# **Ephemeris**

Volume 2 Article 10

2002

# Ephemeris Vol. II

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Volume 2 Article 1

2002

# Ephemeris Vol. II

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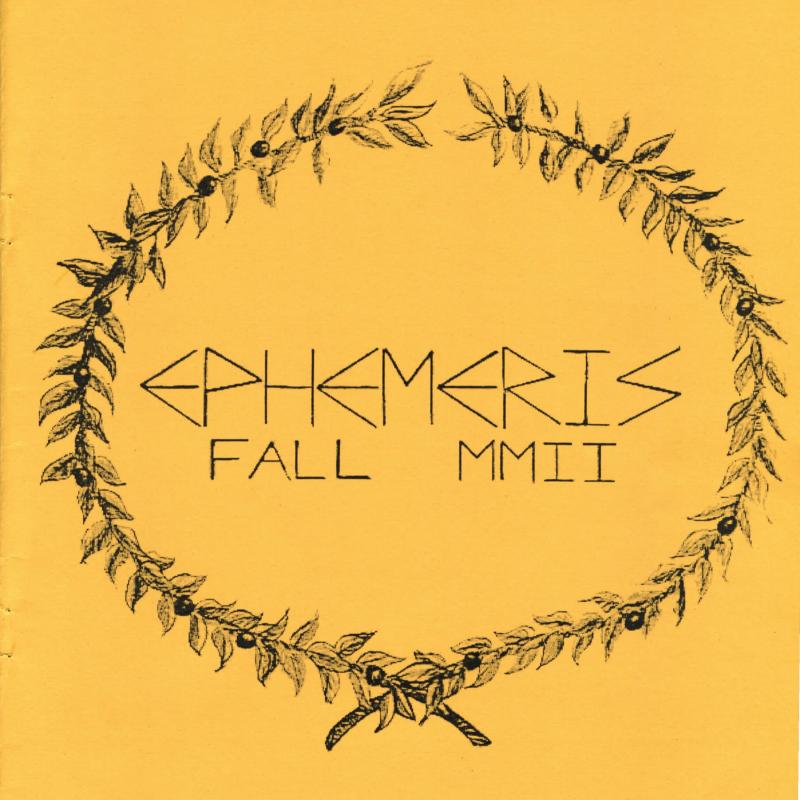
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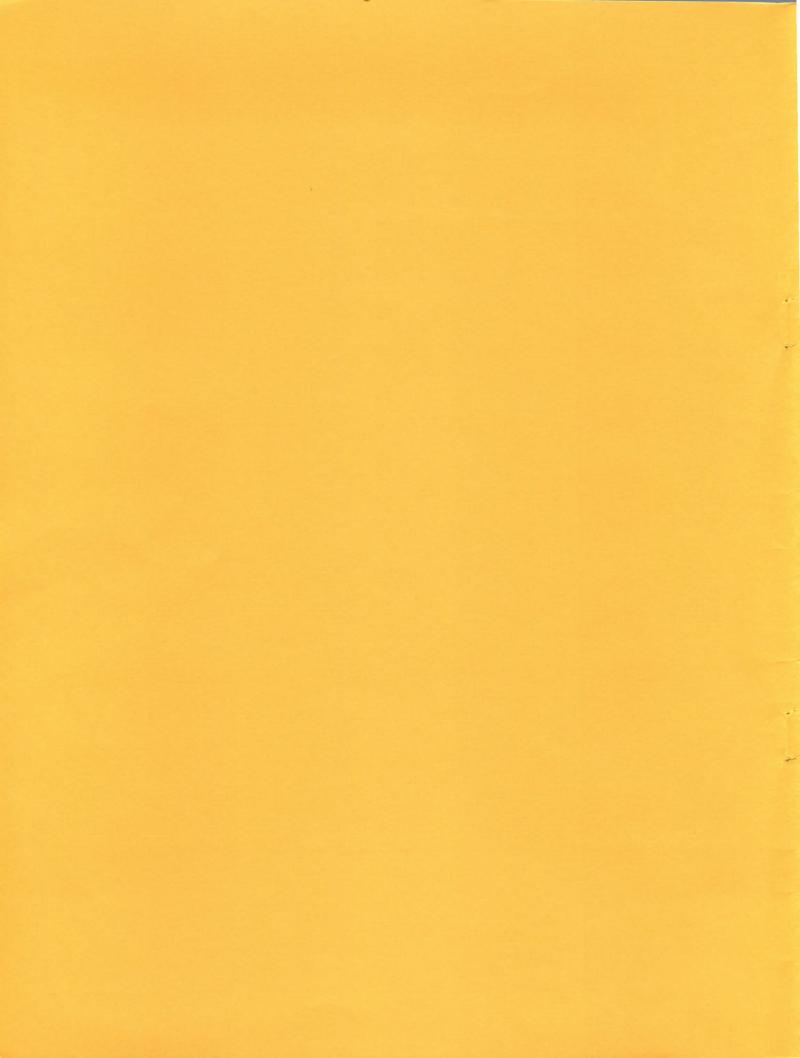
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# Ephemeris Vol. II



Melanie Vanderkolk, Karen Siklosi, Nicole Miller, Allison Cartmell, Marisa Wikramanayate, Meridith Sulser, Nate Emmerson, Steve Nery, Betsy Prueter, and Clint Heinrich





# **EPHEMERIS**

### **VOLUME II**

FALL 2002

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.

### **Editors**

Betsy Prueter Cari Ramsden

Melanie Vanderkolk

The editors wish to express gratitude and appreciation to the Classics Department at Denison University for the support in their endeavors.

# **EPHEMERIS**

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#### Daedalus and Icarus

## By Melanie Vanderkolk

"I'm sorry sir," the desk attendant began with a low, pessimistic tone, "but the earliest flight to the Kansas City Airport with availability is not for another four hours. I can put you on that one if you like."

Odys sighed and briefly set his forehead on the gray desk in front of him. "I have been on a plane flying in circles around this airport for almost half an hour, and now I'm really trying to get back on one? Heck, what's the hurry?"

Mac stepped up behind him, placing his arm on Odys' back and saying, "Yes, please put us on that flight. We appreciate it." Then he began leading his friend away and called a quick, "Thank you!" to the attendant, who was preparing herself to tell the passengers behind them that they, too, would have to wait several hours before finally heading home.

"Odys, this is the last time that I'm going to tell you that things will be alright, and that we will get home. You know what you need?" he stopped to shake him by his shoulders and faced him head-on. "You need a drink. Probably a few of them."

Walking down the corridor, they passed several happy couples greeting one

another with long-awaited kisses after one of them had gotten off of a plane. Other people were grappling with the turmoil of dragging small children and their bulky luggage from one end of the airport to the other. Some tried to find comfort in the jigsaw shape of the chairs in the lounges, and those who had given up on sleep and comfort now wandered throughout the airport aimlessly, their eyes not focusing on anything and their mind somewhere else. Then there were those individuals who moved unswervingly in the same direction as Mac and Odys: they staggered in a determined, must-make-it stride to Animal's, the airport's only bar.

When they opened the brasshandled door and went inside, they were immediately bombarded by various sculptures of wolves, bears, lions, and a number of other assorted creatures that could belong in a zoo. Postcards depicting the wildlife from other states and other countries acted as wallpaper in many locations, and the head of a boar stared from its mounting above the arranged liquor bottles on the back of the bar. The dim lighting, the feeling that candles, instead of light bulbs, were being used, shadowed the head so that the eyes followed them as they walked past. Many of the red-leathered booths were already full, so Odys and Mac took a seat at a small table along the back wall.

Just seconds after they hit the gnawed wood of their chairs, they heard a sweet, "Welcome to Animal's, fellas. Can I get you something to drink? We're known for our drinks, you know."

The redhead, wearing a short black apron over a pair of even shorter black shorts and a nametag on her left breast pocket that read "CIRCE," put smiles on their weary faces with her cheery eyes, which they could have sworn were silver. Even though she'd obviously spent the day in the bar by the number orders she had written in her notebook, her skin exuded a scent of mint and strawberries, and the men felt themselves drawn to her carefully glossed lips.

"Um...um...yes, please," Mac started, caught off guard by the sudden emergence of this beautiful woman. "I'll have whatever's on draft."

"Just water for me, please," Odys replied, trying his hardest not to gawk at the woman.

Under the table, he felt a hard kick to his left shin and saw a tapered glare from Mac.

"Okay, okay. I'll have the same. Just *one*, though," he corrected himself.

Circe laughed but shook her head. "You must be a new-comer to Animal's. You can never have *just one*."

Now Odys was intrigued and involuntarily leaned towards her. "Oh? And why is that?"

Tilting her own body in, Circe whispered in his ear, "I guess you'll just have to wait and find out."

"Perfect," Mac commented, grinning an obnoxiously wide grin.

Just moments later, the men sat ogling twenty ounce glasses containing a drink that had the usual golden tint of any beer they'd ever had but also added a burgundy foam on top.

Mac squinted at the glass, curious but not unwilling to drink it. "What kind of beer did you say this was?"

With a subtle wink Circe answered, "Oh, I didn't say what kind it was. It's a special house beer."

They nodded in acceptance and began to take their first sips. The foam hit their parched lips first, somehow tasting like a deep cabernet, and the beer itself had hints of the expected barley with a combined sweetness of a red berry. Fitting in a category somewhere between beer and wine, the drink was strangely refreshing, and the men found that they surprisingly enjoyed it very much. They looked to the other tables around them and noticed that men laughing and talking throughout the bar also held this strange drink in front of them. How odd that everyone in the bar would have the same drink.

"Hey, Mac," Odys said quietly, motioning with his head to the man sitting at the next table by himself.

The man had skin tanned from long days in the open air, and the burly length of the hair on his face indicated that he hadn't shaved in several days. button-up denim shirt he wore was soiled with spots of motor grease, confirming to them that he was some sort of mechanic. Holding his dark hair out of his face was a baseball cap, also permanently stained with dirt and grease, and on his feet was a pair of artillery boots, the kind they had seen soldiers wear when they came into town. Next to his chair lay a brown leather satchel, but it was hard to tell if he was coming or departing. In his hand, he held his glass filled to the top with beer, drops of condensation trickling down its sides, but he didn't drink it. Instead, he watched intently as the drops fell to the table in small pools. There was a vague water ring on the table where his glass had been.

Mac bent over the table and muttered, "Please don't tell me that's what happens to you when you have to wait in the airport for too long."

Snickering, Odys took another sip. Then he said to the strange man, "So, sir, how long have you been waiting here for your flight?"

The man shook his head in surprise but at last let a miniscule grin pass through his chapped lips.

"I've been here for ten years," he answered and looked back to his glass, "but I'm not waiting for a flight."

"Oh," said Mac, nodding. He ran a hand through his hair and continued, "So you work here? I mean, I'm sure you don't just hang out in an airport for fun, right?"

This time, Odys was the one to kick Mac as he gave him a look with broadened eyes as if to say, "Maybe he *does* like to hang out in airports!"

"My name is Odys," Odys said, trying to cover up his kick, "and this is Mac. You'll have to excuse him for being himself."

The man extended his oil-covered right hand to their table. "Name's Daedalus. Yes, I work here. Well, I guess you can now say that I *used* to work here. I built and maintained the small planes."

"But you don't anymore...?" asked Odys, trailing off.

Daedalus laboriously heaved a serious sigh. "That is correct, sir. As of this morning I no longer work for the Salt Lake City Airport. You don't want to hear the story, though: it's a long one."

Mac tried not to laugh. "Excuse me, Daedalus, but you have no idea how much time we have. We've got *plenty* to

waste. Please, enlighten us. We're great listeners."

Odys chimed in, "This is very true, sir. We have as long as you have."

Daedalus opened his mouth to speak but was interrupted when their redhaired beauty came over to check on them.

"You fellas doing alright over here?" Circe asked.

Mac smiled. "We are doing just fine, especially now that you are here. In fact, bring us another round because we are about to hear a story."

"You got it, sweetheart," she winked and walked away.

All three men watched her back in silence until she disappeared through the kitchen door.

"Anyway," Daedalus began, breaking their trance, "I suppose I could tell you what happened. I'll warn you it's not a happy story, though."

"I think," Mac replied, "that we figured that much."

Taking a deep breath and angling himself in their direction, Daedalus took them back one month and five days, when he'd still had a job, when he'd still had a son.

 prototype at best, glistened like a million diamonds outside the hangar, and it was as hot as the burners of a stove to the touch.

"Dad?" Icarus, standing at a tall six feet, wandered over to the plane.

Bbbzzzzzzzzzzzzz!

"Dad!"

BBBBZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

Icarus rolled his eyes. "DAD!"

"Huh! Icarus?" Daedalus said as he rolled himself out from his domain.

"Yes, Dad," his son answered, "it's me. I'm going to my flight lesson now. I will be back before dinner."

Daedalus nodded, "Oh, okay. Have fun, now. Oh! Don't forget that Marissa is having dinner with us tonight. She mentioned something about wanting to cook for us, so do not forget your manners on that plane. Got it?"

Marissa, the new wife-to-be, had quickly become the bane of Icarus' existence after Daedalus had proposed two months earlier. From the time he was four, when his mother had died, Icarus and Daedalus had lived on their own and dedicated their days to one another and their carefree lifestyle. They had been able to ride into the sunset on Daedalus' motorcycle, to go camping on a whim, and to eat pizza seven days in a row without complaint. Now, at the age of eighteen, Icarus hated the fact that his father had

decided to remarry. Not only was he going to remarry, but he was also going to move them from their small house in the town of Crete to a larger one on the other side of town because Marissa thought that the neighborhoods were better over there. Icarus, who had one more year of high school to complete, would be forced to leave his friends and everyday life behind him.

Icarus dropped his head to his chest as dramatically as he could, uttering, "Okay, okay. *Got it.*"

Leaving his father to roll back under his plane, his pride and joy, his baby, Icarus headed off to the north end of the airport, where Minos, the flight instructor, was waiting for him. Minos had flown fighter jets in the army, like Daedalus had, but had quickly decided that it was planes, not the fighting, that he enjoyed most. Much to Icarus' dismay, though, Minos was a reserved stickler for rules and regulations, despite his "cool" image.

"So, are you ready to see what it's like sitting in the plane today, Icarus?" Minos asked through his dark aviator sunglasses. His genuine enthusiasm for flying and teaching others to fly oozed from his words and energy.

"You're actually going to let me fly the plane today?" Icarus was eagerly surprised and jumped on the chance. Minos chuckled. "I said we'd be sitting in the plane today. This is only your second lesson, kid, calm down. We'll see how today goes, and then maybe we'll go for a short flight next time. Sound good?"

"That sounds excellent!" Icarus said as he pulled on his own pair of glasses. "Let's get going."

Several hours later the bland taste of green beans replaced the sweet smell of the airplane fuel and lingered on his tongue as he stared at a brown lump on his plate that he thought was supposed to be meatloaf. For a moment, he thought he saw it move.

"Mmm," Icarus pursed his lips and grinned, ignoring the fact that the beans were overcooked and mushy in his mouth. "Yum."

"I'm so glad you like it!" beamed Marissa. "I really don't cook all that often, but I'm starting to get into it. It can be kind of fun. I just hope I don't let you two down. You may have to grin and bear it with me for awhile."

"It's wonderful, Marissa," Daedalus assured her as he sat gazing into her eyes. "I'm afraid that once the three of us are moved into the new place and living together, you won't get too much cooking advice from either of us. We won't complain too much, either. The two of us

haven't quite mastered the idea of home cooking together, have we, Icarus?"

"Uh, no..."

"So whatever you make will be more than welcomed," Daedalus continued without waiting for Icarus to finish.

Again Marissa smiled. She reached over the table, which stood in the center of a half-kitchen, half-dining room with a bench on either side, and took Daedalus' fingers in hers.

Not removing her starry eyes from her fiancé's, she said almost absentmindedly, "You know, Icarus, your father is quite an amazing man."

"You don't say," Icarus thought, wondering what would happen if he got up from the table. Would they notice? He didn't think so. Once he'd considered dancing and singing, though, just to test the theory.

"I'd always seen the plaques and trophies awarding him for all of his great accomplishments in engineering," now she and Daedalus were both blushing, "but it wasn't until I went to the airport today to pick him up that I was in complete awe of the respect his peers give him. Do you ever notice that?"

"Is she still speaking to me?" Icarus asked himself. Deciding he'd best say something, just in case, he uttered a quick, "Oh, yes."

She hadn't been lying about the plaques and trophies. From his seat, Icarus could see half of a wall in the other room that had been filled from top to bottom with Daedalus' accomplishments: everything from his Medal of Honor from the war to "Outstanding Achievement in Engineering" to "Engineer of the Year for the Salt Lake City Airport." Everything that the two of them knew had to do with flying, and it was based on these accomplishments that he had earned enough money to survive alone with his With the Swooster 54, again son. Daedalus had an opportunity to build his fame as an engineer. The prototype, when finished, would hopefully become the new, smaller, more aerodynamic plane that would provide an innovative and quicker way for air travel.

"Hev, Dad...Dad?"

"Yes, son?"

"Any idea when we are going to be able to go up in the Swooster?" asked Icarus, hoping that he and his father would be making a trip into the clouds together sometime soon. Being the first to fly the plane would surely get *him* some recognition at the airport, as well.

Daedalus frowned, and the light creases on his forehead deepened. "Well, Icarus, it's hard to tell. It could be another week or so. If anything, *I* will be going up.

I can't have someone who's inexperienced up there in the prototype."

"But, Dad!" Icarus interjected.
"I'm taking lessons!"

"You've had a total of two lessons. That in no way, shape, or form makes you an experienced pilot."

"But by the time the plane is ready, which you just said would be another week or so, I'll have had several more lessons, and Minos has already said that he's taking me up on Saturday for my lesson. I can do it, Dad."

Daedalus promptly turned his attention back to Marissa, who nodded in agreement with him but didn't say anything. "Marissa, can I get you more wine?"

"Dad!"

"Icarus! I will not talk about this right now. You are not going to fly that plane while you are still inexperienced, and that is final." It was incredible the way Daedalus was able to reprimand his son while still delicately carrying a bottle of chardonnay to the table and pouring Marissa a small glass.

"Plus," Marissa chimed in, "safety is the most important aspect of flying. Your father wouldn't say no unless he was worried about your safety in the plane. He would only do what is best for you."

"Or what's best for himself," Icarus thought gloomily. Instead of saying

anything, though, he scooped up another fork-full of meatloaf and waited for them to resume another topic of conversation, leaving him behind.

Early the next morning Icarus followed his father to the hangar. It was Thursday, and Daedalus had time to work on the Swooster before he was expected to give attention to other planes in the airport. The fact was that the Salt Lake City Airport had commissioned Daedalus to create the plane, with prospects that his own achievements would give them the glory of being the first airport to have a plane like it. What made the Swooster different was its small sized engine, fuel tanks, and wingspan that were amazingly efficient for their size. Daedalus had often engaged Icarus in researching and studying birds for his project and had easily excited Icarus at the mere potential of this plane by doing so.

"Need any help?" offered Icarus, handing a screwdriver to Daedalus, who was again on his back, working on tightening the landing gear.

His father looked up. "Actually, yes. That would be great. I'll even let you get in the cockpit. How does that sound?"

Icarus' eyes lit up with glints of the morning sun. "Excellent!"

Climbing the two short steps into the plane, Icarus felt the leather interior smooth beneath his fingers. He ducked his head and looked around. Besides the two seats in the cockpit, there were only fourteen other seats meant for passengers. Each seat had its own window, one square foot in size, and there was room for some storage in the back, separated by a navy blue curtain. To his right, a narrow metal door led him into the cockpit, where all of the controls he had always dreaming of using, of touching, sat in sparkling condition.

Icarus cautiously took a seat, almost afraid to breathe because it might be the wrong thing to do, and opened the window so that he could hear his father.

"Now, all I want you to do," Daedalus yelled, "is turn on the engine, so that I can watch some of the gears down here. Got that?"

Hastily Icarus nodded and gently turned on the plane's engine. A soft hum filled his ears, and he could feel the power under him as the plane slightly vibrated. Icarus closed his eyes and imagined himself soaring through the air, over the ocean, ducking in between the clouds. His body swayed with the turns, his hands firmly grabbing the controls.

"Icarus!" his father's booming voice startled his fantasy.

"Yeah?"

"That's fine. It looks good down here. You can turn it off now!"

"What else can I do?" Icarus asked as he reluctantly turned switched off the engine.

Daedalus shook his head. "At this point, nothing. I've got a few more gears I've got to check, and then I've got to put it away for the day. Other planes do need my expertise, you know." He winked and again began inspecting his handiwork on the left wing.

Icarus sighed. When he was little his father would buy him plastic planes and plane parts, promising that he would be able to help him work on the real planes when he was older. Now, though, Daedalus rarely allowed Icarus to handle the Swooster's cold hardware.

"Hey, Dad?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you think I'll ever be able to fly the Swooster?" Icarus asked. His voice cracked slightly.

Daedalus looked up at his son, who was now coming down the steps and walking towards him. "Oh, I'm sure you'll get a chance to fly it once it's all ready and approved of by the airport. I'll want to make sure that it's been tested and flown several times before you get in it. Wouldn't want you to get into something you're not ready for, now would I?"

"No," replied Icarus in a soft voice,
"I suppose not." Then he turned around

and began the long march back inside across the asphalt.

Once he reached the terminal, Icarus walked the length of the airport twice, hanging his head and sulking. He thrust his hands in his deep pockets and dragged his tennis shoes along the carpeted floor as he walked.

"So, who died?" he suddenly heard a low voice behind him.

Quickly he turned to see Minos, still wearing his aviator glasses, even though they were inside, two feet from him.

"Oh, hi, Minos," Icarus said, "no one."

Minos tilted his head skeptically. "Come here. Let's sit down on this bench."

The two took a seat on the padded bench nearby and watched as people rushed by them with their luggage.

"Minos," not quite knowing where he was going with this, Icarus began, "what do you know about this Swooster 54 that my dad is building? Honestly."

Minos breathed in and out slowly. "Well, kid, between you and me, I know it's more dangerous than you dad's letting on. I also know that he needs to get someone besides himself to fly it for a successful test run before Monday. If he doesn't, they're going to shut him down and give the assignment to someone else.

The bigger problem is that he can't find anyone to fly it."

Icarus looked at his instructor with shock. "He's never mentioned that before."

"That doesn't surprise me. He's got a lot of prestige and money riding on the success of this plane."

"Why won't anyone fly it?"

Minos grinned but didn't respond for a moment. "Like I said, Icarus, I'm sure you don't know all the details, but that plane is not ready to be flown. He hasn't even tried to get it off the ground yet, and he's always been having problems with the weight of the plane. I respect your father's talent, but even I will not step a foot on that plane. Whoever does, though, and has a successful flight, will be a hero."

Icarus looked down and stared at his clasped hands. He began to feel his palms getting sweaty and his heart pounding like a drum harder and harder inside his chest. Was it really possible?

Minos' hand patted him on the back. "Does that help at all, kid?"

The boy nodded and stood up. "Yes, thanks, Minos. I think I'm going to go back outside now. I'll see you on Saturday for our lesson, okay?"

"Sure thing," Minos replied and left, heading towards the north end.

With every stride Icarus made, the more he hastened his speed. He wanted to run but didn't want to look too suspicious as he neared the hangar. He would have to make sure that Daedalus was away working on other planes...

"Oh, Icarus!" called the guard when Icarus quickly passed, causing him to halt with a squeak. "Your father's not out there anymore. He's over on the other end doing some maintenance."

Icarus fumbled for the right words and tried not to sound nervous, though his throat shook as he spoke. "Oh, I...uh...uh...I know. I forgot my bag."

"All right, then," replied the guard, who went back to checking ID's.

The boy rushed out the door to where he'd left the plane and was welcomed by the sun's midday glare.

He thought to himself, "Now, if I'm lucky...and I am." Icarus smiled as he saw that his father had neglected to put the plane away, perhaps because he had been planning to come back to it later. As casually as possible, he slowed his pace and offhandedly strolled up to the plane. A swift turn of the door handle proved that his father really was forgetful, and he climbed into the cockpit.

Again Icarus felt himself slide into the pilot's chair: the leather cool but soft to the touch, and the pungent smell of never-used fabric filling his nostrils. He pulled the seatbelt over his shoulder and across his chest, checking to tighten it just in case. Not even sure that the fuel tank was full, Icarus turned on the engine and watched as the instrument lights popped on. Softly he pushed the pedals and silently moved the plane forward, avoiding any eye contact with the few individuals who were also outside working on the planes.

When he finally entered the runway, Icarus closed his eyes tightly and said, "One time quickly over the lake, and that's it. That's all that we need." He gripped the lever in front of him harder as he opened his eyes. As if repeating a mantra, he continued, "Okay, flaps to notch one, throttle to full, make sure the needle lines up in the center of the OBI1 gauge...flaps to notch one, throttle to full..."

Before he knew what had happened or what he had done, Icarus was ascending from the runway and into the air. He pulled up on the lever and felt lighter and lighter, still not sure if it was real or if his eyes were even open. The Swooster mounted the horizon and cut through the sunlit sky, reaching five hundred, then nine hundred, then one thousand feet. Birds flew behind him in formation, and he suddenly felt as though he had wings of his own: he, too, was a bird soaring on an adventure.

"Let's see here," Icarus thought aloud, "adjust the trim until I'm in level flight. It looks like we're now at five thousand feet. I guess I'll just stay at this altitude and hope that's okay."

Ahead of the nose of the Swooster Icarus caught sight of the glass-looking surface of the Salt Lake. Suddenly remembering the radio, he groped for a switch to turn it on but couldn't find one. Many of the switches remained unmarked, and Icarus guessed it was because the plane, after all, hadn't been approved for flying yet.

"Oh, well," he shrugged. "I doubt I need it, anyway."

Back at the airport, Daedalus was dragged out of his meeting with a pilot by Joshua, another maintenance worker.

"Joshua, this had better be good!" Daedalus scorned, his hands sturdy on his hips.

"Daedalus, I drove over here at quickly as I could! It's Icarus! He's taken the Swooster!"

"He WHAT!" roared Daedalus as he took a step towards the man.

Joshua pointed westward. "I was outside on the runway and saw him get in the plane and fly off. He looked like he was heading for the lake. I thought you said that plane wasn't ready yet..."

Daedalus grabbed Joshua's shirt collar and picked him up off the ground. "Get me to that lake NOW!"

Icarus held his breath as he rounded the lake. His heart jumped rope inside him, and he could not stop grinning. How carefree it felt to fly with the birds! How he would make his father proud when he returned! Finally, he would make a name for himself in the family. What a shame it would be to take it back home now, when he was having so much fun swerving in and out of clouds!

For a moment Icarus considered taking the Swooster back to the airport and attempting a landing. Then, though, seeing the sun break through the clouds above him, he said, "Let's just see what this plane can *really* do!"

Icarus gave a sudden jerk to the throttle, thrusting the plane upward with speed he had not yet tried. Up and up he went, not looking at the cockpit's instruments to see how the plane was handling the ascent. Finally he broke through a massive cumulous cloud. Upon leveling out the Swooster, though, he saw the nose of another, larger plane headed straight for him.

"Oh, no!" he yelled, frantically moving his arms in all directions, trying to find a button, a switch, a lever, anything, that would change his course. He tugged at the throttle in hopes of reducing it but found that the lever would no longer move. Stuck. Suddenly his entire switchboard went blank, and every move he made did nothing; he was stuck! Icarus knew for a fact that his father hadn't yet installed the parachute, and he didn't know of any other safety devices that existed. He tried to breathe, but couldn't. He tried to think, but couldn't. He hadn't made it this far in his lessons yet.

Turning forward again, Icarus faced the oncoming plane and let go of all levers, waving his hands in hopes that they would see *him*. He closed his eyes and cried, "I'm sorry!"

Daedalus and Joshua reached the lake in time to see streams of orange, red, and yellow fire falling from the clouds. Scraps of black metal fell like ashes, and the rancid smell and heat of the blast carried through their bodies as they stepped out of the car. Daedalus shrouded his eyes, still hoping that maybe this wasn't his son, maybe this wasn't his plane. Then, as if it had the weightless grace of a feather, the lifeless body of the young Icarus came through the clouds and dipped into a soft splash in the lake.

"NO!" Daedalus screamed. Without another word or breath he ran to the water's edge, jumped in, and began to swim into the billowing wreckage. Joshua quickly became a silent spectator only seconds later, as he watched his

companion swimming back, dragging the dead body of his son in his arms in a resounding sob.



Amphitheatre at Elojem, Tunisia

### Praise, Pleasure and Power

### By Nicole Miller

"A book was not an isolated document on a dusty shelf; book truly spoke to book, and writer to scribe, and scribe to reader, from one generation to the next" (Cahill 163). This wonderfully intricate interpretation of the living nature of the word represents an attitude inherent in an active literary culture-be it contemporary or ancient. In his book How the Irish Saved Civilization, Thomas Cahill defines civilization through the preservation and creation of its literature. The Irish served as the sole transition from a literate Roman Empire to the monastic centers of learning of Medieval Europe. Through his examples of the Roman poet Ausonius and Christian theologian Augustine, Cahill defines civilization and through this definition reveals that the Irish reverence of the word in all its sanctity provided the means for this preservation of civilization.

Cahill presents Ausonius and Augustine as representatives of their respective cultures. Ausonius represents the stagnant, dying Roman culture just before the fall of the empire. Cahill defines a thriving culture as one which is changing and creating. The Rome of

Ausonius was in fact, "a static world [in which] civilized life [...] lies in doing well what has been done before. Doing the expected is the highest value" (Cahill 21). This is most clearly seen in his lifeless poetry in which "insights are scarce and genuine emotion is almost entirely absent" (Cahill 21). Cahill uses Ausonius to represent the "complete extinction of Res Publica, the Public Thing—social concern" (Cahill 28). While Ausonius represents the dying spirit of the Roman Empire, Augustine represents the establishment of Roman power in the church. Cahill highlights the importance of Augustine's works, for he "is the first human being to say 'I'-and to mean what we mean today. His Confessions are, therefore, the first genuine autobiography in human history" (Cahill 39). Although independent thought and analysis were occurring, there was a marked shift in the emphasis of literature. The writings of ancient Rome, especially those of Ausonius, had been focused on the secular. With the introduction of Augustine as the representative author of the age, Cahill is emphasizing that the creation of literature has become ecclesiastically based. shift in emphasis represents the shift in power of the Roman civilization revealing that the only power held by Rome had become the church.

Cahill establishes his definition of literary terms using civilization in Ausonius and Augustine as examples of the society in which they were living. In this definition, Cahill makes it possible to argue that because the Irish preserved the literature of the past and continued to create new literature, they in fact saved civilization. As Rome fell and the illiterate Germanic tribes gained control of the once thriving Roman Empire, Ireland, "at peace and furiously copying, thus stood in the position of becoming Europe's publisher" (Cahill 183). Modern western civilization is based upon Roman ideals of law and literature. Cahill argues that the Irish saved nearly all evidence of classical Without civilization through literature. the Irish scribes preserving the works of the classical world, only the vaguest notion of the Roman Empire would have remained, and western civilization would have taken a completely different course. Had it not been for the Irish preservation of classical literacy, "We would have lost the taste and smell of a whole civilization. Twelve centuries of lyric beauty, aching tragedy, intellectual inquiry, scholarship, sophistry, and love of Wisdom-the acme of ancient civilized discourse-would all have gone down the drain of history" (Cahill 58). In preserving the ancient works, the Irish redirected the course of western history.

The Irish monks could not have possibly fully understood the magnitude of their actions. For these scribes, the copying of books had become a religious act as they "enshrined literacy as their central religious act" (Cahill 163). This reverence of books is seen in the medieval poem "Glorious Lord." The poem seeks to illustrate the glorification of God through all the aspects of the life of the monk. Amongst the very Celtic aspects of nature and water, appears the Celtic respect of the word, "May books and letters praise you" (Davies 28). In this line, the poet reveals that he uses his duty as scribe as a religious act. Although regarded as an act of praise and glorification of the Almighty, these monks were also learning as they Brendan Kennelly's poem, copied. "Sculpted From Darkness" unites this attitude of reverence with the aspect of learning. "Those who eat the god/ Digest the god's language/ To increase their substance, deepen their shadows" (Davies this, Kennelly describes In 207). Christians as those who "eat the god," evoking unusual images not normally associated with communion. In this poem, he is commenting that these believers are also gaining knowledge in the form of language. This language increases their abilities and understanding of the world and, in turn, grants them further power. The Irish monks were not simply ignorant scribes copying marks from one page to another. They pursued knowledge, wisdom and an understanding of the books they were copying. They did not discriminate against non-ecclesiastical works; in fact they even preserved much of their own language and many of their own traditional tales.

In this copying of ancient and contemporary works, the Irish monks not only saved many classical works, but they also preserved the spirit of a literary culture. This tradition, carried over from the classical world, valued books and the creation of new literature. The Irish monks embodied both these ideals. Not only were these monks "intensely interested in the worlds opened up to them by the three sacred languages of Greek. Latin, and-in a rudimentary form-Hebrew, they loved their own tongue too much ever to stop using it" (Cahill 160). This love of their own language is most clearly seen in the margins of the books copied by the monks and the "scribblings of the Irish scribes, who kept themselves awake by writing out a verse or two of a beloved Irish lyric—and SO. by accumulation, left for our enjoyment a whole literature that would otherwise be unknown" (Cahill 161). This creation of literature sets Ireland apart from the remainder of Europe during this period, as the only people continuing literacy and

further creating new interpretations. In this sense, the Irish preserved the spirit of the classical world.

By Cahill's definition of civilization in the creation of new literature, the Irish had in the process of preserving the ancient civilization become their own distinct civilization. The monasteries centers of learning became which "accepted commoners as well as noblemen and those who wished for learning but not the cloister" (Cahill 158). This attitude of catholicity and education is a reflection of the Irish cultural roots in Celtic society. The institution of monasteries as places of learning is logical in light of the tradition of Druidic colleges in ancient Celtic society. In the great Irish epic, The Tain, Cathbad the Druid is described as having "a hundred studious men at his feet, trying to learn the lore of the Druids from him. (That was always the number that Cathbad taught: when one left, he made room for another.)" (The Raid 86). This description of the transfer of precious wisdom emphasizes the sacred quality knowledge and the expression of thought through language.

As the Druids demonstrated, the ability to invoke images in the minds of the listeners with mere sounds is an immense power. Expression of thought is in a sense, the creation of these meaningful sounds from silence. The very act of this

creation is sacred in every sense of the word. To create something from nothing is in essence, a miracle. Herein lies the sanctity of the word. The inspiration of the poet is difficult to explain or even to describe. In fact, the best explanation might be the one provided by the ancients: divine inspiration. The Celts embraced this idea of divine inspiration in the expression of thought. In his "Letter to the Beloved Welsh", Morgan Llwyd reminds each member of his congregation that "within you there is the Blessed and Infinite Trinity, the Father, the Word and the Spirit (that is, will, delight and power, the three of these being one)" (Davies 85). Although this is a direct description of the Trinity, it also represents the act of creation and equates that act with the divine. The Father is the will--that is the inspiration and desire to create. The Spirit represents the power in the actual act of creation. The Son represents the delight in the final creation. In this description, creation is equated with a divine act. The theme of the miracle of creation is also seen in the medieval poem "Almighty The poet praises God and Creator". reiterates the great respect for the expression of thought, "The Father created the world by a miracle;/ it is difficult to express its measure. / Letters it. letters cannot contain cannot comprehend it" (Davies 27). In this, the

poet compares the expression of thought through language to the highly miraculous creation of the world from nothingness. In this expression of praise, the poet also points to the sanctity of writing as believed by the Druids. Because language is so potent, the Druids were the only people permitted to capture language in writing.

As Celtic society evolved, the position of Druid and bard merged into a kind of priest-poet. The importance of the bard originated with the emphasis on reputation and the role of his songs in determining that reputation. These poets "were part of the skilled elite" (Cunliffe 106). The value placed on these men's words was so great that "one can anticipate the tension that there must have been at a feast when the bard started to perform to see whom he would choose to praise and how he would use his skills to balance his eulogies between those he considered to be worthy of them" (Cunliffe 106). Even the Romans recognized the power of the word wielded by the bard. Lucan remarks in his Pharsalia that the bards are those "whose chants of glory bring back the memory of strong men lost in battle for the distant future" (qtd. in Markale 50). This power to allow men to live on through song was immense. In this almost mystical ability, the bard became "a kind of priest who saw himself as one of the founts of wisdom in the Celtic world. The hidden mysteries of his knowledge are his verses, the words he uses are the basic ingredients of an alchemical grand-oeuvre" (Markale 125). In the recognition of the sanctity of the expression of thought, the bard became a priest figure and merged with the identity of the Druid defining the expression of thought as a sacred task.

This reverence for the priest-poet is shown throughout traditional Irish myth. Cuchulainn, the hero of the Irish epic *The* Tain, and the great missionary St. Patrick are the archetypical Irishmen. The myth surrounding each man is the manifestation of Celtic-Irish ideals. Cuchulainn's actions throughout The Tain reflect the attitudes and values of ancient Celtic society. The myth presented in this epic in fact contains true elements of Celtic culture. In the tale of St. Patrick, the missionary managed to unite the diverging cultures of Roman Christianity and Celtic Paganism. In this fusion of beliefs, he created a distinctly unique Celtic Christian culture. Both men performed supernatural feats and conveyed similar attitudes about nature, trials, and death. They both ultimately shared the same respect for the creation and inherent power of the word. Cuchulainn reflected the attitudes of the Celts in his respect for bards as he treated the bard politely "for he well knew the strength of the poet lay in the stories that

he could tell about those who displeased him" (Eickhoff 144). Patrick himself becomes this priest-poet in writing his Letter to Coroticus. Patrick insistently reiterates his own ignorance and inability throughout his works to emphasize the divinity inherent in the inspiration of language. He states that he "believes it to be the undeniable truth that it was the gift of God" (Confession sec. 62). Through the heroes of their myths, the Irish ultimately revealed their reverence for the word that drove them to become scribes.

As the distinctly unique Irish developed their culture, they united their ancient Celtic past with their newfound Christian faith. As their centers of faith and learning grew, they ventured out into Europe to become missionaries. These Irish monks

brought with them their books [...] tied to their waists as signs of triumph, just as Irish heroes had once tied to their waists their enemies' heads. Wherever they went they brought their love of learning and their skills in bookmaking. In the bays and valleys of their exile, they reestablished literacy and breathed new life into the exhausted literary culture of Europe. (Cahill 196)

These faithful believers found praise, pleasure, and power in the written word and took this tradition, entwined with their religion, into illiterate Europe. The Irish preserved the works and spirit of the ancient world, but they also gave their own unique flavor to these works and carried on the literary tradition that has shaped Western Culture.

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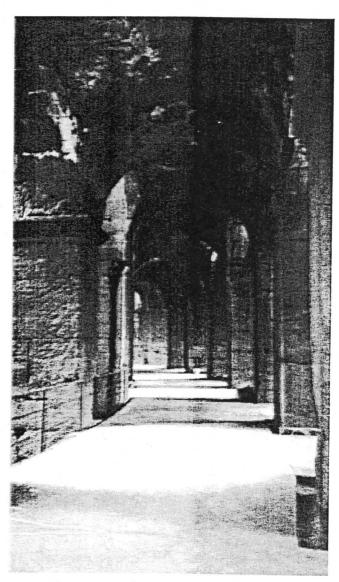
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Flavian Amphitheatre at Rome

### Victory as Self-Representation

### By Allison Cartmell

From the time Rome was founded, victory was incredibly important to its citizens. In the Roman militaristic and expansionist society, conquest was a rallying force for all of society, and celebrating victory was a strong morale builder. The main act associated with honoring military accomplishments was the triumphal procession, an elaborate parade of plunder and prisoners through the city streets. These triumphs were often by the erection of accompanied architecture in monumental commemoration of the celebration. Some of these monuments still exist today. The argument could be made that because of the fleeting nature of the actual triumphal ceremony as opposed to the lasting nature of architecture, triumphal monuments had more impact on Roman society than did the triumphal procession. Contrary to this, Roman Triumphal art harkens back to and derives meaning from triumphal ceremonies; therefore the triumphal procession more aptly conveyed political and social messages to the people of Rome.

The Roman preoccupation with military success made celebrating

triumphs an important part prominent citizen's political life throughout every stage of Roman government, though they were heavily regulated by the emperors during the principate and later restricted to imperial use only (McCormick, 12). A military victory implied approval from both the senate and the gods, and symbolized a leader who was both wise enough and strong enough to serve the nation. The people of the city were likely to trust and accept a man celebrating a spectacular victory, as this showed his ability to lead (McCormick, 12). At times the triumphal ceremony was more important than the victory itself, and occasionally for political reasons even mediocre victories were used to justify a triumph (McCormick, 12). The importance placed on victory was not merely contained in the arena of war, it was also important in sports and games (McCormick, 12) and by the time of the late republic and empire, games were associated into the triumphal ceremony itself (McCormick, 17).

The triumphal procession was not only vital to Roman politicians wishing to increase their social status, it also played a prominent role in shaping Roman Society, especially during the mid to late republic. As J.J. Pollit states in chapter seven of *Art in the Hellenistic Age*, it is likely that triumphs were most Romans' first

exposure to Greek art (Pollit, 153). A triumphal procession acted as a sort of museum, parading works of art through the streets of the city for all to see (Pollit, 155). These processions opened the doors for an art market to develop in the city as the popularity of Greek art skyrocketed. Romans who had once considered Greece a den of luxury and decadence were now clamoring to pay enormous sums of money for works of Greek art. This change in opinion towards the Greek east was especially evident in the years between 211 BCE and 146 BCE, as several large victories over Greek city-states resulted in a massive influx of Greek art into Rome (Pollit, 153). Though some of the more traditional members of society, such as Cato the Elder, believed this art would destroy traditional Roman values, Greek art soon became visible in everyday Roman life. This influx of styles made it unavoidable that Roman tastes would come to be influenced by Greek art (Pollit, 153).

The influence of Greek art was important in the course of Roman development, but the Romans themselves saw the main purpose of triumph to be political. The Jewish author Josephus gives a detailed account of the Judean Triumph celebrated by Vespasian and Titus in June of 71 CE (McCormick, 14). He informs us that the triumph was

broken down into three parts, each of these parts with a specific audience and intended purpose. The first stage focuses on the militaristic aspects of victory, the second on the public and their acknowledgement of victory, and the third on the gods and on the religious ceremonies necessary when granted a victory (McCormick, 16).

The first stage of the Judean triumph, the military stage, took place in the Campus Martius (McCormick, 14). It is necessary to note the symbolic meaning behind the location of this section of the triumph, not only does it happen in the military center of the city, the "fields of Mars" but it is also outside the sacred boundary to the city, the pomerium. Legendarily, this boundary was set up by Romulus, and all acts of war were to be kept outside of it. Of course, by this point enemies had broken through pomerium, but it's traditional meaning In this sacred and still remained. militaristic place the emperors, clad in the customary purple Toga Victa, made prayers and addressed the army. soldiers were then sent to a banquet furnished by the emperors (McCormick, 15). Thus the first to celebrate the victory were the ones directly involved in bringing the victory into existence.

The next stage of the triumph was the procession itself. The parade wound

throughout the city, allowing as many people as possible to see the spoils of war. Plunder was the main feature of triumphs, but prisoners of war, floats depicting various scenes from battle, and exotic animals taken from conquered nations were also popular displays (McCormick, 15). Plutarch reports that the procession to honor Aemilius Paullus's victory of Macedonia in 167 BCE lasted for three days, the first day was dedicated to statues. the second to armor, as well as bowls and goblets that were extraordinary in density and engraving. On the third day metalwork was displayed, including King Perseus' personal set of table wear (Pollit, 155). The main feature of any procession the victorious general himself. was According to Josephus, Vespasian and Titus rode through the parade route in a triumphal chariot, while Domitian rode alongside them on horseback. triumphators were introduced by statues of the goddess Victoria (McCormick, 15). In all, these parades were outstanding spectacles, they increased the status of the victor, and also gave the people a grand notion of victory and warfare, an important idea to instill in the minds of such a militaristic society.

The third stage of the procession was dedicated to the bringers of victory, the gods (McCormick, 14). Romans treated the gods as a part of the

community, and in order to keep the gods happy it was necessary to treat them in the proper manner. Just as an ignored neighbor would shun a person, so would an ignored god. The only difference is that the god could ruin a harvest, or possibly kill a loved one. Because of this, it was imperative to treat the gods well by properly thanking them for a victory. This was often done through dedications of temples and booty, but sacrifices were also a necessary part of thanksgiving. It is a common belief that triumphs were once mainly religious in nature, but by the late republic the religious significance had been outweighed by the political implications (McCormick, 12). Some religious forms however. such purification, prayer, and sacrifice. remained a part of the triumphal process through the imperial period (McCormick, 12).

All of these parts of the triumphal process created a magnificent celebration, but a triumphal ceremony happened once and was over: they had no permanence. Victors wished to make triumphs more solid and lasting, and they found the means to do this in Triumphal art. Monuments not only served as publicity for various victories, they also eternalized The triumphs (McCormick, 24). widespread popularity of erecting architecture monumental well

illustrated by the several hundred arches erected within the city of Rome during the imperial period. Triumphal columns also common during the became principate, the most notable of these being the columns of Marcus Aurelius and of Trajan (McCormick, 24). A focal point on these monuments, both arches and columns, were often friezes narrating triumphal processions. These friezes presented the triumphal ceremony as a fixed part of victory (McCormick, 25).

An important message presented by trophea and other material culture was not only the commemoration of a victory, but also the anticipation of a triumph. This message is especially evident in household items used in the daily lives of Gems and glass pastes for Romans. ringstones were often decorated with imperial victory ideology, bronze perfume pans have been found bearing the same themes. Trophies were also featured lamp decorations. Some pieces display detailed triumphal processions, such as a silver cup from Boscoreale (McCormick, Archaeologists have discovered clay relief plagues and baker's molds for cakes that bear images and words of victory. A popular Roman game involving a board with six groups of spaces or letters has often proved to display cheerful messages of victory (McCormick, 33). These everyday items display the permeation of

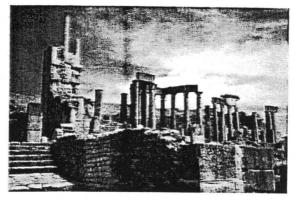
triumphal ideology into Roman society. The visibility of victory in all aspects of life would have caused the people to anticipate any victory, making a triumph all the more spectacular to experience.

The most common example of imperial triumphal ideology in everyday life available today is Roman coinage (McCormick, 26). Coins were an important part of the political regime, especially during the imperial period. They could easily send news of what was happening in the capital to the most backwater province through the images minted on them. These same images continue to send information to historians today. Some common themes on coins are the goddess Victoria, trophies, triumphal processions, and portrayals of imperial violence or clemency to the vanquished (McCormick, 26). The "Iudaea capta" coins minted by Vespasian provide an important insight into these images, as it has been discovered that the coins were actually distributed before his triumph, anticipating and publicizing the event (McCormick, 27). These coins sent the message of victory, but perhaps more importantly, the message of a coming triumph. They advertised the upcoming celebration, building up anticipation for the event, as well as giving provincial Romans notification to come into the city to see the spoils of war.

Triumphal material culture was important to the Roman political regime for several reasons. It increased the status of the victor, rallied the morale of the people, and glorified the Roman state. The triumphal ceremony did much the same thing, though in a more noteworthy manner. The elaborate ceremony addressed all of Roman society, the army, the people, and the gods, and did so in a breathtaking manner. Although there was no permanence to the ceremony, longlasting monuments could not so aptly fulfill political goals. Monuments gained meaning from the triumphal ceremonies they alluded to, as well as subsequent and previous triumphs. Therefore though monuments are lasting, without the ceremonies they lose a great deal of their meaning. Both the ceremony and the architecture support and glorify each other, but monumental architecture would mean a great deal less to the Roman public without memorable ceremony accompanying it.



Temple at Dougga, Tunisia



Temple at Dougga, Tunisia

Modern Day Eros

By Marisa Wikramanayate

God damn you and those eyes
They should be banned
Male perfection personifiedAt my Achilles heel- my weak spot?
I think, I dream, I imagine
And you in all the fervent daydreams my mind can muster,
Eros reincarnated. That's what you are.
Just for the sake of torturing me,
With those all knowing eyes of yours.

### Recipe of Success

## By Meridith Sulser

Plautus' Miles Gloriosus (MG) conveys a wealth of themes to its audience: overall, however, the core of the story consists of Plautus' response to various views on people and their relationships. Texts can reveal these relationships well, such as how the playwright and actors encourage the audience to respond to their antics. While the spectators think that the play is real, they are aware that it is a performance; all performances in some way remind the audience that they are in a theatre. The ways in which the playwrights mold these relationships Plautus' recipe for determines plays. success consists of many ingredients, and they work together to make the perfect blend for an interesting story. Plautus is a very unique writer in his skepticism of moralizing, marriage, and the traditional institution of slavery. He typically addresses issues such as religion, calls attention to location, and forms a bond between the title character and audience in his plays, but surprisingly, he does not follow all of these patterns in MG. His defining characteristics are identifiable, and as a comic playwright he is funny and

successful because the audience is familiar with all of the issues at hand.

One pattern of Plautus is his refusal to use "dramatic illusion"; he is willing to sacrifice anything for a laugh. "Dramatic allusion" is a play happening without an audience. Those stories have a tendency to be more serious and extensive. such as the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Aeneid. In addition to being serious, they also have a propensity to be tragic. A hero is most commonly involved, and he is usually the title character. However, in Plautus' MG, Pyrgopolinices is the title character, and he is certainly not a hero. He is a braggart soldier who is deceived for the benefit of the audience. arrogant, boastful, and full of lies. This is illustrated by Palaestrio in the prologue when he uses words such as "inpudens", "stercoreus", and "adulteri"to depict the captain. Overall, Plautus has a reputation for not creating a fourth wall; the audience is clearly present for everything that is happening around them.

Typically, Plautus includes allusions to settings to add metatheatrical content to his plays, but this is surprisingly not apparent in MG. A few reminders are evident, but not enough to make a defining characteristic in this play. The setting is in Greece, but the characters are speaking Latin, so it is obvious that this is a superficial farce. According to Moore in

the <u>Theatre of Plautus</u>, Plautus usually keeps the audience aware that the actors and characters are both Greek and Roman while the characters call attention to Greek locale. However, allusions to Italy and Rome have not been included in <u>MG</u>, so the spectators have not been reminded that they are not really Greek at all.

There are usually certain morals expected from theatre, because Rome has long and honored tradition moralizing; however, Plautus is known as being a skeptic with comedy and moralizing. He does not think that the theatre's purpose is to teach, but rather to entertain, and he thinks that it is an inadequate purveyor of moral truths. However, Plautus' scenes of deception still convey moral truths, because characters claim they have learned from the experience. This is ironic, because the lessons are not really learned and because the people who teach them are not really moral. In the passage that begins on line 383. Philocomasium relates her fabricated dream to eventually "teach" the slave that he should not talk about things he does not have any business with or know for sure. Platus wrote, "Ergo, si sapis, mussitabis: plus oportet scire seruom quam loqui." He said, "Now, be smart. Keep this all a secret. Slaves should know more than they tell." The idea not to speak what you are not sure of and know more than you tell is a good lesson, but not when it is wrapped up in a play of deception. The deception demonstrates the quality and meaning of "moralizing" in <u>MG</u>; moralizing is *drama* in Plautus' plays, and not actual didacticism.

This deception is a common theme in MG, and it helps define Plautus because it adds most of the comedy for which he is known. Palaestrio, who is depicted as the bright, clever slave, describes one of the tricks that is taking place. Beginning at line 464, Plautus wrote,

Neque eques neque pedes profectost quispuam tanta audacia qui aeque faciat confidenter quicquam quam mulier facit. Ut utrubique orationem docte diuisit suam, ut sublinitur os custodi cauto, conseruo meo! Nimis beat quod commeatus trastinet trans parietem.

Palaestrio is saying, "All the king's horses and all the king's men could never act with such great daring, Never be so calm, so cool, in anything, as one small woman! Deftly she delivered up a different accent for each part! How the faithful guard, my fellow slave, was completely fooled! What a source of joy for all-this passage through the wall!" Palaestrio is addressing the audience about the deception of Sceledrus. The source of joy for the audience is when Philocomasium runs back and forth through the passage in the wall; it was

dramatic and suspenseful, which is pleasing for the audience. This can be compared to a horror movie or a drama in the present, which are popular pastimes for many people.

the. MGin Plautus defines prologue; he uses it to establish general information such as where, when, and why the play is taking place, as well as who is in it. It makes the audience think of the play as a play-within-a-play and establishes Palaestrio as a playwright. At line 80, Act II begins, and Palaestrio begins to draw the audience in with honesty and jokes. "Illest miles meus erus, qui hinc ad forum abiit, gloriosus, inpudens, scercoreus, plenus periuri atque adultery." He writes, "The soldier is my master, who has just gone to the forum. What a shameless, crass bombaster! He is so full of crap and letchery, no lies are vaster." He does not hold back what he really thinks, and this is what makes him a popular character. Palaestrio can be compared to the people in the world who are honest with people, sometimes almost too honest. He can be compared with a few people who behave in a similar fashion at Denison, and people tend to find them enlightening, because they are brutally honest when telling people how they look or what they think when they meet someone for the first time. Palaestrio is the same way, and the people in the audience most likely fully appreciate the frank and playful methods of Palaestrio's comments, because they know from the prologue that they can count on him to be honest and upfront with them.

An alliance between audience and the "title" character is usually a defining characteristic established by Plautus, but not in the case of MG, because Pyrgopolinices is the title character. He is so unintelligent that he cannot form any bond, because he does not know how to get along with people. Consequently, the action works around him and unfolds from Additionally, this "title" his stupidity. character and the actors typically flatter the audience, or tease them. Since Pyrgopolinices barely even address the audience, it is the other actors in MG who take on his role and work to win over the audience; they are needy and desire rapport. At line 1130, Palaestrio turns to the audience and asks, "numquid videtur demutare atque ut quidem dixi esse uobis dudam hunc moechum militem?" He says, "Well, folks, did I exaggerate a while ago what I said about the concupiscent captain?" He continues to give the audience attention, which is something that every human being desires. addition, the spectators also monologues, the most extensive being the Prologue from line 79 to 155 by Palaestrio, in which a relationship and bond is formed with his spectators.

In the beginning of the story, the characters make jokes to seem like likable people, often like people do in real life. When people have common ground on which to relate, then their relationship is that much stronger. Similarly, characters try to draw common ground with spectators by explaining their situation. Their monologues are aimed persuasion. Characters call attention to themselves using words as "ecce" or "videre," often like people do in our lives by saying, "What about me?" Overall, characters strive for attention, and want appreciation and notice from the audience. In line 991, Milphidippa addresses the spectators, "Iam est ante aedis circus ubi sunt ludi faciundi mihi. Dissimulabo, how quasi non uideam neque esse hic etiamdum sciam." She says, "There is the circus where I must perform my little act right now. I'll pretend I don't even see them- I won't even know they are there." Even characters such as Milphidippa are dependent on spectators; all of the actors demonstrate their dependency in the asides.

On a similar note, Plautus' characters have a tendency to want pity and sympathy. At the beginning, Palastrio fills these shoes. In line 180, he says, "vae mihi misero quoi perundumst propter nihili bestiam!" He says, "Pity me- I'll have to die- all for a worthless animal"! It

is like a game to him and many of the characters; they want to have the most emotional appeal. Once characters have reached the point that they have evoked enough pity, they will need to balance it This is where teasing becomes out. evident. Humor has also been an effective means in the competition for attention. Most people gravitate towards easygoing, upbeat people who do not bring their mood down. The characters created by Plautus in MG are no exception; they want the audience to sympathize with them, and if they are smart characters, but they make they do not overdramatize.

Other characters try to win over the audience independently; in line 20 of MG, Artotrogus tries to gain the support of the spectators.

Nihil hercle hoc quidemst praeut alia dicam- quae tu numquam feceris. Periuriorem hoc hominem so quis viderit aut gloriarum pleniorem quam illic est, me sibi habeto, ego me mancupio dabo; nisi unum, epityrum esture insanum bene.

He is a jokester and the center of attention in this passage. He makes for a more enjoyable production because the audience is entertained. Also, in line 32, Artotrogus has another aside to the audience, "Venter creat omnis hasce aerumnas: auribus peraudiendas sunt, ne dentes dentiant, et adsentandumst quidquid hic mentibur."

He explains that the only reason he stomachs Pyrgopolinices is for his stomach. He is a slave, and only eats when he is fed by Pyrgopolinices, so he lives as a parasite. The fact that Pyrgopolinices is so dense that he does not understand he is the butt of the jokes is what defines Plautus' humor. The slaves are intelligent, which is unusual today, because being lower class is usually synonymous with being uneducated. However, Plautus is known for his tendency to challenge typical preconceptions on slaves.

Aside from making his characters appealing, Moore pointed out that Plautus is typically known to respond to issues of religion in his plays. However, in MG, he does not do this, although the gods and goddesses do play an important role. At line 501, Periplectomenus says, "At ita me di deaeque omnes ament nisi mihi supplicum virgarum de te datur longum diuinumque." Plautus writes, "May the gods and goddesses not love me if I don't arrange a whipping for you- yes, a long While referring to and lasting one." deities, Plautus is making the point that we need discipline. Also, in line 528, Sceledrus says, "Pro di immortals," or "O ye immortal gods!" When Sceledrus finds he is in trouble, he turns to the gods for help. This is similar to what people do in present times; they turn to religion when something bad or catastrophic has

happened in their life. This is similar to how the audience in MG can connect with this situation. Next, at line 540, Sceledrus begs Periplectomenus by all of the gods and men. "Periplectomene, to obsecto per deos atques hominess perque stultitiam meam."; Again, when the situation is this serious, Plautus demonstrates that it is common for people to turn to higher powers. In line 701, Palaestrio says, "di tibi propitii sunt, nam hercle si istam semel amiseris libertatem, hau facile in eundem rusum restitues locum." He says that all the gods have blessed him, for, if he lets go of his freedom for just one second, it is no easy thing to get back. Furthermore, when things have gone right in one's life, it is attributed to the gods, so Plautus is an avid believer in the need to be blessed by the gods. Overall, characters often reflect with the deities, which sends a message to the audience that the gods are a powerful being.

While addressing the gods, Plautus also undermines conservative views on marriage, which opens the door for satire and social comedy. Periplectomenus' life as a single man reinforces this stereotype of wives by Plautus; in line 705, he states that he lives happily and well as a single man. "Quando habeo multos cognates, quid opus est mihi liberis? Nunc bene uiuo et fortunate atque ut uolo atque animo ut lubet." Next, in line 672,

Periplectomentus delivers a discourse on the evil of wives. "Morus es. Nam in mala uxore atque inimico quaestus est quod sumitur: et quod in diuinis rebus sumitur sapienti lucrost". This is translated, "You moron! What you spend for enemies or for a nasty wife is expense, what you lay you for a guest, a real true friend, it a profit"! Again, this is one of Plautus' common themes, also present in the Casina. Basically, wives do not fare well in Plautus. A few common stereotypes are that wives with large dowries bring trouble, matronae do not bond with the audience. and wives are always bothersome to husbands.

Plautus' example of this theme in MG is Periplectomentus, a fifty-ish bachelor, who I have already established as being satisfied with his life as a single man. He does not hold back when explaining why to Palaestrio and Pleusicles either; his wife would be nagging him for money and gifts for her mother, and only be a burden for him. This passage begins at line 685,

Nam bona uxor sua ue ductust, si sit usquam gentium ubi ea possit inueniri; uerum egone eam ductam domum quae mihi numquam hoc dicat "eme, mi vir, lanam, und tibi pallium malacum et calidum conficiatur tunicaeque hibernae bonae, ne algeas hac hieme" (hoc numquam verbum ex uxore

audias), uerum prius quam galli canent quae me e somno suscitet, dicat "da, mi vir, calendis meam qui matrem munerem, da qui faciam condimenta, da quod dem quinquatrubus praecantrici, coniectrici, hariolae atque haruspicae

He is straightforward and honest about his picture of women in this passage: he does not like them. Overall, the playwright, actors, and audience join to make married women the object of their laughter. This is partly possible because playwrights and actors are all men, so they have this common link with which to bond. Furthermore, this defining characteristic of Plautus was successful at that time because there were no women there to disagree with it.

Plautus challenges preconceptions of slaves by constantly striving to contrast the notion that slaves are inherently inferior. This is seen in the play <u>Captivi</u> as well as <u>MG</u>. One point Plautus focuses on is the fact that there are no physical differences in the slaves and the rich. In line 111, Palaestrio, a slave, talks about what he did for his master, "nam is illius filiam conicit in nauem miles clam matrem suam, eamque huc inuitam mulierem in Ephesum aduehit." He said, "As fast as possible, I get this ship of mine. I head for Naupatuc to tell him the fact." The fact that he can sail proves that he is skilled,

and the fact that he has such a good relation with his master proves he is trustworthy.

Concerning slaves, Plautus also sets out to teach that true moral worth is the domain of the free. Palaestrio's devotion to his old master is a clear indicator of Paleastrio's character; he arranges the visitations between the lovers so that his master can be happy again. Plautus adds the notion that slaves are more intelligent and clever than their masters, as seen with Palaestrio and Pyrgopolinices. In line 235, Palaesrio begins, "erus meus elephanti corio circumtentust, non suo, neque habet plus sapientitai quam lapis." He said. "Master hasn't normal skin- it's thicker than an elephant's. He's about as clever as a stone." Slaves were a part of everyday life in that time, so it was common to portray them in plays. His thoughts on them are distinguishable from other playwrights though, and these opinions are validated when the audience sees how much power a slave can really have.

Palaestrio is portrayed as clever and cunning in the deception of Pyrgopolinices. He explains the plan in line 232, "tace, dum in regionem astutiarum mearum te induce, ut scias iuxta mecum mea consilia." Palaestrio continues that there are a million excuses as to where Philocomasium may be when

Sceledrus or anyone is looking for her twin. She may be walking, sleeping, dressing, washing, dining, drinking, busy, or just indisposed. Palastrio's craftiness is apparent in this plan. He challenges the accepted value of slaves with his intelligent jokes about Pyrgopolinices as well as in his flattery. Palaestrio is depicted but a human being. In the end, Palastrio is also morally superior to Pyrgopolinices. Overall, Plautus challenges assumptions about inferiority successfully.

Plautus has many defining characteristics, most of which are present in the MG, but some of which are not; the uniqueness of these components is what makes Plautus successful comic a playwright. His characteristics are also suitable for the times he published his plays. Overall, the metatheatrical content of Plautus' plays is truly the defining characteristic. It wins the goodwill of the audience, adds humor, and challenges the spectator's preconceptions. Metatheatre reminds the audience that this is, in fact, a play. It also engages and entices the audience: the humor is intertwined in the jokes to the audience. In the end, Plautus has concocted a recipe that is more delectable than any other.

# The Age of Nero: Moral Decay and Philosophic Criticism

### By Nate Emmerson

Whenever a ruler is given ultimate power as the emperor was given in the Roman Empire, the society necessarily changes itself to an extent according to that ruler's characteristics. Particularly, the more wealthy classes of citizens (and those aspiring to be such) try to win the favor of the ruler by changing their lifestyle to a manner of which they feel the ruler would approve. For example, during Nero's reign over the Roman Empire, the more wealthy Romans paid more attention to that which Nero cherished. One of such things was the concept of "elegant living," that is, what it should consist of, and the quest to achieve such a standard. Clearly, Nero was quite concerned with this facet of life, because he appointed Petronius as Arbiter Elegentae (arbiter of elegant living), in order that he might have a standard by which to judge particular aspects of life. Thus, upper class Romans had to attempt to meet that standard.

However, in spite of being appointed to the *Arbiter* position, Petronius did not approve of the state into which Roman society was thrown by the establishment of those standards of

elegance, and put up grandiose pretense in order to appear to have good taste. In his Satyricon, particularly in the "Cena Trimalchionis" section, Petronius satirizes such pretense. Another writer during Nero's reign as well as the young emperor's childhood tutor, Seneca, also disapproved of the obsession with pretense that gripped society while Nero was in power. In his letters to Lucilius, Seneca touches upon the theme of one's inner workings being paramount to appearances and pretenses many times.

Even simply the title of the major work of Petronius sets the reader up for social satire. As it promises, the Saturicon is a story of many "satyr-like things." A satyr is a mythological creature famous for its overindulgence in revelry, and the story depicts Romans and aspects of Roman life. Comparing everyday life to that of a satyr is not praising, but reprimanding the way of life depicted. Petronius goes into great detail making this comparison in the "Cena Trimalchionis" section. Trimalchio. the host of a grandiose dinner party, in which many extravagances take the place of more traditional means of holding dinner parties.

From the very moment the reader is introduced to Trimalchio, he is engaging in unnecessary extravagance. He is wearing sandals outside of the house, using a chamber-pot made of silver, and

counting even missed balls in their game (II.1; 11-21). In the procession leading back to his home, Trimalchio is escorted by phalerae-decorated footmen, in the same manner as Nero (II.1; 35), and has a boy with pipes sing in his ear for the entire While these journey (II.1; 38-39). extravagances are unusual, they do not necessarily merit satire. However, when the guests arrive at Trimalchio's house, even more absurd conventions arise. As they enter the dining room, there is a servant to remind the guests that they must cross the threshold with their right foot- not their left (II.1; 81-83). addition, the slaves performing duties such as hangnail-plucking, hand-washing, and drink-serving would "not be silent even in so troublesome a duty, but sang at time" (II.1:103-104). same the Furthermore, Trimalchio did not sit at the usual place for the host, but sat at the locus primus (II.1; 110-111).

There are also many other marvels at the feast. Petronius takes great care to depict many of Trimalchio's indulgences. The main satire, however, lies in Trimalchio's social status. He is only a freedman, not born of noble blood. Rather, Trimalchio tries to make himself seem elegant by making a pompous showing of his wealth. He attempts to elevate his stance in the minds of Romans with pretense: unusual ways of playing

games, quirky household regulations, and extravagant dining. Petronius sees the standards he has established in Nero's court being used, not as guidelines for living in an elegant manner, but as techniques for seeming greater than one is.

The old proverb, "don't judge a book by its cover" speaks volumes about pretense. Merely because a book's cover is ragged, drab, boring, old, or ugly should not affect one's judgment of the entire book. Certainly, the outer layer of such a complex and intricate object could never adequately represent its contents in their entirety. The same idea applies to humans. One's ideas, thoughts, morals, and feelings count much more than the appearance one puts forth for society's sake. Seneca, in his letters to Lucilius, touches on this point several times.

In Letter 43, Seneca writes about a rumor he has heard about Lucilius. Seneca warns him against the attitude that because word has spread about him, he is important: "So what?' you say, 'I am of such importance that I am able to excite Rumor?" (43.1). Rather, Seneca gives Lucilius simple analogies to explain how word has spread: "Anything is noticed among nearby things if it is large in the place in which it happens. For magnitude does not have a fixed limit, comparison either lifts it or presses it down. A ship, large in a stream, is miniscule in the sea.

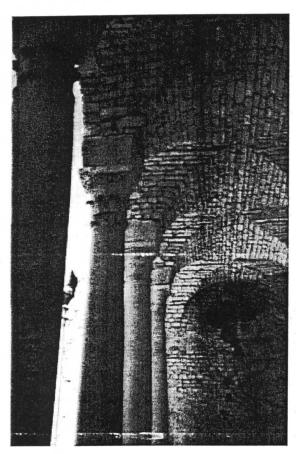
A rudder, which is large to one ship, is insignificant to another" (43.2). Thus, while a man might seem important by the large quantity of talk about him, even the greatest man in that respect from one place could be less significant than the least from another.

Letter 5 contains a statement from Seneca against certain philosophers, such as cynics, who use pretense in an attempt to prove their philosophical merit to the populous. Seneca argues that this is not only excessive, it is counter-productive to a philosopher's goal: "Bearing the name of philosopher causes sufficient envy, even if born modestly; what if we begin to leave out from the customs of man?" (5.2). Rather, "we should do this: that we follow a life better than the commoners, not one that is contrary; otherwise we repulse those who we want to be reformed and turn them away from us" (5.3). Seneca disdains excessive self-denial of that which nature readily provides: "This is against nature: to torment your own body, to hate things easily come by, to seek out squalor, and to eat food, not only cheap, but also loathsome and horrid" (5.4). While luxuries ought not be sought out, Seneca argues, "it is demented to flee from ordinary, familiar things that are not luxurious" (5.5). By eliminating such pretense, Seneca claims, the public will admire the life of the philosopher, but at

the same time, recognize it as that of a human instead of some lower life form (5.5). Indeed, also, it is not such pretense that truly separates philosophers from common people. Seneca anticipates an objection by Lucilius: "So what? Should we do the same, which is of others? Will there be nothing between us and them?" (5.6). Of course, Seneca replies. Someone who looks closer easily sees the difference, without the foolish pretense of ostentatious self-denial. Finally, Seneca comments that it is not the quality or appearance of one's possessions, but the manner in which one uses them: "He is great, who uses earthenware just as silverware. No less great is that one, who uses silverware just as earthenware" (5.6). Someone having nice things means nothing unless they realize that it is nature that has provided them with such fortune. and they adjust their attitude accordingly.

Both Petronius and Seneca saw the rampant use of pretense during Nero's reign as emperor. Petronius found it absurd for men of little importance to be inflating themselves by imitating the "elegant lifestyle" of those more important. Seneca spoke against the use of the amount of talk about a person determining their importance by explaining the relativity of such a measure. Also, Seneca shunned those using the pretense of self-imposed poverty to signify

philosophical enlightenment, as it is both contrary to nature and counterproductive to philosophy's mission: "A community sense, both human and society" (5.4). The abuse of appearances and pretense was rampant throughout the silver age of Latin literature, and these two authors took a stand against it.



Underground House at Thuburbo Majus, Tunisia

Gilgamesh: A Lesson For All Man

By Steve Nery

At the onset of The Epic of Gilgamesh, Gilgamesh, the hero, although possessing many good qualities, is not yet a wise man. He undergoes deep personal growth throughout his journeys, albeit because of some sad events. His friend Enkidu definitely affected Gilgamesh while he was alive, but as a result of his death, Gilgamesh really gains wisdom. He sets out to conquer death, and though he does not accomplish that mission, he learns about himself and all mankind, and becomes, as the author writes, "wise in all matters" (1).

Before he meets Enkidu. Gilgamesh partakes in some really foolish acts, and is not yet wise at all. He has too much energy for the people of Uruk to handle, and they grow weary of him. The men of Uruk are constantly having to go to war on his behalf, as evidenced by the phrase, "He has no equal when his weapons are brandished/ his companions are kept on their feet by his contests" (3). Gilgamesh does not see that other men do not have the desire that he has to seek personal glory through battle. He is also unjust to his people in claiming the right to sleep with all brides before the

bridegroom can (15). As a result of his actions, the people of Uruk complain to the goddesses. The goddess Aruru listens to the people's qualms, and creates the wild man Enkidu as a companion to balance Gilgamesh out and keep him from annoying his own people.

The impact that Enkidu has on Gilgamesh is immediate. As soon as Enkidu hears of this king, he goes to the city of Uruk to stop him from his immoral practices. When Gilgamesh sees that Enkidu's power might rival his own, he quickly accepts him as a friend and sometimes listens to his advice. Gilgamesh and Enkidu set out on their own adventures, the people can tolerate and even revere Gilgamesh more, as he does heroic deeds without interfering with their lives. Yet while Enkidu is alive, Gilgamesh is not yet wise. Gilgamesh wishes to go to the Forest of Cedar and kill the mighty Humbaba. Enkidu advises against this, saying, "My friend, turn back...do not pursue this journey" (29), yet Gilgamesh does not heed his friend's advice. They set out on the journey to kill Humbaba, as Gilgamesh wishes, but on this journey we see Gilgamesh's overwhelming fear of death. Each night while they rest, Gilgamesh is awakened by terrible nightmares about how their journey could end miserably. Enkidu consoles him each time, translating each

dream into a good omen. When they eventually get to Humababa, we learn just how foolish this venture really was. As Gilgamesh is questioning whether or not to slay Humababa, Enkidu tells him, "The great gods will take against us in anger, Enlil in Nippur, Shamash [Larsa]...Establish for ever [a fame] that endures, how Gilgamesh slew [ferocious] Humababa!" (44). Gilgamesh establishes a fame for himself in killing the gods' powerful creature, yet in doing so, insults the gods, who are more powerful than himself. Enkidu gets his comeuppance for killing this creature, as well as for his hand in the slaying of the Bull of Heaven and subsequent cursing of Ishtar. before he falls ill and dies, Enkidu has a dream in which the god Enlil orders his death for his role in these events (55).

It is after Enkidu dies that Gilgamesh really starts to become wise. As Enkidu lies on his deathbed, he curses the harlot Shamhat and the hunter-trapper who helped civilize him. When the god Shamash hears this, he intervenes, telling him to value the good times that he had, not curse them because they have come to an end (57-8). Enkidu sees the wisdom in this and retracts his prior statements. It appears as though Gilgamesh is not fully convinced yet, though, as he will set out to try to achieve immortality. He admits, "I am afraid of death, so I wander the wild, to

find Uta-napishti, son of Ubar-Tutu" (70). Uta-napishti is the one man who was ever able to achieve immortality. By going to him, Gilgamesh hopes to do the same. After a long and toilsome journey in which Gilgamesh overcomes obstacles that would have killed most men, he arrives at Utanapishti's island. Uta-napishti tells him that he became immortal because he earned the favor of the gods after surviving a storm meant to destroy the city of Shuruppak (88). He tells Gilgamesh that if he is to conquer death, he must first, "[f]or six days and seven nights...do without slumber" (95). Gilgamesh is unable to pass this test, though, as sleep overtakes him and he lies in slumber for seven days (96). Despite failing this test, Una-napishti informs Gilgamesh of a plant in the ocean that has the power to turn one young again. Gilgamesh immediately ties stones to his feet, plunges to the bottom of the ocean, and harvests the plant. Tragically, a snake steals the plant from him as he bathes in a cool pool (98-9). When this happens, Gilgamesh realizes the futility of his quest and abandons hope of ever becoming immortal. It is then that he truly becomes wise. As the boatman Urshanabi and he return to the city of Uruk, Gilgamesh says, "O Ur-shanabi, climb Uruk's wall and walk back and forth! Survey its foundations, examine the brickwork! Were its bricks not fired in an

Did the Seven Sages not lay its foundations?" (99). This passage is key to identifying Gilgamesh's transformation. Realizing his mortality, he also discovers the wisdom that Enkidu heard in the god Shamash's words to him. While life may be temporary and fleeting, there is still good in it. Rather than strive for something that cannot be attained, Gilgamesh finds the beauty in the works, doomed by time as they may be, of mankind. The city of Uruk will not be but it is still impressive eternal, nonetheless. As long as he presides over the city, he should enjoy his lot in life, as it is far better than most men's, and as he nears death, he should be able to attain a sense of fulfillment from his life, as his friend Enkidu did.

The man that Gilgamesh is at the end of his quest is far wiser than the brash man that he was at the beginning. He was originally foolish enough to think that his deeds would make him eternal, and that he could actually conquer death himself. Sad as it may be, the death of his best friend is a huge turning point for him. He subsequently makes a desperate attempt to evade death, and in failure, becomes wise. As he becomes aware of his situation, he gains an appreciation for life. It is not necessary to be immortal to enjoy life; the inevitability of death actually makes life all the more worthwhile. Since

life is temporary, it is all the more important to use one's days more efficiently and to enjoy life while it is to be had. While his deeds did not make him immortal, they were nonetheless spectacular, and Gilgamesh should revel in this, not fear the inevitable halt to them. He seems to gain a new, better appreciation of his life at the end, when he marvels at his city.

The author of the standard version of the epic clearly meant for his tablets to be read by future generations, as he writes, "[See] the tablet-box of cedar, [release] its clasp of bronze! [Lift] the lid of its secret, [pick] up the tablet of lapis lazuli and read out the travails of Gilgamesh, all that he went through" (2). The question is, though, for whom exactly is this tale meant to be read by? Since Gilgamesh was a king like no other, and two-thirds god in nature, is this story only relevant to those who have drawn an equally impressive lot Although Gilgamesh was an in life? extraordinary character, much can be learned by his story even by those who are not so fortunate as he.

It is possible that this epic may have originally been recorded solely for aristocrats. Ancient societies were mostly oral ones, in which likely only the lucky people were literate. Yet on the same token, we know that in Greek times, every member of society was able to attend festivals in which events like Homer telling stories took place. It is therefore conceivable that in ancient Babylonian times, the story of Gilgamesh was commonly known by members of every social caste. After all, in our society, few escape without hearing moral tales like the one about George Washington and the cherry tree. Regardless of for whom the epic of Gilgamesh was originally recorded, there are lessons in it that can be learned by any man.

The most important lesson that comes from this epic is, as has already been stressed, that man must realize his own mortality and live accordingly. It is obviously not an easy thing to come to grips with, but as has been demonstrated by both Enkidu and Gilgamesh, it can be done. The lesson is common to all men. One need not be a king like Gilgamesh to understand it. True, part of Enkidu and Gilgamesh's contentment comes from the realization that they are far luckier than most men. Yet if even such valiant men as they could not cheat death, why should anyone else hope to do so? Along the same lines, if these two could come to find fulfillment in a mortal life, should they not serve as role models to others? Gilgamesh is clearly defined as a role model from the he is described as beginning, "Surpassing all other kings, heroic in stature, brave scion of Uruk, wild bull on

the rampage!" (2). Surely few men, if any, could ever surpass his heroic deeds, and those who cannot should look up to him and learn from his travails. It is not necessary to cross the Waters of Death and speak to Uta-napishti to learn the same lesson that Gilgamesh did.

Another way to look at this epic is teaches vet also depressing, If the great acceptance of one's fate. Gilgamesh could come to terms with his mortality, then should not those far less fortunate than him be able to do the same? While others may not have achieved such greatness as he, neither will they have as much to miss in death. In tablet VII. Enkidu tells Gilgamesh of his vision of the afterlife. It is a place where all former men have the same status (61). While those that did great deeds in life can look back upon their lives with fondness, they must also deal with having lost more than those less fortunate in life. If the story of widely Gilgamesh known was Babylonian times, then it could have served as a type of propaganda, as all men end up the same in the end, despite what they have accomplished in life. That is one thing that is remarkable about this epic; that it can have two different readings that please the reader, whether it is an extraordinary man or a commoner. The extraordinary man can learn to enjoy and marvel at his accomplishments as they

come and go, and the commoner can content himself in the fact that not even a man as Gilgamesh can evade the same fate that they are destined to, or possess a superior lot in the afterlife.

No matter who the reader is, he or she can learn a valuable lesson from The Epic of Gilgamesh. While we are alive, we must learn to find contentment in whatever our lives may be, and we need to learn how to let go. Not even the great tasks of Gilgamesh are eternal, as Derek Walcott wrote, "The ocean had no memory of the wanderings of Gilgamesh or whose sword severed whose head in the Iliad" (Omeros, LIX.i). No man's actions echo in eternity, so we must learn to love life as it happens, and deal with its passing.

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## Odi et Amo: The Language of Love in Catullus and Charles Bukowski

### By Betsy Prueter

As a rising junior, I participated in Summer Scholar program May through July of 2002 conducting research with the Classics Department. I would like to present some background information on this program the university runs as well as an outlined structure of my project. The Summer Scholar program offered at Denison University provides students with an opportunity to develop their own research under the supervision of an advisor. As a summer scholar I lived on campus for ten weeks conducing my research along with close to one hundred other students from a variety of disciplines. In mid July a colloquium is held showcasing presentations of all the summer scholars and their projects. The summer scholar project culminates in a written paper kept in the library archives for any interested parties. I chose to remain on campus for the summer because I had a desire to pursue a of literature-poetry. particular path Having developed a proposal and having earned the scholarship I began my research. I met with Dr. Jacobsen twice a week following a syllabus of "assignments"

and discussion topics. On my own, I spent time in the library translating and researching as well as gathering materials for my project. The first six weeks were spent in translation of Catullus and analysis of the texts during which I read several supplementary materials pertaining to my poems. These included research by Frank Copley, Kenneth Quinn and Ellen Greene. I feel that this range of scholars incorporates a useful cross section of criticism. Copley's traditional philological approach and work on servitium amoris was extremely helpful in discerning both Catullus and Bukowski. His examination of the meaning of language was pertinent to my thesis. Working from the premise that to literally be a "slave to love" expresses the lover's humility and abasement, Copley instigated an examination of the concept in Catullus that aided in the comprehension of his poetry and psyche. Quinn's highly critical view of poetry and the benefit of structural criticism commenced my research and gave me a solid foundation for interpreting structural elements. including proposed levels of intent. These prompted me to look at each poem with a different set of criteria. The mainstream feminist approach of Greene and her work with The Erotics of Domination allowed me to consider the possibility of a more modern reading of Catullus and subsequently, of

Bukowski. Her analysis of the relationship between Catullus and the Lesbia figure permitted me not only look at Catullus as a poet and a lover but also specifically as a man in a male dominated society; and how that is related to his definitions of love and desire. After my secondary resource hunt, the next two weeks were spent reading the poetry of Charles Bukowski. I read two anthologies of his works- Burning in Water, Drowning in Flame and Play the Percussion Drunk Like aPiano Instrument Until the Fingers Begin to Bleed a Bit. Discussion and analysis of these texts were done as well as initial comparison to Catullus. Finally, the last two weeks were spent composing my paper and utilizing literary comparative analysis to draw conclusions based on the poems of both writers. It is important to note that my choice of poets stemmed from one, my interest in literature and the discovery that. read two. simultaneously, one produced a more clear and effective reading of the other. They have similar approaches in language and in content and meaning was revealed more clearly after an in depth reading of both. I would like to share with you some of my findings and present you with a basic outline of how my project evolved during summer of 2002 at Denison University.

My research, as I have mentioned. centered on: Gaius Valerius Catullus, a first century BCE poet, and Charles Bukowski, a 20th century American poet. These two poets share a common interest in critiquing society, especially their own urban settings, and developing innovative styles of love poetry. Both Catullus and Bukowski demonstrate distaste for the standard use of poetics to represent the voice of the establishment. Though Catullus was a member of the elite, his poetry deviates from the accepted social norm of upper class Rome in his lyrics: Bukowski describes lower class life and society of Los Angelos where he lived most of his life. Despite their immensely different backgrounds, Bukowski and Catullus both focuses primarily on the human condition: they managed capture the essence of human nature in their verses, expressing thoughts on the nature of love; and subsequently leisure. language, self-expression and everyday ordinary life. They redefined the traditional and conventional expression of love accepted and glorified by the literary critics of their day. Because of their bold defiance and insistence on representing the common man and his life in common language, their poetry met resistance from the so-called establishment. The reputation of Catullus continued to increase after his death, and Bukowski's

works are just now being included in American poetry anthologies. Catullus began his poetic career with a *libellum* of self-described *nugae*; Bukowski's poetry was at first published only in small, little known magazines.

The main focus of my project was to present the argument that though Catullus and Bukowski wrote lyrics thousands of years apart, their poetry is vital to understanding what it means to live a life of love. I hope to have proven this by establishing reoccurring themes prevalent in both poets' writing and dissecting several poems in which the poets' intent and meaning becomes clear. By comparative literary analysis, I demonstrated how poetry both reveals the ultimate nature of love and its social context, as well as the value in reading one poet to understand the other. I wish to increase awareness of two poets that are instrumental in literature as well as influential to writers of today in hopes that when we study a society and the people in it, we will not neglect their representation in poetry and literature, but hail it as a quintessential expression of what it is to exist.

Catullus, living in 1st century Rome was a member of the Neoterics, a circle of poets dedicated to overturning the conventional literary styles and content of Roman literature. Based on the premise

that the best known poems are part of what is deemed "The Lesbia Cycle" centered on a love affair with Lesbia, the poems may be read in a chronological order, giving them the feel of the span of the entire relationship. Debating the question of whether or not there was an actual Lesbia, or any other woman for that matter. does not overshadow the importance of the poetry. The description Catullus gives of the love affair and the development of a new vocabulary of emotions and feelings are fundamental to reading his poems. Though little else is known about the life of Catullus and it is unlikely that his poetry can be read as autobiographical, nevertheless; he creates a very true to life portrayal of love and persuades the reader of its reality.

Bukowski. though born in Germany, migrated to the United States as a young child and grew up in Los Angelos, CA. Not from one of society's privileged few, he observed politics and social issues from a much different perspective than many other better know, mainstream poets. His large body of work, poetry and prose, has had immense appeal to younger generations, continuing to grow after his death in 1994. He writes with the depth of feeling and vividness that immediately crates a sense of recognition and comprehension in the reader. Bukowski does not devote a series of

poems to an individual woman, as in the Lesbia cycle by Catullus, he still comments on love and sex throughout the majority of his poetry. Reading his poetry gives much insight about the meaning of Catullus. Bukowski's vernacular often parallels the poetry of Catullus who also did not look to tradition for guidance. Both men have produced socially critical poetry that crosses boundaries and touches upon a diversity of themes, all connected in some way to love. I hope to show that through these love poems and their intrinsic meaning, a greater understanding of what it means to be in love will be revealed and And more importantly the attained. language that they use is common, relatable and comprehensible to the common woman. The structure of my paper and argument imitates the structure of Catullus Poem #85.

> Odi et Amo. Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris. Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

> [I hate and I love. Why I do this, perhaps you ask. I don't know, but I feel it happening and I am pained.]

This two-line epigram captures the very essence of love poetry. The configuration outlines a number of themes used by Catullus and Bukowski. Each section of the poem corresponds to a different concept recurrent in the verses of

the two men. "Odi et Amo" constitute the majority of thematic motifs I examined. Representing the ultimate tension between two emotions, Odi et Amo confuses the poets and is the source of great conflict for Catullus experiences this them both. tension regularly and it is representative of the rest of the Lesbia cycle. Both men are thrown back and forth between a state of cupido and a darker state of *miser*. This limbo they are caught in defines what it means to be in love. It defines what it is to write love poetry and make an attempt to sort out these feelings that baffle the heart and mind. In short, "I hate and I love" constitutes the duality of love.

The next section of the epigram, "Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris" is an address to the potential audience of readers as well as a hint into the impetus of the tension. Why do the poets endure the duality? This can be answered by exploring the notion of otium in both Catullus and Bukowski. Though Catullus attempts a response to his own posed question in the next line, (nescio) there are still some implications the reader can gather from what the other poems have shown us. *Otium* proves to be destructive for love poets and it can result in pain and anguish. The very concept of being poets allows for more "free" time and a more unstructured daily routine. This time is for

rest and relaxation; time for reflection on love and contentment. But it also serves as a torture device to anguish over love gone wrong or a love abused. As Catullus poetically points out in poem 51 leisure gives him the time to agonize himself with thoughts of Lesbia. True, otium inspires him to write poetry but then it also drives him to madness upon reflection on his poetry's themes. Leisure makes him restless and excitable, itching to see his love, dying to be with her, to kiss her, to hold her, to hear her voice. And the more time he has, the more anxious he becomes. It is dangerous even to have so much leisure to ponder these things. As he mentions, so much time had ruined rulers and great cities. Bukowski's depictions of leisure are of anguish and jocundity. In out of the arms, shows the trouble his own otium gives him. His thoughts are consumed by a lover and because of his nature as a poet, he is compelled to express his torment through words. He has

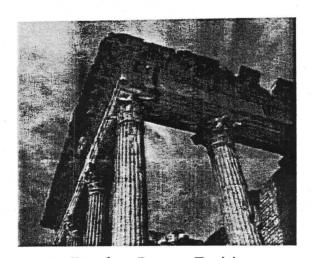
> died too many times, believing and waiting, waiting in a room.... (Bukowski, *out of the arms*)

The third section to the epigram, sed fieri sentio et excrucior, sets up a third theme of pain and torture and love. This is where most of Copley's and Greene's theories are relevant. The men suffer profusely for their dedication to love and

they are unable to explain the power their mistress' have over them. *Excrucrior* drives home the idea of torture and agony and the theme is reflected in a great deal of their poems. They discuss not being able to escape the ups and downs of love and the intensity of the feelings, both love and hate, they experience.

Both Catullus and Bukowski have drawn away from mainstream society. where the rich rule, into another reality where passion dominates. They do this by using the language of love familiar to the common man and evoking an atmosphere so vivid that the audience can empathize with the persona of the poet and recognize familiar situations. Their use of the vernacular and realism sets them apart from most of their contemporaries. Metaphors are direct and comprehensible. Descriptions are provocative and poignant, yet realistic. Imagery is often earthy and of this world, rather than flowery and mythic. Both poets are disillusioned with the stiffness and uptight attitudes of their societies and seek to remind their audience that passion is an essential part of living. They do this by expressing love in a number of ways, but also by emphasizing the universal experience of love.

We probably all have felt as they felt about relationships and loves. We have all encountered the pleasures and pains of love itself, as well as the ups and downs in the pursuit of love. Both ancient and modern writers have captured our hearts. The poetic investigation into the nature of human love transcends time and place, letting us read Bukowski as a vital supplement to the study of the Latin of Catullus. Catullus and Bukowski have the ability to reach people, not only in first century Rome but also in postmodern America. Love is a universal language and Catullus and Bukowski are native speakers.



Temple at Dougga, Tunisia

Magic and Magicians in the Ancient World

### By Clint Heinrich

For the inhabitants of classical antiquity, magic was a reality. Freelance beggar-priests roamed archaic Greece, performing miracles at discount prices. The Twelve Tables of Roman law prohibit the theft of crops though magical means. Curse tablets and small effigies, a sort of pre-modern Voodoo doll, have been found throughout the Mediterranean. Prophecies and miracles pervade classical literature of every type. Not just anyone, however, could perform the rites necessary for a proper magical undertaking. Dealing with the supernatural was the province of a select field of professionals. These witches, oracles, and sorcerers occupied a peculiar position in the ancient world, though: while they appear to have been indispensable, they were only allowed to exist on the fringes of society, wandering where their services were needed, or occupying graveyards, caverns, and other ominous locales. At times, these figures could play a fundamental role in everyday life. Certainly, the Oracle at Delphi filled a central part in the politics of Ancient Greece. At other times, though, magicians were railed against and persecuted. For instance, Plato supported harsh

punishment for those who, "despise humans to the point of capturing the spirits of a good number of the living by claiming that they can raise the ghosts of the dead and promising to seduce even the gods" (Plato, *Laws* 10, 909 B).

In my paper, I plan to examine this dichotomy in detail. To read Plato and other ancient writers, it would appear that there is a clear division among ancient miracle-workers: on hand, you have the socially acceptable, godly priests, performing divine miracles from within their splendid temples. On the other hand are the sinister, untrustworthy magicians, bending the gods' will on a for-hire basis, and working their foul rites wherever they can set up shop. Upon closer examination, though, this distinction is far less exact than Plato would have us believe. In fact, a number of important religious figures display the same traits that traditionally define magicians, just as self-declared magicians could fulfill important state religious functions. Prophecy, for example, could be the forté of a mainstream religious official, or a suspicious charlatan, depending on who did the foretelling. But both the oracle and the witch were caverndwelling ecstatics, so what made one of them a pillar of the community, and the other a marginal figure?

Though my research is far from completed, my initial thesis hinges on the

duties that these magicians performed. The most acceptable magicians were those whose acts benefited the largest numbers of people. The proclamations of the Oracles were critical in the creation of state policy, and were the most acceptable. On the other hand, the much more personalized blessings and curses of the migrant magicians, available only to those who could afford them, were considered untrustworthy and even dangerous.

Before this question can really be answered, though, the nature of magic itself must be addressed. In classical antiquity, the very concept of magic was radically different from our own, and is thus problematic. Some miraculous feats were considered clearly religious in nature, such as the various blessings and miracles that priests coaxed from the Gods. Others were purely magical, such as the supernatural theft of a neighbor's crops. Most acts, though, cannot be so easily defined. Many magicians implored the gods to achieve their goals, just as a priest would. Other "magical" rites incorporated folk remedies that are closer to medicine than magic. The unclear nature of these acts appears to be at least partly responsible for the inconsistent division between magic and religion, and thus will be central to my analysis. Why, for instance, is the prophecy of a Roman haruspex part of the state religion, while

Pliny tells us that the fortunes of an astrologer are clearly magical, and just barely tolerable?

Defining what constitutes "magic" is a problem that scholars have wrestled with for ages. Plato himself offers the definition that "magic makes every effort to persuade the gods, whereas the truly religious behavior is to leave the gods a free choice" (Graf pp.27). Sir James Frazer is one of the most influential modern writers on this matter. His 1922 book The Golden Bough proffered a three-way division between religion, magic, and science. Religion and Magic, he argued, are marked by belief in the supernatural, while magic and science are set apart by their empirical pursuit of immediate, pragmatic goals (Graf pp.14). Though this was a very popular belief for a number of years, more recent scholars have become dissatisfied with it, calling it post-Reformation ethnocentrism, and have since put forth a number of alternative methods. For example, anthropologists Murray and Rosalie Wax argue that no clear division between magic and religion is possible, and we should not bother to distinguish between the two. Another scholar, Fritz Graf, addresses the issue by studying the ancients' opinions of these matters, and only calling magic what they themselves called magic. These approaches, though useful, are

problematic for my own paper. The inhabitants of the classical world felt that there was a division between magic and religion, even if it was not clearly defined. The Wax argument denies the very beliefs that I am attempting to study, even though they were clearly present. Graf's argument is also problematic. I plan on examining the areas where magic and religion are least clearly separated in the ancient mind, especially where the division is unclear or seemingly arbitrary. For the purposes of my argument, I will find it necessary to approach a number of traditionally religious practices as magic. It becomes important, then, to differentiate between "religious" figures who operate on wholly religious principles, and those whose practices cross into the realms of magic.

For this reason, a secondary goal of my paper is to arrive at some acceptable definition of what, exactly, constitutes magic, or to at least find a scholarly approach that will facilitate my analysis. As a starting point, I am considering as magic any religious or supernatural acts that go beyond traditional prayer and supplication. This opens a wide array of practices to scrutiny, including state sanctioned prophecy and the practices of many mystery cults. Hopefully, by contrasting acts that the ancients considered magic with deviant, but still religious customs, I can expose the

sometimes obtuse standards by which such things were judged in the classical world.

Once the question of magic has been addressed, the focus of the paper becomes the magicians themselves, and their contradictory position within society. Though there was always a market for their services, they were generally not really welcome to stay after they had performed their immediate function. Popular opinion of magicians shifted throughout classical history, but they were never regarded kindly. At times they were a necessary evil, and at others they were just evil. Even in literature, the mystical figure is always quickly consulted and then left behind. They are rarely, if ever, fit for a spot in the story's primary cast. In fact, the true magician, the migrant salesman of curses and blessings, is a rare find in any classical work. Seers and oracles abound, but freelance spell-casters marginalized at best. Because of this, it often takes a great deal of detective work to unearth exactly how a society regarded its magicians.

Some scholars, such as Marcel Mauss and E.E. Evans Pritchard have hit upon the idea of examining what happened when one member of the society accused another of wizardly practices. This method has yielded a great deal of information. It appears that, among many

aristocracies, it was a serious charge to accuse a man of being a magician, even though those same aristocracies openly made use of the wandering beggar-priests to curse their foes. It appears, then, that the problem lay not with the magic itself, but in the stigma that comes with performing it.

A few rare magicians, though, managed to earn themselves an important role in certain societies. For example, Epimenides, an ancient Greek poet and magician, who gained mystical power by sleeping in a cave for fifty years, was rumored to be able to appear in two places at once, among other feats. He was held in such esteem, though, that he was a prize witness on the behalf of Solon when his infamous code of laws was brought before Athens in the 6th century BC (Bremmer pp.37). Though figures like Epimenides are rare, they reveal that the function of an individual magician is crucial determining how the public will react to them.

Initially, I have found that the most acceptable magicians were those whose deeds benefited the largest number of people. Prophets were generally official state and religious functionaries, so it is not surprising that they were the most widely accepted of all miracle workers. On the other end of the spectrum, among the nomadic magicians who peddled their

multi-purpose spells and remedies to the classical elite (the only ones who could afford their rates), there is distinction according to purpose. Under Imperial Roman law, only weather magic and love spells were allowed. Republican Romans were less strict; only the theft of crops, curses, and magical assassination are specifically banned. Magic seems to have proliferated best under the ancient Greeks, as curse tablets and voodoo dolls abound in archaeological ruins, to an extent that suggests that there were little or no limits on their use.

To draw a correlation between public service and acceptance, shamanistic figures become an important area of study. Shamen in the ancient world, such as Herodotus' Aristeas and Abaris, were the middle-ground between the generally accepted oracles and the often excluded magicians. These characters often fulfilled often quasi-religious functions. but without any official endorsement. They served as psychopomps, to guide the dead to the afterlife, and purifiers in case of some religious faux pas. For instance, the Athenians contracted an outside authority to cleanse the Acropolis after it was sullied by the murder of Cylon's followers in 632 BC. In some societies, such as that of the Scythians, shamen were accepted parts of daily life, but others, such as the Romans, shunned them as much as any other

magician. In any case, the shaman is a perfect example of a specialized ambassador to the divine whose services are vital, but who is nevertheless kept outside the bounds of traditional society.

Though this division of magicians by purpose seems simple enough, it is unfortunately artificial, and scholars such as Jan Bremmer and E.R. Dodds have spent a great deal of time debating exactly who fulfills what role. It would appear, though, that the role of a magician goes a long way in determining how he was accepted in ancient society. This, however, may belie a more fundamental aspect of the magician's deeds. Who benefits from oracles, activities? The his prophecies spelt ruin or glory for entire empires, were almost always accepted. On the other hand, magicians who profit personally from performing their rites were often considered untrustworthy. Though a number of other factors surely affected the lives of these magicians, I believe it is this question of "good for many versus good for few," that separates the charlatans from the divine agents in the minds of classical antiquity.

In searching for examples of these characters with which to construct my argument, the selection of texts is, of course, problematic. As I mentioned before, magician-like figures proliferate in virtually every work of classical fiction,

and no historical record is complete without its misinterpreted oracle. For this reason, secondary scholarship will be an important tool in the selection of primary resources. The study of magic in the ancient world has been a topic of recent interest among scholars, and the work of scholars such as Jan Bremmer, E.R. Dodds, and Fritz Graf has already done a lot to separate the proverbial wheat from the chaff in this regard. Secondary scholarship provides starting points among the daunting array of classical literature. I am primarily interested in primary historical accounts, though, and while secondary scholarship provides starting points, it also marks out which and characters sources are not traditionally tapped for knowledge about magic. Though many of these are useless, the mention of magic in a source that is not primarily concerned with it can provide an important look at how magic pervaded unexpected areas of classical life.

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# **Contributors' Notes**

<u>Allison Cartmell</u> is a junior from Marietta Ohio. She is double major in Classics and Latin. This paper was written for a course on Roman art and architecture.

<u>Nate Emmerson</u> is a junior Latin major from Brockport, New York. He wrote this paper for Latin Silver Age Prose in the Spring 2002 semester. Nate enjoys all things classical, and appreciates the work of the Ephemeris staff putting the journal together.

Christin Faison is an Art History major, Studio Art and Latin Double minor. She is from Harleysville, PA. While Christin has a much more artistic bent, she enjoys the break that latin gives her from the arts. She believes that translating latin is much like putting together a puzzle, and as with any puzzle, you have to look at all of the pieces from different angles until they fit just right and create a complete image. Similarly, artists have to be able to discern what they are creating from every angle in order to come up with the best solutions for the piece. In that sense, latin helps her to keep her artistic eye ready fro the next challenge. As a side note, Christin wants all of the people who have pulled lots of hair out, gnashed their teeth and gouged their eyes over this journal, that providing a venue for the Classics is much appreciated appreciated! Keep up the good work.

<u>Clint Heinrich</u> is a senior Classics and History double major. He is from Mt. Storm, West Virginia. He is currently conducting research with the Classics department under Professor Fronda.

Nicole Miller is a sophomore Latin and Psychology double major from Cincinnati, Ohio.

Steve Nery is a senior Classics and Philosophy double major from Pittsburgh, PA.

Betsy Prueter is a junior Classics and English double major from Chesterland, Ohio. This is her second year as co-editor of *Ephemeris* and her first year as a contributor. Her submission is part of a presentation at the Ohio Classical Conference in October 2002 in Cincinnati. She would like to thank Cari Ramsden for joining the staff this year as well as Melanie Vanderkolk for another great edition and hard work. Betsy believes that the hallmark and foundation of every liberal arts education revolves around a firm background in the Classics and sees that reflected in the variety and quality of submissions. Thanks to all who made *Ephemeris* possible!

<u>Cari Ramsden</u> is a sophomore from Gatlinburg, Tennessee. This is her first year as *Ephemeris* co-editor. She is an English major, Environmental Studies minor. She enjoys studying the Classics and appreciates being a part of the production of *Ephemeris*.

<u>Karen Siklosi</u> is a freshman biology major from Cincinnati, Ohio. A student of Latin for seven years, Karen recently took a trip to Rome and Tunisia, touring and studying ruins. Her pictures are of the ancient cities Dougga, Thurburbo Majus, El Djem in Tunisia and of Rome.

<u>Meredith Sulser</u> is a sophomore International Studies and English double major from Dublin, OH.

<u>Melanie Vanderkolk</u> is a junior Classics major with an art history minor from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. This is her second semester as co-editor of *Ephemeris*, and she thanks Cari Ramsden and Betsy Prueter for their hard work and support. Her appreciation goes out to those who submitted to the journal this semester.

<u>Marisa Wikramanayake</u> is a sophomore from Colombo, Sri Lanka. This is her second semester as a contributor to *Ephemeris*.

# Ephemeris Spring '03 Call for Papers

- \*The editors would like to announce the scheduled publication of the Spring 2002 edition. *Ephemeris* would like to take this opportunity to invite submissions from both undergraduate Denison students as well as high school students. In addition to the collegiate entries, the editors will select one exemplary high school submission for publication. Submissions should be of the following format:
- \* Maximum of 15 typed, double-spaced pages
- \* Send hard copy of manuscript to Betsy Prueter Slayter Box 1863 Denison University Granville, OH 43023
- \* High school students, include title page with email address ONLY. No names! Denison University students, include title page with Slayter Box number ONLY.
- \* Postmark all entries by March 31, 2003

If you have any questions, email vander\_mm@denison.edu.

