

2003

Ephemeris Vol. IV

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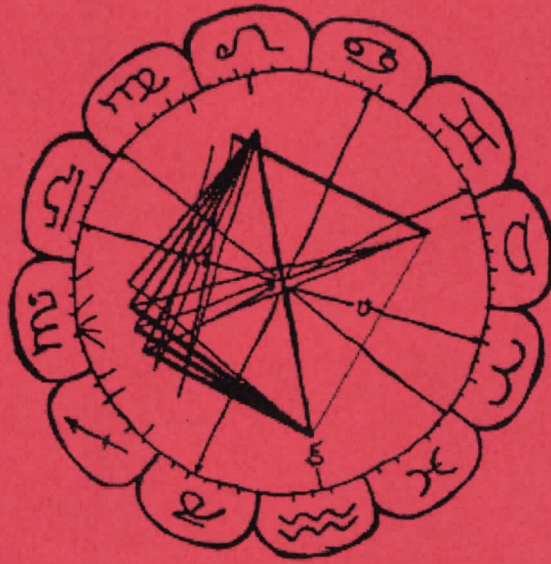
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Ephemeris Vol. IV

Authors

Maggie Glover, Melanie Vanderkolk, Larkin Kennedy, Lindsay Starkey, John Leebens, Derek Mong, Lauren Caryer, Matt Messmer, Nate Emmerson, Nicole Miller, Alli Cartmell, Tashina Browning, Betsy Prueter, and Garrett Jacobsen



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Ephemeris, the Classical Journal of Denison University, is published twice a year and seeks to offer an opportunity for those interested in Classical studies to publish their scholarly work in an undergraduate forum. It promotes the coming together of history, literature, philosophy, religion, art, and architecture in a way that is both analytical and creative. As is an objective of the Classical Studies department, *Ephemeris* fosters an attitude about and an appreciation for criticism and interpretation of the Classical civilizations. It is our hope that students, faculty and staff are inspired to continue to cherish the fundamental principles established by the ancient societies.

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The editors wish to express gratitude and appreciation to the Classics Department at Denison University.

An ephemeris is “a table giving the coordinates of a celestial body at a number of specific times during a given period” (www.websters.com). The picture on the cover is an ephemeris that was found at www.electric-ephemeris.com, and it represents the tool used in this ancient method of locating astronomical formations.

Letter from the President

Ludus- Fall 2003

The year has begun quite well for Ludus. Although we may be the Classics club, we (along with the department) have stepped into the twenty-first century and the world of computers and the internet. This is the first issue of *Ephemeris* to be both printed and electronic. In addition, the classics department has the beginnings of a website, and Ludus is a part of it. We're working on content for all parts of the site, and the Ludus page should be up and running later this semester.

We took our fall semester trip on Sunday, October 26th, to Cincinnati. Mary Zimmerman, a critically acclaimed and popular playwright and director, wrote an adaptation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* which has been performed on Broadway and across the nation. Ludus sponsored an excursion to the Cincinnati Playhouse to see the adaptation performed. The play, which was largely performed in a pool of water which dominated the stage, was well done and quite enjoyable for everyone who went. Sarah Neumann, a first-year member of Ludus who lives near Cincinnati, had the group over to her house for dinner to complete the outing.

While we intend to bring a speaker to campus fall and spring semesters, we do not have any concrete plans for either just yet. Also, it is possible that our spring semester trip will be an excursion to the replica of the Parthenon in Nashville, Tennessee. Our semi-annual Ludus Feast date is December 14th, place to be determined. If you would like to get involved with Ludus, we meet every other Tuesday afternoon at 5 PM up on the fourth floor of Fellows.

Nate Emmerson

Ludus President

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*All photographs were taken by Matt Messmer.

Biblical Symbolism in The Life of Thomas More

By Maggie Glover

Editor's Note: Sir Thomas More wrote primarily towards the end of the fifteenth century and beginning of the sixteenth century. The influence of classical literature on his life and writing is undeniable. He studied Greek and Latin comedy at Oxford and in fact his very first work was a translation of the Latin of a biography of Pico della Mirandola, an Italian humanist. He was a Latinate at heart, and started a new revolution of Classical education, turning his back on the dog style latin of the Middle Ages. More was concerned with the cultivation of style and considered Latin to be the language of scholars. This contributed to his intense study of religion, and his decision to enter the monastery for a short period of time; the significance of which remained with him throughout his entire life. This essay takes an in depth look at a particular biography of Thomas More; specifically his devotion to religion. The Life of Thomas More, by Peter Ackroyd, is an example of the classical heritage in action; for to study More's life and attention to piety is to realize the background he must have had in the authors of classical Greece and Rome.

In *The Life of Thomas More*, Peter Ackroyd recreates the ill-fated saint's life, beginning with his baptism into the Catholic Church, throughout his prominent political life, and ending with his unfortunate death at the hands of King Henry VIII. A large portion of this biography is devoted to More's religious life, which was his strongest passion, in which Ackroyd utilizes both fact and symbolism. Although the symbolic segments of this book may not be exactly "biographical," they reveal aspects of More's life that documented facts cannot. In order to highlight More's intense devotion to the church beyond his prayer

times and education, Ackroyd intertwines many religious and biblical references which illustrate the vast impact that the Bible had upon More as well as emphasize the importance of his life in religious history. These religious references, both explicit and subtle, produce a biography closely related to More's own works and may resemble how the infamous martyr would have liked his story to be told.

Ackroyd begins the biography with More's baptism, which shows the importance of religious ceremony in not just More's family, but throughout European society in the late fifteenth century:

It was considered best to baptize the child on the same day as its birth, if such haste were practicable, since an infant unbaptized would be consigned to limbo after its death... suspended between heaven, hell and purgatory. (Ackroyd 3-5)

The description of this ceremony provides an introductory and superficial glimpse into the significance of the Catholic Church in More's life as well as demonstrates the strictness of religious practices at this time. Throughout the biography, the author reveals the religious ceremonies and traditions in which More took part, details of his religious education, his prayer times, and his frequency in attending Mass (Ackroyd 17-28, 112-116). These are the religious aspects of More's life that have been discovered through research and can be considered "factual." Although these details do provide a concrete outline of More's devotion and provide insight into European society, it is through symbolism that Ackroyd creates More's spirit and creatively shows the similarities between More and the religion he loved deeply.

Most of Ackroyd's symbolism compares More to Christ himself, and, indeed, some of these moments are

conspicuous. In his description of More's behavior after he was sentenced to death, Ackroyd states, "[H]e had stood before his accusers, like Jesus" (Ackroyd 399). Ackroyd is comparing More's actions with Jesus' trial before the Council and High Priest in which he is accused of blasphemy. Because Jesus' accusers did not have much evidence against him, he could have gained his freedom if he had simply denied the fact that he thought he was the Messiah (Luke 22:54-55, 63-71). Similarly, More could have easily gained his freedom by signing Henry VIII's oath, for this was the single act that initiated his persecution and death. In this way, Ackroyd is highlighting More's sacrifice for the good of others. By comparing More to Jesus, whose intention was to die to absolve the sins of mankind, he is showing not only that More refused hypocrisy in standing up and dying for his beliefs, but also that More's actions would benefit the lives of others.

Ackroyd again blatantly compares More to Christ in his association of Rowland Phillips, the vicar of Croydon, with St. Peter, when he states:

In a description of the scene to his daughter More used a phrase from the gospel of St. John, with the clear implication that he himself was in the position of St. Peter just before he denied Christ (Ackroyd 362).

Phillips, who had signed his name to the oath, was a respected religious authority with a reputation for his conservative religious ideals. By comparing Phillips to St. Peter, the apostle who denied Christ during his persecution, Ackroyd is connecting More's peers with weakness and betrayal, and again suggests that More is a strong, Christ-like figure who does not succumb to the temptations of other "good," or respected, men (John 18:15-16). Like the comparison of More to Jesus before his accusers, this scene suggests that the betrayal of Phillips and More's other peers

is much more meaningful than a mistake in judgment. By comparing More's peers to Christ's persecutors, Ackroyd suggests that their betrayal was morally wrong and would have repercussions greater than they could have suspected.

Towards the end of the biography, Ackroyd uses heavier religious symbolism to further intensify this description of the final days of More's life. The chapter which begins the story of More's persecution and death is entitled "The Weeping Time" (Ackroyd 359). This chapter focuses on the final moments before More's refusal to sign the oath, and his subsequent imprisonment. This resembles closely Jesus' weeping and sweating of blood in the time leading to his arrest (Luke 22:44). Jesus is also accompanied by his apostles at this time, but is quickly deserted when the soldiers arrive to arrest him (Luke 22:47-53). When More receives his summons to appear at the court, he meets with his family and "walked with his family in the garden...[he] would not allow them to accompany him to the landing stage where his boat was waiting" (Ackroyd 359-360). In this way, More's "weeping time" is depicted similarly to Jesus, in that he was alone and frightened but steadfast in his conviction that he must die for his beliefs. Again, More is depicted as a deserted and lonely martyr whose friends and family have abandoned him, and yet he persists in what he believes to be his fate. Like a Messiah, he does not abandon his spiritual convictions due to his physical weakness, but remains strong and prays for strength to fulfill his destiny.

In these three sections, Ackroyd creates biblical comparisons that are impossible for his readers to ignore. He noticeably demonstrates that More's actions resemble that of a Messiah, and the individuals who signed the oath are similar to those who betrayed Jesus. This illustrates More's passionate devotion to the church quite well, and also provides insight into the Catholic teachings. However, these

comparisons seem slightly implausible in that More would have been more than reluctant to be compared to Christ. For this reason, the more subtle biblical allusions provide a more realistic insight into More's true intentions.

A seemingly more accurate representation of More's position occurs after he refuses to sign the oath, stating, "to swear it is against my conscience" (Ackroyd 361). He resigns himself to self-meditation in a chamber overlooking the garden and river (Ackroyd 361). This scene bears strong resemblance to the eve of Christ's persecution, during which he prays to God for the salvation of his people through his death in a garden on the Mount of Olives (Luke 22:39-46). However, because More is not within the garden, but merely looking upon it, this scene is a metaphor for More's beliefs; although More's actions are similar to that of Christ's, he is still a mere "onlooker" to Jesus' struggle. This scene more closely resembles More's true spirit. Although More tried to structure his behavior according to the Catholic teachings, he would never have considered himself worthy to be in the same "garden" as Jesus.

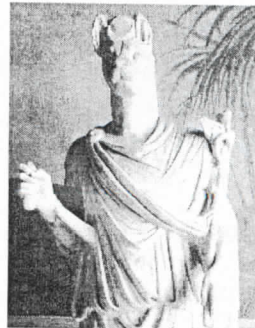
Another subtle but meaningful biblical metaphor is Ackroyd's reference to the gates of heaven (365). Upon More and John Fisher's initial meeting before Traitor's Gate, More states, "Well met, my lord, I hope we shall soon meet in heaven" (Ackroyd 365). This statement is reminiscent of the conversations that Jesus is reported to have had with one of the prisoners crucified beside him. Christ promises to see the prisoner in heaven, stating, "I tell you the truth, today, you will be with me in Paradise" (Luke 23:43). Later in the afternoon, after their death, it is said that they entered through the gates of heaven, an image similar to Traitor's Gate. Again, these passages are alike, but it is in

their contrast that Ackroyd makes his point. More merely "hopes" that he shall see Fisher in heaven, but Jesus promises the prisoner their future reunion. In this way, Ackroyd again highlights that although More is a strong and religiously devout man, his actions do not suggest the power of an actual Messiah figure. He can only pray and desire for that which Jesus can actually produce.

These images create a compelling and truthful account of More's life while emphasizing his devotion to the Catholic Church. Ackroyd's explicit biblical references illustrate the more dramatic and passionate beliefs of More and the impact that his actions and the actions of his peers had upon history. However, it is in Ackroyd's more subtle uses of religious symbolism that More's own voice can be heard, softly suggesting that although his life revolves around Christ, he is a mere mortal unworthy of such Christ-like comparisons. Ackroyd's use of symbolism, combined with concrete facts of More's religious life, create a biography that captures the religious devotion and spirit of Thomas More.

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Statue of Anubis as Mercury from the Vatican Museum

Loca Antiqua: Italia

Journal Entries by Larkin Kennedy and Melanie Vanderkolk

Day 1 – May 21, 2003 – Arrival in Rome

Walking out of the bus station and coming face to face with the Colosseum first thing was pretty darn cool. I had been a little put out earlier because most of our flight over Europe was done through clouds, so I wasn't able to see France roll out under us, but I suppose that end view was excellent enough to put all tired thoughts aside. The airport itself wasn't actually inside Rome proper, we had to take a train in, and it was very strange, seeing the occasional arch and whatnot. The tenement housing looks familiar, but then, I suppose tenement housing the world over looks pretty similar. The wildflowers are still out, and of course the poppies with their little splashes of bright orange-red all over the place. And we're in Rome, where you can pretend history still walks (if your imagination is at least as good as mine) and the walls crumble as you watch, and new, modern apartment buildings intersperse themselves with arches and marble facades which definitely weren't created in the last five centuries. There's even the much-hyped Mediterranean haze, though I'm not entirely sure how much of it is pollution.

Walking through the city with our luggage, however, wasn't quite so cool, and I didn't even pack very much. Getting our whole group on the train, and then the subway, without losing anyone and without losing anyone's luggage was a feat. Then, after finding our hotel and taking a shower, we were off again. We walked all over the ancient city of Rome, thankfully sans luggage this time.

As Dr. Fronda's wife puts it, we were immediately experiencing the Baton Death March through Ancient History. We walked to the Lateran, where we caught the subway right outside the ancient walls of the city, taking it to the other side, and then we walked back. Yup, we went from Wall to

Wall, and it wasn't as far as I was afraid it was going to be, though it's farther than I was hoping to walk after getting off a plane. We wandered in and out of a couple churches, past old triumphal columns, were shocked by the huge modern monument on the side of the Capitoline Hill, and then pattered about in the old old forum. I'm already on my second roll of film, and I also have the unfortunate desire to refer to the wall as the "pomeranian". Yes, I do realize that is a small, yappy dog, and I likewise realize that the wall is actually called the Pomerium... but that is beside the point.

At least now I've managed to orient myself in the city, though I ache more than I did after we moved our stuff last week. And I know better than keeping the Forum between myself and food when I'm beginning to be hungry, as it takes a while to walk around that thing and they don't let you walk through it.

Day 2- May 22, 2003

Today we experienced the Roman Forum. We listened to Nate's presentation at the Arch of Septimius Severus, filling our water bottles with water from the natural fountain – so cool! – and had class in the shade next to the Curia. Only in the Roman Forum can you sit on fallen columns and have class discussion. We were let loose to wander, and I discovered the Temple of Vesta, the Column of Phocas, a pretend temple to Romulus, and many, MANY others.

For lunch we were on our own, forced to go look around and get comfortable with the city. I say that we were "on our own," but somehow, after beginning in three different directions, all three groups ended up meeting at the same street corner before finally finding different cafes. Heather, Mary, Annie, Nicole and I ended up at an outdoor café called Benevoli Dora, where the staff only spoke a little English. Nicole and I got Bruschetta (mine with tomatoes and mozzarella), while Heather and Mary got pizza,

and Annie only wanted a beer. She ended up with a warm beer from the tap that may or may not have been Heineken. Note to self: there is a fee for actually sitting at a table, and "conto" means "check." Yes, we did look it up while sitting at the table.

After lunch, we met at the Capitoline Museum, where we saw sculptures and busts that I've only ever seen in books - the Dying Gaul, for example, as well as the original Marcus Aurelius statue from his column. Nicole and I then spent what felt like forever looking for the painting of the Cumaen Sybil that Dr. J claimed he saw. Upon finding it, we discovered that we were pretty museum-ed out for the day. Luckily, we found our way home to Hotel Lancelot, but we were surprised to see a man (one of those men dressed as a ridiculous gladiator, nonetheless) standing on the third tier of the Colosseum, deciding whether or not to jump. At first, we thought they were doing some sort of stunt, but then we heard that he'd been up there for an hour. We're not sure of the outcome, and while he looked very angry when pacing back and forth on his cell phone, we just walked past the Colosseum again, and there was no sign of anything - we assume he was talked down.

I have never enjoyed a shower so much as I have the past two days. Walking around ancient monuments - I'm still astounded that I can say that - leaves your whole body incredibly dirty and sore.

For dinner, Larkin, Nicole and I searched for a place that was nearby and cheap and found a place with really good pizza - well, OBVIOUSLY, it's Rome! We just sat there, sitting outside, watching all of the interesting people walk by. The streets amaze me here. Why do they not believe in lanes? There are about ten billion people riding around on scooters, zigging in and out of traffic, and the buses are incredible huge and fast. We've almost died several times already. The shops are also pretty extravagant. So far, the shoe stores look the most expensive, but the places with the leather jackets seem pretty bad, too. Clothing itself seems pretty comparable to America.

Outlook for tomorrow: Get to go inside the Colosseum (yea!) and then into several churches. New plan for eating and saving money: eat a big breakfast and steal more food at breakfast for lunch and snacks.

Day 3 - May 23, 2003

I was a little behind the weather today, perhaps the combined effect from walking all over the city for the third straight day in a row. Also, my site presentation was today, and it didn't go terribly well (yes, that's right, we did have work to do, fancy that). My public speaking skills aren't terribly good at the best of times, and I wasn't sure exactly what part of my paper I was supposed to present, since we seemed to keep going over parts of it in our daily discussion groups, and I was running out of substance, but it didn't go badly, really, either. Oh well.

My presentation was in front of the Colosseum, which is definitely a nice backdrop. Whenever my "um's" and "ah's" would overcome me, I'd gesture to it, and hope people were looking at it more than they were paying attention to me. Thumbs up for setting at least! It was oddly cramped inside, however. Perhaps I built it up too much in my mind, and we are so used to huge stadiums nowadays that the enormous travertine structure looks, to us, like nothing all that special. It's still fascinating, though, to stand there and walk around it, and imagine what it must have looked like. That is one thing I think everyone liked about the movie *Gladiator*, and it was a definite help while wandering around the real thing. They were putting a floor down on it, too, and after some tomfoolery I ended up down there, staring up at the seats and at the Japanese, German, and English tourists doing silly *Gladiator*-esque poses for the camera. It was kind of giddy, just being there, however.

We had been up early enough to avoid most of the kitschy items-sellers, but after we were done with the Colosseum they were out in full force. I can't decide

which ones are my favorites... There are sketchily made busts and miniature statues wherever you turn, and I cannot stop giggling whenever I see a Gladiator in full K-Mart Halloween costume regalia, complete with plastic sword, standing around in front of traffic, smoking or whatnot, and waiting for the next unsuspecting tourist to come along and take an "authentic" picture with them. On the other hand, I am inordinately fond of the little beaded skull caps with beaded fringes, and there is one man who does nothing other than walk around with a bubble gun, pointing it at people and streaming the bubbles at them with a small "neerooo"-ish noise. Can't picture that? Too bad, you'll have to see it for yourself then. Our hotel is actually right near the Colosseum, so whenever we go just about anywhere, we end up going by the mountain of stone and its accompanying hangers-on, and the first time I saw bubble-gun man something just about broke in my brain.

At any rate, we went to the Palatine next, which is basically a hodge-podge maze of ruinous walls all grouped around each other at the top of the hill. Nevertheless, I had an excellent time wandering around inside them, saying to myself silly little things like "so *this* is the antechamber of Domitian" and "Augustus' house - I'm in Augustus' house!" and so on. We were frugal today and took away buns and cheese and fruit from the continental breakfast the hotel oh-so-sweetly provides for us every morning, so we enjoyed our lunch up on the Palatine. We were next to the domus of Augustus, in fact. ("I ate lunch in Augustus' living room!" etc.)

I enjoyed the Palatine museum more than I did the Capitoline one, actually, but then I'm sort of biased into liking prehistory more than marble. The Palatine had both prehistoric and protohistoric artifacts, even if they were tucked away in the basement. It was also a great deal more manageable than the Capitoline. There were still busts and

statues of the same degree of quality, but there weren't nearly as many. One doesn't walk into a room and get astonished by the rows upon rows of marble busts staring creepily down at you in the Palatine. Also, the statues were all labeled. Just seemed more put together, less heaped, is all. And like I said, I enjoyed the pre-republic remains. Seeing even more of them would have made my day.

In the afternoon the class met up and walked to the Lateran basilica again. It's huge, and impressive, and with amazing paintings and statuary... however, it's not terribly awe-inspiring. I like the little basilica churches scattered through the city more, and as for bigger structures, I've always been partial to Gothic architecture. The massive marble statues lining the nave are pretty neat, though, and I've never really seen anything quite like them in a church before. It's almost menacing the way some of them loom over you.

More interesting to me than the Lateran was the basement of a tiny church a couple blocks north and west of our hotel. When they had had drainage problems a couple of years back and went to investigate, they had found a first century Roman house, with a Mithraean insaenclamentae and Mithraeum - a gathering place for members of the cult to Mithras. It was terribly cool, and I walked off my post-nap funk while poking around down there by myself. The Mithraeum wasn't much more than a small room off the Roman house, cordoned off with a couple of Corinthian columns, but walking through the rooms of the house itself and smelling that slightly damp dirt smell, reminding me of caves, was fascinating. I realize we'll be going to Pompeii later, and that it has great big ruinous Roman houses to wander around in, but this one, buried under the ground and dimly lit and even smelling old, just seemed to bring the feel of it home.

Day 4 - May 24, 2003

Classical Heritage

Today was a really fun day. After breakfast, we went to the Piazza Navona, a huge open area that has three Bernini fountains with sculptures of gods and has a lot of vendors selling stuff - lots of gypsies, lots of con-artists, but a great place to just sit and watch people. Beforehand, though, we visited the place where Catherine of Sienna is buried and the Pantheon, a monument I'm embarrassed to say that I had completely forgotten was in Rome. I guess I had too many other monuments on my mind. The building was SO much more impressive than I thought it would be. The dome was much bigger, and the niches where sculptures supposed used to be only made it seem bigger.

Sigh. Feeling the effects of the bottle of wine Larkin and I shared at dinner.

For lunch, the professors left us at Campo de Fioro, which had many restaurants and more shops than I care to remember. Five of us actually went back to the Piazza Navona, though, and ate our lunch of bread and fruit from breakfast, watching a large pigeon strike at any other who tried to get some of its banana. We somehow made it back to the Roman Forum, where Larkin, Nicole and I sat for two hours talking and watching people walk by us. This may be one of my favorite times so far, if only because we were relaxing in the ROMAN FORUM. Everyone else finally showed up, and we headed for the Imperial Fora. I gave my site report at the Column of Trajan, and I think it went well, considering John gave me a thumbs-up on the graph in my handout.

And now, at 12:09, I sit here very tired because for dinner, Larkin, Nicole, Matt and I decided to trek back to the Piazza Navona, where we were able to find a small café called La Fraschetta. I had some excellent pasta with mushrooms, and the waiter was very eager and very nice. The nightlife around us (being that we didn't eat until after 9:00 or so) was fun to watch. So many people were just walking around with their gelato - gelatea - however you spell it!

Day 5 - May 25, 2003 - Cumae - Arrival in Pompeii

My feet have blistered up all over the place under the influence of the three different pairs of shoes I brought. It doesn't look like any of the wounds are going to heal significantly, either. My calves are also killer right now. Who knew ancient history would be such work?

This morning I went to mass, though I almost didn't make it. By the time I went downstairs, the group going to church had already left, and it took me a few moments to decide to find my own way to the Lateran. Turns out I had plenty of time, as they had taken down the times wrong and the next mass wasn't actually for another half an hour. The service itself was neat - they used the main aisle of the Lateran, and the saints proceeded to tower over us throughout. I was barely able to follow along where we were, and they seemed to have skipped a few parts, and the homily was definitely wasted on me. Over all, however, it was pretty neat.

After that and some fiasco with maneuvering the vans, we set off for Pompeii. I enjoyed the trip despite the squashed-ness of it and the cramping of my legs. But honestly, I kinda enjoy going on car trips when there's good music playing and people allow me to look at the maps. I love maps, and the one I was given was even more of a puzzle thanks to its being in German, and we were enjoying the Italian countryside while listening to the Beatles, so what can be better? There were lots of vineyards, and I noticed on our bathroom breaks that toilette seats appear to be a luxury around here. Do they really cost that much more? I suppose I am just used to the toilette + seat coming as a set.

We drove along the coast for a ways, and stopped for a while at Cumae, which was by far the highlight of the day for me when we got to go into the Sibyl's cave and look around. It's not just a series of caves but also the site of a Greek colony up on the point, so I spent at least an hour happily wandering around the hillside and

clambering over ruins in the sunshine and the off-the-ocean breeze.

Modern Pompeii is... interesting. There are stray dogs running all over the place, and I keep thinking they are going to give me a heart attack, the way they keep playing in traffic. They'll bark at incoming cars as if they were rival dogs on their territory, coming inches away from tires and fenders before dancing back out of the way. Very nerve-wracking. Our hotel is more interesting still. It's definitely not as nice as the one in Rome, but then, it's also less than half as expensive. I was getting used to doors that worked and soap in tiny basins and showers that didn't have the toilette in the same depression in the ground... but what we have in Pompeii is honestly nicer than what I was expecting, coming to Europe. I've been in much much worse hotels. It still made me laugh, however, when Alli and I realized we didn't need to use the door, we could just climb in the room through the front window, not to mention the lovely scenic window of the trailer park which we have in the shower area; the best came while we were lying in bed, about to go to sleep, listening to fireworks go off somewhere nearby, rattling our windows, and could also hear Matt blowing his nose one room over, the sound of the phone ringing in Dr. Jacobsen's room and his muffled answer to it, and then to top it all off the train went by and rattled not only the windows and the light fixtures, but our beds as well.

They served us French fries with our pasta tonight, and we had a spirited discussion about whether "real" mozzarella is made out of buffalo milk. I don't think Dr. Fronda convinced me... surely they had mozzarella before they brought the first buffalos over from the grand New World across the Atlantic?

Day 6 - May 26, 2003

Today has by far been the strangest day. Plans completely changed on us in the morning, and we also were not allowed to steal anything

from breakfast for lunch. We took the train to Naples, which may be one of the sketchiest cities I've ever encountered, and then walked to the museum. The museum was cool because it had a lot of artifacts from Pompeii and Herculaneum. We walked to the harbor (where we grabbed a real quick bit because we were starving) and took a ferry to Capri. It was supposed to be really beautiful, but clouds were approaching, and it started to rain.

The professors basically just said, "Ok, there are ruins that way and shopping here. See in two hours." So, because we are college students (and mostly girls) we did some shopping, and I finished buying all the presents I wanted to get. Then Larkin, Nicole, Mary and I decided to go on an adventure. Essentially, we went up a cliff and then down it and somehow had an incredible time. Nicole started speaking Latin, and we waved "Ciao!" to every car that went by - safe? Maybe not. Fun? Of course.

Back in Naples, Fronda led us on a death march back to the train station, and I vaguely remember making it back to the hotel. Because we were once again starving, a few of us sat outside with our food, where we had to fight a cat for it. Now, thank god, I am clean, and it is time for bed. Trains are whizzing past our window, but I don't care. I'd just like the day of adventures to end.

Day 7 - May 27, 2003

Pompeii! Just wow. It kind of makes my skin creep to think about its ending moments, and to look on the plaster casts of the people that died in its streets, but the city itself is amazing. Shops and houses, with dusty mosaics on the floor and lovely atriums inside seem to wait for their owners to return, if you're used to the house you own having no roof, at least. I felt as if, if I closed my eyes, that when I opened them I would be in a bustling city street lined with closely packed two story buildings, alive with people and faced with brightly painted plaster and graffiti everywhere. But all you really see when you open them again are dusty streets marked down the sites with wheel-ruts and the aimlessly wandering

tourist glancing into passing shops, all broken off at the one-story point. We were able to get a much better sense of the feel of a Roman city in Pompeii, and I enjoyed how my over-active imagination was able to look back into the past even easier than it can in other European cities. The houses, and what ceilings there were, were the most impressive. Oddly, the tombs were much less creepy to walk through than the city had been – perhaps, as Nicole suggested, it is the feeling that there, at least, people had been put to rest.

We went through an impressive amount of the ancient city today, and I must confess that around lunchtime my energy and my temper were both flagging. My interest was still intact, however, so after munching on more bread and tuna, and being glad there wasn't a cat around to beg for our meal, I was definitely able to wander around even more extensively. I had bought some gum yesterday in order to use a café's restroom ("Egypt!" the gum proudly proclaims, and "super-soft bubble gum and TOY!" for some reason) and that came in handy today while I was attempting not to get too foul-tempered with hunger.

Alli did a presentation on prostitution in Roman times, which was quite interesting, and the brothels were quite the things to wander through, and take pictures of. I got a great one of Alli herself sitting on one of the stone benches (with stone pillows, too) in one... as someone quipped, they obviously weren't meant for sleeping.

This afternoon we were supposed to go to Vesuvius, but we all pretty much wimped out on it. My father, being a geologist and all, would probably have been disappointed in us, but we were rather pleased with ourselves and our decision when less than an hour later it started raining buckets on our heads. We went to the supermercado instead, actually – ooo, excitement. The big entertainment came

from trying to decide what to buy, and then finding out what we had actually bought. One especially interesting plastic container we were assured contained mousse but seemed instead to have some sort of whipped milk inside, very strange. I also thought I had picked up lemonade though it was actually grapefruit juice, and our foccacia were little bundles of mystery.

Tomorrow we leave for Assisi and Ravenna. I'm almost sad to leave this cute little hotel – now that I'm used to it, it's so much more convenient to climb in through the window than it is to walk in the door like civilized folk. And I'll miss Pompeii's tourist-prepared atmosphere, wherein I can tie my long dress up around my hips so that it reaches my knees but no farther. Oh, the scandal.

Day 8 – May 28, 2003

Today has yet again been a day of adventures. Having left in two vans without a Plan B or a way to contact each other if we got separated, we were asking for trouble when we got to the little town below Assisi. I was in the Fronda Mobile, in which we were listening to 70s pop music, and somehow the Jacobsen Mobile went another way. We looked for them after parking, but had no luck. Our group then began the long trek across the town, possibly the cutest, most rustic town ever. The view from the hill is absolutely picturesque. We got to the Francesco Basilica, where we thought the other group would be awaiting us – an hour and half later, after our site-seeing and eating lunch, they arrived. They'd gotten more lost than we had. Because we had to trek back across the town, and because our van rocks, the Frondae (as I now refer to them) bought us gelato on the way back.

(skip to entering the city of Ravenna). And the misadventures keep getting better. We entered the city and promptly got lost. Then we got separated. Then we got lost, going down one way streets the wrong way and in circles – literally, it was like a ride at the amusement park. Luckily, we found the hotel. Now I'm awaiting 8:45 to come so we can all meet briefly in the lobby and head to dinner. I've promised

myself a real meal including hot food that will be fully cooked and will fill me up. Tomorrow we're doing our only day of trekking around Ravenna, and since there are no trains outside the window, and I wasn't able to sleep in the van, I expect a good night's sleep.

Day 9 - May 29, 2003

Ravenna is a very quiet little city as opposed to Rome or Naples. We all agree that it feels oh-so-safe there, and I especially felt that it returned us to a degree of normalcy. I mean, since we had arrived in Pompeii, what with the rather failed trip to Capri, the fighting of cats for food, and Pompeii itself being a bit unreal, the trip had begun to step out of the realms of what I had been expecting. Maybe, perhaps, general grumpiness and tiredness was setting in from all the running around. Everyone, including the teachers, has less energy for traipsing now than we all did at the beginning of the trip, I think.

But back to Ravenna. The churches here are fascinating, what with their Byzantine-era mosaics all over the walls and floors and sometimes ceilings. It was odd that most of the churches weren't terribly well-kept, either. They were very clean and neat, but many of the mosaics themselves were partially rubbed away. Also, in every church (including San Vitale) there was scaffolding and paper obscuring some work-in-progress or other. Some walls had what looked like water damage and wall paper or paintings in worse shape than those we had seen in Pompeii - it was kinda odd. San Vitale is my favorite church yet, despite this. I loved the greek cross layout especially, with the very centrally based plan of it and the high arching ceilings. The mosaics (the very famous mosaics, at that) are nothing to be scoffed at, either. It was especially neat to see the famous ones of Justinian and Theodora flanking the nave just like they appear in every history and art history book in the world. Then some German tourists came and kicked us off the pews. German tourists are the new bane of

my existence. Think I'm joking? I spent almost 20 minutes in one museum patiently waiting for some of them to get out of my way so I could take a picture once, and later on in Ravenna I had been quietly sitting on a bench, minding my own business, when a huge group annexed my bench around me and kicked me off.

We had most of the day free, and it was lovely to have it to myself for once. No shops were open - as we found out later, Ravenna closes down after noon on Thursdays - but I was able to walk around for a good two hours or so alone. For some reason, my training in Spanish has kicked itself to the forefront of my brain now that we've been here over a week, so I keep trying to answer people in Spanish when it's completely obvious they have no idea what I'm talking about. It's weird how the two languages are just similar enough to confuse me, but not similar enough for unconjugated verbs or various idioms to work in conversation. In general, it only made me feel more foolish. It's not like I didn't try to communicate anyway; I stopped at one place which did happen to be open. It was a small workshop where they made mosaics, but I felt bad because the poor man who let me in kept hovering over me and all I wanted to do was look around. After a few half-hearted attempts at dialogue, I left. He looked rather relieved to see me go, but his work was beautiful. He had on display reproductions of a bunch of the famous mosaics of the city, and they looked all new and vivid without the water damage and everything.

Much of what I walked through wasn't a terribly good part of town, and so what with that and the language issues, I was rather happy to get back together with the group for dinner. Interestingly, despite the look of the neighborhood, it did not smell of sewage, a problem that seems inherent to most Italian city streets. Strange, that. We ate dinner near my favorite piazza, the Piazza del Popolo, and I finally got the

seafood I'd been craving all trip. We also got gelato... mmm. Even if I was able to bring nothing else back, I'd want my one memento of this trip to be a small Italian man who could make me hand-made gelato every day. That would be tremendous.

Day 10 - May 30, 2003

Today was long in that while we did little else than sit in a car, I keep forgetting it was all in one day. We left a bit after 9 and headed to Florence - which has yet CRAZIER drivers! Unfortunately, we only had a couple of hours there. We saw the Duomo (the second largest church in the country) and the statue of Perseus, which stood among many other statues. Supposedly, Florence (besides being the Mecca of leather) was to have the best gelato. We tested and disagree, but that's ok. I don't think I was as impressed as I should have been with the city. Perhaps if I'd known more about it. The funniest part of the day was when we were eating lunch and looked over to see a gypsy child going through our trash. She then fought Nicole for our cookies - and lost. What I loved most, though, was when I was able to wander around by myself.

The ride back to Hotel Lancelot also took much longer than expected, but a few of us went to eat dinner at the Frondas' favorite pizzeria - they speak no English, and it's some of the best pizza I've ever had. When we tried to take the bus back, though, we couldn't find any because many streets were closed. The city was practicing for the celebration they'll have on June 2nd. All we knew when we were seeing this surreal moment was that we were really confused. Oh, and I'd also seen my first car full of transvestites, so it had been a full evening. By the time we had walked back to the hotel and got into bed, it was 2 a.m.

Day 11 - May 31, 2003

When we returned to Rome, we were met by a flustered hotel staff who attempted first to put Alli and I in a single room, with one bed, and who then were so apologetic that they ended up putting us in an enormous and gorgeous room with two beds, a large bathroom, a desk, and even a

wrap-around balcony. They also offered to give us dinner our last night in Rome for free, but in the meantime Alli and I have been spending a lot of our free time out on our amazing balcony, reading and writing.

Today we had considered going to Hadrian's villa and getting a last use out of the vans, but everyone decided against it after the tiring debacles that characterized their previous use. We all wished them a fond farewell... fond in seeing the last of them, that is, and instead we got the morning free before meeting up together at the Spanish Steps. We read a poem about them together, which, although perhaps overly sexual in imagery, does explain the layout of the area and the general lazy gleam of it in the sun. Apparently earlier in the Spring there are also flowers on the steps, but by this time of year they had all wilted and exposing the incredible poshness of the area. There are stores like Armani and Gucci scattered about, as well as a McDonalds and a Hard Rock Café. It was quite expensive; I did no shopping there.

We also went to one of the neatest little churches I've ever seen after we all traipsed up the steps and past all the couples kissing on it - public make-out session are definitely in in Rome - as well as going past yet another Bernini fountain. The church had six chapels where the arches between and the little rooms themselves were entirely spanned by human bones in various patterns. They are all bones of monks, and a couple of complete skeletons of deceased friars have been propped up and robed up with habits so they glare out of their hoods at the passers-by. The whole effect was very creepy, and impressive, and slightly awe-inspiring. But not really a place I'd like to go on Halloween.

Tonight Mary, Melanie, Nicole and I were up for a quiet evening, so it goes to show that we got one of strangest experiences of the trip. Our waiter showed up at our table with glasses of grapo (whiskey) which was completely unasked

for and not (if you'll believe me) even desired. To be polite we took them... and the fact that it was very good whiskey did nothing to mitigate all of our problems with taking shots, and I'm sure the faces we made were amusing to the rest of the diners. No doubt that is why we were given yet more grapo, though my friends decided to blame it on my bad Italian grammar when asking for the check.

Day 12- June 1, 2003

Even after last night's shenanigans, I somehow woke up this morning more refreshed and ready to see the city than yesterday. We caught a crowded bus to the San Callisto catacombs and got a hilarious tourguide to show us around. We were able to see lots of graves and even some remains, as well as some of the original frescoes. Afterwards, we began walking back to the hotel and then gave in to a bus, instead. I think I could really get used to this siesta thing, because while everything annoyingly closes, it allows me to take naps.

At 4:00 we left to take the Metro to the Vatican, and we had our first encounter with St. Peter's. It's the biggest church in the country, and it's absolutely beautiful. The piazza in front of it has great pillars and statues, and walking inside made my mouth drop. Instead of its size, it was the beauty that really got me. I didn't really like the Lateran because it seemed so empty inside, but St. Peter's felt more personal because of everything that was inside it. We stayed for Vespers and also for mass (my first Catholic mass, and in Italian!). For dinner, Larkin, Nicole and I tried really hard to find two places listed in our guidebook but to no avail. The Taverna Angelica looked too expensive, and the San Luigi had become a Mexican restaurant called La Cukaracha. We finally ate at Bella Napoli and slowly, because we were tired, made our way back to the train station.

The quote that sums up today's thoughts on my trip: "To be in Rome is to be in touch with everything that matters in life." (from our Murray book).

Day 13 - June 2, 2003

Today we and Colin Powell visited the Vatican. However, whereas we took a very around-and-about trip in the stifling heat and crowds, Powell was able to take a relaxing motorcade inside the little country, and was ushered into a little room where the Pope (apparently) even stood up to offer him a chair. We hear they discussed peace in the Middle East... We, on the other hand, discussed how tired we were after this much of the trip had gone by, how much our legs ached, how many blisters we had...

Dr. Fronda had wanted to take the triumphal route through the city like the old Popes used to do after their appointment at the Lateran while traveling back to St. Peter's, not to mention it being the same route Charles V took when he came to visit. Unfortunately, or at least ironically, this old triumphal route was already in use by a parade, and we had to travel strange back streets and winding alleyways in order to make it close to the Vatican. Apparently, today is the newly proclaimed Italian national holiday, and people were out in droves to watch the parade and listen to patriotic speeches. It is kind of entertaining to have ones plans so thoroughly thwarted, and by something that works so well with the history of a place. But that didn't make our walk any shorter.

We did get there in the end, walking up Mussolini's street from the Castel Sant'Angelo, and sitting in the shade of St. Peter's square we fed the pigeons and watched motorcades go by with the little flags on the fronts waving back and forth. Everyone split up into little groups after a small break; Melanie, Nicole, and I wandered through the basilica, taking a good look at the Pieta as we went, and then we climbed our way to the top of Michelangelo's cupola. It is very high up. The views of the city were therefore spectacular, but the crowds made us feel rather hot and smooshed and irritated, so we didn't stay up there long.

In the afternoon we all met up again to be shown the excavations under the church, and the officially recognized site of Peter's tomb. It was actually rather exciting, we got to walk as a group between the two Swiss guards as a crowd watched us presenting our reservation and then disappear down where they had previously seen two motorcades of actually important people going earlier.

The excavations themselves were amazing; they had uncovered the street of a pagan necropolis, and had opened up some of the family tombs so you could see the mosaics, frescos, and inscriptions on the walls and floor. Some even had statues. But by far the gem of the tour, by the Church's standards, was the grave of St. Peter itself. Apparently, after a lot of speculation, they had found 19 male bones in one wall of an early shrine dedicated to him, and the Pope decided that what with the accompanying writings, that was good enough for him. They were moved from the original resting place during a persecution, then supposedly replaced at a later time by the same or some similar devout Christian... whatever. The official ruling is that they are St. Peter's bones, and the Pope even is said to carry one of the knuckle bones around with him everywhere.

Day 14 - June 3, 2003

Today was the Vatican Museum (AKA our "final"). The professors gave us an essay topic, and we were all released into the museum, looking for inspiration. There is so much in the museum, that I think you could spend days there. I enjoyed going off by myself, but I still got lost a couple times. I must admit, though, that sadly I was not as impressed with the Sistine Chapel as I should have been. It was lovely, don't get me wrong, it just wasn't what I thought it would be.

After working on my final paper, which ended up being 9 very long written pages, for about 5 hours straight (with only a 20 minute Magnum break in there) I have little else to say about the day. For dinner, six of us went to an

amazing restaurant called Pappa Baccus, and I've never had been food. Nate had found it in some guidebook, and he was really excited to be able to bring a menu home for his father. Yum, it's expensive, but totally worth it, and it very necessary to go back some time.

Day 15 - June 4, 2003

We had a free day today! But upon reflection, Melanie, Nicole, and I realized we were fairly tired of traveling (which was unfortunate for me, as I was not returning with the great big group of Denison Classics people), and that there wasn't much in the city we wanted to see. Or, rather, at our current energy level, we didn't/couldn't think of anything new we wanted to see.

Instead, we bought all-day metro/bus tickets and basically rode random buses through Rome all day. Fun, no? Actually, we did first go to the Mouth of Truth, then because they had heard of it before and it is on a lot of postcards listed as a "major site", and I because I had seen the movie *Roman Holiday* with Audrey Hepburn. It's set in Rome, and is very cute, and part of it takes place at the Mouth of Truth.

I think next time I am here I would love to visit some of the sites in the suburbs, such as Ostia and Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli, but in the meantime I was quite content to take the long bus ride from La Bocca de Veritas to the Trevi fountain. We wandered around there, into and out of shops and even picked up a few small things for the professors. We even found the cutest little place for lunch, where it smelled like heaven inside, if heaven was made of fresh-baked bread and basil, and which had gorgeous paintings all over the dimly-lit walls and ceiling.

After lunch we hung around the Trevi fountain for a few hours, making sure to throw coins over our shoulders into it to ensure a return to Rome. Not sure where we picked up that particular superstition, and it seems like a silly practice, perhaps, since it can't really be that hard to miss the biggest

fountain in Rome with a coin, even if you do throw it backwards and without looking. Perhaps, then, this implies that once you've visited the place once, it's impossible not to come again. Rome might as well be a type of drug.

We took another random bus, this time the short bus, because we had kept seeing the short buses motoring around the place, and Nicole had taken a shine to them, and because we all secretly wanted to be able to claim to have ridden the "short bus" through Rome. Unfortunately, the short bus was a miserable experience. It was stifling hot and crowded, and the suspension wasn't exactly the best. We all began to feel our energy evaporate after a very short interval, and I at least began to feel sick to my stomach. We piled out of that thing when we reached the Piazza Navona, at least, and it wasn't quite where we had planned on ending up. We had gelato there, thankfully, which improved our moods infinitely.

We all ate dinner together for the last time at the hotel, taking advantage of their mistake when we had just returned from Ravenna to get a good free meal out of it. And we got more gelato.

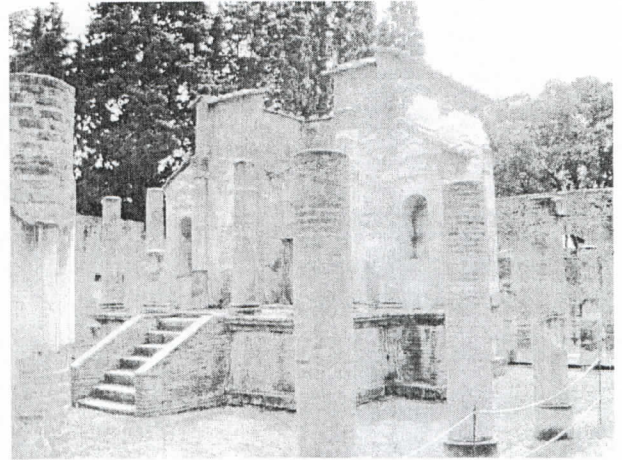
A postscript about how Larkin and Alli did not actually go back to the States with the rest of the slightly cranky and traveled-out group:

Instead, we took a convoluted and 48 hour train trip to Romania. "Romania?" you say. Yea, that's right, we were able to join onto an archaeological dig out there in the middle of nowhere, where we were supposedly going to be living with some nice Romanian folks and catching a tan as we worked shovels and trowels in the sun all day. There were some shenanigans on the way there - if you ever want the whole story of our quest to Romania, we'll attempt to give it to you in person, as long as you promise not to look bored, for it's quite long. Suffice to say, don't ever get train

directions online when traveling through Europe, and don't trust them if you do, since Alli and I managed to make our way to Slovakia and after backtracking we spent a very interesting night on benches in Budapest (complete with sketchy men attempting to "help" show me where the bathroom was) before we finally made our way to the excavation in Mosna, Romania. My passport book is now amazingly full of stamps. The four weeks we spent in Romania before skipping out early and journeying with a few friends to Vienna then Rome to catch our plane were likewise full of craziness, such as the moonshine we were presented with every night to drink, and the weekend of Friday the Thirteenth which we spent in the heart of the real Dracula's territory, visiting his castle and taking a cute little tram to the top of a mountain. We had the weekends free, during one of which Alli took a planned tour to see the Roman Dacian ruins while I went with another friend somewhere else (trains are very easy, and even pleasant, to use once you get over the American impulse to worry about where you are going and how, and just relax about it), but the rest of our time was spent breaking big pieces of dirt into smaller pieces of dirt. That honestly is the quick version. If you would prefer a longer one, you can read my senior research, as for that I am doing a review of archaeological literature on methods and theory and then using that to evaluate the exact purpose of the Mosna excavation itself.



Inside St. Peter's in Rome



The Temple of Isis in Pompeii



The *Loca Antiqua* group entering a brothel in Pompeii



The Roman Forum in Rome

The Former Pope is Wrong

By Lindsay Starkey

Editor's Note: Emperor Henry IV, the Holy Roman Emperor (1084-1105) and German King (1056-1105), was a central figure in the opening stages of the struggle between the Holy Roman Empire and the papacy, particularly gaining opposition from Pope Gregory VII.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, we are gathered here today to bring justice to my client Emperor Henry IV of East Francia. The false Pope Hildebrand has repeatedly leveled false accusations at my client, and it is time for the circulation of these false rumors to end. During the course of this trial, the accusations against my client about communicating with the excommunicated, practicing lay investiture, and failing to keep his word to Hildebrand will be proved false. My client in turn charges Hildebrand, false Pope, with trying to steal my client's God given rights, usurping the papal authority, and threatening my client's person, and he demands that Hildebrand stop masquerading as the Pope. The facts will speak for themselves, and, in the end, if I perform my duty and you perform yours, my client shall be cleared of all charges.

God has called my client to his station in life. If not God, then who gave King Henry IV his place on this Earth? Since God is omnipotent and therefore everything he does is the greatest possible goodness, would he call an unworthy man to take this most exalted position? Whereas my client received his throne by God's will, Hildebrand received the most holy office by treachery and deceit.

Hildebrand made a promise to my client's father concerning the office of the Pope. The promise can be seen in the official Renunciation of Gregory VII by the German Bishops.

In the time of the Emperor Henry III of good memory, you

[Hildebrand] bound yourself with a solemn oath that for the lifetime of that Emperor and for that of his son, our lord the glorious King who now presides at the summit of affairs, you would neither obtain the papacy yourself nor suffer another to obtain it, insofar as you were able, without the consent and approbation either of the father in his lifetime or of the son in his (Geary 598).

After giving this promise, as soon as the previous Pope had vacated the papal seat, Hildebrand proceeded to jump on it with all haste and without the consent of our most exalted Emperor Henry IV. While Hildebrand maintains that he received his office from God's good will, in actuality, he stole it with his treachery. First of all, the cardinals, the approbation of the people, and the consent of the king did not elect Hildebrand, as is now the proper way for a Pope to be elected. Instead, he was raised to the papacy by the cries of the common rabble. Also, Hildebrand is extremely intimate with another's wife, and he is even suspected in the murder of four Roman pontiffs. Would God choose a lustful murderer to perform in the sacred office of Saint Peter? Because Hildebrand was not elected correctly, and because God and God's law certainly do not permit his vile actions, he is therefore not a representative of God. Emperor Henry IV, God's chosen one, has the duty to defend the Church from the false monk Hildebrand.

My client has been accused of practicing lay investiture, which is forbidden in a proclamation made by the false Pope, Hildebrand. Lay investiture has been a time honored tradition that has been past down from generation to generation. In Germany, a monastery or church founded

by someone is considered a part of his property and this property is inheritable by future generations (Blumenthal 5). Can a man not choose the person who is to preside over his own piece of property? And who but the Emperor is the greatest property owner in all of Germany? Also, in the reforms initiated by Lois the Pious and Charlemagne, laymen gave up their right to ordain holy men unless the bishop of the diocese gave his permission. However, no bishop may refuse to ordain a holy man who has been nominated, provided the man has enough education and satisfactory morals (Blumenthal 5-6). As can be seen from this, ladies and gentlemen, lay investiture has been occurring with bishops' permission since the time of the great Charlemagne. Is a crazy man, who has stolen the office of Pope to condemn this ancient practice? Emperor Henry IV, when practicing lay investiture, was carrying on a tradition that had been going on for centuries. Lay investiture is a very important part of the government of my client. "To give up investitures would be to change the whole imperial system of government" (Tout 128). The decrees of a crazy usurper do not contradict centuries of tradition or the need for a smoothly run government. Henry IV is correct in not following the false decree about lay investiture.

Hildebrand has accused my client of making promises to him and then not following through with what he has promised. If my client promised anything to the mad monk Hildebrand, it was promised in hopes that Hildebrand and my client could get along with each other. As can be seen in one of my client's letters, he wanted nothing more than for the Emperor and the Pope to exist peacefully together just as God willed.

He [God] was teaching that every man is constrained by the priestly sword to obey the

king as the representative of God but by the kingly sword both to repel enemies of the Christ outside and to obey the priesthood within (Geary 600).

It was my client's fondest wish that he and Hildebrand could behave in the way that God ordained, and it was in this spirit of brotherhood that he may have made these promises. However, when Emperor Henry IV saw that Hildebrand was hell bent on ruining the Church, which Henry is sworn to defend due to the promise made by Otto I to Pope John XII, he realized that any promises that he had made to Hildebrand as Pope must be revoked in order to purge the papal office of the mad monk (LaDue 92). When my client went to Canossa to ask for the Pope's forgiveness, he was not admitting his faults, but instead, was trying his utmost to mend the terrible breach that had developed between the papacy and the emperor. When my client realized that Hildebrand was going to persist in his crazy ways, it was then my client's duty to defend the Church with all his power.

As for the charge of communicating with the excommunicated, I must ask you but one question. Who excommunicated these people that my client was communicating with? They were stricken with this most severe punishment by none other than the false monk Hildebrand. Therefore, these people were excommunicated only in name. They were the tragic victims of Hildebrand's treachery, made to bear the cross of papal excommunication without sufficient grounds. My poor client was also a victim of this most malicious treachery. He was called excommunicated by a man, Hildebrand, who had no right to pass such judgment since he is not Pope. This false excommunication caused the Emperor, my client, great hardship.

As Saint Peter proclaimed, "Fear God, honor the king" (Benson 151).

Hildebrand, the man who stole the office of Pope, does not honor the Emperor or even fear God. By claiming that Henry IV is excommunicated and demanding that he be replaced, Hildebrand is stealing my client's God given rights. Not only is Hildebrand undermining my client's position with his subjects, but also this false monk even called for the death of my most exalted client. Is a man who is presumed Pope to be demanding the death of an emperor, and should he be supporting the people who are trying to dethrone him? The answer to this, ladies and gentlemen, is an emphatic no! Hildebrand has no right, God-given or temporal, to demand the life of one of God's elected people. God gave my client his authority, and with that authority comes the right to control his lands. Hildebrand has undermined this control with his false excommunication, and he has undermined God by demanding Emperor Henry IV's life.

Hildebrand is guilty of trying to ruin the Church with his stolen authority. Not only is he going against tradition by proclaiming himself above the king when in fact God has declared that they must be equals, but he is also overstepping his stolen authority by meddling in local affairs. The Church is a marvelous place filled with many different types of people all trying to serve God's will. The Pope, as the head of the Church, is only one man, and therefore, he cannot be in all places at one time. Realizing this, bishops are given areas of land to look after in order to keep the Church running smoothly. God sanctions the authority given to bishops by the most holy Church. Hildebrand used his stolen authority to intrude upon the authority of the bishops. By sending papal spies to all areas, and refusing to allow bishops to do what must be done for their dioceses themselves, he is overstepping his bounds. Hildebrand, by using his stolen

authority to crush the position of the bishops, is ruining the Church as we know it. We all have the responsibility to defend the Church.

Hildebrand, also known as Pope Gregory VII, has accused my client of many things. In the course of this trial, the innocence of my client, Emperor Henry IV, and the horrible guilt of the crazy monk Hildebrand will finally be established. Because the Church must be preserved, the false Pope Hildebrand must be truly stricken down. As my client proclaimed in one of his letters, "Descend! Descend!" (Geary 599). Hildebrand is a menace to our Church, and, therefore, to all we hold dear. It is now your responsibility to make this man pay for what he has done, and to free my client from these scandalous rumors.

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Perspectives in Leadership: Dr. Delyte Morris and Octavius Augustus

By John Leebens

The building of a community takes resources, willpower, and a leader. In ancient Rome that leader was Augustus, the first man to consolidate the powers of the offices and rule Rome as the *princeps*, first among equals. He worked to overcome adversaries that had been friend and foe and through his long reign changed the face of Rome. In Carbondale, Illinois it took a dynamic new president, Dr. Delyte Morris. During his tenure as president of Southern Illinois University starting in 1948 to 1970, when several of his unofficial ways of getting things done caused the Board of Trustees that he created to oust him into president emeritus and then early retirement, Morris turned a small teachers college of 3,000 into one of the most multi-cultural and internationally diverse campuses in the United States with over 35,000 students between the Carbondale and Edwardsville, Illinois, campuses.¹ He made the campus into something that shaped an entire region, much like how "[Augustus] found the city made of brick and left it made of marble."²

However, the point is that while these men came from different time periods and drastically different places they both succeeded in physically changing the face of the area of which they controlled of during their reigns in a dramatic way. The ideas of strong leadership still smack with similarities, but the stories of these two men find very different paths to reach the pinnacle of achievements at their positions. They fascinate the onlooker and show that no matter how much

things change, they will stay the same. We must start from the beginning to see the differences between these two men. From the humble beginnings of Delyte Morris to the splendor of the beginnings of Augustus, their lives will diverge but eventually come to the same position to change what they controlled.³

Dr. Delyte Morris was born April 11th, 1906 in the very poor town of Xenia, Illinois. Born to a telegraph operator for the B&O railroad, Morris did not have indoor plumbing as a child. Though poor, he and his brother were always expected to go to college. He received his undergraduate degree from Park College in Missouri and was successful at several jobs around the country, including building the speech department at Ohio State until his hiring as president at SIU. After he had been passed over because he was not as qualified on paper in 1945 for the Southern Illinois University presidency, he was hired in September of 1948 and installed officially in an inauguration on May 5th, 1949.⁴ From here he would take the university to new heights, but first let us look at the aristocratic advance of Augustus.

Augustus was adopted by Julius Caesar, his great uncle. But his real story begins by his own word at the age of nineteen when, sixteen years before he was legally allowed to, Octavian was placed in the senate. He also raised a

¹ In 1948 Morris was hired as an emergency fill in.

² Suetonius *Augustus* 28.3

³ Pronounced delight from the old Irish spelling from Mitchell Introduction.

⁴ All facts about the life of the university and Morris in particular I found in *Delyte Morris of SIU* by Betty Mitchell and *The University That Shouldn't Have Happened, But Did: Southern Illinois University During the Morris Years 1948-1970* by Robert A. Harper from personal copies signed to my grandmother.

renegade army "at my own expense" to fight "a faction" of the "murderers of my father."⁵ While this was made to sound heroic fifty-eight years after Augustus had conquered, consolidated and then expanded the Roman Empire, he was acting very illegally. There was no way that he should have been given *imperium*, but because of his name and the fact that he was claiming that he was only building an army to revenge his adopted father, the soon to be *Iulius divus*, he was allowed to take his army to Philippi in 42 B.C. at the age of twenty-one. He helped successfully defeated Cassius and Brutus' army and became one of the two major parts of the triumvirate with Mark Antony.⁶ After playing off Mark Antony, Augustus started to accumulate titles, receiving Augustus in 27 B.C. and powers including *imperium consulare*. After a second settlement in 23 B.C. that granted Augustus the *tribunicia potestas* and *maius imperium*, Augustus retreated from every day tedium but held greater power over the entire empire and also contributed to the senate and working of the empire.⁷ Augustus dates his own reign from the second settlement, stating in the *Res Gestae* that "at the time of writing I have been consul thirteen time and am in the thirty-seventh year of tribunician power" which was A.D. 14, the year of his death.⁸

Augustus was the aristocrat who had the opportunity to lead handed to him by family association, a huge

fortune, and many clients. This patron/client system was how Augustus helped run the empire through reward and enticement. The controller of power after almost 30 years of constant civil war, Augustus had the resources to take over with military power and then set his reforms after he had brokered his own *pax*. Morris was from a very poor background in a region that was underutilized and unknown; the largest town in the region, extending over thirty-two counties, was Carbondale with a measly 10,000 people, not including the university. He reached through political connections to reform a region and change its face. However, a vision of leadership under their control was the driving goal of both men.

As Augustus and Morris came into power, many able-bodied assistants accompanied them both. Many men led armies under the auspices of Augustus' *imperium* and helped him recreate the culture and life around Rome and the rest of the empire. For Augustus, one man in particular helped Augustus build and reform Rome. Agrippa, his son-in-law, was important in aiding Augustus with military matters and helping Augustus with building programs and other offices. For Morris, there was a veritable team that made the job possible. The most important of these associates were Charles Tenney and John Rendleman. Tenney was the curator of academia; he controlled everything from the curriculum to graduate research. Rendleman was a dynamic man who convinced Morris to hire him as the university's first legal counsel while not even out of law school. Rendleman dealt with land acquisitions and contracts and eventually became the chancellor at the new Edwardsville campus that he helped finance through political

⁵ *Res Gestae Divi Augusti* – 1.1, 1.1, 2.1

⁶ While this was a great victory there was not really any spoils because the opponents were Roman plus "Octavian, who had been little more than an onlooker in that campaign" was in a position that he had to keep Mark Antony around in power. This quote is from *A History of Rome: Down to the Reign of Constantine* by M. Cary and H.H. Scullard p.291.

⁷ Cary and Scullard p. 319.

⁸ *Res Gestae* 4.4.

connections. Several others were also necessary cogs in the workings of the administration. I. Clark Davis and Charles Pulley were the head of student affairs and the university architect, respectively, and they both worked with Morris on a daily basis to make sure that the people and places around the university were all trying to build a better place particularly when it came to the physical nature of Southern Illinois University's campus.⁹

Morris and Augustus, having reached power, now put their plans into work. Augustus was in a position of much greater power and prestige, being the first true leader of the largest empire 2000 years ago. He was working on a nationwide scale that would influence people who spoke many different languages and lived over thousands of miles. He wanted to reconstruct the empire and especially Rome into something that would be great. But for this study, the focus will be on his building and management program of the city of Rome *ipse*. Morris was ready to make Southern Illinois University into something more than what it had been since its founding in 1869. SIU was one of five teachers colleges that the Illinois Teachers Board controlled, and it was made up of only eight buildings and serviced approximately 3,000 students.

Forests and Lakes and Landscape Oh

My!

Morris loved the physical environment around southern Illinois. Rolling hills and densely forested areas

gave a picturesque setting for a college campus carved out of this terrain. Morris did not want to give this up even though SIU needed to build and expand at a swift rate. Temporary buildings were overflowing. But instead of throwing buildings up in no important manner, he forced the architects' office to constantly reevaluate. Morris was interested in each place and environment on campus. He would regularly inspect construction and the development that he was causing in the area around the expanding campus. From the beginning of his tenure, Morris kept track of the different trees on campus and would block parking lots or get angry if a tree was removed without his knowledge during construction. In one memo from 1957 sent to Pulley it asks for additional funds "...to continue the heavy underplanting of trees in Thompson Woods. [Morris] has small trees in mind for this project" which would keep a dense look to the small treed area.¹⁰ One particular incident did get caught in a memo that Pulley put out to the architect's offices, probably after a quick phone call, stating "we are all very much aware of President Morris' desire to complete planning projects with the minimal removal of major trees," and that in two particular places around the president's house and Shryock, the music hall, there were trees that were being unnecessarily destroyed. This resulted in Pulley telling everyone in the department "for tree protection we will develop a detail in our University Architect's Standards that will cover proper protection of trees

⁹ Harper p.63-90 for the descriptions of all of the major players during the Morris years. Davis returned to join the administration in 1950 and Pulley was hired in March of 1951. On a personal note, Charles Pulley was my grandfather and Clark Davis was his best friend. I went to Clark Davis' funeral in November of 2002. My grandfather died in 1993 before I could truly discuss his life work at the university.

¹⁰ George Hand, President's assistant, to Pulley October 23, 1957 *Tree Planting*. Morris was a nature fanatic. He started a fish hatchery on Little Grassy Lake, about ten miles from campus, and also had a national tree service station on campus which turned into a forestry department that now offers degrees.

in and around building sites" so that this would not occur again. This memo was just representative even towards the end of Morris' tenure in June of 1969. Change was quick. In the new edition of the University Architect's Standards manual that appeared that month there was this:

Precaution should be taken to preserve as many existing trees as practical. Common native trees such as pine, ailanthus, locust or even short-lived trees such as popular, willow and silver maple are worth saving, if no great expense is incurred or the design injured. To save these trees gains much in time for needed immediate effect.

When Morris wanted something done, it got done in a hurry and to the letter.¹¹

Another consideration for the landscape was the fact that John Lonergan was brought in within the first two years of Morris' tenure and helped design what the campus would look like years in advance. He was integral in surveying the land around the small central campus. Lonergan came up with a plan involving saving Thompson Woods and the Thompson Lake next to it. "Morris enthusiastically endorsed ... Lonergan's plan to give the campus an informal, natural appearance" which would blend in with the surrounding area and natural look of southern Illinois.¹² This was a big decision because Thompson Woods abutted the starting central campus area of twenty-four acres and was the prime

expansion ground. It remains to this day untouched and without landscaping except for three or four two-person wide concrete paths running through the woods.

The Romans felt differently. They lived in a pre-modern society that was very vulnerable to the wild and all of its dangers. The Romans placed wild places inside their houses and villas. *Hotori* was always enclosed by some type of structure to show the dominance over nature that came harder than conquering peoples in some instances. Augustus in particular sanctioned landscaping. But this type of landscaping was involved in ornamental projects like greenery in the Apollo complex, Augustus' mausoleum, and the Porticus Livae.¹³ So Augustus, it seems, was actually interested in green areas or at least their value. The idea of immediate impact from greenery being so controlled in such an urban setting would have had the same effect as impressive columns because of the care and knowledge needed to care for the plants.

And the Building Goes on with Some Hard Work by the Architect's Office

The architect's office was inundated with requests to make repairs and formalize ideas. Pulley, William Hart, who would become the Carbondale campus architect when Edwardsville was advanced, and Lonergan were constantly working behind schedule. In February of 1957, after several of the most important buildings had been built, a priority list for the drafting room included forty-five different projects with many having multiple issues that needed to be dealt with. These jobs were as varied as the number of people and buildings the

¹¹ Charles Pulley, June 2, 1969 memo. Also University Architect's Standards updated 5th edition from June 1969.

¹² Harper p. 44. This was one of the first major planning decisions involving the expansion of the Carbondale campus. The lake is now called Lake on the Campus. It was also drained in 1952 under the auspices of Pulley so that surveying and a new dam could be put in.

¹³ Favro p. 178. She makes some statements based on Livy about how Augustus started topiary. I have to wonder about that.

architects were trying to deal with at the time. The number one priority was to overhaul the design of Altgeld Hall, which at the time was over sixty-years old, from a teaching building to a music building. Number four was to make designs for the tower needed by the new FM radio station. Number twenty-six was to create an inter-campus communication system for the Carbondale campus. Number forty-four was to design areas for campus bulletin boards. It was a never-ending project.¹⁴ Another document from mid-1956 shows the sort of work that Pulley did for the university. In response to Morris' request to "prepare an agenda for a meeting of the University Council on Campus Development" he put together a collection of points about three specific items: Architects fees for projects, another restudy of the master plan, and topics about the new University Center.¹⁵ There were over 620 repair jobs designed by the architects office in 1967-8.¹⁶

Massive changes to standing buildings also altered the state of the new buildings. They needed to be open and to accommodate change. Because of the crush for science classes, both Life Science I & II have open classrooms and can quickly be changed to meet the needs of different sciences. Morris Library has little or no partitioning,

walls, or supports in the interior of the space. The floors could be completely changed or altered within a week's time depending on which sections were growing or which study areas required enlargement. Besides having open interior spaces ready for quick transformation, the walls and exteriors used massive glass panels and vista windows to open the building further. The engineering building complex has several buildings where the exterior is almost completely glass. Another technique that was used was a curving walkway around the carapace of the building, which acts as a continual transition and a major thoroughfare. Lawson Hall for lower math and science holds multiple hundred-seat auditoriums. But it is surrounded by green spaces and courtyards, has many glass windows, the main thoroughfare curves around the exterior, and the auditoriums are kept to the interior. This way, the student could be dreading his boring lecture class, but on his way to class he is constantly looking outside to nice surroundings, and if things get too horrible, he is able to slip quickly outside for five minutes to get a drink or smoke in one of the plentiful exterior niches.¹⁷

As if the requirements for expanding the Carbondale campus were not bad enough, Morris decided that it would be good for the university to expand to the Metro East area on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River. Morris wanted to help all of southern Illinois, and this area was the hardest off. The idea crystallized in 1956 and by 1960 had received \$25 million in bonds from the federal and state legislatures to start production. Pulley and the

¹⁴ Priority List for Drafting Room, February 5, 1957. Altgeld is still the music building, but during the last school year has undergone its first renovation since this changeover. The FM radio station was the first and only of its kind in southern Illinois until the early 70s. There is an intercom system in all the buildings. And there are numerous bulletin board areas, with especially large ones inside the doors of each building that is designated for classes.

¹⁵ Pulley to Morris, May 21, 1956 *Re: University Council on Campus Development*.

¹⁶ From the 67-8 President's Report to the Board of Trustees.

¹⁷ I love Lawson. Niches are outside on all sides in courtyards. Everything around it is green and it sits close to Thompson Woods, about a three-minute walk behind the building.

architects had to take on two campuses at once. Pulley put together a plan to get the new campus off the ground; it was a memo to Morris that was three pages long and included several major points: select a city planner, get an engineering firm, and find an architectural firm to help with the master plan.¹⁸ A Saint Louis firm was found for the master plan and opening ceremonies were held in 1965.

The Romans were the masters of enclosed exterior space and opening vistas. The *basilica* was a way to shade and enclose massive spaces while still giving easy access to the outdoors. Augustus built one of the greatest of these of the time the Basilica Julia. He also built his own forum in a manner that enclosed space would also be controlled so that business and meetings could be held in the Forum Augustum, but it could also be used to hold religious ceremonies in association with the temple of Mars Ultor and audiences with the senate. Also within the roofed walkways that enclosed his forum were statues of the Julian *gens* from Aeneas and the great men of Rome from Romulus. These legitimized him through association with all the great men of Rome's past. Another type of enclosed open air space was the theater/amphitheater. SIU has an amphitheater connected to the Student Center allowing open-air events with some privacy. Augustus used his Theater of Marcellus to show his splendor and beat Pompey the Great's complex, serving both purposes well.¹⁹

¹⁸ Pulley to Morris, January 21, 1960
Recommendations for procedure on development of Southern Illinois University campus, Edwardsville, Illinois. Edwardsville became a major extension to keep good students in the Metro East area. It is now under consideration to separate SIU-E from SIU-C.

¹⁹ Gary and Scullard p. 323-4. Mars Ultor in the Forum Augustum was consecrated in B.C. 2.

Master planning and Augustus Reshapes Rome: the same?

Master plans blanketed Morris' home drafting table. A new master plan for the Carbondale campus appeared almost every year between 1950 and 1960. Dorms and buildings were moved and altered on a constant basis.²⁰ Besides continually reevaluating the situation on campus, the drafts helped reassess enrollment, policy, and educational requirements by allowing a minute look into the situation on campus as it changed yearly. A booklet was put together, assumedly upon Morris' retirement, which had most of the master plans and diagrams produced during his era as president. There are thirty-six pictures. The last two are the beginning and the end, 1948 and 1969, which are on the same scale: the 1948 plan is almost invisible in the same size legend.

Morris meant to change southern Illinois and the university that rose as its heart. He planned ahead. He wanted to know what the region needed. He conceived a team of local born compatriots that would aspire to make the "new" university great.²¹ Morris carried a ten-year plan in his pocket that he wrote out in 1952. It included a section for university improvements and one for area improvements. Among these were creating a doctoral program, getting several buildings approved, including education and engineering, developing several area lakes, and

²⁰ Thompson Point was moved across the lake to "the Point." Several ideas of the campus loop road also changed.

²¹ Rendleman was from the Metro East area. Pulley was originally from Marion, about fifteen miles from campus. Davis was a Harrisburg native, about forty-five minutes from campus. Morris himself was a southern Illinois native.

getting a main highway east/west and north/south.²²

He made his subordinates believe in this plan, too. At an enrollment of around 5,000 in 1952, Pulley put out requirements for the dormitory program. This took into consideration that there would be at least 9,000 students, and that these units must be adjustable to future co-ed enrollment situations. By 1959 Pulley mentions to the Board that there will probably be 15,000-19,000.²³

Housing at the time was ramshackle, shoddy, and sparse. The idea of a major unit of dormitories came into focus in early 1952. Now Thompson Point, the project started as an idea for a small community of freshmen men that would have eating and some educational facilities on site. Morris wanted ideas for a living community that would bring the freshmen away from their rural living that many southern Illinoisans would have experienced into a more institutional setting. One noteworthy meeting in October of 1952 started the idea of the structure and framework. Pulley started the basic ideas off by stating, "We are starting a men's residence program." From this starting point, sizes and divisions within the housing units and community blocks were discussed. Morris spoke briefly for the first half of the meeting. The second half of the meeting, after the main ideas had been brought to the table, turned into a conversation

between Morris, Pulley, and a representative from the Chicago architectural firm that was consulting on the project. Morris had set ideas and sent the architects off to draw up plans after making sure of cost efficiency and flexibility.²⁴ This shows how Morris listened but made all the final decisions in his building program. Morris controlled this program though Pulley, who had the job of presenting the changes and budgets to the master plan to the board.²⁵

Augustus used Agrippa to build public works and other monuments. He made Agrippa the *curator aquarum* so that the water supply would be updated after years of negligence. Agrippa proceeded to build the Aqua Virgo, one of the major aqueducts of the city, and the first baths, the 'Thermae.' Agrippa also built the first Pantheon and a large *hotori* in the Campus Martius.²⁶ Also soon after his first settlement with the senate, he began a program to refurbish distraught temples. After years of inattention Augustus quickly "restored the Capitol and sacred buildings to the number of eighty-two, theater of Pompey, the aqueducts and the Via Flaminia."²⁷ This showed Augustus' intent to make the city worthy of the great power and influence it exercised. But some would argue that this was not a building program. I see it as a building program along the same lines

²² See attached photocopy. The doctoral program development through a distinguished professors program that brought in older teachers to fill departmental needs. The two main highways are US 51 and Illinois 13. The lake areas never really amounted to much except for conservation purposes.

²³ Pulley *Requirements for Dormitory Program Southern Illinois University* December 3, 1952. And Pulley to Board report April 1, 1959.

²⁴ *Minutes of Meeting on Men's Dormitory* October 28, 1952. This document is twelve pages of shorthand. It shows the formation of Thompson Point as is.

²⁵ There are numbers of meetings with the board and other people. Pulley had a several thousand dollar traveling budget so that he could put ideas to other colleges and gain ideas from other campuses that were expanding.

²⁶ Gary and Scullard p. 325. Agrippa also apparently sailed up the Cloaca Maxia. That would have been horrendous.

²⁷ Res Gestae Appendix 3.

as what Morris did at SIU. Morris and Augustus did not start new. There was a foundation that each built on. But the idea was to build spaces and the overall area up into something greater than it had previously been. Augustus concentrated on the Capitoline and the Campus Martius. In the Campus Martius his Ara Pacis, obelisk, mausoleum, and a large portico, with its great paved area, created a node or area that was strictly Augustan. The Pantheon and *hotori* that Agrippa built aided this situation and caused the Via Flaminia to be a triumphant processional. The Capitol Hill was also fashioned in a similar manner. By finishing the projects of Caesar to honor himself and buying massive amounts of land to build the Forum Augusti, he set himself up as the focal point. He rebuilt the senate house itself, fashioned a massive temple to Mars Ultor in the middle of his Forum Augusti, and rebuilt the Capitoline triad and Jupiter Maximus.²⁸ The middle of the city and the entrance of the most important road were programmatically built to emphasize the mighty *princeps*. While Augustus did not completely remake Rome in a master plan or official stated program, he changed the face of the most important sectors and where he was incapable of helping or remaking the city he set up policing forces, fire brigades, and urban prefects that could help reform and build up sections of Rome. He succeeded in creating a dominant name and image that no one else had and Caesar had not finished. Another point is that it would have been unwise to proclaim a master building program. One of the ways aristocrats expressed and increased their influence and prestige was through building. While proclaiming he was restoring the

Republic, to take away one of the main competitive arenas would have hurt or hindered his image as the benevolent *princeps*.

Morris was a proponent of this nodal importance. He planned to keep the old original campus in place and to separate the new buildings with Thompson Woods or large green spaces. This is why the Agriculture, Communications, and Theater buildings were separated on the west side of Thompson Woods. The Student Center, Engineering, Arena, and Physical Plant were placed south of a large campus common green that extended from the old campus area. Another large green with soccer fields and walkways divides the administration in Pulliam Hall away from the old campus structures. Morris had the architects set up convenient areas that would serve a single purpose, but were in quick walking distance of the other sections of campus.²⁹

Augustus and Dr. Delyte Morris physically changed the face of their respective areas. They were in different situations and time periods. They went about renovations differently and Morris obviously did not have the power to reshape by only his directive and monies. However, their vision and power in guiding where buildings would be placed, obtaining and using funds to build and expand, and addressing how the place would be viewed were similar and unmatched by predecessors. The ability of one man to help change the face of an area is great. These two men exemplify that trait and how much can be done. Augustus was able to make Rome into a capital city that was large and splendid in its public areas. Dr. Morris helped build an institution that is the largest employer in

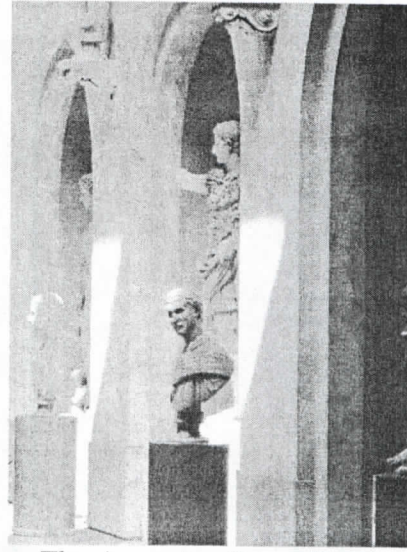
²⁸ Gary and Scullard p. 323-324. Also Res Gestae 19,20, & 21.

²⁹ This is from Harper p. 93-119.

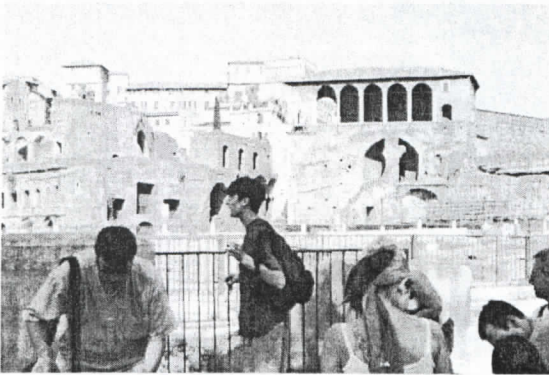
the bottom half of the state of Illinois.³⁰ Augustus' legacy changed the course of western civilization. Morris changed the direction and shape of a region of Illinois. Both men will be remembered for the deeds that they did. The idea of the *pater patriae* rings through this statement by Dick Gregory, a Southern graduate from the 1950s.

He was not just the head of the university, he was the father. SIU is the great university it is today because he was a leader of men. To Dr. Morris' spirit, and to his family, I and countless thousands pay tribute to the memory of this great man.³¹

This last statement rings of the imperial cult of Augustus. To see the homage paid in so similar a way, and how their monuments live on, is fitting.



The Augustus Prima Porta



The Loca Antiqua group in the Forum of Augustus

³⁰ From SIU website, www.siu.edu. Accessed April 12, 2003

³¹ Foreword by Dick Gregory from Betty Mitchell's *Delyte Morris of SIU*.



The Colosseum in Rome

The Poems of Sulpicia from the Corpus Tibullianum

By Derek Mong

3.13

Finally my love responds, and with an email
more scandalous to hide than to save or to expose.
It's true, once my Muses dialed into Cytherea
she replied and plugged this stud into my laptop.
Oh Venus, you pay out your promises so I can
post my joys for those who lack their own.
And yet I hardly trust these message boards or blogs
lest someone read them before my lover does.
Still, it's a pleasant enough faux pas. Grief comes
when we make our reputations into masks.
I've found my dignity with a distinguished man.

3.14

Oh, my dreadful birthday arrives, and I must
spend it, without Cerinthus, in the Amish countryside.
Really, what is sweeter than the city? Why would barns
be fit for girls? And this one near a freezing river!
Already uncle Messalla, you've prayed for me too eagerly
as your roads run with spring's mud and travel
grows taxing. If removed from Rome I relinquish
my soul and DSL. Why haven't I the slightest choice?

3.15

Guess what? They've scratched that journey
from my calendar! Your lover spends her birthday
in Rome. So let us begin this day hand in hand:
one city girl who joins her unsuspecting beau.

3.16

It's really best you give such leeway
to our love, or else I might lose myself and fall
for you. Is she, this tramp who spins her online yarns,
lovelier than Sulpicia, the daughter of Servius?
Daddy worries for us both. You know his greatest fear?
That I might lose you to a shadow's bed.

3.17

Cerinthus, do you ache for your fiancé
now that one fever plagues my limbs –
another my CPU? I don't expect to overcome
any virus on my own. Perhaps this is your will.
Who would gain then if I beat the bug,
when you bear disaster with an easy heart?

3.18

Oh let me not be to you, bright boy,
that fiery lover I seemed just days before.
If my stupid youthful ways have brought
you pain, I should confess that I was,
in vain, trying to disguise my love —
when I signed off on you last night.

A note on Sulpicia:

The poems of Sulpicia come down to us in the *Corpus Tibullianum*, a text that mostly consists of Tibullus's love elegies. However, the third book contains various other elegists, including an unknown poet named Lygdamus and the only surviving work from a female writer working in classical Latin: Sulpicia. These six elegies, addressed to her lover Cerinthus, comprise her entire body of work. Whether she wrote other poems remains beyond the six translated here remains a mystery.

Little is known about Sulpicia herself. As the daughter of the jurist Servius and the niece of Messalla, she likely enjoyed a privileged life among the Roman upper-crust. And yet her background does not prevent her from publicly writing about her lover, something of a taboo.

The poems themselves remain short (none longer than ten lines) and elegiac by nature and meter. Thus they provide the clearest link between early epigram writing and the generation of Latin elegists: (Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus, and Ovid). It is Sulpicia, however, who inverts the gender roles made famous by these male poets. She becomes the betrayed lover, the *servitium amoris* (slave of love), and we can easily picture her the equal to Ovid's

Corinna or Catullus's Lesbia. In past criticism, these poems have been dismissed as the "spontaneous effusions of an artless young girl" (Miller 24). A more careful reading of the poem argues otherwise.

A note on the translation:

As is obvious from my first line, the following translation does not pretend to be a literal representation of the Latin. I have in fact taken liberties, though less with the tenor and tone of Sulpicia's verse, than the actual language, the difficult syntax especially. The most glaring modifications are the anachronisms: laptop for *sinum* (folds, usually the folds in a toga, i.e. lap), message boards and blogs for *tabellis* (wax writing tablets), and "tramp who spins her online yarns" for *pressumque quasillo/scortum* (prostitute spinning wool). My objective here was 1) to update Sulpicia's woes for a 21st century audience, and 2) to illustrate a likeness between the "temporary" writing of today and similar writing of the Romans. This path also led towards the issue of public vs. private texts, publication, and correspondence, all concerns relevant to Sulpicia.

Sulpicia information and Latin text found in: Miller, Paul Allen, ed. *Latin Erotic Elegy*. New York: Routledge, 2002.

Moonlight in Rome's Piazza Navona

By Melanie Vanderkolk

Strands of moonbeams
light up their faces,
those dancing without hesitation,
moving in a gypsy delight;
those who've caught the soul
of the wine in their feet
and have harmonized their bodies
with this Empire of history
and its celestial Pantheon.
They question nothing,
natives and tourists alike,
only asking you to be one
with the cascading reflections
in the Bernini fountains, and
the moonbeams lighting your face.



The Pantheon in Rome

Mythology and Art: A review of Matt Messmer's Art Show Fall 2003

By Lauren Caryer

Sitting on the couch in his room in Gilpatrick, Matt Messmer leans back, sips his chai, and smiling asks me if I like his new Man Ray prints. I glance around the room, noticing the suit of armor, the Man Rays, the Magrittes, and all the other artists adorning the walls. Nodding appreciatively, I started the interview.

Matt Messmer, a sophomore studio art major and member of Ludus, was given a Young Scholars stipend to spend the summer at Denison working on an extensive studio project. The theme of his project was the Myth of Perseus, inspired primarily by Doctor Jacobsen's Classical Civilizations class on Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The paintings and charcoal drawings (currently on display in the Cleveland Hall Gallery) do not *tell* the myth, instead "all of the paintings and drawings are representations of themes and ideas from the myth". Some of the primary themes found in this collection are the Hunter vs. the Hunted, the role of perception in myth and in life, and of course the traditional themes of the snakes of Medusa's hair and the mirror Perseus uses to ultimately defeat her.

However, after studying various 17th and 18th century visual retellings of the myth, Messmer has come up with his own, more cynical vision of the hero Perseus and his lady-love Andromeda. In a triptych, or set of three charcoal drawings, entitled *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, Messmer explores the relationship between Perseus and the deadly Gorgon, Medusa. While Medusa looks like an innocent sleeping girl, Perseus is portrayed as an outlined, creeping, *Spy* vs. *Spy*-esque villain. Messmer wanted to instill a "cartoon-y element" in the character. "He's not a very heroic hero," explains Messmer. "He can fly and gets to

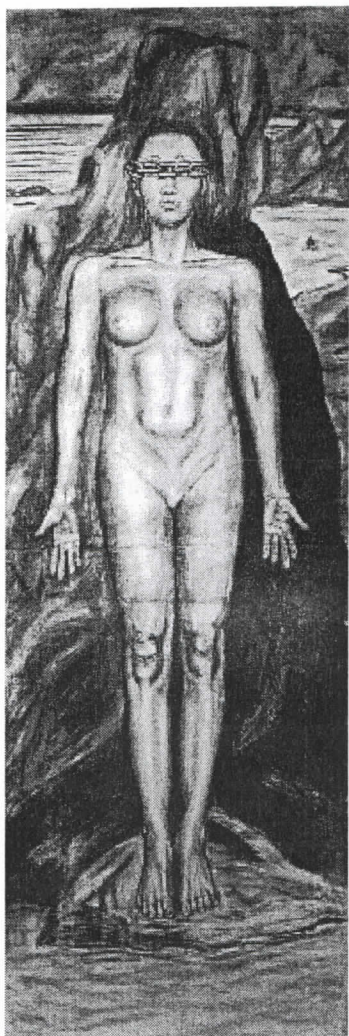
be invisible. I was kind of poking fun at his hero-ness."

Messmer revisits this theme in his two dominant works, *The Hunter...and...Becomes The Hunted*. Each picture is of a staring eye and are both oil painted onto highly reflective copper sheets, picking up on the reflection of Medusa in Perseus' mirror-like shield. The iris of each eye is left completely unpainted to allow the viewer to interact with the painting. "It's like they become part of the painting." When one looks into the eye, the viewer realizes that perception is key and that things are not always as they seem.

Messmer also extends the irony of the inverted themes to the character of Andromeda, a women sentenced to die because her beauty rivaled that of Venus. In the large charcoal on paper work, *Andromeda Chained To The Rock of Doom*, the nude woman (reminiscent of many of Frida Kahlo's self-portraits) stands against the rock, virtually unbound, save for a chain covering her eyes. Andromeda looks like a very strong female figure, bravely awaiting her fate, yet simultaneously unable to see her own ability to shape her destiny. Messmer comments: "A lot of people go through life without questioning their reality...it's just her mental perception that chains her."

The entire show of New Works by Matt Messmer is a commentary on the role perception plays in our metaphorical history and in turn the creation of our futures. Messmer does an excellent job of re-evaluating this deeply embedded cultural myth, metamorphosizing it into the possibility of experiencing alternate realities and variations we were once to blind to see.

Art from Matt Messmer's Show



Andromeda Chained to the Rock of Doom: Charcoal on Paper



Something Wicked This Way Comes: Charcoal on Paper

Miles Amoris and Ovidian Metaphor

by Nate Emmerson

Throughout all three books of Ovid's *Amores*, he revisits many common themes in various poems. An important one of such themes Ovid employs is a metaphor comparing *Amor* to a general, and the lover to a soldier in his army. As Stephen Harrison points out, Ovid wittily reminds us that love elegy can also be described as war.¹ This theme of *miles amoris* spans the three sections of the *Amores*, and is employed via an interesting dualism: the poet becomes both the conquered, having been defeated by *Amor*, as well as the conqueror, bearing the standard of and triumphing over women in the name of love. Poems 1.9, 2.12, and 3.11 of the *Amores* exhibit the quandary this presents the lover/poet. Ovid's military language when describing the escapades of the lover and the obligation he has to *Amor* execute the metaphor, and provide both sides of the coin simultaneously. Poem I.9 explores the similarities between the two roles. Poem II.12 develops the extended metaphor on the side of the lover as triumphant by comparing the narrator's victory over Corinna with various military victories. Poem III.11 demonstrates the other half of the analogy, with expressions of the lover's having been conquered and held captive by the same one in whose *castra* he serves.

Ovid begins poem I.9 with a clear statement of love's military aspect, saying "every lover serves as a soldier, and Cupid has his own fortresses" (*militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido*).² Ovid repeats the first three words again,³ placing further

importance on the fact that each lover serves two roles: the one of the *amator* and that of the *miles*. Ovid continues to explain the similarities in the two roles: "the age which is suitable for war is also suitable for Venus" (*quae bello est habilis, Veneri quoque convenit aetas*).⁴ Another similarity is vigilance: "both [the lover and soldier] watch through the night, each takes his rest on the ground; one guards his mistress's doors, the other his general's" (*pervigilat ambo, terra requiescit uterque; / ille fores dominae servat, at ille ducis*).⁵ Lover and soldier will also overcome any obstacle in order to achieve their goals: a long march (*longa via*), mountains and rain-flooded rivers (*montes duplicataque nimbo flumina*), thick snow (*congestas nives*), swollen wind (*tumidos Euros*), frosts of the night (*frigora noctis*), snow, and rain (*denso mixtas perferet imbre nives*).⁶ Lovers and soldiers must both be watchmen—a soldier looking over his fortress or camp for enemies, and a lover constantly vigilant for rivals to his affection (*mittitur infestos alter speculator in hostes, / in rivale oculos alter, ut hoste, tenet*).⁷ The walls of cities are besieged by a soldier, and the lover acts similarly with the doors of his mistress (*ille graves urbes, hic durae limen amicae / obsidet; hic portas frangit, at ille fores*).⁸ Each uses the element of surprise: the soldier attacks when the enemy sleeps, and lovers take advantage of their mistresses' slumber (*saepe soporatos invadere profuit hostes / cadere et armata vulgus inerme manu. . nemphe maritorum somnis utuntur amantes / et sua sopitis hostibus arma movent*).⁹ Even their patron gods exhibit similar characteristics:

¹ Stephen Harrison, "Ovid and Genre: Evolutions of an Elegist" pp.79-94 in *The Cambridge Companion to Ovid*, ed. Philip Hardie, Cambridge University Press 2002

² *Amores* I.9.1

³ *Am.* I.9.2

⁴ *Am.* I.9.3

⁵ *Am.* I.9.7-8

⁶ *Am.* I.9.11-16

⁷ *Am.* I.9.17-18

⁸ *Am.* I.9.19-20

⁹ *Am.* I.9.21-22, 25-26

Mars, of the soldiers, and Venus, of the lovers, are both described as precarious (*Mars dubius, nec certa Venus*).¹⁰

Although the lover exhibits all these qualities just as a soldier, his work is still love, not war. He does not indulge in the activities of actual warfare, but has to adopt the same methods in his own particular field.¹¹ The two fields, however, are certainly not mutually exclusive. Even though the lover goes forth alone (*non ego militibus venio comitatus et armis*),¹² he still employs similar tactics: the lover, like the soldier, must fight to win.¹³ Ovid goes on in the poem to give examples of famous warriors who were also lovers. Achilles experienced passion at the death of his enamored captive, Briseis (*ardet in abducta Briseide maestus Achilles*). Hector went to battle from the arms of his wife, Andromache (*Hector ab Andromaches complexibus ibat ad arma*). The famous warring king Agamemnon fell for the very daughter of the king whom he fought against (*summa ducum, Atrides visa Priameide fertur / Maenadis effusis obstipuisse comis*). Even the god of war, Mars, fell victim to Amor, having been found making love to Venus (*Mars quoque deprensus fabrilis vincula sensit: notior in caelo fabula nulla fuit*).¹⁴ These masters of both war and love exhibit the aforementioned qualities, and utilize them in both roles. Ovid ends the poem by comparing love to military service yet again: he says that love has turned him from leisure to fitness, much like army training (*qui nolet fieri desidiosus, amet*),¹⁵ completing the analogy.

In Book II of the *Amores*, Ovid develops the comparison in poem 12, which tells of the victory of a lover who has emerged victorious in his conflict with a woman, like a soldier on the winning side does in a battle.¹⁶ He begins with an exclamation of victory (*ite triumphales circum mea tempora laurus*),¹⁷ and says that he has conquered (*vicimus*).¹⁸ Immediately following, Ovid informs the reader that it is not a military battle of which he speaks, but a battle with a woman, and the result is that she is in his embrace (*in nostro est, ecce, Corinna sinu*).¹⁹ Even though the battle was completely devoid of blood (*in qua, quaecumque est, sanguine praeda caret*),²⁰ Ovid continues the analogy to military matters—he goes on to declare himself better than the Greeks conquering Troy, as he was alone in his endeavors (as in poem I.6, “*solus eram*”²¹), whereas it took all the Greeks ten years to bring down the city:

*Pergama cum caderent bello
superata bilustri,
ex tot in Atridis pars quota
laudis erat?
at mea seposita est et ab omni
milite dissors
gloria, nec titulum muneris
alter habet.*²²

Ovid points to another aspect of the *bellum amoris*: similar cause (*nec belli est nova causa mei*).²³ Women are, he says, the cause of both love and many wars. He cites several women: Helen, whose kidnapping caused the Trojan War, Hippodameia, feelings for whom caused the battle between the centaurs and the Lapiths, and Lavinia, whose engagement to Aeneas caused the

¹⁰ *Am.* I.9.29

¹¹ “Variations on a Military Theme in Ovid's ‘Amores’”, Elizabeth Thomas, *Greece & Rome*, 2nd Ser., Vol. 11, No. 2. (Oct., 1964), pp. 151-165.

¹² *Am.* I.6.33

¹³ Thomas, 160

¹⁴ *Am.* I.9.33-40

¹⁵ *Am.* I.9.46

¹⁶ Thomas, 161

¹⁷ *Am.* II.12.1

¹⁸ *Am.* II.12.2

¹⁹ *Am.* II.12.2

²⁰ *Am.* II.12.6

²¹ *Am.* I.6.34

²² *Am.* II.12.9-12

²³ *Am.* II.12.17

conflict between the outcast Trojans and the native Latins:

...nisi rapta fuisset
tyndaris, Europae pax Asiaeque
foret.
femina silvestris Lapithas
populumque biformem
turpiter adposito vertit in arma
mero;
femina Troianos iterum nova
bella movere
inpulit in regno, iuste Latine,
tuo;²⁴

Ovid even points to animals, such as bulls, which fight over females of the species (*vidi ego pro nivea pugnantes coniuge tauros*)²⁵ to show the feminine root to conflict, whether amorous or militant.

Even though the lover's victory is bloodless in this case, it is clear that this is not always true. In poem I.8, Ovid's victory is not a "*sanguine praeda caret*" as in II.12, but has come through violence (*nam furor in dominam temeraria brachia movit; / flet mea vesana laesa puella manu*).²⁶ This follows more closely with the mythological exempla in II.12, in that not only does war break out over the women in his examples, but there is also warfare with most of them, in that they are victims of violence.²⁷ Both love and war spill blood, and the lover in II.12 misleads the audience by claiming a bloodless conquest.

While poem II.12 deals with the lover's role as a soldier of love, III.11 illustrates the other half of the dualism presented in the *bellum amoris* analogy—the lover as someone having been conquered by love himself. As usual, Ovid comes right

out in the first couplet and states the situation: the lover has been defeated by his mistress's vices (*vitiis patientia victa est*)²⁸ and reflects on his servitude. He claims to have slipped his chains (*fugique catenas*),²⁹ and thinks himself free from the *servitium amoris*, a common theme throughout all Roman elegy. However, *Amor* is not so easily defeated. Rather, the lover is again conquered, and again becomes one of the prisoners mentioned in I.2, following Cupid's triumphant procession (*Mens Bona ducetur manibus post terga retortis / et Pudor et castris quidquid Amoris obest*).³⁰ Though his heart is pulled both ways, by love and hate, love ends up winning (*luctantur pectusque leve in contraria tendunt / hac amor hac odium, sed, puto, vincit amor*).³¹ Love has conquered the lover to such an extent that while he feels an aversion to his mistress in his mind (*nequitiam fugio. . . aversor morum crimina*),³² he cannot pull himself away (*fugientem forma reducit. . . corpus amo*).³³ Thus *Amor* proves himself the better soldier: the lover was unable to overcome his master; even though his *Mens Bona* demanded release, he remained *ducetur manibus post terga retortis*.

The *bellum amoris* metaphor, comparing a lover to a soldier, runs through many poems of Latin elegy. In particular, Ovid's *Amores* exhibit the metaphor with unique focus and elegance. Poem I.9 establishes the comparison as valid by stating the qualities both the *miles* and the *amator* share. The poems in the second two books, II.12 and III.11, look specifically at the two sides of the *miles amoris*: the former discussing the lover as a member of the *castra amoris*, and latter referring to the lover as *victus amore*. Ovid's treatment of the

²⁴ *Am.* II.12.17-22

²⁵ *Am.* II.12.25

²⁶ *Am.* I.7.2-3

²⁷ Leslie Cahoon, "The Bed as Battlefield: Erotic Conquest and Military Metaphor in Ovid's *Amores*," *Transactions of the American Philological Association* (1974-), Vol. 118. (1988), pp. 293-307.

²⁸ *Am.* III.11.1

²⁹ *Am.* III.11.3

³⁰ *Am.* I.2.31-32

³¹ *Am.* III.11.33-34

³² *Am.* III.11.37-38

³³ *Am.* III.11.37-38

metaphor stands out, and he gives validity
to his claim that *militat omnis amans*.

*Prophecy and Poetry:
The Cumaean Sibyl as a Symbol in Virgil's Aeneid*
By Nicole Miller

Every detail of art is intentional; an author does not arbitrarily add characters to his work. Everything is chosen with the utmost care in order to facilitate the action, enhance theme, or act as a symbol. In Virgil's *Aeneid*, the Cumaean Sibyl fulfills each of these roles. Of the twelve books of the Roman epic, the sixth book, which is Aeneas' "consultation of the Cumaean Sibyl, [is] the hinge of the work."¹ As she plays such an important role in the epic, the Sibyl must be more than a facilitator of action. Indeed she enhances the theme and acts as a symbol. Virgil uses and manipulates the myth of the Sibyl in the *Aeneid* to draw parallels between the poet and the prophet and thus define his place in the epic tradition. Virgil loosely bases his depiction of the Sibyl on local myth, but she was quite clearly "his own creation. She is after all (like Aeneas himself), a character in epic and as real or unreal as Helen or Circe."² Thus, the Sibyl's role is essential to Virgil's explanation of his place in the tradition of epic. Throughout his epic, Virgil echoes the Greek tradition but deviates in the composition of the very work and in the use of a personal voice. The language he chooses to use in reference to the Sibyl and the very fact that he deemphasizes her humanity reveal his intentions in utilizing the Sibyl as a symbol.

To understand the use of the Sibyl as a symbol, it is important to first understand the intrigue and

mystery surrounding her legends. Throughout the ancient world, there were seers and prophets foretelling of the future and acting as pivotal figures in myth. According to the historian Varro, there were ten Sibyls throughout the ancient world. Tradition places these Sibyls throughout Greece and the Greek colonies.³ Even those oracles in Italy were closely tied to Greece. The city of Cumae, where Virgil's Sibyl resides, was actually a Greek colony. Hence the Cumaean Sibyl was directly linked to the Greek tradition yet uniquely Italian. This placement parallels Virgil's standing in the epic convention. Both are rooted in Greek origins, but claim their own unique place in the tradition. Virgil "deliberately echoed Homer in many details of narrative, in many conventions and features of style."⁴ The very shape of the *Aeneid* is the inverse of Homer's series of epics. Virgil places the journeying of the *Odyssey* in the beginning of his epic and the war elements of the *Iliad* in the second half of his epic. Virgil even "gave his poem the Greek title *Aineis*, thus expressly invoking [...] the parent poetry of Greece."⁵ Even in the words of the Sibyl, Virgil reminds his audience of the preceding Greek tradition. She sees in the future a "horrida bella"⁶ for the Trojans. She foretells an "alius Achilles"⁷, an "hospita coniunx"⁸ and an "externi thalami"⁹. Through

¹ H.W. Parke, *Sibyls and Sibylline Prophecy in Classical Antiquity*, ed. B.C. McGing (New York: Routledge, 1988), 79.

² John Pollard, "Virgil and the Sibyl." The Fourteenth Jackson Knight Memorial Lecture. University of Exeter. 29 October 1981, 14.

³ Parke, 35.

⁴ Robert Fitzgerald, postscript to *The Aeneid*, Virgil, trans. Robert Fitzgerald (New York: Vintage Classics, 1983), 405.

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ Virgil *Aeneid* 6.87.

⁷ Ibid., 6.89.

⁸ Ibid., 6.93.

⁹ Ibid., 6.94.

these echoes of the Greek tradition, Virgil recalls the readers mind to the original and directly contrasts it with his own work. In this echo, Virgil reminds the reader that he has manipulated a traditional convention to create a new work of art.

This convention of epic was in fact born from an oral tradition of bards. Scholars agree that, "Homer was a master of and heir to a tradition of oral epic poetry that reached back over many generations, perhaps even centuries."¹⁰ The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were most likely composed by a series of bards over time retelling different versions of the adventures of ancient heroes. In contrast, Virgil's approach to epic was extremely calculated. He transformed a tradition based in bardic lore into a very intentional literary art form. This very approach to epic was a break in tradition and is manifested in the very act of writing. This deviance is also seen in the symbol of the poet—the Sibyl. Tradition has Oracles proclaiming their prophecies while "her babblings were recorded"¹¹ by attendants. The Cumaean Sibyl is markedly different in her manner of prophecy, by writing on palm fronds. Aeneas begs that "foliis tantum ne carmina manda."¹² Both Virgil and his Sibyl expressed themselves through written language rather than speech. These "written responses which could be drawn like lots were a common institution in Italian shrines."¹³ Virgil deliberately chose a sibyl who adhered to a distinctly Italian tradition deviating from the Greek predecessors.

Throughout his epic, Virgil echoes his Greek predecessors but manipulates the tradition. This element of change is introduced in the opening line of the *Aeneid*. In the ancient Greek tradition, the first lines of an epic called upon the Muse to speak through the poet. In the *Iliad* the opening line states, "Goddess, sing the rage of Peleus' son Achilles." The poet continues, "Begin, Muse, when the two first broke and clashed, Agamemnon lord of men and brilliant Achilles."¹⁴ Virgil immediately breaks away from this tradition by claiming authorship of his epic. He opens the *Aeneid* with "*Arma virumque cano*."¹⁵ Virgil does not even mention the Muse until line eight. Even in this acknowledgement, he clings to his role as author. He says "*Musa mihi causas memora*" l. 8. In this request, he is not asking the Muse to tell the tale as Homer had done, but to speak of it to him so that he may write it. In these crucial opening lines, Virgil is establishing his distinct authorship and role in the creation process. The Sibyl, as a symbol of the poet, also holds a similar role. In fact, Virgil uses language evocative of the opening line as she begins to prophecy, "*Bella, horrida bella/ et Thybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno*."¹⁶ In giving the Sibyl the ability to see the future herself, Virgil is reiterating the importance and power of the individual in the creation of art. Although the Sibyl is able to see for herself, she cannot do so without the aid of Apollo. Virgil is careful to note that first she must be *adflata*¹⁷, breathed upon, and thus inspired by the god. "She is inspired by Apollo, but not

¹⁰ Bernard Knox, introduction to *The Illiad* by Homer, trans. Robert Fagles (New York: Penguin, 1990), 15.

¹¹ Pollard, 11.

¹² Virgil, 6.74.

¹³ Parke, 83.

¹⁴ Homer, *The Illiad*, trans. Robert Fagles (New York: Penguin, 1990), 77.

¹⁵ Virgil, 1.1.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, 6.86-7

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, 6.50.

completely possessed by the god."¹⁸ Virgil also acknowledges this spark of inspiration in his address to the Muse in Book I. The very act of creation is holy and inspired by divinity, but not wholly produced by the divine. Virgil carefully defines the roles of inspiration and the author through the illustration of the Sibyl.

To understand the further literary uses of the Sibyl in context of the culture, it is helpful to look to Virgil's contemporaries. The tale of the Sibyl is told in both Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and Virgil's *Aeneid*, with strikingly different effects. Ovid emphasizes the humanity and suffering of the shriveling old woman in his *Metamorphoses*. His depiction evokes sympathy for her immense suffering as a result of the folly of youth while downplaying her prophetic abilities. Conversely, Virgil describes the prophetess in inhuman terms. He distances the reader from her by describing her as *nec mortale sonans*¹⁹. Virgil quite intentionally avoids addressing the origins of the prophetess' powers. In fact he "had based his account on wide and deep reading, but also, as he was living in Naples when he wrote it, he was in immediate touch with the surviving site."²⁰ This access to information and location reveals that Virgil deliberately chose not to include the Sibyl's history in order to emphasize his own point. In deemphasizing the Sibyl's humanity, Virgil emphasizes her role as symbol in his epic. He highlights each characteristic of hers that parallels his own in order to give a clear explanation of his own art.

The language Virgil uses to describe the sibyl emphasizes the parallels between himself and the character he has written. The most

blatant parallel Virgil draws is through the use of the word *vates*. The Sibyl is constantly referring to as a *vates*, which has a double meaning of both prophet and poet. Tradition states that the Sibyl was not consulted for matters of the future but for advice in dire circumstances and her "responses were not so much predictions referring to the future as directions for meeting present emergencies."²¹ Virgil completely contradicts this notion and intentionally changes it to emphasize the Sibyl's role in the creation process. He describes her as *praescia venturi*²² because she is able to see into the future. Virgil himself is *praescius venturi* because he is constructing the epic. As the author he is the creator and has a deliberate path and point in his epic. Through this choice of wording, Virgil again draws parallels between himself and the prophetess.

As Virgil was *praescius venturi*, he had a great amount of power in choosing what to reveal about his intentions. These obscurities can be very easily compared to the riddles for which the Sibyl was renowned. This vagueness in prophecy insured a greater chance of accuracy, but Virgil chooses to use this as a symbol as well. Virgil describes the Sibyl as *obscuris vera involens*²³, much like a poet. The many mysteries surrounding the *Aeneid* may in fact not be due to incompleteness, but to Virgil's intentional vagueness. This is most clearly seen in the closing passage of Book VI as Aeneas leaves the underworld through the ivory gate of false dreams. The possibilities of meaning in this are endless. Perhaps Aeneas had simply dreamt the entire journey to the

¹⁸ Parke 79

¹⁹ Virgil, 6.50.

²⁰ Parke, 79.

²¹ Roy Merle Peterson, *The Cults of Campania*, vol. 1, *Papers and Monographs of the American Academy in Rome* (Rome: Accom. Editori Alfieri & Lacroix, 1919), 58.

²² Virgil, 6.100.

²³ Virgil, 6.100.

underworld. Maybe Aeneas as the symbol of all that was Augustan virtue is simply false and in this the virtue extolled throughout the epic and the golden age of Augustus false as well. Virgil's meaning here is clearly *involens obscuris* and, just as the prophecies of the Sibyl, was most certainly intended to be such.

Virgil delights in these parallels between himself as the poet and the Sibyl as prophetess. Throughout the pivotal Book VI, he continually reminds the reader that this version of the Sibyl is quite intentional. Through his echoes of Greek epic convention and his word choices, he quite clearly defines his place in the ancient tradition. Even though "she is based on the legend of the Sibyl of Cumae, clearly she is more than that."²⁴ The Sibyl is an integral part of his illustration of the role of the individual in the creation of art and reminds the reader that every detail of art has significance.

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²⁴ Pollard, 12.

Ancient Physical and Spiritual Reinforcements of Male Andocentric Opinions

By Allison Cartmell

In his book, *Her Share of the Blessings: Women's Religions among Pagans, Jews, and Christians in the Greco-Roman World*, Ross Shepard Kraemer claims that, "it was a commonplace in Greco-Roman antiquity that religion was women's business, and it was not a compliment." Mary Lefkowitz and Maureen Fant's work, *Women's life in Greece and Rome*, seems to argue against this fact. According to Lefkowitz and Fant, the only pagan religious cults in which women held powerful roles were goddess cults, such as the cults of Demeter, Aphrodite, Athena, and Vesta. Men held the chief state priesthoods, and ultimately male politicians regulated which gods and goddesses women were permitted to worship. It would be more correct of Kraemer to state that religious frenzy was chiefly the domain of women. In both body and mind, ancient women were seen as weak creatures who lacked self-control, and were therefore easily led into vice, passion, and overzealous religious worship. Because of this perceived weakness, men believed that women must be strictly guarded and controlled throughout their lives.

In the ancient opinion, a woman's weak nature began in her physical body. Plato claimed that out of a first, all male generation, those who "were cowardly and acted unjustly during their lifetimes, were (as required by logic) changed into women in the second generation."¹ Aristotle agreed that women were a weakened form of men, he says, "[In females] there is an obvious deficiency in physique as compared with males."² The Greek physician Hippocrates traced female weakness to conception; he claimed that a female child resulted from "weak sperm," and a male child resulted from "strong sperm."³ The focal point of a woman's weakness lay with her reproductive system. Medical practitioners in Greece and Rome believed that ailments involving a woman's reproductive organs

affected her body as a whole, and that most women's diseases were caused by a displaced womb.⁴ This "wandering womb" reflects the misogynistic view of a fickle and vicious woman when it is described as "raging."⁵ A woman's apparent physical flaws were reflected in opinions about a woman's inherent nature. The belief in these natural imperfections, endorsed by the doctors of the day, gave men a basis for their desire to keep women firmly in male control.

In the Greco-Roman world, it was believed that a woman who was left with no male guardian would easily fall prey to an ill-intentioned man. A church father in Alexandria in the late second century AD summarized the male opinion when he said, "A woman quickly can be lured into disorderly behavior, if she has only an inclination to licentiousness."⁶ St. Jerome agreed when he spoke of marriage in the fourth century, he pointed out that any type of man could entice a woman into adultery, whether with his figure, his brains, his wit, or simply his open hand.⁷ Women in particular were thought to be in danger when religion was used as a temptation. A priest called Marcus was said to have used false magic to convert women into his cult. After their conversion, he convinced the women that they could come closer to God by engaging in sexual intercourse with him.⁸ The mother of St. Thecla feared that St. Paul was this kind of priest, she called Paul's speeches "deceitful and tricky" and stated that she was shocked that her daughter's "maidenly modesty can be so comprised." Later she says, "My daughter is attached to [Paul's] window like a spider overpowered by the man's speeches with a new and terrible passion. She hangs on what he says, and the virgin is seduced."⁹

¹ Lefkowitz, 225

² Lefkowitz, 227

³ Lefkowitz, 231

⁴ Lefkowitz, 237

⁵ Lefkowitz, 299

⁶ Lefkowitz, 324

⁷ Lefkowitz, 326

⁸ Lefkowitz, 323-324

⁹ Lefkowitz, 311

A woman's virtue was thought to be in further danger when she participated in rites involving large, mixed-sex groups. Although Kraemer does not believe that religion offered an escape from the everyday stifling oppression that made up most of a woman's life,¹⁰ Lefkowitz disagrees with him when she says,

The politically oppressed often turn to ecstasy as a temporary means of possessing the power they otherwise lack: orgiastic ritual, secret cults, trances and magic provided such outlets, especially for women, who could not justify meeting together for any other purpose.¹¹

The actions of the Roman government support her statement; at various times, the Romans outlawed both bacchic rites¹² and Christianity.¹³ Rumors of lewd behavior surrounded both cults, and upper class Romans feared that due to the "natural weakness of their sex"¹⁴ their women would fall prey to this form of worship. Even women who participated in state sanctioned worship created worry, the best example being the Vestal Virgins. Though the priestesses of Vesta received the honors of making their own will and conducting their business affairs without a male guardian, they were still kept under the dominance of Rome's chief priest, the Pontifex Maximus. When a new priestess was selected, the Pontifex literally took her by the hand and led her from her father, mimicking the way a woman would be captured in war. Further, her offenses were punished by the Pontifex. Though a Vestal Virgin had powers that other women did not, she was still under the control of a more powerful man; a spiritual father had replaced her biological father.¹⁵

Though women who participated in pagan religion were kept under the control of men, paganism did afford women some rights. As Lefkowitz stated, religious worship allowed women to act outside of social norms, albeit for a brief time. In the festival of Demeter Thesmophoria, women walked through the city barefoot and with unbound hair, singing and calling attention to themselves,¹⁶ whereas in everyday life Greek women (excepting the Spartans) were expected to stay out of public sight. During the procession celebrating the mysteries of Demeter, women walked in front of the men,¹⁷ and in Rome, the first woman to gain power equal to that of the Senators was an honored priestess.¹⁸ During the Roman festival to Bona Dea, Cicero's wife received a portent that gave her the power to interrupt a political meeting, a place where women were not welcome.¹⁹ Although the Romans feared Christianity for the moral sake of their women, the belief in original sin allowed early Christian males to set up another Misogynistic system. An early Christian work states that the only way for women to atone for Eve's sin is through child-bearing,²⁰ which negates Kraemer's statement that the popularity of Christianity can be traced to the fact that it provided women with "a set of standards by which to judge themselves that did not depend on their success as sexual and reproductive beings."²¹ Furthermore, while pagan women could harbor direct relationships with the gods or (more often) the goddesses, St. Paul stated that "the head of every man is Christ, the head of every woman is her husband, and the head of Christ is God." He claimed that man was the only glory of God; woman was the glory of her husband.²² Thus he eliminated any connection between females and the divine; a woman could only connect to God through her husband. Therefore it seems that paganism would be more appealing

¹⁰ Kraemer, 12

¹¹ Lefkowitz, 273

¹² Lefkowitz, 275-276

¹³ Lefkowitz, 318-323

¹⁴ Shelton, *As the Roman's Did*, 414

¹⁵ Lefkowitz, 289-291

¹⁶ Lefkowitz, 280-281

¹⁷ Lefkowitz, 281

¹⁸ Lefkowitz, 304

¹⁹ Lefkowitz, 291-292

²⁰ Lefkowitz, 309

²¹ Kraemer, 13

²² Lefkowitz, 308-309

than Christianity to Greco-Roman women. Yet even with these constraints, there were a large number of women in early Christian communities,²³ and despite Paul's teaching, St. Perpetua writes that the Lord spoke directly to her through visions.²⁴ Nevertheless, paganism periodically allowed women a brief escape from the constraints of daily life, while Christianity continued to restrict the rights of women during worship.

The opinions that were held by ancient men concerning women are not far removed from our own society. In the book *Hen's teeth and Horse's Toes*, Stephen Jay Gould dispels the misogynistic view that males are naturally stronger than females by using examples from the animal kingdom in which the female of an animal is larger than and dominant over the male. This research is relatively new, however, and even within the last few centuries ancient opinions on the subject were still widely accepted. The short story "The Yellow Wallpaper," written by Charlotte Perkins Gilman in 1892, shows that Victorian women were beset by many of the problems facing ancient women. Because of her husband's opinions on her mental and physical weaknesses, the protagonist of the story is driven insane.

Kraemer remedies his original statement that ancient religion was "women's business" when he states that the male scholars who called ancient women inherently more religious than ancient men generally meant that women were "more superstitious, more emotional, and less rational."²⁵ These modern scholars are endorsing a continuation of ancient misogynist beliefs. Greco-Roman males used skewed biology to support their androcentric society, believing that a woman's mental weakness began in her physical body, most specifically in her reproductive organs. These beliefs gave men a reason to keep women under their control. Some pagan religious worship provided women temporary relief from the

oppressive world of men, yet even this freedom was not complete. Christianity further defined women as weak and sinful creatures, and eliminated female divinities and the small freedoms that came from women's worship of them. Though modern science proves that women do not suffer from a natural weakness, the constraints that this belief created have only begun to be dispelled in the past century.

²³ Kraemer, 4

²⁴ Lefkowitz, 313-323

²⁵ Kraemer, 12

*Comedy in the Satyricon: Senior
Research Prospectus*
By Nate Emmerson

My senior Honors Project will focus on prose in Latin's "silver age," specifically during the reign of Nero, and more specifically, the *Satyricon* by Petronius Arbiter, one of Nero's intimates and his "arbiter of elegance." Petronius has left us a work that is difficult to classify with any preexisting genre, and the *Satyricon* has been called the first western novel. Without a doubt, however, it combines many elements of other, preexisting genres into a "mishmash" (*satura*). Throughout this mishmash, Petronius utilizes many of the central elements to ancient comedy, as well as literary techniques used by both Greek old and new comedy as well as Roman comedy. I will examine the influence of Aristophanes, Menander, Plautus, and Terence on the *Satyricon*, as well as Petronius' use of theatrical elements and techniques such as dramatic illusion as a way of enhancing his "novel."

*The Effects of Iconoclasm on Christian
Image: Senior Research Prospectus*
By Tashina Browning

My topic for senior research is early Christian art, its progression from the third century through the period of Iconoclasm, and its ever growing centrality in religious life during that time period. I plan to focus my research primarily on the potency and roles of symbols and images within early Christianity. I intend also to explore the importance of liturgy in Christian art, as well as demonstrate the increasing similarity between Christian, and Greco-Roman and pagan art from the third through the eighth centuries in the Byzantine Empire. I wish to learn the effects that Iconoclasm had on the Christian image. I will compare the periods proceeding and following Iconoclasm, as well as explore specific historic events during the period, such as Leo III's edict of 726 and the Seventh Ecumenical Council of 787. I hope to reveal through my research how dramatically and in what various ways Iconoclasm altered the role and potency of the Christian icon.

Domestic Politics of Ancient and Early Modern Drama: Senior Research Prospectus

By Betsy Prueter

My senior research project will study the domestic relationships apparent in dramatic writing and the extent to which the depiction of these relationships are reflections of state and government politics and policy. The two time periods of interest are 3rd century Rome and 17th/18th century England. Both of these eras are rich in culture, conflict and character. The controversy these eras seem to instigate politically is reflected in the literature. Politics (in a literary sense) seem to center around three relationships: master and servant, husband and wife and parent and child. The ways in which the relationships are presented reflect, to a certain amount, societal norms and state policies that affect domestic life. The playwrights appear to take the edicts, the rules and the laws, challenge them or reinforce them offer possible solutions or resolutions to them; all within the context of a comedy.

A reader might ask, and rightly so, why I might choose to comparatively study ancient Rome and modern England. At first glance, the connection might not be completely evident. But there is a strong link between the two periods, and as I investigate deeper into scholarship I am finding more, however subtle, ties that bring the two together. The primary connection between both ancient Rome and "modern" England is one of political structure and change. England was experiencing a significant shift in government and power emphasis from the upper aristocratic class to the merchant middle class. Industry among the citizens became a praised virtue and the development of the actual *working* class defined the new wave of society. Two trends in particular observed in England were the growth of the state and the development of the public sphere where the focus was on coffee houses, newspapers and political clubs- in essence, the *common* person was involved in discussion of public and state affairs. Modern English Drama can be studied by looking at the 17th and 18th centuries separately. John Spurr, in his

article, *England 1649-1750: differences contained*, argues that mid seventeenth century England was "violent, authoritarian, credulous, poverty-stricken; confident that virtue and responsibility were inherited by gentlemen and monarchs; cowering in the face of a hostile environment and universe... absorbed in religious fundamentalism." As we move closer to the reign of King George, we see noticeable changes. "Mid-eighteenth century, on the other hand, although not modern, would be full of familiar sights and institutions. This was a world comfortably like our own in many ways: with newspapers and tea-tables, concerts, and public parks, insurance policies and sales taxes, a post office and bureaucrats; a world which held a place for the "ladies," "the consumer," "the citizen," and "the middle class." This emphasis on mercantilism and the middle class is significant to my study of the drama of the time period and how it relates to Latin drama.

Rome, though obviously structured differently politically, experienced similar changes in the nature of governing. Roman government saw new leaders and authorities each year, so an overhaul of the system was extremely unlikely; being that true stability never really existed. But Rome was inter-bellum at this point. They had started to expand territorially and had colonized most of the Mediterranean and parts of Africa. This move towards imperialism represented their political metamorphoses.

Additionally, the third and fourth centuries gave rise to the creation of a middle class, the Equites, or the knights. This broke the traditional mold of upper and lower classes and shifted the social, cultural and political focus on members of Roman society who were *not* noble. This creation of a middle class caused interesting outcomes. First of all, the patricians started to become dependent on the lower classes for financial support, for what they had in name status they lacked in property. Roman law reflected the interdependence

between the two classes with enacted allowances of marriage among the classes. Finally, an emphasis on a working class took slight precedence over the patricians and the plebeians, the traditional social classes at the time. This was clearly related to the imperialistic, expansionist tendencies the Roman "republic" developed between the second and Third Punic wars. With an economy that was flourishing, a need arose for a class of people dedicated to its upkeep.

The domestic relationships that existed in the government setting found themselves quite often interpreted and reflected in the literature of the time. My interests have pointed specifically to drama and I have discovered significant connections between this particular genre and the political scene. Certain areas of domesticity are continually portrayed in the plays and result in very complicated outcomes and plot twists. The outcomes are usually difficult to interpret. Because much of Plautine and Terentian drama is meant to be funny, it sometimes is a difficult task to extract the implications and intentions of their work. Their characters employ puns, mistaken identities, trickery and intrigue to accomplish their goals; while at the same time making the audience roll in the aisles. However, by examining the structure of their plays, we can witness social politics being reflection within the text itself. The advantage of stock characters is a clear indication of trends through his cannon. The master and slave duality is one such relationship that appears again and again, with very similar structure. Husbands and wives are frequently pitted against each other and parents are usually running (or attempting to run) the lives of their children. When we look at 3rd century BC Rome and the political set-up, we might draw some parallels to the production of literature.

Restoration and Early Georgian Drama gave birth to playwrights who were very aware of the Classical tradition. In fact, imitation was one of the defining characteristics (and continues to be a defining characteristic) of drama during early modern England. This imitation was predominate in literature as playwrights attempted to write like ancient respected

authors. This is my hope. That by looking at Roman law, other Roman writers and Roman cultural practices, we see some sort of reflection in the text. But whatever the case, I feel that there is a direct connection between what Roman policy makers were promoting and what Roman playwrights were inspired to write. Plautus and Terence may be subverting the societal norms or they may be enforcing them (though I am inclined to believe the former). They may be posing solutions for state politics and their effects on the general public or they might be outwardly praising them. Only a thorough investigation of both the public policy of the 3rd Century and the evidence from the dramatic text will reveal the nature of the political reflection.

The same follows for Restoration Drama though I am essentially focusing on a shift between two regimes and time periods. What is mostly considered Restoration Drama (roughly 1660-1688) includes the playwrights such as Etherege, Wycherly, Behn and Pix. The Early Georgian Drama (roughly 1715-1737) is representative of Dryden, Shadwell, Congreve, Centlivre, Farquhar, and Sheridan. There was much struggle with the monarchy and the state religion that commenced in the 17th century and stabilized in the 18th century. Citizens were rebelling against Puritan values and the playwrights often followed suit. Characters lived in societies with political crises and no tradition to look to for guidance (as the state did), they all had heroic qualities but were unable to bring balance (as the state struggled to do) and some even offered an alternative to monarchy through the outcomes of their plays. Whatever the case, the dramatists proved that there was something fundamentally wrong with the old political ideology. They did this in primarily two ways. The first was witty and sophisticated, the other merely praised the middle class and their values and morals.

Because we can never be sure just how the audience interpreted these plays, we are left with a certain amount of freedom to do our own interpretation. And this will be partly my task. Through reading the plays, writing response papers

and think pieces for what I have read, gathering secondary scholarship to support or challenge my own theories and finally, developing a notion for how to bring everything together will define the methodology of my research. Additionally, I think it will be pertinent to obtain documentation testifying to the actual governmental laws present during both time periods and to delve into further primary sources that can attest to the political climate of the eras. It would behoove me to observe what policies were in place that affected the three domestic relationships I wish to explore. Perhaps new slave laws affected master slave relations in drama, or maybe the Canuleian law, which permitted marriage between the two social classes of Rome, altered how class and gender fit into husband and wife relations.

Whatever the case may be, this search is my task. I wish to discover what drove these playwrights to write what they did; what about the political environment at the time inspired such responses? What are implications of their works? If they are challenging social norms, how do they accomplish this and how effective was it? If they are only challenging certain norms and reinforcing others, how seriously are we to take their protests? What do the playwrights' responses tell us about society? Was it a place where only the wealthy, male authority figure stood a chance? Or does the drama give hope to the marginalized? Is Drama a more true reflection of reality than governmental documentation? Are there contradictions between the fictional literary text and the political texts? These are some questions that I hope will produce a varied and composite political theory that is applicable to both ancient drama and restoration drama.

Roman Prostitution: Senior Research Prospectus
By Allison Cartmell

I propose a yearlong study focusing on Rome's *famosae*, or "notorious women," upper class matrons who often appear in Roman literature acting as prostitutes. I would like to break my research into two general sections. In the first, I intend to look at the notorious women of literature, examining their roles and characteristics. I will attempt to reconstruct any evidence for historical women who may have acted with the freedom the elegiac *puella* or the *famosae* of satire and invective display (Marilyn B. Skinner's article, *Clodia Metelli*, will serve as a jumping off point for this undertaking). I am theorizing that the historical *famosae* are truly upper class women who exercise a certain degree of control in their public lives and in the public lives of their families. I hope to use both literary and archaeological evidence to show the freedoms these women enjoyed. In the second section I will discuss the increasing freedoms women exercised under the late republic and early principate, using archaeological and literary evidence. Then I will examine the fear that this liberation caused in the male population, which could prove to be the source of the literary *famosae*.

Helen of Troy: Senior Research Prospectus

By Melanie Vanderkolk

The infamous Helen of Troy makes one of her first appearances in Greek literature in Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in the late 8th century B.C., yet her depiction is anything but coherent. In the *Iliad*, Homer describes her as a beautiful woman who is full of worth but acts as a child, knowing that she was wrong in having succumbed to Paris, who has stolen her from her husband, Menelaus. The *Odyssey*, however, shows Helen as a devoted wife of Menelaus, almost laughing at the "shameless whore that I was."¹ Instead of being the "wretched, headstrong girl" of the *Iliad*, Helen is now the "pearl of women."² In the Greek literature that follows, Aeschylus, Herodotus, Euripides, and Aristophanes provide various interpretations and portrayals of Helen and her character. The sources debate most over whether or not Helen went with Paris willingly. Aeschylus and Euripides show a Helen guilty of adultery and leaving her husband, while Aristophanes shows Helen as pure, and Herodotus claims she was in Egypt for the duration of the Trojan War and was not to blame for the destruction of Troy.³ These inconsistencies in Helen's character have not gone unnoticed by modern scholars. Authors such as Norman Austin, Mihoko Suzuki, Ingrid Holmberg, Matthew Gumpert, and Robert Meagher have tried to make sense of the images by suggesting that Helen is a metaphor for cultural appropriation, and that Helen is dualistic in nature. These scholars, though, only focus their research on the portrayals of Greek authors.

In order to gain more understanding of the various images of Helen of Troy, I propose a study of her Roman portrayals. In essence, who was the Roman Helen? Primary sources including images of Helen are most prominent during the reign of

Augustus, and we must ask why this is the case. One reason is probably that Augustus claimed to be descended from Aeneas, a hero from the Trojan War, started by Helen. With this in mind, I will focus my research more succinctly on the question, how did the Augustan poets portray Helen?

This question raises further inquiry. For instance, what connotations does Helen bring with her? How do the individual Latin words used to create the portrayal contribute to her connotations? What are the patterns found in the language and images? What are the differences between the authors, and how do these differences affect the portrayals? How do these images contribute to the poem or work as a whole? To begin answering these questions, I will translate from the Latin excerpts from Ovid's *Heroides* and *Metamorphoses*, Virgil's *Aeneid*, Horace's *Odes* and *Epodes*, Livy's *Ab Urbe Condita*, and Propertius' *Elegies*. Each of these authors provides different versions and ways of approaching Helen as an individual. Ovid writes the longest of all the images, with his *Paris Helenae* and *Helene Paridi*, in which we read two letters written in the voice of Paris and Helen regarding their relationship.⁴ His works are particularly useful in my research simply because they are using this direct address between Helen and Paris and will show their feelings towards one another. Propertius, on the other hand, uses brief images of Helen to make comparisons to his own lover and his own relationship, suggesting that Helen's influence was still well-known and common when he wrote the elegies between 28 and 22 B.C. Livy was not a client of Augustus', as the other authors were, but he was a contemporary of theirs. He, though only briefly, uses Helen and the Trojan War as a beginning point in his history of Rome.

Despite these differences in her types of portrayals, though, I predict patterns regarding the type of woman Helen was and her guilt or innocence will

¹ *Odys.*, Bk. IV, line 162.

² *Iliad.*, Bk. III, line 480. and *Odys.*, Bk. IV, line 342.

³ As seen in Aeschylus' *Oresteia*, Euripides' *Trojan Women*, Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, and Herodotus' *The Histories*.

⁴ *Heroides*, letters XVI and XVII.

arise. For instance, she is known most commonly as the daughter of Tyndareus: "Tyndaridi," "Tyndaris...bis rapta," "Tyndarida," "Tyndaridis facies invisa Lacaenae," "Lacaenae...adulterae," and as a Lacaenean woman, both titles defining Helen as an outsider.⁵ Helen's beauty is also a prominent feature of her portrayals; she has a "digna quidem facies" and is "pulcherrima" with her "laudatam...formam."⁶ It is this beauty that causes her to be a prize, "praemia magna quidem."⁷ I will use Latin epitaphs and general descriptions such as these to decipher what each author wants his reader to remember or know about Helen.

It is from this literal knowledge of Helen in the primary texts that leads us to ask why each author would choose each word and image, as every author has the power to include or leave out any aspect of a character he wishes. In the *Aeneid*, for example, Helen seems to first be used to show that the gods are truly to blame for Aeneas and other soldiers fighting the Trojan War, and then later used in Deiphobus' story to show the destruction and maliciousness of the war.⁸ Obviously, Virgil is choosing what attributes of hers to include at particular points in his epic, and which to use at other points.

Why an author would choose a specific image during the reign of Augustus, though, becomes more complicated because of the patron-client relationship and the college of poets under Maecenas, a chief of Augustus'. This relationship would involve a give-and-take atmosphere to make both individuals happy. Over the years, scholars have disagreed with the way in which this patron-client relationship affected the poets, though. With regards to Virgil, scholars such as Elizabeth Haight, Ronald Syme, and J.P. Sullivan suggest that Virgil wrote the *Aeneid* as a tribute to Augustus, while in

"Ovid and the Augustans," Brooks Otis debates whether or not Ovid could even be considered an Augustan poet because of his seemingly defiant nature. If the college of poets acted as a mouthpiece for the emperor, the uses of Helen would be very different than if, as R.Y. Tyrell suggests, the elegists were only writing about what they were passionate.⁹ For my research, I will also look at more current scholars such as Jasper Griffin, W.R. Nethercut, Joseph Farrell, Kurt Raaflaub and Mark Toher, and Thomas Habinek. Like Habinek, Raaflaub and Toher believe a combination of the extreme theories of Augustan patronage. They believe that Augustus and Maecenas influenced the poets but allowed them to work in the propagandistic society with their own perspectives. These books and articles will further my knowledge of the lives of the authors and different views of how the authors would see their own work.

There can be no denial that being a member of Augustus' college of poets would have some effect on each work as a whole, and I will use the same sources mentioned above to define the history of Augustus' relationships with his poets. We can see some influence of Augustus if we consider his goals for his reign. The ideals Augustus wanted to spread at the time were ideals for "the land, the soldier, religion and morality, the heroic past, and the glorious present."¹⁰ With the use of Helen in any poem, the author would be reminding the reader of the Trojan War and of Aeneas' piety in leaving Troy to found Rome. This story, known to all Romans, could possibly be the heroic past that Augustus, who claims to be a descendent of Aeneas, wants to be in the mind of the Romans. Questions that need to be considered when looking to the primary texts for answers regarding the poets' meanings and to these secondary sources for additional knowledge about the lives of these poets include: How seriously can scholars take these poets? What role did Augustus play in creating or forcing these

⁵ Propertius, II.8, line 32., Ovid *Metamorphoses* Bk. XV, line 233., Virgil Bk. II, line 601., and Horace *Odes* III.3, line 25.

⁶ Propertius II.3, line 39, *Heroides*, Letter VIII, line 99, and *Heroides* Letter XVI, line 132.

⁷ *Heroides*, Letter XVI, line 19.

⁸ Virgil, Bks. II and VI.

⁹ Tyrell discusses the purpose and goals of each Augustan poet in his article, "Latin Poetry."

¹⁰ Syme, Ronald. *The Roman Revolution*, pg. 460.

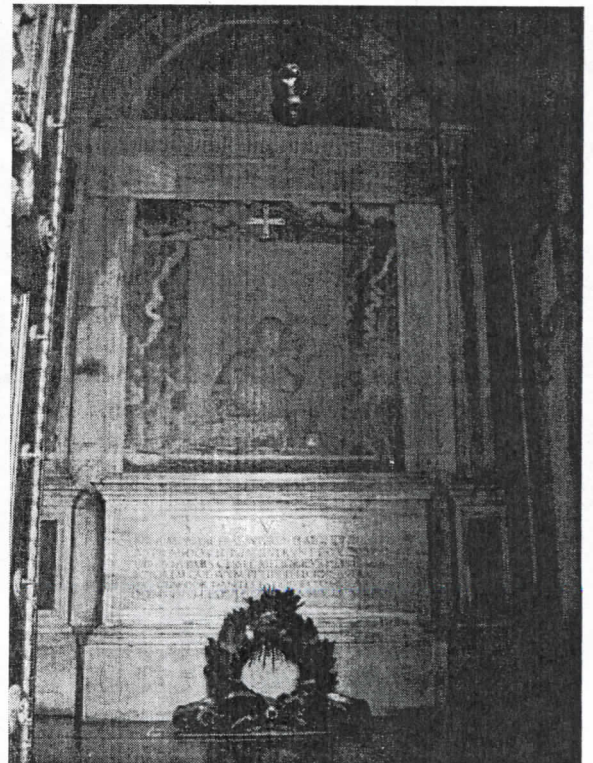
images upon the poets? Who would read these works, and, therefore, what influence would these portrayals of Helen really have?

The strength and influence of Helen's Roman images, I believe, cannot truly be tested until we look to the modern images of Helen and their similarities and differences from the Roman images, as I will do in my conclusion. For this section of my research, I plan to look carefully at the movies *Helen of Troy* (1955), *Lion of Thebes* (1964), *The Trojan Women* (originally made in 1971 but re-mastered for video in 1992), and *Helen of Troy* (2003). I will look at the dress and appearance of Helen, the words and attitudes used towards her, and her actions with regards to her relationship with Paris to make comparisons to the Roman literature. From this research, I will be able to see which attributes of Helen's have maintained strength throughout time. For example, the idea of Helen as a foreign and distinctively "other" woman, seen when the poets call her "Lacaenae" surfaces in *Lion of Thebes* and *The Trojan Women*, in which Helen has dark hair and exotic features. While the *Trojan Women* is ultimately based off of Euripides' play of the same title, this use of Helen's exoticism remains an example of Roman influence in her portrayal. Likewise, both *Helen of Troy* movies seem to coincide with Propertius' Helen, the "digna quidem facies," and "gloria Romanis."¹¹ These movies show Helen with long, blonde hair and very light features to emphasize her beauty, rather than her guilt. Interestingly enough, however, the *Helen* movies show Helen as a woman who willingly goes with Paris but is not the true cause of the war. One way to explain this fact may be to theorize that Helen's beauty empowered her to follow her will.

To further my research into these modern images, I will employ the studies of Martin Winkler, Maria Wyke, Sandra Joshel, and Jon Solomon, all of whom look at the how the ancient world is portrayed in modern cinema. While not exclusively discussing Helen in their studies, these

scholars look at the way American ideals are portrayed in these movies, as well as explain where certain movies could have been made closer to the original literature. I, however, will continue to look only at the way in which the Roman Helen is influential to these modern movies in terms of her portrayal.

After looking directly at the primary Latin texts as a whole, at the individual words used to make up each description of Helen, and at the possible influence of Augustus in these descriptions, I propose that I will find precisely what is found when looking at the Greek portrayals: the is no one coherent Helen. I suspect that trends will surface in the Latin itself and in the actions taken by Helen, but because the Augustan poets were writing at the same time, knew each other, and were often friends with Augustus, it is impossible to say exactly who influenced whom. However, I also suspect that there exist reasons for each portrayal that do not come directly from the influence of Augustus or the other poets. These are the reasons that I hope to uncover.



Dante's Tomb in Ravenna

¹¹ Propertius, II.3, line 39 and II.3, line 29.

*A Muse even in Exile: Ovid's Tristia Book I: Research Presentation at the Ohio
Classical Conference Meeting at Kenyon College, October 2003*

By Garrett Jacobsen

In 8 CE Augustus condemned without trial the poet Ovid, who thus became "relegatus", banished from Rome, forced to live on the banks of the Danube and the Black Sea, but retaining property and citizenship. Ovid himself famously confesses to "carmen et error" (*Tristia* II.207) as the reason for exile, lamenting his ruin as citizen and poet. More curious about what the "error" may have been (the "carmen was no doubt the lascivious Ars Amatoria) and more interested in the autobiographical tidbits scattered throughout the *Tristia* and *Epistulae ex Ponto*, until recently critics and readers have ignored the poetics of Ovid's exilic poetry, and they have accepted at face value the pose of poetic decline assumed by Ovid. It may be hoped that the following comments on reading the *Tristia*, Book I, contribute to the current scholarly rehabilitation of Ovid's reputation as poet in exile.

Parve—nec invideo—sine me, liber, ibis in urbem, ei mihi, quo domino non licet ire tuo! vade, sed incultus, qualem decet exulis esse; infelix habitum temporis huius habe. (Tr. I.1.1-4) (I.)

Thus, begins the poetry of Ovid's 'relegatio'. No Muses sing. No Cupids argue. Even the poet appears to disappear. Indeed much of *Tristia* I.1 portends Ovid's fall from grace both politically and poetically, its plaintive tone promising submissive flattery and hackneyed verses. If this first poem of exile is programmatic, then the reader may expect a book bereft of "ingenium," a book without "Amor", a book without Ovid. The final lines of poem 1 underscore this reading:

et si quae subeunt, tecum, liber, omnia ferres, sarcina laturo magna futurus eras. longa via est, propera! nobis habitabitur orbis ultimus, a terra terra remota mea. (Tr. I.1.125-128) (II.)

The separation of poet and text seems as profound as the distance between Roma and Tomi, and as sad as the mournful "ahs" ending the poem—a terra terra remota mea.

All that is left for Ovid now are versified meditations on exile—the storm-ridden journey, the memories of Rome, the loss of friends, the loyalty of his wife—topics perhaps better suited to prose than to poetry (witness the letters of Cicero from exile), and the final humiliation for a poet reduced to suppliant. It is a bleak future, and a heavy burden ("sarcina magna") to be borne by poet, book, and reader.

In *Tristia* I.7, addressed to those back in Rome who may be contemplating a bust of Ovid, the poet asserts that his "carmina," most particularly his *Metamorphoses*, are the "maior imago" of himself.

grata tua est pietas. sed carmina maior imago sunt mea, quae mando qualiacumque legas, carmina mutatas hominum dicentia formas, infelix domini quod fuga rupit opus. (Tr. I.7.11-14) (III.)

As at the beginning of the *Tristia*, Ovid reminds his readers that he is the "dominus" of his art and that "infelix" modifies appearance rather than identity. The reality of Ovid's exile may affect his poetry, but the poet remains the prime mover. Moreover, the allusion to the *Metamorphoses* as "maior imago" invites the reader to look beyond the surface of Ovid's language, becoming a possible "refutation of the pose of decline" as Gareth Williams has stated. The poet's imperative, his mastery in the realm of language, is expressed by the verb "mando" here in poem 7, paralleling its use in poem 1, also in reference to the *Metamorphoses*:

sunt quoque mutatae ter quinque volumina formae, nuper ab exequiis carmina rapta meis. his mando dicas, inter mutata referri fortunae vultum corpora posse meae.

(Tr. I.1.117-120) (IV.)

Ovid is giving the orders, whether to his "liber" or to the anonymous reader ("Siquis habes nostri similes in imagine vultus," I.7.1). Behind the "vultum" is the same poet of the *Metamorphoses* who invoked the Muses at the beginning of his epic, but only after establishing himself as

the guiding 'animus': In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas corpora; di, coeptis—nam vos mutastis et illas) adspirate meis primaque ab origine mundi ad mea perpetuum deducite tempora carmen! (Meta. I.1-4) (V.)

The same poet who, as if possessing the divine power of mutability so manifest throughout the epic, transformed himself into text and claimed immortality at epic's end,

quaque patet domitis Romana potentia terries, ore legar populi, perque omnia saecula fama, siquid habent veri vatum praesagia, vivam! (Meta. XV.877-879) (VI.)

This is indeed a "maior imago" and perhaps a smile begins to form on the reader's face, as the "infelix" trappings of the *Tristia* become just that, and the real Ovid steps forward.

On one level, Ovid has pointed to his own prosaic metamorphosis as the reason to read his epic as the portrait of an artist as a changed man, but on another level, Ovid is invoking the poetics of the *Metamorphoses*. He remains the master illusionist whose *Metamorphoses*, as Philip Hardie and others maintain, is above all else "a poem about language and about the power of language to create illusions of presence." The ironic, if not humorous, puzzle of how reading an epic narrative of Greco-Roman myth and legend provides a better image of the poet than the apparently autobiographical poetry of exile is solved by focusing on Ovid's art, not his politics. The language and imagery of *Tristia* I reveal Ovid's identity as a poet who understands the triumphal power of his art, and who subordinates even exile to poetic inspiration.

Ovid may not be a suppliant, but he knows how to play one, to borrow a turn of phrase from Richard Russo's novel, *Straight Man*. In poem 7, after calling attention to his "maior imago," Ovid resumes the role of penitent and echoes the pathos of his last night in Rome from poem 3:

sic ego non meritos mecum peritura libellos imposui rapidis viscera nostra rogis: vel quod eram Musas, ut crimina nostra, perosus vel quod adhuc crescens et rude carmen erat. (Tr. I.7.19-22) (VII.)

In sorrow Ovid put a copy of his *Metamorphoses* to fire, as if to reject his former life and talent. Yet here, too, the poet remains in control. Alluding to the end of the *Metamorphoses*, the "libellos" are truly "viscera nostra," but first and foremost they are "non meritos." If his books are innocent, then why not Ovid? The subtle transformation of the Muses from sources of "carmina" to "crimina," typical Ovidian word-play, recalls the superficial changes of so many characters in the *Metamorphoses* who retain their inner identity despite a new physical appearance. Have the Muses actually fallen from Ovid's favor, or is Ovid's ultimate concern still the artistic integrity implied by his pose of poetic decline, as he apparently dismisses the "crescens et rude" *Metamorphoses*, and no less his "incultus" *Tristia*? Is the poet asking the Princeps how can his "poor" verses threaten the reality of imperial power and Roman society as a way to mask the truth?

The subversive nature of Ovid's poetry is in the power of language, and certainly Greco-Roman culture recognized rhetoric as a fundamental force in society; a Roman's education centered on rhetoric, and Ovid was adept at this studies. In the twentieth century, Hans-Georg Gadamer published the influential *Truth and Method*, essentially proposing, among other things, that "language is not just one of man's possessions in the world; rather, on it depends the fact that man has a world at all." According to Gadamer, moreover, learning a foreign language or poetry itself enables a greater knowledge of reality through the expansion of one's world-view. For Ovid whose exile depended on "carmen et error," on a text and an action in the 'real' world, his own experience is proof of Gadamer's assertion that the merging of the reader's perspective (Horizont) with the text is necessary for a truthful interpretation of the text (Gadamer's hermeneutics). Ovid's "parve liber," addressed in the first poem, may be more than just a poetic conceit to enable Ovid's metaphorical return to Rome:

vade, liber, verbisque meis loca grata saluta: contingam certe quo licet illa pede. (Tr. I.1.15-16) (VIII.)

Like Gadamer, Ovid cleverly implies that linguistic expression defines reality, and so the poet, conflating poem and self, truly does set "foot" in Rome again! Such poetics inform the 'Sturm und Drang' of *Tristia* I, but at the same time they also enable Ovid to transcend the sense of political and social alienation, both represented and engendered by the storms and hardships of his long journey into exile.

As Ovid creates the reality of his exile, he also redefines it. While complaining that circumstance has destroyed his "ingenium", he avers that Homer would have fared no better:

da mihi Maeoniden et tot circumice casus, ingenium tantis excidet omne malis.

(Tr. I.1.46-47) (IX.)

The epic is now a thing of Ovid's past. Yet the storm in poem 2 that christens Ovid's exile is of epic convention, the poet borrowing language and imagery directly from the *Odyssey* and the *Aeneid*. Moreover in poem 5, Ovid's catalog of woe includes this admonishment:

pro duce Neritio docti mala nostra poetae, scribite: Neritio nam mala plura tuli

(Tr. I.5.57-58) (X.)

Ovid proposes that he is the better inspiration for poets since he has suffered so much more than Odysseus himself, and in poem 6, Ovid's own wife even becomes Penelope:

tu si Maeonium vatem sortita fuisses, Penelopes esset fama secunda tuae.

(Tr. I.6.21-22) (XI.)

Far from losing stature in exile, Ovid undergoes the striking metamorphosis of becoming an epic hero. Why Odysseus? Perhaps the "docti poetae" will have "docti lectores" who will remember that the Greek hero does return home, victorious over the Trojans and the wrath of a god, not too subtle a reminder of the Julian Emperor and his power. Perhaps more to the point Odysseus was "polutropon", as described by the "Maeonium vatem", denoting "much-traveled," but also connoting "many-sided", an apt comparison to our poet. But beneath the fiction of Odysseus lurks the 'vates', and in that guise Ovid promises immortality to his wife at the end of poem 6:

quantumcumque tamen praeconia nostra valebunt, carminibus vives tempus in omne meis. (Tr. I.6.35-36) (XII.)

The "vivam" of the *Metamorphoses* weds the "vives" of the *Tristia*, and the power of Ovid the poet surpasses the success of any epic hero.

While the storms and hardships of exile are manifold and all too real for Ovid, the imaginary world of his poetry may provide both solace and remedy, or as Claassen suggests, "escape and sublimation." In his poetry Ovid may transcend time and space, much like the Muses as described by Homer,

espete nun moi, Mousai Olympia domat' echousai--umeis gar theai este, pareste te, iste te panta (*Iliad* II. 484-485) (XIII.)

These goddesses at home on Olympus, present everywhere and knowing everything, are symbolic both of poetic inspiration and of the divine power of language to bring reality into being. For Ovid, this privileged status is exemplified in the final lines of *Tristia* I.11, the last poem of the first Book:

improba pugnat hiems indignaturque quod ausim scribere se rigidas incutiente minas. vincat hiems hominem! sed eodem tempore, quaeso, ipse modum statuam carminis, illa sui. (Tr. I.11.41-44) (XIV.)

Here Ovid proves himself the ultimate "dominus" within the construct of language and, in turn, he puts the finishing touch to what becomes the myth of his exile. The personified wrath of Augustus, the "hiems", whose 'dignitas' has been compromised, cannot prevent the poet from writing his myth, from creating a reality in which the storm rages only as long as Ovid permits. Ovid acknowledges the Olympian power of the Princeps, but so too does he extol the power of the Muses. The storm ends with the final word of the poet.

Jasper Griffin has written "not only does literature reflect, at whatever remove and with whatever stylization, the experiences of life, but also in its turn it affects actual behavior, and can do so with great force." If Ovid expected Augustus himself to read his poems as petitions for the poet's restoration to Rome, then he needed to demonstrate abject sorrow and the utmost humility. Ovid equates

"Caesaris ira" with "Iovis arma", no greater praise of power, and he depicts a seemingly endless litany of misfortunes. Whatever the truth, Ovid would have Augustus believe that he had suffered enough and that he deserved to return home. Just as the "di maris et caeli" in poem 2 grant Ovid's prayers to calm the storm, so may Augustus read "victaque mutati frangitur ira maris" at the end of that poem and undergo a similar change of heart, a very real possibility to the author of so many other metamorphoses.

But there are other readers, perhaps more discerning, certainly more mindful of the poet, as Ovid well knows.

siquis, ut in populo, nostri non immemor
illic, siquis, qui, quid agam, forte requirat,
erit, vivere me dices, salvum tamen esse
negabis; id quoque, quod vivam, munus
habere dei. (Tr. I.1.17-20) (XV.)

For those readers, Tristia I should say that Ovid is alive, but deny he is well, the "parve liber" collaborating in the poetic illusion. With this first nod to the Metamorphoses, Ovid reiterates "vivam" and then qualifies it by "munus dei". He may indeed owe his life to a god, but to what god? Is it Augustus, responsible for his transformation into political exile, or is it the god from the end of the Metamorphoses—the poet himself? For those other readers, Ovid creates a "parve liber" to be everywhere and to know everything.