

NOTA BENE

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Special Memorial Issue

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ALBERT HENRICHS

(December 29, 1942 – April 16, 2017)

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

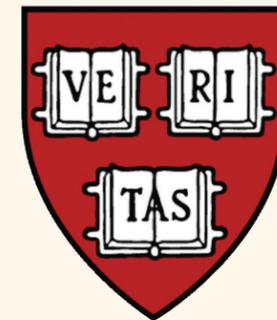
figure in the boisterous revelry accompanying Dionysus, Henrichs' favorite god and a persistent theme in his scholarship. In the latter half of the twentieth century, scholarship on Greek religion focused on ritual. Henrichs brought it back to the question of the gods, and what made them so: immortality, 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

Eliot Professor of Greek Literature

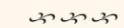
December 29, 1942–April 16, 2017

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	<i>George Frideric Handel</i> (1685–1759)
	“Ave verum corpus”	<i>Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart</i> (1756–1791)
	Canon in D Major	<i>Johann Pachelbel</i> (1653–1706)
OPENING WORDS	Jonathan Walton, <i>Plummer Professor of Christian Morals and Pusey Minister in the Memorial Church</i>	
REMEMBRANCE	Jeffrey Rusten, <i>Professor of Classics, Cornell University</i>	
HYMN	“Lord of the Dance” (See insert for text and music.)	<i>Sydney Carter</i> (1915–2004)
REMEMBRANCE	Richard Thomas, <i>George Martin Lane Professor of the Classics</i>	

MUSIC

Lyrishes Intermezzo, no. XI
Dichterliebe (Op. 48, No. 6)

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's.

READING

Helen Henrichs and Magdalena Velasquez

“Wandlers 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*

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

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

Excerpt from Albert Henrichs, “‘Let the Good Prevail’: Perversions of the Ritual Process in Greek Tragedy,” in D. Yatromanolakis and P. Roilos (eds.), *Greek Ritual Poetics* (Cambridge, Mass. 2005)

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)

BENEDICTION

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 Paschalis.

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, like 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. *Enthouziazei*: “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



Dionysos Holding a Kantharos
Red-figure Lekythos, c. 480 BCE
Attributed to the Berlin Painter;
Beazley Archive no. 202016, Fogg
Art Museum, Harvard University,
1972.44

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 *phiale* 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 wictims.” “*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 just one god. This fascinated me, and so I found myself in a room in Sever Hall, along with a small group of other Dionysos fans, taking in the lectures of a young German professor who wore black turtlenecks, smoked cigars, and already had the halo of unruly hair of a public intellectual. He was not circumspect like my other professors; in fact, he was the opposite, intense and more than a little intimidating. In green ink, he wrote scary comments on 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 thiasos, “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 constrict 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 psyched. Full of *psychē*—Never depleted. A photo of him holding a bowl of colored Easter Eggs, having won the Easter Egg hunt at the Hellenic Center in DC a few years ago, beaming ear to ear with sheer childlike joy, is iconic. *Full of joy*. Despite his funny shape and rapid, rolling gait, Albert always seemed to be in some kind of secret dance party with the cosmos. He was Lord of the Dance. And behind and in him was The Lord of the Dance.

It has been noted by many, most recently in Kathy Coleman’s lovingly edited *Albert’s Anthology*, that he was full of internal contradictions. Thoroughly European, thoroughly German, with ferocious Teutonic standards, a deep love of classical music, and, as Susanne Ebbinghaus once said, a Rhinelander’s cheerful nature, Albert was also completely American, most recently expressed in his stylish collection of baseball caps, one of which he even sported at his own wedding reception last November 5, to his beloved Sarah’s despair. He wore them to hide the hair loss from his brutal course of chemotherapy, but no one could doubt for a minute that he also seriously rocked them.

Relentlessly perfectionist and ultra-demanding of his students, to the point of instilling terror at times in the hearts of those not as smart as him, which was pretty much everyone else except for Greg, Albert was at the



same time perhaps one of the most generous teachers any of us have known: generous with his time, with his knowledge, and with his encouragement.

He was, unexpectedly, one of the most forgiving. After the complete meltdown because one had accented the wrong syllable, he would patiently continue to correct, because he cared so deeply not only that the Greek be right, but also that the student learn, and grow, and flourish. Not one to suffer fools gladly, Albert was nevertheless the colleague who treated 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 sights 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 “twin” or divine *syzygos* with its many antecedents in Platonic, gnostic, Hellenistic Jewish, and early Christian thought, his work extended to religion itself in ancient Greece: to structure and anti-structure in worship, lived religious experience, and in particular the paradoxical nature of Greek divinity.



He was especially fascinated by ritual within classical tragedy, the focus of his seminal Sather Lectures, delivered at Berkeley, but also by tragedy *as* ritual, anticipating major themes in the humanities such as self-referentiality and performative identity. He wrote and taught on hero cult, mystery religions, magic, priesthood, maenadism, sacred space, metamorphosis the, afterlife, conscious archaizing, ritual prohibition, and modern responses to ancient religious ideas. He was especially fascinated by the ambiguous nature of ancient Greek sacrifice—animal and liquid, Olympian and chthonic, and the osmosis between these categorical boundaries. His thought was never merely descriptive of ritual logic, but instead showed a rare attentiveness to the existential and philosophical dimensions of the Greek religious imagination; he was a phenomenologist as well as an historian of religion. As well as bringing to bear a healthy, even gleeful skepticism of “sacred cows” in existing scholarship, he was just as often provocative in the other direction, towards a kind of informed scholarly re-enchantment with the ancient Greek multiverse, the one in which they actually lived, the one with which they had to contend. This combination of traits in his thinking was undoubtedly typical of the Greeks themselves.

Albert Henrichs’s work has shown that we do not need to approach ancient Greek religion by trying to resurrect the gods as archetypes divorced from their situatedness, as Otto or Kerényi did. Nor do we need to reduce them to “social things,” as Hubert and Mauss did. The Greek gods continue to have a life of their own in the affects they produce, in the intersubjectivity of our animate human encounter with their ancient traces. Even though we no longer worship Dionysos, the power of that interactive relationship is not dead, and we know he is there when we stand in the piney ruins of his theaters, or read of Bromius ablaze on the mountains, or see his uncanny tread on a vase. Bracketing unfalsifiable *a priori* judgements of the gods as social projections, or, less frequently, as shining perfection that can be brought out of the mothballs of Christian millennia and woken up for home use, Albert’s perspective offers yet a third and much richer way: a portal

into the world of antiquity that is always open, a way still to encounter and to begin thereby to understand the Dionysos who *is* different. His work rescued the ancient Greek gods as a whole from reductive theories that have rendered them no more than social constructions, symptomatic of modernism rather than of antiquity. He did much to restore our appreciation for the gods as the Greeks must have encountered them: numinous, mysterious, terrifying, unpredictable: simultaneously erotic, lethal, and holy, what Rudolf Otto called *ganz anderes*.

For that great gift, and for all of the countless hours, days, months, and years of mentorship he has poured out for me and for many, many others of his students, there are not words adequately to express my gratitude. And perhaps we should not refrain from dancing because he is gone. Perhaps instead we should dance because he lived, because there was an Albert in the first place.

In his *Letters*, Rainer Maria Rilke wrote this of the greatest paradox of all, the strangest, most unexpected path the gods could show, one that seems deeply Dionysiac:

Sometimes it feels as though our strength is insufficient to endure an experience of death, especially of the closest and most terrifying. Death is not beyond our strength but is the fullness of our capacity—I am not saying that we can love death; but if we love life so generously, so without calculation and discrimination, then we involuntarily come to include and to love death too, as the side of life that is turned away from us and is not illuminated.

The fullest possible consciousness of our existence is at home in both death and life, and is not therefore a separation; it is inexhaustibly nourished by both. Death can be a friend precisely when we most passionately, most vehemently, assent to being here, to living and working on earth, to nature, to love.

Dearest Albert, *Doktorvater*, friend, where are you? Are you really gone? I do not believe it for a minute.



KIMBERLEY C. PATTON

Harvard Divinity School and The Committee on the Study of Religion

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 learn later, was at the new Institut für Altertumskunde (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 Didymus the Blind on *Job*, the novel *Phoinikika* 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 but enthusiastic 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 Menander. 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, the problems he proposed were ones he did not know the answers for himself; first of all, he insisted on absolute originality, 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 on something 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 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 longer. 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 *parrhesia* (absolute frankness). The unexpected element here as with 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.



JEFFREY RUSTEN

Cornell University

Albert Henrichs was my friend. He and I had been colleagues at Harvard University since 1975, but we did not *start off* as friends. Back in 1975, we barely knew each other. Some could have said, back then, that we weren't ever 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

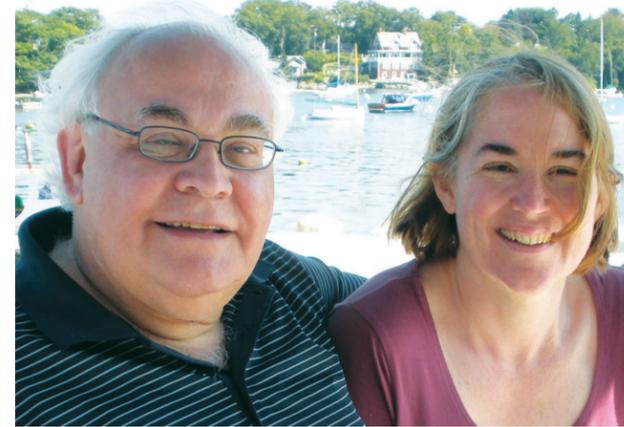


definition! It rings so true. Someone who is truly 'another self' is what Albert gradually became for me. Let me add quickly, however, that I think it would be a big mistake to translate too literally what Aristotle was saying here about the word *philos*: that is, it would be wrong to render *allos 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 *philo-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 Wilamowitz, 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:

Philology 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 *lento*. But for precisely this reason it is more necessary than ever today; by precisely this means does it entice and enchant us the most, in the midst of an age of 'work,' that is to say, of hurry, of indecent and perspiring 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 well, 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 lesen*. 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.



G R E G O R Y N A G Y,

Harvard University, Center for Hellenic Studies

Reconstructed on February 24, 2019, from notes written for the memorial service.

Like everyone here, I miss Albert. The 34-year old Albert Henrichs was the chief inquisitor for the 15-person Harvard Department of the Classics committee at my non-tenure-track job interview in New York City in December 1976. The senior Latinists mostly wanted to know if I could teach Advanced Latin Prose Composition, to give themselves a few years' reprieve as I passed through. But Albert wanted to talk about the recently published Bodmer Menander, about why I thought the *Samia* was better than the *Dyskolos*, about Hellenistic epigram and the agons of Aristophanes' *Clouds*. For him the interview seemed to be almost incidental to the opportunity to engage on texts and questions that interested him.

In the last weeks I have been thinking about the many ways in which I miss Albert, particularly as we go through our first fall semester without him. I miss his fierce intelligence, but also his humanity and generosity, particularly towards his students. I miss his boundless curiosity and enthusiasm towards everything he encountered, chiefly anything that touched on "the Greeks" as he would put it, by which he meant everything: "The Greeks, the Greeks, it always comes back to the Greeks." In this he was and remained a Romantic, in ways at times mildly annoying to a colleague who mostly followed the Romans. I also miss Albert's judgement and his critical facility, on all matters, concerning the department, the university, the nation, and the world. And perhaps most of all I just miss the sound of his voice.

This is not the place, and I am not the person, to try and sum up the scholarly brilliance of Albert Henrichs on Greek literature, religion and mythology, papyrology and textual criticism, reception and the history of classical scholarship. Albert's collected papers in four volumes, currently being assembled by his beloved classicist wife and widow Sarah and four of his former students, will do that, and it will be a mighty monument to all he achieved. Albert himself was working on his papers right up to the end. I hope there will be room for items 160 and 161 from his biobibliography, as he called it, the elegant entries on "Bacchus" and "Maenads" that he was happy to produce for Jan Ziolkowski's and my *Virgil Encyclopedia*.

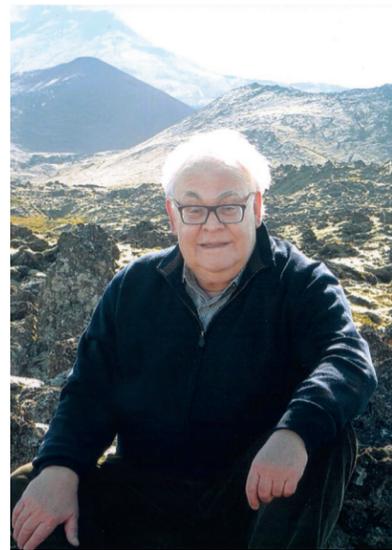
For the past couple of decades, Albert and I were Boylston neighbors, in rooms 220 and 221 respectively. That is where Albert would meet his students. One of

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, τὸδε μέλος, παρακοπά, ἢ παραφορὰ φρενοδαλῆς." I am glad to say I resisted banging 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 his 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, Alex:

When I first started working with Albert in my first year I was terrified of him, until I realized that it was alright not to know the answers to all his questions and that he was happy to tell me the answers. I learned so much from him.

Albert's humanity was informed by 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, aetiological 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 Boylston 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, Helen, and Markus in Brookline, going up to his attic study, "Mt. Olympus" 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 K." 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 epigrammatist:

Αἶ δὲ τεαῖ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες, ἦισιν ὁ πάντων
ἀρπακτῆς Αἴδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

Your nightingales live on. Hades who tears
All things away, will lay no hand on them.



RICHARD F. THOMAS
Harvard University

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PANAGIOTIS A. AGAPITOS

Letter to Albert, Περὶ Πόθου, or
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MARGARET ALEXIOU

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the δρώμενα of the Living
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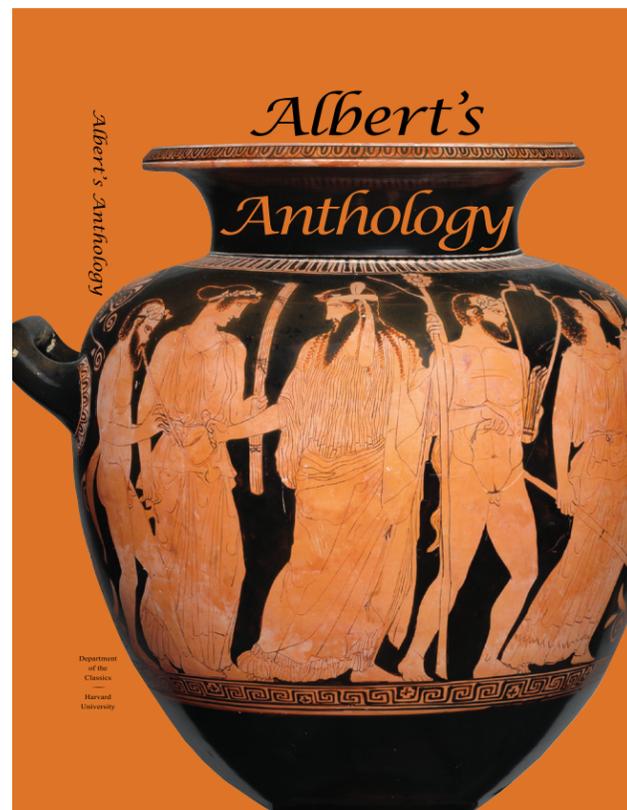
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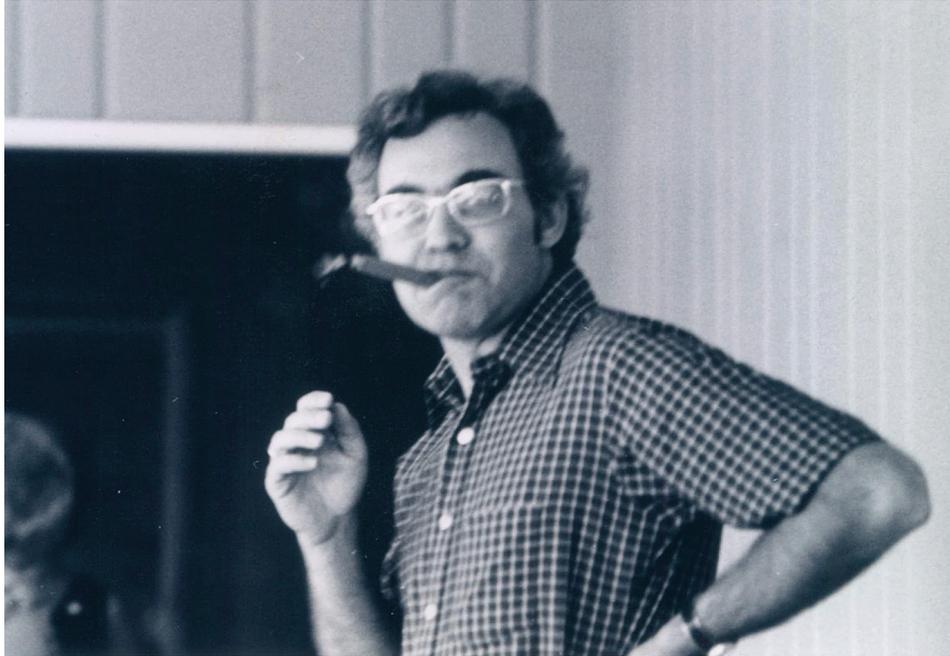
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Eliot Professor of Greek Literature

December 29, 1942–April 16, 2017