



Nota Bene



Vol. 11 No. 1

WHAT'S HAPPENING AT HARVARD CLASSICS

Fall/Winter 2005



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Notes from the Chair, by *Richard Thomas*

Red Sox lose, but blue state possibilities are perhaps looking up a little compared to my report last fall. If I am wrong I won't have to eat my words next November, when another Chair will be reporting to you, while I hope to be in other climes, on leave after six years of having had the privilege of leading our wonderful Department. Boylston Hall feels a little empty, with many colleagues taking well-deserved terms of leave, but the year goes well, with John Duffy having graciously stepped back as DGS, and our new DUS Christopher Krebs ably guiding our undergraduates through their various programs. Visiting professors include Emma Dench (Classics and History) and our own PhD Henry Bayerle (Classics and Divinity School). We look forward to having Donald Mastronarde (from Berkeley) teach Greek for us in the spring. Within you will meet our new cohort of seven graduate students, well installed in their programs in classical philology, ancient history, medieval Latin, and Byzantine Greek. You will also read of the summer activities of a new batch of Reggiphiles, will be moved by the report of pilgrims to the tomb of Virgil, and engaged by the dispatches of other Greek, Italian, and Viennese adventurers, whose summer activities are funded by the Charles P. Segal Student Travel and Research Scholarships. This fall we had a splendid colloquium and celebration of the retirement of David Mitten from the curatorship of Ancient Art in the Harvard University Art Museums, preceded by a stimulating lecture on the "Harvard-Vatican Boy" by John Hermann, emeritus curator of the MFA's ancient art collection. While this issue was in press, news arrived from Ann Arbor that D. R. Shackleton Bailey, Pope Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, *Emeritus*, passed away, after a brief period of decline, on November 28, two weeks short of his eighty-eighth birthday. But your nightingales will live on, Shack.

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David Camden

Born and raised in Lynchburg, VA, David Camden first came to Harvard in 2001, when the Patriots still had never won a Super Bowl and the Red Sox were fulfilling their ritual autumn heartbreak. When he wasn't busy restoring New England sports franchises to glory, he spent much of his undergraduate years in and around the Classics Department, serving as producer for the Harvard Classical Club's 2004 production of Aristophanes' *Frogs* and developing a penchant for Hippocratic medicine to complement his pre-existing love for Greek and Latin poetry (although he is still very much open to inspiration/manipulation from all aspects of the discipline). After discovering that after four years he had only barely begun to tap the wealth of the Department (both figuratively and literally), he's come back as a G1 and is very excited to be spending the next few years in the company of such good friends and inspiring colleagues.

Elizabeth Engelhardt grew up in Reading, PA, a run-down industrial town about an hour northwest of Philadelphia with nothing particularly remarkable about it, aside from its being a nicer place to live than Wilkes-Barre. At Swarthmore College, she initially planned to major in physics. Fortunately, she soon came to her senses, choosing instead to study Classics. While in college, she sang in an early music ensemble, played rugby, helped to run a mentoring program for adolescent girls, and abused her power as the grader for an abstract algebra class by pouring her remaining bitterness towards physics into making snide comments on physics majors' homework about the quality of their Greek letters. Though less theoretically inclined than some, she has recently warmed up to the idea of the historical fact as a literary trope, particularly when the historical event in question is any act that she herself is alleged to have performed between the ages of twelve and eighteen.



Elizabeth Engelhardt

Salvete!



Sarah Insley

Sarah Insley was born in Ellicott City, MD. Since then, she has moved around quite a bit with her family, now residing in Holland. She earned her BA in Classics and Medieval & Byzantine Studies last year at the Catholic University of America. During her time there, she flirted with philosophy, but experienced a wholesale conversion to Byzantine Studies while studying with Stratis Papaioannou. Her academic interests include late antique and Byzantine literature generally, and rhetoric and philosophy in Byzantium more specifically. She likes to spend as much of her spare time as possible with family and friends, but also has some “extracurricular” activities, the most enjoyable of which is singing in a church choir. She is very happy to be here at Harvard, and looks forward to becoming a full-fledged Byzantinist over the course of her time in the program.

Paul Kosmin was born and brought up in northwest London and educated at the Haberdashers’ Aske’s Boys’ School, where he learned how to use apostrophes. He read Ancient and Modern History at Balliol College, Oxford, under Oswyn Murray and Rosalind Thomas. His interests focus on questions of identity and East-West relations in archaic and classical Greek history. He plays the oboe, and is currently trying to find time for Harvard’s graduate orchestra. Paul is distracted by film(s), modern European literature (Dostoyevsky and Auden), and theory (Foucault). He enjoys table-football, now “Foosball,” but has never won. He “road-tripped” through Greece last summer, and cannot wait to return. He looks forward to working with everyone here at Harvard.



Paul Kosmin



Isabel Köster

Isabel Köster is from Germany, but spent much of her life in countries that are far less accommodating of names with an umlaut. She started school in India, continued in Germany, and finished in Scotland. Her adventures in international education continued at Smith College, where she got her BA in Classics. She once wanted to study physics, but a Classics in translation course in her first semester quickly led her on a different path. She wrote her honors thesis on Eros and slavery in the Greek literary tradition, which reflects a general interest in all things Greek. She has a great fondness for exploring different countries and spent her summer traveling in Greece and northern Italy. When she has less time on her hands, she enjoys watching movies, exploring a growing affection for the nineteenth-century novel, and occasionally playing badminton (enthusiastically, though hardly competently).

Ariane Schwartz grew up across the river in Boston and attended the Buckingham, Browne, and Nichols School for twelve years just down the street from Harvard. She then left the Boston area for the next four years to attend the University of Pennsylvania, where she majored in Classical Studies, discovered an interest in Irish literature, and learned a lot about how to outsmart Amtrak while traveling often in the Northeast Corridor. Her interests in the Classics grew at Penn while taking lots of classes and doing lots of research, and she now finds herself most interested in Latin literature and the reception of the Classics from Late Antiquity through the Renaissance and beyond. One can find Ariane sneaking away to read about the histories of universities, a strange passion of hers, in her not-so-abundant spare time. She has been called the human Zagat guide for Philadelphia and Boston and, in another lifetime, she would be found either working as a professional food critic or running Amtrak.



Ariane Schwartz



Justin Stover

Justin Stover was born in Ganado, AZ, on the Navajo Indian Reservation. In succeeding years he dwelt in New Mexico, Seattle, and Phoenix. In Phoenix, he was privileged to attend Tempe Preparatory Academy, where he was first introduced to the Classics. He then attended Christendom College in Front Royal, VA, majoring in Classics with a minor in English literature. His academic interests focus on medieval Latin (and just about everything else medieval), including the Venerable Bede, medieval Latin love poetry, medieval philosophy, and liturgy. In addition, he has a fondness for the Byzantines. He spends far too much of his time feeding his various addictions to news, nicotine, philosophy, Dostoyevsky, T. S. Eliot, and nineteenth-century French and English literature. He has no sporting interests or abilities to speak of, unless you count betting on horses. This past summer he became engaged, and is very much looking forward to his nuptials next summer.

HSCP 103 Due Out

To be published in the spring of 2006, *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology* volume 103 will contain the following articles: Renaud Gagné, "Winds and Ancestors: The *Physika* of Orpheus"; Jonas Grethlein, "The Poetics of the Bath in the *Iliad*"; Daniel Turkeltaub, "Perceiving Iliadic Gods"; Ruth Scodel, "The Gods' Visit to the Ethiopians in *Iliad* 1"; Alberto Bernabé, "The Derveni Theogony: Many Questions and Some Answers"; Herbert Granger, "The Theologian Pherecydes of Syros and the Early Days of Natural Philosophy"; Olga Levaniouk, "The Toys of Dionysos"; David Wolfsdorf, "*Philia* in Plato's *Lysis*"; Vayos Liapis, "How to Make a *Monostichos*: Strategies of Variation in the *Sententiae Menandri*"; Stanley Hoffer, "The Use of Adjective Interlacing (Double Hyperbaton) in Latin Poetry"; Alan Cameron, "The Imperial Pontifex"; D. R. Shackleton Bailey, "Further to Ps.-Quintilian's Longer Declamations"; Llewelyn Morgan, "Neither Fish nor Fowl? Metrical Selection in Martial's *Xenia*"; Christina Kokkinia, "A Rhetorical Riddle: The Subject of Dio Chrysostom's First Tarsian Oration"; Andrew Turner, "Frontinus and Domitian: *Laudes principis* in the *Strategemata*"; Miriam Griffin, "The Younger Pliny's Debt to Moral Philosophy"; Gregory Hays, "Further Notes on Fulgentius"; Wayne Hankey, "Re-evaluating E. R. Dodds' Platonism"; Seán Hemingway and Henry Lie, "A Copper Alloy Cypriot Tripod at the Harvard University Art Museums"; Maura Giles, "Odysseus and the Ram in Art and (Con)text: Arthur M. Sackler Museum 1994.8 and the Hero's Escape from Polyphemos."

Nota Bene comes out twice a year, in fall and spring. Please e-mail or send typed copy as a Microsoft Word attachment to Lenore Parker, *Nota Bene* Editor, Department of the Classics, 204 Boylston Hall, Cambridge, MA 02138; fax: 617-496-6720; e-mail: lparker@fas.harvard.

Our Extended Family

- Sally Marshall (G3) married Robin Eliot on October 22, 2004, at Park Street Church in Boston.
- David Mitten welcomed a grandson, Peter Rahim Sapiro-Mitten, on August 11.
- Larry Myer (G7) married Mary Kwaan on May 29 at Our Lady of the Magnificat Chapel in Kinnelon, NJ.
- Eric Robinson and Carwina Weng welcomed a son, Kyle Weng Robinson, on June 29.
- Teresa Wu married Ted Young on September 10 at the MIT Chapel; see <http://www.theodric.com/wedding/>



From left to right: Mary Humes Quillen, Tom McGuire, Mary Warren, Mary Ann Hopkins, and Bill Spencer, Classics concentrators from the Class of '85; photo taken June 10, 2005 at 20th Reunion in Eliot House courtyard



VISITING FACULTY



Emma Dench

I have been teaching Classics and Ancient History at Birkbeck College, University of London, since my appointment there in 1992, and am very happy to be spending this academic year visiting Harvard, where my appointment is split 50/50 between the Classics and History. I have just had my second book published by Oxford University Press, under the title, *Romulus' Asylum: Roman Identities from the Age of Alexander to the Age of Hadrian*, and my current projects include a book on Roman imperialism and one on the retrospective writing of the Roman Republican past in the imperial age. "Academic tourism" has been part of my career since I was a graduate student. I have spent extended chunks of time in Rome and Princeton, and I actually began my teaching career in Geneva, NY. As well as bringing me into contact with distinguished scholars and amazing resources, recent sojourns have made me think hard about different academic cultures and approaches. I was a traditionally trained Oxford classicist, but I began to be very interested in archaeology and archaeological methods while writing my doctoral thesis, and working in a London department that includes archaeologists as well as historians of all periods has further influenced the sort of work that I do. I am enjoying enormously the different kinds of teaching I am doing this year, ranging from a close reading of Livy in Latin to the huge questions posed by my History graduate seminar on "Ethnic Identities in Classical Antiquity."

After teaching for two years at the University of Miami, I am happy to spend some time back at Harvard, where I received a PhD in Comparative Literature. My main research interest is epic poetry from Vergil to the Renaissance. My dissertation treats the presentation of speech in Latin epics written in twelfth-century Italy and its indebtedness to the rhetoric of Vergil, Lucan, and Statius. I have also published on the fifteenth-century *Ars Memorativa* of Jacobus Publicius. I have taught many standard courses in Greek and Latin; this year, in addition to introductions to Medieval Latin prose and poetry, I am offering a seminar called "Women's Voices in Medieval Latin," which will focus on the works of Perpetua, Hrotswitha, Heloise, and Hildegard of Bingen.



Henry Bayerle



Donald Mastronarde

I have been teaching at the University of California, Berkeley, for thirty-two years, and in recent years the undergraduate courses I teach most often are "Introduction to Greek Civilization," "Greek Tragedy," "Intensive Elementary Greek," and the intermediate Greek courses covering Homer and Euripides, while my graduate teaching has lately included advanced Greek prose composition, survey courses (from Homer to Longus), the proseminar, and seminars on Euripides and on elegiac and iambic poetry. I'm in the last stages of the first draft of a book on general topics in Euripides, and I hope in fact to knock this into a presentable form during my time at Harvard. The further improvement of the Greek fonts owned by the American Philological Association is a task to which I will be directing some effort in 2006. My wife and I are both New Englanders and are looking forward to experiencing a different winter and spring than we have become accustomed to and trying out a more urban lifestyle for a while. We've had some wonderful Harvard Classics graduates in the PhD program at Berkeley, and I'm looking forward to teaching the current students, seeing old friends on a regular basis, and making new ones.

EMERITI HIGHLIGHTS

MARGARET ALEXIOU

Margaret Alexiou has contributions to *The Thoemmes Press Dictionary of British Classicists* (ed. R. B. Todd, 2004) and *A Companion to Greek Lyric Poetry* (ed. F. Budelmann, Cambridge UP) (in preparation). Her article "Not by Words Alone: Ritual Approaches to Greek Literature" is published in *Greek Ritual Poetics* (ed. Panagiotis Roilos and Dimitrios Yatromanolakis, 2004) and translated into Greek by Anna Stavrakopoulou for *Themata Logotechnias* (2003, 23-55). Forthcoming in *Neograeca Medii Aevi* (October-December 2005) is the first English translation directly from the medieval Greek text, as in the synoptic edition of A and V by Peter Vejleskov of Bergadis' poem, "Apokopos" (circa 1400), a dream descent to the Underworld. She also cares for her mother in her 100th year, her mother-in-law in her ninety-first, and has recently managed the transfer of her severely autistic son, Pavlos (thirty-eight years old), from his West Midlands care home, closed at short notice, to "Autism Initiatives," in Lancashire.

ERNST BADIAN

During 2004-2005 Ernst Badian published an article on the Ionian Revolt in the *Encyclopaedia Iranica* vol. 13 fasc. 2; "The Pig and the Priest" in *Ad Fontes!*, a *Festschrift* for Gerhard Dobesch; and "Xenophon the Athenian" in *Xenophon and his World, Historia Einzelschrift 172*, ed. Christopher Tuplin. He attended the meeting of the Australasian Society for Classical Studies in Dunedin (the first in New Zealand) and read a paper on "Roman Talking Birds." He also lectured on Xenophon at his home university, the University of Canterbury.

GLORIA PINNEY

Gloria Ferrari Pinney is just back from a trip to visit museums and exhibitions in Magna Graecia. She continues to enjoy working with graduate students in both Classics and History of Art as director and reader of dissertations. In addition to "The Anodos of the Bride" in *Greek Ritual Poetics* (ed. P. Roilos and D. Yatromanolakis, 2004), her recent work includes "Architectural Space as Metaphor in the Greek Sanctuary" in *The Artful Mind* (ed. M. Turner, forthcoming by the OUP). She is completing a monograph on Alcman's Louvre Partheneion.



IHOR SEVCENKO

Ihor Sevcenko wrote an article, "On the Western Roots of Old Church Slavonic 'mosti' (relics) and 'pricesteniye' (communion)," to appear in *Ricerche Slavistiche* and in *Vizantijskij Vremennik*. He is writing the *Prolegomena* to his edition of the *Vita Basilii* and keeps honing its text already sent to the editor. He will spend November and December

in Warsaw, where he will continue working on the *Prolegomena* and on his study of Agapetus's *Mirror of Princes*. In June he was awarded an honorary doctorate in liberal arts by the John Paul II Catholic University in Lublin.

CALVERT WATKINS

This summer Calvert Watkins wrote *Festschrift* articles for two European colleagues, "Two Tokens of Indo-Iranian Hieratic Language" and "Hipponactea Quaedam." Attending the International Congress of Hittologia in Rome in September, he was asked to address the Congress at its inaugural session. Also in September he delivered a paper "What Makes the Study of Irish Worthwhile" at the conference "Why Irish?" at Notre Dame. He is now preparing lectures for Montreal, Berkeley, and Harvard.

Σοι εὐχαρισ-
τοῦμεν πολλά



David Mitten was celebrated at a symposium on November 4-5, "Teaching with Objects: The Curatorial Legacy of David Gordon Mitten," in honor of his seventieth birthday and his retirement after thirty years as the George M. A. Hanfmann Curator of Ancient Art at the Harvard University Art Museums. He will continue his teaching as James Loeb Professor of Classical Art and Archaeology in the Department of History of Art and Architecture and the Department of the Classics.

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FACULTY

CARMEN ARNOLD-BIUCCHI

Last fall Carmen Arnold-Biucchi was the AIA Metcalf speaker and lectured in Pittsburgh, Nashville, and Austin on the Zodiac on ancient coins and on the importance of coins in museums and universities. In spring she attended a conference and meeting of the INC in Moscow. Her summer was spent inventorying the coin collection and finishing a booklet on Alexander's coins and portraits to complement the exhibition in the Sackler. She will teach "Greek Art and History through Coins" next spring.

KATHLEEN COLEMAN

Kathleen Coleman is on sabbatical this year, based in Cambridge (creatures in a state of sabbatical only come out after dark, and are very rarely sighted). She is seeing her edition of Martial, *Liber spectaculorum* through the press, trying to flatten a mountainous backlog of smaller tasks, learning Portuguese to see what happened to Latin in Lusitania, and embarking on a book on arena spectacles. She won the Senior Faculty Levenson Teaching Prize for 2005.

JOHN DUFFY

John Duffy spent a good deal of his summer research time at home collating some forty Greek manuscripts for his next major project. Preliminary conclusion: it is a lot more fun to visit faraway libraries in search of the manuscripts. This term he is teaching the "Introduction to Byzantine Greek" and the "Workshop on Greek Paleography"; he has also begun a year's stint as Director of Graduate Studies.

SUSANNE EBBINGHAUS

Susanne Ebbinghaus spent part of the summer in Turkey, studying finds at Sardis and Gordion, and exploring central Anatolia. After a course on Greek sculpture in the spring semester, she teaches the "Introduction to Greek Art and Archaeology" this fall. Otherwise, she is busy coordinating the publication of Harvard's ancient bronzes, and continues her research on sumptuous drinking vessels in the Achaemenid Persian empire and on Greek contacts with Egypt and the Near East.

ALBERT HENRICHS

Albert Henrichs is enjoying his sabbatical leave and is looking forward to two weeks of lectures and seminars in Berlin. He has just completed papers on Greek priests and on sacrificial violence. After four years of editing *HSCP* with the inestimable help of Ivy Livingston, he is putting finishing touches on vols. 102 (in press) and 103 (closed) and has been succeeded as chair of the Editorial Board by Nino Luraghi.

CHRISTOPHER JONES

The first two volumes of Christopher Jones' edition and translation of Philostratus' *Life of Apollonius of Tyana* (Loeb Classical Library) appeared in May, and he handed in the third volume in September. He is now on sabbatical at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, writing a book tentatively entitled *New Heroes in the Ancient World*, about "heroization" mainly in the Hellenistic and Roman periods and its possible connection with the cult of saints.

CHRISTOPHER KREBS

Christopher Krebs published his monograph on Tacitus' *Germania* earlier this year. After a summer at the ENS (in Paris), where he talked about Cicero and Herodotus and started thinking about his next project, he is now teaching Roman Satire and Greek (Extension School), and learning a lot as the Director of Undergraduate Studies. An article on Caesar is to appear in *AJP*, and he is waiting to hear back about submitted articles on Cato and Cicero.

NINO LURAGHI

In the fall, Nino Luraghi will be introducing sophomores to Greek civilization and discussing with graduates the various appeals of Herodotus' *Histories*. In the spring, he will move on to Hellenistic history and Attic orators. Meanwhile, he plans to submit the manuscript of a book on Messenia that has kept him busy far too long, and to embark on multiple new projects (including, but not limited to, early Greek inscriptions, archaic tyranny, and Greek historiography).

DAVID MITTEN

David Mitten traveled as a lecturer for Art Museums Fellows to Libya in March, as well as to central Mediterranean destinations in June, and up the Croatian coast to Ravenna and Venice in August for the Harvard Alumni Association. He made two weekend trips for the Ancient Art Department to Zurich and Geneva and finished 100 entries on Greek bronzes for the Sackler ancient bronze catalogue. He retired as curator of ancient and Byzantine art on October 31, continuing as emeritus research curator.

GREGORY NAGY

Gregory Nagy published *Homer's Text and Language* (Urbana 2004); also "Transmission of Archaic Greek Symptotic Songs," *Critical Inquiry* 31 (2004) 26-48; "L'aède épique en auteur: la tradition des Vies d'Homère," in *Identités d'auteur dans l'Antiquité et la tradition européenne* (Grenoble 2004) 41-67; and "The Epic Hero," *A Companion to Ancient Epic* (Oxford 2005) 71-89. He continues his weekly pattern of alternating between CHS in Washington and teaching at Harvard.

JEREMY RAU



NEWS

This year Jeremy Rau teaches the “Language of Homer,” “Italic Dialects,” “Introduction to Historical Linguistics,” and the “Comparative Grammar of Vedic Sanskrit.” He has recently published articles on the Gothic word “withrus” (“lamb”), the Avestan name “Haosrauuah,” and “gamonymics” in Vedic Sanskrit and Old Iranian. He continues work on a monograph on Greek and Indo-European word formation.

BETSEY ROBINSON

Betsey Robinson is spending her sabbatical at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. With grants from NEH and the Loeb Classical Library Foundation, she continues progress on her monograph, *Histories of Peirene*, while pursuing further research on ancient architecture, art, and landscapes. On the side, she toured Greek sites along Black Sea shores on a Harvard travel-study cruise, and is participating in American School trips to western Greece and central Anatolia.

ERIC ROBINSON

In the fall term Eric Robinson is teaching a Classics course on the fall of the Roman Republic, and also lecturing for the History Department’s Western Civilization survey. He will not be teaching in the spring semester (parental relief) but will be otherwise available—at least when not changing diapers. He is completing a book about democracies outside Athens in the Classical era (480-323 BC) for Cambridge University Press.

PANAGIOTIS ROILLOS

Panagiotis Roilos is currently on leave finishing his book on the poetry of Konstantinos Kavafis. This semester his book *Amphoteroglossia: A Poetics of the 12th-Century Medieval Greek Novel* was published by CHS/Harvard University Press. His co-authored book *Towards a Ritual Poetics* (2003) just appeared in a Greek edition with a preface by Marcel Detienne (“Alexandria,” Athens). His co-edited book *Greek Ritual Poetics* was published last summer (CHS/Harvard University Press).

MARK SCHIEFSKY

Mark Schiefsky is teaching “Greek 110r: Plato’s *Republic*” and a freshman seminar on Euclid’s *Elements* in the fall semester. His commentary on the Hippocratic treatise *On Ancient Medicine* was published earlier this year by Brill. He is currently working on a book on ancient mechanics and editing an encyclopedia entitled “Machines in the Ancient World,” to be published by Routledge in 2007.

GISELA STRIKER

Gisela Striker is on leave this year. She is working on her com-

mentary to Aristotle’s *Prior Analytics*—a project that never seems to end. And she is also hoping to catch up on reading some of the books that have been patiently sitting on her shelf during busy semesters.

RICHARD TARRANT

Richard Tarrant spent much of the summer working on his commentary on Virgil *Aeneid* XII, and has produced a nearly complete draft; he hopes to finish the project within this academic year. Upcoming engagements include a talk at the Harvard Club of New York in November and the Arthur Stocker Lecture at the University of Virginia in March. He is a member of the Graduate Policy Committee, an advisory body newly formed by the Dean of the Graduate School.

RICHARD THOMAS

Richard Thomas begins his sixth year chairing the Department, and has been much occupied with that, with Faculty Council, and with the newly-formed Caucus of FAS Chairs. He continues to work on Horace, *Odes* 4, and is for the first time teaching Virgil in the Core Curriculum. Recent publications include “Torn between Jupiter and Saturn,” “‘Stuck in the Middle with You’: Virgilian Middles,” and a review of *Vergil, Philodemus, and the Augustans*.

BEN TIPPING

Ben Tipping spent the summer vacation living with his wife, Valerie, in Arlington, VA, and doing research at the Center for Hellenic Studies in Washington, DC. In August/September, he and Valerie enjoyed a brief visit to Europe, which included a few fine days in Paris. This term he is teaching “Introductory Latin Prose Composition” and “Virgil: *Eclogues* and *Georgics*.”

JAN ZIOLKOWSKI

This year Jan Ziolkowski is in quiet Wassenaar (Netherlands), working to finish projects. Although he has cried wolf before, 2006 should see the appearance of *Fairy Tales from Before Fairy Tales: The Medieval Latin Past of Wonderful Lies* (UMichiganP) and *Nota Bene: Reading Classics and Writing Songs in the Early Middle Ages* (Journal of Medieval Latin Publications). Those have become feasible since submitting *The Virgilian Tradition to 1500* (Yale UP), a collaboration with Michael Putnam.

For detailed information about faculty activities, see faculty web pages located at <http://www.fas.harvard.edu/~classics>.



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Department of the Classics
2005-2006**

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¹on leave fall ²on leave spring
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STUDENT TRAVELS

A Tramp Abroad, by Anna Rosenblum ('06)

This summer, with help from the Segal Fund and the Harvard College Research Project, I traveled all over western Europe, visiting twenty-three museums in fifteen cities with only my passport, rail pass, digital camera, laptop, and twelve pairs of shoes (a slight exaggeration, as the total only became twelve by the end of the trip). During June and July I researched my thesis topic, the Trojan Palladium on Attic red-figure vases portraying the rape of *Kassandra*. I made my way gradually from Athens, Greece, to Lisbon, Portugal, where I participated in an osteology program at the National Museum of Archaeology for the month of August. The following is a brief summary of my trip, noting only the most important highlights.

I began in Athens, at a youth hostel in the Plaka. My days were all pretty much the same: eating a delicious breakfast of Total, yogurt, fruit, and iced coffee at the McDonald's in Syntagma Square, getting kicked out of the McDonald's in Syntagma Square since I had brought all my food with me, going to a museum to research, visiting the Akropolis around 3 p.m. (the hottest part of the day, when there are less people), and finally, taking a nap. I took a day-trip to gorgeous Delphi and had quite a thrill hiking part of the way up Mt. Parnassus, meeting a loose bull, slowly backing away, and then running back down. I also visited the Temple of Aphaia on the island of Aegina, famous for its pistachios, beaches, and boxes of sangria. After about two weeks in Athens I took the train to Olympia where I saw the museum and the archaeological site and stayed in a hostel for only nine euros. I think the price was so low because it also operated as a mosquito hatchery. Finally I boarded a bus for Patras and then a ferry to Bari.

The ferry ride was sixteen hours long, and since standing on the deck and watching the sunset gets old after a couple of minutes, I found a use for my laptop besides taking notes and storing digital photos. Three Quentin Tarantino movies later, I arrived in Italy, where the restaurants are always open and the museums are always closed. Starting in Taranto, I traveled to Naples, where the Greek pottery wing of the Museo Nazionale was closed for everyone except American girls who flirt shamelessly with the guards. Then I went on to the museums of Rome and Bologna, and from there I traveled north to Munich, stopping in Milan for a quick look at the *July saldi*.

In Munich I saw the pediment statues from the Temple of Aphaia in the Glyptothek, and then I took the night train to Berlin, where I visited the storage rooms of the Antikensammlung. Next it was on to Paris, the Louvre, *pain au chocolat*, and fire-

works over the Seine on Bastille Day. On July 15 I took the Channel Tunnel train to England, and through some sort of divine mix-up, I received a first-class ticket. Three glasses of free champagne later, I arrived in London, where the restaurants are always closed and the museums are always open. Getting around in London only a week after the Tube bombings would have been difficult had I gone anywhere other than the British Museum. Every day for a week I alternated between the reading room, the Greek and Roman collections, and the coffee shop down the street.

After bidding a tearful farewell to the Parthenon marbles, I took the train back to Paris, and then another train (a record nineteen hours!) to Lisbon. For the next month I analyzed Roman-period human remains from a site near Lisbon where fish sauce was manufactured and exported to the entire Roman world. By the time I flew home at the end of August, I had acquired over a thousand photos of artifacts, an extensive knowledge of the human skeleton, and a statistically significant number of shoes.

Vase from the museum in Bologna with Ajax, Kassandra, and a statue of Athena





Foster's disciples from the Aestiva Latinitas Romae summer program (from left to right): Rob Cioffi ('05), Kim Fischer, Ian Goh ('06), Henry Walters ('06/'07), Paul Franz ('07), and Vaughn Shinall ('06) (not in photograph)

Notes on a Roman Holiday, by Ian Goh ('06)

My idea of heaven is to while away the hours sitting in the Piazza Farnese, admiring the Michelangelo façade of the French Embassy and the incongruous concrete fountain-tubs pilched from the Baths of Caracalla while writing postcards home and sipping an excellent cappuccino. Well, thanks to the generosity of Harvard's Classics Department, for two months this summer five Harvard Latinists (four undergraduates, Vaughn Shinall, Paul Franz, Henry Walters, and I, and one recent graduate, Rob Cioffi) were living out just such a life, one of which Petronius, say, might have approved.

Actually, the real reason for our visit was the legendary Latin program offered by Father Reginald Foster ("Reggie" to all of us). Meeting for several hours Monday to Saturday in the basement of a primary school at the top of the Janiculum, around fifty Latinists altogether (coming and going) imbibed Reggie's irreverent maxims, outspoken anti-technology adages, comical sound-effects, and deep love of Latin. Sundays were reserved for visits to various sites Reggie deemed important, including the beach at Formiae where "glorious" Cicero was killed, and the same great man's boyhood home at Arpinum

(now a Romanesque church), where we ended by congregating around his bust in the courtyard of a furniture factory. The class members, mostly American, encompassed a wide variety of backgrounds, skill levels, interests, and enthusiasms. Some would have preferred Reggie to proselytize, but he chose a stoutly areligious line and stuck to it; perhaps the most salutary aspect of the class, though, was the inspiration of his self-effacing humility, evident eschewal of politicking, and devotion to Latin literature.

Thanks to Harvard alumni of the program, I had been forewarned of Reggie's amiable, if rambunctious, wine-swilling ways. I did not expect, however, that the course would be so squarely aimed at the instruction of future schoolteachers. Reggie's ire often spilled over into diatribes against incompetent textbooks which eschewed the beauty of original Latin texts in favour of "melonheads from Pompeii." That aside, his method of instruction was inclusive and expansive, like the man himself. The texts he picked were illuminating, with choice selections from William Harvey and Galileo nestling up to epistolary Heloise and Jerome, not to mention bits of Ci-

cero and Livy (no Virgil, though: "a grey man with grey ideas"). In-class translation proceeded at a meticulous pace, fitting perhaps as we wilted in the summer heat; nonetheless, Reggie's anecdotes and boisterous growls of "Lee!" (Vaughn) and "Juan!" (me) enlivened the proceedings. The threat of being called on in class was of course rather stressful for a summer, but the payoff was the imparting of Reggie's wisdom and absolute knowledge of every nuance of Latin. Then there was his emphasis on Latin as a living language, borne out by his insistence on speaking to us entirely in the language, clearly second nature for him, and on our translating newspaper headlines into Latin. It was essentially quite the riot, and an instructive one at that.

Meanwhile, the city of Rome was ours to enjoy. We walked where history was made and lived practically among the ruins of places we had read about. It was particularly exhilarating to stand in the shadow of the Forum's triumphal arches that we had studied a few weeks previously. Most of the capital's museums were enjoyed, including the overwhelming ancient statue collection at Montemartini in the incongruous setting of a power station (a concept predating the Tate Modern by several years!), and the exquisite exhibits of the Doria Pamphilj. While

Part of Hadrian's promenade: a view the emperor would have enjoyed in his pleasure-dome at Tivoli



I admit that by the time I got to Ostia I was suffering from ruin fatigue, I count my emulation of Hadrian meandering about the estate at Tivoli in searing heat as a special highlight. A trip down to Pompeii to breathe in the rather ghostly atmosphere (which even a bevy of tourist groups could not obscure) in the shadow of Vesuvius, and another up to Florence and Siena to see the jewels of the Rinascimento, were similarly enjoyable. Other cultural highlights included (for me) a highly atmospheric performance of *Aida* at the baths of Caracalla which ended past midnight and for which I was conspicuously underdressed. That said, though, at the risk of ruining its status as an undiscovered gem, I reckon my favourite excursion was a journey to the small untouristed town of Palestrina, where, after being treated to a run-down (given in Italian, of which I speak only enough to order from a menu) of the eponymous composer's life by a friendly musicologist, braving a steep climb to the antiquities museum where I had the magnificent Nile mosaic (taking up an entire wall) to myself for half an hour, and sampling a restorative *caffè freddo*, I finished James' *Portrait of a Lady* (a most appropriate book to read in Rome) on the way home and found myself in tears on an overheated bus. That more or less defined fulfilling.

The tranquil courtyard of the Cistercian monastery at Casamari, also the birthplace of Gaius Marius



The magister holds court at Cicero's abode in Arpinum

Of course, it would not have been possible without the easy camaraderie of the five of us. I could not have imagined a better way to live the expatriate lifestyle, as representatives of Rome's modern-day counterpart. I would like to thank both Paul and Vaughn (with whom I was living—Rob and Henry taking up an apartment on the other side of the city) for scouting out our swanky digs, first in the Mussolini-inspired neighbourhood to the south, then a stone's throw from the Vatican. I cherish memories of hikes up the Janiculum en route to class playing word-games, sidewalk *cacio e pepe*, searching for superlative gelato close by the Trevi Fountain, anecdotes over a late-night game of cards, doing the dishes listening to Arcade Fire, and pizza and wine on numerous occasions in Trastevere. I should also add that our apartments were a rendezvous for several friends visiting Italy, perhaps too many to mention. I shall restrict myself to traveling chums: to Cristina, Yvona, Anna, and Lisa I would like to say that I was grateful for your company, despite (or because of) the numerous transportation obstacles and tickets not validated, and encounters with seafood, Sicilian wine, winding ways, and conceptual cafés. Not to mention my development of an unhealthy addiction to profiteroles and *succo di albicocca*.

Afterwards, we all went our separate ways. Paul, Henry, and Rob visited Sicily and climbed Mt. Etna—fortunately not meeting up with any Cyclopes, though Rob and Henry remain stranded in European climes. Vaughn went north to encounter the Germanic tribes. My own cross-continental *nostos* encompassed six stopovers. But these diversities aside, our summer in the Eternal City will stay with us. As I write this, I read that today Rome's city council has banned goldfish bowls and mandated dog walking, and the government passed out free roast chickens in Domitian's Stadium (a.k.a. Piazza Navona). While we were there, a law was passed requiring horses drawing tourist carriages around the city to wear nappies. Such is the infectious enthusiasm for life and appreciation of the absurd that only Italy could have engendered in us. Rome in the summer was a wonderful mélange of flavours and colours, and it was a great privilege to experience it at the height of its extravagant beauty. Reggie can have the last word: the entire experience was simply "out of this world, friends, out of this world!"



Meeting Point: the Trevi Fountain

A Book Hunt in Rome: Extracurricular Adventures from Reginald Foster's Summer Latin Course, *by Rob Cioffi ('05)*

Nine a.m. may be the only time when the Trevi Fountain is quiet. Just a few hours earlier the last revelers trickled home to rented beds, and it won't be long now before the spot teems again with tourists and salesmen hawking their wares. Sometimes the Roman sanitation workers occupy the piazza at this hour. They clean up after the crowds and collect the money naïve travelers, trusting in the legend, throw into the fountain in the hopes of a quick return to this, the eternal city. Our group of five, however, is an anomaly. For us the Trevi Fountain in its magnificent, bombastic glory is simply a meeting point before we scour Rome's book district. In about a week, it will be the anniversary of Reggie's appointment to his post at the Vatican and we want to get him a present. No one in our group knows which anniversary it is, but this is not surprising. If Reggie is anything more than a timeless fixture, he is an enigma.

The problem is not so much finding an ancient book but deciding which one to get. We make our way to *Ex Libris*, a lavish bookshop, whose thick red carpet and dark wooden

bookcases exude "Old Europe." The shopkeeper indulges us with a level of tolerance that can only be found in Italy as she quietly and cheerfully watches us handle every single classical book on the shelf. To give ourselves an air of validity, Eric, our most august member in a t-shirt and straw hat, notes titles and prices on a scrap of paper as we ogle the merchandise. Some of the books are only of moderate antiquity. There is an edition of Cicero from the early 1800s, which has been carefully leather bound. Its pages are convincingly yellowed and it smells of old book, but this is nothing I would be surprised to find in Widener. Unsatisfied we move along the shelf to an apparently innocuous edition of Quintilian in a cheaper, plastic binding. The pages, though admirably preserved, warn our youthful fingers to tread carefully. Its impressed type, 'ct' ligatures, and funny oblong 's' all bespeak of this book's impressive vintage. Excited we flip our way to the title page where we find the date and its place of printing: MDXXXIV Romae. 1534 in Rome.

It is only when it is my turn to look at the book and I reach out to grab it that I realize my hands are

filthy, covered with a layer of Roman grit mixed in equal parts with Mediterranean perspiration. Once it is in my hands, though, all this fades away. I am simply astonished. I run my fingers along the page, feeling the impression of each letter. I can imagine a printer right here in Rome, this very city, carefully reading the text from a manuscript and setting the type by hand. He is a small, wiry man with gray hair. His fingertips are old and worn, but they still know their way around the small ink-stained characters. In an appendix at the back, there are textual notes from Erasmus; our printer must have been proud to have included these in his edition. Once finished, the book must have passed through the libraries of many generations of classicists before finding its way to this bookshop and my own hands. I can only guess whether its previous owners held it with the same reverence that I do now, but as I clutch this tight precarious bundle of paper from the past, I do know that Reggie's own timeless mantra is right: Latin never died.

Pantheon: Most of Rome's antiquarian bookshops are nestled between the Trevi Fountain and the Pantheon



Visiting Virgil's Tomb,

by Paul Franz ('07)



Paul Franz ('07) and Henry Walters ('06/'07), as taken by Rob Cioffi ('05)

"It is no use thinking you can see and behold Etna and the foreground at once. . . . She is behind a crystal wall." D. H. Lawrence, *Sea and Sardinia*, 1921

We arrived in Naples in the late afternoon and immediately made for our hostel, climbing a zig-zag path to reach a large, angular, taupe-colored building on the edge of town, the same color as the rock-face behind, as though both had been scooped from a single block of stone. On the way up, as we came under the building's shadow, we had been greeted by the bare, white legs of a young woman, dangled from the second-story window where she sat smoking her cigarette, and the scene inside confirmed an impression of ease: laughter in the hallways, the faint smell of antiseptic, where dirty student bodies reconnected with faucets and clean white sheets. For now though, such luxuries would have to wait. Evening was coming, and we still had one more pilgrimage to make.

Heading back down the path and across the street brought us to the gate of a small park that rose winding up the cliff-side in mirror-image of the way to the hostel. Past rose-bushes and hedges then we climbed, pausing along the way to look at the tomb of Leopardi, the great Italian national poet of the nineteenth century. A tall, stout, four-sided pillar of marble, inscribed only with the poet's name, the monument seems to be missing something, as though it were the pedestal for an heroic statue that is not there. Looking for it, the visitor casts his eyes upward, finding only rock. Yet then comes realization, in the sight of the huge crevice nestling the tomb, its vast inverted "V" like the legs of a colossus, dwarfing pillar and viewer alike. What use has a poet for statues when he is echoed in the stone itself? Not a port, but a portal, here opens.

"Virgilium, animae dimidium meae." We had to go on. Leopardi, overshadowed, conceded. Up we went then, past more hedges, over a stone walkway suspended across a great hewn-out tunnel (in fact an ancient church, its walls still bearing traces of frescoes) until at last we came to the structure itself: a quiet four-square block with windows, topped by a squat beehive turret. A marble plaque outside bore a dedicatory couplet, around which generations of visitors, French, English, and Italian, had inscribed their names and dates: 1810, 1811. . . . Inside stood a metal tripod, in which someone had left a laurel. The walls were lined with alcoves for urns, long-absent, some of their places now filled with flowers. In one, glittering tin-foil wrapped a fading rose. Is it here, we asked? All the offerings will not buy access to the temple's inner shrine.

My attention drifted, and I went over to the window. Encompassing both the city, not very far off, and the ivy-covered side of the cliff supporting us, the view brought a strange impression over me. I remembered that line from Lawrence's travelogue where he describes Etna as existing in a wild, mythical region, so foreign to the modern city beneath it that the two cannot be encompassed in a single view and the mountain seems to be "behind

a crystal wall." Surely for us that day, the situation was reversed; there in the tomb, we were the ones in the strange, numinous world. For, as I let my eye and mind wander, as the modern city of Naples faded out of existence, slowly the encircling scene changed its character. No longer animated by the light breeze, the ivy on the cliff-face now moved itself, like so many dancing, waving hands of dryads, the tall, waving pines like old men teetering on the balls of their feet.

tum vero in numerum
Faunosque ferasque videres
ludere, tum rigidas motare
cacumina quercus.

It lasted only a moment. Middle distance thrusts itself in, insistent: a bird in mid-flight, skirting the glass barrier. The eye drops down, takes in the railway tracks below, is pulled outward to the horizon. I saw Naples, hunched on the harbor, and a lone jet knifing across the sky. Evening was here. Soon it would be time to head downtown: first beers at the Café Arabico, then pizza off the Piazza di Dante before returning, like sheep to the fold, to the hostel's un-air-conditioned hospitality. "Virgil . . . Virgil . . . Vesuvius . . ." chanted the hills in shape-note language. Tomorrow we would see Pompeii.

The tripod in Virgil's Tomb





The stately façade of the American Academy in Rome atop the Janiculum

A Topographical Summer at the American Academy in Rome, by Yvona Trnka-Amrhein ('06)

As a discipline of the most impeccable pedigree and a subject well-entrenched in the academic canon, Classics is often able to practice the scholarship of scholarship. From the foundations of the library at Alexandria to the present, scholars have investigated their own history and retraced the amassed critical output for its intrinsic interest as well as additional insight on the ancient world. However, as is often the case, this sort of study has been limited to the text.

Thus, telling omissions and pointed scholia in medieval manuscripts betray the spiritual conditioning and moral philosophy of the monastery (and human reaction to it) while inspired affirmations of Roman imperial exploits and emotive criticism based on value judgments unmask Victorian scholars' contemporary political and moral preoccupations. Indeed, the scholar, often unable to circumvent the autobiographical instinct and achieve complete detachment, adds as much

of his own situation and personality as dispassionate criticism to the study. A text is, therefore, highly susceptible to being marked by its context, but architecture, too, can be quite as revealing.

Spending time at the American Academy in Rome this summer with the Summer Program in Archaeology, I was comprehensively exposed to the remains of the ancient city through standing ruins, new excavations, and the personally involved lectures of Professor Nicola Terrenato on current scholarly debate. Under these conditions the ancient urban framework began to map itself on my consciousness, and I realized that Roman Topography was a field much more complex and rewarding than its name originally implied. Assuming that this sort of study involved a great deal of map-making and watered-down geology, I was pleasantly enlightened on finding that its practitioners consider Roman Topography the ultimate field of Classics. Combining textual

criticism, inscriptional expertise, archaeological processes, art historical discrimination, and a mnemonic capacity comprehensive enough to have the vast accretion of existing information ready at a moment's notice, Roman Topography considers itself the Elysian Fields of the true Romanist.

As there is little that is actually definite about topographical identification and new information trickles in at a relatively slow rate, topography seems to have been even more prone to the scholarship of scholarship than other subfields of Classics. Former topographers have become historical personages in their own right, and controversies over specifically contested regions of Rome have achieved epic proportions, leading to a field in which the ground must be tread with caution and attention.

However, such a characteristic betrays the personal history of the discipline itself since the elevation of great men of the field and its concern for definite identification and absolute interpretation of the evidence bears the unmistakable stamp of the nineteenth century, when scholars and gentlemen were concepts that overlapped and intertwined. The scholarship of the past was always the preserve of the elite, but the study of Topography in particular seemed to appeal to the learned dilettante who could find the necessity of being on site in sultry Rome less of a burden when quartered on an airy hill across the Tiber.

The American Academy, sited on the ridge of the Janiculum nearest the Tiber and well clear of the teeming center, indeed recalls the sort of pleasant distinction enjoyed by the Victorian gentleman scholar. The main building with its amalgamation of Roman peristyle and Renaissance palazzo provides an appropriate setting for the library and the well-regulated pursuit of knowledge, while the accompanying gardens dotted with assorted fruit trees simulate the ancient concept of *rus in urbe*. While scholarship can in fact be fruitful here, it can hardly be characterized

as arduous.

Indeed, the scholarly community of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century for which the facility was produced would most probably have subscribed to such a building code as eminently suited to their practice. Evidence for the historical truth of such a claim might be found on examining modern scholars' evaluation of the use and viability of much Victorian scholarship. The more rigid and exacting standards of contemporary learning do, in fact, tend to discard many of these works as lacking academic rigor—often with good reason.

However, such faults of character do not necessarily need to be attributed to the conditions under which scholarship was practiced. Idyllic settings such as the Academy do not always lead to relaxed intellectual standards, while the misery of a cold monk's cell does not infallibly produce accurate scholarship. Thus, while the architecture and general environment in which a text was created can provide additional insight on the philosophy and conditions of production, such information is limited and must be regarded with discretion. Nevertheless, at an institution such as the American Academy in Rome, one must be continuously aware that history is latent in all its many manifestations: people, output and infrastructure.



The Temple of Aphaia on the island of Aigina

Anyapaideia, by Anya Dolganov ('05)

Thanks to the generosity of the Department and the help and advice of all of you, I packed off my livelihood two days after graduation (sort of a cross between heaping Pelion on Ossa and cleaning the Augean Stables) and set off for Athens to the American School of Classical Studies Summer Session I (with Munn and Munn).

The experience was absolutely mind-blowing. The program, as all of us soon realized, was a 12-hours-a-day-7-days-a-week overtime job, but after the first two weeks of getting up at 7 and climbing Mt. Dicte (or Lycaon, or Parnassus) and collapsing at 8 in front of a Mythos and mezedes, we were officially in the ASCSA "zone."

I don't think any of us expected to . . .

. . . be taken into *every* basement and conservation lab;

. . . spend so many afternoons in the Stoa of Attalus (a.k.a. ASCSA headquarters—a brilliant solution to the storage space problem!);

. . . have to cut through a barbed wire fence to get to the shrine of Anemos-bilia;

. . . be bitten by horseflies at the ash altar of Zeus on Mt. Lycaon (appropri-

ately an abaton) and get two cortizone shots (ok, that was only me . . .);

. . . handle Linear B tablets;

. . . learn SO MUCH about Aegean Prehistory—to the point where a sink was only a lustral basin with a drain;

. . . be able to say "sorry I'm late, I got lost in the Kerameikos!";

. . . enter Delphi from above (!);

. . . discover a C3 coin on the site of Messene;

. . . have arguments to the first blood about the implied author in Herodotus .

. . . The list is endless.

After discovering what feels like ten new worlds in Greece, I set off for Freiburg, Germany, to do a four-week intensive language program at the Albert-Ludwigs-Universität. I came away from the program with the satisfaction that, even though much of Fassbinder's dialogue gave me whiplash, German had finally entered my subconscious.

I would like to conclude this travel tale with another enormous THANK YOU to the Department for making this summer a fantastic culmination to a four-year journey.



A mystifying Viennese sphinx in the Belvedere Garten

Die wohl erträgliche Leichtigkeit des Seins —im Sommer, by Emily Allen (G3)

This past summer, the philologist that I am finally looked up from her books after passing her Generals and traveled, intent on looking at actual objects, not just texts, interacting with people, not just books, and speaking a language, as opposed to just reading it. I spent three weeks in Vienna, Austria, with the intention of bringing back to life the smattering (intensive though it was) of German I had received during a modest semester in an introductory language course three years ago. Why Vienna, one may well ask. There were family friends I very much wanted to reconnect with, excellent coffee I wished to sample, a world-renowned Opera and a *Museum-Quartier* I longed to discover. Above all, the Actilingua Institut where I took my language classes had been highly recommended to me by a fellow graduate student. The organization of the classes and the quality of the instructors proved to be indeed quite remarkable.

As one would hardly find to be a surprise in Vienna, I was awakened on the first morning by my neighbor blasting Mozart at 6 a.m., and singing along to it. Later that morning, it was hardly a disappointment to discover that the Actilingua Institut stood right on the

Jacquingasse, overlooking the Wien Botanischer Garten and the Belvedere Garten. Much to my delight, I had to walk through both of these gardens every day, twice a day, with bare-breasted sphinxes smiling approvingly (or mockingly—I was never quite sure) at me as I hurried by, muttering unregelmässig verbs under my breath (*see photo above*). The Salesianer Kloster of the Belvedere Garten holds concerts with its windows wide open in the mild nights of June, so as I sat on the park's benches (still with my irregular verbs) one evening, I heard a crystalline voice singing a beautiful Schubert Lied, a Mozart aria, and a dramatic Beethoven piece (*see photo on next page, above, left*). Then the park closed, and I sought (and found) consolation in some Welschriesling at my favorite local Brauerei.

I was very fortunate to be invited during my stay to a family friend's wedding, where traditional Austrian attire was *de rigueur*—so I donned a *Dirndl* and tried to pretend I was Austrian (*see photo on right*). This was not so convincing at first, but as the night wore on, I think I did a pretty good job. (I would rather not comment on how much this had to do with the amount of

Spritzers which were had—apparently also a very traditional thing to do.)

One of the major highlights of my stay was visiting Professor Manfred Bietak at the Institut für Ägyptologie der Universität Wien, where he teaches and directs research related to the excavations he has been directing at Tell el-Dab'a in Egypt since 1966, as head of the Österreichisches Archäologisches Institut in Cairo. While a visiting professor here at Harvard two years ago, he had been incredibly generous with his time in guiding me through the Minoan wall-paintings found at Tell el-Dab'a and their many common features with the Cretan and Thera paintings I was then researching for a paper. It was wonderful to have a chance to see him again and meet his students. One of my visits to the Institut für Ägyptologie der Universität Wien was for an evening talk given by our very own Professor Larry Steiger on "Phoenician Shipwrecks in the Age of Homer," where the wonders of deep-sea archaeology and its expensive, remarkable technology (created in nearby Woods Hole's Oceanographic Institute) were unveiled to us.

The second part of my summer I spent in Washington, DC, taking part in a Summer Epigraphy Seminar for three and a half weeks at the Center for Hellenic Studies. Kent Rigsby and Joshua Sosin were not only passionate about their material and therefore greatly in-

Trying to be Austrian for one night





Above, left: *The Salesianer Kloster* (whose open window one can't quite distinguish here, so you'll have to take my word for it); Above, right: Jack Mitchell performs his epic, *The Plains of Abraham*, on a hot July night in the courtyard of the Center for Hellenic Studies

spiring, they also tolerated my eclectic interests as I chose to look into, on the one hand, the so-called testament of Epikteta, a second century BC inscription of a woman's will from Thera, and, on the other, a pig's epitaph in clumsy but highly endearing hexameters found at Edessa, dating from the late second/early third century AD. Rigsby's and Sosin's guidance, the CHS' resources, the food and the general ambiance all contributed to make this a very rewarding few weeks that seemed far too short. Parallel to our epigraphy workshop was a Homerists' workshop, one of whose participants, Jack Mitchell, a graduate student at Stanford University, regaled us one night with a rendition of the epic poem *The Plains of Abraham*, which he composed, inspired by Greek and Sanskrit epic, and has performed throughout Canada in recent years, going from place to place and performance to performance, much like a Homeric bard (except for his motorcycle) (see photo above, right). For more information on this highly unusual and remarkable character and his performed epic, see <http://www.plainsofabraham.ca/>.

After all this traveling and looking at objects, stones, and other such matters, I heard Widener's call, and came back to Cambridge, truly entranced by a summer of new discover-

ies, and quite ready to return to—well, the texts that I love.

Hallie Franks (G5, History of Art and Architecture) and Emily Gangemi (G5), seen below on the Mycenaean citadel of Tiryns, are spending the year at The American School of Classical Studies at Athens, along with Marina Haworth (G6) and Larry Myer (G7)





Nota Bene
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