

# NOTA BENE

Vol. 18 No. 1

NEWS FROM THE HARVARD DEPARTMENT OF THE CLASSICS

Academic Year 2012–13

## Notes from the Chair

by Mark Schiefsky

The end of another busy academic year brings an opportunity for all of us in the department to pause and reflect on our achievements, while looking forward to the challenges ahead. As always, our faculty and students have made the department a place of remarkable intellectual vitality in 2012–13; the pages that follow describe some, but by no means all, of their many projects and successes. Of the year's academic events I would single out for special mention this spring's Carl Newell Jackson Lectures on "Music and Difference in Ancient Greece," given by Professor Mark Griffith of the University of California, Berkeley. This lecture series brought us together to reflect on a central aspect of ancient Greek culture during a week (April 15–19) of tragedy and heroism.

In the spring we also marked the passing of our beloved colleague Calvert Watkins, Victor S. Thomas Professor of Linguistics and the Classics, emeritus, at the age of 80. Cal was a towering figure in the field of Indo-European linguistics and an inspiring teacher who had a profound impact on generations of Harvard students. A memorial service is scheduled for October 4, 2013.

Our College Fellows Sarah Insley and Justin Stover are leaving us at the end of the current academic year to take up positions at Brown University and the University of Oxford, respectively; we wish them the very best and thank them for their many contributions to the department over the years. Thanks are also due to Jan Felix Gaertner, who is visiting Harvard on a Feodor Lynen Research Fellowship of the Humboldt Foundation, and Timothy Barnes of the Harvard Society of Fellows, for teaching important courses in Greek and Latin this year.

At Commencement time, our thoughts naturally turn to the students who are moving on to exciting new opportunities. We have a bumper crop of PhD graduates to applaud; even better, we can celebrate their success in gaining academic positions across the country in a job market that is challenging, to say the least. Then there are our eight graduating seniors, whose interests (as reflected in the topics of some of their theses) range from Virgil to Graeco-Indian numismatics. The variety of their future plans is a testimony to the continuing relevance of a classical education in all walks of life. To all those who are moving on at the end of academic year 2012–13: you take with you the good wishes and gratitude of the entire department, and we hope that you will come back and visit us often in Boylston Hall. Congratulations!

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## Senior Honors Theses

### **Blake Collins**



Blake will be sojourning in the mountains of North Carolina this summer, where he will be composing and producing electronic music in collaboration with fellow Class of 2013 musician Kyle Randall. After the summer, he plans to continue such musical endeavors in some yet undetermined venue.

### **Christopher Londa**



Chris will travel to Germany on a DAAD Study Scholarship in order to pursue a two-year Masters degree in Classical Philology.

### **Michael Cowett**



Michael will be working for the Massachusetts Fiscal Alliance, a small, right-of-center think tank in Boston. He looks forward to staying in Boston and plans to continue reading as much ancient literature as possible.

### **Patrick Spence**



Patrick will be working as a history editor in Washington, D.C.

### **Jillian Dempsey**



Jillian is training for the 2014 Sochi Olympics with Team USA ice hockey. Next summer, she will start her institute training as a member of the 2014 Teach for America Corps.

### **Fana Yirga**



Fana will figure it out at some point. Graduate school somewhere down the line.

### **Anjali Itzkowitz**



Anjali will be returning to London and will work at Deutsche Bank.

### **Alexa Zahl**



## Senior Honors Theses

### Michael Cowett:

"*Res Olim Dissociabiles*: Praise and Censure in Tacitus' *Agricola*"  
Advisor: Richard Thomas; Asst. advisor: Tom Keeline (G4)

### Anjali Itzkowitz:

"Face Value: Minting a Multi-Ethnic Currency; Language, Portraiture, and Iconography on Indo-Greek and Graeco-Bactrian Coins"  
Advisor: Gregory Nagy; Asst. Advisor: Daniel Bertoni (G5)

### Christopher Londa:

"Illuminating the Shadows of *Eclogue* 10.75–77: An Investigation of Image and Ethics"  
Advisor: Richard Thomas; Asst. advisor: Rebecca Miller (G4)

### Fana Yirga:

"The Metrical Function of the Personal Name in Martial's *Epigrams*"  
Advisor: Richard Thomas; Asst. advisor: Julia Scarborough (G5)

### Alexa Zahl:

"Resonant Rhetoric and Unheard Melodies: Roman Imperial Oratory in Text and Art"  
Advisor: Richard Tarrant; Asst. advisor: Julia Scarborough (G5)

## Senior Reflections

In April 2008, I walked up to the second floor of Boylston Hall for the first time. I knew, at that point, that I was more interested in Classics than in any other discipline, but that was about it. Five years, nineteen classes, and a 61-page thesis later, my experience has been everything I hoped for and more. I have learned tons of Latin, Greek, and ancient history; I've developed deep passions for Sallust and Tacitus specifically, historiography, political theory, and Greek drama more generally; and I've strengthened my love for the Classics as a whole.

I've had the great fortune to study with warm and brilliant faculty and graduate students—Professors Kosmin, Krebs, Schiefsky, and Thomas, as well as Justin Stover, Lauren Curtis, Rebecca Katz, and Tom Keeline, deserve special shoutouts—and, of the smartest and funniest fellow students I've gotten to know here at Harvard, I've met most through Classics. Every class I've taken in this department has seemed to produce at least one unforgettable moment or incident, but I'll restrict myself to the sole example of Professor Henrichs' frequent reminders, issued throughout his 100-level Greek Tragedy course, about the hardship of sitting through "three tragedies and a satyr-play without beer or bathrooms!"

It's been far more than academics, too—four sleepless nights before four successful Harvard *Certamina*, myriad *Mensae Latinae* at Uno's or Bertucci's (and still more department events featuring Bertucci's), and untold hours spent on the department's oh-so-comfortable couches. I cannot imagine a better place to have enjoyed my four years in Cambridge.

I don't know when I'll return to the formal study of Classics—the answer to "if" feels far more certain—but I do know I'll continue reading a lot of Latin, some Greek, and all the English books on the ancient world I can acquire. Next year, I'll be working a short trip down the Red Line, and living just a few miles away in Chelsea, so I look forward to visiting often.

For all of the experiences and memories, *plurimas gratias vobis omnibus ago*.

~ by Michael Cowett, '13

## Senior Prizes

### Louis Curtis Prizes (Latin):

Fana Yirga  
Alexa Zahl

### Department Prizes:

Blake Collins  
Jillian Dempsey  
Anjali Itzkowitz  
Patrick Spence  
Allan Fan

### William King Richardson Scholarship (Greek and Latin):

Christopher Londa  
Michael Cowett

### Thesis Prizes

#### Hoopes Prize:

Alexa Zahl

#### Pease Prize (Latin):

Michael Cowett  
Fana Yirga

#### Vermeule Thesis Prize (Classical Archaeology):

Alexa Zahl

The shortcomings of language have often vexed learned persons—the poet, the philosopher, the storyteller, to name a few. I too find myself mired in this time-old trouble when I reflect on my experience as a Classics concentrator at Harvard. Words fail to capture the sense of community and belonging that I derived from the countless hours I spent working in Alyson's office, the many conversations I enjoyed with fellow concentrators, graduate students, and professors alike, and the mind-boggling quantity of Bertucci's pizza I consumed at department events and *Mensa Latina*. For many of us who now are leaving, the Department of the Classics was our home within Harvard. My gratitude to those who built and sustained this community is only matched by how sorely I will miss it.

~ by Chris Londa, '13



# NEW GRADUATE STUDENTS



**Michael Konieczny**

**M**ichael Konieczny grew up in Fredericksburg, Virginia, where he started studying Latin in high school; he grew to love the language and the ancient Romans under the guidance of excellent Latin teachers, and through his participation in *Certamen*. As an undergraduate he attended Dartmouth College, where he majored in Classical Literature, picking up ancient Greek and spending a semester in Rome on the Dartmouth foreign study program. Michael plans to spend his first few years at Harvard learning all he can about the ancient world and the literature it has left behind for us. Although his interests remain wide-ranging, he expects to focus on the literature of the Roman world, possibly with an emphasis on texts of the high empire and later.

**K**eating P.J. McKeon hails from West Hartford, Connecticut. As a native New Englander, he is happy to have returned to the region after an undergraduate education at Columbia University and the University of Cambridge, where he spent his junior year completing Part II of the Classics Tripos. Keating graduated from Columbia in the Spring of 2012, having written an undergraduate thesis reevaluating the chorus' relationship to Eteocles in Aeschylus' *Septem contra Thebas*, for which he was awarded the Caverly Prize. In addition to his deep and abiding interest in Athenian dramaturgy, Keating hopes to continue on his Cambridge exploration into historical linguistics and the far-flung members of the Indo-European family. Outside of the classroom, he can be found in the gym, on a mountain, or at the cinema; outside of the Classics, he remains an impassioned defender of Medieval Icelandic literature. He will not, however, defend Snorri Sturluson's Trojan origin story for Scandinavian cult and kingship.



**Keating McKeon**



**Marco Romani Mistretta**

**M**arco Romani Mistretta grew up in Rome, Italy, where the *Ara Pacis* has always been his favorite monument. Since he began to learn Latin and Greek in high school, he has never managed to cure himself of his passion for Latin poetry, especially that of the Augustan age. He received both his BA (2010) and his MA (2012) in Classics from the Scuola Normale and the University of Pisa, but his curiosity about how the Classical tradition—and indeed culture as a whole—is differently conceived in different countries led him to travel through Europe. He spent a semester as an Erasmus student in Germany (Würzburg), a term as a visiting student in England (Cambridge), and four months as an exchange student in France (ENS Paris). After that, he crossed the Atlantic in order to start his PhD program in Classical Philology at Harvard, and to persuade himself that the great, dreadful ocean is nothing but a puddle.

# Noteworthy

## Graduate Student News

• After four enjoyable years in the Harvard Department of the Classics, Emrys Bell-Schlatter (G4) swore loyalty to the constitution of Bavaria in May, where he is excited to be writing his dissertation as a member of the Munich Graduate School for Ancient Studies (Distant Worlds) at LMU.

• **Daniel Bertoni** (G5) completed his Prospectus in December on “The Cultivation and Conceptualization of Exotic Plants in the Greek and Roman World.”

• **Coleman Connelly** (G3) completed his Special Exams in May on Plato, Virgil, and “Greco-Arabic Translation and Reception in the Early Islamic Period.”

• **Tiziana D’Angelo** (G6) is returning to the East Coast this fall to begin her time as a 2013–14 Postdoctoral Fellow at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. First, she will spend the summer in Berlin, completing a fellowship at the Deutsches Archäologisches Institut.

• **Tyler Flatt** (G3) completed his Special Exams in May on Polybius, Virgil, and “Christian Reception of Classical Epic.”

• **Rebecca Katz** (G4) completed her Special Exams in May on Polybius, the Flavians, and “Spoils.”

• **Tom Keeline** (G4) had his Prospectus approved in August on “*Cicero iam non hominis nomen, sed eloquentiae*: The reception of Cicero in the early Empire.”

• **Amy Koenig** (G3) completed her Special Exams in May on Homer, Petronius, and history of education.

• **Sarah Lannom** (G4) completed her Special Exams in May on Pindar, Ovid, and the Ancient Novel.

• **Elizabeth Mitchell** (G3) completed her Special Exams in May on “Imagining the fantastic in Greco-Roman art,” “Imperial-period Greek prose fiction,” and “Ruins.”

• **Sergios Paschalis** (G5) had his Prospectus approved in December; it is entitled “Ovid’s tragic muse: The reception of Euripidean drama in the *Metamorphoses*.”

• **Sarah Rous** (G5) had her Prospectus approved in February on “Ancient Upcycling: Social Memory and the Re-use of Marble in Greece.” Sarah will also be studying at the American School of Classical Studies in

Athens for the 2013–14 academic year on the Martin Ostwald Fellowship.

• **Julia Scarborough** (G5) had her Prospectus, “Pastoral in the *Aeneid*,” approved in December.

• **Julian Yolles** (G4) successfully presented his Prospectus, “Reading and writing in the Latin East: Latin culture in the Crusader States (1099–1187),” in December.

## Undergraduate News

• During the Fall semester, **Professor Coleman**, the current Director of Undergraduate Studies, and her assistant, **Rob Cioffi** (G7), welcomed 23 new sophomores to the Classics Concentration. We are thrilled to have so many new Concentrators, and sincerely thank Professor Coleman and Rob for their hard work!

## Fellowships & Other Awards

### Graduate Awards

• **Tom Keeline** (G4) has won the Bowdoin Prize for Greek Composition and is also one of two recipients for the Prize for Latin Composition.

• **Julia Scarborough** (G5) is one of two recipients of the Bowdoin Prize for Latin Composition.

• The following graduate students received GSAS Graduate Society Dissertation Completion Fellowships for 2013–14: **Daniel Bertoni** (G5), **Vladimir Bošković** (G5), **Claire Coiro Bubba** (G5), **Erika Nickerson** (G7), **Julia Scarborough** (G5), and **Sergios Paschalis** (G5). **Tom Keeline** (G4) received a Whiting Dissertation Completion Fellowship.

• Segal Travel and Research fellowships were awarded to the following graduate students: **Charles Bartlett** (G2), **Daniel Bertoni** (G5), **Samantha Blankenship** (G2), **Vladimir Bošković** (G5), **Coleman Connelly** (G3), **Alex Forte** (G3), **Amy Koenig** (G3), **Rebecca Miller** (G4), **Elizabeth Mitchell** (G3), **Monica Park** (G3), and **Marco Romani Mistretta** (G1).

## Undergraduate Awards

• The John Osborne Sargent Prize for a Latin Translation of an ode of Horace went to **Forrester Hammer** (’15).

• The Bowdoin Prize for Latin composition was awarded to **Michael Cowett** (’13).

• Segal Travel and Research fellowships

were awarded to the following undergraduate students: **Joseph Glynias** (’14) and **Jude Russo** (’16).

## Teaching Awards

• The Harvard 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 2012 follow.

- **Emrys Bell-Schlatter** (G4) (x2)
- **Daniel Bertoni** (G5)
- **Lauren Curtis** (G6) (x2)
- **Saskia Dirkse** (G5)
- **Calliopi Dourou** (G4) (x2)
- **Elizabeth Engelhardt** (G8)
- **Tyler Flatt** (G3)
- **Alex Forte** (G3)
- **Tom Keeline** (G4)
- **Amy Koenig** (G3)
- **Sarah Lannom** (G4)
- **Duncan MacRae** (G6)
- **Sarah Rous** (G5)
- **Ryan Samuels** (G7)
- **Julia Scarborough** (G4) (x2)

• The Harvard Certificate of Teaching Excellence goes to outstanding lecturers and preceptors. Recipients from Classics for the Spring and Fall Semesters of 2012 include **Vassiliki Rapti** (x2) and **Justin Stover**.

## Alumni News

• **Sarah Insley** (PhD ’11) has accepted a two-year position as an ACLS New Faculty Fellow in Byzantine Literature at Brown University starting this fall.

• **Justin Stover** (PhD ’11) has been elected a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford; he will begin the five-year residential fellowship this fall.

• **Michael Velchik** (’12) will be returning to Cambridge next fall to enroll at Harvard Law School, in the class of 2016.

## Losses

This past March, the department lost a beloved friend and colleague, **Calvert Watkins**, the Victor S. Thomas Professor of Linguistics and the Classics, emeritus, at the age of 80. He leaves behind his wife, Stephanie Jamison, of Los Angeles, CA. A Harvard memorial service will be held in Cambridge on Friday, October 4, at 2 p.m. in Memorial Church, with a reception to follow. An obituary was published in the Harvard Gazette (<http://news.harvard.edu/gazette/story/2013/03/calvert-watkins-dies-at-80/>).

# Harvard Studies in Classical Philology

## **HSCP 106, edited by Kathleen Coleman, Published in 2011**

- Natasha Bershadsky. "A Picnic, a Tomb, and a Crow: Hesiod's Cult in the *Works and Days*"
- Alexander Dale. "Sapphica"
- Andrew Faulkner. "Fast, Famine, and Feast: Food for Thought in Callimachus' *Hymn to Demeter*"
- Guillermo Galán Vioque. "A New Manuscript of Classical Authors in Spain"
- Jarrett T. Welsh. "The Dates of the Dramatists of the *Fabula Togata*"
- Andrea Cucchiarelli. "Ivy And Laurel: Divine Models in Virgil's *Eclogues*"
- John Henkel. "Nighttime Labor: A Metapoetic Vignette Alluding to Aratus at *Georgics* 1.291–296"
- Salvatore Monda. "The Coroebus Episode in Virgil's *Aeneid*"
- Mark Toher. "Herod's Last Days"
- Bart Huelsenbeck. "The Rhetorical Collection of the Elder Seneca: Textual Tradition and Traditional Text"
- Robert Cowan. "Lucan's Thunder-Box: Scatology, Epic, and Satire in Suetonius' *Vita Lucani*"
- Erin Sebo. "Symphosius 93.2: A New Interpretation"
- Christopher P. Jones. "Imaginary Athletics in Two Followers of John Chrysostom"
- William T. Loomis and Stephen V. Tracy. "The Sterling Dow Archive: Publications, Unfinished Scholarly Work, and Epigraphical Squeezes"

## **HSCP 107, edited by Jeremy Rau, Forthcoming in 2013**

- Sarah Harden and Adrian Kelly. "Proemic Convention and Character Construction in Early Greek Epic"
- Felix Budelmann. "Alcman's Nightscapes (Frs. 89 and 90 PMGF)"
- Wilfred Major. "Epicharmus, Tisias, and the Early History of Rhetoric"
- Timothy Barnes. "ὄρακεις, δέδορκε and the Visualization of κλέος in Pindar"
- Robert Sobak. "Dance, Deixis, and the Performance of Kyrenaic History in Pindar's Fifth *Pythian*"
- Olga Tribulato. "Of Chaos, Nobility and Double Entendres: The Etymology of χαῖος and βαθυχαῖος (Ar. *Lys.* 90–91, 1157; Aesch. *Supp.* 858; Theoc. 7.3)"
- Davide Secci. "Hercules, Cacus and Evander's Myth-Making in *Aeneid* 8"
- Giuseppe La Bua. "Between Poetry and Politics: Horace and the East"
- Arjan Zuiderhoek. "No Free Lunches: *Paraprasia* in the Greek Cities of the Roman East"
- Tristan Power. "Nero's Cannibal (Suetonius *Nero* 37.2)"
- Tom Keeline. "The Literary and Stylistic Qualities of a Plinian Letter"
- Jeroen Lauwers. "Systems of Sophistry and Philosophy: The Case of the 'Second Sophistic'"
- Scott McGill. "The Plagiarized Virgil in Donatus, Servius, and the *Anthologia Latina*"
- John Fitch. "Textual Notes on Palladius, *Opus Agriculturae*"

# Graduate Student Conference Papers and Publications

- **Daniel Bertoni** (G5) attended the APA in January and presented the following paper: “A Plant’s-Eye View of Imperialism in the East.” At CAMWS in April, he gave his paper entitled “Plants from Alexander’s Empire in Theophrastus’ Botany.”
- **Vladimir Bošković** (G5) attended the Annual World Convention of the Association for the Study of Nationalities at Columbia in April, presenting the paper “Balkans, What Balkans? The Image of Greece in Serbian Travel Accounts 17th–20th c.”; the paper will be published in a volume with Ashgate next year. In May, he presented his paper, “*Liebes Räthsel, fass’ ich dich?*—Odysseus Elytis and the Ethics of Romanticism,” at the Fifth International Graduate Student Conference in Modern Greek Studies, “Modern Greece: Works in Progress,” at Princeton. His translation of Odysseus Elytis’ *The Axion Esti* (in Serbian) got approved for funding by the Greek Ministry of Education (National Book Centre of Greece, “Frasis” program).
- **Tiziana D’Angelo** (G6) delivered a paper entitled “Civic rituals and male initiations in South Italian tomb paintings” at the AIA in January. In April, she gave a talk entitled “Brightening death: Visual and cultural perceptions of color in Paestan funerary painting,” at the Getty Research Institute in Los Angeles, CA. This summer, she will be presenting the final results of her doctoral research on ancient South Italian tomb painting at the Deutsches Archäologisches Institut in Berlin, and she will deliver a paper on monumental tombs from northern Apulia at a symposium on terracotta orante statues from Canusium, organized by the Worcester Art Museum in Worcester, MA.
- **Tyler Flatt** (G3) attended the CANE conference in March to present his paper, “The Quality of Mercy: Supplication and the Protection of Zeus in Homeric Epic.”
- Tom Keeline (G4) traveled to the APA in January to present his paper, “Did (Servius’s) Vergil nod?”; the paper is also being published in *Vergilius*. He also traveled to CAMWS in April to present “How to teach a Ciceronian speech in the 1st century AD.” His review of Baratin, Marc et al. (edd.), *Priscien: Grammaire: Livre XVII–Syntaxe, 1*. Paris: Librairie Philosophique J. Vrin, 2010, is forthcoming in *Rivista di filologia e di istruzione classica*. Finally, an article that he co-wrote with Stuart McManus (PhD candidate in History), “Benjamin Larnell, Harvard Indian College’s Last Latin Poet,” will be published in the forthcoming *HSCP*, volume 108.
- **Rebecca Miller** (G4) attended CANE in March to give her paper, “The Poet and the Parrot: Praising Augustus in Crinagoras *Epigram* 24 G-P (= AP 9.562),” and she traveled to the University of Virginia to attend the 17th Annual Graduate Student Colloquium and present her paper, “Dreaming of Amor: Ovid’s Error in *Epistulae ex Ponto* 3.3.”
- **Elizabeth Mitchell** (G3), in March, gave a talk at the University of Southern Maine, sponsored by the Classics Program: “A cupid may look on a king: In-between spaces and their occupants in Roman art.” Her article, “Horace *Odes* 3.27: A new world for Galatea,” was published in the **Cambridge Classical Journal** 58 (2012): 165–180.
- **Marco Romani Mistretta** (G1) published an article under the title “*Percussus amore*: un caso di intertestualità incrociata?” in *Materiali e discussioni per l’analisi dei testi classici* 68 (2012), 191–202. His review article, “Recenti proposte per il testo di Orazio: una rassegna critica,” appeared in *Atene e Roma* 6/1–2 (2012), 130–149. He also delivered a paper entitled, “Glowing Similes: Semantics and Symbolics of Fire in the *Iliad*,” at the XXII CorHaLi colloquium (Ithaca NY, May 30–June 1, 2013).
- **Sarah Rous** (G5): Sarah presented her paper, “Upcycled Walls: Athenian Social Memory and the Reuse of Marble,” at the interdisciplinary conference, “Remembering, Forgetting, Imagining: The Practices of Memory,” held at Fordham University in March.
- **Ryan Samuels** (G7) presented his paper, “The Method in his Madness: Comic Melancholy and the Antisocial Grammarian Domitius Insanus (Gell. NA 18.7),” in November 2012 at the University of California, Los Angeles, Graduate Student Conference. He presented another paper, “Meretricious Rhetoric: Aristophanes and the Genealogy of a Gendered Metaphor,” in February in Tampa, FL, at a conference sponsored by the University of South Florida Interdisciplinary Center for Hellenic Studies, and in April at CAMWS. He contributed several entries to the *Virgil Encyclopedia* and, with **Robert Cioffi** (G7), co-authored a review of A. Keller and S. Russell, *Learn to Read Greek* (New Haven and London, 2012) for the **Bryn Mawr Classical Review**, 2013.04.22.
- **Katie van Schaik** (G2), in June 2012, at a conference at the Humboldt University in Berlin, presented her paper, “‘It may not cure you, it may not save your life, but it will help you’: the patient-physician relationship and treatment of illness in the ancient Greco-Roman world and in contemporary Indigenous communities in Western Australia.” This paper will appear in a forthcoming volume of the collected conference proceedings, published as part of the Brill *Ancient Medicine* series. In April 2013, at the American Paleopathology Association Annual Meeting, Katie presented a second paper, entitled “Co-morbidity index analyses of skeletons and soft tissue autopsy reports in an early 20th century Swiss bone reference series.” In May 2013, at the University of Chicago’s second annual Conference on Religion and Medicine, she presented a third paper, entitled “Ritual of Touch, Rhetoric of Disease, Religion of Healing: the impact of religious belief on views of human contact, health, and disease,” a consideration of views of contagion and disease in the early Judeo-Christian and Islamic traditions.
- **Julian Yolles** (G4) presented three papers at three conferences this past year, as follows: “*Tam philosophicis rationibus quam divinis auctoritatibus*: The reception of the Apology of al-Kindi in medieval western Europe,” at the Leeds International Medieval Congress, in July; “William of Tyre and twelfth-century culture in the Latin East,” at the International Congress on Medieval Studies in Kalamazoo, in May; and “A new edition of Geoffrey, abbot of the *Templum Domini*, On the seven books of Josephus” at the Society for the Study of the Crusades and the Latin East in Cáceres (Spain), in June.



# Student Travels

## Charlie and Tony Go to Münster by Charles Bartlett (G2) & Tony Shannon (G2)



Along with several other members of Harvard's Department of the Classics, we travelled to Münster, Germany in order to take part in the program "Classics and German," offered by Westfälische Wilhelms-Universität. Rain-soaked and still somewhat jet-lagged, we were welcomed at the introductory meeting by Professor Alexander Arweiler and his most helpful assistants, Svenja and Jan. During the course of the hour, wherein we caught up with our Harvard colleagues who had made the trip and met the participants from elsewhere, it became quite clear how productive this time would be. We took a tour of the library servicing the Institut für Klassische Philologie and the related departments, and Svenja and Jan told us about the seminars and lectures to look forward to.

Once the program got underway, we began each morning with several hours of German instruction. Starting with the basics of introducing ourselves and describing what we do, we progressed to gain a facility with several tenses and to increase our vocabulary, all the while learning more about Germany and German culture. Eventually, we were able to order food and drinks at restaurants, avoiding the embarrassment of confusedly pointing at mysterious dishes listed on a piece of paper and making a hopeful but uncertain

whimpering grunt, wistfully looking at your waiter, wondering if he understands you, and if he does, whether or not he is judging you. Of course, through routine, we picked up phrases that enabled us to order coffee, an action that seemed by the end to be possible solely by muscle memory in the exhausted haze of the early morning hours. The early going was rough, and we had to resort to visits to the American Embassy (read: Starbucks; see photo). The development of our food-based vocabulary also allowed us to blend in, to varying degrees, at the farmers' market in the central square on Wednesdays, procuring various fruits and vegetables for sustenance (Charlie had his carrots; Tony had his cherries) and enjoying the finer side of German street fare: *Currywurst mit Pommes, bitte!* (The phrase must be taken as a whole, naturally.)

Of course, language study, which seemed driven towards achieving a level of culinary self-subsistence, was not the only element of the Münster program. In the afternoons, we took part in the seminars we had chosen from the rich selection prepared for us by Prof. Arweiler. We particularly enjoyed "The Law of the Twelve Tables," taught by Professor Zimmermann, and "Romans on the Tigris and the Euphrates," offered by Professor Winter.



# Münster to Munich: My German Summer

## by Amy Koenig (G3)

Düsseldorf airport passport control, June 3:

"And how long will you be staying in Germany?"

"Uh, around eighty-five days."

"You will be here for a while, then! What will you be doing?"

"Studying German and, um, working on a Latin dictionary."

"...sorry?"

I spent this June, July and August maxing out my allowed period of visa-less stay in Germany (earning me a suspicious look from the immigration officer) with an incredible summer of language study in various forms, going from the bolstering of my German skills in Münster to a test of my Latin knowledge at the Thesaurus Linguae Latinae in Munich.

In June I joined several of my colleagues from the Harvard Department of the Classics and classics students from other American universities, participating in the University of Münster classics department's pilot edition of their "Classics and German" program. My time was divided between a morning German course at the WiPDaF *Sprachenzentrum* and afternoon lectures on classical topics at the university, of which I was gradually able to understand more and more as the program went on. I attended classes on Latin linguistics, the ancient novel, and Renaissance humanism, among others; the department also very kindly organized excursions and talks to create a varied program for their guests. The program was an excellent opportunity for me not only to improve my spoken and written German in preparation for the rest of my summer, but also to see a bit of the inner workings of a German university and make connections with other classicists at home and abroad.

At the conclusion of the Münster leg of my trip, I headed off to Munich to spend two months doing lexicographical work at the Thesaurus. I spent many happy days holed up in their library, which is palatial in the strictest sense—located in the sprawling palace complex of the Munich Residenz—with my box of *Zettel*, each paper slip containing a meticulously copied instance of "my" word of the moment. My genial editor, Dr. Michael Hillen, patiently put up with my fumbling attempts at German and Latin, guided me through articles on such notable words as *nectareus* ("nectar-sweet") and *repercussio* (roughly "a striking back or reverberation"), and reassured me as I waded through a morass of unfamiliar Christian authors and antiquated editions of obscure texts. I continued my study of German as well, both formally (through an evening course at the Axioma *Sprachschule*) and informally (through conversations and daily lunches with my coworkers at one of the nearby ministry canteens, as well as ballet classes with a teacher who spoke next to no English).

My weekends were devoted in turns to exploring Munich and to traveling by train in the area. I spent a glorious day wandering around Mittenwald, a tiny town in the Bavarian Alps famous for its violin makers and gaily painted houses; took a trip to Salzburg to indulge my love of Mozart and *The Sound of Music*; visited old friends in Göttingen, where I had spent a summer a few years ago; and took my mother to Vi-

enna when she arrived on a visit. I was also able to indulge in some of Munich's rich musical life, including a public performance of selections from Wagner's *Ring* cycle and an open-air concert of Mussorgsky and Dvorak in the Odeonsplatz. Even my daily commute was a thing of beauty: every day I would hop on my jaunty red-and-gold bicycle and fly down the monumental Ludwigstrasse, past the gleaming white university buildings, through the Odeonsplatz and the Residenz's court gardens on my way to the Thesaurus. My apartment was in Schwabing, not far from the Olympic stadium, and once a series of strange nighttime noises drew me out to join a throng of curious Germans in the streets, watching a magnificent midsummer fireworks display.

My work at the Thesaurus did wonders for my understanding of Latin. It gave me a peek into the obscure, cobwebbed crannies of Latin literature (as well as better-known authors I had never focused on, such as Pliny the Elder) and forced me to think about the meanings of words at a level beyond the shallow gratification of finding an appropriate English translation. But also, and just as importantly, it led me to meet kind, knowledgeable and helpful colleagues whose acquaintance I will always treasure. I would love to go back and spend time in the library again someday.

My sincerest thanks go to Professor Alexander Arweiler and his assistants, Jan and Svenja, at Uni Münster, for their helpfulness and generosity; to Dr. Hillen and the other wonderful *Mitarbeiter* at the TLL, who made my work there a joy; to Professor Christopher Krebs, for preparing me for TLL work through his lexicography seminar and encouraging me to pursue a stint in Munich; to Tom Keeline, for his invaluable advice as a veteran of the Thesaurus; and to the Department of the Classics and the Jens Aubrey Westengard Fund, for making my summer travels possible.



Amy at the Bayerische Akademie der Wissenschaften

# Philological Curiosity

## by Emrys Bell-Schlatter (G4)

With the generous support of the Segal Grant, I made a month-long language excursion to Munich. One must be honest: the stay revolved around bookshops (perilous) and weather reports (frequent), and provided for a friendly, quiet time. There were, of course, occasional exceptions: The oversized *schöne Leiche* in the water as the ferry approached Austria, for example, although this body turned out to be just a clever operatic stage based on David's Marat.\* Or the day trip with a Ukrainian instructor who convinced me to carry her extra bags, requested translations of anything in Latin, addressed me as 'Harvardsky' or as 'Herr Richter' (long story) and introduced to me to a group of Russian au pairs as Russian (I never did ask why; still, we got away with it).

At the end of the month, I packed my rucksacks and travelled southwards into Switzerland. The train ride was spent in part conversing with Baron Münchhausen about our shared interests of hunting stories, adventure, weather anomalies, and Lucian, and in part categorising lists of various dialectal words overheard. Scenery and speech changed at the same time. Alpine jackdaws had become mountain jackdaws; alpine roses became mountain roses—it remains a matter of dispute whether these count as weeds, or are protected like Enzian and Edelweiß and therefore should not be made into bouquets for every relation settled within an hour of the village. Walnut and hazelnut trees became simply nut trees; the Jura became a series of small hills for the outings of senior clubs. My speech became 'written' instead of 'spoken' and, much to my horror, my childhood nickname and its umlaut were waiting at the station.

The following days were spent cosily in collections of maps, watches and weaponry—Baron M. would have approved—and wandering. Some days, I followed the valley's river through the fields, hills, and forests; on others, I wound my way to the farthest visible church-spire on the search for familiar bells, stopping at farm-stands and honey farms on the way. Under 28 June, the calendar mentions simply three apples and 40 km to and round the lake. It is into this lake that the youths of the family have been pushed for over 400 years to learn the

\*With sincere apologies for the morbidity, cf. Schmölzer 1980, *A schöne Leich. Der Wiener und sein Tod*.

fundamentals of swimming, so I must insist on considering the incident near the south end as tradition rather than clumsiness. In the four and a half hours spent circling it and drying off, I collected various salutations—the canton is one of the dialectically richest in the country—for cataloguing later, but contented myself meanwhile with imitating a different one each time I encountered someone. (This backfired only once, but grandly.) The person with whom I was to travel to Graubünden for hiking on the following day was informed in local dialect that I was probably rather sore; I assured all jollily that I was not a bit sore. The competitive atmosphere was duly noted, and someone told the story of an eponymous cousin who once walked four hours up a mountain with a rucksack that had been impishly filled with rocks. Additionally, it was thereafter assumed that I thoroughly understood the dialect. Completely untrue, but no doubt the Baron would have done. But thanks to the constant translation to *Schriftsprache*, some deep bedtime reading (*Ganz chlini Märligschichte. 103 neue Bettmümpfeli...* someone with good intentions promptly plonked *Dichtung und Wahrheit* next to my maps, which went ignored for the moment), and years of intolerable *chuchichäschkli* jokes, it was at least clear, for example, when it was being shouted at me to duck out of the way of an oncoming aeroplane wing. Engaging in the beloved pastime of leaning as far as possible out of an upper-story window during full Föhn may also have been beneficial—in its own way...

It remains once more to thank the Department of the Classics and the Segal fund heartily for all the hours spent in Munich and for the chance to take this further excursion and much closer look—one with firm roots in philological curiosity—at the many aspects of language. And to those who were hospitable and ensured that I found the Bavarian trails as well as libraries (where bibliography for the prospectus started finding me) and then guarded the many heavy books I adopted during this time: my deep gratitude is also yours.



Graubünden



# Integration

by Katie van Schaik (G2)



Hiking in the mountains round the Matterhorn, Zermatt, Switzerland

Paleopathology, hemochromatosis, German, Indigenous Australians, Agora well burials, statistics, Hippocrates: combine, add a healthy dose of patient and inspiring mentorship, the generous leaven of the Segal Fellowship, and Summer 2012, and voilà! The seemingly disparate ingredients combine into an enjoyable concoction, both intellectually nourishing and ideal for sharing with others. Such was Summer 2012, during which I had the privilege of learning the methodologies of paleopathology—the study of disease and its manifestations in ancient human remains—at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens and at the University of Zurich.

The journey began at the American School of Classical Studies, where days were spent examining the skeletal remains of 499 infants excavated from an abandoned well in the Agora. The remains, likely from the Roman period, showed evidence of meningitis, cleft palate, and other physical deformities, and the size of the bones permitted hypotheses regarding the age of the infants when they died (mostly less than 9 days old). The well also contained the remains of three adults, datable to the Herulian invasion, who showed signs of trauma and genetic disease. One skeleton, termed the “green man” owing to his bones’ uptake of copper from other objects deposited in the well, showed signs of the second and third metacarpal arthritis that is pathognomonic for the genetic blood disease hemochromatosis; yet a closer examination of his skeleton revealed that he probably did not die of the heart or liver failure which typically cause death in individuals suffering from this disease. The deeply incised nick on the corner of his right mandible—together with the fact that his body was found in a well—suggested that his cause of death was rather more gruesome (imagine a right-handed swordsman standing behind an unfortunate captive, preparing to cut his throat, and you’ll gain an understanding of how that man-

dibular nick happened).

From Athens, I traveled to Berlin to present a paper, entitled “It may not cure you, it may not save your life, but it will help you’: The patient-physician relationship and treatment of illness in the ancient Greco-Roman world and in contemporary Indigenous communities in Western Australia” at the *Homo Patiens* conference hosted by the Department of Classics at the Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin. The paper described patient treatment choices in the face of terminal or chronic disease in Indigenous communities in Western Australia, and in the ancient Greco-Roman world. Writing and presenting the paper provided a wonderful opportunity for me to integrate fieldwork in palliative care completed in Western Australia in 2010 and 2011 with ideas about patient choice and treatment decisions in the ancient

world.

After a lovely Deutsche Bahn journey, I found myself in Zurich, where I collaborated with individuals at the University who specialized in analysis of ancient human remains, in terms of physical morphology as well as molecular analysis. Having further developed my paleopathological methodology skills in Athens, I was able to use this knowledge in Zurich to work with a modern (early 20<sup>th</sup> century) human bone collection to devise ways in which we can use statistical models to gain a better understanding of the burden of disease in the ancient world. Paleopathological studies were complemented by six weeks of German language instruction (and abundant Swiss chocolate).

Paradoxical as it may seem, history is for me never so real and alive as when I have the privilege of studying the remains of those individuals who occupied the world we study. Their life experiences are marked on their bodies: the healed trauma of battle injuries, the grinding arthritis of daily hard labor, the rachitic limbs of malnutrition, the swollen and pockmarked bones of long-standing bacterial infection. There is comfort, for those living in our modern world, in the knowledge that human sickness and suffering are not new. And there is humility in the recognition that despite how advanced we may consider current medical practice, sickness and suffering—and especially healing—are part of being human. Such cycles of life and death connect us in profoundly physical and biomolecular ways to our forebears.

I feel deep gratitude for the opportunity to combine and to share my passions for the ancient world and for medicine. Through the vision of the faculty of the Department of the Classics, the instruction of my mentors in Greece and Switzerland, and the generosity of the Segal Fellowship, my ideas have been crafted into a unified whole which, I hope, will be both pleasant and sustaining in its consumption.



# Villa Vergiliana

## by James Townshend (G4)

Summering in Italy seems practically *de rigueur* for classicists at some point in their lives, so writing about it for *Nota Bene* feels a little like running a refresher course in egg-sucking for grandmothers. Readers who know the place well are encouraged at this point simply to skip ahead to the next article. However, since with the generous support of a grant from the Segal Fund I did spend part of the summer in Italy, it is only proper that I say a little about it. In the interests of brevity, then, and to avoid rehearsing the *laudes Italiae* for the umpteenth time, I will focus on the last few days of my trip which I spent in Campania, specifically at the Villa Vergiliana, at Cuma.

Perhaps the best aspect of this part of the trip was the fact that my allergies calmed down. It is less than ideal when, as one rolls from Milan to Mantua through the fields of Lombardy hoping to recite quietly to oneself some lines from the *Georgics*, the only rhythm accompanying the clickety-clack of the rails is not “the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man,” but the much less dignified though no-less-regular achoo of my sneezing. Allegra™ proved inadequate to the challenge of Italian pollen levels. Yet while riding the Cumana line—perhaps the only truly reliable part of the Campanian public transport network (I hesitate to call it a “system”)—along the coast between Torregaveta and Pozzuoli, I was struck by two things: the sea air was doing wonders for my sinuses and some people really needed bigger bathing suits.

I was hosted at the Villa Vergiliana by the administrator, Mina, and her parents, Maria and Biagio, who are in charge of the day-to-day upkeep and, most importantly, meals. The grounds of the Villa, situated at the top of a ridge between Lago Fusaro and Lago Averno, include the remains of an ancient theater around which are Biagio’s vegetable gardens that supply fresh produce for the excellent meals I enjoyed while there. My room offered spectacular views across the sea towards Ischia, and I was treated to several nautical fireworks displays.

It is short walk from the Villa north down the hill to the old Acropolis of Cumae with the Sibyl’s Cave and Apollo’s Temple. A bus (perhaps more than one, I never quite worked it out) stopped right outside the Villa and did the rounds to Baia (with its Museo Archeologico dei Campi Flegrei in a castle), to Bacoli and Lago Miseno, to Monte di Procida, to Fusaro, and back to Cuma. To get further afield, I would walk to Fusaro (one *could* wait for the bus, but walk-

ing generally proved quicker) and catch the Cumana line to Pozzuoli to see the amphitheater and Serapeum, or back into Naples to visit the Museo Archeologico Nazionale di Napoli et al., or transfer to the Circumvesuviana to get to Pompeii or Herculaneum. The most elaborate travel arrangements, but definitely well worth the effort, were to get to Paestum to see its magnificently preserved Greek temples.

Given the location of the Villa, as I planned this part of my trip I should perhaps have remembered the Sibyl’s warning. Getting there was easy enough, though somewhat involved: a comfortable train ride from Rome; a slightly less comfortable train from Naples to Pozzuoli-Solfatara; a breezy drive through the Arco Felice Vecchio constructed by Domitian; and



Temple of Poseidon at Paestum

I was there. But getting back: *hoc opus, hic labor est*. As it happens, I did receive a warning to this effect.

Although for the first few days I was the only guest rattling around the Villa, it turned out that the end of my stay overlapped with the beginning of the annual Symposium Cumanum. Consequently, I was joined at dinner one evening by the symposium’s coordinator, Professor Patricia Johnston of Brandeis University. During the course of our meal we touched on my activities in the area and how long I would be staying. When I explained how I planned to catch the train back up to

Rome in order catch my flight, she expressed some reservations: “You never know when you might get caught in a strike.” “Quite,” I agreed. My previous trip to Italy, I recounted, had ended with a planned sojourn in Venice that unfortunately never left the train station. Upon arrival, one of my companions saw the sign “SCIOPERO!” which prompted our catching the next train out of Venice to Milan and then the first train out of Italy. Following the advice of a fellow traveler we met on the train, we decided to spend the night in a waiting room at Basel. That was a mistake. The upshot, however, was that I knew this time around what I might be in for. As it turned out, Professor Johnston played Deiphobe perfectly, for the next morning as I exited Montesanto station in Naples, I saw it: SCIOPERO! This time, at least, I had more than 12 hours warning. This time I didn’t end up in Basel.



Sibyl’s cave at Cuma

# Living Latin in Rome

## by Fana Yirga ('13)



Professor Leah Whittington ('02) at Lago di Nemi

“Okay!” Jason’s voice rings out. “Let’s put this in an ablative absolute: ‘Many modes of transportation having been missed!’” This was my introduction to the Paideia Institute Living Latin in Rome program, having skipped the first day of classes due to a missed flight; the instructors were only able to make sure I was not dead (“...our dearest Fana has arrived safely in Rome! How do we say ‘dearest?’”) at the Capitoline when I had arrived for the first of our group site visits.

These site visits were typical for Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons; following morning classes, which involved reading Latin texts about a particular site, we divided into three skill levels and travelled to the same site. There, we translated more relevant texts, engaged in some sort of spoken Latin activity, and were given time to explore the site on our own. On Saturdays the site visits were extended into day-long bus trips outside of Rome, including a weekend trip to Naples and the surrounding areas. The model allows the language and civilization to come together in a manner quite unlike that of an ordinary classroom. This led to such feats as a collaborative recitation of the Third Catilinarian at the Forum, our final site visit, where everyone was assigned a portion to memorize. Other times the model amusingly backfired, as when, beguiled by the cool waters of Lago di Nemi, we refused to get out, instead reading Flavio Biondo’s account of a shipwreck excavation from the same lake while holding the texts up over the bobbing surface.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays we would have class in the afternoon, followed by *sub arboribus*—which is just one example of the program’s debt to Reginald Foster. We would be divided into groups outside and given a topic to discuss with an instructor entirely in Latin, with grammatical corrections and vocabulary offered as needed. As my confidence increased over the course of five weeks, I was able to try and answer questions such as when Joe the Intern asked me when I had woken up that morning.

“Meridie,” I responded confidently.

“Meridie?” He quizzically switched to English. “Noon.”

“Sic.”

I was given another chance to redeem my lifestyle choices when he asked me what I did after waking up.

“Um...iacebam...in...in lecto? Et...cogitabam.”

“...Let’s try something else.”

Of course, we also had quite a bit of fun with spoken Latin; the countless *dixit ea* jokes stand out in my memory, as well as a tittering request to an instructor who strongly favored ecclesiastic pronunciation for the present third-person singular of *scio*. One of my fondest memories is of asking the Pope’s Latin secretary, Fr. Daniel Gallagher, for the Neo-Latin word for lighter (*ignitaculum*, -i, n.) And so, in the same way as we claimed Horace—that is, the stray ginger kitten we found at the fons Bandusiae—we did our best to claim this “dead” language as our own.



# Summer in Trieste

## by Greg Mellen (G2)

This summer, thanks to a Segal Grant, I had the chance to live and study Italian in Trieste. “Where is that?”—you may ask—“and why?”—as did many friends and family members to whom I attempted to explain my summer plans. It was starting to bother me; I began to second-guess my decision. But the summer passed wonderfully, and I am grateful to the Department of the Classics and to the Segal Fund for giving me this opportunity.

Trieste is a border town, and always has been. Pomponius Mela in his *De Chorographia* writes: *Tergeste intumo in sinu Hadriae situm finit Illyricum*, “Trieste, situated at the very top of the Adriatic, marks the end of Illyricum.” It came under Roman control in the 2nd century BC and was granted the status of *colonia* under Julius Caesar: some excellent remains survive of its subsequent development and expansion in the 1st centuries BC and AD, including the theater, now in the middle of the downtown, but once located right on the water (see picture). The city changed hands over the centuries, while it competed (unsuccessfully) with Venice to be the major port city of the northern Adriatic, until the 18th century, when it became the primary port of the Hapsburg Empire. It wasn’t until after World War I and the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian empire that the city was annexed by Italy. This came as a relief and a delight to the city’s culturally-Italian (but mostly dialect-speaking) majority; no doubt it was, and is, less pleasing to the large Slovenian minority which still inhabits the city and its surrounding villages. It’s a common sight to see “Trst je naš” (“Trieste is ours” in Slovenian) scrawled on signs and walls; and, after my daily Italian lesson, as I took the bus out from downtown up the hill towards the apartment where I was staying, I often heard people switching between Italian and an incomprehensible Slavic language.

All of this fascinated me as I got to know the city. I had my Italian lessons in the afternoons, and so had the mornings to explore and to visit museums and sites. Trieste’s Austrian past has left it with a slightly different coffee culture from that of the rest of Italy: it is full of large cafés rather than just the usual Italian bars. In the mornings eventually I took to reading (either Calvino, the afternoon’s assignment, or Sophocles, in steady preparation for a different exam) at one of the historic cafés: either at Caffè Tommaseo, on the water, where

the waiters spoke *Triestino* to each other and rigidly formal Italian to me; or else at Caffè San Marco, which James Joyce is said to have frequented during his formative decade spent in Trieste (it was there that he began *Ulysses* and met Italo Svevo, the Italian novelist who was one of the models for Leopold Bloom), and which, I had heard, is now regularly patronized by Claudio Magris, a modern Italian academic and novelist whose work I like. (Alas, no sightings.)

When not being a dutiful student (or eavesdropping on the locals in the cafés to pick up new Italian words and phrases), I enjoyed what the town had to offer, which was surprisingly much for a relatively small city. Trieste’s *Museo Civico* has an excellent collection of Roman antiquities, including a nice set of inscriptions; and in its garden, tucked away in a little temple, is a splendid monumental cenotaph for Winckelmann (*explanatori praestantissimo antiquitatis*), who died in Trieste, stabbed by a bandit. This summer the city put on a festival of short films and a series of free jazz concerts, which I would attend with my host and new friends from class. The school I was attending also provided some activities, such as a visit to Illy’s *Università del Caffè*, where we were taught how to taste coffee “correctly” and to notice the different characteristics of beans from different parts of the world; or, more sobering, a trip to the *Risiera di San Sabba*, an old rice factory, now museum, which during World War II was used as the only Nazi extermination camp within Italy.

Living in Trieste also gave me the chance to take shorter trips to other towns in northern Italy: to Udine, colonnaded capital of the Friuli region; to Gorizia, home of the linguist Graziadio Isaia Ascoli (famous for futilely contesting Manzoni’s idea of a modern Florentine-based Italian; more important for developing the concept of substrate influence in language change); or to Aquileia, with the remains of its old port and its amazing set of late antique mosaics.

In the end I thought, “Why *not* go to Trieste?” It was a small

city, but it had a lot to offer. My personal goal for the summer—as someone who studied mostly dead, rather than modern, languages in high school—was not to need to use English at all. I was able to accomplish that, and I think it was easier in a more modest city like Trieste, less full of hosts eager to prove their command of English than, say, Rome or Florence. I thank the Segal Fund for helping me achieve that long-standing goal. (...Although I am still waiting for the box of books which I had mailed back to the US—I’m not sure whether the delay is the result of linguistic incomprehension on my part, or rather the complexities of the Italian postal service....)





# A Summer of Linguistics, German, and Bunny Rabbits

by Sam Blankenship (G2)  
and Alex Forte (G3)

We had a wonderful summer, full of opportunities for developing our interests both within and tangential to the Classics. At this year's Summer School in Languages and Linguistics at the University of Leiden, we saw familiar faces and met new friends from around the world, and we enjoyed many fruitful conversations with classicists, linguists, and students and scholars from related fields. While attending the program, we both took an introductory course in Phrygian (taught by Alexander Lubotsky, Leiden University) and Lydian (with Alwin Kloekhorst, Leiden), languages which are still poorly understood and which we are each interested in working on. Alex also studied Vedic poetry and prose with the delightful Werner Knobl (Kyoto, emeritus), as well as Indo-European *Dichtersprache*, as taught by Velizar Sadovski (Vienna). In the *Dichtersprache* seminar, Alex presented a new etymology of Indo-European *\*nes-* (and, consequently, of Νέστωρ, νέομαι, νόος, and other words containing this root) and its relationship to Indo-Greek poetics and pre-Socratic philosophy.

Meanwhile, Sam took a course in Achaemenid Elamite from Wouter Henkelman (Berlin/Chicago/Paris), a scholar who has combined his Classics background with his pioneering research on the Elamite language to compare Persian and Greek perspectives on, and historiography of, the rule of the Achaemenids—a topic which Sam would like to work on in the long term.

We both also participated in the first instantiation of the fledgling program “Classics and German” at the University of Münster, where we took German language courses in the mornings and attended Classics courses in the afternoons for the month of June. In Alexander Arweiler's seminar course “Epische Bauformen bei Vergil und Lukan,” Alex presented a paper on Lucan, *BC 3* and its relationship to Seneca's *Thyestes*, and received very useful and insightful feedback from Professor Arweiler.

While in Münster we also attended the mini-conference/Themennachmittag “‘Autor’ und ‘Gattung’ in der antiken Literatur,” as well as some of the talks given at the Indo-European Leiden/Münster Colloquium, and a number of guest lectures in the Classics Institute. In addition to the city's many other charms, the tremendous population of cute *Kaninchen* made it very difficult for Sam to leave Münster behind (though a recent tip about a rabbit family living near Houghton Library in Harvard Yard has made the transition back to Cambridge easier). Between our stays in Germany and the Netherlands, we had a relaxing grand tour of Paris and Brussels, in which we took full advantage of these cities' gastronomical resources.



Gravestone of the great Dutch Classical scholar Joseph Scaliger.  
Inscription: *Terra haec ab ecclesia emptā est./Nemini cadaver huc inferre licet.*



Alex and some other students at the closing reception for the Leiden Summer School for Languages and Linguistics

# Summer in India

## by Dan Bertoni (G5)



Colleen and Dan atop the pass

The only other animals foolish enough to climb to the top of the pass were yaks. They must have found the scrubby mountaintop plants exceptionally palatable, or else they must have found some pleasure in the climb, a pleasure that eluded me during the slog up and over the 16,000 foot pass. My wife Colleen and I were exploring the north of India in early June, and we were currently trekking in Ladakh, high in the Himalayas, having the sort of adventure that is only possible when there is nobody for miles around, oxygen is scarce, and you have to get over that next mountain to make it to the next five-house village. Up in the Himalayas, we saw remote Buddhist monasteries and abandoned palaces perched on the edges of cliffs, slept on rugs in mud brick houses, and dined on “Ladakhi macaroni”: homemade noodles, tofu, greens, and turnips in broth. After being in the wilderness, we returned to the magical city of Leh (elevation: 11,500 feet), took a twenty-hour ride in a packed SUV down the mountains to Manali (6,700 feet), then a 12-hour bus ride down more moun-

tains to Chandigarh (1,150 feet), and finally a flight to Pune, the site of the American Institute for Indian Studies’ Summer Language Program in Sanskrit. At this point, Colleen left for home and I finished my descent back to the academic world.

Thanks to a generous fellowship from the Harvard Asia Center’s South Asia Initiative, as well as a grant from the Segal fund, I was able to take part in this summer program, held at Deccan College, in Pune, in the state of Maharashtra. The college is located on the outskirts of the city in a patch of nature that grew greener when the monsoon rains arrived (months late) and that was then grazed by herds of local cows. Deccan College was one of the earliest colleges in India and is now a post-graduate research institute, that focuses on archaeology and the study

of Indian languages. The biggest project underway there is the *Encyclopaedic Dictionary of Sanskrit on Historical Principles*, an effort that equals and perhaps exceeds the *Thesaurus Linguae Latinae* in its comprehensiveness. Publication began in 1976, and so far the letter “a” has not yet been exhausted. Pune City itself is fast-growing, fueled by education and the IT industry, yet it maintains an aura of the past, with tree-lined streets and Raj-era university buildings bustling with traffic and students from all over the world. But this cosmopolitan city was given a shock on August 1, when a series of low-intensity bombs were detonated along Jangali Maharaj Road in the center of Pune. Fortunately, there were few injuries and little damage from the attack.

At Deccan College, Sanskrit is treated as a living language, which it is, in fact, at least among the broader scholarly community. It isn’t kept alive artificially by a small group of fans; it is widely spoken and new literature is published in it. Before this past summer, I had studied Sanskrit at Harvard for three years. But I was still lacking real intuition regarding the language: I was still unable to make my way through texts independently. Perhaps due to the greater cultural distance between me and Sanskrit in comparison to that between me and Greek, I was unable to understand how Sanskrit writers *thought* in Sanskrit. Attending the AIIS program helped me make significant progress toward gaining intuition in Sanskrit.

The Sanskrit language program was well organized: each week we followed a strict sequence of courses, which included reading, writing, and speaking exercises. The emphasis the program placed on active knowledge of the language came across mostly in our speaking and writing classes, but was present in every aspect of the curriculum. For instance, the subject of the class called “translation” was translating English to Sanskrit on a level comparable



My host mother kept me well-fed with the best food I had in India





#### School was canceled for the Palkhi procession

to Greek or Latin K. Furthermore, in our “reading” class we studied several texts from Sanskrit literature, but not with the intention of translating them into English: the goal was to provide a paraphrase for the text in Sanskrit by finding synonyms for the words used by the author. This forced us to learn the different shades of meaning near-synonyms can have, as well as the various grammatical constructions they employ. By being corrected in these nuances of usage and style, I was able to gain an appreciation of various authors’ word choice and their personal stylistic traits.

In addition to regular classes, we had a final project. My dissertation work involves comparative study of Sanskrit and Greek sources related to plants, so I decided to compare these languages in a different area: I chose to write about ancient Greek using the terminology and categories of traditional Sanskrit grammar. The task was not as difficult as I expected, since Sanskrit and Greek are closely related and there is much similarity in the way the dative is used in each language, and when I presented this project on the final day of the program, the instructors and other students were shocked at how much Greek grammar they could understand simply through their existing knowledge of Sanskrit.

Another important aspect of the program was our study of Sanskrit verses and meters. Each week we were given two Sanskrit verses to memorize, a task supplemented by a weekly class on Sanskrit metrics, taught in the traditional system, which proved far more understandable than anything I’ve read on Greek meters. Out of this class grew

an opportunity for us to perform the Shiva Tandava Stotra during the Sanskrit Day festivities at the Bhandarkar Oriental Institute. At the Institute, we sang the stotra to the accompaniment of harmonium and table, representing the AIIS program in an evening of performances given by students from dozens of Sanskrit schools in Pune. While we were having our post-performance chai, we were complimented by some of the other attendees, many of whom remembered reciting the same stotra in their own Sanskrit education.

Outside of formal classes, the instructors organized two field trips for us. First, we visited two temples in the cities of Kolhapur and Khidrapur. At the Mahalaxmi temple in Kolhapur, we studied

the architecture, while newly married couples, their garments symbolically tied together, milled around seeking marital blessings from the goddess of prosperity. In Khidrapur, after a long drive through sugarcane plantations, we visited an ancient temple of Shiva and read its Sanskrit dedicatory inscription. Our other field trip was to a traditional Vedic school in Alandi, where we watched three scholars recite hymns and we learned about the techniques they use to memorize these massive texts. One way is to break the text into syllables and then recite them in specific patterns: 1-2-3, 3-2-1, 2-3-4, 4-3-2, 3-4-5, and so on.

As a result of my summer at the American Institute, I can say for certain that my knowledge of the Sanskrit language has been both broadened and deepened. I learned about new authors and genres of texts, and I finally got a handle on some grammatical intricacies that had previously eluded me. Plus, I made a good start toward my overall goal for the program: understanding how one thinks in Sanskrit. This skill is necessary for understanding the structuring of knowledge and meaning in Sanskrit texts from *kavya* to *shastra*, and now, as a result of the financial assistance I received from the Segal Fund, these texts and their traditions have become more accessible to me.



The roadless village of Sumdo Chinmu



## Note from Bram

**Dear all,**

It has been several months since I left Harvard. It's a period long enough to reflect on a very special year. Immediately upon arriving in August 2011, I felt very welcome in the department, and it is strange to realize that my Harvard life is over.

It is easy to list all the things that I sincerely miss: the very high-level seminars; the library (in Leiden, there is no way to borrow books between Friday 16:00 and Monday 9:00—the horror!); Happy Hour, this booze-induced mix of serious conversation and bar talk; the Mensa Latina; the graduate lounge, but most of all the incredibly learned and nice professors, staff, and students.

On the other hand, it is also good to be back home again. I have decided that, in the end, I would be happiest being on this side of the Atlantic for the next few years. However, I really hope to be able to go back for a visit in the next couple of years and see whether John Harvard's statue is still assaulted by tourists, the *clipeus sapientiae* still adorns the lounge, and the department is still as great as it was when I had the chance to be there.

***Curate ut valeatis!***

**Bram van der Velden**



# The Eternal City

## by Aurora Griffin ('14)

One needn't spend eight weeks in Rome, as I was fortunate enough to this summer, to understand the point that she makes: actions echo throughout eternity. Thousands of years ago the Romans built monuments there to last indefinitely, and sure enough we still see them when we walk by the Pantheon or drink water from their aqueducts. After the Romans, the Catholic Church established herself there with a similar, albeit spiritual, intention of monumental immortality, on display in St. Peter's Basilica and many other churches. I could not help but feel overwhelmed by the gravity of the city's message in my two months there this summer—Rome dared me to do something great, since it might just last forever.

My plan to study bioethics in light of Aristotelian ethical theory was an ambitious one, if not great in the Roman sense. The syllabus included several books and articles, tutorials, conferences, and response papers, most of which went beautifully and according to plan. I went to a neuroethics conference at the Pontifical Athenaeum Regina Apostolorum and one on human dignity at Oxford. Rome tends to attract the top people in the field, so I met fascinating people with big names in bioethics. Though my primary intention was to study bioethics, I thoroughly enjoyed exercising my new Latin skills, attending the traditional mass, reading inscriptions and even attending Reggie Foster's spoken Latin class with our very own Fana Yirga ('13) one afternoon.

Of course, Rome today is not all ruins and monuments. Vespas zoom up and down the Via Appia and Burger King bags overflow from rubbish bins in the Piazza del Popolo. The juxtaposition between the timeless and the ephemeral is astounding. It's also pretty wild to think about the fact that some of the contemporary Romans are descendants of the ones I study at Harvard. The family-focused, laid-back people I met could not be farther from my perception of the rigid, power-hungry Caesars and their subjects.

After studying Classics for two years at Harvard, it was incredible to see all the ruins, artifacts, and places I've read about. One of the many benefits of taking Professor Coleman's sophomore tutorial, Classical Studies 97b: Roman Culture and Civilization, is the self-guided tour of Rome one receives after the final exam, which I did my best to follow while there. Between the Vatican Museums, the Capitoline Museum, the Forums, the Museo Nazionale, and the Colosseum, I spent a lot of time trying to imagine what the ancient city must have looked like. My best opportunity to do so was probably in Ostia Antica. A twenty-minute train ride from Rome, Ostia Antica is like Pompeii, but better because I actually walked through the ruins of houses and climbed to their second stories without being chased off by guards or overwhelmed by tourists.

By delving into the classical world in Rome and enjoying the religious aspects, I stumbled upon a new area of academic interest: the intersection of the two. Rome's transition from Roman to Catholic in the late classical period, seen in the art, architecture, and writing around the 400s was fascinating. For example, under St. Peter's Basilica, there is a mosaic of Christ as Helios, the Sun God. Many other examples can be found of the early Church's attempts to Christianize Rome, and, as a result, the Catholic Church to this day maintains many classical elements.

Whether or not I pursue the study of this intersection between the Roman Civilization and the Catholic Church in my remaining studies at Harvard, I certainly have a better understanding of both from seeing for myself how they exist together in Rome today. Though I may have not left any monuments in my short time in Rome, it certainly has made its lasting mark on me.

*Thank you to the Harvard Department of the Classics which made this incredible summer possible!*



Aurora and the head of Constantine in the Capitoline Museums

# Smyth Forsaken: Desks of Summer 2012

Lizzie Mitchell (G3)

A generous grant from the Segal Fund allowed me to spend much of the summer in Berlin and Turkey, learning German at the Goethe Institut, writing papers in Berlin's Stabi, and taking part in an excavation in the Roman town of Pompeiopolis, in the Black Sea region of Turkey.



The benign supervision of a fruitful cow and sultry fisher fellow helps me to learn the difference between *sollen* and *wollen* and to redraft a paper on Achilles Tatius. Arnswalder Platz, Berlin.



Writing about wandering narratives and lazy readers in the Staatsbibliothek (Unter den Linden). Apuleius' Golden Ass has never been quite so desperate to get out and nibble the roses!



Relocation to an archaeological depot in rural Paphlagonia; redirection of efforts from ancient novels to a Roman bathhouse.





Finest view of the summer: learning Turkish verbs in the garden of our *Grabungshaus*, a disused jute factory in the town of Taşköprü. The iconography of the awning above my head celebrates the town's well-known annual garlic festival.



In my hole. Immortalized by the local newspaper.



Short-lived but glorious coup as we arrive at the local *Belediye* (civic administrative office) to find the mayor out of town. Followed in short order by a return to my hole....

# A Summer in Fes

## by Julian Yolles (G4)



Gate to the medieval city of Fes (Fes al-qadima)

One day at the end of last May I found myself in a busy train, leisurely moving along the dusty countryside of al-Maghrib, better known as Morocco. The woman who was sitting across from me with her son and eating spiced chicken looked toward me and offered me some, speaking in the Moroccan Arabic dialect known as Darija. Her son, who looked to be a little younger than I, translated for me in French, then proceeded to ask me where I was headed. I was going to Fes, the second-largest city of Morocco, to continue my studies of Modern Standard Arabic (MSA) for six weeks at the Arabic Language Institute of Fes, for the purpose of which the Department of the Classics had been generous enough to offer the resources of the Charles P. Segal Fund.

This short little exchange is emblematic of my interactions with Moroccans: in general, I found them to be friendly and hospitable, keenly interested in interacting with the many tourists who visit their country, eager to communicate with them, be it in French, Arabic, Italian, Spanish, and sometimes even Dutch. Whenever I would tell someone that I was learning Arabic, he or she would invariably be willing to speak it with me and teach me new words, even though MSA is not the language they would be used to speaking, since it is a formal and artificial language used mainly in media and politics, and in the mosque.

When I arrived in Fes, the institute put me up in a gor-

geous villa situated across from it; for the first three weeks I had a room all to myself, with a large balcony overlooking a gorgeous garden. I had four hours of class every day, five days a week, which were separated by a four-hour siesta in the afternoon—not a luxury in temperatures of over 110 degrees Fahrenheit!

Outside of classes I tried to explore as much of the city as I could. Fes has its origins in the eighth century, and the old city center (a UNESCO World Heritage Site) still retains much of its medieval character, surrounded as it is by a city wall. Fes is basically divided into two cities: a medieval city and a new city that was built by the French, which boasts a long and attractive boulevard lined with palm trees—a hotspot for families in the cooler evening hours. Venturing into the old city is quite the experience: unlike the long, wide streets and boulevards of La Ville Nouvelle, this part of Fes comprises narrow, winding alleys choked with shops, tourists, donkeys, and playing children. It is easy to get lost, as I found out on several occasions.

After the program ended, I was able to travel to Cáceres in Spain (another medieval town, on the border with Portugal) to attend the conference of the Society for the Study of the Crusades and Latin East, as well as the International Medieval Congress in Leeds in the United Kingdom, before heading to the Netherlands for a quick visit with family.



## Classical Club Play: March 2013

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## Robert Louis Cioffi

**I**t is hard to say goodbye to such good friends, colleagues, teachers, mentors, and students. I first arrived at Harvard in the Fall of 2001, an eager young Freshman who had barely set foot out of New Hampshire. During my many years here, I have journeyed far and gained many lifelong friends along the way. My friends in Classics have celebrated with me in happy times and stood with me during the hard times. I am so grateful to all of them for their friendship, guidance, and support. I am excited about my next steps, which take me (not too far) west to Bard College, but I will miss everyone in Boylston Hall and I hope I will see them soon.

## Lauren Curtis

**I** arrived at Harvard in 2006 to pursue a one-year Special Student program. Seven years later, PhD in hand, I am finally contemplating saying goodbye to a wonderful group of friends, teachers, students and colleagues, and to a place I have come to call home. I am excited to be moving to the Hudson Valley as an assistant professor at Bard College, even though it's hard to imagine anywhere as beautiful as the banks of the Charles on a crisp autumn day. I would like to thank everyone in the Department of the Classics for all they have given me and—since these years in the USA have taught me that a three-hour drive is but the shortest of journeys—I look forward to visiting often.



## Tiziana D'Angelo



**T**here have been a few moments, especially in the last year, when I felt that in my life I have never laughed and cried as much as I have in graduate school, and never will again. While this is probably a slight (Italian-style) exaggeration, there is no doubt that my time at Harvard has been a unique and extraordinary adventure, both intellectually and personally. I will always be immensely grateful to the wonderful people with whom I shared the past six years and who guided me throughout my Ph.D. The encouragement, inspiration, and unwavering support that I received from my friends, colleagues, and mentors have accompanied me in all of my experiences and endeavors. Whether I was working in Widener Library, walking through the galleries of the Harvard Art Museums, traveling and digging across the Mediterranean, or struggling to finish my dissertation in the idyllic setting of the Getty Villa, the Department of the Classics has been a constant point of reference for me, a sweet home away from home. After spending the last two years away from the East Coast, first in Rome and then at the Getty Research Institute in Los Angeles, I feel as though I am coming back rather than leaving. In fact, I am thrilled to start a Postdoctoral Fellowship at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, and I am looking forward to seeing all of you very often.



## Andrew Johnston

This past fall, I took up a position as Assistant Professor in the Department of Classics at Yale University as I was putting the finishing touches on my dissertation, a study of memory and community in the Roman Empire. This first year away from Harvard has given me a new perspective on both of these concepts: I have come to appreciate all the more the inestimable value of having been a part of such a remarkable, formative community of scholars, teachers, and friends, and the memories of their brilliance, dedication, and generosity have greatly eased the transition to the next stage of my career.

I have been proud to be part of Harvard Classics for these last six years and am sad that the time has come to say goodbye. I am truly grateful for all the opportunities and experiences that the department, as an institution and as a community, has given me. I simply count myself lucky to have had the chance to learn, write and teach in such a special place. I now look forward to taking up a position in August as Assistant Professor of Ancient History in the Department of Classics at the University of Cincinnati and I hope many friends from Harvard will find their way to the “Queen City” in the next few years. My first year in the department was marked by the still-shocking and tragic death of Isaac Meyers. I remember him talking about a famous epigram by Callimachus in Richard Thomas’ Catullus seminar that semester. Sometimes the ancients say it better:

Εἴπε τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεὸν μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ  
ἤγαγεν· ἐμνήσθην δ’ ὅσσάκις ἀμφότεροι  
ἠέλιον ἐν λέσχῃ κατεδύσαμεν. ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν που,  
ξεῖν’ Ἀλικαρνησεῦ, τετράπαλαι σποδὴ,  
αἱ δὲ τεαῖ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες, ἦσιν ὁ πάντων  
ἄρπακτὴς Αἴδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

## Duncan MacRae



## Andrey Mihalow

What a privilege it was to study Classical Archaeology in the department! I am grateful to all those who made it possible and will remember very fondly my time as a graduate student at Harvard. Since finishing in 2012, I have been spending a great deal of time with my kids, ages 1 and 3. I am set to begin a research/curatorial project under the auspices of the art history department at Cornell University in late summer and am truly looking forward to it.





## Christopher Parrott

After years haunting the graduate lounge of Boylston Hall, it is with a mixture of joy and regret that I now face the official end of my time as a “PhD Candidate in Classical Philology.” I must offer my sincerest thanks to the many members of the faculty who have offered their instruction, guidance, and criticism over the years, as well as to my fellow graduate students, who have been an immense reserve of support both moral and intellectual. As I consider the scattering of friends and colleagues to the four winds in order to take up the job of training the next generation of (amateur and professional) Classicists, I am comforted by the thought that our separation from the department may be more formal than final. Graduates of universities are typically referred to nowadays as *alumni*, “fosterlings”;

but the sense of the term *alumnus* in Latin extends further, encompassing kin and quasi-kin relationships, as well as those of adoption (cf. *TLL*, s.v., 1796.52–1797.22). Our years in the graduate program have forged us into an odd kind of family, but a family nonetheless. As someone who for the past year has had one foot in the department and one foot out, I have found myself becoming a source of information for old alumni of the program eager for news about “the mothership” and about those of us still on board. Given the innumerable benefits which we have received during our time here, it seems fitting that, however separated we may become geographically or institutionally, the loyalty and gratitude to the *alma mater* persist.

## Ryan Samuels

When I was a very green teacher of high school Latin after college, a veteran colleague, himself a PhD in Classics, responded to the good news of my admission to graduate school at Harvard with an ominous sors Vergiliana: “*Facilis descensus Averno*.” Yes, as others before me have reflected in these pages, getting in is easier than getting out (*hoc opus, hic labor est*), and among the many guides who helped me on the long journey through the second floor of Boylston Hall, I wish here to thank Lenore, Teresa, and Alyson for their constant administrative and occasional moral support. This fall I will be joining the faculty of St. Paul’s School up the road in Concord, NH, from where I will do my best to supply the department with a steady stream of concentrators. For next year at least I will also continue to teach Greek in the Extension School, so if you catch a glimpse of my form haunting the stacks deep in the bowels of Widener, *Non ragionar di me, ma guarda e passa*.



## Yvona Trnka-Amrhein

In my many years in the Department of the Classics I have learned an incalculable amount and incurred many debts of gratitude to faculty and friends. I couldn’t imagine a better way to have spent the time. I will miss my years as a student and all those who are heading off to new adventures, but I am very happy to be staying in the department next year as a College Fellow in Classics.



## LATIN ORATION by Fana Yirga ('13)

Watch Fana's performance [here!](#)

### PERVIGILIUM QUATTUOR ANNORUM

Praeses Faust, Decani aestimandi, Professores sapientes, hospites honorati, familiae almae, et condiscipuli carissimi—salvete omnes!

Est mihi honori ac voluptati vos adloqui hoc mane festivo: spe expletos, laetitia superfluentes, et, ut spero, optime merita quiete refectos. Mihi autem non de tali quiete dicendum est, sed de egestate quietis, scilicet de illo ritu scholastico pervigilii, a diligentissimis nostrum aut semel aut numquam acto, ab aliis vero multo saepius.

Paene here fuisse videtur—fortasse aliquantulum sero—cum primum apud hanc clarissimam universitatem consedimus, stylis, apparatus scholastic, instrumento computatorio et potionibus necessariis praesto, omnes ad ausum quoddam ingens parati. Et studio et nocte cito progrediente concitati, cursum vitae nostrae delineare incepimus. Alii consilium ab initio totum perscriptum habebant, alii pauca incerta vacillantibus litterulis notaverunt, sed omens laete prospiciebamus.

Prospiciebamus! Non deorsum ad chirographa academia, sed otiose ad murum quendam vel acriter ad adventorem bibliothecae clamosum vel sine nictu ad imaginem moventem animalis blandi recentissimam. Quotiens, hora mediae noctis appropinquante, opus postposuimus; quotiens cum Ovidio clamavimus 'lente currite, noctis equi!' Mox, in secundum annum rite perventi, vittas innocentiae deposuimus et nos constituimus in domos, beatissimi in magnificam domum illam Cabotiensem. Scintilla spei in nostris ocellis apertis obnubilari coepit ut nos immergebamus in vitas negotiosas aut forsitan, in somniis nostris ardentissimis, in piscinam dulcissimi cafaei.

Scribebamus tamen, ut verbum verbo addebatur, gryllis acerbis Tygrisque non optatis consonantibus. Erant nonnulla non insana, erant nonnulla penitus nugalia, sed usque scribebamus, per pocellas et nivales et pluviales, per fluoris electrici abruptiones improvisas, per occupationes disputatas, per crapulas immites, per clades innumerabiles amicorum Novi Portus atque per illam unicam cladem gloriosam Novorum Mexicanorum! Sescentas limas additamentaue fecimus, sententiis finibusque nonnumquam a primo lineamento radicitus aberrantibus.

Post noctem vesanam tandem prima lux accessit, nuntiata pipiantibus avibus et, sicut olim quibusdam diebus Saturni, dilectissima Manu Aeneatorum Harvardiana. Ex hoc collegio illustri eximus, delirantes exultantesque; alii audacter progredientes, alii in digitos erecti, alii confuse claudentes, errata typographica neglecta corrigentes. Sed omnes iter perfecimus! Ad finem advenimus! Pupillae defessae impetum subitum solis accomodent, ut oculis contractis hunc diem beatissimum adspicimus. Condiscipuli mei carissimi, bene dormite ac bene valete!

### THE FOUR-YEAR ALL-NIGHTER

President Faust, esteemed Deans, sage Professors, honored guests, loving families, and dearest fellow students—greetings to all!

It is my honor and pleasure to be addressing you on this fine morning, you, filled with hope, overflowing with joy, and, I hope, having enjoyed much well-deserved rest. The topic of my speech, however, is not rest, but the lack of rest: that student's ritual of the all-nighter, carried out either never or only once by the most disciplined of us, but by others much more often.

It seems almost as if it were yesterday, perhaps a bit too late yesterday, that we first sat down at this celebrated institution, pens, course materials, computer, and necessary beverages at the ready, all of us prepared for a great undertaking. Fueled by eagerness and the rapidly advancing night, we proceeded to outline the rest of our lives. Some of us had a detailed plan from the beginning, some of us scrawled a few vague notes, but we all blithely looked forward!

We looked forward! Not down at our notes, but idly at a wall, or pointedly at a noisy library patron, or unblinking at the latest cute animal video. How often did we put off the task while the midnight hours drew nigh, how often did we cry with Ovid "run slowly, horses of the night!" Soon, having duly arrived at our second year, we cast off the lanyards of innocence and settled into our houses, the most blessed of us in magnificent Cabot House. The hopeful spark in our wide eyes began to glaze over as we immersed ourselves in our busy lives, or possibly, in our wildest fantasies, a pool of sweet, sweet coffee.

And yet we wrote, as one word followed another, serenaded by vindictive crickets and unwanted Tygas. Some of it was not unsound, and some of it was utter nonsense, but we went on writing, through fierce blizzards, savage hurricanes, unexpected blackouts, controversial occupations, cruel hangovers, countless defeats of our friends in New Haven, and that single glorious defeat of those in New Mexico. We made countless revisions and additions, our plans and goals sometimes completely deviating from the first outline.

Finally after this frenzied night dawn has approached, heralded by chirping birds, and, as in the past on certain Saturdays, by my most beloved Harvard University Band. Today we exit this great institution, delirious and elated: some confidently striding, others on tiptoes, and still others of us stumbling incoherently, correcting neglected typos. But we have all completed the journey! We have arrived! Let our tired pupils adjust to the sudden burst of sunlight as we squint towards a most beautiful new day. My dearest classmates, sleep well and farewell!

Please email any news or announcements you would like published to

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or mail them to

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