

# NOTA BENE

Vol. 17 No. 1

NEWS FROM THE HARVARD DEPARTMENT OF THE CLASSICS

Academic Year 2011-12

## Notes from the Chair by Mark Schiefsky

The end of another eventful academic year brings an opportunity for the Department to reflect on past achievements and look forward to new opportunities. Though faculty numbers are at an historic low, we have finally begun what is sure to be a long process of recovery towards our customary staffing levels. Our new ancient historian, Paul Kosmin, began teaching in the fall, while April brought the welcome news that two new searches have been authorized for next year. The intellectual vitality of our community has been sustained by the many courses, lectures, and workshops held throughout the year, and by the remarkable achievements of our students, many of which are chronicled in the pages that follow.

Among the year's most memorable events, the Loeb Classical Library celebrated its hundredth anniversary in October, with a dinner at Loeb House attended by many colleagues and over twenty of the translators who have contributed to the series. This was a welcome opportunity to celebrate James Loeb's original vision and its subsequent realization, which has done so much to make Greek and Latin literature accessible to a wide audience. A highlight of the spring term was the graduate student conference on "The Good, the Bad, and the Beautiful: Aesthetics and Classics," which featured a faculty keynote speaker (Prof. James Porter of UC-Irvine), as well as graduate student participants from several other institutions across the country.

In November, the Department marked the death of a longtime friend, James Halporn, Professor Emeritus of Classics at the Indiana University. Since he arrived at Harvard as a research associate in 1993, Jim had been a regular participant in courses, seminars, and our monthly student-faculty lunches. We are especially grateful for the generous contribution that his wife Barbara made to the Department's Segal fund, which will help to support our graduate and undergraduate students in their research-oriented travel needs.

While the job market for Classics PhDs remains a challenging one on the national level, our own students' achievements are cause for celebration. Two of our ancient historians, Andrew Johnston and Duncan MacRae, landed tenure-track positions in Classics departments (at Yale and the University of Cincinnati, respectively). And Christopher Parrott, whose dissertation is nearly complete, will be taking up a visiting position at the College of the Holy Cross in the fall.

Professor Christopher Krebs, who has served the Department with distinction since 2005, will be departing for an associate professorship at Stanford at the end of this academic year. We thank him for his service and wish him the very best of luck in his new position.

As always at this time of year, our thoughts turn especially to our graduating seniors, the diversity of whose interests (as described in the pages that follow) is matched only by the intensity of their commitment to the study of the classics. Our seventeen seniors produced a record number of theses (fourteen), two of which were awarded Hoopes Prizes. The variety of their future plans is a testimony to the continuing relevance of a classical education in all walks of life. We wish them the very best of luck in all their future endeavors, and hope they will return often to visit us in Boylston Hall.

### Contents

Class of 2012.....	2	Student Travels.....	10
Senior Reflections.....	4	Graduate Conference.....	24
New Graduate Students.....	6	Graduate Papers and Publications.....	25
Noteworthy.....	8	Latin Oration.....	26

## Class of 2012



**Jill Carlson**



**Andrew Coffman**



**Schuyler Daum**



**Nicholas Dube**



**Allan Fan**



**Erik Fredericksen**



**Arthur Kaynor**



**Athena Lao**



**Rachel Maddux**



**Christopher McCarthy**



**Alison Rittershaus**



**Lauren Russell**



**Madeleine Schwartz**



**John Sigmier**



**Gina Trakadas**



**Michael Velchik**

## Future Plans

**Jill Carlson** will be competing for a position on the Under-23 US National Rowing Team before starting as an analyst at Goldman Sachs, where she will be putting the “Latin” into Latin American Bond Trading.

**Andrew Coffman** will be working as an assistant to the documentary filmmaker Andrew Rossi, whose most recent film, *Page One: Inside the New York Times*, was released in theaters last year. In addition to this job, he hopes to be developing and working on film projects of his own, both documentary and narrative fiction.

**Schuyler Daum** will be moving back to Cambridge to work at The Monitor Group, a business strategy consulting firm. She will also be continuing her volunteer work with various women’s organizations in Boston, and, of course, visiting the Department often.

**Nicholas Dube** will be working as a legal assistant at White & Case, a law firm in Washington, D.C., before enrolling in Harvard Law School in the fall of 2013.

**Allan Fan** will be returning in the fall to graduate with an MS in Applied Math. After that, he hopes to find his way in the real world, somehow, “through chances various, through all vicissitudes.”

**Erik Fredericksen** will be pursuing a master’s degree in Classics at Oxford next year on an Ertegun Graduate Scholarship. After that, it’s unclear, but there’s a good chance more Classics graduate school is somewhere on the horizon.

**Arthur Kaynor** will be pursuing a PhD in Classics at UCLA next year.

**Athena Lao** will teach English on a Fulbright Grant in Blagoevgrad, Bulgaria, then travel around the world as a tournament coordinator/school recruiter for the World Scholar’s Cup Foundation.

**Rachel Maddux** will be working at The Greatest Good, an economic consulting firm in Chicago run by Steven Levitt.

**Christopher McCarthy** is relocating to the Chicago area.

**Alison Rittershaus** will be spending the first half of the summer at the Gabii Project; then she will travel to Berlin to brush up on German before enrolling in the Interdepartmental Program of Classical Art and Archaeology at the University of Michigan so that she can study old pretty things for years and years.

**Lauren Russell** will return to Atlanta, Georgia after graduation and work as a consulting analyst for SunTrust Bank. After working for a few years, she will pursue an MBA.

**Madeleine Schwartz** will be studying Classics for another year at Oxford.

**John Sigmier** will be spending the summer excavating the ancient city of Sardis in Turkey, after which he will be moving on to the UK to pursue an MPhil in Classical Archaeology at either the University of Oxford or the University of Cambridge.

**Gina Trakadas** plans to spend the summer after graduation travelling in Italy and Greece.

**Michael Velchik** is finally going to Greece.

## Prizes and Fellowships

### **Arthur Deloraine Corey Fellowships:**

John Sigmier  
Michael Velchik

### **Louis Curtis Prizes** (for excellence in courses in Latin):

Erik Fredericksen  
Christopher McCarthy

### **Department Prizes:**

Jill Carlson  
Andrew Coffman  
Schuyler Daum  
Arthur Kaynor  
Alison Rittershaus  
Madeleine Schwartz  
John Sigmier

### **Hoopes Prizes:**

Jill Carlson  
Schuyler Daum

**William King Richardson Scholarship** (for a graduating senior’s distinguished performance in both Greek and Latin):

Michael Velchik

**Pease Thesis Prize** (for the best senior thesis on a Latin topic):

Erik Fredericksen

**Smyth Thesis Prize** (for the best senior thesis on a Greek topic):

Athena Lao  
Gina Trakadas



Senior Honors Theses

- Jill Carlson: “The Gods and Governors of the Roman Provinces”  
Advisor: Kathleen Coleman; Asst. advisor: Duncan MacRae
- Andrew Coffman: “Polemical Prose: Political Subversion in Petronius’ *Satyricon*”  
Advisor: Richard Thomas; Asst. advisor: Yvona Trnka-Amrhein
- Schuyler Daum: “*Intus habes quem poscis*: Cannibalism from Thyestean Banquets to the Last Supper”  
Advisor: Albert Henrichs; Asst. advisor: Andrew Johnston
- Nicholas Dube: “From *infamis* to *imperator*. The Changing Role of the Actor in Late Republican and Early Imperial Rome”  
Advisors: Kathleen Coleman, Emma Dench (History); Asst. advisor: Sarah Rous
- Erik Frederiksen: “On Translating Horace’s *Odes*: Aesthetic and Cultural Problems of Translation in Theory and Practice”  
Advisor: Richard Thomas; Asst. advisor: Lauren Curtis
- Christopher McCarthy “The *Truncus* of Pompey in Lucan’s *Pharsalia*”  
Advisor: Tom Zanker; Asst. advisor: Julia Scarborough
- Arthur Kaynor: “Excesses of Epic and Empire: A Study of Openings and Encomia in Virgil, Ovid, and Lucan”  
Advisor: Richard Thomas; Asst. advisor: Philip Pratt
- Athena Lao: “‘Daughter of Ares, Warlike Queen’: Gender and Power in Hellenistic Θέα ‘Ρώμη Cult”  
Advisor: Paul Kosmin; Asst. advisor: Robert Cioffi
- Alison Rittershaus: “A Most Curious Comparison: Caesar’s *Commentarii de Bello Gallico*, the Column of Trajan, and the Expression of *Romanitas* in Diverse Media”  
Advisor: Christopher Krebs; Asst. advisor: Andrew Johnston
- Lauren Russell: “Boundaries, Transition, and Ritual in Euripides’ *Hippolytus*”  
Advisor: Gregory Nagy; Asst. advisor: Elizabeth Engelhardt
- Madeleine Schwartz: “Literacy and Social Anxiety in the Second-Century Roman Empire”  
Advisors: Ann Blair (History), Kathleen Coleman; Asst. advisor: Yvona Trnka-Amrhein
- John Sigmier: “From Mummius to Caesar: Public Space and Memory in *Colonia Laus Iulia Corinthiensis*”  
Advisors: Peter Der Manuelian (Anthropology), Adrian Staehli; Asst. advisor: Andrew Johnston
- Gina Trakadas: “The Art of Life: Philosophical Study and Performance in the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius”  
Advisor: Mark Schiefsky; Asst. advisor: David Camden
- Michael Velchik: “The Drunk, the Drowned, and the Nude: Metaphor and Genre in *Corpus Hermeticum VII*”  
Advisor: Albert Henrichs; Asst. advisor: Duncan MacRae

Senior Reflections

I have always tried to take the phrase *audentis Fortuna iuvat* (“Fortune favors the bold”) to heart when making important life decisions. I think concentrating in Classics counts as a bold life decision. At the very least, the resulting opportunities that come with being Classics Concentrators—interacting with brilliant faculty who know each of us and care about us, writing theses with the support of two amazing advisers, having legitimate non-vacation reasons to travel to Greece and/or Italy, poring over texts in the comfy chairs of Smyth, referencing *Family Guy* or Bob Dylan in class, and gaining access to bread pudding at the Faculty Club every month (!)—demonstrate that fortune really has favored us.

Many avoid the Classics, because they fear that developing a passion for antiquity comes at the expense of other things, like, say, future career prospects. But this thinking stems from narrow-mindedness about what constitutes a classical education. The most powerful part of my experience in Classics is how it has shaped my attitude toward life. Although details are important, I’ve learned never to think about just the literature or the history: context and the “big picture” are key. This skill is applicable to life in general. Through writing a senior thesis, I learned how to take ownership of my research (and how to turn in something before a deadline for once—whoo-hoo!). Finally, there aren’t many people that look like me or come from my background who end up studying Classics at Harvard. The most memorable part of my experience has been how much the Department has made me feel that I am welcome here. The feeling of belonging to an academic community is so crucial to a good undergraduate experience, but can be hard to find at Harvard, which can seem so big and overwhelming.

During freshman year when I struggled with Greek, I told my TF that I thought I wasn’t good enough to be a Classics Concentrator. His response was, “We would love for you to be a part of this Department. We want you to stay. Don’t get discouraged!” This is an example of the encouragement, genuine kindness, and spirit of inclusivity that radiates from all corners of the Department and makes it a special place. The Classics Department is a true community, one I am humbled and appreciative to have been a part of these past four years. *Gratias vobis ago*, and may fortune continue to favor you all.

by Athena Lao ’12

I have always loved Homer’s scenes of the gods on Mt. Olympus. They are the most powerful figures in the universe, and yet they are incredibly human. There is something wonderfully relatable about the scenes from so long ago. And I came to thinking, what would the Olympian family look like today?

*Jupiter is still philandering and Juno is still nagging him, though she’s now wearing a pants suit, and like any good politician’s wife, she sticks by him. Mars is in his room playing Call of Duty while Minerva does the New York Times crossword puzzle. Meanwhile, Ceres hasn’t left the house for days because she’s been playing Farmville on Facebook. She’s rich beyond her wildest dreams because of these corn subsidies and it’s all automated anyway. Hercules is sitting next to her. Like so many unemployed heroes these days, he’s trolling monster.com for another monster to slay. In the other room, Mercury & Iris & the APWU are mad. Email and Fedex have put them out of business. But Venus and her son Cupid have adapted, and they’re on a conference call with the creator of eHarmony, working out their secret “matchmaking algorithm.” They shush Dionysus as he lets out a hearty laugh and a hiccup: the Titans just sent him an email from their Palm Pilots—they are so stuck in the past.*

I could go on, but the point is that studying the Classics is indeed very useful for making nerdy jokes, but also that myth and history are always relatable. In times of triumph and in times of distress, I have always found someone from the Greek and Roman world who I know felt exactly what I was feeling; there is a personal comfort in having such an (usually more reverential) intimacy with the epic characters of the past. This ability to reach across time and humanize the characters of ancient Greek and Rome is a transferable skill. As Classics majors, we are able to move fluidly between large-scale considerations and the very tiniest of detail. Take, for example, reading Tacitus. We must understand the literary and historical context of the work and then quickly we must be able to examine one word and its significance in one sentence. If we do not go on to study the Classics, we can still use these skills. Whether we become businesswomen, politicians, or just someone’s boss, the ability to go from the big picture to seeing shareholders, citizens, and employees as human is invaluable, and perhaps a little lacking in today’s world.

by Schuyler Daum ’12

The first thought that sprang to my mind when presented with the term “Senior Reflection” was that both words, like so many others in English, have Latin roots. Perhaps this, as much as anything, indicates that the Classics Department has successfully worked its magic on me—even in the most mundane of things, I cannot help but view the world through the lens of the Classics. Studying Greek and Latin is a hobbyist’s enterprise; little of what we have learned about the ancient world in the past four years is explicitly practical, and even those of us who might be pursuing philology or history or archaeology into graduate schools are parlaying hobbies into lives’ works rather than skills into careers. Certainly, familiarity with Herodotus or Ovid may come in handy on Final Jeopardy! or the SAT, but that isn’t why any of us decided to spend hundreds of hours on the second floor of Boylston over the course of our undergraduate careers; we came because the ancient world is exciting, and the somewhat out-of-place gray building in the south of the Yard is where the keys to unlocking that kingdom are kept.

I would be remiss in failing to point out that there are some small, direct perks associated with being students of the Classics—there are some real gems inscribed upon the walls of Memorial Hall and Sanders Theater, for instance, that my friends in other concentrations have never had the privilege of digesting—but I think that we have gained more from our years in the Classics Department than merely an amusing familiarity with several centuries’ worth of Greeks, Romans, and hyper-analytical Germans. In my case, at least, my studies have changed the way that I read, that I write, and that I think. The time I have spent here has prepared me for more than just a particular job or enterprise; it has readied me for a profoundly richer life. To have been a member of the Harvard Classics community has been a true joy and privilege; in looking back over four years, it seems that the “*bona fortuna*” that began just about every Latin test I have ever taken was, in a way, a self-fulfilling prophecy.

by John Sigmier ’12

I remember hearing a lot of great things about the Classics Department as a freshman. But with the kind of anxiety characteristic of entering college, I worried that I might somehow slip under the radar as a concentrator. I’d go through four years taking classes but somehow, while everyone else was cultivating great relationships with professors and feeling like a part of a community, I’d miss out. Or the friendly dog that I saw wandering around the Department wouldn’t like me.

I’m happy to report that I think those things are impossible. I simply don’t think you can be a Classics Concentrator here and not make wonderful friends, learn more than you even thought there was to learn, or feel like the second floor of Boylston is a bit of a second home. Classicists are often put in the position of defending or justifying the relevance of what they study. But rather than preach to the choir about the importance of Classics, I’ll sidestep that conversation by simply saying this: most people study Classics because they love it. And I can think of no better place to pursue that love than here. I’ve felt so fortunate to be a part of this community with so many extraordinary physical and intellectual resources, where you can handle ancient coins and see Greek papyri one day and learn about the intertextual links between Vergil and Bob Dylan the next.

Now for the sentimental ending: I might not always remember the dates of certain battles or some of the Greek particples, but I will never forget the warm kindness, the intellectual curiosity, and the sheer delight in the ancient world that I found here. To everyone who makes Classics at Harvard such an amazing experience, *gratias maximas ago*.

by Erik Fredericksen ’12



## NEW GRADUATE STUDENTS



**Charles Bartlett**

Charles Bartlett received his BA in Classics and in History from McGill University in 2009. He went on to earn an MA in Classics from New York University in 2011. His thesis at NYU, under the direction of Professor Joy Connolly, was entitled “*Iacet Tellure: Landscape and Communication in Lucan’s Bellum Civile*.” Interested in ideas of power, ethnicity, and war in poetry, he plans to learn as much as he can about the ancient world while at Harvard by complementing his studies in ancient history with investigations into philology, archaeology, epigraphy, and papyrology.

Samantha Blankenship grew up in Richmond, Virginia, where her two exceptional Latin (and Greek) high school teachers inspired her to take as many Classics courses as possible—to the exclusion of nearly everything else—as an undergraduate. At the University of Virginia (BA, 2010) she learned to love Greek tragedy, Greek and Roman historiography, and the incredibly frustrating art of writing trimeters without breaking Porson’s Law; she also developed a late-budding interest in Indo-European linguistics. She branched out into the Anatolian language family at her first graduate school home, up in the frozen North (i.e., the University of Michigan) and was enticed by the charms of Hittite cuneiform to venture into the study of other cuneiform literatures. She looks forward to complementing her study of the Greek world with courses in the history, cultures, and languages of the ancient Near East. While Sam enjoyed her year at the University of Michigan, she is extremely excited to have been given the opportunity to enroll at Harvard and be with her fiancé, Alexander Forte (G2), and to follow in the steps of her mentors (David Kovacs and Ben Fortson). Sam also enjoys rock climbing and bunnies.



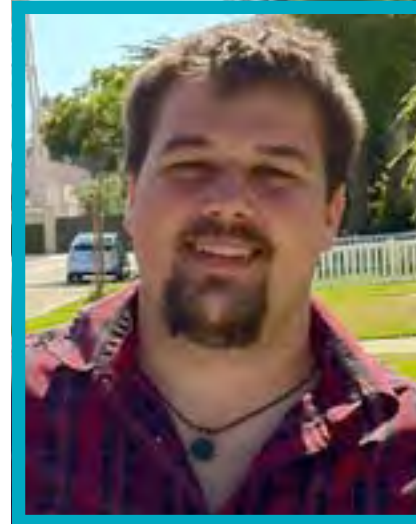
**Samantha Blankenship**



**Gregory Mellen**

Gregory Mellen grew up just outside of Philadelphia and began to learn Latin and Greek at a Jesuit high school in the city, St. Joseph’s Prep. From there he went to Brown University, where he majored in Classics (BA 2009), and then spent a year at Corpus Christi College, Oxford (MSt 2010). Somewhere in between he studied at the ICCS in Rome; and, after Oxford, he taught Latin for a year at Central HS Philadelphia (Noam Chomsky’s alma mater). Although his favorite author is Sophocles, he is mostly interested in Latin literature and the history of the Latin language, from its earliest inscriptions to the development of the Romance dialects. He looks forward to learning from his impressive new friends and colleagues at Harvard in the coming years.

## NEW GRADUATE STUDENTS



**Anthony Shannon**

Anthony “Tony” Shannon, a relaxed and easy-going bow tie enthusiast and native of Houston, TX, first got into this whole archaeology thing when he would hunt for arrowheads with his dad in the dry river beds of the Rio Grande Valley. Since then he has admittedly done things in a more structured way, and with a lot fewer rattlesnakes. While earning his BA in Classical Studies at the University of Chicago, Tony specialized in Roman provincial archaeology, completing his field school at Silchester in the UK and later writing his thesis on the same site. He hopes to branch out to regions further afield, particularly the Near Eastern provinces, and perhaps one day excavate in Syria or Libya (one can only hope).

David Ungvary grew up in Clarence, NY, a suburb of Buffalo. Consequently, he knows what good chicken wings taste like, what seven feet of snow looks like, and how it feels to root for a perennially disappointing football team. After four years of Latin in high school, he carried on at Duke University, where he majored in Classical Languages and Classical Civilizations and wrote a senior thesis on the rather obscure biblical poet Juvenius. Last year, thanks to the APA’s Pearson Fellowship, he studied Latin literature at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. David’s interests lie in the field of Late Antiquity, especially the development of Christian poetry and intellectual culture in the Latin West from the fourth through sixth centuries. He hopes this is medieval enough for the Medieval Latin track, but, if not, he also has passions for Latin palaeography and Dante.



**David Ungvary**



**Katie van Schaik**

Katie van Schaik is originally from South Carolina and came to Cambridge in the Fall of 2004 as a freshman in the College. Although initially intending to earn a Secondary Field Certificate in Latin, she loved the Department of the Classics so much for its community and scholarship that she found herself graduating in 2008 with a concentration in Classics, summa cum laude, and delivering the Latin Oration at Commencement. After studies in Classical Art and Archaeology at the University of London on a Knox Fellowship, Katie returned to Cambridge and to the Department of Classics and is beginning a PhD in Ancient History. When not studying her Arabic flashcards and lamenting a (relative) lack of cognates, Katie enjoys running, yoga, and salsa dancing.



# Noteworthy

## Graduate Student News

- **Emrys Bell-Schlatter** (G3) completed his Special Examinations this May on Aeschylus, Virgil, and Greek Ethnography.
- **Daniel Bertoni** (G4) passed his Special Examinations in January on Columella, Greek Linguistics/Dialects, and Plato.
- **Vladimir Bošković** (G4) passed his Special Exams in April of 2011 on the author Elytis and the genre of Greek Satire. This April, he completed his Prospectus, entitled “*Wozu Dichter?*: The Concept of Ethics in the Poetry of Odysseus Elytis.”
- **Claire Coiro Bubb** (G5) had her Prospectus approved in May of 2011 on “Galen’s Anatomical Works and Demonstrations: Audience and Context.” One year later, Claire and her husband Ryan Bubb welcomed their first child, Henry John Bubb, into the world on May 22, 2012!
- **Saskia Dirkse** (G4) passed her Special Examinations in April of 2011 on the ancient and Byzantine Novel, and Textual Criticism. This April, she had her Prospectus approved on studies in the *Spiritual Meadow* by John Moschus.
- **Calliopi Dourou** (G3) passed her Special Examinations this April on Nikolaos Loukanis, Konstantinos Hermoniakos, and the Reception of Homer in fourteenth through sixteenth century Greek literature.
- **Elizabeth Engelhardt** (G7) had her Prospectus approved in July on “Gendered Speech and the Rhetoric of Childbirth on the Attic Stage.”
- **Tom Keeline** (G3) passed his Special Examinations on Callimachus, Cicero, and Textual Criticism this May.
- **Rebecca Miller** (G3) completed her Special Examinations this May on Aratus, Callimachus, and Theocritus; Ovid; and Representations of Myth in Art and Literature.
- **Erika Nickerson** (G6) had her Prospectus approved in January on “Natural States: The *Natura* of Human Society in Late Republican Literature.”
- **Sergios Paschalis** (G4) passed his Special Examinations in December on Euripides, Hellenistic Poetry, and Ovid.
- **Philip Pratt** (G5) passed his Special Ex-

aminations in September on Homer, Hellenistic Intertextuality and Reception at Rome, and Statius. In December, he had his Prospectus approved on “The Poetics of the Occasion: Praise, Performance, and the *Silvae*.”

- **Sarah Rous** (G4) passed her Special Examinations this May on Strabo, *Spolia*, and the Peabody Troy Collection.

- **Ryan Samuels** (G6) had his Prospectus approved in December on “Building Characters: New Comic Ethopoeia in the Second Sophistic.”

- **Julia Scarborough** (G4) passed her Special Examinations in December on Latin Satire, Plato, and Terence.

- **James Townshend** (G3) completed his Special Examinations this May on Homer, Virgil, and Roman Law.

- **Julian Yolles** (G3) completed his Special Examinations this May on Persius, William of Tyre, and Palaeography.

## Faculty & Staff News

- **Kathleen Coleman** has been elected as a “Korrespondierendes Mitglied” of the Bayerische Akademie der Wissenschaften.

- As of January 1, 2012, **David Elmer** (PhD ’05) was officially promoted to Associate Professor of the Classics.

- **Christopher Jones** (PhD ’65) has been elected to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres of the Institut de France, as a “Correspondant étranger.”

- In June, **Teresa Wu**, Department Administrator, received a 2011 FAS Impact Award for her “sustained superior performances and for the outstanding contributions” she has made to the FAS and the Department.

## Alumni News

- **Irene Peirano** (PhD ’07) is one of the recipients of the Samuel and Ronnie Heyman Prize for Outstanding Scholarly Publication, an award conferred by Yale University on its junior faculty members. Irene received the award for her forthcoming book, entitled “The Rhetoric of the Roman Fake.”

- **Michael Sullivan** (PhD ’07) and his wife Hérica had a baby boy, Lucas Michael Valadares Sullivan, on February 16, 2012.

## Teaching Awards

- The Harvard University Certificate of Distinction in Teaching goes to outstanding teaching fellows, teaching assistants, and course assistants. Recipients from Classics for the spring and fall semesters of 2011 follow.

- **Emrys Bell-Schlatter** (G3)
- **Daniel Bertoni** (G4)
- **David Camden** (G7)
- **Robert Cioffi** (G6)
- **Lauren Curtis** (G5)
- **Saskia Dirkse** (G4)
- **Calliopi Dourou** (G3) (2 awards)
- **Andrew Johnston** (G6) (3 awards)
- **Tom Keeline** (G3)
- **Rebecca Miller** (G3)
- **Philip Pratt** (G5)
- **Sarah Rous** (G4)
- **Julia Scarborough** (G4)
- **Yvona Trnka-Amrhein** (G5)

- The Harvard University Certificate of Teaching Excellence goes to outstanding lecturers and preceptors. Recipients from Classics for the fall semester of 2011 follow.

- **Sarah Insley**
- **Vassiliki Rapti**
- **Justin Stover**
- **Tom Zanker**

## Fellowships & Other Awards Undergraduate Awards

- The George Emerson Lowell Scholarship Prize went to **Michael Cowett** (’13) for his distinguished performance on this year’s Latin examination.

- The John Osborne Sargent Prize for a Latin Translation of an ode of Horace went to **Schuyler Daum** (’12).

- **Christopher Londa** (’13) has been awarded a summer fellowship from the Harvard-Cambridge Scholarships Committee to study with a Classics faculty member at the University of Cambridge.

- The Bowdoin Prize for Latin composition was awarded to **Michael Velchik** (’12).

- Segal Travel and Research fellowships were awarded to the following undergraduate students: **Joseph Glynias** (’14), **Aurora Griffin** (’14), and **Fanaye Yirga** (’13).

## Graduate Awards

- **Daniel Bertoni** (G4) has received a Graduate Summer Language Grant for East, South, and Southeast Asian Language Study from the Harvard University Asia Center, which will help support his travel to India this summer.

- **Tiziana D’Angelo** (G5) has been awarded a predoctoral fellowship from the Getty Research Institute and will spend the academic year 2012–13 at the Institute in Los Angeles. The Getty’s fellowship theme for this year, “color,” is a perfect fit for Tiziana’s dissertation topic: “Travelling Colors: Artistic Models and Cultural Transfers in South Italian Funerary Wall Painting (IV–II BCE).”

- **Tom Keeline** (G3) has won the Bowdoin Prize for Greek Composition and is also one of two recipients for the Prize for Latin Composition.

- **Duncan MacRae** (G5) has been awarded a Mellon/ACLS Dissertation Completion Fellowship for the academic year 2012–13 to finish his dissertation, “The Books of Numa: Writing, Tradition, and the Making

of Roman Religion.”

- **Sergios Paschalis** (G4) has received a Harvard Merit/Term Time Research Award which will enable him to devote his spring semester of 2013 to his own research.

- **Julia Scarborough** (G4) is one of two recipients of the Bowdoin Prize for Latin Composition.

- GSAS Graduate Society Dissertation Completion Fellowships for the next academic year have been awarded to **David Camden** (G7), **Robert Cioffi** (G6), **Lauren Curtis** (G5), **Elizabeth Engelhardt** (G7), **Andrea Kouklanakis** (G8), **Ryan Samuels** (G6), and **Yvona Trnka-Amrhein** (G5).

- Segal Travel and Research Fellowships were awarded to the following graduate students: **Charles Bartlett** (G1), **Emrys Bell-Schlatter** (G3), **Daniel Bertoni** (G4), **Tyler Flatt** (G2), **Alexander Forte** (G2), **Amy Koenig** (G2), **Duncan MacRae** (G5), **Gregory Mellen** (G1), **Rebecca Miller** (G3), **Elizabeth Mitchell** (G2), **Tony Shannon** (G1), **James Townshend** (G3), **Katie van Schaik** (G1), and **Julian Yolles** (G3).

## Harvard Certamen, 2012 by Christopher Londa



On Saturday, March 31st, 2012, over 300 high school Latin students and teachers traveled to Cambridge to participate in the Harvard Certamen. This event, hosted each year by the Classical Club, gives young students an opportunity to demonstrate their understanding of the Latin language and their knowledge of Greece and Rome through quiz-bowl-style competition. This year’s tournament was the largest in the history of the event. Seventy-eight teams from nine states competed to win their respective divisions. Opening remarks for the event were delivered by Professor Christopher Krebs in Emerson Hall. Professor Krebs welcomed the students to the university and gave a twenty-minute lecture on the reception of Tacitus’ *Germania*. Following these remarks, all of the teams moved to Sever and Robinson Halls, where they played three twenty-question preliminary rounds. After a lunch break, the top nine teams in each division advanced to the semi-final round and competed for a spot in the finals. The final rounds, held in Sever Hall’s large auditorium,

## Losses

### Jim Halporn

- This past November, the Department lost a beloved associate, James (Jim) Halporn. He leaves behind his wife Barbara and his daughter Connie. He attended our talks and conferences; he served on the committee of at least one doctoral student, Ariana Traill (PhD 1997), who wrote her dissertation on Terence; and he participated faithfully in a number of graduate seminars in the Department. He will be greatly missed.

### Raffi Parker

- From his puppyhood in the summer of 1996 until Lenore Parker retired in 2009, visitors to the Department made Raffi’s acquaintance first; members of the faculty, however eminent, they met later. Even though he was a poodle of diminutive stature, he once prevented a thief from making off with one of the Department’s computers. He passed away in February at the age of sixteen after a distinguished Harvard career.



rium, were universally well-played and showcased the hard work and ability of these young classicists. Boston Latin School (MA) was crowned the champion of the Novice Division, Advanced Math & Science Academy Charter School (MA) won the Intermediate Division, and Oak Hall School (FL) took home the Advanced title. The Classical Club would like to offer its sincere thanks to Professor Krebs, Teresa Wu, and Alyson Lynch for their important contributions to the event. Additionally, the club is grateful for the many volunteers who worked tirelessly on the day of the tournament and for months prior to it in order to ensure that the event would be a success.



## Student Travels

### Papyri at Oxford Amy Koenig (G2)



Ruins of St.  
Mary's Abbey,  
in York

Thanks to a Segal Award, I spent the last two weeks of May 2011 in Oxford working with Dr. Dirk Obbink, my former MSt supervisor, to create a database of the papyri in the Bodleian Library. Unlike the treasure trove of the Oxyrhynchus Papyri, the Bodleian's collection is relatively overlooked these days; some papyri are wholly unpublished or have not been touched in decades, and editions are scattered over a variety of collections and publications with no single systematic way to consult them. While cataloging image files newly made from a set of slides created decades ago, and collating data for each papyrus from an array of editions, I had a fantastic opportunity to look through a series of papyri that I could never have consulted like this before, and to note for future study any that I found especially interesting.

Foremost among these was the famous "Hawara Homer" papyrus, a beautiful second-century roll containing parts of books I and II of the *Iliad* which was discovered in the coffin of a female mummy—whose skull is in Oxford with the papyrus, though not, alas, brought out with it for curious papyrologists. After taking part in Professor Nagy's Homer seminar in the spring, I was planning to work on an edition of the Hawara text at the Center for Hellenic Studies later in the summer and, since the papyrus itself is in the Bodleian's collection, I was able to consult the document during my stay. As convenient as digital images and photographs are, nothing compares to poring over a 1,900-year-old papyrus with careful hands and eyes. The document is huge, preserved in ten glass frames each the size of a substantial painting; it took me two full days of meticulous work with a magnifying glass to go through it in its entirety, focusing on the accents and punctuation, the tiny cursive marginalia, and the significant number of lines that were illegible in the photographs but clear on the papyrus.

My stay at Oxford was by no means all study, though, and I made the most of my weekends. Brasenose College held its lavish biennial ball during the first weekend of my visit in a magnificent Jacobean manor, and as an alumna of the 'Nose, I attended and caught up with other friends who had returned for the occasion. I also revisited the Ashmolean Museum's collections, took a trip up to London to see "All's Well that Ends Well" done excellently at the Globe, and spent a day in York walking the walls and admiring the remnants of the city's Roman and medieval past.

I am deeply grateful to the Department of the Classics for giving me this rewarding opportunity through the Segal Fund; to Dr. Obbink and the Bodleian Library, who generously welcomed me back to the papyrology room and the collections; and to Professor Nagy and the CHS, through whom I have been able to complete the edition of the Hawara Homer that I began at Oxford.



Statue of Constantine I near York Minster

### Aphrodisias by Anjali Itzkowitz ('13)



Stadium in  
Aphrodisias

Never did I think that I would voluntarily get up at 6 a.m. each day during my summer holiday. But the days started early at Aphrodisias, the breathtakingly beautiful late antique site I worked on in south-western Turkey. Aphrodisias was an important city in the Roman province of Caria, which reached the peak of its influence during the second century AD. Located near marble quarries, it was a center of sculpture production, and its sculptures were exported all over the empire. During my stay, I got to take a trip to the quarries to see the source of the raw material that supported this prolific production. The site has some remarkable features, including one of the best preserved stadia in the world, and an elaborate Hadrianic bath complex. Some public buildings, including the Sebasteion and the temple of Aphrodite, have been partially reconstructed, which makes a visit to the site very worthwhile.

This season the team was working on five trenches located along what we are quite sure was the main avenue of the city, connecting the Sebasteion to the *tetrapylon*, a monumental gate on the approach to the temple of Aphrodite. As is typically the case on archaeological excavations, the most significant finds came at the very end of the season. By far the most exciting was a larger than life, late antique male himation statue, intact but headless. Another exciting find was a Byzantine coin hoard stashed in the wall of one of the trenches.

Much of my time at Aphrodisias was spent drawing, cataloguing, and documenting statue bases. Inscribed statue bases litter the site and, while most of the statues have been lost, the bases are valuable aids in determining the distribution of statues in an area like the Hadrianic baths. Most of the intact statues found on the site are now in the on-site museum,

and part of my task was to try to find matching bases to these statues. I found a set of three statue bases scattered around the Hadrianic bath complex with the same egg-and-dart motif on the top, similar lettering and dimensions, and Greek inscriptions, which indicated that they had all been dedicated by women. With the help of the late antique sculpture specialist, Julia Lenaghan, we were able to establish that these statue bases formed part of a sculpture group of at least four statues in the baths, all dedicated by women.

One of the most interesting aspects of the dig was the multidisciplinary nature of the work. The team comprised architects who surveyed and created beautiful and painstakingly accurate drawings of the site; stone conservators working to restore the mosaic floors of the Hadrianic baths; conservationists who cleaned all the new finds, getting them ready for display; an expert on hydrology researching how the water supply reached the baths. In short, Aphrodisias united a team of world experts who were both wonderfully knowledgeable and wonderfully pleasant to work with.



Temple of Aphrodite



## Adventures of the Sherd Nerds

by Sarah A. Rous (G4)



Amphora toe? Or hat??

It may be the case that potsherds are the most common artifacts found in the average archaeological excavation, but it is a special kind of person who devotes his or her attention to studying them. Along with six other archaeology graduate students in the Howard Comfort, FAAR '29, Summer Program in Roman Pottery at the American Academy in Rome, thanks to a Charles P. Segal summer travel grant, I spent my summer struggling to find out whether I was a member of that rare breed. Under pottery guru Archer Martin, we learned to recognize “functional groups” and identify different wares based on fabric, shape, surface treatment, and decoration. We then attempted to apply our new knowledge and skills to a recently excavated assemblage from the Domus Tiberiana on the Palatine. This very varied material proved quite a challenge, ranging from Iron Age impasto and Etruscan bucchero to Late Roman amphorae and *spatheia*. The goal of eventually publishing the assemblage, along with our nearly daily “gelato-o’clock” breaks at nearby Miami, provided the motivation we needed to overcome the frequent frustrations that come with studying pottery: paging through the same book of amphora shapes approximately 50 times in one day, getting green modeling clay (used for drawing) ALL OVER EVERYTHING, wishing your pot washers had been more vigilant, having to pretend to be able to read Portuguese, and enduring debilitating neck cramps and eye strain, to name just a few.

When we weren’t cooped up in our studio dealing with various “pottery emergencies” (a term we are eternally grateful to our Italian colleague for introducing into our vocabulary), we learned that Rome, it turns out, is not such a bad place to spend a month. Morning runs up the Janiculum and through the Villa of Doria Pamphilj, lunches and ping pong in

the Academy garden, overly frequent dinners of *cacio e pepe* at Cave Canem, nearly nightly strolls along the Tiber, and screenings of such cultural treasures as *Borat* on the giant terrace of our Trastevere apartment refreshed our weary minds and spirits. For the second year in a row, I celebrated the Fourth of July by eating at an Italian McDonald’s, and just about every other night we could hear, but not see, fireworks. We did see the tail end of a lunar eclipse, and were woken every morning by either an opera-singer neighbor, a concert-violinist neighbor, or a cacophonous chorus of the craziest seagulls I have ever heard. Other highlights were group field trips to Monte Testaccio (a mountain of potsherds! literally!!), Settefines-tre (an important site in the history of Italian archaeology, where we were eaten by mosquitoes and then almost eaten by snakes), Cosa (snorkeling in the harbor!), and Scopiello (a well-preserved *terra sigillata* production site), where eating continued to be a theme as we gorged ourselves on zucchini and zucchini flowers at an *agriturismo* outside Baschi. I also rekindled my on-again off-again relationship with Trenitalia: weekend excursions to Sperlonga, Pozzuoli/Baia, and Siena reminded me how much I love the Italian train system, and the three days I spent lending a hand and honing my new sherd-nerd skills at the site of Gabii a short train ride from Rome reminded me how much I hate the Italian train system.

A very long train ride to Berlin and several days in that lovely, cold, rainy and efficiently German city were a nice contrast to Rome and a pleasant way to finish out my summer travels. I spent some time getting to know the Schliemann Collection of artifacts from Troy at the Neues Museum, and even more time getting to know the delicious, but oddly long, Berlin bratwurst. I then returned happily to Wisconsin, where we have perfected the bun-to-brat ratio.



Looking for a fresh break on an amphora at Sperlonga

## Gabii

by Alison Rittershaus ('12)



Perhaps the greatest lesson that I learned during my time at the Gabii Project is that archaeology is a social discipline. The project bills itself as a large group excavation, but I didn’t understand exactly what that meant until I stood in a line of four pickaxe-wielding students cutting through a deep balk as four others stood sifting through wheelbarrows and filling tray after tray with brightly painted pieces of plaster, animal bones, and potsherds. The first days were clumsy: I had never shoveled anything other than snow, hadn’t trained my eyes to see different shades of dusty brown dirt or recognize the difference between a nice rock and a sherd of amphora, and I had never been trusted with heavy, sharply pointed pickaxes.

But everything about the experience seemed engineered to ensure our improvement and confidence, both during the workday and our free time. On site, we were divided into teams to work in four areas. I was lucky enough to be placed in Area B, which encompassed part of a quarry, a house, and several burials. Our trench master, Claudia, set us to work first cleaning the site, and I was surprised by how effective the act of sweeping loose dirt was at improving visibility and highlighting the bright orange tones of tufa floor or the clean-cut lines of walls. Over the next few days, she took each of us

under her tutelage for some one-on-one training. When my turn came, we set to work excavating a destroyed burial site, which turned up a few bones and shattered tiles. She swung at the ground, breaking off massive clods that put my timid little dents to shame. “You don’t have to be afraid of putting some strength into it,” she told me, “Archaeology is an art of destruction.”

I quickly learned that this was true. Excavation is a one-shot opportunity, motion-capture history, science as performance. The only way to reach the artifacts and features of the site was by cutting through their protective layers of earth, by irrevocably damaging the site’s context. Once dug up, bits of the ancient world that we brought into the sunlight again couldn’t be put back into place.

To a student with no prior experience, the responsibility would have seemed immensely daunting were it not for the teaching, good company, and encouragement that we received from other workers in our area. Returning students patiently responded to our questions, site administrators circled the area giving tips on how to improve our technique, and Claudia punctuated our workday by narrating the developments of the site and filling in historical context so that we always understood the meaning of our work.

At the end of every day, we returned to our hotel in Frascati, a small town only twenty minutes by train from Rome. The evenings we spent outside on the fire-escape or puttering through the narrow streets of Frascati brought us closer together. We shared experiences as varied as watching a *capoeira* demonstration with fire breathers while dining in a piazza, and challenging the locals to foosball matches in the Irish Pub. Our friendships became apparent in our time on-site as well, and were reflected in our teamwork as we found a rhythm that morphed us into efficient, enthusiastic excavators. The typical triad of pickaxe-wielder, shoveler, and sifter became comfortable roles, and we developed eagle eyes for bits of slag and bone.

By the end of my six weeks as a student, I was tan, stronger than I had ever been, and had developed what I expect will be a lifelong taste for digging. There is nothing more satisfying than being physically engaged with the ancient world. As a Classics major, I have spent a large chunk of my educational career staring through glass at ceramics and skeletons, but at Gabii I had the opportunity to brush the teeth of an ancient goat and scrub earth from the surface of mold-decorated sherds of *terra sigillata*. My participation in the project allowed me to help continue the lives of the ancient Gabines, to honor the people buried in Area B’s tombs, to sweep the floors of a house uninhabited for centuries, and to connect in an equally meaningful way with a group of other students and teachers who found meaning in digging up the memories of the long lost.



# Traveling in Italy

## by Sergios Paschalis (G4)



Ponte Vecchio in Florence

The Segal Travel and Research Fellowship gave me the opportunity to visit Rome and Florence this summer and improve my Italian language skills. During the spring semester of 2010-2011, I had taught as a teaching fellow for Professor Richard Tarrant's course The Rome of Augustus and thus I was greatly looking forward to this trip.

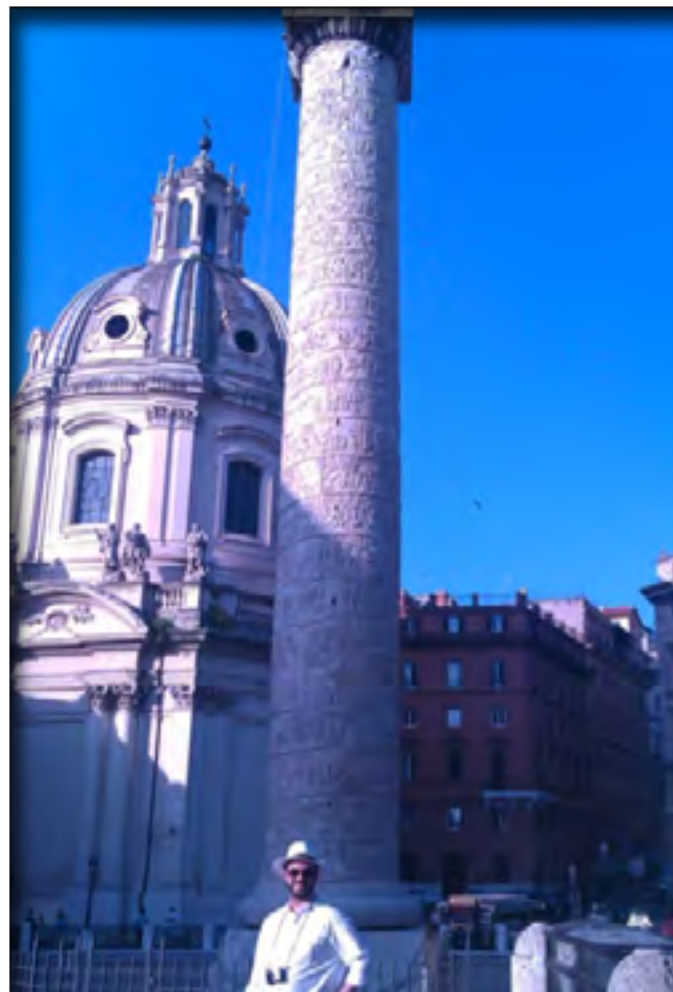
Upon my arrival in Rome, my first impression was that the city harmonically blends features from ancient, renaissance, and modern times. The starting point of my exploration was the imposing Colosseum, which was housing an interesting temporary exhibition on the burning of Rome during Nero's reign. I then walked up the Palatine Hill and enjoyed the beautiful view of the Forum Romanum. I remember spending a long time admiring with my binoculars the 2,500 figures depicted on Trajan's 30-meter-tall column commemorating the emperor's victory in the Dacian wars. A highlight of my stay in Rome was visiting the famous Ara Pacis Augustae, which celebrated the peace and bountiful prosperity established in the Empire as a result of Augustus' military victories. To my disappointment, however, I discovered that the adjacent Mausoleum of Augustus was not accessible to the public.

Another memorable moment consisted of marveling at Michelangelo's ceiling paintings in the Sistine Chapel as I squeezed through the crowd of tourists. I especially enjoyed visiting the Borghese Gallery, which houses a remarkable collection of paintings, sculptures, and antiquities, including Bernini's baroque masterpieces *Apollo and Daphne*, *David*, and *The Rape of Proserpina*. Before departing from Rome, I enjoyed a cappuccino at the Antico Caffè Greco, the oldest café in the city, which opened in 1760 and has attracted over the years many famous artists, such as Stendhal, Goethe, Byron, Keats, and Ibsen.

The next city that I visited was Florence. The renaissance architecture of the buildings is the first thing that captures

the visitor's eye. My first stop was the famous Duomo, the city's cathedral designed by the renaissance architect Filippo Brunelleschi. Next, I went to the renowned Uffizi Gallery, where I admired the vast collection of paintings by artists such as Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli, Michelangelo, Titian, and Raphael. In the historical Laurentian Library, which holds about 11,000 manuscripts, I luckily came upon an exhibition of a fifth century codex of Virgil. Particularly interesting was my visit to a small museum dedicated to the life and work of the Florentine author of the Divine Comedy, Dante Alighieri. Finally, one of the most enchanting experiences of my stay in Florence was the panoramic view of the city from Michelangelo Square. I am grateful to the Department of the Classics for its generous support

through the Charles Segal Fund, which enabled me to explore Italy's long history, her culture, and her language.



Sergios in front of Trajan's Column in Rome



## Classical Summer School of the - American Academy in Rome

Three graduate students attended a six-week intensive program of summer study along with other students and secondary school teachers of Classics. Memorable accounts from each of the three follow.

### Rebecca Katz (G3)

The Classical Summer School of the American Academy at Rome is an intensive six-week program in Roman history designed for graduate students and secondary school teachers in related fields. This past summer the program had 23 participants, including three graduate students from Harvard's Department of the Classics. For forty days we were inundated with lectures, site visits, and museum trips covering all aspects of Roman history and culture from the eighth century BC to the fourth century AD. For forty nights we were glutted with all the food we could handle thanks to our generous hosts at the Centro (properly the Intercollegiate Center for Classical Studies, or ICCS), a converted convent located off the tourist maps in the Monteverde neighborhood just south of the Vatican and just east of the Villa Doria Pamphilj, Rome's largest park. For those who aren't familiar with it, the Centro is one of Rome's best kept secrets—so well kept, in fact, that my cabby from Trastevere spent a good ten minutes trying to convince me that the address didn't exist.

When we weren't sleeping off the effects of another long, hot day (or of refreshingly cool gelato), we were on our feet or traveling—usually both at once. Our site visits in the city itself included the Forum Romanum (more than six times), the Fori Imperiali, the

Palatine, the Colosseum, and the Campus Martius. Farther afield we saw Etruscan tombs at Cerveteri, Tarquinia, and Vulci; ruins at Lavinium, and relics at Nemi; the Nile mosaic of Palestrina; the so-called Villa of Horace; the colony of Alba Fucens; the temple of Jupiter Anxur at Terracina; the grotto of Tiberius at Sperlonga; Hadrian's villa at Tivoli; and apartment buildings and funeral monuments at Ostia, where we continued the decades-long ICCS tradition of putting on a student-produced play. In the last week we explored imperial villas, numerous churches, and several catacombs in and around the city. In addition to local museums, the program also took us to the Capitoline and Centrale Montemartini, the Villa Giulia, the Museum of Roman Civilization at E.U.R., and the Vatican.

This exhaustive (if exhausting) and rewarding program culminated in the challenge of an autoptic examination at an incredibly overgrown but navigable site somewhere in Latium. (I won't spoil the experience for all of you future ICCS students by sharing the exact details of the location.) Good luck, and beware the snakes!



Cat nap in Cerveteri's Necropolis of the Banditaccia

Rebecca at the temple of Jupiter Anxur at Terracina





Naturane nobis hoc . . . datum di-  
cam an errore quodam, ut, cum ea  
loca uideamus, in quibus memoria  
dignos uiros acceperimus multum  
esse uersatos, magis moueamur,  
quam si quando eorum ipsorum  
aut facta audiamus aut scriptum  
aliquod legamus?

Whether it is a natural instinct  
or a mere illusion, I can't say; but  
one's emotions are more strongly  
aroused by seeing the places that  
tradition records to have been the  
favorite resort of men of note in  
former days than by hearing about  
their deeds or reading their writ-  
ings. (Cicero, *De Finibus* 5.2, Loeb  
translation)



Perched atop one of the  
Janiculum's numerous *belvederi*  
and gazing down on the gran-  
deur that was—and still is—Rome, I was  
unconcerned with the precise source of  
my emotions. It was the morning of my  
first day in the city, and I looked on in  
a daze as the more learned among my  
fellow travelers began pointing out the  
various sites: there was the Pantheon,  
and there the Tiber flanked by verdant  
foliage, and off in the distance the mist-  
shrouded hills of Alba Longa. Up until  
that moment, my acquaintance with  
Rome had been made only through  
books and libraries; little did I suspect  
that in just a few weeks' time I too would  
be pointing out the sights of the city to  
another group of first-time visitors—my  
mother and two sisters.

A thorough knowledge of the to-  
pography of Rome is one of the most  
valuable things I gained from the Clas-  
sical Summer School. Every day we vi-  
sited sites in and around the city, and  
whenever possible I walked. As a result,  
I can now traverse the city in my mind's  
eye, and for some places that we visited  
often, like the Forum, I can picture viv-  
idly even minute details of the site. Now  
when I read an intensely local poem like  
*Tristia* 3.1, I can appreciate it as more  
than a metrical assortment of proper  
nouns skillfully arranged, and when I  
thumb through my Cicero I can men-  
tally follow along the streets he once  
walked.

I also learned much about Roman  
material culture and history, and I  
learned it all in the best possible place:  
on the ground, in Rome itself. When

we had lectures about archaeological  
sites, we had them standing atop—or  
inside of—the sites themselves. While  
six weeks in Rome has hardly made  
me an expert in Roman topography or  
material culture, it has immeasurably  
enhanced my understanding of the Ro-  
man world and it has given me the skills  
I need to start making use of scholar-  
ship in such areas in my own research  
and teaching.

Ancient poets sometimes claimed  
to be at a loss as to where to start their  
poems of praise or what to praise next,  
since the people to be praised had so  
many virtues. I know how they must  
have felt. I could talk about almost any  
day of the program, almost any place,  
any meal; I could talk especially about  
all the wonderful new friends I made.  
I might write about runs in the park  
of the Villa Doria Pamphilij; about the  
lovely grounds of the American Acad-  
emy; weekend barbecues at the Centro  
(no pasta allowed—just meat!); week-  
day dinners at the Centro (the lovely  
cooks soon began bringing me multiple  
desserts unprompted); “Horace’s” Villa,  
the Vatican Museums (and the Vatican  
Library!); footraces through the Cir-  
cus Maximus, the Forum (x6!), Kenny’s



Race around the Circus Maximus

laps (he of “Green and Yel-  
lows” Youtube fame); weekend  
trips—to Pompeii, Florence,  
Pisa; Fascist mosaics in the  
aisles of the Despar at Stazione  
Ostiense (a must-see); porchet-  
ta . . . but rather than failing  
to do justice to a marvelously  
varied and variegated experi-  
ence, I will just single out one  
night of extracurricular activi-  
ties, indeed one plucked almost  
at random. Late one afternoon  
I met up with Giuseppe LaBua,  
last year a Visiting Scholar in  
Classics at Harvard, to do as  
the Romans do for an evening.

We walked through the city for a while,  
talking about Classics and Rome and  
the remarkable skill and professional-  
ism of Italian movie-dubbers and Nea-  
politan superstitions and all manner of  
things, then found ourselves at a small  
restaurant in Trastevere. At Giuseppe’s  
recommendation I had the spaghetti  
alla carbonara, since, as he solemnly  
informed me, this dish was la prova  
dell’esistenza di Dio. As we finished our  
meal, suddenly a remarkable display  
of fireworks lit up the sky right above  
us. This was followed by a costumed  
procession into a nearby church, all of  
which we were able to take in from our  
outdoor table. Wanting to see what was  
being celebrated, we then went into  
the packed church and listened to the  
bishop for a few minutes (the feast, for  
the curious, was the celebration of the  
neighborhood patron saint). Afterwards  
it was of course time to get gelato, and  
so we strolled over to Giolitti’s—not, as  
Giuseppe informed me, the best Roman  
gelato, but quite respectable. (I didn’t  
mention to him that for my money, the  
best gelato to be had in Rome was at Mi-  
ami Gelato right next to where we lived;  
this will seem to verge on blasphemy  
to the true connoisseurs.) Then it was  
back up the hill to get a good night’s  
sleep before the next day’s adventures.

The summer spent in Rome was an  
amazing experience for me, and I am  
deeply grateful to the generosity of the  
Segal fund for helping to make it pos-  
sible. I would strongly recommend the  
program to future students, in par-  
ticular to philologists and those who  
haven’t been to Rome or Italy.



Julia Scarborough (G4)

It was my Special in Roman Satire  
with Professor Coleman last year  
that inspired me to apply to the  
Classical Summer School in Rome. Hor-  
ace, Persius, Martial, and Juvenal re-  
corded Roman life in its gritty, gaudy,  
squalid immediacy—the dyspeptic Vir-  
gil declining to play ball, awnings col-  
lapsing at banquets, icicles freezing off  
the noses of hapless *clientes* in January,  
underpaid teachers suffering through  
one prepubescent essay after another—  
and made me feel that knowing the city  
as a poetic landscape of the imagination  
was not enough. I wanted to walk the  
streets along which Horace walked as  
he tried to shake off the conversational  
limpet of *Satire* I.9; I wanted to get a feel  
for the scale of temple, forum, theater,  
and basilica, and what it would have  
been like to live in their shadows.

My six weeks in Rome did make me  
immensely more aware of the stuff of  
ancient material life: the mosaic floors,  
the board games, the astonishing col-  
ors of the temple of Mars Ultor and the  
equally startling marble counters of the  
*popinae*. They seemed to easily melt into  
the material texture of Rome in July of  
2011. I read Plautus’ *Miles Gloriosus* on a  
crowded and brain-sloshingly bumpy  
bus ride over ancient paving stones up  
to the Gianicolo. In the garden of the  
American Academy, I sat under apricot  
trees watching parrots with long char-  
treuse tail feathers land in the branches  
and disappear into the foliage, then  
walked back to our lodgings down a

casks), to the spectacularly whimsical  
(turtles clambering up the sides of the  
marble basin). I myself became a worthy  
target for a satire Juvenal would have  
loved to write on the graduate student  
abroad who convolutes her schedule  
and walks inordinately long distances  
so as to pass by the Gelateria del Teatro  
at least once every afternoon. With  
the convert’s zeal of Horace’s Catius, I  
urge you, when you are next in Rome,  
to wander down the Via dei Coronari—  
a street lined with antique shops that  
runs between the top of the Piazza Na-  
vona and the Ponte Sant’Angelo—and  
turn into the courtyard at the ice cream  
cone sign to try the handmade lemon  
tart gelato, the ricotta and fig gelato,  
the apricot and white peach *sorbetto*, or  
the almond gelato which goes particu-  
larly well with the dark chocolate *sor-  
betto* Nero d’Avola . . .

When I tore myself away from the  
parrots and the Gelateria del Teatro for  
a four-day weekend halfway through  
the Summer School, I found the same  
merging of ancient and modern. I struck  
out for the hometowns of two of my  
favorite Latin lyric poets, spending a  
night in Mantua (which gave the world  
both Virgil and pumpkin tortellini),  
moving on to Verona, and ending up in  
Sirmione on the shores of Lake Garda.  
By day, Mantua was all but empty in  
the dusty summer sun; I had the Cam-  
era degli Sposi in the Ducal Palace all  
to myself, with its life-sized wall paint-  
ings of favorite dogs, horses, and family

street occupied by the  
American Embassy to  
the Holy See and a run-  
down trailer, the home  
of an old man who came  
out in the evenings to  
feed a flock of feral cats.

Although we en-  
joyed cool breezes  
on the Gianicolo, the  
weather was not such  
that we had to worry  
about nose-icicles, and  
on the street corners  
I took grateful note of  
the variety of drinking  
fountains, ranging from  
the timelessly utilitar-  
ian to the decorative

(books, monkeys, wine  
casks), to the spectacularly whimsical  
(turtles clambering up the sides of the  
marble basin). I myself became a worthy  
target for a satire Juvenal would have  
loved to write on the graduate student  
abroad who convolutes her schedule  
and walks inordinately long distances  
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tart gelato, the ricotta and fig gelato,  
the apricot and white peach *sorbetto*, or  
the almond gelato which goes particu-  
larly well with the dark chocolate *sor-  
betto* Nero d’Avola . . .

members in mismatched striped heral-  
dic stockings. Later, after a solitary twi-  
light walk in which I tried to commune  
with the spirit of Virgil along the reedy  
banks of the Mincio, I found myself  
back in the old piazza, which had now  
filled up: I joined an audience of Man-  
tovani, aged anywhere from seven to  
eighty, watching an open-air perfor-  
mance of *Mamma Mia* with much the  
same delight that their ancestors might  
have taken in Terence’s comedies about  
intergenerational sexual mores two  
thousand years ago (and no distract-  
ing tightrope walkers). After this, the  
production of Verdi’s *Nabucco* I saw in  
Verona the following evening couldn’t  
but be something of an anticlimax. Still,  
it was haunting to look down over the  
bowl of the ancient pink stone amphi-  
theater—where hawkers sold drinks  
and ice cream as if in the stands at a  
baseball game—which faded into flood-  
light and candlelight as night drew on,  
and to listen as the chorus sang *Va, pen-  
siero, sull’ali dorate*, twice, the audience  
demanding and joining in an encore of  
their unofficial national anthem.

The ruins of the villa thought to  
have been Catullus’ were closed for  
the whole twenty-four hours I spent  
in his and Tennyson’s olive-silvery  
Sirmio. Instead, I sat on a bench in an  
olive grove outside the locked gates and  
watched lizards and swallows and the  
sun setting over the mountains across  
Lake Garda, listening to the laughter  
of children on little white boats far  
below me. I reverted to satirical mode  
the next day, marinating to the color  
of marinara sauce while I swam among  
fish and swans in the clear lake water  
and wrote postcards on a dock amid  
gaggles of German-speaking children.  
Even though the Grotto di Catullo had  
been shut, I felt satisfied that I had seen  
enough to understand why he loved the  
beauty of this almost-island. His joy at  
returning home after a long campaign  
abroad expressed itself in lyric laugh-  
ter, as he invited the waves of the lake  
to join in with *quidquid est domi cachin-  
norum*. Everywhere I went in Italy this  
past summer, I found that, even among  
the motorcycles and museum turn-  
stiles, the vibrancy (and sometimes the  
squalor) of ancient satire still coexisted  
with the beauty of ancient lyric.



## From the Balkans to Mount Olympus: searching for Thracian and Macedonian colors by Tiziana D'Angelo (G5)

I had not driven in nine years, but somehow the insane idea of a 3,500 mile road trip through Croatia, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece seemed to me the best way for a dedicated archaeologist to explore the late Classical and Hellenistic painted tombs from Thrace and Macedonia. Thanks to this flash of genius and to the generosity of the Charles Segal Travel and Research Fund, and accompanied by my (almost always) reliable GPS, I embarked on an unforgettable three week adventure.

The Mummy of Zagreb, the Roman mosaics of Niš, and the natural landscapes of southern Serbia (where I almost got arrested by some Serbian soldiers who thought I was trying to cross the border illegally to Kosovo) are only some of the beauties that I encountered on my way through the Western Balkans and towards Bulgaria. One of the first things I saw when I arrived in Sofia was a golden-skinned and black-robed statue that towered over a busy crossroads in the city center. As I was staring at it, probably with a slightly puzzled face, a local approached me and explained to me that on that spot once stood a statue of Lenin, that was replaced in 2000 by the statue of Sveta Sofia, the symbol of third millennium Bulgaria. And the capital city of the new millennium is lively, charming, and extremely proud of its glorious past. The Thracians were more than warlike and ferocious people; they were also skillful craftsmen. They made beautifully ornate golden and silver objects, such as vessels, rhyta, jewelry, and weapons that mostly date between the sixth and the third century BCE. They used to bury rich hoards of these precious artworks both to hide them in times of enemy invasions as well as for ritual purposes. Masterpieces such as the bronze head of Seuthes III and the silver-and-gilt Borovo Treasure are currently exhibited in the National Archaeological Museum and the National Historical Museum in Sofia, respectively.

Travelling across Bulgaria was a constant surprise, with archaeological wonders sometimes hidden in apparently gloomy places. An example of this is Ispereh, a “ghost town” (as described in the Lonely Planet guide) in the northeastern part of the country. Many Thracian tombs were discovered in this area, including the Royal Tomb of Sveshtari. This chamber tomb, still in excellent condition, is decorated with caryatids and the back wall features a painted scene with a warrior greeted by a procession of women. Crossing the Balkans through the Shipka Pass, I felt, to some extent, like Alexander the Great in the spring of 335 BCE, when he conquered the pass and defeated the Thracian army. Shielded by the Balkan and Sredna Gora mountain ranges in central Bulgaria, the Valley of the Roses or Valley of the Kings is dotted with burial mounds that often hide inside the bright colors of wall paintings. Within just a few miles, between the village of Shipka and the town of Kazanluk, are the Ostrusha Tomb, the Golyama Kosmatka Tomb, where King Seuthes III was buried, and the

most famous Tomb of Kazanluk. After a brief stay in Plovdiv, i.e. ancient Philippopolis, I ventured to find the remote village of Alexandrovo, the site of a fourth-century BCE painted tomb that was unearthed a decade ago by the Bulgarian archaeologist Georgi Kitov. The tomb is currently not accessible and the conservation work will not begin for several more years. However, a replica of the tomb has been built in the Thracian Art Museum of the Eastern Rhodopes, a masterpiece of Japanese architecture standing in the middle of sunflower fields.

Leaving the Thracians behind, I continued south towards Greece. My first accomplishment was to survive in the traffic of Thessaloniki. For a week I wandered through the archaeological sites of northeastern Greece. The palace-city of Aigai



Ceiling of the Tomb of the Palmettes, Lefkadia



Façade of the Rhomaïos Tomb, Vergina

was the first capital of the Kingdom of Macedonia and, even after it was replaced in 399 BCE by Pella, it remained an important ceremonial center. Members of the royal family were buried in a complex of lavishly painted chamber tombs under the so called Great Tumulus. Eighteen miles away from Thessaloniki, on the road to Edessa, today Pella is a small village with a few coffee shops and taverns, about a square meter of shade, barely a few tourists. If it were not for the astonishing palace on the acropolis and the palatial houses of Dionysos

and of the Abduction of Helen that all clearly evoke the royal past of the city, one would hardly guess that this was the glorious capital of the Macedonian Kingdom.

My trip continued south to explore more Macedonian sites, first the religious center of Dion and then Volos, i.e. ancient Demetrias, with its royal palace and painted stelai. The return journey took me through the mountain ranges of Thessaly and Epirus and, once in Italy, a reverse *Iter Brundisium* finally led me to Rome.



Detail of a painted *kline* from a Macedonian tomb, Potidaea



# The Docile, Learned Heart of Germany; Plus Some Other Estival Excursions

by M. S. Park

The city of Göttingen, renowned for its wurst and university, belongs to the King of Hanover and contains 999 fireplaces, various churches, a child-delivery service, an observatory, a prison, a library and a pub in the city hall, where the beer is very good. . . . The inhabitants of Göttingen can in general be separated into students, professors, philistines, and cows: four classes that are most strictly divided. The class of cows is the most distinguished. To detail now the names of all the students and all the full and adjunct professors would be too tiresome a task, nor at the moment do I remember all the students' names, and there are some professors who have no names at all. Now, the number of Göttingen's philistines is, one may be sure, large indeed, like the number of sand, or better put, like excrement by the sea. Yes, whenever I see them in the morning, with their dirty faces and white invoices, planted in a row before the gates of the academic court, I can hardly fathom how God was able to fashion so many blockheads. . . . Before the Weender Gate, I chanced upon two small, indigenous schoolboys, one of whom said to the other: 'I don't want any dealings at all with that Theodor, he's a rascal. You know, yesterday he didn't even know what the genitive of *mensa* was.' However insignificant these words may seem, I feel that I must nevertheless recount them. In fact, I would like to have them inscribed as the city's motto right over the gate: for the young 'uns peep just as the old 'uns pipe, and those words fully demonstrate the narrow, jejune pride in scribbled notes of the highly-educated Georgia Augusta. (Heinrich Heine, *Die Harzreise*; this author's translation)

Heine saw the city of Göttingen—with its goose-girl statue, its green-banked sedate stream, and its town-gown populace—as something of a provincial prison and had no patience for this little world removed, plumb in the middle of Germany. His feet were itching to get away from the staid conservatism and whiff of aristocratic stiff upper lipped-ness of Georgia Augusta and her denizens. After being expelled for challenging another student to a duel, he made Berlin his next port of call, ready to suck the marrow of city life. For Heine, there was nothing to



be gained, really, by sitting around in any number of cafés listening to young mothers swapping young wives' tales or young girls talking like sophisticates or philistines parading up and down the main thoroughfare, with beers in hand on a Saturday afternoon.

For the learner of German, however, such overheard conversations often gave more insight into the German psyche than countless hours spent in German class. And so, like Heine, I spent many of my afternoons sitting in cafés, listening (more confusedly), observing (more bemusedly), note-taking (less contemptuously). It wasn't, all things considered, at all a bad place to learn German.

When not watching this human pageantry, I spent my time at the Goethe Institut. The Göttinger Institut is located on the top of a hill, in the bourgeois part of town, across from the Schillerwiese—a veritable man-made idyll recreating middle Germany's rolling abundance of oak and elm and beech—and next to a stately retirement home that cloaks its real purpose through the

façade of a brick manor and a sign that reads *Ferienhaus*. The Institut's building itself is a turreted, large-windowed, nostalgic-looking nineteenth-century thing situated cosily next to a babbling brook: the stuff of Teutonic fairy tales. On my first day there, our class valiantly carried on the German learner's quest to perfect her knowledge of prepositions. On the second, during the *Pause* between lessons, someone who looked suspiciously American came up to me and introduced himself as Michael Cover. It turned out that he had in a former life been a Classics Concentrator at Harvard; and the world shrank that much more. Within a week or so we hatched plans to entertain ourselves by reading Longus' *Daphnis and Chloe* together. (Göttingen was good for that kind of thing: plan-hatching to fill the otiose moments.) Two weeks later we found ourselves in one of Göttingen's many snug cafés, loudly declaiming Imperial-era atticizing Greek, scrambling to find the right German words to translate the Greek for young babes being suckled at a goat's teats amidst a copse of

oaks, brambles, and wandering ivy. Our fellow afternoon-coffee drinkers must have thought we were off our rockers: "Dann gibt die... die..." ('What's the word for goat again?') 'It's like the word for goat cheese.' 'Oh, yeah, *Ziegekäse*.') dann gibt die Ziege dem Kindchen ihre Milch, und es gab auch viele Bäume und Grünfläche und grüne, laufende Sachen." ( Cue raised eyebrows from other quarters.)

While the professors of Georgia Augusta remained mostly nameless, chance had determined that Göttingen would become a nexus of classical connections for me that summer. Michael had somehow ferreted out information about an ongoing workshop on the Second Sophistic at the university. So on one cloudy weekday—the weather in this Anglophilic corner of the former kingdom of Hanover was startlingly like that of nostalgized Britannia—the two of us sat at the far end of a seminar room listening to Ewen Bowie, my former Greek tutor at Corpus Christi College, deliver a talk on Philostratus' *Apollonius of Tyana*. Ewen and I both evinced some surprise at seeing each other again after so many years (was it really only three?) in such an unassuming corner of the world. We then all of us drove off to a genteel-ish country pub where there was much eating of boar and enough classics banter to make up for the days lost on learning devilishly difficult German vocabulary, only for one to discover that, in fact, all the best stuff had been borrowed from the French: *die Chance*, *der Elan*, *die Frisur*, *das Omelett*, *genial!*

During my last few weeks in Göttingen, I started to feel a bit of Heine-esque fever. I'd already been to Leipzig for a taste of former East Germany and to Weimar for my dose of German Romanticism. I had visited Munich, gawked at pastry-colored new-old buildings and German post-war resilience (or was it a form of erasure of things past?), climbed some Alps, and *Griß Gott*-ed my heart out. I'd seen Cologne's soaring,

\*Unlike in English, French loan words in German retain their original enunciation, which adds a certain *je ne sais quoi*, supposedly, to the speech of Everyman. Cf. British *croissant* and the wrongly vilified American *croissant*. A croissant is a croissant is a croissant—*n'est-ce pas?*

spindly-spired pride and joy, sipped its *Kölsch* in an eatery that called itself an anarchist pizza bar, experienced the ire of its citizens during the Germany vs. Japan Women's World Cup match (Germany lost, and as all eyes, annoyed and disappointed, turned towards me in their mildly naïve assumption of my ethnicity, I realized suddenly how useful a blonde wig, and perhaps a trench coat, sunglasses, and maybe even an attachable aquiline nose, would be for just such moments). I'd done my classical duty and gone to Xanten, originally the site of a Roman military settlement, and biked along the Rhine. But by now I had had a good two months in sleepy, highly-educated Göttingen. It was time to push on. I'd go to Vienna, glory in dead empires, and drown myself in Sachertortes.

Shortly before I left Göttingen, I had a fateful encounter with Theodor Mommsen—albeit by about four degrees of separation. Almost every day I had cycled past the stately retirement home (the *Ferienhaus*) on my way to class. Each time, I debated with myself whether it would seem too opportunistic to offer my services as a conversation partner and source of Yankee entertainment in exchange for the chance to flex my German conversation muscles. I decided finally simply to walk in and see what happened. Before I even entered the *Ferienhaus* I noticed that I was being watched through the window. An elderly woman with a white laundry basket was observing me as I confusedly tried to figure out the proper entrance, and, once I'd finally entered, she asked me in a kind of *Hochdeutsch* only imaginable for a generation that had lived through the war, "Darf ich Ihnen helfen?"

Her name was Irma Weinknecht, and I found her mesmerizing. She talked about what it was like to raise her children on her own in the inter-war period (which she managed with aplomb, social mores be damned), how she had been too much of a maverick teacher and been fired by the school after taking her students out for a nighttime romp through the woods. She was an astonishing woman. She asked what I did. I told her I studied classics. Her large eyes blinked once or twice and she said, "Do you know of the classicist Rich-

ard Reitzenstein?" The name sounded famous and familiar, and vaguely Helenistic, so I said yes, after a fashion, of course, yes. "He was my grandfather," she said. She pulled down a slim, blue book from a shelf and handed it to me; on its spine, in gilt letters, was inscribed *Mommseniana*. It was a typescript of one of the volumes of the mostly unpublished memoirs of the well-known Helenist and scholar of religion, Richard August Reitzenstein. Reitzenstein had been Mommsen's student and had often been present in Rome when the great man descended and burrowed away in one of the city's many libraries, emerging only at closing time for food, drink, and Reitzenstein's company.

Once, Reitzenstein accompanied the man to Florence, where Mommsen displayed with utmost exemplarity all the finest qualities of the self-absorbed academic:

How famous he was even outside of Rome can be demonstrated by an anecdote about one of our lunches together in a local eatery near the [Biblioteca] Laurenziana. It was crammed full, as it had only tables for one. One simply took a seat wherever a place was free and was served as quickly as possible. Usually, we sat together. Mommsen would pull out his newspaper and read, while his hand would, miraculously, bring fork and spoon to his mouth or weave back and forth to reach after his glass—usually taking mine instead. . . . Mommsen was holding his newspaper in front of his short-sighted eyes, as usual. When he found he wanted a drink, he groped about with his hand, touched the glass of the neighbor to his right, and quaffed heartily from it. The fat Italian shouted in outrage, 'Excuse me, sir!' But Mommsen was already deep in his newspaper and heard nothing. The same thing happened once or twice more over the course of the meal. The whole restaurant audience was laughing and peering in our direction. Then the Italian took Mommsen's *fiasco* from its stand and switched it with his own, which was more than half empty, and winked at the audience—'Pay attention now!' Finally, Mommsen wanted to get the bill. The waiter came over, lifted up the half-empty bottle of wine to the scale (the wine was sold by weight) and then calculated, 'Wine, 22 *soldi*.' Mommsen gave over the money, with a look of astonishment, but in silence, and the entire restaurant broke out in guffaws. . . . When Mommsen had left the restaurant, the Italian started after the waiter: 'Giuseppe, chi fu questa bestia?' And when the waiter answered, 'Fu il Mommsen,' he cried out, in despair, 'Il Mommsen! O dio mio!'"



The man was a legend in life; and during his death. When Reitzenstein saw him for the last time, in Berlin, as Mommsen lay on his deathbed, some of his final words revolved around his work: “Reitzenstein, I’m dying. Na ja, it lasted long enough . . . but that I won’t manage to finish the Codex Theodosianus is a bloody shame.” (Richard Reitzenstein, Mommseniana; all translations from the German, this author.)

After Göttingen, Vienna was a gentle introduction back into the world of urban life. I saw much less of Austria than Germany, possibly because of knowledge of the impending end of summer and all that that would entail for a G2. There was a quick trip out to Carnuntum, another Roman military settlement, from which point I cycled along the Römerweg bike path almost to the border with Bratislava—“*In den Spuren der Römer*,” as the sign on the path helpfully pointed out.

There was a longer trip out east to Budapest involving a cheap bus ride that was too reminiscent of the Philly <—> NYC Chinatown buses that I’d taken as an undergraduate. Budapest, my first foray into proper Eastern Europe, was fantastic and fascinating. There was a heat wave underway when I arrived, and I almost regretted my decision to cycle from Budapest to Aquincum (one really can’t have too many Roman military settlements) in the sweltering, soul-melting 99-degree heat. And I would have, had the trip ended with the somewhat dreary remains of Aquincum and had the Roman museum next door not had just the most astonishing restoration of, of all things, a Roman musical water organ.

At my hostel in Budapest the owner was plying a gaggle of gay men from Naples with Hungarian wine. I struck up conversation with one of them, who spoke fluent German (a very good thing, because my Italian had long flown out the window). They invited me to join them for dinner at a medieval-style restaurant-cum-beer-hall called, I think, *Lancelot*. Of course I would join them, I said.

*Lancelot* was a strange Hungarian attempt at familiar exoticism: there were belly dancers; there were multiple groups of people celebrating birthdays;



The Goethe Institut in Göttingen

there were excessively large wooden platters of meat being served by said belly dancers. In the presence of my sybaritic Neapolitans, I felt like I was witnessing a series of *tableaux vivants* out of Fellini’s *Satyricon*. I was inspired. When we parted ways, I made them promise to let me make a documentary of them next time I was in Naples—it would be a glorious recreation of ancient Baiae! It would be like a French New Wave film without purpose or narrative! It would be the perfect *Rezeptionsgeschichte*! They gave their enthusiastic agreement and waved gracefully before disappearing into a gay bar.

Too soon (of course too soon) there was the inevitable flight back home. At

the layover in Amsterdam, the moderately bored-looking gentleman who was checking the passengers’ documents scanned my passport and asked what I did. “I’m a graduate student,” I said. Oh? What in? “Oh, your usual dead white men.” It was too cute of an answer; he could do me one better. “I did a doctorate in Akkadian once,” he said. I didn’t know whether to be more surprised by the depth of a given stranger’s past or horrified at the state of the academic job market. Well, time to head back, anyway. “I study classics,” I muttered. First step onto the plane, away from this charmed continent. “Good luck with your studies!” cried the Dutchman after me.

# Berlin

by Elizabeth Mitchell (G2)

My first tentative steps in German were taken with the help of a book by Mr. R. W. Buckley, first published in 1957. It is structured around the lives of the Schultz family, who live in a small village called Miesbach where Herr Schultz is the village school teacher. Life in Miesbach is gentle and pre-digital: the Schultzes have their clothes cut for them by the village tailor, evening entertainment consists of the whole family playing Bach round the fire, and Frau Schultz takes great pleasure in her new washing machine and the view from her kitchen window.

It wasn’t the most obvious cultural introduction to a summer in Berlin’s Neukölln, where the shopfronts alternate between *Kebab-Läden*, *Kasinos*, and *Spätkaufs*, interrupted by the occasional “boho” bar masquerading as a deconstructed living room. The poster above the checkout in the local supermarket claimed that “Schwarzkümmel heilt jede Krankheit außer den Tod,” while the park down the road played host to impromptu mini-raves at the weekends when the police weren’t looking. My *Mitbewohner* liked to complain that “Berlin is propped up by Mummy and Daddy,” and, needless to say, we both vastly enjoyed being a part of the gentrification process.

Sitting on the disused Tempelhof airfield talking bicycles and Bauhaus was of course a very pleasant part of a larger project to learn German. I cycled every morning to German classes in Prenzlauerberg, wrote endless emails of very imperfect grammatical contexture to anyone who would read them, read the newspapers daily until they started to make sense, and insisted on speaking German to the numerous Harvard students passing through Berlin during my stay—pity the earliest arrivals, who had to deal with a life lived and discussed entirely in the present tense. I also found an unlikely resource



Theocritus revisited in the Hamburger Bahnhof

for language learning in the Berlin museums, where, to start with at least, I certainly devoted as much time to the label vocabulary as to the objects themselves.

Through a coincidence of kindly fortune and a little planning, I came to Berlin soon after a trip to parts of Greece and the west coast of Turkey. The site of the Pergamene altar to Zeus and sanctuary of Athena Polias, together with the Milesian *agora* and *bouleuterion*, were still occupying a prominent place in my thoughts when I reached the spectacular *anastyles* of the Pergamon Museum, and I was able to gawp at the statuettes of Balbo from Priene (now in the Altes Museum) with the memory of a rocky climb to the city’s Demeter sanctuary still accessible in technicolor.

Contrasting museological inclinations were interesting as well. Coming so soon after a trip to the new Acropolis Museum in Athens, I found an exhibition on Max von Oppenheim’s excavations at Tel Halaf in Northern Syria and the subsequent museum of finds in Berlin (bombed in 1943; remained closed after the war) especially compelling: in the one place a narrative about an adventurer who “took advantage of the conditions of the time to violently remove” a national treasure; in the other an almost heroizing account of a Great-Man archaeologist and the tragic devastation of his legacy. (The objects collected by von Oppenheim are only now about to be put on public display once again after an interim of over half a century.)

Using the exciting and very conversational institution of the *Mitfahrgelegenheit* (car share), I was able to visit friends in Erfurt, where I purchased pudding molds in the forms of Goethe and Nietzsche’s faces, and Dresden, where I overdosed on Meissener porcelain and Rubens. For shorter expeditions I used my trusty €35 bicycle: an outing to the Wannsee with classics graduate students from the Freie Universität; swimming and Sunday lunch in the small town of Straußberg, to the east of Berlin, where a local gentleman gave us an hour-and-a-half-long tour of the fifteenth-century vaulted-ceiling paintings and bell tower (complete with nesting falcon) of the local church—and where *tonnenüberwölbten* and Schultz-family etiquette finally came in useful.

My great thanks are due to the Segal fund for enabling me to kick-start my German in what felt like an extremely rich and various fashion. Berlin, I’m afraid I’ll be back.



Outside the Altes Museum



# THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE BEAUTIFUL: AESTHETICS AND CLASSICS

SIXTH BIENNIAL GRADUATE STUDENT CONFERENCE

DEPARTMENT OF THE CLASSICS,  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 2012  
BOYLSTON HALL 105

The sixth biennial graduate student conference, “The Good, the Bad, and the Beautiful: Aesthetics and Classics,” took place on Saturday, April 14. The organizing committee, consisting of G3s and G4s, sought to explore the relationship between Aesthetics and Classics through three broad questions. How do the Greeks and Romans conceptualize the Beautiful? How does this concept manifest itself in the art of the ancient world? How are this ancient concept and its manifestations received and reworked in later periods?

Professor James I. Porter (UC Irvine) opened the conference with a keynote address that touched on all three of these questions. He argued for a reappraisal of the idea of the Sublime, tracing its origins in literature before Longinus and demonstrating how it embraces both style and effect. The student presenters followed with papers ranging from Plato to Aratus to Longus to Augustine to Alberti, covering philosophy, literature, and art and architecture. Professor Richard F. Thomas closed out the day with reflections on the individual papers and more general comments on what Charles Martindale has termed the “aesthetic turn.” The organizing committee wishes to express its thanks to the Department of the Classics for supporting the event. We are particularly grateful to Teresa Wu and Alyson Lynch for their logistical assistance, and to Christopher Londa ('13) for his help with publicity.

by James Townshend (G3)

## Graduate Student Conference Papers and Publications

- **Charles Bartlett** (G1) attended “From the Inside Looking Out: Alterity and Creating the Other in Ancient History” in April, a graduate student conference organized by the University of Toronto and York University, and presented his paper entitled “*Enorme Spatium Procurrentium Extremo Litore Terrarum*: The Role of Geography in Creating Foreignness in Tacitus’ *Agricola*.”
- **Daniel Bertoni** (G4) gave papers at two conferences, based on his study of the works of the agrarian writer Columella: “A Lavish Spread or Rustic Fare? Simplicity vs. Profit in Columella’s *Res Rustica*” at the Boston University Graduate Student Conference in March, and “*Id opus geometrarum magis est quam rusticorum*: Land Measurement in Columella’s *Res Rustica*” at the University of Cincinnati Graduate Student Conference in April.
- **David Camden** (G7) presented his paper “Heraclitus and the Physicians” at the annual meeting of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South (CAMWS) in Baton Rouge, LA in March. He also attended the New York University Graduate Student Conference “Ancient Aitia: Explaining Matter between Belief and Knowledge” in December and presented his work “‘It Is Evident That There Is No Cause’: Aitia in Early Greek Medicine.”
- **Robert Cioffi** (G6) published an article on Cicero’s use and abuse of numerical evidence, “Fuzzy Math: The Place of Numerical Evidence in Cicero *In Verrem* 3.116,” in *Mnemosyne*<sup>4</sup> 64 (2011), pages 645–52. In March at the Annual Meeting of the Renaissance Society of America, he delivered a paper entitled “Poliziano’s Giraffe: A Case Study in Poliziano’s Use of Ancient Sources” on the reception of the ancient novel in fifteenth-century Florence.
- **Lauren Curtis** (G5) presented a paper entitled “Dancing with the Gods: The Similes of *Aeneid* 1 and 4 Reconsidered” at the Classical Association of New England (CANE) annual meeting in March. She also attended the interdisciplinary conference “The Long Reach of Antiquity” at Columbia University in April to give the following paper: “Writing, Performance and Antiquity in Callimachus’ *Acontius* and *Cydippe*.”
- **Tiziana D’Angelo** (G5) delivered a paper entitled “Mirroring Eyes: Visualizing Narcissus and Reading Ovid in I CE Pompeii” at a conference on Ovidian studies held last September at the University of Padua. In March she presented a reworked version of this paper at the CANE 106th Annual Meeting in Needham, MA. In January she delivered her paper “Adonis at Vergina: the Frescoes of Tomb I Reconsidered” at the 113th Archaeological Institute of America (AIA) Annual Meeting in Philadelphia. In March she gave two other talks: “Etruscan Colors in the XX Century: The Tarquinian Tombs and the Duell Collection” at Collegio Ghislieri, Pavia; and “Kraters Without Banquets: The Ritual Space of Sympotic Vessels in South Italian Funerary Wall Painting (IV-II BCE)” at CAMWS 108th Annual Meeting in Baton Rouge, LA. Two of these papers will be published this year in the conference proceedings: “Narcissus and the Others in Pompeian Wall Paintings” in *Il gran poema delle passioni e delle meraviglie. Ovidio e il repertorio letterario e figurativo fra antico e riscoperta dell’antico* (Padua 2012, ed. Antenor), and “Etruscan Colors in the XX Century: the Tarquinian Tombs and the Duell Collection” in *Segni e colore. Dialoghi sulla pittura tardoclassica ed ellenistica* (Rome 2012, ed. «L’Erma» di Bretschneider).
- **Saskia Dirkse** (G4) attended the Medieval Association of the Pacific in March to present her paper entitled, “The Tollgates of the Air as an Alexandrian Motif in Patristic Sources and Early Byzantine Hagiography.”
- **Tom Keeline** (G3) attended the American Philological Association Annual Meeting in January, and presented his paper “Approaching Vergil’s Use of Greek Scholarship.” His review of *Classical Dictionaries: Past, Present and Future* (London: Duckworth, 2010), edited by Christopher Stray, appeared in the *Bryn Mawr Classical Review* (2011.07.51). Tom also has three articles slated to appear in forthcoming journals: “*Orthographicum quoddam*: reccido,” *Glotta*, forthcoming (2013); “The Literary and Stylistic Qualities of a Plinian Letter: A Commentary on Plin. *Ep.* 7.9,” *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology* forthcoming; “A Textual Note on Plin. *Pan.* 49.2,” *Classical Quarterly* 62.2, forthcoming (2012).
- **Andrea Kouklanakis** (G8) attended a graduate student conference at CUNY in March: “Classica Africana: The African and African-American Presence in the Classical Tradition.” Her paper was entitled “Homer and the African Epic of *Sunjata*: A Comparative Study of Poetic Blame Discourse.”
- **Julia Scarborough** (G4) presented this past June at the CorHaLi colloquium in Lille on the lyric imagery of Sophocles’ *Electra*; in November, at the CUNY conference “Desire: From Eros to Eroticism,” she gave a related paper called “Killer Desire in the Lyric Imagery of Sophocles’ *Electra*.”
- **Julian Yolles** (G3) attended the International Medieval Congress in Leeds last July and delivered his paper, “*Divina omnipotentia* in Peter Damian and Peter Abelard.” In October, he traveled to Ohio State University for the Texts and Contexts Conference and gave his paper “Medieval Commentary Traditions on Persius Reconsidered.”



## DE QUADAM AREAE HARVARDIANAE PORTA

Praeses Faust, Decani, Professores sapientissimi; familiae, amici, hospites honoratissimi; tandem mei condiscipuli carissimi, ex instituto ac more maiorum in hanc priscam consuetudinem nos revoco et hac lingua antiquissima omnes vos salvere iubeo—salvete!

Spectatores quidem adestis nostri laudandique causa honestandique gratia, id quod gratissimum est nobis, et vobis haec narrabo ut discatis atque intellegatis qua de causa nos ita colatis.

Sed nunc meos condiscipulos animadverto. Aliis gradum suscipere gradatio vitae est, reliqua via prona. Reliquam vitam teretis semper recordantes saepeque monentes circumstantes vos cooptatos esse in quoddam collegium Bostoniae situm, re vera Cantabrigiae. . . . Alii iam prospiciunt ad superiores laudes, ad maiores laetities, ac forsitan et maximam laetitiam et summam laudem, conspiciere filium suum ex Universitate Harvardiana olim gradum suscipientem. Meum igitur est admonere vos unde veneritis, qualia hic feceritis, quo vadatis ut tanto honore digni sitis.

Hoc apertum unicuique est, credo equidem, qui frequens in Area Harvardiana versetur, cum litteris quadratis ac perspicuis super portam Dexteriensem sic inscriptum sit:

INGREDITE·VT·SAPIENTIA·CRESCATIS  
EXITE·VT·MELIVS·PATRIÆ·ET·GENERI·HV·MANO·SERVIATIS

Hoc mihi liceat brevi atque adeo una sententia explicare.

Quattuor abhinc annos ex togatorum numero hominum sapientium sapientium sapientissimi electi, alii nostrum ex extremis terrae partibus, longinquis nationibus, remotis sedibus, alii proximis, primum per portam Iohnstoniensem in Aream Harvardianam, VT SAPIENTIA CRESCEREMVS INGRESSI novi homines, nam nemo est quin ignoret omne collegium divisum esse in partes quattuor, amicitia cum unoquoque coniuncti, Foro Harvardiano explorato, Actis Rubris certatis, simul intra portas huiusce areae magistratibus a quibusdam petitis, simul foris Obama, alumno clarissimo, consule creato, tum illo die festivo ac fatali alii beati admissi in Hortum Quadratum, alii beatiores ad domus Flumini Carolo adiacentes, alii beatissimi ad Domum Dunsteriensem, tum sapientes stulti facti, fastis correctis, bellis cum blattis ferociter gestis, ientaculis coctis abiudicatis, labores fandos infandosque passi, deinde iuniores, tandem seniores hoc anno mirabili, libris lectis, amantibus amatis, carminibus cantatis, memoria tenentes permultas lectiones auditas, quasdam fortasse inauditas, multas studio actas vigiliis, paucas horas et antemeridianas, theses scriptas, rescriptas, postremo submissas, Yalenses non modo in Illo Certamine verum etiam in Illa Naumachia nec semel, nec bis, nec ter quidem sed quater victos, attestati Linsanitatem, Aream Harvardianam quondam occupatam, tum liberatam, denique nunc hunc theatrum augustum Trecentenarium ingressi, gratulantes unumquemque inter nos de rebus gestis simul ac rebus gerendis, evasuri alii in alias partes orbis terrarum, alii ut rem quaerant, alii ut rei publicae serviant, alii ut reis adsint, alii ut aegros medicent, alii ut aedificia extollant, alii deos, alii ut dentes instruant, alii ignaros, alii non ut vias tritas sequantur sed ut vias nondum munitas patefaciant, omnes ad amplissimos honorum gradus assecuturi, nunc, mei condiscipuli, hac oratione paene perfecta per portas huiusce areae, sic periti VT MELIVS PATRIÆ ET GENERI HV·MANO SERVIAMVS, EXEAMVS!

*Michael Velchik '12*

## OF A GATE TO HARVARD YARD

President Faust, Deans, most learned Professors; families, friends, most honored guests; finally, my most dear fellow students, in the tradition of this institution and following the custom of our predecessors, I recall us into this hallowed practice and welcome you all in this most ancient tongue—salutations!

The former of you, as onlookers, are here to honor us, and we thank you for such flattery, and it is so that you might learn why you are doing such a thing that I will speak to you.

The latter of you, my peers, I now address you. For some of you, this is the climax; life is only downhill from here. You will spend the rest of your life always looking backwards and often reminding those around you that you went to college in Boston—well, actually, in Cambridge. . . . Yet some already are looking forward to higher honors, to greater joys, and perhaps even to the greatest joy and highest honor: to watch one day your own child graduate from Harvard. It is for me, therefore, to remind you from whence you came, what sort of things you have accomplished during your time here, and where you are going that you might be worthy of so great an honor.

The answer, I believe, is obvious to anyone who daily frequents Harvard Yard, since it is prominently inscribed above Dexter Gate:

ENTER TO GROW IN WISDOM  
DEPART TO SERVE BETTER THY COUNTRY AND THY KIND

Allow me to explain briefly and, what is more, in no more than a single sentence.

Four years ago, having been chosen as the most sapient of homo sapiens sapiens, some of us hailing from distant lands, others from down the street, for the first time through the Johnston Gate and into Harvard Yard having ENTERED TO GROW IN WISDOM as freshmen—it being given that there is no one who is unaware how college is divided into four parts—after making new friends, exploring Harvard Square, “comping” The Crimson, and both holding elections among ourselves in the yard and at the same time also witnessing outside these gates Obama, himself an alumnus of this institution, being elected president, and then, having been sorted on that festive and fatal day into Houses, a fortunate group to the Quad, a more fortunate group to houses overlooking the Charles River, and the most fortunate group to Dunster House, then, having become sophomores, coped with calendar changes, waged pitched battles with cockroaches, suffered the loss of hot breakfasts, and endured countless other unspeakable hardships, and then having become juniors, and finally seniors in this remarkable year as we cherish together memories of books we read, lovers we loved, songs we sang, the many lectures we attended, the few that we might have possibly maybe not quite exactly attended, the many nights we spent studying, and even the few morning hours cramming for tests, the senior theses we wrote, re-wrote, and finally submitted, Yalies whom we beat both in “The Game” and “The Boat-Race” not once, not twice, nor thrice even, but four times over, how we were all witnesses to “Linsanity,” Harvard Yard being occupied, and then liberated, and now finally having gathered into this august venue, Tercentenary Theater, as we congratulate one another on our past accomplishments and future prospects, on the verge of dispersing across the globe, some of us to work in business, others to become involved in the business of the government, some to be lawyers, others doctors, some to raise up buildings, others praises to God, some to straighten out teeth, others petulant students, and still others to follow paths less travelled by, but all destined to excel in every field, now, my dear fellow students, with this speech finally coming to an end, SO THAT WE MIGHT BETTER SERVE OUR COUNTRY AND OUR KIND, LET US DEPART!

*Michael Velchik '12*



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