Nota Bene

Vol. 13 No. 3 **SPECIAL MEMORIAL ISSUE** Spring/Summer 2008

Zeph Stewart

January 1, 1921—December 1, 2007

ZEPH STEWART

Distinguished American classicist Zeph Stewart, who was the Andrew W. Mellon Professor of the Humanities Emeritus at Harvard University, passed away at his home in Watertown, Massachusetts, on December 1, 2007, at eighty-six years old.

Stewart was associated with Harvard for sixty years, beginning with his arrival as a graduate student in Classics in 1947. Over the course of his career he was at various times a Junior Fellow of the Society of Fellows, master of Lowell House, professor of Greek and Latin, chairman of the Department of the Classics, trustee of the Loeb Classical Library, director of Harvard's Center for Hellenic Studies in Washington, D.C., and a trustee of the Episcopal chaplaincy at Harvard. In addition, he was president of both the American Philological Association and the Teachers of Classics in New England.

Born on January 1, 1921, in Jackson, Michigan, Stewart was the son of a prominent political family and younger brother of Potter Stewart, who later became a justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. Like his brother before him, Zeph Stewart attended the Hotchkiss School in Lakeville, Connecticut; he was a member of the class of 1939. In later life, as was typical of him, he served as a trustee of the school and received the 1964 Alumni Award. After Hotchkiss, Stewart went on to Yale, where he graduated with highest honors in Classics in December 1942.

In January 1943, Stewart entered the Army, having been recruited for his linguistic skills by Edwin O. Reischauer. He learned Japanese and did two stints of service, first working in the area of military intelligence. During these years (1943–47), spent initially in Washington, D.C., and then in London and Paris, he went from private to captain. He was recalled for active duty during the Korean War (1951–53) as part of a NATO delegation, working on diplomatic liaison, again in London and Paris.

In 1953, Stewart joined the faculty of Harvard's Department of the Classics as assistant professor of Greek and Latin, and began to pursue his research and publishing work in Latin literature and manuscript studies. His early endeavors were centered on some of the major Latin authors, including Virgil, Horace, and Plautus, and he dealt also with palaeographical issues. He had a lifelong interest in Greek philosophy and religion, particularly the transition to Christianity. He edited several volumes in these areas, most notably the "Essays on Religion and the Ancient World of Arthur Darby Nock" (Oxford, 1972).

In each of the many appointments he held, Stewart set about to improve the intellectual, communal, and fiscal aspects of the

JANUARY 1, 1921

institution in question. He did so because he cared about the field of Classics, about libraries, about teaching and research—and about the well-being of colleagues and students at all levels.

Jeffrey Henderson of Boston University, the present general editor of the Loeb Classical Library, fondly remembers Stewart as "teacher, mentor, and true friend for nearly forty years." He recalls the crucial role his mentor played—as executive trustee of the Library for over a quarter of a century—in helping to develop a renewal plan in the 1970s to put the Loeb Library on a sound financial footing. "Indispensable," according to Henderson, "were Zeph's vision and respect for what the Library should be, his keen judgment about the right projects and the right scholars to tackle each one, and his matchless tact and skill at recruiting potential authors, or letting them down gently when they were not right for the job."

Richard Thomas of Harvard's Department of the Classics, who succeeded Stewart as executive trustee of the Library, points to the direct and impressive result of this reordering and revitalization, namely, the establishment of the Loeb Classical Library Foundation, which currently provides considerable financial assistance for the research of classicists worldwide.

As master of Lowell House, Stewart greatly emphasized the importance of community. He welcomed the advent of women into the House. He endeavored to modernize the college rules and regulations, and was particularly successful in integrating Harvard faculty into the life of the House.

Stewart became renowned for his administrative skills and financial expertise. Over the years he held eight different appointments in offices and on committees of the American Philological Association (APA). Adam Blistein, the current executive director of the APA, recalls the immediate and dramatic effect of Stewart's impact as financial trustee of the Association. Ward Briggs of the University of South Carolina and a serving financial trustee of the APA credits him largely with radical changes that helped to restore the finances to a robust condition.

Stewart was president of the American Philological Association (1983); a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (vice president 1979–82); and visiting professor at Hamilton College and the University of Colorado. In 2000, he received the Barlow-Beach Award of the Classical Association of New England "for exceptional service to the Classics in New England."

He is survived by his wife, Diana, with whom he offered cherished hospitality to successive generations of scholars and students, and by two daughters, Sarah and Mary, a son, Christopher, and two grandchildren.

Reprinted, with permission and minor revisions, from the obituary by John Duffy which appeared in the Harvard University Gazette *on December 6, 2007.*

ZEPH STEWART

Just a few years after becoming a Classics professor, Zeph Stewart sent a letter to Harvard's student newspaper in 1957 praising a colleague who would soon retire. It was not a mash note crafted to curry favor with the lords of the academic manor.

"I need not dwell on his years of service in this community, but prefer to speak of the good fortune of the University in having in its janitorial staff a person who has contributed so much to the Harvard education of so many young men," Mr. Stewart wrote in the *Harvard Crimson* of David Germaine, a custodian whose example "taught countless undergraduates the value of gentlemanly conduct and of directness and integrity for living a good life."

Hailing contributions by the least-noticed "was part of the fabric of his life—what he, in his little quiet way, paid attention to," said Mr. Stewart's daughter Sarah, of Cambridge.

A longtime master of Lowell House, Mr. Stewart also had a deft touch with administration that helped right the finances of Harvard's Loeb Classical Library and the American Philological Association. He died of complications from pneumonia December 1, 2007, in his Watertown home after a few years of illnesses and declining health. Mr. Stewart was eighty-six.

"Zeph cared about every part of Harvard, and every part of Classics in particular," said Richard Thomas, a professor of Greek and Latin at the University. "He was brilliant in a very quiet way. He knew a great deal, but he wasn't ostentatious about his knowledge, and he had an aesthetic sensibility that it was wonderful to be touched by."

Jeffrey Henderson, former dean of arts and sciences at Boston University and now a professor of Greek, had been one of Mr. Stewart's students.

"He didn't always get credit for what he did. I don't think there's anyone in the field who doesn't owe something to Zeph Stewart, directly or indirectly," Henderson said. "He was a person of great dignity, but also openness and warmth. He was a friend you always respected and could come to with things. Sometimes Zeph was the only person I could come to with a question. Academics are a gossipy lot, but you could trust Zeph completely."

Born in Michigan, Mr. Stewart grew up in Cincinnati, where his father was mayor and also served on the state's Supreme Court. His older brother Potter became a U.S. Supreme Court justice. Mr. Stewart followed his brother to Connecticut through prep school and college at the Hotchkiss School and Yale, but the family's finances suffered during the Depression and he graduated from each as a scholarship student.

His skill with languages led to Army intelligence assignments during and after World War II, first in Washington, D.C., then in London and Paris.

He began his graduate work at Harvard in 1947, becoming a junior fellow in the Society of Fellows. That allowed him to pursue his studies without formal requirements. By doing so he did not receive a doctorate and in 1953 became an assistant professor in the Classics Department, which he later served as chairman.

In 1963, he and his wife, Diana, moved into Lowell House, where Mr. Stewart became the third master, the administrative head of that residence community.

"He was a person who was very interested in other people," said his wife, who married Mr. Stewart nearly forty-eight years ago. "I think the main characteristic in the way he looked at other people was

JANUARY 1, 1921

he looked at their good qualities first. That didn't mean he didn't see the warts, but it was the good qualities that mattered."

The dozen years when the Stewarts were surrogate parents to class after class of Harvard students brought many changes. In 1965, Mr. Stewart announced that Harvard's residence houses would extend until midnight the hours for gatherings after home football games, telling the *Crimson* that "the character of the student body has gradually changed and that students are less likely to become disorderly at after-game parties than they were a couple of decades ago."

The Stewarts also kept peace at Lowell during the tumult of Vietnam War protests and volunteered their house when Harvard began experimenting with coeducational accommodations in the 1970s.

"Both Diana and Zeph were not only welcoming and very supportive, but downright delighted that this change was taking place," said Diana Eck, a professor of comparative religion and Indian studies and current co-master of Lowell House.

Composure and leadership in turbulent times were traits Mr. Stewart brought to bear on all his activities, colleagues said.

"This was a calm, always gentle, but strong and righteous man," said Adam Blistein, executive director of the American Philological Association, which Mr. Stewart served as president and financial trustee. "This was a man who knew what was right and would stand up for it without beating you over the head with it."

Said Sarah Stewart: "He had that true humility where no one even notices that you're humble. My dad was an incredibly good man, by all standards of what that means. I just don't know that many people like that. It's really quite amazing to have been raised by him and love him."

As a scholar, Mr. Stewart took a keen interest in the work of Arthur Darby Nock, editing a collection of the classicist's essays. Mr. Stewart, the Andrew W. Mellon professor of humanities, became professor emeritus in 1992.

Decades ago, he began vacationing in rural Wyoming. Mr. Stewart stayed in cabins with no electricity or running water near the tiny town of Cora, which his wife said had once posted a sign announcing a population of three. Environmentally conscious long before it was fashionable, Mr. Stewart liked to walk and read in the shadow of the state's western mountains.

"He sometimes said rather wistfully, 'It would be nice if Widener Library were dumped down in Wyoming,'" his wife said.

In addition to his wife and daughter, Mr. Stewart leaves another daughter, Mary, of Berkeley, California; a son, Christopher, of San Francisco; and two granddaughters.

Mary Stewart shared with her father a great love of poetry,
and she asked that this be read at the service.

SONNET LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

William Shakespeare

ZEPH STEWART

Nil ego contulerim iucundo sanus amico, "As long as I'm in my right senses I'd prefer nothing to a dear friend." So the poet Horace. Zeph Stewart was as good and dear a friend as I've ever had. I met him at the end of 1976, at an intimidating New York job interview, three months before my father, who was exactly the same age as Zeph, died at the age of fifty-six. If I seem to be making an analogy, well, that is what I am doing, as embarrassed as Zeph would have been to hear it.

Each of you has a Zeph story as important as any of mine, for Zeph seems to have been there when many of us just happened to need him. So it is a challenge to represent you all today. A challenge also for reasons spelled out by the historian Sallust: "When you write of the outstanding merit and glory of good men," he wrote, "people are quite ready to accept what they could easily do themselves; but anything beyond that is dismissed as an improbable fiction." Zeph was such a good man, and I truly know nobody whose life was devoted so fully and with such good effect to the well-being of students, colleagues, and anyone lucky enough to have come into his orbit. He was a true humanist, a scholar of broad learning, and a man of deep culture, wit, compassion. He was guided by a commitment to principles that mattered, and he worked hard at all he did, generally until 4 or 5 a.m.

Of all the serendipitous turns that end up affecting our lives, for me the most fortunate was arriving in the fall of 1977 as a rookie assistant professor, just as Zeph was beginning his term as chair of Harvard's Department of the Classics. I was not a student of his, but he became my teacher in all the important ways.

In those years he read and corrected drafts of everything I wrote. He taught that teaching intermediate Latin was as important as teaching a graduate seminar. He taught that the lives of undergraduates, graduate students, and library staff were as important and as interesting as those of the great colleagues and scholars who worked in or passed through the Department. He taught that it was part of the job to visit Latin classes in local schools. He taught how to fight for what matters, how to use our positions of privilege to do the right thing by others. He even taught me to turn off the lights on those rare occasions when I left the third floor of Boylston Hall later at night than he did. He taught all of this without saying a word, for that would have been pompous, and Zeph was anything but pompous.

In every administrative position he held, Zeph was a brilliant steward, believing that it was his job to leave the institution he was leading in a stronger position than that in which he found it. The graduate program in Classics at Harvard, the American Philological Association, and the Center for Hellenic Studies still prosper from his chairmanship and directorships—and every undergraduate, graduate student, junior fellow, or colleague connected with his years of service has nothing but fondness for him.

Zeph was a great scholar. There are important seminal writings on Greek and Roman religion and Roman literature. But, as in everything else, so here, too, he contributed his deep knowledge and his expertise to the advantage of others. His best-known publication was the two-volume collection of Arthur Darby Nock's papers, all meticulously edited and annotated by Zeph, in the service of a great scholar.

His chief scholarly achievement of the last thirty-five years will benefit classicists for generations to come. In 1973 the Loeb Classical Library was dying. It was losing money, many of the translations were fifty to sixty years old, anyway done by unimpressive translators, little new was being added, and the Library was generally considered no more than a trot for students. Zeph stepped in and saved the Library, working closely with two general editors and with sympathetic figures at the Harvard University Press, and approaching the whole enter-

REMEMBRANCES

ZEPH STEWART

prise as an intellectual challenge. Through his own magnetism, he attracted scholars of the highest caliber. New volumes were added, outdated volumes were replaced, and this will continue. The Loeb Library was saved and has become an intellectual and a commercial success, its new volumes regarded as scholarly resources. Six years ago, in accordance with Loeb's will, a foundation was established. It now provides considerable financial support for the research of some forty classicists and archaeologists a year worldwide. None of this would have happened without the vision, *and* the hard work, of Zeph Stewart.

But my Muse is getting too grave, and I cannot omit my favorite side of Zeph. For want of a better word, he also had his impish side: he liked to pull your leg, take the mickey, tease, twit, or play around, all for the fun of it, for your fun as well as for his.

Sir Ronald Syme, Sir Hugh Lloyd-Jones, D. R. Shackleton Bailey, all were fair game. My own example comes from 1982. Zeph was still chair and I was down to teach Advanced Latin Prose Composition, a course in which even good students can start out with weekly grades of C and C+. Joan, then a graduate student, and I had been married for a year, and pleading Harvard's nepotism rules, but in reality, I suppose, looking for a way out, I suggested to Zeph that surely Joan should do an independent study with someone else.

No, the all-knowing Zeph replied, it would be fine for her to take it with me. I still remember the puckish little smile, as he took pleasure in anticipation of what might lie ahead. As it turned out, Joan did fine, and the graduate students were in fact annoyed with me, as they thought I was too hard on her. That was a good lesson, and Zeph enjoyed all aspects of it. Nothing malicious about it, just part of the fun of life.

Even when his health was failing, and we now know it had been failing for some years, Zeph liked to hear about Harvard, about its successes, foibles, and absurdities. And even when he could not talk, the impish Zeph was still there, still engaged, still amused.

The last year was difficult, for the family, and for those of us who got to see our friend on Garfield Street. And yet, because of Diana's serene strength, life went on almost as normal, it seemed: a cup of tea, a cookie, and a little time with Zeph—and with Diana. For so many of us here, our memories have to do not just with Zeph, but with Zeph and Diana—even now the names are hard to separate. You all know how they were, Diana's wonderful laugh correcting Zeph when his humor got too close to the edge, and there as his equal in all they did together, in Lowell House, Belmont, Boylston Hall, in Washington and Watertown. So, let us take good care of all of these memories as we celebrate the life of Zeph Stewart.

Richard Thomas, Department of the Classics, Harvard University; Trustee of the Loeb Classical Library

Who was that wonderful man?" my department secretary asked, after Zeph had struck up a conversation with her before a lecture. Not an easy question to answer, as all here will appreciate, especially on this occasion, when the world without Zeph is still hard to get used to. I told my secretary that Zeph was a legendary figure at Harvard and one of the most important people in my field. I also recollected my own first acquaintance with Zeph in the fall of 1968. It was the elegant reception for that year's new graduate students, for which I had fished my only suit out of a U-Haul box in my dreadful new apartment ("You're young, you can take it," my landlord had said). Among the faculty in attendance, it was Zeph who made a point of introducing himself to this nervous newcomer, and he quickly established the background that we had in common—amazing to me, a New Jersey boy of undistinguished pedigree and feeling more than a little out of his element, until I came to learn that Zeph was interested in, and seemed never to forget, anyone he ever encountered or knew of, the great and the humble alike—and he had an exceptionally broad range of acquaintances.

Zeph came to my rescue again three years later, when my proposal to write a dissertation on indecent language in Attic comedy was very coolly received by the Harvard faculty: such topics had not yet become acceptable in classical scholarship. Indeed, it had been only a few years since the U.S. obscenity laws were relaxed enough to allow such a

REMEMBRANCES

publication, initially through a 1964 Supreme Court decision featuring Zeph's brother Potter's famous remark in his concurring opinion, "I know it when I see it." Zeph agreed to direct my dissertation when no one else cared to, even though this was a topic far from his own areas of expertise and, strange as it might seem in retrospect, a risky topic. Without him I doubt I would have had the confidence or the support I needed in order to succeed. For all of us in the program Zeph provided many opportunities to gather—in the Department or at Lowell House with the incomparably gracious Diana: this was immensely valuable, since the life of an academic humanist can be terribly isolated. Zeph had an indefatigable liking for bringing people together, with the tact and social graces that elicited the best in even the most socially challenged members of any gathering (and there are not a few of these in the field of Classics); a natural inclination to find and focus on their good qualities; and a keen eye for what to encourage in their scholarship and teaching. These were roles that Zeph also played beyond Harvard for teachers and scholars at all levels, in the New England Classical Association, the Teachers of Classics in New England, other regional and national associations, the Center for Hellenic Studies, and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. There can hardly be anyone in the field that doesn't owe a lot, directly or indirectly, to Zeph.

When Zeph recruited me to understudy and then to succeed George Goold as editor of the Loeb Classical Library, which he had saved and revived—a position that was attractive not least because I would again have a chance to work with Zeph—he was as ever a superb mentor, showing care for a colleague but also watching out for the security of the greater enterprise. It was a second great education to study Zeph's vision and respect for what the Library should be, his good judgment about the right projects and the right scholars to tackle each one, and his matchless tact and skill at recruiting and guiding potential authors, or letting them down gently when they proved not right for the job. On the scholarly side I found out just how learned Zeph was—something best seen up close, since he wore his learning so lightly—and in his pastoral role with authors it was striking that he could nearly always draw on personal acquaintance: for a young scholar, a reminiscence about their good conversation at a conference, for the eminent and persnickety Shackleton Bailey, an apposite observation about cats.

It is often said that Zeph didn't get proper credit for all that he did, but that's not exactly right: I think it is truer to say that, somewhat mysteriously, Zeph's remarkable record of professional achievements always looked to be more the profession's than his own. Zeph was not self-effacing, and "modest" isn't really the right word. He simply did things because they were good and right things to do, and because he enjoyed doing them. "Quiet charisma" perhaps defines this quality.

In 1957 Zeph wrote a letter to the *Harvard Crimson* recognizing a member of the janitorial staff soon to retire. "By his example," Zeph wrote, "he taught countless undergraduates the value of gentlemanly conduct and of directness and integrity for living a good life." On a grander scale but in an equally quiet way, Zeph did the same for all who knew him.

Jeffrey Henderson, Department of Classical Studies, Boston University; General Editor of the Loeb Classical Library

Zeph Stewart has been a mentor and friend almost all my years at Harvard. As a graduate student, I met Zeph when he was one of the members of the Committee on Higher Degrees in the Study of Religion which administered the PhD program, serving alongside Wilfred Cantwell Smith, Giles Constable, Richard Niebuhr, Thorkild Jakobsen, Alan Heimert, and Krister Stendahl in the critical time when the move to an undergraduate concentration was being considered.

I went to his office as a graduate student and lobbied for an undergraduate program in Religion. Why was I so concerned about this, he asked. I told him I had majored in Religion at Smith College to great profit, and I considered it regrettable that Harvard had no undergraduate major. Of course, Zeph needed no persuasion. His work in Greek religion and his inherent disposition toward the Humanities made him a strong supporter of the broad humanistic study of religion. He had just finished editing in two volumes

ZEPH STEWART

the papers of Harvard's great historian of religion, Arthur Darby Nock, an enormously complex and exacting task that could only be described as a labor of love. When the Faculty of Arts and Sciences voted in 1974 to establish an undergraduate concentration in the Comparative Study of Religion, Zeph Stewart was one of its staunchest advocates.

Zeph was important in many ways in my intellectual world. When I was turning an ungainly doctoral thesis into my first book, *Banaras, City of Light*, my editor told me to write it to a friend or colleague with some of my own sensibilities, but in a different or adjacent field of work. I wrote it to Zeph, someone I knew would want to read it, but would not have every god or goddess in his immediate, though admittedly vast, vocabulary. He did read it, and carefully enough to find a mistake, about which he graciously and apologetically informed me.

During the tumultuous years of the late 1960s and early 1970s, Zeph was one of the most active and engaged members of the Faculty. Not only was he master of Lowell House, he also served on the very first Faculty Council, a new body recommended by the Fainsod Report in 1969. Zeph was one of the first four tenured members of the Humanities elected to the Council in early 1970. In addition to supporting the Comparative Study of Religion, he also had a critical role in shaping the program in Afro-American Studies. Many did not know that in the high-tension spring of 1969 when the Rosovsky Report recommended the development of a program in Afro-American studies, Zeph was one of a small group of faculty appointed to the new Standing Committee on Afro-American Studies to bring this idea to reality. There was considerable controversy over the decision of the Faculty to include student members on this Committee, students who would participate in seeking the first faculty members in the new program. In this atmosphere of contention, Zeph's voice was no doubt a stabilizing influence. Zeph and the Committee worked through the summer of 1969 and appointed the first chair in Afro-American Studies that fall.

From 1963 to 1975 Zeph served as master of Lowell House. Today, as we came up the steps to the Memorial Church just before two o'clock, the great Mother Earth Bell in the Lowell House bell tower tolled once for each of the twelve years of his service there. It was a period that saw extraordinary turbulence and the change of generations, and Zeph Stewart was the right person for the times.

On May 1, 1963, at a festive dinner at the High Table in Lowell House, Elliott Perkins passed the master's emblematic tippet to Zeph. Through the years of the 1960s and early 1970s, Zeph's imprint on Lowell House, the community of housemasters, and the wider university was extraordinary. The editors of the yearbook of 1968 wrote, "Despite his personal urbane gentility, his reign has been characterized by an enlightened radical spirit."

Zeph's radical spirit led the quiet and yet firm campaign to change college parietal rules, a move strongly opposed by some of the other masters. Today an undergraduate at Lowell or elsewhere would scarcely know what the word "parietals" means, but then it signaled the strict hours when gentlemen could entertain young women in their rooms, mostly on weekends. Master Stewart posted in Lowell House discreetly worded notices effectively liberalizing Lowell's parietals and eventually persuaded his colleagues to do the same. The issue of parietals was overshadowed, however, when the hitherto unthinkable happened—the beginnings of coeducation in the houses. Lowell became the first of Harvard's houses to welcome women into residence. Diana Stewart, who had been able to dine in the Dining Hall only on weekends, became associate master of the House. Lowell House became, for the first time, a community of women and men.

Zeph's gentle radical spirit was recalled by an alumnus at one of our Lowell House History nights, a member of the class of 1967, who said succinctly, "Zeph looked as if he might be conservative, but he really was not at all." It was, after all, on Zeph Stewart's watch in 1964, he said, that Allen Ginsberg sang and read with his companion Peter Orlovsky at his side in the Lowell House Dining Hall. Jack Kerouac came to the House,

REMEMBRANCES

as did Dr. Benjamin Spock. And, of course, there was the famous week that Agatha Christie, a longtime friend of Diana and Zeph, stayed in the master's residence.

Many Lowellians who recall the years of Zeph's leadership speak of his "humanism," his "gracious, gentle way," his "kindness," and his "profound humanity." There is a theme here: the beautiful combination of kindness and authenticity, generosity and care. He "radiated a benign wisdom and an unwavering decency," wrote one of his Lowell House students.

A student from the class of '73, Stuart Berman, wrote to Diana of how much Zeph had meant to him as a young man who generally felt "cast adrift in an uncaring institution." "But walking into the gate of Lowell House," he said, "a different and wonderful world unfolded for me. It was a rich, caring world akin to Harvard's version of Camelot ... The person whom my friends and I most loved was Zeph. He made all of us feel as though we were at home, among friends and family."

Willard Spiegelman, a former resident tutor now a professor of English at Southern Methodist University, wrote, "Zeph's leadership during what was a tumultuous period in American culture, and especially in American higher education, proved to me the virtues of quiet command, good sense, humane values, and gentle wit. His cordiality, rapier wit, and deep commitment to humane letters and learning gave all of us a daily reminder of an earlier, gentler time."

In his mastership, Zeph influenced his colleagues, too. Bob Kiely, who became master of Adams House, wrote in a note to Diana, "He was certainly one of the reasons that I agreed to become a house master. He made it look worthwhile and important—and at the same time fun. I still remember walking past the big windows of the Lowell Dining Hall and seeing Zeph addressing the assembled crowd of students at some House event. The scene stayed in my mind—like a Rembrandt—warm and coppery rich colors, an atmosphere of collegiality and civility that seemed worth preserving."

We too, Dorothy and I, looked to the Stewarts in our decision to become house masters, and we have been beneficiaries of the spirit of unfailing goodwill that Zeph and Diana brought to Lowell House. When we were appointed, an e-mail from Zeph came late, late at night with the subject line "intense delight." Throughout our years at Lowell House, that "intense delight" became the faithful, engaged, loving participation that has set the standard for the beloved community of the Senior Common Room. Zeph and Diana have been what we affectionately have called the "Grand Masters." Both came regularly to House dinners, High Tables, and summer Gin and Tonics. Indeed, Diana Stewart has continued to come to High Tables, bringing with her the love and care both of them have had for the Lowell community.

On December 1, when Zeph died, I stopped by the office of my colleague, Ali Asani, to tell him the sad news. Ali put down his work at his desk, looked up at me, and said, simply, "Zeph was an angel." As a young undergraduate from Kenya, Ali had been among the first students interviewed for admission to that new concentration in the Comparative Study of Religion. As a freshman, he was to be interviewed by a distinguished professor of the Classics and he was understandably apprehensive. Ali has never forgotten how kind and unintimidating Zeph was in that interview. Since that day, every time their paths would cross in the Yard, he said, Zeph would stop and ask him about his work and his well-being. Many of us here today can repeat this story of Zeph's unfailing kindness and his unhurried quality of attention.

To conclude, I would like to read a poem composed by one of our Senior Common Room members, Kevin McGrath, our House poet, in early December as the Lowell House community received word of Zeph's passing.

Diana Eck, Department of Comparative Religion and Indian Studies, Harvard University; Master of Lowell House

Nota Bene is the biannual newsletter of Harvard's Department of the Classics. Contributions are welcome and should be sent to Lenore Parker, 204 Boylston Hall, Cambridge, MA 02138, or lparker@fas.harvard.edu.

ZEPH STEWART

IN MEMORIAM

BENEATH the bells, across these deep
Two secluded courtyards,
In this house beside a river
Once lived a man who knew
All antinomies of the world:
Human conscience and vanity
How the intellect might struggle
To be true to its potential
What is possible for human-kind
Before it runs away and goes.

Sometimes when the hawks perch
Upon that golden turning vane
High up there upon the tower,
I remember you one afternoon
When a ceremony filled
The courtyard with a busy crowd,
Saying, "Look at those birds
I wish we knew what vision,
What augury lies burning
Invisible in their terrific mind."

What day is this now when you
Once master of all that lived
And flourished beneath these rooves,
What strange time is it when
You are not part of this earth:
Have retreated beyond the walls
Beyond the forests and low hills,
Your spirit like a bird's soul
Joined with goodness in the universe
Fused with inconceivable space?

Human beauty comes and goes
The ephemeral makes life vivid,
Our ability to laugh and love
Allows us to triumph over
Mixtures of the human psyche:
Like the young as they patrol
Pursuing amity and desire,
Or like the flashing swallows
In a blue and empty air above
Chasing what we only imagine.

So when that bell calls out again
On Sunday noon to mark an instant,
I shall remember you and all
Your generous and percipient words
The wise humility you offered:
There is so much darkness
In the world and paradise
Is so easily lost from sight.
I think of you, dear Zeph, recall
Your gentleness and light humour,
And as I cross these courtyards
Will always greet your subtle spirit.

Kevin McGrath
December 1, 2007

REMEMBRANCES

It has been one of the biggest gifts of my life to have been born with my dad as a role model and a caretaker.

He was a man of true dignity, which came from a confluence of characteristics which are rare: a curious mind, a great and flexible intellect, a deep love, respect, and interest in other creatures, and all this tempered with humility and a sense of humor which prevented him from ever being pompous or false.

He was remarkably straightforward, clear, honest, and kind.

It was from watching him that I learned that true social intelligence comes with the ability to express complicated things simply.

Dad was not an emotionally flamboyant person, but his capacity to be fully present in conversation with absolutely anybody spoke to his heartfelt presence. He was one of the truly best listeners that I have ever known, and this takes a very open heart as well as a very open mind. I think it also takes a certain genuine self-integrity and strength of character, of moral clarity such that others' opinions are not threatening. My father was a very truthful, balanced, and generous gentleman. He was also remarkably present in the lives of those he cared for. I mean, if you showed up, he showed up. I mean, *really* showed up! Like, no matter when we came home, Dad was awake and available. Many of you know how available he was, really any time of day or night. Considering how many people looked to Dad for input, it is amazing how much time he seemed to make for each person and concern.

In addition to his physical presence, his capacity to engage and openly listen meant that his children, and most people who crossed his path, felt that what they were saying was important, perhaps even wise. And this meant you felt that what you said mattered, and thus you took yourself more seriously.

He wrote beautiful, simple, and moving letters and cards. I have so many kind, amusing, and thoughtful things saved which he wrote to me. In one note he sent to all three of us, he speaks of some of the extraordinary role models we were lucky to have known. Even though we grew up in the middle of Harvard University, the people my father cited were our cook, our housekeeper, and a cowboy we knew well in Wyoming. They were all three extraordinary people and role models of character in some ways similar to what he modeled for us. I know he would have been proud that I see him in the same group.

Friends, family, and community were hugely important to Dad. He worked tirelessly for many causes of the latter and was never too busy to make time for the former. He was very social, and my parents always did a lot of entertaining. He enjoyed and honored holidays, birthdays, and anniversaries as times to gather or make contact, whether to remember a loss or a celebration, or to express gratitude. Every Christmas he would telephone the nurse who had cared for his mother years ago, and wish her Happy Holidays. He always took time to write a note, or make a telephone call or a visit. He was an extremely loyal friend and was frequently visiting people who were sick, old, or lonely. He was also a devoted attendee of funerals, weddings, and memorials. Dad was by no means a saint; he was just not that sort of person. He did have an outstanding moral compass, but I believe that really he did what he did for the simple reason that he wanted to. That to him that was the point of life. He took pleasure in care and connection. In his busy life he never did not have time to talk to a friend or an offspring … ever.

To lighten up a bit, which is important to be true to Dad's style. Dad had a dry sense of humor and a wide range of interests and activities … teaching his children and their friends to walk on their hands (Dad was in his forties and fifties at the time), bringing down my boa constrictor to help usher out stragglers at Lowell House parties, building a frog pond with us out of a bathroom in Ireland, taking us to the bell-ringing on Sundays, setting up a large trampoline in the tiny yard of 50 Holyoke where he jumped with us for hours. Reading aloud was a pleasure Dad enjoyed with us from when we were very young up until his end. And then from *Tosca* to Gilbert and Sullivan, my father loved music. He shared with people what he loved and took great interest in what they loved. Whimsy and openness made him wonderful with children. He engaged with them with the same respect and possibility of fun as he did with adults. My cousin Harriet wrote, "When I was a little girl, his arrival always felt like Christmas."

He turned piles of rubble in Greece into fascinating peopled stories, showed us bears in Yellowstone long before such things were

ZEPH STEWART

fashionable, was Green, very Green, before anyone knew what that was.

Dad was never a snob. He saw true worth for what it was and had a very wide range of interests and openness to fun. This included clearly seeing people and relating to, and bringing out, the best in them. I invited my parents to all my high school and college parties because they were never judgmental and always interested in my friends. All my friends loved my parents.

In the last years of his life and in his dreadful time of the last year and a half, my father taught me some new lessons by his example. As my cousin Cynthia said at Dad's funeral, he taught us how to age, be very sick, and to die with acceptance, presence, care, respect, and dignity. He always remained gracious, grateful, interested, and kind to us and to all who came into his orbit. He always kept his wit and his discerning wisdom and care.

My Dad was absolutely never boring. He was just too engaged and curious. It was impossible to spend time with him and not to think and learn, and to feel his care and interest. I never felt lonely with him. I felt deeply loved and respected. I felt proud to know him and it has been one of the joys of my life to have people know that I am related to him.

Sarah Stewart

It is a peculiar thing when we realize we might be like our parents. That realization that we are doing the things we laughed at for years, or swore we would never do. In my house now, I always wash the dishes myself, because nobody, in fact not even a dishwasher, can do as good a job as I can. That careful cleaning of the dishes is one thing I will remember, and apparently carry on, of my father.

I also remember seeing my father in the morning, adding final notes to the talks, the memorials, the lectures he often gave, scratching little additions or corrections on his pencil-handwritten paper, paper usually recycled from some waste that somebody else had tried to throw away. He would work up to the very last minute, having invariably been up late the night before.

And so there I was last night, having flown in late from San Francisco, working away on this talk. I think if I can get a wry chuckle from my father for my humanness, my folly, in putting this together last minute, then I will be okay. And if I can succeed in making you all laugh just a little bit, I will have taken another small lesson from him. He often mentioned to me the importance of humor being included when before an audience.

Of course, I wish I could be even close to like my dad, but I am glad to have the model: his respect for simplicity, his respect for nature, and his profound respect for the importance of friendships and connections with people.

My father appreciated life, and the lives of others. He took time for others in a way few people I know are able to do. I can't think of many who work so hard, yet are always present when the opportunity arises. The flood of cards from student after student, friends, and family members that we have had in the past months, usually saying how he took extra time for them to really make a difference in their lives, testifies to his being available to so many people in ways that had meaning. He was certainly wonderful in groups, but that one-on-one time with him was also quite precious.

And within this precious time with him, I reflect that my best conversations with my father were late at night, and that is how it seems it has always been. As a child I remember well his office, where we were allowed to come and bother him before we went to bed. It was this warm, brown, woody office lined with leather-bound books where we came for our time of playing with him. It never seemed we were bothering him, though I am well aware now of the types of pressures and deadlines he dealt with early into the morning after we left. But he took the time for us, and in his study he would delight us with interesting gadgets or humorous stories. He had a knack for making the relatively simple thing intriguing … he would put a fake diamond into his belly button, telling us how that was what the rich people did in some countries, and he planned to always wear it there. He would sometimes don a wig, which he threatened to start wearing in public.

I remember best his reel-to-reel tape recorder … he appreciated good audio equipment to listen to opera. When we pleaded with him, he would record us talking, and then he would play back our words, either in very fast, fast playback mode so it sounded like we were little mice after inhaling some helium, or

REMEMBRANCES

in slow, slow mode so we sounded like we were cartoon characters of a more sloth- or whale-like nature. The wonderful thing I remember about these moments is seeing my dad's face lit up in genuine laughter each time … he truly enjoyed these moments, and he was not just laughing or amusing us. He was involved in a true way. *Placet experiri* is a Latin phrase meaning "It pleases to experiment," and he was willing to experiment. And he knew the importance of that time for laughter.

In his inquisitive way, it is not surprising to me that my father considered the role of laughter in the ancient world. He was, in his scholarly mind, looking for what I think he experienced in his own life … connecting, again, to others across time and cultures.

In Zeph Stewart's "Laughter and the Greek Philosophers: A Sketch," he wrote about "that mysterious laughter, beautifully described by Spinoza (*Short Treatise* pt. 2, chap. 11) that arises when we feel that all is going well and we are happy in our world," but he goes on to mention the wide variety of laughters: "Surely no single cause can be found, no single theory can be devised, that will explain this vast phenomenon of laughter." Thus, in his studies he was certainly aware of some of the darker, nefarious sides of laughter. However, in his own life, even through some tough times in his last few years, he kept the very best of humor, wry, subtle, and connecting. He did not use laughter to separate, embarrass, or mock.

Time has a way of speeding up or slowing down, like those tapes being played back.

It has been hard over the past three short … or long ... months for my mother, my sisters, my family—for many whose lives Zeph so affected. It really struck me again last night as I arrived at my house at midnight … everyone was asleep. I sat in our kitchen and felt a profound emptiness; I am so used to having the late hours with my father. This would be the time my dad would find his way into the kitchen from his study, and he and I would discuss how things were with each other, and perhaps share some cookies and drinks, before eventually, usually around 2 a.m., I would fade, and my dad would say, "You go on to bed. I'm just going to finish up a few more things." I miss those conversations. I miss my dad.

Thomas Mann stated in *The Magic Mountain*, one of my father's favorite books, "A man's dying is more the survivors' affair than his own."

Seeing us here today, my dad might remind us of a quotation from the same book: "The only religious way to think of death is as part and parcel of life; to regard it, with the understanding and the emotions, as the inviolable condition of life."

I thank you all for taking the time to be here today, as it is thus, coming together here, that I, my family, each of us can respect my father's memory, by sharing these understandings and emotions with each other: our stories, of how he touched us in some way, how he cared for us, and made us feel important, or how he, perhaps, allowed us to laugh.

Christopher Stewart

Many years ago at a memorial service in this church, from this very lectern Archibald MacLeish said, "Now when we think of the great of the University, we must first turn to the dead." So it was then, and so it is now. When we think of the great and shining lights of this College and University, and we turn to the dead, the name that leads all of the rest is that of our friend and colleague Zeph Stewart.

We have heard much today in an effort to reconstruct some of those many and now happily remembered acts of love and kindness that seemed so characteristic of his stewardship here in the University. His were what an English friend would call "a safe pair of hands." You could, in other words, as presidents and deans frequently did, commend to him difficult, seemingly intractable problems and be certain that he would give to them a thorough airing, come to a just solution, and become a part of that solution. No university can flourish without such people at its heart, and Zeph was for all these years one of those. Every one of us here who has had anything to do with the affairs of Harvard College and of Harvard University over the last forty years stands in some considerable debt to the clarity of mind and depth of integrity that were part of the furnishings of Zeph Stewart. We are now a sadder place because of his departure from us, but O! what richness we enjoyed while he was in our midst.

It occurred to me that if anything went awry at this memorial service this afternoon, if the smallest detail were out of place, it would

ZEPH STEWART REMEMBRANCES

be because Zeph is not here, for he was a consummate manager of occasions such as this. As chief usher more times than we can remember, and private confidante as to how we should proceed in these Harvard rituals, he was the person who made sure that we did it right, without ostentation, fuss, or pomp. We shall miss him on occasions such as this.

It was my great pleasure to be drawn into his network when in 1970 he invited me into the Senior Common Room of Lowell House, and into an association that I have cherished more than almost any other that I have enjoyed over long years in this University. He had succeeded a legend, for Elliott Perkins was larger than life. We all knew and respected that, but Zeph was not an institution; he was a warm, pulsating, delightful, kind, and shrewd human being. Now, kindness and shrewdness do not often go together, even here, and most of us know colleagues whom we can call kind, and a few of us know colleagues whom we may think of as shrewd, but rarely are those two characteristics found together, productively, in the same person, as they were in the person of Zeph Stewart. Never in my thirty-eight years of friendship with him did I see him do a consciously mean, wicked, or perverse thing, and when I spoke with him I always had the sensation that he knew more than I did, and certainly more than he was telling. A house master needs those qualities, which is why I think so many thought of him as the consummate house master at Harvard.

If any individual could be said to justify the house system in these latter days, it would be Zeph; and he could not have done any of it without the care, guidance, and affection of Diana. What a remarkable team they provided in a day when we—happily—did not always refer to people as a "team"! There was a sense of colleagueship and affection, and of grace in the Lowell House of the Stewart era, and much of it had to do with the kindness and shrewdness of the master.

You could go to him with your tale of woe, of manufactured crisis, or moment of existential doubt, and within a few minutes you would know that he knew what the real story was, and that he would simply wait for you to catch up with him and the real conversation could take place. Those are rare qualities here and anywhere, and how fortunate we were to have them in such abundance in such a visible place, for such a long time.

A friend once asked me what I think is the most important thing that I do, and I answered, "That's easy: burying the dead." "What an odd reply," he said. "Have you lots of people you wish to speed out of this life?" I responded, "That is irrelevant; but when we bury the dead at Harvard we have the occasion to bring together the living to remember the one who has passed from us, and in that way we are bound together in what Dean Sperry used to delight in calling the 'beloved community of memory and hope.'" In a place like this the dead are never far from us, for as long as there is one of us here who can remember, and who is prepared to share his or her remembrance, the dead live. Zeph continues very much alive in our hearts, our minds, and our imaginations.

There is something very rich, generous, and gracious about that kind of inheritance, literally the gift that keeps on giving, and generations to come of young people, tutors, and others who will pass through the doors of Lowell House, the Classics Department, and Harvard College will have reason to remember or to learn of this good, kind, shrewd, and gentle man, Zeph Stewart. We who are here today happen to be among the most privileged, for we knew him in his prime, we saw him in full cry, and our worlds were affected by his words and actions. How blessed are we all to have been a part of that world in which he lived, which is why, I suspect, we have come out in our numbers today, why our affection crosses many generational borders, and why this is no mere tribal gathering of the Classics Department or of Lowell House.

The man whose life we celebrate today, and for whom we give thanks to God, while deeply engaged in each of his communities, was far beyond them in so many ways. Now that he has journeyed on he leaves behind a legacy that never ends, a legion of uncounted friends; and for that and for all that has been, we give thanks to God.

The Reverend Professor Peter Gomes, Harvard University

above: *Christopher, Mary, Diana, Zeph, and Sarah in Cora, Wyoming, 2002;*
below: *Surrey, England, 2001*

"A Budding Classicist . . .

In 1942–43, when most of the young men of the nation were being herded into the armed forces by the draft, an amusing anecdote appeared in *The New Yorker* magazine. It told of the experience of an Ivy League youth who was entering the Army as a private. His parents cautioned him that he would be living in close quarters with men from many different walks of life, some of them poorly educated and rather rougher in speech and manners than he was accustomed to. So he should be prepared for a certain amount of culture shock. The young man was inducted in due course and assigned to a small army post on the East Coast. On the first day in the barracks he was astonished to hear the angry complaint of one of the other soldiers, who was walking among the bunks demanding, "Who's taken my text of Pindar?" *The New Yorker* commented dryly that this was not the culture shock that he had expected.

I myself was soon afterwards to come to know these barracks and also the Pindar enthusiast, who, it turned out, had been a Classics concentrator at (naturally!) Harvard.

I've been asked occasionally whether people with a Classics background found any special work to do in World War II. I think my own experience was not atypical as long as active hostilities continued. It was only in the last part of my military service, after the Japanese surrender, that I was given unusual opportunities.

When the United States entered the Second World War in 1941 after the attack on Pearl Harbor, the nation started with an enormous linguistic handicap that usually goes unmentioned: very few Americans could speak or read Japanese. And the great majority of those who could, first-generation and second-generation immigrants, were considered suspect and were more likely to be sent off to detention camps than allowed to serve in the war effort. Aside from a scattering of scholars and businessmen there were only two groups in the country who had lived or traveled in Japan and learned Japanese in their occupations: missionaries and their families and art dealers who specialized in Japanese materials. So members of these two groups were recruited quickly for military or civilian work in intelligence. There was an urgent need. At some point in the conflict there would be prisoners of war to interrogate and captured documents to read. More immediately there was code breaking to do, since the outbreak of hostilities had filled the airways with encoded messages that were being intercepted but could not be read. A massive effort had to be mounted to give instruction in Japanese language in the military services.

There were very few university programs in Japanese at the time. One of the best was at Harvard, where Edwin Reischauer (himself the son of a missionary) was a leading young figure. He was hired by the Army to help establish a Japanese language-training center at a new military post near Washington. The site of a former girls' school named Arlington Hall had been bought by the Army to become its center for code breaking. The Army also took responsibility for the breaking of diplomatic codes, which later turned out to be a boon for some of the workers there, sometimes providing fascinating relief from the usual routine of even very important military messages. The next job was to provide a cadre of students with linguistic aptitudes and, if possible, some knowledge of Japanese. So Reischauer visited existing Japanese programs to identify the best students and to suggest to prospective draftees that they enlist in the Army for this special opportunity.

I was a junior at Yale majoring in Classics when America entered the war. Like every other college, Yale immediately set out to reorganize its schedules and programs to fit into the war effort. My older brother, who was already in the Navy, soon phoned me with a single urgent piece of advice: "Study Japanese," he said. He himself detested his stints of sea duty and he assured me that, if I took Japanese, I would stay on land. He was a wise counselor even then (later he became a Supreme Court Justice), and indeed I did study Japanese and I never set foot on a ship during the war.

Yale had had no Japanese program, but very quickly, under the pressure of events, organized one. The professor of Chinese had once spent a few weeks in Japan, and with that qualification he was deemed capable of teaching the language. With my training in Greek and Latin I was considered a natural participant for the newly organized course, along with a small group of other students with good language backgrounds. We did not realize, of course, that the same thing was happening all over the country, as students in language courses, especially classicists, enlisted in long

. . . in World War II”

established or hastily organized beginning courses in Japanese in the hope of making this their military occupation. Our professor, an easy-going and congenial man, kept a lesson or two ahead of us, and at the end of a year we had acquired an elementary knowledge of Japanese.

At this point Professor Reischauer visited the Yale program looking for good prospects. He was accompanied by an Army major, the military head of the Japanese section at Arlington Hall. He had been a dealer in Japanese art before the war. Following the recommendations of our professor they chose a group of students who were offered eventual commissions as officers if they would enlist in the Army for duty at Arlington Hall. Our professor really didn't know one student from another, and I always suspected that I was among the chosen more because he had been told that I was good at Greek and Latin than for any aptitude I had shown in his Japanese course. I signed up with the Army and after graduation from Yale was duly inducted as a private and shipped to Arlington Hall.

Through some mix-up it was almost a year before our group of about fifty men from various institutions was commissioned as promised. Meanwhile we spent those months living in barracks, bizarrely combining regular army training and routine with intensive Japanese courses taught mainly by Reischauer. Our task was to learn to read the language, mainly in transliteration, not to speak it. The Army and Navy had by then set up other centers in the country to teach spoken Japanese. Code breaking needed only a reading knowledge for collaborative work with the mathematicians and statisticians who made the initial breakthroughs. Arlington Hall provided an extraordinary setting: many languages were being worked on (even Latin, I was told); military and civilian personnel of many ranks and ages and kinds of competence labored together on a twenty-four-hour schedule of three eight-hour shifts. Most of the deciphered messages were dull and routine, but there were occasional great surprises. By this time Reischauer had moved to the Pentagon as an Army officer in a special intelligence unit, and he and I worked together closely (as he records in his autobiography) to make more effective use of information gleaned from the type of messages I was handling.

During all this period we were aware, through the occasional appearance at our post of British Army visitors, that very much the same developments had taken place in England. An estate outside London called Bletchley Park had been bought and made the center for code breaking and related intelligence activities. Talented linguists in the schools and universities were recruited for this work, and many were taught Japanese as part of their training. A surprising number of the best-known British classicists of the postwar era had been involved in this work, either at Bletchley or in the field, including such diverse figures as Hugh Lloyd-Jones, Denys Page, and George Goold.

Suddenly, with the dropping of the atomic bomb and the Japanese surrender, the world of Arlington Hall was transformed. All the military personnel who knew Japanese were to be sent to Japan to work with the American occupation forces. For me, this was a dismal prospect, for despite my long immersion in the use of Japanese and in the events of the Pacific area, I had never lost my primary interest in Europe. I remember poring in my spare time over maps of the European theater of operations and tracing the movements of forces through the areas where Caesar had fought and in what had been the Roman Empire. To my surprise and delight, therefore, some of my high-level associates (probably led by Reischauer), as a reward for my hard work, arranged for me to be awarded a medal and, best of all, to be transferred not to Japan, but as a special intelligence officer to the American embassy in Paris.

When I entered the Army, I was not planning to pursue a career in Classics after the war. Although I had loved it as a major at Yale (and earlier in the excellent program at The Hotchkiss School), I always assumed I would follow a family tradition of law or perhaps finance. (My first job offer when I was eventually leaving the Army was as a financial advisor!) Although I had not felt an overwhelming appeal in legal or financial work, I had always thought that if one did something well, one would come to enjoy it. It was in my work on Japanese codes that I learned that my assumption was naive: I worked hard and successfully, but I never came to enjoy what I was doing. It was this discovery that made me think more seriously of a career in Classics, which I knew was my first love. My stay in Paris was destined to seal my conviction.

Zeph Stewart, Persephone *Magazine*

"The Loeb Classical Library"

Good afternoon, kind colleagues and friends of the Classics. I should like, first of all, to thank President Reckford, my dear friend and former student and colleague, for making the Loeb Classical Library a part of the Presidential Panel "To Honor the Translators." It is not inappropriate for the Library to have a place here, since it has been the largest and most widely known translation project connected with the Greek and Latin Classics in at least a hundred years, possibly in all time.

During the last week or two I have altered the original order of my presentation because of the death in early December of Professor George Goold. From the time when I appointed him general editor of the Loeb Classical Library in 1973 until his retirement twenty-six years later, the intellectual and professional renewal of the Loeb Library were largely owing to his industry, his scholarly standards, his intelligence, learning, and loyalty. His collaboration and friendship meant so much to me—and to the increasing strength of the Library.

So I cannot fail to begin with a tribute to him, and that will lead immediately into a look at the history and vicissitudes of the Loeb Classical Library. Only after that will come a discussion of problems of translation itself.

Let me start therefore by explaining my own part in the Library and how I happened to be in a position to appoint him general editor.

The Library was founded by James Loeb, an American with German immigrant parents, whose father was one of the founders of Kuhn Loeb & Company in New York. The younger Loeb attended Harvard on his way to his inevitable banking career and was deeply influenced and affected there by his teachers of Greek and Fine Arts. (There has seldom been a better example of the importance of great teaching!) He was very successful in his father's banking firm, but twice he suffered breakdowns which I've surmised from his later troubles—of which I know a good deal—to be prolonged attacks of clinical depression brought on by compulsive overwork on details. So he retired early, moved permanently to Munich, and looked for worthwhile projects to pursue in Classics and ancient art. (At this time he translated Decharme's book on Euripides from French into English.)

It was the great French scholar, Salomon Reinach, who suggested to him the project that became the Loeb Classical Library. Loeb threw himself into it with such energy that all appointments had been made and the first volumes were under way when in 1911 he announced the founding of the series. The first thirty volumes were published in 1912–1913, an astonishing achievement. He himself, working with the editors, T. E. Page and W. H. D. Rouse, supervised every detail in the early years—even to the choice of paper and the color of the binding, the width of the margins, and the placement of the titles. He checked the texts of all advertisements of the series, and he put his banking experience to good use in negotiating personally the contracts for rights and for distribution. Published by William Heinemann in London, the series was greeted with excitement and popular approval. And it prospered, surviving the disruptions of the First World War and Loeb's debilitating attacks of depression. By the time of his death in 1933 it was an established enterprise, but he had lost his keen interest in it, having given up his earlier grandiose dreams and thinking in fact that it should be limited in size. In his will he left the Loeb Classical Library, along with an endowment, to his alma mater, Harvard University, directing that it should be managed by a board of three trustees, including at least one classical scholar.

Harvard made almost no change in the operation of the Library. All the editorial work, along with the production and the storage of books, remained with Heinemann in England. The one change was that the Harvard University Press was made the American distributor and was put in charge of keeping the accounts, paying the bills, and making routine financial and production decisions.

This strangely divided arrangement let the Library continue under its own momentum for several decades—until the rampant

inflation and resulting crisis in academic publishing of the early 1970s brought a sudden threat of bankruptcy and collapse. The Harvard Press reported that every new volume was being sold for less than its production cost. The English editor and the academic trustee, meanwhile, knowing nothing of the coming storm, had just embarked on a vigorous commissioning of new work. The administration of the Library was also in disarray, as the early trustees died or retired and the academic trustee, Professor Herbert Bloch, now the sole trustee, disaffected by conflicts with the Harvard Press, wanted to resign. He asked me to take his place, and in 1973 I entered into this turmoil without really realizing its gravity.

So it was that I asked George Goold to become the general editor, replacing the aged Eric Warmington. George had just taken up the Latin professorship at University College London, after many years in Canada and the United States, most recently at Harvard. So he would be close to the editorial offices at Heinemann, and he had good American connections. His only connection with the Loeb Classical Library was that he had been preparing a Manilius for the series, but nonetheless he was intrigued by the opportunity (and I think he did it partly as a favor to me).

I was also saved at this juncture by another lucky coincidence. A new business manager, Brian Murphy, had just been appointed at the Harvard Press, and he took as his pet project the salvation of the Loeb Classical Library. It was not an easy task. He and I set out an eight-year plan of slowly raising the price of the books while publishing only one newly composed volume each year. The most difficult part for me was the need to tell the dozens of editors of recently commissioned works that the Loeb wouldn't be able to publish their work for at least ten years. Fortunately, because of sloppy management, there had been no contracts issued in recent years. And, also fortunately for me, the new director of the Harvard Press agreed to write the letters. He was in fact not unhappy to do this task, since he was convinced that the Loeb was not viable as a business venture, and he urged me several times to abandon all but the fifty best-selling titles.

And so it was that the Loeb Classical Library was saved. During the next years it slowly recovered. I continued as sole trustee, working with George Goold on volumes already under way and on the correction and revision of existing volumes. I was dismayed to discover how many misprints and outright errors there were in the series, many of them left uncorrected in successive reprints over the years. I have made a personal project of noting them for correction. One major task was to put into explicit English the many passages that had been altered or omitted because they were considered obscene or pornographic.

A good deal of nonsense has been written about this matter in recent years—some very recently, in fact, when a journalist discovered Jeffrey Henderson's fine new translation of Aristophanes and thought that explicit translation had just made its début in the Loeb. In fact the change began at least by 1968 and 1969, when Warmington revised reprints of Martial and Petronius, and it has continued steadily as volumes have been reprinted or revised. People, including quite intelligent people, who have little knowledge of law and social history have spoken of "fuddy-duddy Classics professors" who prudishly self-censored their translations. They don't realize that until quite recent decades there were anti-obscenity laws in both the United States and the United Kingdom which led to actual confiscation of books and prosecution of publishers. In the United Kingdom the laws were not relaxed until 1959. When James Loeb replied to his editor, Page, that obscene passages were to be either paraphrased or left in the original language, he was simply reflecting the standards and laws of his time and protecting himself and William Heinemann from possible fines or imprisonment. (As a footnote I might add that the story that translation into Italian was also offered as a general option is quite untrue; it just happened that the translator of one author, Martial, knew of an Italian translation and used it for this purpose.) Had this been a privately printed series or for a restricted

readership, there would have been no problem, but for Loeb the main purpose of his series was to reach a wide general public.

This will be an appropriate point to pause and consider what kind of translation is sought in the Loeb, since the type of translation depends largely upon the intended audience and the intended purpose. Translation comes in many different forms. Perhaps the most primitive is the use of glosses written under individual important words, the kind one sees occasionally in Anglo-Saxon and other medieval manuscripts; they make a sort of portable *ad hoc* dictionary. Then there is the very close interlinear kind, and the very literal, then a more flowing and idiomatic but exact translation, then so-called "free" translation verging into paraphrase, and finally, if one can call them translations, there are imitations and adaptations. The presence of the original text on the facing page in the Loeb suggests that a reasonably close translation would be appropriate. At the same time James Loeb hoped to appeal to a very wide audience, and he wrote particularly of making translations "accessible" and "in themselves real pieces of literature" and "not dull transcripts of ideas." (I am quoting from his essay on the scope and purpose of the Library that was included in all the early volumes of the series.) Extremely close and literal translations are useful for two entirely different audiences, for beginning language students as a guide, a "crib" or "trot," and for advanced scholars as an interpretive method; very free and paraphrasing translations and adaptations seem to lead away from the original, not toward it. Since the primary readership of the Library is drawn from the general educated public, and the purpose is to convey to that public in an attractively readable form both the content and the style of ancient texts—what Socrates in the third book of the *Republic* calls the *logos* and the *lexis*—our goal is a translation in natural and idiomatic English which follows the original fairly closely, and within those parameters conveys some sense of the style. A strength of the Library, in our view, is that it has normally been regarded as representing a standard and "reliable" version of ancient texts, avoiding eccentric or experimental translations, eccentric textual readings, and novel theories or "hobby horses" in the introductions.

The early volumes of the series were a rather mixed bag, in part because of the Herculean task of producing thirty volumes in the first two years. The language was occasionally archaic, the translations sometimes free, sometimes overly literal. Some of the translators were excellent scholars, others were amateurs. The introductions were very brief and the annotation often exiguous. Over the years the series became more and more professional and also more helpful in scholarly and general guidance for the reader. George Goold and I made great efforts to raise the scholarly level while keeping firmly in mind that this should be a resource as much for non-classicists as for classical scholars. Detailed scholarly discussions and massive collections of references and sources do not belong in the Loeb. On the one hand, they are somewhat lost or wasted there (as I have always felt about Brunt's splendid historical essays buried in the revised Arrian) and, on the other hand, they may overwhelm rather than inform the common reader, as in some volumes of Josephus or in Greek Lyric. Goold once explained to an editor why the Loeb would include only a selection of certain fragments, not the complete corpus. He compared the Library to the public exhibition area of a great museum. In the storerooms there are indeed many more artifacts for specialists to study and enjoy, but in the public areas are placed only the most important and the most meaningful pieces.

Let me return briefly to the recent history of the Library. The strategies devised in the mid-1970s worked, and the Library slowly stabilized financially. By the 1980s we were breathing more easily and could consider publishing more than one new title a year. Then in 1989 there was a shock. The Heinemann firm, which had published the Loeb Library from the beginning, had been taken over by a group called Octopus, which decided that they would no longer publish the Library and that its books and offices must

from an APA Panel, "To Honor the Translators"

be removed from Heinemann's premises immediately. Once again Brian Murphy, who had been so helpful earlier, met the challenge and in consultation with me transferred the whole operation to the Harvard University Press, divided between its main office in Cambridge and its London office. To our great good fortune Margaretta Fulton joined the team as our administrative editor at the Harvard Press. And by a stroke of luck George Goold returned to the United States just at this time to take a position at Yale, bringing him within close reach.

One odd incident during this move deserves special mention. George Goold noticed some boxes of papers in the office that was being vacated by the Library at Heinemann. He asked about them and was told that they were just old letters that were going to be sent off somewhere into storage. He glanced at the contents and said he thought they should be sent to me. When the shipment arrived, I found myself in possession of the whole of Loeb's correspondence, as well as Heinemann's and the editors', that pertained to the founding and first ten years of the Library. Goold's vigilance had saved a remarkable archive. Through it I have come to know in detail Loeb's working habits, his enthusiasm and energy, his sufferings from depression, his kindly personality, and his extraordinary genius.

With greater financial flexibility it was possible to contemplate a larger publication program. In 1990–91 we enlisted a group of some thirty scholars, experts in various areas, to evaluate the individual volumes of the Library with a view to making a coherent plan of replacements, revisions, and new additions. Professor Philippa Goold joined us as an assistant editor. I pushed for the creation of a new computer font to print the books. The arrival of computer printing had given our pages an ugly look—thick Greek letters facing spindly Roman type. Now an elegant Greek script faces matching Roman.

Two important factors have greatly aided our worldwide success: first, the dominance of English as a second language, and, secondly, the shrinking of Teubner after the Second World War, which has left the Loeb series as the most easily available large collection of Greek and Latin texts in print. Our sales are brisk, for example, in Japan; when our colleagues in Moscow and St. Petersburg started to rebuild classical programs ten years ago, their first desideratum was a set of Loebs. By the time of his retirement George Goold could justly feel that the Loeb Library was the most important and influential project for Classics in the world.

There is also a happy epilogue. To George's and my own delight, I persuaded Professor Jeffrey Henderson to succeed him as general editor. So our editorial excellence and stability are assured. I also approached Harvard's President Rudenstine in his last year in office to discuss the future of the trustees. Again to my delight, he appointed two trustees to serve with me—our colleague, Professor Richard Thomas, who will eventually take my place, and Professor Lloyd Weinreb of the Harvard Law School—both of them splendidly suited to manage and oversee the Library.

When Pope Nicholas the Fifth was determined in the fifteenth century to restore the cultural centrality and splendor of Rome, the centerpiece of his program was not his extensive rebuilding of churches and monuments, not his vast collection of manuscripts (the true beginning of the Vatican Library), but rather a massive translation project. He employed a small army of translators to bring to Italy and western Europe their first widespread access to the writings of the Greeks. The Loeb Classical Library, too, has given us all reason to honor our translators, who have spread knowledge of Greek and Latin culture, and the enlightenment which it provides, throughout the world.

Zeph Stewart, January 4, 2002

County Wicklow, Ireland