erich Gruen entitled 'Cleopatra in Rome: Facts and Fantasies', and Karl Galinsky's 'Drama in the *Aeneid*', which provoked animated discussion. On the final day, Tony Woodman gave a lecture entitled 'Celebrare Clio: Poets and Historians', followed after coffee by plenary discussion.

The Conference Dinner was a splendid occasion, at which Elaine Fantham delivered the oration, to which Peter responded graciously. Anne (whom he described with the phrase 'sine qua - just simply - non') was presented with flowers by members of the Department, and a splendid cake, made by the multi-accomplished Lynette Mitchell, was cut. The conference was timed to co-incide (roughly!) with Peter's 60th Birthday, and everyone agrees that its high point was Peter's verbal memoirs, delivered impromptu at the closing plenary session, with customary modesty and humour. If 60 proved for Peter a milestone from which to look back, we are sure that it will prove for the scholarly world a milestone which marks the beginning of a new epoch in the productive career of T.P. Wiseman, one which will generate further quirky gems of scholarship.

The proceedings of the conference will become a book entitled 'Myth, History and Performance in Republican Rome: Studies in Honour of T.P. Wiseman (University of Exeter Press), edited by Braund, Gee and Gill.

Our first Prize goes to K.W. James, a 3rd year student in Philosophy

Dear Auntie,

I used to think I was in control. If a date wanted macho, well that was me, strong, dominant, and muscular. But if sensitive and caring was required, well, I could adapt, show a less bulky profile.

But I'm getting so tired of all the changes. Why should I keep trying to be what others want all the time? I'm starting to think I've always seen girls as the enemy in some way. Is there just one shape that all girls want? Do you think I should just be me and feel secure in my own body? It's got so bad I don't know what my 'real' body is any more.

There's another problem....

The changes in me are happening MORE and more

SPONTANEOUSLY. See?

I feel out of control a lot of the time.

In fact, i feel distinctly odd at the MOMENT, writing this letter.....

Yours transmogrificationally,

Proteus

****

Dear Proteus,

To be frank I've always found it to be quite repugnant this obsession men have with the shape of their bodies.

If I had my way all men would keep to a standardised Helvetica. As our magazine's production manager keeps insisting, you can't go far wrong with Helvetica. Why, at least on earth, should you need anything more fancy?

Regards, Auntie

Honourable Mention goes to A. Weaver, a 1st year student in Ancient History from whose letter we offer the following extract:

Dear Agony Aunt,

I am Alexander III, King of Macedon, son of Zeus and heir-apparent of Ares, who makes a funeral pyre of the world. But for all my heavenly brillance, I have a rather unfortunate problem. You see, I cannot seem to father an heir. I don't know if it's me or my wife, either way it's like trying to sire an heir with the Gedrosian desert. It is very embarassing, and very dangerous - if my Macedonians were to find out that I had no arrows in my quiver, as it were, there would be an uproar. I mean, would Zeus be King of the Gods if his lightning bolt starting firing blanks? ......

****

Dear Alexander III, King of Macedon, son of Zeus and heir-apparent of Ares, who makes a funeral pyre of the world,

The problem you are having is that your wife's needs are coming second to your all-consuming lust for conquest. In short, you are spending more time in Bucephalus' saddle than in your wife's bed. Talk to her, tell her about your conquests. Tell her how many Armenian widows you killed by incarcerating them in sarcophagi full of snakes.... Spend time with her, make her feel needed, and above all, flatter her.... If this fails,... I advise you to secretly adopt a baby son and pass if off as your own. For if you die without having an heir, then your gaggle of generals will fight over your conquests like vultures over a corpse..... Love, Auntie.

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South-West Branch Classical Association

Meetings of the Classical Association have not yet been planned for the 2001-2002
programme, but will include joint meetings with the Hellenic, Roman and Devon
Archaeological Societies. Details will be available by mid-September.

New Members are very welcome

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