On June 14, 1969, Albert Henrichs arrived in Vienna from Cologne, carrying four lumps of ancient leather in a cigar box. An expert Austrian conservator gradually unpeeled what turned out to be 192 pages of a tiny book measuring 1.4 x 1.8 inches, written in Greek and dating from the fifth century CE. By evening the following day, Henrichs had transcribed the text. It was a sensation for the history of religion: a detailed tract about Manichaeism, a rival of Christianity, founded in Mesopotamia in the third century by a young mystic called Mani, whose autobiographical account of his divine revelations is quoted in the text. Henrichs was 26. His publication of this astonishing codex, together with Ludwig Koenen, curator of papyri at Cologne, sealed his reputation as a Wunderkind of classical scholarship.

As a baby, Henrichs was rescued from the carpet-bombing of Cologne to spend his early years in Bad Ems, originally a settlement on the northern border of the Roman empire. After the war, American GIs barracked in a nearby villa made the cherubic toddler their mascot, spoiling him with oranges and peanuts; Henrichs later attributed his affinity for the United States to that early memory from a war-stricken childhood. Subsequently educated at Cologne (PhD 1966), he spent two years working on the papyri collection at the University of Michigan, returning to Cologne for his Habilitation and then moving to Berkeley in 1971. He was appointed with tenure at Harvard in 1973 at the precocious age of thirty. In 1984 he was appointed the tenth Eliot Professor of Greek Literature, the first to have been neither born in the United States nor educated at Harvard.

Henrichs’ training as a papyrologist afforded him a second sensational coup: the publication of 46 fragments from a second-century papyrus codex containing excerpts from a lurid Greek novel, Phoinikika (“Phoenician Saga”), by an otherwise unknown Lollianos. In it, a frank account of the protagonist’s loss of virginity pales into insignificance beside a subsequent episode, in which the protagonist, having joined a band of robbers in Egypt, participates in an act of human sacrifice and cannibalism, consuming the heart of a murdered boy to seal his oath of allegiance to the gang. All this Henrichs pieced together and explicated from the most daunting jigsaw of broken pieces.

Unparalleled command of ancient Greek and its literature, profound knowledge of the religions of the ancient Mediterranean world, and the papyrologist’s tenacious attention to detail were the hallmarks of his scholarship.

In his latter years, with his halo of white hair and rotund form, Henrichs resembled Silenus, a prominent...
figure in the boisterous revelry accompanying Dionysus, Henrichs’ favorite god and a persistent theme in his scholarship. In the latter half of the twentieth century, scholarship on Greek religion focused on ritual. Henrichs brought it back to the question of the gods, and what made them so: immortality, anthropomorphism, and power. He showed that the dancing of the tragic chorus, hitherto interpreted as a vestige of the ritual origins of tragedy, is a unique element of each play, crafted by the playwright to reflect an emotional response to the unfolding of the plot. His scholarly publications—nearly 200 in all—always bloomed afresh, rooted in the history of scholarship, which he knew intimately. The reception of Dionysus in modern culture also fascinated him, as did writers and cultural icons as varied as Rilke, Yeats, Mark Twain, Jim Morrison, and Lawrence of Arabia. His writing, whether in his native German or (flawless) English, was clear, compelling, and electric with insight.

As a teacher, Albert Henrichs was unforgettable. His learning was legendary, and yet in every class he approached the text with the excitement of somebody discovering it for the first time. He taught until shortly before his death, stopping only when he could no longer reach Boylston Hall. At home, his hospitality was worthy of a devotee of Dionysus. He was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the American Philosophical Society. He is mourned by generations of devoted students and colleagues the world over, and by his wife, Sarah Nolan; his children by his first marriage, Markus and Helen; their mother, Ursula; and two grandchildren.

KATHLEEN M. COLEMAN
James Loeb Professor of the Classics, with gratitude to Sarah Nolan for much vivid detail. Posted on the web site of the Society for Classical Studies, April 27, 2017

A Service in Memory of Albert M. Henrichs
Elliot Professor of Greek Literature

December 29, 1942–April 16, 2017
The Memorial Church
Harvard University
October twenty-seventh, two thousand seventeen
Eleven o’clock in the morning

ORDER OF SERVICE

PRELUDE    “Air” from Water Music
           George Frideric Handel
           (1685–1759)

           “Ave verum corpus”
           Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
           (1756–1791)

           Canon in D Major
           Johann Pachelbel
           (1655–1706)

OPENING WORDS    Jonathan Walton, Plummer Professor of Christian Morals
                  and Pusey Minister in the Memorial Church

REMEMBRANCE    Jeffrey Rusten, Professor of Classics, Cornell University

HYMN           “Lord of the Dance”
               (See insert for text and music.)
               Sydney Carter
               (1915–2004)

REMEMBRANCE    Richard Thomas, George Martin Lane Professor of the Classics
Lyrisches Intermezzo, no. XI
Dichterliebe (Op. 48, No. 6)

Music

Henrich Heine (1797–1856)
Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem großen Dome
Das große, heil'ge Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldnem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

In the Rhine, the holy river,
Is reflected in the waves
With its vast cathedral
The great, holy Cologne.

In the cathedral is an image,
Painted upon golden leather;
Into the wilderness of my life
It gazed benevolently.

Flowers and angels float
Around our dear Lady;
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks:
They're exactly like my beloved.

Reading

Helen Henrichs and Magdalena Velasquez

“Wandrers Nachtlied”
(“Wanderer’s Night Song”)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
(1749–1832)

Remembrance

Kimberley Patton, Professor of the Comparative and Historical Study of Religion, Harvard Divinity School

Music

“Pie Jesu” from Requiem

Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis requiem,
dona eis requiem, sempiternam requiem.

Merciful Jesus, Lord, give them rest,
give them rest, eternal rest.

Reading

Sarah Nolan


Remembrance

Gregory Nagy, Francis Jones Professor of Classical Greek Literature and Professor of Comparative Literature

Closing Words

Jonathan Walton

Hymn

No. 23, “Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee”

Ludwig von Beethoven
(1770–1827)

Remembrance

Gregory Nagy, Francis Jones Professor of Classical Greek Literature and Professor of Comparative Literature

Closing Words

Jonathan Walton

Postlude

Fugue in E-flat major, BWV 552

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

The organist is Edward Elwyn Jones, University Organist and Choirmaster.
The vocalist is Frank Kelley, Tenor.
The ushers are Robert Cioffi, Lauren Curtis, Judson Herrman, Marianne Hopman, Gregory Mellen, Peter O’Connell, Corinne Pache, and Sergios Paschali.

Following the service, there will be a reception at Loeb House, 17 Quincy Street.
“We are lived by powers we pretend to understand,” wrote the poet W. H. Auden.

Death, in its strangeness, plunges us, against our will, into vast, inescapable absence. Wherever we go, wherever we look, whatever our thoughts, the one we cherished is not there. So vitally alive within his own time, her place, his face, that one is suddenly, devastatingly, gone. And that absence is pervasive, not only in the lack of that familiar and very particular presence, but throughout our whole world—a world so deeply impoverished.

After we lost Albert Henrichs this year on Easter Sunday—after many of us who are re-gathered here today mourned him in a green and dreamlike rain in early May—after we filled his grave with roses on Harvard Hill in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, near a tiny grove, the one at Colonus, with pine trees, ivy, a devoted wild turkey couple, and the graves of other classicists, asleep for longer than he—that was when the real pain set in. One night in early June when I had to stay late on campus, walking across the Yard for the first time since Albert’s death, I realized that I had not set foot at Harvard since I was nineteen without knowing he was there, somewhere, a vital, enthusiastic presence.

Enthusiastic:

“He has a god in him.” Albert really did. Larger than life in life. And in death, tearing a hole in the warp and woof of the existential tapestry, as our greatest teachers have a way of doing when they are called home: unbearably absent. When they depart, we are not simply bereft. We are disoriented. With Albert gone, like the chorus of Theban elders, we who loved him ask, “Why should I dance?”

Like all great mysteries, of which it is the greatest, death is a paradox. Even as the absence of the lost one looms so large, so his presence can be just as overwhelming. As I wrote to Mark after this lonely nighttime walk, suddenly hero cult makes sense. The vital essence of a great soul is poured out of its earthly phyle and into the rushing rivers of memory. Just as Albert is nowhere to be found, he also seems now everywhere to be found. Like you, I suspect, I continually hear his voice, his unmistakable expressions in that flawless, idiomatic and rapid-fire English that still never overcame that thick, melodious German accent. “Sacrificial victims.” “Oh, God…” “Well, what are you going to do about it?” And my favorite: “I do not believe it for a minute.”

My first encounter with Albert Henrichs was as an undergraduate, when I saw in the catalogue—made of paper and magical words in those days, not data, with a different color cover each year—an entire course about Dionysos. You would find and fixate on the flaw in my essays—in those days, submitted on onion-skin paper, not to a website—that were unlike any other I’d ever received. “Your style, not unlike your temperament, is somewhat too choppy and unbridled.” “This is the most insightful paper I have ever received from an undergraduate. It is also entirely wrong, in every aspect. I want to see you.”

And, when I misplaced the accent on theos, “Don’t write Greek unless you know how to do it.”

Had you told me that this strange man would become my academic advisor through three degrees and more than that, my mentor and friend for the next forty years, I would have not believed it for a minute. Like Krishna and the gopis, like Dionysos and the maenads, Albert had a way of being special to each of his students, colleagues, and friends; each of us imagined that we alone knew him best. And that illusion of uniqueness that is no illusion at all is the hallmark of a true teacher and great soul, one who has a god in him.

Albert’s spirits filled and overflowed every one of the multiple worlds he inhabited, like wine cascading over the rim of a kantharos. He inspired us with his passion, his curiosity, his laughter, his angst, and his chronic, delightful weirdness—lifting us up and out of our small preoccupations. Even when the world seemed to construct itself into mundanity, boredom, or pettiness, and we could feel our own hearts shriveling too, Albert’s heart never constricted, but remained open and generous despite enduring his share of disappointment and suffering. He was never bored and never boring. For him the world was always green, fresh, and new, as Rilke wrote of the Greek gods: “Once more let it be your morning, Gods. We repeat. You alone are the primal source. Die Welt steht auf mit euch. With you the world arises, and a fresh start gleams on all the fragments of our failures.”

He tried to be worldly, jaded, cynical, and cool. But it never worked. It just did not become him. To be in his company, to follow a thread of thought with him or to hear one of his rich, torrential, and thorough stories, seemed to make time stand still. Albert was always psychic. Full of psychic wrong syllable, he would patiently continue to correct, not one to suffer fools gladly. Albert was nevertheless the colleague who trusted the occasional foolish visiting lecturer the most charitably, and her outlandish ideas with the most respect. He would find and fixate on the flaw in the most flawless argument; but he was just as prone to find what was redemptive in the very worst, and bring that flash of gold at the bottom of the pan of rubble into the nights of all.

Albert was a scholar’s scholar, a brilliantly erudite classicist whose knowledge of ancient Greek literature was as vast as it was deep. But he refused to embrace the binary that pitted linguistic acumen or literary analysis against the study of ancient Greek religion, to whose fluid, oscillating mysteries he was endlessly drawn. Perhaps because of his early publication of the Cologne Mani Codex wherefrom emerged exciting new themes in the history of late Antique religions, in particular Mani’s inspirational “twins” or divine syzygos, or divine kantharos, in which they shared and expanded the concept of the divine that permeated the religious experience, and in particular the paradoxical nature of Greek divinity.
I was one of Albert’s oldest American students; he arrived at Harvard the same year I started graduate school. Previously he had spent a short time at both Michigan and Berkeley, but his real formation as a scholar, as I would later learn, was at the new Institut für Altertumswissenschaft (IfA) in Cologne. It was started by Reinhold Merkelbach, who was the heir to a large ceramics factory going back generations, and had himself run it successfully for a time before turning to academics. As a result, IfA was less a department than an enterprise, competitive and on the lookout for what was new and exciting even in the ancient world.

Under Merkelbach, the streets of Cologne started to sprout philologists, to work on the new texts IfA was collecting. I was told that Merkelbach lined up his best students and assigned them each careers: “papyrologist, epigrapher, numismatist.” He was very results-oriented, and in Albert’s three years there, no one worked faster and on more high-profile papyrus texts: editions of the commentary of Dydymus on the Blind on Job, the novel Phoinikike by “Lollianus;” and most spectacularly: the gospel of Mani (with his mentor Ludwig Koenen), all far outside the classical canon, and all hitherto unknown.

Fortunately, I knew nothing of all this when I first met him in 1973, or I would have been too intimidated. I was a very unformed but enthusiastic student, and it seemed to me that for all his brilliance he was a somewhat unformed teacher. Indeed he was so new at Harvard that it was not clear that anyone but me was going to take his first seminar there. On Merendar, I prevailed on two fellow first-years to join me, and it ended up being just the four of us.

I got much more than I bargained for, but the immediate result was that I became “Mr. A-” in the graduate program. Which seemed to me just fine. Albert was tough, he probed everyone’s interests, then he tore apart your original ideas, then he gleefully pointed out how many interesting topics remained, always insisting you dig deeper. The most unusual and exciting part of working with someone with him was that if I reached an impasse and he didn’t know the answer either, he would react with excitement—this wasn’t a setback, but an opportunity. Paradoxically, the closest I ever felt to him as a student was when I did not see him for two years. He was back in Boston, and I was in his hometown of Cologne at IfA, writing my dissertation under his direction. (By then the myth of IfA had spread so widely that there were more foreign students there than German ones.)

Everything was done in letters: sketches of ideas, questions, answers, comments, observations. I kept those letters because they were full of Albert’s references and insights that I thought I would continue to use. After his death I found them and read them all again. This was intense; over 20 months he wrote 30 letters, none of them less than two single-spaced typed pages—Albert was an amazing typist—and many long. It was embarrassing to realize that I was a pretty high-maintenance dissertation student. For all his toughness, in retrospect I marvel at his patience with me. And along with all of the information and guidance on my dissertation he dropped in so many other suggestions: who I should talk with in Cologne, and who I should write to with copies of my work; the sorts of articles I should be writing, plans I should be making for publication, what kinds of projects I should be doing next.

But there was also plenty of tough love: before the job search began, I panicked and expressed some doubts—Albert didn’t mince words, he wrote “nobody can predict whether you will get a job or not, but you need to have more self-confidence. If I didn’t think highly of you, I would certainly never have given myself as much trouble about you as I have.”

When the dissertation was finally done and the time came to thank him—which he would not allow in print, as usual—a comment I have always remembered from Plato’s Gorgias came to mind. Socrates tells Callicles that he looks forward to debating him, because he has the three essential qualities for discourse: episteme (knowledge), eunoia (good will), and pathos (absolute frankness). The unexpected element here is that Albert was the last one, and the first one he always had in abundance: but it was the concern, advice, support, even hospitality that he gave me and my family that was the foundation of his teaching for me, and I think and hope that others here were just as lucky as I was.
Albert Henrichs was my friend. He and I had been colleagues at Harvard University since 1975, but we did not start as friends. Back in 1975, we barely knew each other. Some could have said, back then, that we weren’t even meant to be friends. But that is what we became over the years after 1975—friends. I can make this point both anecdotally and philosophically.

Let’s start with the anecdotal side of things. Albert and I used to compare notes about what I am about to say; and, as the years went by, we eventually agreed on the story as I tell it here, which is, that the first time Albert and I really worked together on a project was when the two of us agreed to advise, as a team, the research of a college student who was focusing on a passing reference, in the Homeric Hymn to Hermes, to ancient Greek nymphs living on Mount Parnassus—they are known as the Bee Maidens in English translation. Those nymphs, the poetry tells us, used to get high on fermented honey.

So much for anecdotes. Now let’s get a bit more philosophical about the friendship that Albert and I shared with each other. I find it relevant here to go back to that most striking of old definitions, formulated by Aristotle himself, of the Greek word philos, which is normally translated into English as ‘friend’. As Aristotle said, a true philos is somebody who can be described as an allos ego that is, ‘another self’. What a lovely attempt at a definition! It rings so true. Someone who is truly ‘another self’ is what Albert gradually became for me. Let me add quickly, however, that I think it would be a big mistake to translate too literally what Aristotle was saying here about the word philos; that is, it would be wrong to render allos ego as ‘another ego’. No, there is a big difference between ‘another self’ and ‘another ego’. In English, the meaning of the Greek word ego has unfortunately become bleached, conveying an idea of selfishness—which is simply not there in the original Greek. And my point is, Albert as friend was the opposite of selfish; he was truly ‘another self’ to those who were his friends. That is, he committed his own self to the intellectual interests of his friends, and he did so without hesitation, without ever looking back.

And he had so many such friends! I was just one of many; but Albert in his own special way made me feel—and this goes for so many others as well—unique as his friend. Many of you who are present at this solemn gathering can bear witness to your own not-so-solemn friendship with Albert. In the case of his friendship with me, I can tell you, it had a most logical starting point. He wanted to be a good colleague.

And what was it for him, to be a colleague? Here is my version of an answer: totally devoted as he was to the study of ancient Greek civilization in all its aspects, Albert extended his devotion selflessly to his fellow devotees. That is how the protocols of collegiality between Albert and me as parallel professors of Greek literature could grow into a true and lasting friendship.

It didn’t hurt, of course, that both he and I came into our shared Harvard careers with at least some built-in parallelisms of our own. For example, the two of us started off as outsiders to the dominant culture of the Classics Department of Harvard in our youth. We were both Central Europeans—OK, let’s even say East Europeans, in the sense that Albert was born east of the river Rhine, while I originated from much farther to the east, from the southern curve of the river Danube. And we were both Roman Catholics, for heaven’s sake! Who had ever heard of “papist” professors of Classics at Harvard? And—let’s see—what else? Well, we both had special interests that were at the time deemed rather marginal to the canonical field of Classics—I started off as a linguist while Albert was initially rooted in papyrology and in Religionsgeschichte. Nevertheless, we both somehow ended up as parallel professors in mainstream Greek philology.

I have a further important thing to say about the collegiality of Albert Henrichs… This collegiality of his was built on a primal driving force that sustained him throughout his life, which was his love for the ancient Greek language—for the logos of Hellenism. Albert was the true phil-logos, the truest kind of philologist—he was a devoted friend to and even a passionate lover of the ancient Greek logos. Throughout his shining career as researcher and teacher, Henrichs made Greek philology come alive—forever and again—for colleagues and students alike. And he could translate, as it were, his vision of philology through the lenses of other philologists like Wilmotowitcz, Rohde, Otto, and, maybe most strikingly, Nietzsche himself.

Don’t get me wrong when I mention Nietzsche, since the narrative arc of Albert’s professional life was happy, not sad the way it had become for Nietzsche, who went through such sad final years after a most brilliant beginning. No, Albert kept getting better and better, more and more happy and fulfilled. And his own philology was in my opinion a dynamic synthesis of the various alternative methods represented by the great philologists of the past. Even more than that, Albert was a master at applying his own special blend of philology to those most stratospheric minds of ancient Greek literature: authors like Sophocles, Euripides, Plato, Demosthenes. His deep understanding of Greek literature in all its forms—epic, tragedy, comedy, oratory, novel—made him a true polymath in the field, deeply respected by experts and non-experts alike.

He had an uncanny knack for interdisciplinarity: he could show, for example, how the dimension of ritualized performance in song and dance is essential for appreciating the beauty of ancient Greek drama, or, more generally, how Greek religion needs to be understood as a vital aspect of Greek literature writ large. His philological modus operandi was a wonder for us his friends and colleagues and students to behold. As I think back on the glory days of Henrichs at work, I am reminded of the beautiful definition of philology by Nietzsche, who described this craft as the art of reading slowly. For Nietzsche, philology was like the craft of a goldsmith. To read Greek literature well was to read it slowly, carefully—the way Albert did. I quote here from an English translation, by R. J. Hollingdale (1982), of the words used by the great Nietzsche himself:

Philoish is that venerable art which demands of its votaries one thing above all: to go aside, to take time, to become still, to become slow—it is a goldsmith’s art and connoisseurship of the word which has nothing but delicate cautious work to do and achieves nothing if it does not achieve it leni. But for precisely this reason it is more necessary than ever today; by precisely this means does it enliven and enchant us the most, in the midst of an age of ‘work’, that is to say, of hurry, of indecent and spurting haste, which wants to ‘get everything done’ at once, including every old or new book;—this art does not easily get anything done, it teaches to read slowly, that is to say, to read slowly, deeply, looking cautiously before and aft, with reservations, with doors left open, with delicate fingers and eyes.

I have changed just one detail in this translation. The translator says “with delicate eyes and fingers,” not with “delicate fingers and eyes,” as in the original German text of Nietzsche: mit zarten Fingern und Augen leisen. You have to have your fingers touch the text that you are reading, just as the goldsmith works with his own delicate fingers on the gold of his handicraft. Dear Albert, you always were such a master goldsmith, and you inspired us all with your art of philology. We your friends will retain in our hearts and minds the inspiration that you have left behind for us to treasure—and the hope for an eternity of philological delight that you so bravely deserve.

Gregory Nagy, Harvard University, Center for Hellenic Studies
Reconstructed on February 24, 2019, from notes written for the memorial service.
In the event, the applicant didn’t come to Harvard. Perhaps Albert’s judgement and his critical facility, on all matters, were boundless and ceaseless, for they included the present and the future, the possible and the impossible, the real and the imaginary, the known and the unknown, the visible and the invisible, the audible and the inaudible.

That is where Albert would meet his students. One of them, Alex Schultz, took Albert’s last independent study, Classics 301, in Albert’s last full teaching semester in the spring of 2016. Alex, who provided me with a few anecdotes, carefully chose texts she knew Albert was enthusiastic about. As in previous years, I was able, indeed compelled, to witness that enthusiasm thanks to the less than perfect soundproofing of the common wall we shared. There would be brief periods of silence, during which the student was obviously posing a question or translating. Then Albert’s voice would take over, the actual words not audible but rising and falling as he worked his way to various crescendos.

At times the sounds were recognizably metrical, and on those occasions the crescendos reached a higher pitch, as for instance when he and Alex worked on Aeschylus’ *Eumenides*, with Albert, as she puts it “scanning and shouting from the chorus’ binding song, τὸ δὲ μέλος, τιμήσας, Μαρόφρον ἀριστεράτης.” I am glad to say I resisted baying on the wall, and now find I miss my involuntary eavesdropping.

I miss Albert’s curiosity. Albert was curious about everything, and his curiosity always got things back to the Greeks. Ten years ago, a Classics student living in an Inuit hamlet on the Hudson Bay wrote about applying to graduate school. Albert copied me on her reply.

I can’t imagine what it would be like to live among the Inuit for several years, but some of their hunting habits, especially the way in which they butcher hunted animals such as seals and how they treat their inner organs, have been adduced as parallels for the treatment of the carcass and the distribution of meat in Greek Olympian sacrifice. Perhaps you can tell me more about the Inuit as hunters, and how their habits may have changed.

In the event, the applicant didn’t come to Harvard. Perhaps her choice had to do with her affection for baby seals, but a Google search reveals that she in fact opted for Sociology, and for becoming a researcher on Inuit culture, in a way. I think Albert’s email deserves some credit.

Albert Henrichs had a deep sense of humanity, which was sometimes camouflaged by his intellectual sharpness, before his youthful aggressiveness turned to mature avuncularity. Those who stayed with him profited. Again, Albert’s humanity was informed and manifested in his generosity, in his abundance in gift-giving, and in mingling discussion and conversation with food and wine. My own children looked forward to visits from Albert and Uschi, since they knew he would have two large bags of candy to deliver, with due apologies to the parents. Albert was fond of Italian restaurants and Alex is again a witness reporting how for a session on the Homeric *Hymn to Demeter* they “ended up having a three-hour dinner at Toscano in which we alternated between translating and discussing the narrative structure, socalled elements, and divine epiphany.” I would love to hear from the diners at the adjacent table.

I miss Albert’s voice, particularly his questions following lectures and seminars. After the lecture we would all wait for Albert to launch into his inevitable question. Particularly when he encountered a new idea, he would not actually ask a question, but would begin “So Mr/Ms X, you have told us that Euripides thought . . .” The tone of his opening sally was one of questioning, sometimes even accusatory, though less so as the years went by. He would then summarize the paper and frame the arguments for and against it, usually making his own original points along the way. He would finally get to the conclusion, which might become one of agreement with the speaker and disagreement with his own opening thesis, or might end up somewhere altogether different. On one occasion, a question following a lecture on the *Oedipus at Colonus*, the “OK” as he called one of his favorite tragedies, went on for 20 minutes, with the lecturer taking notes.

Albert seemed on these occasions to use conversation as a way of thinking through some idea or other. It would often start with a question. Nor was this procedure confined to Boyston Hall or the lecture room. Sarah recalls him putting such a question to her while she was cooking dinner: “How do the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* differ in their narrative structures?” Sarah declined to respond, saying, “You already asked me that in the oral for my general exam.”

Undaunted, Albert saw an opening: “And what was your response?” A second and final refusal was delivered with some emphasis.

The day before Albert died, Joan and I visited him in the afternoon of Saturday, April 15, Easter Vigil as it happened. He couldn’t talk, which was strange. Albert sat on the edge of the bed, between Sarah and me, while Joan sat in front of us. We recalled visiting him, Uschi, Hel- en, and Markus in Brookline, going up to his attic study, “Mt. Olympia” as he modestly called it, walking the two westies Gin and Tonic, and finally sharing with him our favorite Albert memory, from our wedding on June 6 of 1981, with Albert once again coming back to the Greeks. “I hope,” he said to Joan, then a graduate student in the department, “that you will come to please your husband as much as you pleased me in Greek.” A faint smile from Albert.

Before long, on that Saturday, I suggested we go, since Albert must be tiring. With some effort, he uttered the last words we heard him say: “I’m listening.” And so we stayed with him a little longer, knowing as we did we were saying goodbye.

For those of you he taught formally and for those colleagues he taught in other ways, Albert’s voice will stay with us. As for the rest his scholarly contributions will also stay and will increase, thanks to the editorial work of his students. In the words of his and my favorite epigrammatists:

Al δὲ τεαὶ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες, ἦισιν ὁ πάντων ἀρχόμενος ταξίδι τεαίων ἀνατείνειται Ἀδης ὁποίοι οὐ εἰς χείλες βαλεῖν. Your nightingales live on. Hades who tears.

All things away, will lay no hand on them.
ALBERT M. HENRICHS

Eliot Professor of Greek Literature

December 29, 1942–April 16, 2017