CORVUS

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CORVUS

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Colleen Dunn is a part time student pursuing a Combined Honours in Greek and Roman Studies and Religion with a minor in Archeology. The support of the students, staff, and faculty and Carleton make her academic goals achievable. Being in university in her mid-60s is challenging but well worth the effort. She encourages all 'mums and grandmums' out there to check out the Carleton course offerings which can satisfy their own intellectual interests.

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Daniel Jooste is a third-year undergraduate student at Carleton University, majoring in Greek and Roman Studies with a minor in History. He attained his first Bachelor's degree in Archaeology from the University of Pretoria in South Africa. He hopes to find opportunities to combine his background in archaeology and knowledge of Classics to explore various folklore and mythologies of the ancient Mediterranean world.

Jon Organ is a recent graduate of the Greek and Roman studies program at Carleton and is primarily interested in ancient technology and its relationship to society; in particular water systems, mills and the factors which precluded ancient societies from undergoing industrial revolutions. Jon will be starting graduate studies in Classics this fall at the University of Ottawa.

James Royer is a fourth year undergraduate student at Carleton University. His major is in Greek and Roman Studies, with a minor in History. His primary interest is in Roman History, especially the Late Republic and Early Empire periods. He intends to pursue a Masters degree in Classics next.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

It is my honour to introduce the 2017- 2018 volume of *Corvus*, which showcases the efforts and talents of our Carleton community. In its eighth year, I am proud to note that *Corvus* has built upon its strong foundation, and I can only imagine it continuing to grow in the future. This edition in particular celebrates the diversity of Classics, highlighting the numerous applications of a field that is often dismissed as obscure. The selected works include a book review, technical report, creative writing and research papers, all of which bring to life a cornerstone of a distant civilization.

Just as varied as the content of the journal are the people who have worked towards its publication. Our contributors, including authours and editors, not only come from a multitude of backgrounds and interests, but are at different stages in their academic careers. One of the most wonderful aspects of *Corvus* is that it serves as a platform for such people to come together and share their work. We are equally able to applaud the potential in our newer contributors as we are to appreciate the perspective of our more experienced colleagues.

A project of this scale depends upon the assistance of a dedicated support network. I would therefore like to recognize those people who have offered their time and effort to ensure the success of this publication. I am grateful to my predecessor, Martha Cassidy, who introduced me to the inner workings of *Corvus* with great patience and kindness. Martha has spent multiple years involved with the journal, and I can only hope that my efforts reflect the high quality of her advice and experience. I further extend my personal and heartfelt thanks to my editorial board, who have put up with my frustrations and mistakes as I navigated this new role. All of our editors have spent many hours in the creation of this journal, and their hard work is greatly appreciated.

I must also acknowledge the continuing support of the College of the Humanities, without whom this journal would not exist. First, to Dr. Shane Hawkins, who eased this venture beyond all recognition with his willingness to answer constant questions and his sense of good humour. Second, to Andrea McIntyre, whose logistical and communication assistance throughout the year was essential to the production and promotion of the journal. Third, to Diana Greene, for her technical and financial management and expertise. Although considered a student initiative, *Corvus* relies upon the contributions of our wonderful faculty at Carleton.

Finally, I would like to thank the executive members of the Carleton University Classics Society (CUCS). I have been a member of CUCS since my first year at Carleton, but it was only upon joining the executive team now in my final year that I truly understand the level of commitment involved. Throughout the year, I have worked with Shamus, Oonagh, Ally, Hayden and Graeme to run an academic society that is designed to foster a community within Classical studies. Such a goal is achieved through the implementation of several initiatives, of which *Corvus* is only one. I applaud their dedication and I am confident that both the society and the journal will continue to flourish for many years to come.

Jocelyn Cross,
Editor-in-Chief

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

Saluete! Χαιρετε!

Here stands the eighth edition of Corvus, brought to you by the Carleton University Classics Society! This is a collection of stellar work by undergraduate students who are all driven to make contributions to the field of Classical antiquity, for which we applaud them all! Such work is truly an inspiration, and pushes students to seek a greater understanding and even a greater involvement in the field of Classics.

This journal would not be possible without our Editor-In-Chief, Jocelyn Cross, and her incredible editorial board, all of whom have spent an enormous amount of time and energy towards this production. In addition, we would like to thank each member of the executive of the Carleton University Classics Society, who have been the pillars of this organization. Hayden Hanlon, for her incredible work as the Executive-At-Large. Ally Chapman, for helping to organize all of our events and outreach. Graeme Le, as the master of all coin for this society! Thank you to all of these executive members, without whom this society would not be able to function.

Finally, this journal would not have happened without the help of the College of the Humanities, and the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences, to both of whom we are very thankful.

Shamus McCoy
CUCS Co-President

&

Oonagh Burns
CUCS Co-President

PENELOPE SPEAKS

Colleen Dunn

Youthful clinging to Odysseus content whispered words of love,

until his duty beckoned him firm demands with iron glove.

Years passed, Poseidon rumbled trident thunder slashed the sea,

crested waves crashed down and sadly danger kept my king from me.

But deep within my darkest self an ember glowed, rejoiced?

Now palace walls could resonate crystal versions of my voice.

Should I have shouted Telemachus? Dear boy child of my womb,

beneath a halo of frayed strands I sat muzzled at my loom.

Proclamations of your baritone chant you chained me to my place,

soft timbre of my hushed sweet tones waxing waning without trace.

Patroclus' and Achilles' flesh roared within their funeral pyre,

did mine only hiss and crackle almost silent in the fire?

Finally my king returned I wasn't sorry truth be told,

but my thoughts remained in two clenched fists restrained within my

role.

What now of bards who croon of us has my song been lost in time?

Strong epic tales have lingered long heroes' voices which aren't mine.

Through endless eons hidden between the lines of *mythos* told,

I bid my whispers waken may truth and worth of me unfold.

ACHILLES - THE GREATEST OF THE ACHAEANS

James Royer

Abstract

This paper examines the myths and legends surrounding Achilles, that mighty Achaean warrior of the Trojan War. The theory that the legend of Achilles and the War existed even before the Iliad and the Odyssey is investigated, and the early life of Achilles, his parentage, and his mother's doomed quest for his immortality are explored. After his death, Achilles became a cult hero, worshipped, not only by Greeks, but also by other peoples and their leaders. While delving into the ways in which ancient peoples sought to connect themselves to the hero, this paper places particular emphasis on his supposed final resting place, its shifting elusive location, and the problems that ensued. Famous figures from Alexander the Great to Vergil used his legacy to try to enhance their own life's works; the paper concludes that Achilles was a truly great Achaean with a rich legacy to draw upon.

Achilles and the Trojan War had existed in ancient Greek lore, but it was Homer who took the character of Achilles and polished it until it shone. Under Homer's skillful hand, Achilles became the greatest mortal hero of Greek myth, the greatest of the Achaeans. Achilles inspired imperial figures and regimes, such as Athens, Alexander the Great, and Augustus, to seek connections to him to enhance their own prestige. He became an important ancient cult hero, leading to questions about his immortality, his place of burial, and his position as either a god, demigod, or mortal hero. While the modern world conceives of Achilles as a mythological figure, so strong has been his influence that he appears in Western culture to this day. To the ancients, he was the greatest warrior of the greatest war, and his reception in the years following had significant ramifications in the ancient world.

In order to understand Achilles as he appeared in Homer's *Iliad,* it is first necessary to view the *Iliad* and Achilles in the context of the time. Greek mythology about Achilles and the Trojan War was alive and thriving long before the time of Homer. Jonathan Burgess, in his book *The Tradition of the Trojan War in Homer and the Epic Cycle*, writes that the text of the *Iliad* clearly includes Trojan legend that had existed before the brief time span of the poem, and that the text itself often refers to mythical material not concerned with the Trojan War.[1] Therefore, there must have been many pre-Homeric epics with no relationship to the Trojan War, but simply oral mythological traditions in various forms and media.[2] Gregory Nagy, in his book *The Best of the Achaeans,* agrees, writing that Homeric poems were influenced by generations of previous compositions, probably performed with audience interaction. He describes the Homeric epics as "Panhellenic in the dimension of time as well as space".[3]

So, what can other ancient works tell us about Achilles and the Trojan War? Burgess believes that the poems of the Epic Cycle, which are mostly lost to us, are vital to understanding myths or

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[1] Jonathan Burgess, *The Tradition of the Trojan War and the Epic Cycle.* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 2001,) p.47.
[2] Jonathan Burgess, *The Death and Afterlife of Achilles.* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 2009), p. 60
[3] Gregory Nagy, *The Best of the Achaeans.* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press), 1999, p. 41.

realities about the War.[4] His view is that the lost poems cannot be appreciated in their entirety, but the fragments and summaries that do exist should be used as a window to ancient myths.[5] According to one school of thought, the Epic Cycle poems were based on the Homeric poems and not on traditional myths, thereby being definitively post-Homeric. Burgess believes that this is a fallacy, arguing that the Homeric poems make such extensive use of cyclic material that the Epic Cycle poems must be pre-Homeric.[6] The study of oral poetry has shown that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were the culmination of techniques and traditional stories that developed over hundreds of years. Burgess concludes that it is extremely likely that Epic Cycle poems formed a "dense and multifaceted web of traditional narrative in the Archaic age".[7]

In fact, not only does Burgess believe the Epic Cycle was pre-Homeric, he also believes the Trojan War tradition itself existed before the Cyclic poems.[8] There is such a magnitude of background material about the War in the Homeric poems that it must be assumed that the legend of the War was already known and understood. Barbara Tuchman describes the Trojan War myth as "the most famous story of the Western World, the prototype of all tales of human conflict, the epic that belongs to all people and all times since—and even before—literacy began".[9] Since Achilles existed in archaic Greek poetry and art, then he must have existed as a mythological figure before his inclusion in the Trojan War poems.[10]

This leads us to examine the story of Achilles before the events of the Trojan War. Achilles was born to an immortal Nereid, Thetis, and a mortal father, Peleus, who was king of the Myrmidons. According to Statius in the *Achilleid,* Thetis attempted to achieve immortality for her demi-god son, wailing, "But now unequal is thy birth, my son, and only on thy mother's side is the way of death barred for thee".[11] Jonathan Burgess, in his book *The Death and Afterlife of Achilles*, describes this desperate aspiration of a mother as "the thematic engine that generates the stories"[12] about Achilles.

Statius, in the late first century, is believed to be the first to write down the myth of dipping Achilles in the Styx and the offending heel, making it a more modern convention than Homer.[13] Earlier Greek myths portray Thetis attempting to burn away Achilles' vulnerability with boiling water or fire. Nagy writes that there was ancient lore implying that the water of the Styx was the elixir of life, and there had been a belief that drinking from that stream could bestow immortality, but only under certain conditions.[14] With a differing view of the river, Burgess writes that that the Styx was described as very cold or poisonous or fiery according to various early traditions.[15] If the concept of Achilles' imperfect invulnerability did not exist at the time of the *Iliad,* one must conclude that Paris was unaware that an arrow to the foot would be lethal to the great warrior.

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[4] Burgess, *Epic Cycle,* op. cit., 1.
[5] Ibid. p.175.
[6] Ibid. p. 132.
[7] Ibid. p. 134.
[8] Ibid. p. 48.
[9] Barbara Tuchman, *The March of Folly From Troy to Vietnam.* (N.Y.: Knopf, 1985), p. 9.
[10] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. p. 8.
[11] Statius, *Achilleid.* (Trans. by J. H. Mozley), 1.256.
[12] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. p. 9.
[13] Ibid. p. 9.
[14] Nagy, *Best of the Achaeans,* op. cit. p. 189.
[15] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. p. 11.

In any event, Thetis failed to save Achilles from death on earth. The *Iliad* does not give information about the death, funeral, or burial of Achilles, but Thetis warned him that if he killed Hector, his own death would not be far behind. He apparently accepted his fate, saying "then let me die at once."[16] Socrates admired his greatness and his stoicism, and when told he could choose to live rather than die, is quoted by Plato as proclaiming "the son of Thetis, who so despised danger…and feared much more to live as a coward and not to avenge his friends…do you think he considered death and danger?"[17]

At this point, it is worth discussing how the character of Achilles is portrayed in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey.* In the very first line of the *Iliad,* Homer introduces the rage of Achilles, with the evocative opening: "Rage, goddess, sing the rage of Peleus' son Achilles."[18] This rage continues unabated until the very last book of the epic. Achilles does nothing by half measure; he has the greatest strength, the greatest speed, the greatest sorrow, and the greatest rage. His military prowess is second to none and he desires to win the greatest of glory. This is a man who is more concerned with fame after death than living a long happy life. King Nestor describes Achilles as "a great man the gods themselves esteem."[19]

It was not simply that Achilles was a great man, but that he was the greatest of the Achaeans. There had been other heroes in Greek mythology, but in this legendary war, with the best fighting men Greece had to offer, Achilles still stood peerless. In Book 2 of the *Iliad*, the narrator invokes the Muse to answer the question "who was the bravest of them all?"[20] The answer, of course, was "the famed Achilles towered over them all."[21] By being the greatest Achaean in a generation of heroes fighting in the greatest conflict the Greeks had ever known, Achilles achieved a level of fame and prestige unmatched by any other mortal hero. This is what I believe gave Achilles such an important place in Greco-Roman thought.

What, then, became of Achilles after he shed his mortal coil? A funeral was held for the fallen hero, described in the *Odyssey* as a lavish ceremony that lasted seventeen days with Thetis, the Nereids, and the Muses as mourners. King Nestor announced:

> *'Tis his mother who comes here forth from the sea*
> *with the immortal sea-nymphs*
> *to look upon the face of her dead son.[22]*

Achilles was cremated and his ashes were enshrined in a golden amphora, which had been an ominous gift from Thetis when he left for war.[23] According to the *Odyssey,* he was buried with his best friend:

> *Thy mother had given a two-handled, golden urn,*
> *and said that it was the gift of Dionysus,*
> *and the handiwork of famed Hephaestus.*

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[16] Homer, *The Iliad,* Trans. by Robert Fagles, Intro. by Bernard Knox. (New York: Penguin Books, 1998), 18.114.
[17] Plato. *Apology,* 28.
[18] *Iliad,* op. cit. 1.1.
[19] Ibid. 9.131.
[20] *Iliad,* op. cit. 2.64.
[21] Ibid. 2.874-875.
[22] Homer, *The Odyssey.* Trans. by Robert Fagles, Introd. by Bernard Knox. London: Penguin Books, 1997, 24.55-57.
[23] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. p.16.

In this lie thy white bones, glorious Achilles,
and mingled with them the bones of the dead Patroclus.[24]

Later, this claim was disputed; an eighteenth century map identifies separate tumuli for Achilles and Patroklos.[25] When Alexander the Great visited the tumuli in the Troad, he demonstrated during his devotions that he believed there were two separate tumuli for Achilles and Patroklos.[26] Nagy explains that a hero could be accorded a fine funeral, be buried under a huge tumulus, achieve cult status, as well as translation into a remote state of immortality in an alternate universe.[27]

To what alternate universe was the soul of Achilles transported? *The Odyssey* says Odysseus meets the shade of Achilles in Hades. This unhappy Achilles bemoans his fate:

"By god, I'd rather slave on earth for another man
– some dirt-poor tenant farmer who scrapes to keep alive –
than rule down here over all the breathless dead"[28]

This is seemingly contradicted by the Epic Cycle poem, *Aethiopis*, which places Achilles on the Isles of the Blessed, variously called the White Island, the island of Leuke, or Elysium.[29] However, the viewpoint of these epics need not be thought contradictory, if viewed from the perspective that different aspects of burial and afterlife were emphasized in each epic.[30] In ancient Greek thought, there was not an exclusive choice of afterlife in either Hades or Elysium, but a gradation of existences between the two, or even a transition between the two.[31]

Identifying the tumulus containing the remains of the fallen hero has proven to be elusive. It has not been possible to excavate a mound and unearth the remains of a demi-god; there are varying scholarly opinions as to the burial place of Achilles. The first site to be considered is Sigeion, outside of Troy, as this is where he is believed to have died. Burgess states definitively: "Achilles died at Troy and was buried there, ancient myth and poetry agree."[32] In the *Odyssey*, the burial of the ashes in the tumulus is described:

And over them we heaped up a great and goodly tomb,
we the mighty host of Argive spearmen,
on a projecting headland by the broad Hellespont,
that it might be seen from far over the sea

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[24] *Odyssey,* op. cit. 24.74-78.
[25] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. p. 118.

[26] Jonathan Burgess, "Tumuli of Achilles," *Back to Classics @ 3,* Center for Hellenic Studies, Harvard University, 2005. Accessed Nov. 1, 2017 at: https://chx.harvard.edu/CHS/article/display/1312
[27] Nagy, *Achaeans,* op. cit. p. 208.
[28] *Odyssey,* op. cit. 11.556-558.
[29] Nagy, op. cit. p.167.
[30] Burgess, op. cit. p. 100.

[31] Ibid. p. 109.
[32] Burgess, *Tumulus,* op. cit.

both by men that now are and that shall be born hereafter. [33]

Fragments of the epic poem *Aethiopis* give an alternate site for the tumulus. In this version, Thetis snatches Achilles' body off his funeral pyre and takes him to Leuke, the White Island in the Black Sea, burying him there. Burgess explains this anomaly: Achilles may be enjoying his immortality in Leuke, but his tumulus is back in the Troad. [34] One must therefore presume that Thetis took the immortal part of Achilles to Leuke, but left the mortal part to be cremated. This would explain how Achilles could enjoy his afterlife in Leuke while his bones were still in Troy.

In modern times, a completely different site has been proposed for the tumulus: Sivri Tepe, near Besika Bay and south of Sigeion. This new theory came about because it was thought that the Greeks must have moored their ships at Besika Bay on the Aegean coast, because the entrance to the Hellespont was so frequently blocked due to high winds. While no naval evidence has been found to support this idea, Schliemann and Dorpfeld did much excavation work in the area over the years, hunting for that elusive golden amphora. [35] Burgess writes: "The tumulus of Achilles is a fluid conceptual locus that had numerous functions as it was manipulated by different media, audiences, and time periods." [36]

But where did the ancient Greeks believe the tumulus of Achilles was? The answer to this question was at the very heart of a fierce political rivalry between the Mytilenes and the Athenians. The Mytilenes, Aeolians from Lesbos, had dominated the Troad until the end of the seventh century BCE, when the Athenians invaded and occupied Sigeion. As discussed earlier, Sigeion was believed to be the site of Achilles' tumulus and Athens desired to control this area of heroic burial. However, there was a competing site with another tumulus. The Mytilenes then established the town of Achilleion, named for the hero, near the second reputed tumulus of Achilles. [37]

This begs the further question as to where Achilleion was located. Like Achilles' tomb, the site of Achilleion is also historically portable. Strabo says: "Achilleium is the place where stands the monument of Achilles and is only a small settlement." [38] Nagy believes that Achilleion was ten kilometers south of Sigeion, on a promontory over Besike Bay. [39] Burgess, however, doubts that Achilleion could have been founded so near Sigeion while that city was under Athenian control. [40] In 1973, Cape Burun, north of Besika Bay, but near Sivri Tepe, was proposed as the most likely site of Achilleion. If Achilleion was located at Cape Burun, writes Burgess, then nearby Sivri Tepe must have been regarded as the tomb of Achilles by the founders of the town. Yet, Burgess is not a believer; he points out that Sivri Tepe is not located by the Hellespont, and Homer specifies that both the tumulus and the Greek ships were near the Hellespont. [41] So, one must conclude that Achilleion was not located at Cape Burun, but in the Troad.

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[33] *Odyssey,* op. cit., 24.80-84.
[34] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. pp. 40-41.
[35] Ibid. p.122.
[36] Burgess, *Tumulus,* op. cit.
[37] Gregory Nagy. *Homer the Preclassic.* (L.A.: University of California Press, 2010), p. 143.
[38] Strabo, *Geography,* 13.1.39.
[39] Nagy, *Preclassic,* op. cit. p. 148.
[40] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. p. 117.
[41] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. pp. 123-124.

The tumulus of Achilles was of such great significance as to give its name to a town, and control of the tomb was "of great symbolic value."[42] Both the Aeolic Mytilenes and the Athenians equated control of the tomb of Achilles with ownership of the epic of the Trojan War, possession of the prestige of poetry and the poetic territory of Troy.[43] Herodotus writes:

> *The Mytilenaeans were demanding the place back, and the Athenians, bringing proof to show that the Aeolians had no more part or lot in the land of Ilium than they themselves and all the other Greeks who had aided Menelaus to avenge the rape of Helen, would not consent.*[44]

From a modern perspective, one might wonder why there was so much emphasis on identifying and possessing the tumulus of Achilles, a mythical hero after all. However, to the ancients Achilles was not a fictional character, but a real person who was buried in a real place, and that place was of considerable significance to them. Burgess decides that the issue of Achilles and his tumulus is one of reception. As he says, "the question is where the tumulus of Achilles was believed to exist, not where it actually existed in reality."[45] Recent archaeological work in the Troad by Korfmann is sophisticated and goes beyond treasure and myth, yet still takes the Trojan War into account. Burgess feels that the topography of the area began to inspire legends of historic burials, which are important because they influenced Homeric poems and their reception.[45]

Since Achilles was the greatest Greek warrior, it was only natural that he came to be worshipped as the center of a hero cult. Guy Hedreen, in his paper *The Cult of Achilles in the Euxine*, explains the intricacies of cult worship of heroes in ancient Greece. While the worship of Olympian gods and goddesses was widespread, the worship of a hero was usually restricted to a geographic location with a connection to the hero, his physical remains being the most direct connection.[46] Therefore, the hero-worship cult of Achilles encountered the problem of finding the exact location of his tumulus. Burgess writes that while hero cults usually centered on a gravesite, worship of Achilles arose in other locations because hero cults did not always require a tomb.[47]

There was Troy, of course, and the Hellespont was one focal point for the worship of the essence of Achilles.[48] Strabo describes the cult worship of Achilles:

> *There are a temple and a monument of Achilles*
> *near Sigeium, as also monuments of Patroclus and*
> *Antilochus; and the Ilians offer sacrifices to all*
> *four heroes, both to these and to Aias.*[49]

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[42] Ibid. p. 116.
[43] Nagy, *Preclassic,* op. cit. p. 143.
[44] Herodotus, *The History,* 5.94.2.
[45] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. p. 125.
[46] Guy Hedreen, "The Cult of Achilles in the Euxine," *Hesperia: Journal of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens,* (Vol. 60, No. 3, 1991). p. 313.
[47] Burgess, *Epic Cycle,* op. cit. p. 164.
[48] Nagy, *Best of Achaeans,* op. cit. p. 343.
[49] Strabo, op. cit. 13.1.32.

The hero cult consisted of rituals performed in honour of a hero who was thought to have a special status in the afterlife. Rituals were often performed at a perceived gravesite with the belief that the hero had powers to affect the area around his remains.[50] It was believed that the shade of the dead hero could arise from his tomb and effect good or harm to the immediately surrounding area.[51] The ashes of the great Achilles in a tomb by the Hellespont were believed to be so powerful that they could give a flash of fire for sailors navigating in violent winds.[52]

Nagy describes the cult of hero-worship as a highly evolved transformation of the worship of ancestors, within the social context of the local area. The cult hero had to be local because it was fundamental to the Greek religion that his power was local.[53] The Homeric poems, however, were Panhellenic with the result that the cult of Achilles became more widespread, with various locations put forward as the resting place of Achilles.[54] Burgess notes the disagreement over the site of the grave and describes the tumulus as "curiously mobile."[55] He finds it "curious" because there is so much early literature that agrees upon the Troad as the site. He cites Homer, Stesichoros, Pindar, Quintus of Smyrna, Euripides, Longinus, and Sophocles as believers in the Troad site.[56]

Burgess quotes Philostratos as reporting that the Thessalians sailed to the Troad each year to practice rituals at the tumulus, bringing their own sacrificial animals, although this happened only when the Thessalians found it politically useful.[57] When the Thessalians allied with Xerxes, they abandoned their rituals, but returned to their devotions when under Macedonian rule.[58]

Nagy identifies the Thessalians as the prototypes of the Aeolians of Asia Minor, especially Lesbos, which was captured by 'Achilles of Thessaly' in the *Iliad,* making it the island's charter myth.[59] Even without the benefit of a tumulus, there were many cities that desired to connect themselves to the legend of Achilles. Hedreen reports that Achilles was worshipped in unexpected places: Kroton in South Italy, Lakonia and Elis in the Peloponnese, Astypalaia in the Cyclades, and Erythrai in Asia Minor. There is little known about these cults; the one that most interests Hedreen is the Euxine. Hedreen claims that the evidence for cult activity in the Black Sea area far overshadows that in other areas, even including the Troad. He cites evidence of worship as early as the sixth century BCE, and as late as the third century after Christ. In 1823 CE, evidence was found of Achilles' hero cult in Olbia, on the Tendra, and on an island in the middle of the Black Sea.[60]

The high point of worship of Achilles in Olbia and the Tendra, a peninsula southeast of Olbia, occurred during the Roman period, as shown by numerous dedications found on clay discs and pottery fragments. From these inscriptions, we see that Achilles was the patron of the college of archons, which endowed him with powers approaching those of a god. There seem few differences between the dedications to Achilles and those to Apollo and Hermes, the patrons of the Olbian generals. Hedreen quotes from a report by Dio Chrysostomos, who visited Olbia about the end of the first century CE,

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[50] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. p. 111.
[51] Ibid. p. 114.
[52] Nagy, *Best of Achaeans,* op. cit. pp. 340-341.
[53] Nagy, *Best of Achaeans,* op. cit. pp. 115-116
[54] Ibid. p. 343.
[55] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. p. 112.
[56] Ibid. pp. 112-113.
[57] Ibid. p. 115.
[58] Burgess, *Tumulus,* op. cit.
[59] Nagy, *Preclassic,* op. cit. p. 149.
[60] Hedreen, op. cit. p. 314.

which says that the Olbians honoured Achilles as their god and that they had built two temples in his honour, one in Olbia and one on an island in the Black Sea.[61] Shards were found in Olbia with the name Achilles Pontarches, showing the elevation of Achilles from hero to divinity.[62] Herodotus named the Tendra "The Race Course of Achilles," probably because the Olbians held athletic games there in honour of Achilles.[63]

Hedreen reports that one researcher believed the Milesians might have come to worship Achilles because of an early legend that Achilles had captured Miletos, but he finds no evidence to support this.[64] He concludes that the cult of Achilles in the Euxine was a product of Greek colonization and a desire by the Greek colonists to make use of myths to show that the land had belonged, at some time, to a great Greek hero.[65]

Hedreen also devotes much attention to Leuke, the White Island, in the northern Euxine, where it was believed that Achilles lived as an immortal, according to the *Aethiopis*.[66] When Thetis ran off with her dead son, she reportedly took him to Leuke, which is sometimes compared to the Isles of the Blessed or the Elysian Fields. This was a place where heroes became immortals, supposedly dwelling forever in happy suspension. One tends, therefore, to think of a mythical place somewhat akin to heaven.

However, there is an actual island called the White Island; it is a real place. It is very small, only about one-quarter of a square kilometer, a solid mass of limestone with white cliffs, and with sparse vegetation. The inhabitants are seabirds and many snakes. Sailors made many of the votive offerings to Achilles on Leuke, and some claimed that they had seen Achilles singing or riding a horse about the island.[67] Burgess addresses the problem of Achilles spending eternity on an island full of snakes. He stresses that there is no reason to believe that the Black Sea Island, known as Leuke, is the same island to which Achilles was consigned. He theorizes that there could be two separate White Islands; the Leuke of the *Aethiopis* could very well be paradisiacal or mythical, and the real Leuke could be host to snakes, but not necessarily to Achilles.[68]

As befitting a great epic hero, the gravesite of Achilles became the object of visits from political and military figures over the years. Xerxes visited the Troad, making sacrifices to Athena and libations to heroes on his way to invade Greece.[69] Mehmet II, the conqueror of Constantinople, visited the tombs of Ajax and Achilles, fancying himself an avenger of Troy, but appeasing Greek heroes, just in case. No proof exists, but Burgess mentions a report that Homer himself visited the Troad, and that he was blinded when Achilles revealed himself in full armour.[70]

Plutarch describes a visit by Alexander the Great on his way to conquer eastern barbarians:

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[61] Ibid. pp. 314-315.
[62] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. p. 128.
[63] Hedreen, op. cit. p. 319.
[64] Ibid. p. 323.
[65] Hedreen, op. cit. p. 329.
[66] Ibid. p. 320.
[67] Ibid. pp. 320-321.
[68] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. p. 161.
[69] Burgess, *Death and Afterlife,* op. cit. p. 117.
[70] Burgess, *Tumulus,* op. cit.

the gravestone of Achilles he anointed with oil, ran a race by it with his companions, naked, as is the custom, and then crowned it with garlands, pronouncing the hero happy in having, while he lived, a faithful friend, and after death, a great herald of his fame.[71]

Alexander undoubtedly felt he had a special reason to visit the tumulus of Achilles, as Velleius Paterculus writes that Alexander "could boast that, on his mother's side he was descended from Achilles, and on his father's side from Hercules."[72] Alexander emphasized that he was a descendant of Achilles as a deliberate attempt to enhance his reputation. It was not uncommon in ancient Greece and Rome for kings or aristocrats to claim to be descended from mythological figures, and by extension, gods and goddesses.

Perhaps the most famous example of this was Julius Caesar's assertion that he was a descendant of Aeneas, and therefore the goddess Venus. Today, we might regard these assertions as dubious, but it cannot be stressed enough just how seriously these claims were taken in the ancient world. In the conservative and aristocratic societies of ancient Greece and Rome, political legitimacy was largely determined by birth. Therefore, aristocrats would trace their lineage back to the founders of the state, who were often mythical figures. Since it was blood that determined the right to political power, the fact that Alexander could claim Hercules and Achilles, two of the greatest warriors ever, as his ancestors further cemented his right to rule.

However, Alexander's connection to his heroic ancestor went much farther than simply giving him more legitimacy. He was obsessed with winning glory for himself just as his famous ancestor had done. Since childhood, Alexander had loved and revered Homer's epic sagas. His own copy of the *Iliad,* annotated by Aristotle, was one of Alexander's most prized possessions. Regarding it as a handbook on the art of war, he kept it in a jeweled gold casket that had once belonged to the Persian King Darius. He modeled himself after Achilles, whom he viewed as the greatest of all Greek heroes, and never missed an opportunity to compare himself to Achilles.[73] He is said to have boasted that he had "won a contest of strength against a river just like his hero Achilles in the Trojan War."[74] There is an unconfirmed rumour that Alexander somehow managed to acquire the armour or shield, or both, of Achilles for use during his campaigns. Whether or not this story is apocryphal, it demonstrates that Alexander was attempting to control his image and link himself to Achilles whenever possible, and the fact that this rumour has survived for so many years suggests that Alexander's attempt to link himself to Achilles has proven to be very successful.

The Romans, believing their lineage extended back to Troy, usually focused on Roman heroes. But Achilles remained a relevant figure well into the Roman period, and every educated Roman studied the *Iliad* in depth. By the Roman Imperial period, the Troad had become a tourist site and was visited by many Roman travellers.[75] Greek culture was admired; displaying Greek artifacts and speaking Greek were hallmarks of the Roman intelligentsia. In a world where lineage and aristocratic heritage were

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[71] Plutarch, *Alexander,* 15.4.
[72] Velleius Paterculus, *Compendium of Roman History.* (Translated by Frederick W. Shipley. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1951), p. 15.
[73] Fildes, Alan, *Alexander the Great: Son of the Gods.* (Los Angeles: Getty Trust Publications, 2004), p. 22.
[74] Freeman, Philip, *Alexander the Great.* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 2011), p. 282.
[75] Burgess, *Tumulus,* op. cit.

highly valued, the Greeks could trace their ancestry back to the heroes of the Trojan War and the gods of mythology.

Thus, as Vergil set out to write his epic, he reached back to the Homeric tradition for inspiration. Thus occurred one of the most interesting and profound instances of the reception of Achilles, Vergil's masterpiece, the *Aeneid.* In an article for the Philological Association, William Anderson has characterized Books 7 to 12 of the *Aeneid* as *Vergil's Second Iliad.*[76] Without being present, Achilles manages to cast a long shadow over the story. The main antagonist, Turnus, consciously portrays himself as another Achilles, looking to vanquish the Trojans that have landed in Italy.[77] Both sides have an awareness that this new conflict in Italy between Trojans and Italians is to be a new Trojan War.[78]

But Turnus will not be the character who will serve as the new Achilles in the new Trojan War. According to Anderson, that new hero will be Aeneas. Nowhere is this parallel between Achilles and Aeneas made more apparent than in Book 8, when Venus convinces Vulcan to make new armor for Aeneas. For just as Achilles, a mortal, had received arms crafted by a god, so too did Aeneas. Further cementing this parallel is the shield that Aeneas receives, which resembles Achilles' ornate shield in the *Iliad.* Vergil describes Aeneas' shield in great detail. It depicts the history of Italy and the future greatness of the Ascanius' descendants, the Roman people. The shield celebrates one important Roman in particular, Augustus. Augustus receives pride of place and his victory at the Battle of Actium and his triumph is vividly portrayed:

> *And here in the heart*
> *of the shield: the bronze ships, the battle of Actium,*
> *you could see it all, the world drawn up for war,*
> *Leucata Headland seething, the breakers molten gold.*
> *On one flank, Caesar Augustus leading Italy into battle*[79]

In this way, Augustus' triumphs are linked to Aeneas', and so by portraying Aeneas as another great Achilles, Aeneas and his descendants can claim to be of as great a lineage as the legendary hero.

Achilles, that great Greek hero, found his way into poems of the Epic Cycle, early Greek folk myths, and Homer's masterpieces. His nebulous final resting place has become the source of war, as well as the recipient of adoring visits from commoners to conquerors. In his afterlife, he has been variously reported as spending eternity in Hades, the Elysian Fields, or on Snake Island. He has inspired the writings of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Vergil, Catullus, Ovid, Chaucer, and Shakespeare. He is still with us in modern times, having entered into the realm of medicine as describing a tendon, and into the common vernacular as that most vulnerable place in an otherwise unassailable host, the Achilles' heel. He has been portrayed as a god, a demi-god, or the best of the Achaeans. However, the true immortality of Achilles does not take the form of eternal life in a wondrous place or Hades, but rather is to be found in his incorporation as the greatest hero in that famous epic, the *Iliad.*

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[76] William S. Anderson, "Vergil's Second Iliad," *Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association,* (Vol. 18. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1957), p. 17.
[77] Ibid. p. 25.
[78] Ibid. p. 19.
[79] Virgil, *The Aeneid.* (Trans. by Robert Fagles, Introd. by Bernard Knox, New York: Penguin Books, 2006), A.8.790-794.

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KATABASIS

Elliott Bonyun

Abstract

Few other gods straddle the worlds of the living and the dead as much as the Greek god Dionysus, inhabiting the 'liminal space' – the transitional space between then and now, here and there, one point and the next. In bringing Dionysus to a modern context, however, the question presents itself: what do we see as a liminal space? The journey in a taxi is a transition we barely acknowledge; if we were to take a detour through Faerie it's questionable whether most of us would notice. Winter storms alter our visions of reality – and Dionysus in winter is an incongruity that makes perfect sense, the god of wild growth and vines surrounded by the season of sleep and death. So when an unexpected winter fare takes a hapless taxi driver beyond reality and through the gates of death – of course Dionysus is responsible.

There's lots of songs and stories about the open road, but I just like the act of driving. It doesn't matter whether I'm navigating the blind-man's-turns of a country road or dodging inner-city traffic. I'm behind the wheel. I'm in control.

If I felt more comfortable with trucks, I would have done that – picked up a sixteen-wheeler and done the drives cross-country. But I'm not, and besides, everybody needs a little bit of conversation now and then. So I bought a beaten-up old Chrysler, scrubbed the rust off the fenders and the dirt from the windows, replaced the tires and the windshield, and when I was down to eating beans and rice, I got a permit and started taking fares.

It's work. It's life. It gives me the chance to breathe. I can drive down the street, and the thoughts and memories of the other city inhabitants flicker by like half-open books, books that I can set aside. And when I take a fare, I get to see a little bit more of one of those books. Sometimes it's wonderful. Those are the days when I can appreciate being a mind-reader.

Other days are worse.

One of the worst parts of being a cab driver in Ottawa is the winter. Everybody wants a taxi in the winter, of course. It's cold, it's rainy, it's icy. The wind is sharp enough to slice off your nose. The salt only works for the first month, then it gets too cold and all the melted snow freezes sheer and solid. So instead of walking, or driving (especially if you don't have snow tires), or waiting for the bus (bus stops are statistically proven to be 50% colder than the surrounding area), you call a cab.

Which means I have to deal with the weather. Lucky me.

"Thank you *soooo* much!" One of the college girls I've just driven home blows me a kiss, and I snicker a little internally. *Go home, get some sleep, and for the love of God get a haircut* - I think, despite myself, smirking – and then bite my tongue, cursing. There's a slight change in her eyes, and she

skips off towards her friends. I barely catch the thought sitting at the front of her mind, an echo of the one I just had.

It could have been – has been - worse. I still press my head against the cold surface of my steering wheel, letting my brain process the fact that I'm alone, that there are no other minds around for my stray, unfettered thoughts to bounce off of and damage irreparably. I've spent years isolating myself, avoiding people as much as I can, but even little moments like this –

"Good morning," comes a half-obscured voice.

My head starts up, and I'm picking up their thoughts before I see them. Their thoughts are in some language I don't know, mixed in with images of some bright, green place. Certainly not Canada in wintertime.

"...Depends on your definition," I mumble uncertainly. In this weather, I wouldn't call it good, and while half past midnight is technically morning, calling it that is a bit of stretch.

Once I get a good look at them, it makes more sense. They're staggering, using a walking stick to hold themselves up in the snow instead of falling face-first into one of the snow banks. I roll down my window, and the stench of alcohol hits me like a battering ram. *Good morning indeed*, I think sardonically. "Looking for a ride?"

"Sounds like a wonderful proposition," they enunciate carefully, then grin at me like a Cheshire cat. They're an interesting sight in midwinter – brown-skinned with almond eyes and a sharp chin, black curls falling down their cheeks, and long, spindly fingers wrapped around a walking stick that has definitely seen better, warmer days. They pull open the back door and slide in with a satisfied sigh, shaking snowflakes out of their mane. The smell of alcohol is almost overwhelming, but they don't seem particularly drunk, especially now that they're seated.

I close the window. "Where to?"

"West."

"West?" I turn around to look back at them. "I'll need something a little more specific."

They lounge in the middle of the back seat, spreading their knees and poking the back of my car seat with their cane. "Drive west," they repeat. Their voice is either accented or slurred, I can't tell, but it's melodic nonetheless. "Or do you need a compass?"

"It's called a GPS, and I have one up here. I need an address." Under my words, I craft a suggestion. I don't want to, but it would speed up the process and let me get home faster. *Give me a proper address*, says the suggestion, the psychic seed I'm planting in the back of their brain, *or get out of the car*. Too benign to do any damage, especially with this amount of care, and they'll be much happier if they wake up at their own house –

Nice try.

My hand clamps down on the steering wheel, and suddenly, I can't breathe. "I –" I begin to stutter out loud, and then shut my mouth before I can prove that I'm crazy and lose out on a fare. *I'm finally losing my mind.*

Not this time, no. The words have a smirk embedded in them. I can feel it burning a hole in the back of my brain, although the person I assume they're coming from is still casually draped across my back seat. Then the words echoing inside my head turn serious. Now put your *foot on the pedal, and drive west.*

I turn mechanically away, and before I can try to tell myself how *spectacularly* bad an idea this is, I'm pressing down on the gas pedal and slowly spinning my cab out of the steadily-building snow bank. The flurry that started earlier in the night is starting to get worse. I hope 'west' isn't far. Whatever that's supposed to mean.

It's a few minutes of driving before I gather the courage to glance over my shoulder. They're sitting there with a languid smirk on their face, putting me in mind of nothing more than a well-fed, midnight-black cat. It doesn't help that they're casually chewing on one of their curls.

"So," they say finally, "how long have you been reading minds?" The same steady enunciation is there – it's more than an affectation, then – "Don't distract yourself," they say sharply. There's another jab at the back of my seat. One more of those and I'll throw that stick into the canal. "Answer my question."

"All my life," I reply, quickly, with too much breath behind it. What am I supposed to say? It's not like I was in an experiment or something –

"No, no, of course not. Still, born with it is very intriguing. Well, *I* certainly didn't do it."

"Stop reading my mind!" The things you never think you'll end up saying out loud. Or at all. Ever.

"I will once you learn how to stop broadcasting it." Their voice sounds older now, with a lecturing note I *really* don't like.

"Yeah, 'cause there's so many psychics strolling around Ottawa." It's supposed to be an off-hand response, but my heart clenches and it hurts all over again. *I didn't choose this. I didn't want this.* They can probably hear that, too – but for once, they keep their mouth shut. I'm still not convinced I haven't made up this whole encounter, fallen asleep at the wheel with my emotions still bound up tight.

"Speed up," they order. Their voice becomes deeper, quieter, tinged with lingering sadness. Whatever they've been drinking is starting to wear off.

"I'm already going the speed limit –"

Speed up.

I know what it is, but I don't have the power to resist. I could fight it, but I've watched people try. The power of suggestion is too strong, especially when planted in your mind by a psychic. My foot eases down on the gas pedal. Through the whirling white flakes pushing at the windows, the streetlights flicker by and blur into orange fire.

"That's low," I breathe. "You didn't need to do that." I can't shake the sense of violation, the sensation that's been clinging to me since they crawled into my cab – and I can still feel it echoing in my subconscious. *Speed up. Speed up. Speed up.*

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"So prickly! Loosen up. It's just a little push in the right direction." There's a gentle 'click' as they set their cane onto the floor. Fingers brush my locks to the side, and they're close, too close, breath hot on the skin behind my ear. "You're *far* too tense."

I want to slam on the brakes, to grab them and throw them out of my car. It's not like it'd be the first time I had to throw someone out. But the snow is falling harder with every passing moment, and I can't abandon someone in this, even someone with red wine on their breath and a sadistic glimmer in their eyes.

It's not like they're just *anybody*, either. I've been stubbornly ignoring it, but my heart is reaching out, begging to share all its loneliness, all its secrets with the only other person I've ever met who could possibly understand. *You're not alone. You're not alone. You're not alone.*

I attempt to keep it to myself, turning a little to see their face, and I can't tell if they've heard it or not. Their black eyes are carefully blank. I fix my eyes back on the disappearing road.

They're not done playing with me. Instead of drawing back like I'd hoped, they tuck their chin over my shoulder, resting their weight on me. "What's your name?"

"Have you ever heard of personal space?"

"Hmm, odd name." They grin, and it's contagious – I'm smiling through my frustration. I was going to be driving through a blizzard no matter what I did. At least it's interesting. They're still too close to me, but under the slightly-rancid smell of wine is something else. I can't name it. It's almost cut grass, new shoots, the smell of spring. But not quite.

"What about you?" I fire back. I never ask the names of fares – but they're a special case, I can admit that much. "Mister, or Miss, or Mx, or whatever."

They laugh at *that*. "Used to be everyone just assumed I was a man. Times really have changed."

"Not that much." I pause, still deciding how to interpret this. We're still driving far too fast down the road, but I can't seem to care. *Speed up. Speed up. Speed up*. Besides, nobody else is stupid enough to be driving in this storm. It's been getting steadily worse, but my headlights cut through the snow –

-and another pair of headlights tear through the white veil, barreling towards me. I grab the wheel and spin off to the side, and we come to a stop onto the gravel and I'm okay, but I can't breathe, and just like that, the spell is broken. *I've seen this before*, I recognize with a sick

taste in my mouth. The first time I'd made a suggestion to someone –

-fuck off and die-

-I hadn't meant to, and I'd watched it echo around in his head, a little piece of my anger that had flown out like a bullet. I'd read his obituary in the paper a month later, and I'd thrown up until I couldn't find anything else to empty my stomach of, and every single time it happened (never as bad, but it always *felt as* bad) *I said, this is the day I stop, this is the day I stay away from people*, and somehow, it never ended up happening.

Speed up. The suggestion's lost its power, but the damage is done. I spin in my seat. "Get out."

They blink, feigning confusion. "I'm sorry?"

"This is *crazy*. You're *crazy*." I'm ready to haul them out of the car myself. I'll throw them into the *river* if I have to. There's only room for one of me in the world, and at least I don't control people on purpose.

They blink again, but this time I can see their eyes lose a little of their cohesion. I thought they were mad before – now they're starting to look it. "I'm afraid I can't leave."

"I don't fucking *care*! Get out, or you'll be thrown out." I pull open the door and stumble out into the snow, wind whipping icy flakes into my eyes. I want to *hit them*. Instead, I aim a kick at my fender. "*Tabarnack*!" I scream, half from pain, half from frustration. I think I feel something wet on my cheek, but it's probably a snowflake, and whatever it is freezes again only a few moments later. I'd wanted... *Someone*. Anyone. Someone to talk to. Someone to tell me, *yes you're a mind reader, it's okay, you're not broken, you're not a monster. But.... Not like this.*

I close my eyes against the storm. When I open them again, they're standing in front of me, eyes glittering darkly. The snow is bending around them, only leaving a few flakes in their jet-black, tousled hair. "Who are you?" I ask.

"*A dream. A memory. A little piece of madness,*" they reply in my native language. It doesn't make any more sense in French.

"You're crazy," I reply in English. Maybe it makes me stubborn. But they don't know me and they don't get to shortcut their way into my trust. Not when I'm terrified. Not when I feel like the reality I've constructed, the reality that doesn't have any room for me, is falling down around my ears - I have to admit that it's *impossible* for me to be the only one, and that I almost wish I was.

"I only need a little more from you." There's a note of desperation in their voice. I won't fall for it.

You should have asked nicely, I think. I know they can hear it. It won't change their mind.

I should have walked away. I could have found my car in the morning. I could have – except all of these are pretty little lies, and the truth is, it's storming, it's dangerous, and I'm trapped between a madman and a blizzard.

I slowly slide back into the car, starting to shiver as I close the door. Then I blink, and blink again, and rub the snow from my eyes. There's – *something* –

"Drive," comes the command, spoken out loud this time but just as captivating, with a touch of disappointment. The voice is accompanied with another flicker at the corner of my vision, and I rub at my eyes again. I push my foot down on the accelerator, and with a horrible grinding as my tires fight against the uneven ground, we're moving again.

There's a bridge in front of us. For a split second, as we pass under its shadow, the world goes dark, with no light but the steady headlights. When we emerge back out into the storm, there's something around my neck.

My hands dart up, and I tear at it, something fibrous starting to give way under my fingers, but then there's another, and another, long and winding *things* grasping my wrists and forcing them back down to the wheel. "Stop that," comes the soft, playful murmur from the back seat.

What are you doing? I scream, but it comes out of my head instead of my mouth, because the rope around my neck is getting tighter and tighter with every breath I take. They lean over the seat again, and the scent fills my nostrils once more – the rotting, sulfurous stench of fermentation and decay.

"You didn't want me playing with your mind. I'm only doing what you asked." Their staff comes over from the back seat, aims down by the pedals, and with a sharp strike embeds itself into my foot, pushing my boot firmly down onto the accelerator. We're not just speeding –we're going so fast that I can hear the tires squealing on the icy road, spinning back and forth and struggling to keep a straight line. I can't even look out the windshield anymore. All I can do is keep my hands on the wheel and try to keep some measure of control.

I can't breathe – please –

The rope around my neck releases, enough so I won't choke to death. The ones around my wrists are growing – they're vines, not ropes. Buds of colour sprout on the green surfaces, bright and sickly against my black skin, and open with bursts of pollen in my eyes and nose and throat - the white endlessness of the storm begins to pulse.

How is this not playing with my mind? I scream – or at least it feels like screaming.

Well, the simple answer would be because it's real. It's not a suggestion – just an answer*, even if it's one that doesn't make any sense. *Or maybe it's not. Your decision*!

There are shapes in the storm, the whistling of the wind past the windows so high-pitched it sounds like screaming. *This isn't real. I know it's not – what are you doing to me?*

Only what comes naturally. The sadness returns, and my terror only rises when I realize what I hear in their voice, what's floating to the surface in the maelstrom of their mind – that whatever magic or madness they're weaving, they can't control it.

The inside of my cab has gotten so hot that there's steam on the windows, and more and more vines leap from nowhere, circling my legs, my waist, looping around the steering wheel and parking brake and headrests until there's not a glimmer of fabric left. All of it pulses like a living being, in time with the breathing I can hear from behind me – breathing that's edging closer and closer into sobs.

-this is the day I stop, this is the day I stay away from people-

-fuck off and die-

I open my mouth and I scream. I scream as loud as I can, until my throat is scraped raw, until it feels like my ears are bleeding. When I feel them wince away, I yank my hand free of the steering wheel, knock their staff away from my foot and slam onto the brakes. At first, I think we're going to crash as the rear wheels lift and rattle. Then, with a terrible squeal, the wheels drag against the road as the car spins sideways....and stops.

We're upright. The engine is still moving. And – although I'm still unconvinced this isn't a fever dream or a hallucination – the terrified pounding of my heart in my chest tells me I'm alive.

Or at least, until I pull the suddenly-lifeless vine from my throat and hands, and push open the door again. I'm ready to brave the winds one more time. They don't come.

I stick my head outside. The air's still and *cold*, but not the biting frost of Canadian winter – just cold. Not freezing, not warm, not even chilly. Just cold. There isn't so much as a breath of wind.

I swallow down the terror as best as I could. Maybe it's the eye of the storm. Maybe we've simply driven *out* of the storm.

The river is in front of us. That's right – west is the river. But beyond it, where the lights of Gatineau should be shining like a thousand stars, there's nothing but blackness, and even darker shapes moving within it. The river itself is flowing black and sluggish, shards of ice drifting along its slow current, and upon the water, pulling away from the snowy shore, is a boat, high prow breaking the grey sky and the keel slicing through the viscous waters.

I'm only starting to imagine where we could be, when the back door of my cab slams, the entire structure shuddering. The stranger strides across the snow, leaning on their cane more with each desperate step. "Don't you – don't you *dare*!"

For a moment, I imagine they're talking to me – and then I realize the invectives are being thrown at the departed boat. There's no response, but it doesn't stop them. "Charon! *Charon!*" they cry out. I can't understand whatever word they're crying, but I can *feel* it. With

every shout, the atmosphere becomes heavier, the sky darker. I can feel the grief and the pain lancing through the air. There's a bitter taste under my tongue, but it doesn't belong to me.

They stumble to the bank, then collapse in the snow, staff falling beside them. I can barely breathe, the air is so thick – even if I know it's all in my head, in *our* heads, I still can't manage to fill my lungs.

I'm not sure what to do. They're gone - I can drive away, away from the river, away from all of this insanity –

- instead, I climb out of my cab, closing the door gently behind me. I don't know why. I can't describe the path of my own mind, except for one thing – *they're like me they're like me* – and almost smothering it, the pressure of somebody else's grief, somebody else's memories. I don't touch them yet. I still don't understand what's happening.

The stranger is kneeling by the very bank of the river, curls hanging limp over their face and shoulders. The closer I get, the more I can see – shadowy shapes like afterimages moving around the stranger, black smears on the pristine snow.

Out loud, it's silent. Inside my head, barely louder than a whimper, I can hear somebody crying. Somebody is whispering. Somebody is praying. It's not only the stranger and whatever burden they're carrying that I've become a witness to. It's dozens – hundreds – of voices and scattered thoughts, too loud for me to block out, too close for me to avoid.

With shaking steps, I approach the river, the stranger and their black backdrop of dead water. The shapes around them are starting to crystallize into barely-recognizable forms. Smoke and ash and mist settle into silhouettes, gently drifting back and forth upon the snow.

"*Where are we*?" I ask. I've slipped back into French – I can't muster the right words in English all of a sudden, though I've been speaking it for years. "*Where have you taken me*?"

They ignore me – both the figure on the edge of the river and the half-real shapes around them. *Des fantômes*, my mind presents me with. Ghosts.

I stop where I am, shivering. *Your reality doesn't apply anymore, Avery.* I can't tell if it's my own voice, or somebody else's, or the stranger intruding once more. *Here's your world. Here's your truth. Deal with it, or leave.*

The second option is pretty tempting. My heart still won't slow, and everything still has a dreamlike quality to it –

-*tell him I'm sorry*-

-*I wanted to die and I didn't want to hurt you*-

-*to tell you I loved you one last*-

-*last time*-

The voices are real. The voices of the restless dead, and somewhere in the tangled nest, the reason I'm here.

"You never did tell me your name," comes the voice of the stranger again - calm, this time. The raving lilt they'd mocked me with only minutes before is gone like it never existed. I still don't trust them.

But... "Avery," I murmur.

"Good name. Comes from Alfred." They laugh, and I can hear the hollowness in it, even without the sudden spear that drives through my head. They're not doing it on purpose – that much is obvious. They can't control it. "Elf-counsel. Certainly appropriate."

"Is that what you are?" I ask. I suppose it's kind of a stupid question. Tolkien might be my only reference, but the stranger is worlds away from those movies. Elves aren't drunken and chaotic and sad-eyed – and they aren't brown, either. But the person in front of me still echoes the wildness that the city constrains but can't erase. It's not a completely strange assumption.

They laugh, but don't deny it. That raises a whole new host of questions. But the laughter gets louder and darker and, somewhere I can't place, turns into a vicious scream of sorrow. For the first time since they slipped into the backseat of my cab, they let me in, and I'm the one reading them, instead of the other way around.

The snow doesn't disappear – it shatters, falling upwards and around me, rising in flurries through the immaterial shadows of the phantoms that still crowd us. Underneath it, dead plants rise back to life, but *wrong*. They twist and coil and grow thorns on every surface, and they rise around the

mourning being, trying to come between me and them. *Go away*, comes the mental scream. I don't know if it's from the thorns or the person behind them, but they're one and the same anyway.

I could. I should. I want to. But the face in the obituary, the thoughtless, meaningless death that I'd caused – that keeps my feet anchored. *No*, I reply, and trying not to flinch, push through the thorns.

Beyond the thorns, the world changes again. The river is still there – but it's flowing again, faster than it ever does, and beyond it is a wasteland. I've never left Canada, but I watch the news, and I've seen a clear-cut forest before.

The stranger's still on the ground.

Where is this? I ask.

Nowhere. Everywhere.

You enjoy being cryptic, don't you?

Their laugh sounds slightly more genuine this time, but it fades quickly, replaced once more with words of sorrow. *This is all that's left of the great god Pan. They burned his forests. They destroyed his creatures. They turned him into a monster and taught their children to fear him. They blocked their ears against his music and built their churches over his places of worship. Now not even the gods of the dead will tell me where he has gone.*

The forest in front of me begins to bloom. The trees reappear, soaring into the sky, untouched and ancient.

The god – for what else could they be? – raise their head to look at me. "He was my son," they say. "Is that clear enough for you?"

My hands tremble. *It wasn't your fault.* They might have given up that small piece of intimacy, but I'm not willing to. I'm terrified, in the same way that anybody is staring up at a mountain, or feeling the earth quake under their feet. Forces of nature aren't meant to be toyed with. *It wasn't your fault.*

How would you know? comes the jagged thought. It's so familiar that I wonder if it's just an echo of my own pain.

Because – You stopped my cab, not anybody else's. You were too scared to ask nicely. You're grieving. You're alone. *Because I'm like you.*

Their hands grope in the dirt. One set of tanned fingers closes around their staff. *I hurt you. Why are you helping me?*

For a moment, I'm spinning, and I'm back in the linoleum hallway, hands shaking, the words of the preacher at the funeral still circling in my head

– dearly departed we gather here today –

Another day, another journey down the hallway as the weird kid with clothes that don't fit and hair that won't stay, and he's *there* again, wide mouth and freckled face and snub nose.

It's not the words out of his mouth I hear. I've heard them every other time he's harassed me, every other afternoon he's had some cruel comment for me or gone out of his way to pick on the black

kid with the stutter and braces. Instead, this time, I hear the thoughts in his head, and for the first time, I know – *I know* – that he means every cruel thing he says - maybe he doesn't know better, but he doesn't have an ounce of regret, either.

-kids are cruel kids are cruel he might have grown up to learn better –

-but I never find out because my own cruelty darts out like a dagger and plants a thought in his head, and the next day, he quietly walks into the path of a sixteen-wheeler just to make the echo in his head *stop*.

I don't realize I'm crying until a warm hand brushes the tears from my cheeks. "It wasn't your fault," I force out. This isn't about me – the memory had just sprung up in response to their question.

"It wasn't yours either," they reply. Their voice is gentler now. It can't be because of me. That doesn't make sense. "I'm very sorry for hurting you. Grief is its own kind of madness. You understand."

I nod, not trusting my voice for anything else. They're standing in front of me now, hands on my cheeks, hair clinging to their tear-stained face. Funny – it never occurred to me that I was taller than them. I'm taller than most people, but they aren't most people, really.

It wasn't your fault, they say once more, this time inside my head, where it resonates. It'll take me a long, long while to believe it - but now, somebody else knows. It's not just mine to keep anymore.

I take another deep, shaking breath, and look over the water. The boat is coming back, prow slicing through the black water, and the clear cut forest has vanished back into the stranger's memory. "You wanted to ask him something, right?"

They shake their head. "Charon doesn't have any answers for me." They smile, a twinkle in their eye. "Besides, he's depressing."

"You know what, I'm not asking." I shake my head and head back towards my cab.

"Do I get a ride back?" they shout hopefully after me.

I laugh at that. I can see the road out, tire tracks through the snow out back into the world of the living. "Not on your damn life."

I climb into my Chrysler, shut the door, and I can see their grinning face in the flash of my headlights. I can catch the last tail of their thought – *Don't forget it's still storming –*

- I close that book, mark the page, and I'm on the road again. I'm in control.

3D MODELLING PROJECT OF PALMYRA, 300 CE

Alan D. K. Armstrong

Introduction

When a war breaks out somewhere, or a natural disaster strikes causing monumental damage to human life and society, everyone else in the world always looks to how the people caught within these events are doing, and how will they be doing in the future. This is the main response to such events, as it should be, and yet there is another concern which people should also consider when reacting to these events. This other concern is more important than people realize, and must always be taken to heart and mind in wake of a major event. If it is left out of plans and reactions, then we as a civilization will lose a significant element of what makes us, us.

The protection and preservation of human history and heritage has become a stronger presence in the world over the past century, and yet it remains on the fringe of human consideration except for when something negative has already happened. Since the beginning of the 'Arab Spring' in 2011, and the subsequent breakout of widespread war across the Middle East soon after, historic and heritage sites, museums, libraries, and archaeological sites have fallen victim to damage, destruction, and looting. These sites were left unguarded by military and security forces, and were either left to civilians to protect them, or no one at all. One of these sites is that of Palmyra in modern-day Syria, an archaeological site and ancient city. When the Syrian civil war broke out which later led to the capture of the city by ISIS, only the former archaeological director of the site remained. After refusing to show the ISIS looters where he hid artifacts from the site, he paid for the protection of Palmyra with his life. Soon after its capture, many of the structures within the city were destroyed, along with as many statues and busts which could not be looted and sold on the black market.

Despite all this damage and looting done to the site over the past few years, it was recaptured and freed from ISIS back in early March of last year. Although the city is still a bargaining chip between the Syrian rebels and the Assad regime, early restoration attempts of the site have already begun so as to restore the heritage and antique grandeur of the oasis. This process will no doubt take time, but with a strong preservation effort and proper protection protocols in place, we as a civilization can prevent future destruction to sites like Palmyra, and others across the world.

The Project

Having a background in history and heritage preservation, the protection of our past in the present for the future is paramount to what I am working towards in my life. I therefore deemed it beneficial to devise a project that reflects this mission, and after brainstorming a few different ideas, I eventually settled upon the topic of Palmyra. The original idea was to do this project on the topic of all of the historic and heritage sites, archaeological sites, museums, and libraries that have been destroyed in the Middle East since 2003. However, that was too broad of a project to construct and one that could

not generate a functional thesis. With that, the scope of this project was narrowed down to solely Palmyra and moved on to exactly what I was going to do with this ancient city.

In the consideration of what to do for this project, research was necessary in order to have actual data to build a project upon. While not wanting to go too deep into primary source research at this time in order to focus on the modelling and building, the conducted research was done primarily to find cartographic and spatial data of Palmyra. Some articles and books were found, one article of which had a map that was used directly for this project[1], while a few maps from other sources were discovered in the process. It was these maps, along with some background information on Palmyra from I.A. Richmond's *Palmyra Under the Aegis of Rome*, that allowed this project to be undertaken and completed. Once all of this data and information was compiled, the next step in the project began.

The breakthrough did not come until a 3D Analyst lecture showcased what ArcMAP can do with 3D planning and modelling, which is when I came up with the idea of building a 3D model map of Palmyra. After receiving permission to change the scope of my project, I immediately got to learning more about 3D Analyst and building, along with gathering appropriate resources in order to build the city. From contacting Rebecca Bartlett in MAGDIC, to finding maps of the city and images of the different structures around it, to getting spatial data about the city, I was gradually progressing with the project. However, the direction of my project changed again, when I discovered the ESRI program CityEngine. This program, while leaving me without some ArcMAP tools that I was going to use such as Network Analyst, provided me with a much larger spectrum of ability to create a fully-framed 3D model of the city. I received permission to use CityEngine and immediately got to work seeing what it can do and what I can learn from using it.

As I was gathering resources and deciding on which program to use, a refining of the theme and purpose of the original proposal took place. Thus, the overall purpose of my final project was to build in 3D the ancient city of Palmyra, in order to spatially portray the city circa 300CE. Thus, it can be geospatially analyzed; this includes possibilities such as finding the best routes through the city and closest wells within a distance from the Theatre. With this purpose finally composed, I was able to continue building the city and this project towards creating the first version of a tool that heritage preservationists and archaeologists can use, explore, and collaborate on in time to come.

The Use of CityEngine

With the progression of this project, I arrived at multiple instances where I knew what was to be done, but did not entirely understand how I was going to go about it. This was the case for the scope of the project as well as for the program that would be in use. Initially, I started with ArcMAP, then experimented with ArcScene and even ArcGlobe, and while they each had their pros and cons in regard to my project, they did not seem adequate enough in use.

In starting CityEngine, the first step was to set up the program. This began with selecting the 'create a city from satellite imagery' option and it took me to the globe screen. Here, I focused in on Palmyra, set the extent of the workspace or area of interest, set the graphic settings of the extent, then selected 'okay'. After a short period of loading and final set-up, the workspace brought up the satellite imagery which focused on Palmyra and the modern town of Tadmur. With the satellite imagery set as

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[1] Richmond, I.A. "Palmyra Under the Aegis of Rome." in *The Journal of Roman Studies,* Vol. 53.1/2, 43-54, 1963, p. 49

the base map, there were already a few digitized shapes representing ruins and other modern-day buildings presently on the site, along with the various roadways through and around Palmyra and the sections of Tadmur visible in the workspace. My next step was to test out the building tools available to me: the polygon builder and road builder tools. These may only be two tools, but they allow new users such as myself to easily grasp the program and start building cities.

With the workspace set and tools ready, I spent the first hours of this project trying out the tools and seeing what they can do. These first few hours had a lot of creating, editing, and deleting polygon shapes as I learned how the grid and polygon system of CityEngine functioned. Fortunately, after these first few hours and steps, I started to build the first shapes that were not deleted, which became the cornerstone of my 3D model of Palmyra. Furthermore, it was at this point where the digitization of the satellite image base map came to be. Instead of building shapes, digitizing them, then using ArcScene to turn them into 3D models, I was able to instantly turn my shapes into 3D models using CityEngine directly on the base map. This meant I was able to place my models directly where the surviving structures are located, removing the guess work out of where to place objects. Then I simply had to place the other objects where they were in accordance to my map resources.

This cornerstone was centered on the Temple of Bel in the southeastern corner of the city (Fig. 1). I first built the base of the structure so as to return and build in full during the later stage of the process. Once this base was built, I proceeded to build the structures surrounding the Temple, which included the well between the Temple and column (Fig. 2). During this stage, I deleted the original road objects that were placed over the natural roadways seen below the objects in both Figures 1 and 2, then either left the new areas without roads or put in individual stretches of roads in order to portray where they were ~300CE.

With this section of the city finished, I moved west to work on the central section of the city, which is where the largest concentration of sizeable buildings were located. Using the map resources available to me along with my own interpretation, I created these buildings using solely the 'Rectangular Shape Creation' tool, one layer at a time, then increased or decreased their elevation as necessary (Fig. 3). This area was fairly straightforward and I did not experience any issues aside from the occasional misplaced corner of a polygon shape. After completing this area, I moved north to work on the buildings along the north central length of the wall, which included a column structure in front of the North Gate, and an original interpretation of an unknown building directly to the east (Fig. 4). In order to make the roof of this unknown building, I played around with the 'Polygon Shape Creation' and elevation tools, which eventually got me the corner supports of the upper roof. The columns on top of the upper roof were done simply using the polygon shape tool.

In finishing this building, the central section was completed, so I continued west to work on the residential section of the city. This area had the smallest buildings of the city but the most in number as they were the living quarters of the lower-middle of citizens in Palmyra. I built seven variations of the rectangular and square shapes, then copied and pasted them around this area, rotating them as required. This simplified the process while simultaneously creating a sense of uniqueness to this section of the city. Now the three main buildings of this section are the Funerary Temple and Triumphal Arch (Fig. 7), as well as the Bathhouse of Bardol (Fig. 8). The models of the structures were straightforward to build, the only difficulty coming from building the underneath section of the arch which was another instance of trial and error in order to get the corner polygons and measurements right.

The southwestern section of the city is where several buildings of note were located c. 300CE (Fig. 9). The large building in the walled-off section on the right was the fortress of the city, with the barracks below it along the southern wall (Fig. 10). To the right of the fortress is the Temple of Allat, which I took some artistic license with in regard to placement (Figure 11). Building it with four spires instead of two was my decision to make it stand out more. Then on the eastern edge of this section is the Bathhouse of Orestes, one of the three bathhouses of Palmyra c. 300CE. For this and the other two bathhouses, I designed them to show the water areas within them by means of portraying open-concept designs. With these main buildings finished, I added small structures and points of interest based on the maps, simply adding elements to city to make it seem more alive.

Upon completion of the southwestern section of the city, the only section left was the south central. This is the location of notable sites including the Theatre, Tetrapylon, Agora, and Tri-Arch of Aurelian. As the main roadway was already placed, I constructed the buildings and structures of this section around this road. I only edited the road as required due to spacing and sizing. The Tetrapylon (Fig.14) was built with strictly the rectangular shape tool which took some trial and error to get the right measurements, scale, and placing of each of the sixteen columns that comprise this structure. After this was completed, I built the Arch in which I reused the arch from the western end of the city by copy and pasting, then scaled and adjusted in 3D space. This particular arch was originally dedicated by Emperor Aurelian in 273CE. I then moved on to building the Agora, difficult only in building new columns and placing them in order. To describe this process in more detail, I built the columns using solely the rectangular polygon tool. I first made the shape of each layer of the column in turn, then adjusted their respective x and z values to turn them three-dimensional.

With these three buildings of interest completed, along with the Temple of Nabu, the columns from the gate to the main road, and the Tariff Court, I finally arrived at building the Theatre. Using the rectangular shape tool once again, I employed trial and error to build the body of the stage portion of the theatre, then built the five column facades and scaled them to fit the front of the stage. This was the fun and enjoyable part of building the Theatre. The not so enjoyable part was attempting to build the seating portion of the Theatre. This took me five tries before a process finally worked. Even then, it is straight-edged instead of the desired round shaped I wanted originally. Since I wanted the seating portion to be round to match its real-life counterpart, I tried using the polygonal shape creation tool. However, CityEngine had difficulty recognizing where I placed my polygons, and so luck and mental memory played a main part in building the rounded base layer of the stands. I eventually settled on a slightly misshaped outline of the stands and proceeded to start on the 3D portion of it. It was during this stage that four of the five different versions of the Theatre stands were attempted, and even though I was close to having something similar to the real-life version, issues with the shapes and polygons, along with CityEngine bugs and glitches ultimately forced me to abandon these and start over. Although I did start over and managed to create a version of the stands that I am happy with, I cannot help but wonder what this program can be and do with a circle shape tool. Nevertheless, after moving the stands into place, then scaling it to fit the stage section, I declared this structure complete, and moved on to the largest individual building structure in my project: The Temple of Bel.

The Temple of Bel was the cornerstone of my 3D project, and it was now time to return to the polygonal ground work I had already completed. The first stage was building the outer walls of the temple, which was the easiest portion of this structure. I then measured out where the central structure of the temple would be. From there, I built the central structure, followed by the large columns around this

section. Now, my original plan was to leave the central structure without a roof so people could look inside. However, after building the front façade of the temple (Fig. 18), and realizing that I could build a pediment, I decided to create a roof. I then topped off the roof by using two opposing pediments, complete with additional features. With the roof and front façade completed, I moved on to building the columns placed around the inside of the Temple's walls. The building and placing of these columns was the easy part, but the blocks on top of the columns were difficult and took the longest to complete. This was mainly due to the camera and program controls. Despite the time and stress levels with these blocks, which eventually became a single object due to the shape creation tools, I finally had a completed Temple of Bel.

When I first created the workspace for Palmyra, there were already roadways placed all across the extent of the area of focus. This is because the modern-day town of Tadmur lies around Palmyra, and archaeological sites require roads to the immediate north, south, and southwest of the ancient city. I first removed all of the road features that did not have to do with Palmyra, then I removed the others within my area of focus as I progressed with the project. Where the original city walls were located, CityEngine placed road features following this track which helped in my building, placement, and scaling of the entire city. As for inside the city, the main street was already present but only from the Triumphal Arch in the west side of the city to just past the three-arch Triumphal Arch in the central section, along with three of the residential area streets (Fig. 6). These particular road features gave me an additional guideline as I progressed with building the city, but ultimately were only used second hand as I wanted to plan and place the streets using my own judgment. I proceeded with sizing, scaling, and placement edits to the various streets inside the city so as to make it look cleaner and sharper, while keeping with an ancient city aesthetic in regards to city planning and street building.

As discussed previously, the most used object in my 3D model of Palmyra is the column, which can be seen in different forms across the city. From lining the main street, to holding up the roof of the Temple of Bel, the columns that I built were simply done but required attention to detail in terms of size of each layer, and their scaling for each columns purpose. I did the street and Agora columns in two pieces: the base and column proper, and the top block. Since these two sections did not join together like other features and shapes in this 3D model, it meant that I had to use the arrow tool to drag and select these two parts. This manner of the process led to some frustrating moments as I had to ensure that no other feature was caught in the box or else its own geometry would be affected if moved or scaled along with the column. Fortunately, I heavily employed the copy and paste tools for placing the columns along the main street and inside the Temple of Bel, which saved me valuable time in the long run of this project. Although I am content with how they all turned out, I would spend more time and precision in building and placing columns in any future project using CityEngine.

The last portion of the city that I built was the very thing that protected it in times past before Palmyra fell into history: the walls. Creating the city walls was easier with road features already placed by the original location of the walls. However, that was the limit of their assistance. In building these walls I had to first test the rectangular shape creation tool to see what it could do. These tests concluded with some results, but not wholly what I was looking for in a final product. At first putting the walls aside, I shaped the two types of towers and placed them in accordance to their location on the maps I used for this project. After tentatively placing all of the towers, I then built a gate. After some editing and scaling, I used it as a template for the other gates around the city. Now with the gates and towers placed, I attempted further trial and error efforts to create suitable and maneuverable walls.

After these attempts, what proved to be most effective was using the rectangular shape creation tool to build rectangles on either side of certain towers. I then used the z-value aspect of this same tool to extend these rectangles horizontally. This method worked almost flawlessly on straight stretches; however, for corners and curves, I had to play with the edges of the ends of the wall extensions in order to get around program limitations. In doing this, I experienced polygon issues when attempting to shape the walls one direction or another, but with help with how the towers and gates were placed. I overcame these issues to complete the wall circuit seen in the complete version of this 3D model map of Palmyra.

Analysis of the Palmyra 3D Model

With the city now complete, it was time to perform an overall analysis of Palmyra in order to get a better understanding of what life was like in the rebuilt city under direct Roman rule. In looking at the entire scope of the city from the 3D map as well as the map resources, it is clear that its layout is somewhat structured with certain designated sections. For example, the residential section in the western portion of the city is clearly where the lower classes of people lived, due to the small sizes of the living quarters here; the larger buildings and living quarters are located in the central and eastern portions of the city. This is somewhat contrasted by buildings of interest which are spread around the city, meaning every person in Palmyra would have to go to another district to visit one of these buildings rather than a single section having all of the buildings. For example, there are temples found in almost every section of the city, with three bathhouses found in three respective sections as well. Furthermore, the wells of the city are spread out as well, meaning that its inhabitants would not have to travel far in order to get water.

Now, in looking at the city from a north-south angle with the main street as the divide, one can see that south of the main street is less densely filled with buildings and structures. This can be attributed to the city being partially destroyed in 273CE by Rome, then rebuilt between 284 and 300CE. While the city is believed to have extended past the *wadi*, located just south of the southern wall at its peak[2], this means that other buildings and structures from this area have been lost to human action and time. With that in mind, there is the possibility of increasing the size of this 3D model city to include how Palmyra was before this destruction. However that would require further archaeological digs and reports, not to mention a free from harm area to work, which is currently not present in the area of Palmyra.

Although this model can be analyzed from observing how it turned out, CityEngine lacks the computer analyst tools that ArcMAP and ArcScene have. So, in order to compensate for this I have used manual analysis paired with Google Earth as a work around. To accomplish this, I measured out different paths around and through the city through the use of Google Earth and its own satellite imagery that calculated the distances from Point A to Point B in these paths. This semi-manual process not only allowed me to practice my way-finding abilities within the city, but also improve my mental network analysis capabilities by conceiving different theoretical tests of how people can and did get around the city back in 300CE.

My first test (Fig. 21) was for someone moving from one end of the city to another, specifically, from the western Triumphal Arch to the entrance of the Temple of Bel in the southeast. This distance is

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[2] Reference lost

~1.22km long[3], and would have required the person to solely follow the main street running parallel through the city. The time it would take to walk this distance would depend on the person in 300CE, as well as how many other people are out at that time, if there were any street restrictions, if they were healthy, and if it was a nice day out for weather or not. There are also the variables of who the person was, if they had a chariot or animal to ride, and if they had other stops to make. All these factors highlight the benefit of using Network Analysis in a project such as this. Another aspect that could be added to this scenario is any stops that the person were to make along their path from Point A to Point B, and possibly back from B to A.

For my second test (Fig. 21), I created a scenario in which a merchant entered the city through the Theatre Gate, then had to transport himself to the North Gate. This scenario is much less linear as the first, as the merchant would have to take straight-aways and zigzag through the northern part of the city. This path measures ~919m long[4], which is the presumed shortest and quickest path, as there are buildings in the way in the central part of the city. Taking from the travel and path variables from Scenario 1, since this is a merchant, they would most likely be using a wagon or at least have an animal to ride through the city which would quicken their pace, however there are variables against this presumption. For example, the merchant may want to walk through the city instead of ride or drive through it. To elaborate on this, if this was the merchant's first time to the city, they may want to make multiple stops in the city or at least on the way. If this is the case, their time from Point A to Point B would take longer. I would have to take these factors into consideration and include these stops in the Network Analysis process in ArcMAP.

Lastly, for my third test (Fig. 21), I developed the scenario of a Roman garrison soldier being deployed to the Dura Gate on the eastern wall, in the face of garrison maneuvers or an attack from the Sassanian Empire. The garrison is located in the very west end of town, while the Dura Gate is located on the far opposite side of Palmyra, southeast from the North Gate. For his path, the soldier would leave from the fortress to the main street, take the main street all the way down to the Tri-Arch near the Temple of Bel, then take two side streets in order to reach this gate. This path is ~1.77km[5], and since the soldier would assumedly be rushing to reach the gate, he would be moving faster than the two people in Scenarios 1 and 2. With that in mind, this soldier could also face different variables in reaching the gate. This might include people rushing against him, or one of the side streets being blocked or filled with other soldiers or people, forcing him to take another route. As the soldier can face these variables, they can but most likely would not be making any stops along their path to the gate, unless their orders changed. Once again, all of these variables contribute to how and when this soldier would arrive at the Dura Gate when required.

As seen in these three scenarios, there are a large number of variables and events that can be used to create paths and stop locations within this model of Palmyra. Although I was only able to create theoretical scenarios in CityEngine rather than in ArcMAP and ArcScene, this does not mean that I should have used one over the other. They both have strong abilities and tools to create geomatic and GIS projects in, and can be used in conjunction with each other rather than separate. All in all, performing a Network Analysis on this version of Palmyra was not only educational, but exciting.

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[3] Measurement done using measurement tool in Google Earth Pro
[4] Measurement done using measurement tool in Google Earth Pro
[5] Measurement done using measurement tool in Google Earth Pro

Moreover, this type of tool and process can be applied to other archaeological and heritage work in other projects.

With the building of the city completed, and an analysis of Palmyra performed in turn, I can now discuss the highs and lows of this project. First, of course, I will discuss the highs so as to match my feelings of how this project turned out. I will start with the largest structure of the city, the Temple of Bel, which took a strong proportion of time to work on and complete compared to other parts of the city.

My original plan for this building was to leave it without a roof so that users could look inside this structure. This changed however after finishing the front entrance to the temple, which is where I realized that I can build pediments in CityEngine. In discovering this, I made the decision to build a roof after all using new shapes as well as the pediment shape from the entrance. The pediment shape itself formed the two opposite ends of the roof, seen in Figure 20, which came in the middle of building the new shapes below and horizontally attached to the pediment shapes. By the time I completed this roof, and aside from some more trial and error, it did not take that long to build, and I proved myself happy with how it came out.

On the same level of happiness with the Temple of Bel outcome, were several other of the buildings and structures around the city, particularly the Tetrapylon in the unofficial center of Palmyra. This structure consists of four column pylons, which consist of four columns each, amounting to sixteen total columns. I built one pylon first where I measured, placed, and scaled each layer and element of the column. I then created three copies of this single piece. All that was left was to build the platform for the four pylons to sit on.. Once I finished the Tetrapylon proper and moved it into its correct position, I built the main street and accompanying intersection around the structure and called this task done. Much like with the Temple, I was happy with how the Tetrapylon turned out overall, and would have no issue in building another one for another project.

The other of the big three structures that went right in this project was the city walls. While I did have some working issues in getting them situated and scaled properly, my efforts of trial and error eventually resulted in what the city looks like now completed. Surprisingly, the walls did not take long to build compared to other parts of the city, and I could not be any happier with the final product.

Now I will discuss what went right in regards to the CityEngine tools that I used to build this city. First and foremost, the shape creation tool was both my friend and enemy throughout the entirety of this building process. It did allow me to build what you see here and in CityEngine itself, but it also led to moments such as those in the 'What Went Wrong' section below. I placed a polygon point on the base map, and most of the time the program would acknowledge where they were placed and continue to process where my other polygons points went until I finished the shape. This was much easier with the rectangle tool, but the polygonal tool had its strong moments as well. Overall, building objects in CityEngine with the shape tools is, to a point, simple but challenging to get good at without practice. All in all, it is an unbelievably handy tool that I would not be able to build 3D cities with without it.

The last element that went right was the road creation tool and process in CityEngine. Arguably this tool was even more easier to use than the shape creation tool, as you simply just click the tool icon, click where the road starts, then keep going until that road section finishes. Then once the road way is finished, the editing tool easily modifies each part of the road element. It can even be modified to fit the

terrain of the base map. With this ease of use, I was able to create, place, and scale each road element across the city with basically no issues. This tool even creates street block elements when interconnected to a circuit. All of these tools and processes were beneficial to my work and project, and I approve of what they can do for 3D cities.

What Went Wrong

One section of the Theatre object proved the most difficult part of the whole project. It took me six tries across three weeks of work on this modelling project, and resulted in something that I not fully satisfied with. The main issue with this element was the non-functional polygonal shape creation tool which did not recognize the base map layer in this section, nor did it want to edit the surfaces and layers of the seating section. As can be seen in Figures 22-24, all three are from different attempts at building the seats and the graphical results when the tool did not want to work. For the most part, the shape creation tools worked marvels for this project, but occasionally they created things which took away from the effectiveness of the tool. So because of how this tool acted during this building process, I had to settle with building a straight-edged seating area instead of the preferred semi-circle as it is in the real world.

Although I discussed how they worked in the above section, the city walls must also be discussed here in how they did not work. The straight sections I was able to complete, but I had issues when I had to bend these sections to match the original outline of the walls. When I could not get the edges of the walls to cooperate, I moved a tower or gate ever so slightly so that I could start a new wall section from this tower or gate.

The only other structure that I had any real issues with were the open spaces of the arches and gates. Building a straight-edged arch or gate was easy enough, however I wanted to have rounded arches and gates so that is what I attempted to do. Although I eventually made curved underbellies of these two features, they did not come out even or in the correct placement. I could not devise a workaround for these features so I had to settle for what I built.

As mentioned in the above section, the shape creation tools were both a pro and a con in this project. When they worked, they worked great, but when they did not, they simply did not. Take the case of the Theatre, when I struggled to use the polygonal shape tool to build a semi-circle shape. When I did, it would not let me properly edit the different elements of the feature. If I am to do a project such as this again, I would work out different methods of building semi-circle like shapes on my own, or resort to ESRI tutorials.

The last of what went wrong in this project were the camera and controls of CityEngine, especially when working up close to a building or structure. There are five main camera controls in this program, however I only used the Pan, Dolly, and Rotate options. Almost half way through the building process, the camera lost sight of my workspace, forcing me to close what I had and then reopen the program. Fortunately, it reverted back to where I was, but something like this can cause frustrations in the long run. I will make clear however that I solely used a track pad and keyboard for this project so if I had used a mouse, the camera and also the movement controls may have been more responsive. In the future I will use a mouse for projects using this program, although if the camera and controls are the same there, then ESRI may need to work on these controls for the future.

Conclusion

In reaching the end of this project, I have learned a lot from using Geomatics and GIS programs in order to build geospatial projects. I may not have finished this project using ArcMAP and ArcScene, but I nevertheless completed it using a geospatial program that strongly portrays what Palmyra looked like in 300CE. At final count, the 3D model of the city took a few minutes short of 22 hours to build and edit, and that does not take into consideration this report nor the in-program photos that were taken. During these many hours in front of a computer, I learned the ins and outs of working on and completing a large-scale Geomatics and GIS project that I can apply to other work, both inside and outside of university. Although I did use a different program than what was required for this class and project, I still incorporated elements from these two programs. This allowed me to expand what I built in CityEngine beyond what it currently capable of doing. It is my intent to use what I accomplished here and apply it to further heritage and archaeological projects. Therefore, Palmyra can be saved digitally on computers, in addition to being saved physically; such cities may then be rebuilt when similar travesties occur anywhere in the world.

LIST OF FIGURES
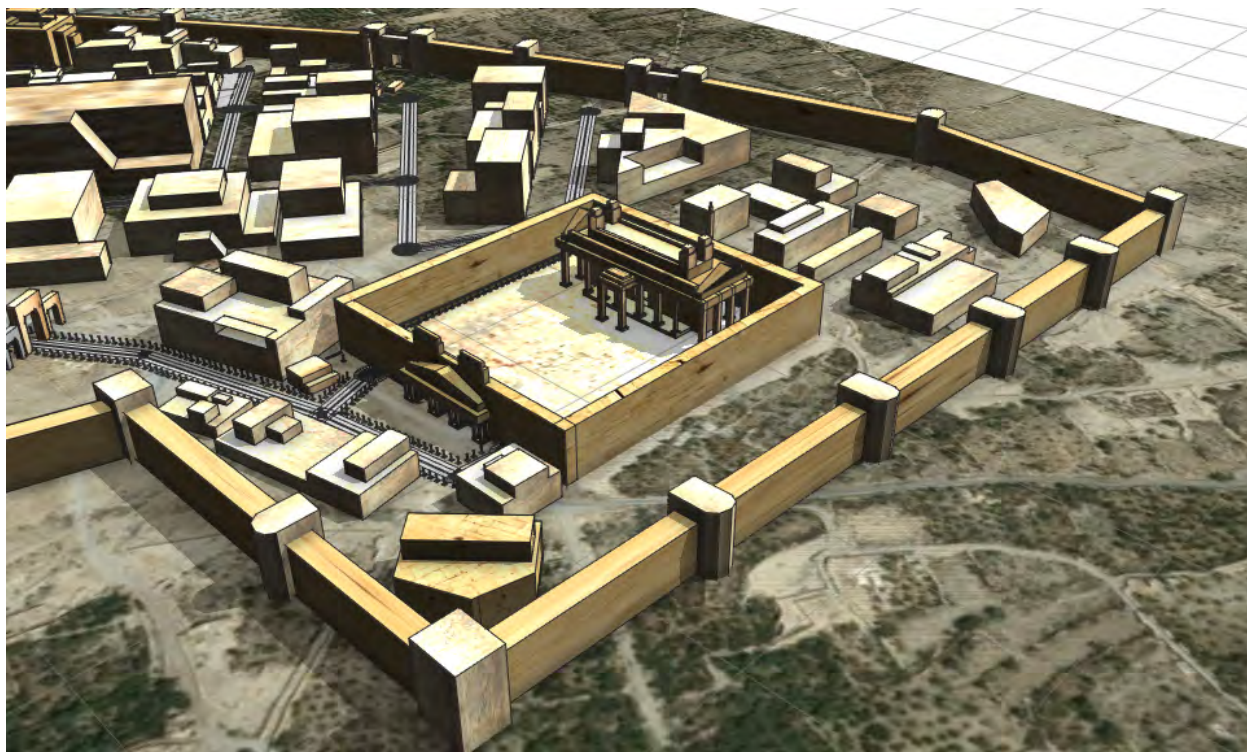
Fig. 1: Southeast Corner of Palmyra from the Southwest
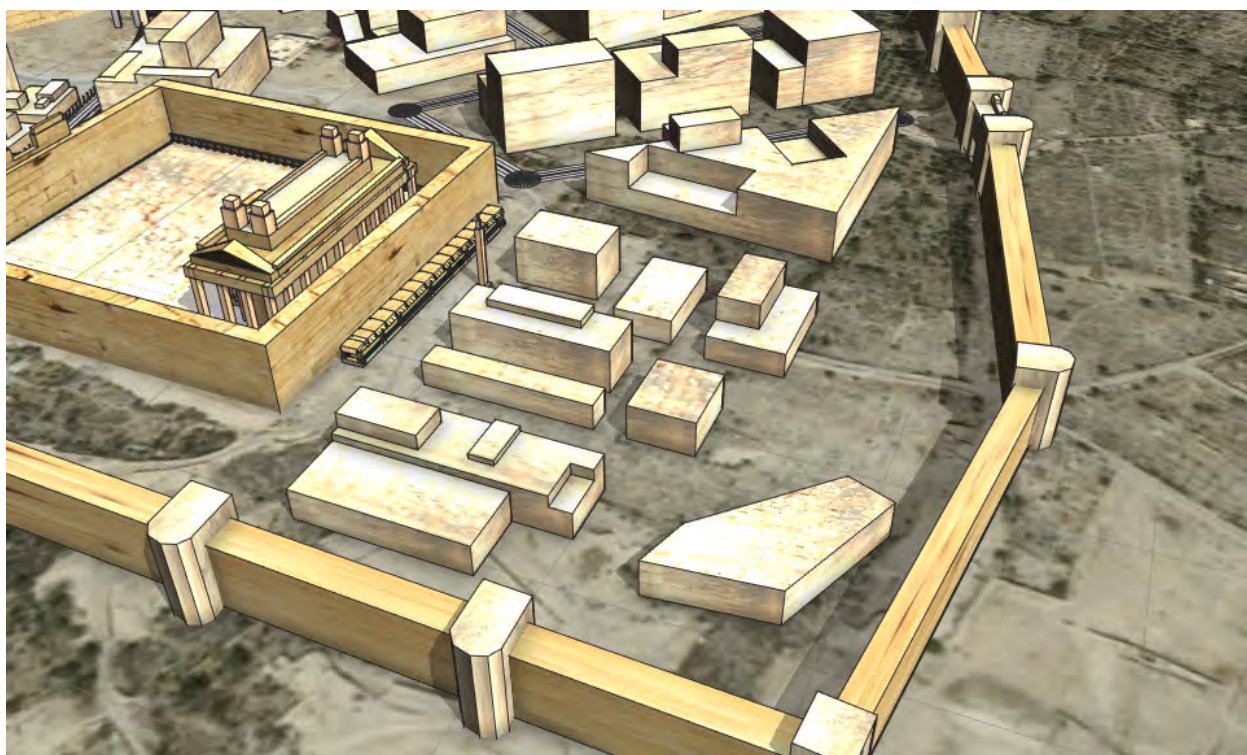
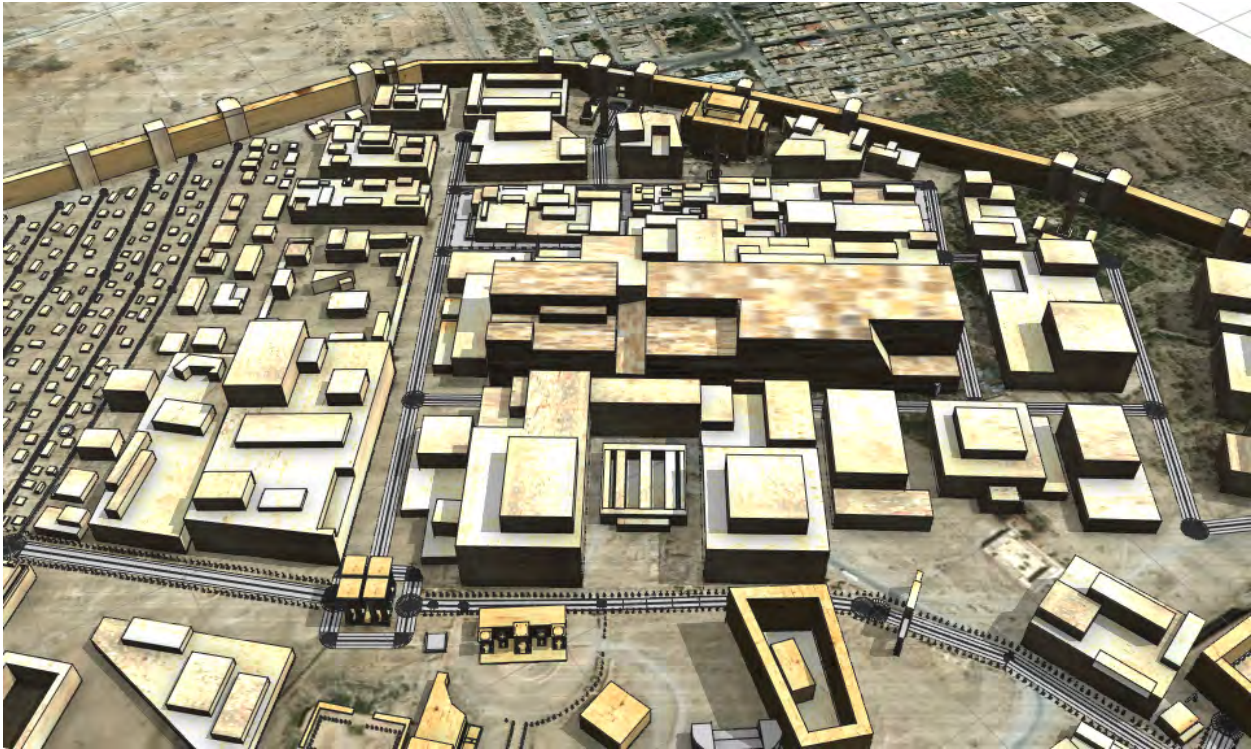Fig. 2: Southeast Corner of Palmyra from the Southeast
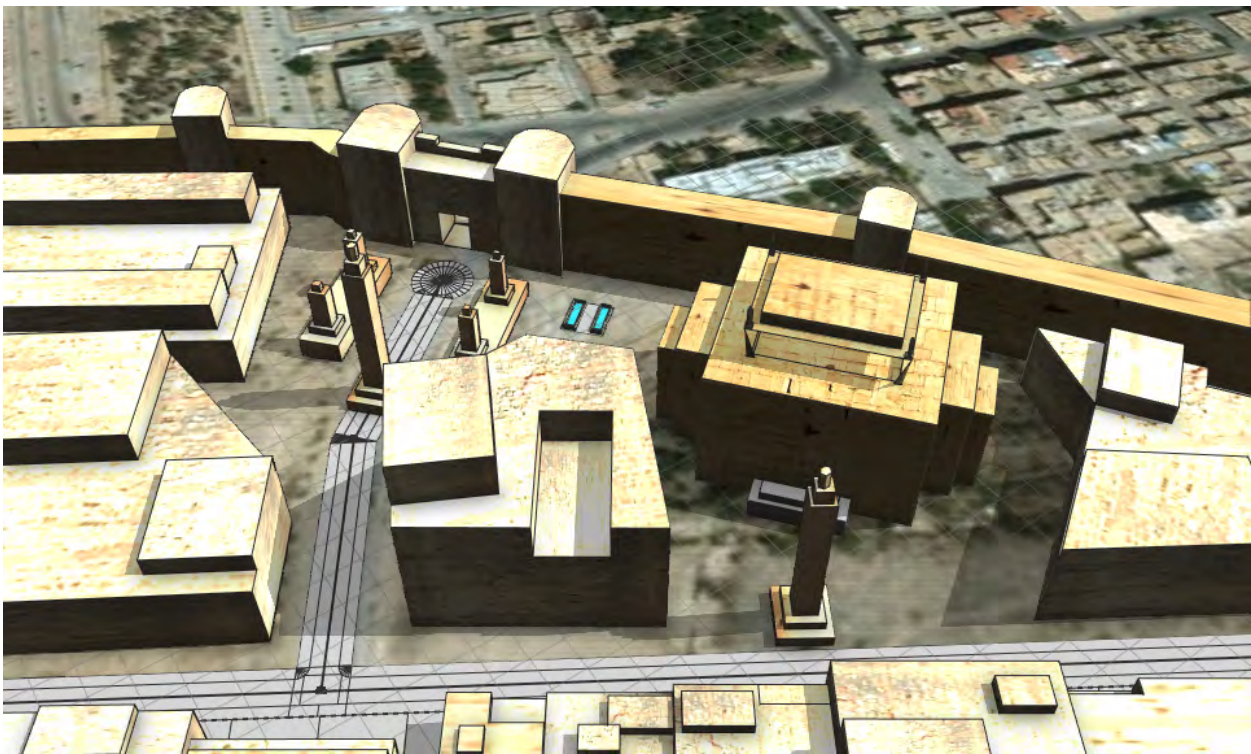
Fig. 3: Central Section of Palmyra
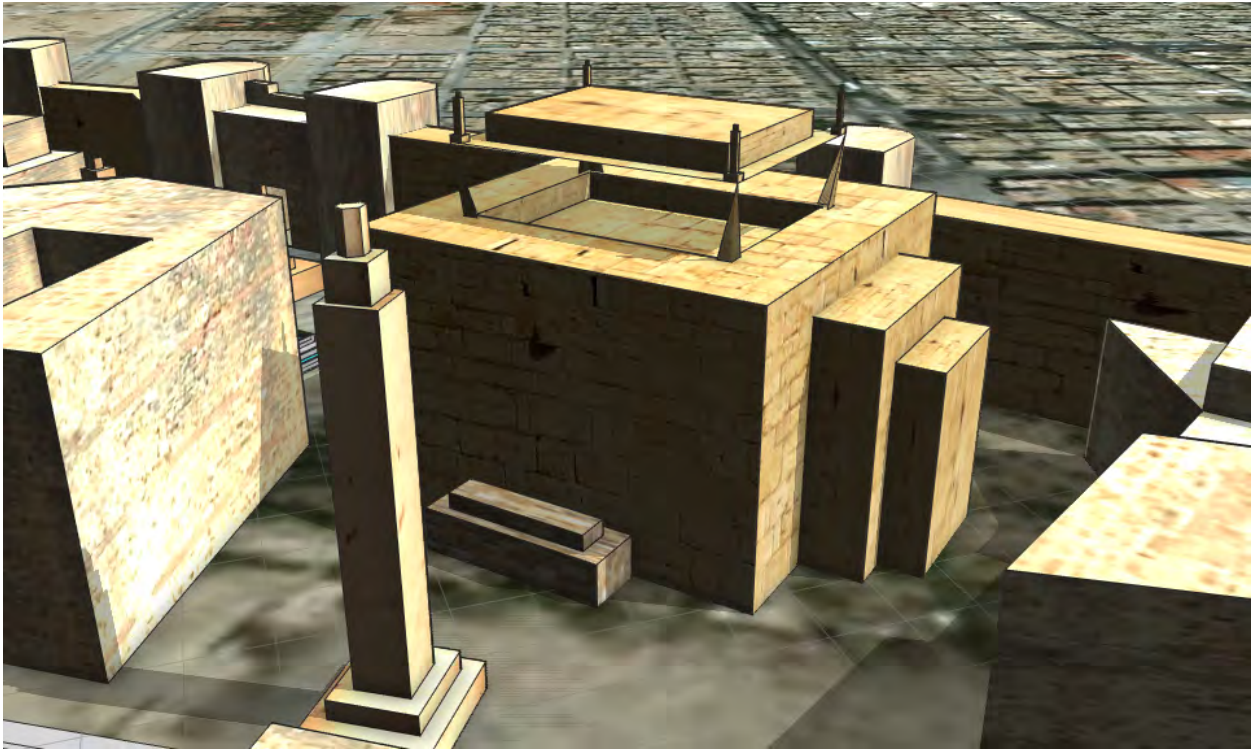

Fig. 4: North Gate of Palmyra

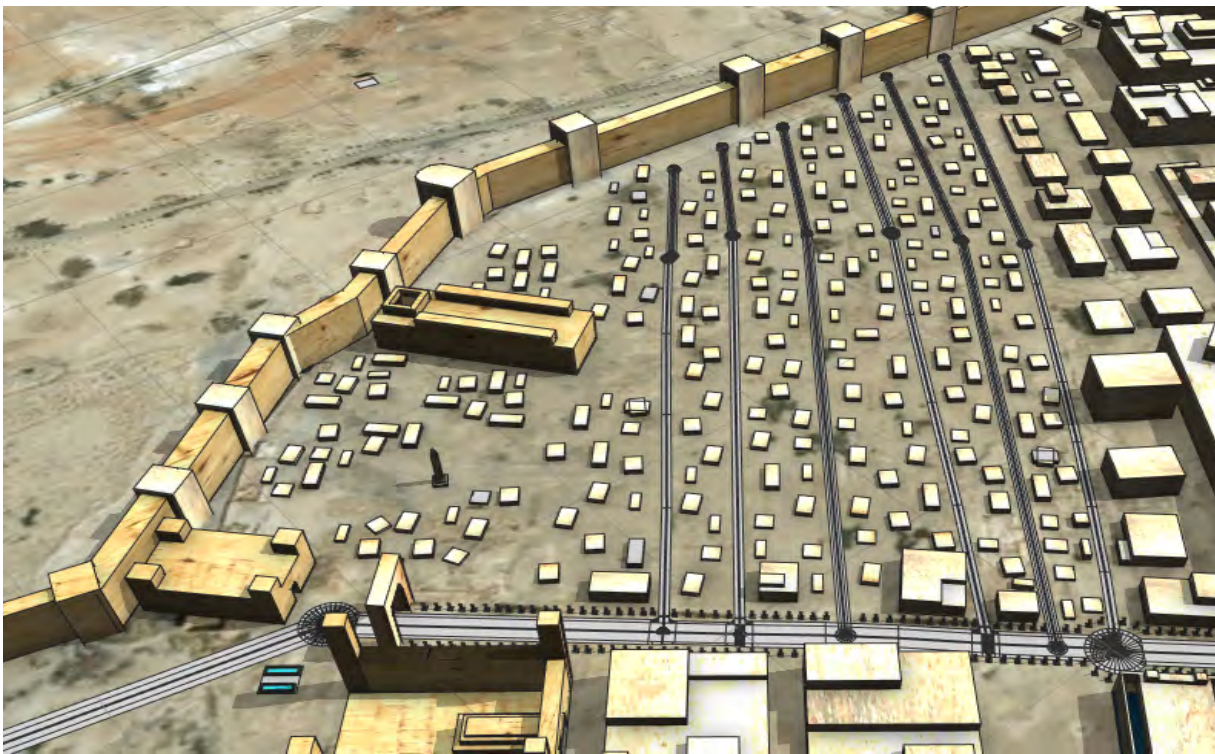Fig. 5: Unknown Building, North Central Palmyra
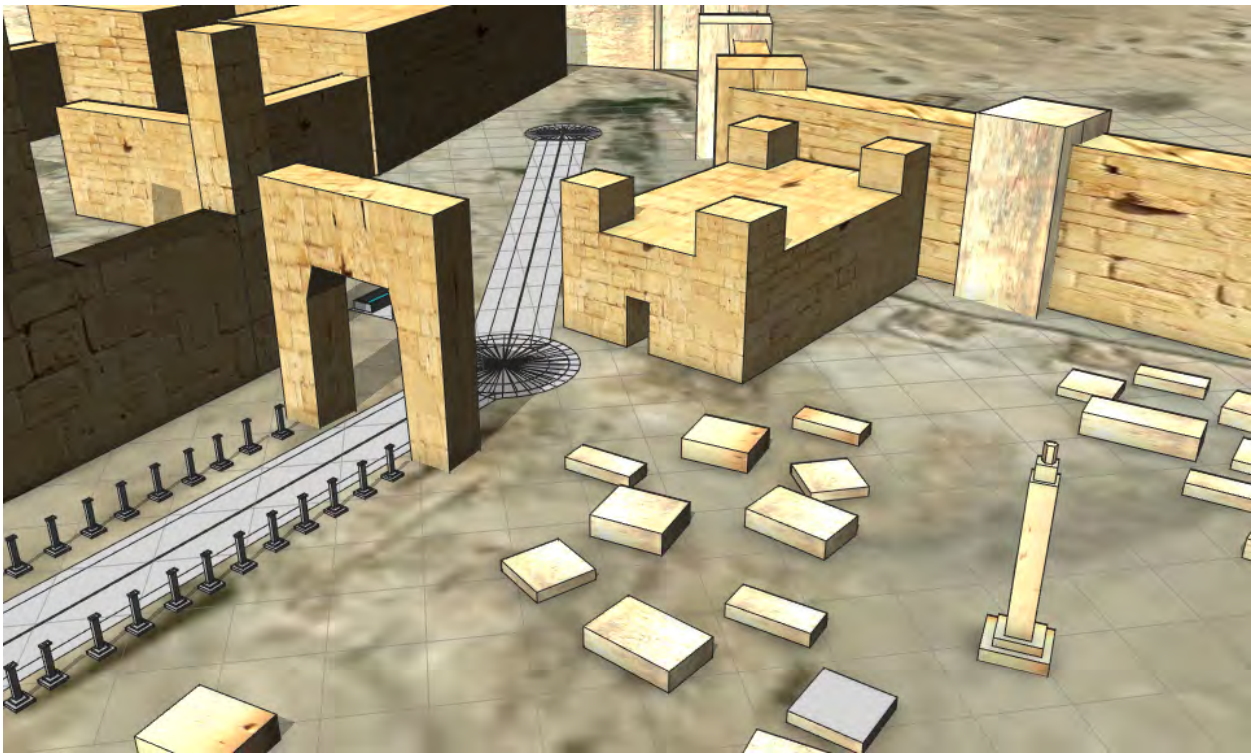

Fig. 6: West Section/Residential Area of Palmyra

Fig. 7: Funerary Temple and Triumphal Arch, Residential Area

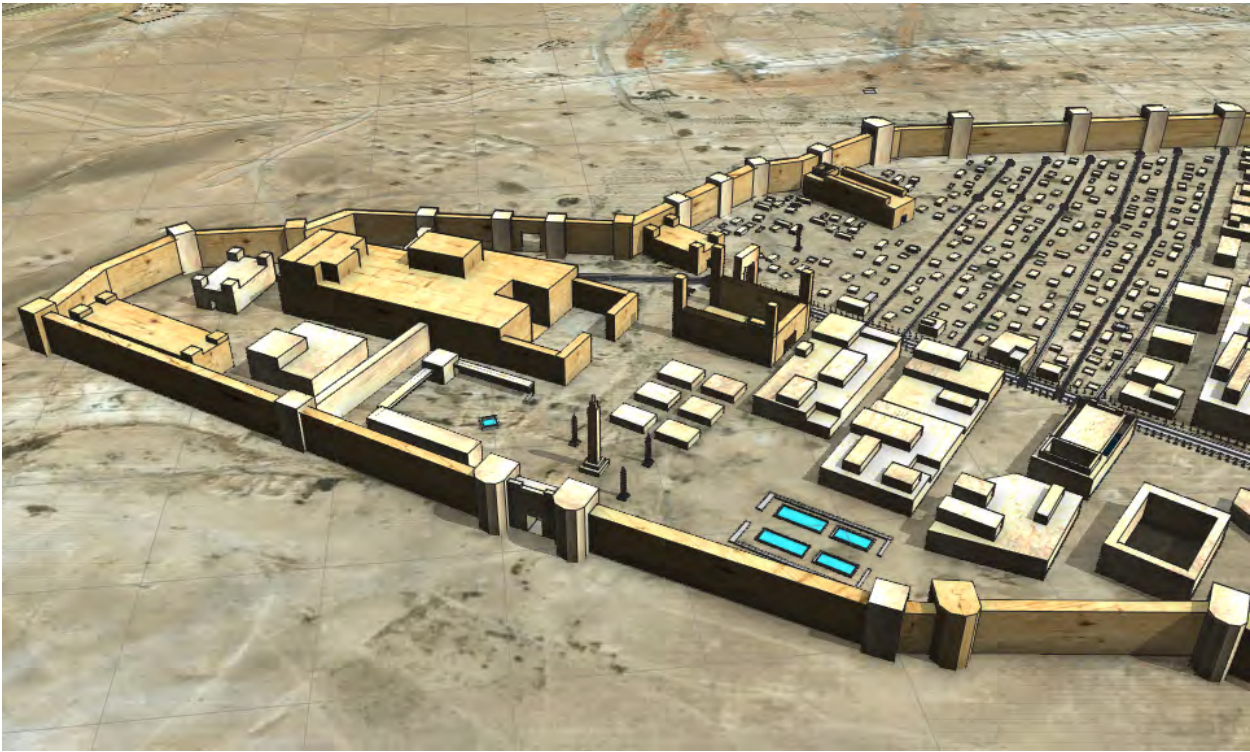Fig. 8: Bathhouse of Bardol, Residential Area
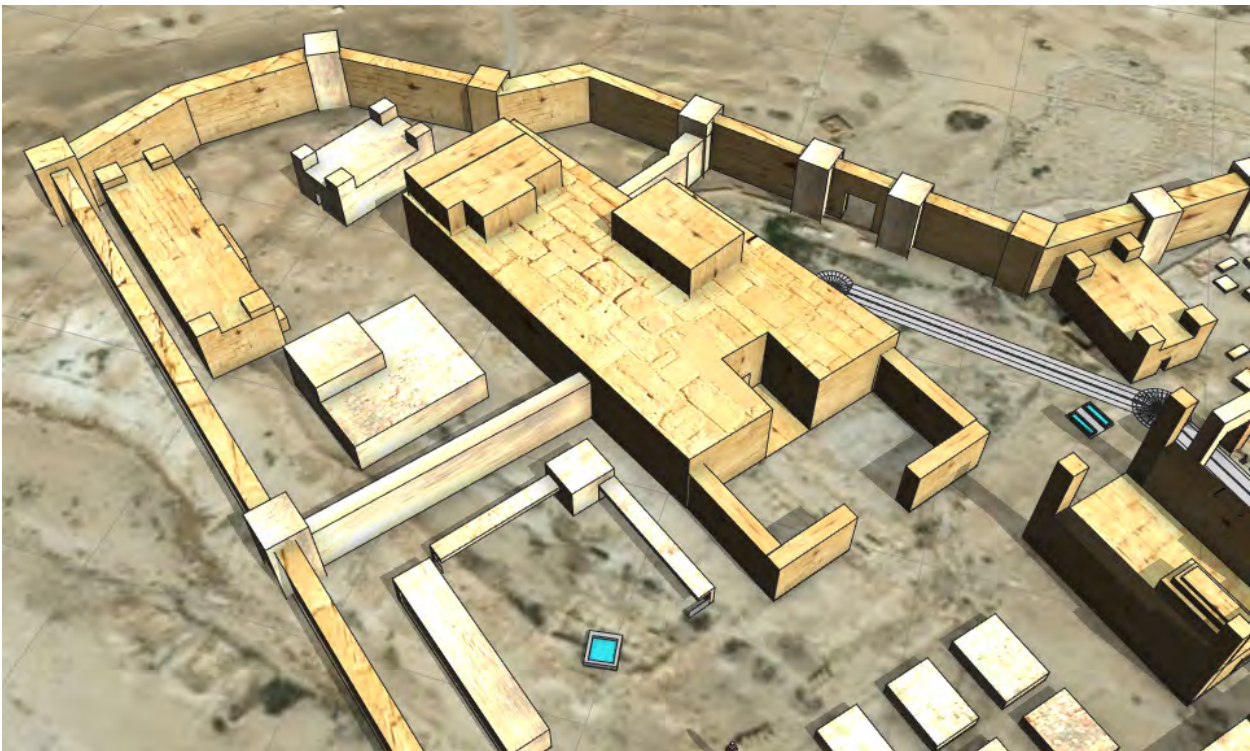
Fig. 9: Southwestern Section of Palmyra

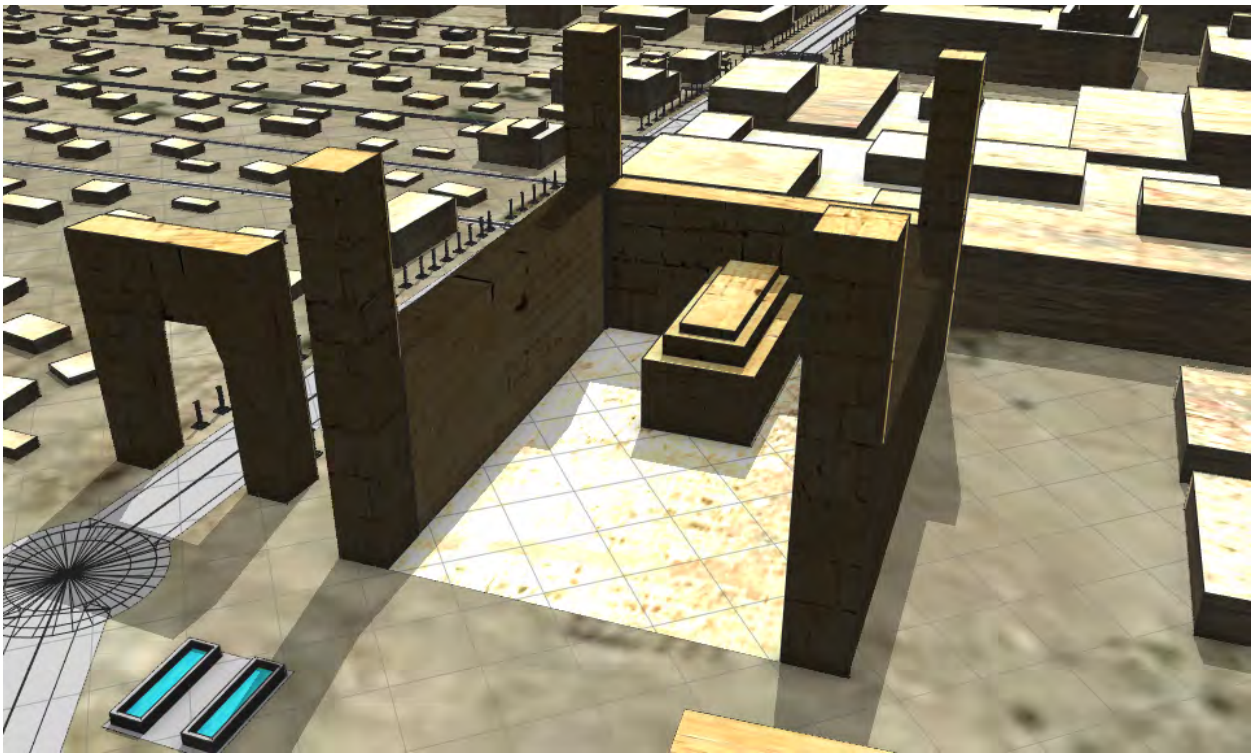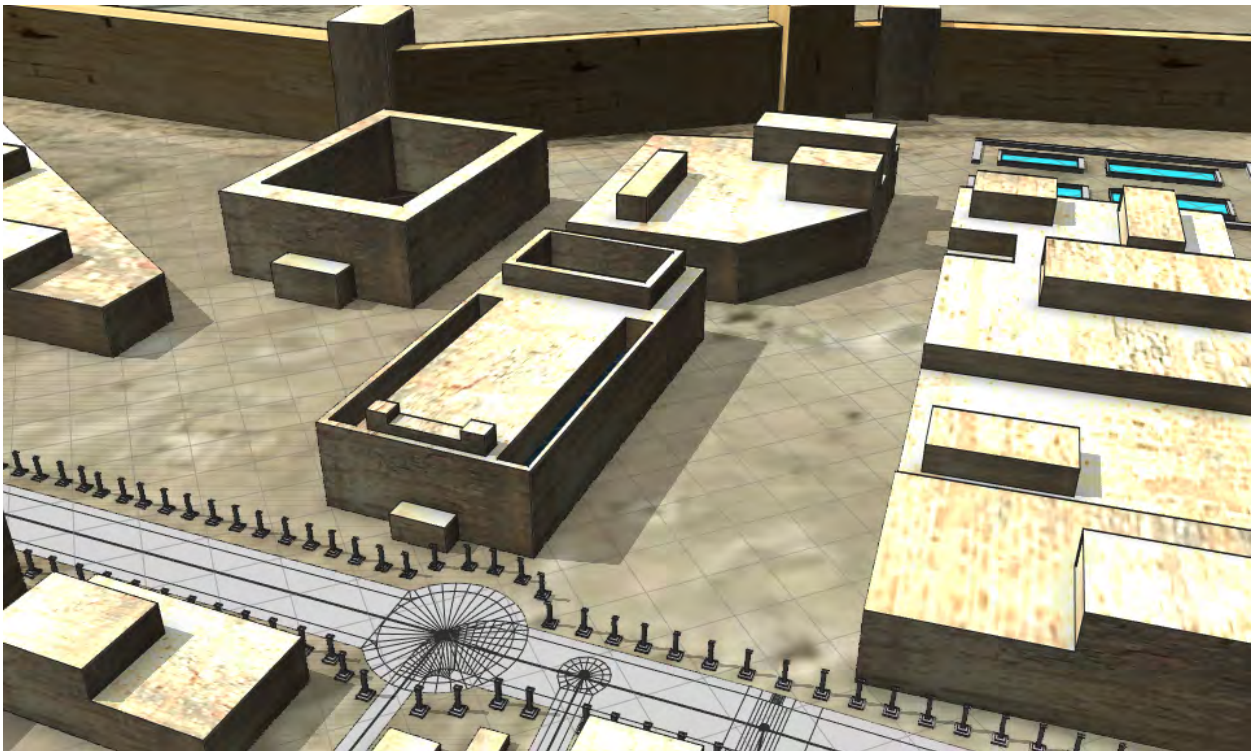Fig. 10: Fortress of Palmyra

Fig. 11: Temple of Allat

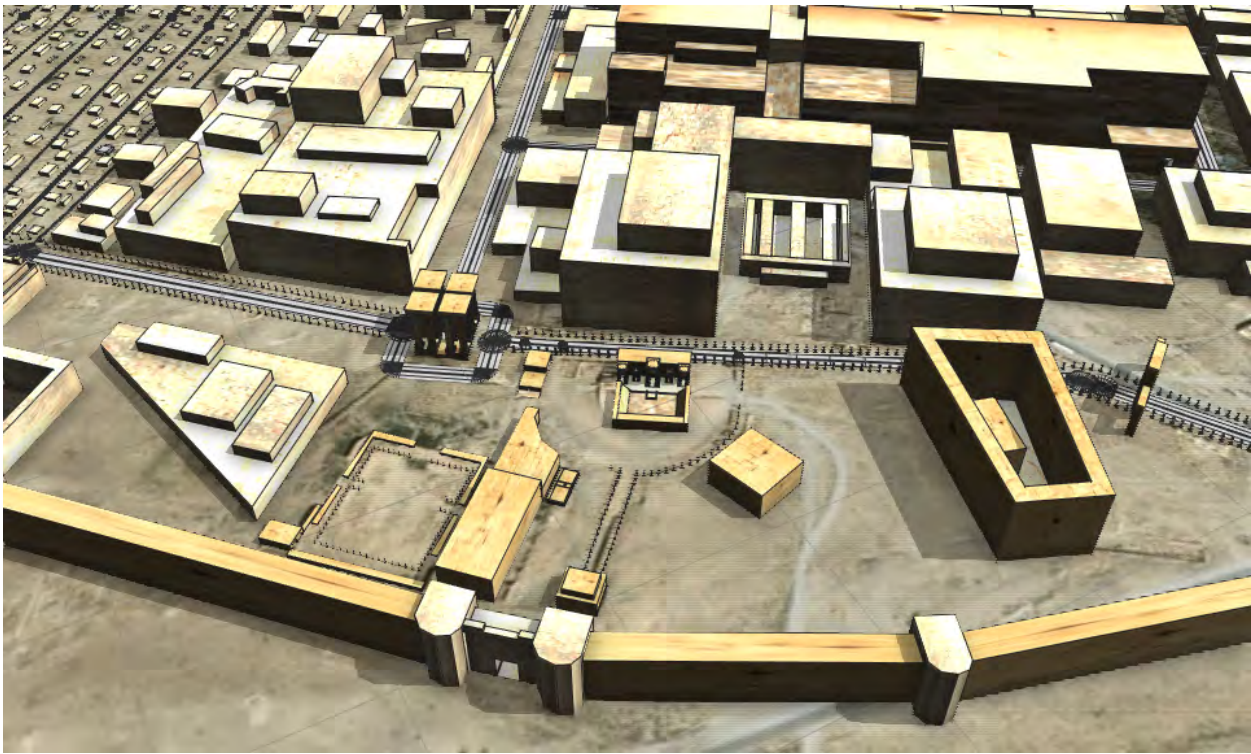

Fig. 12: Bathhouse of Orestes

Fig. 13: South Central Section of Palmyra
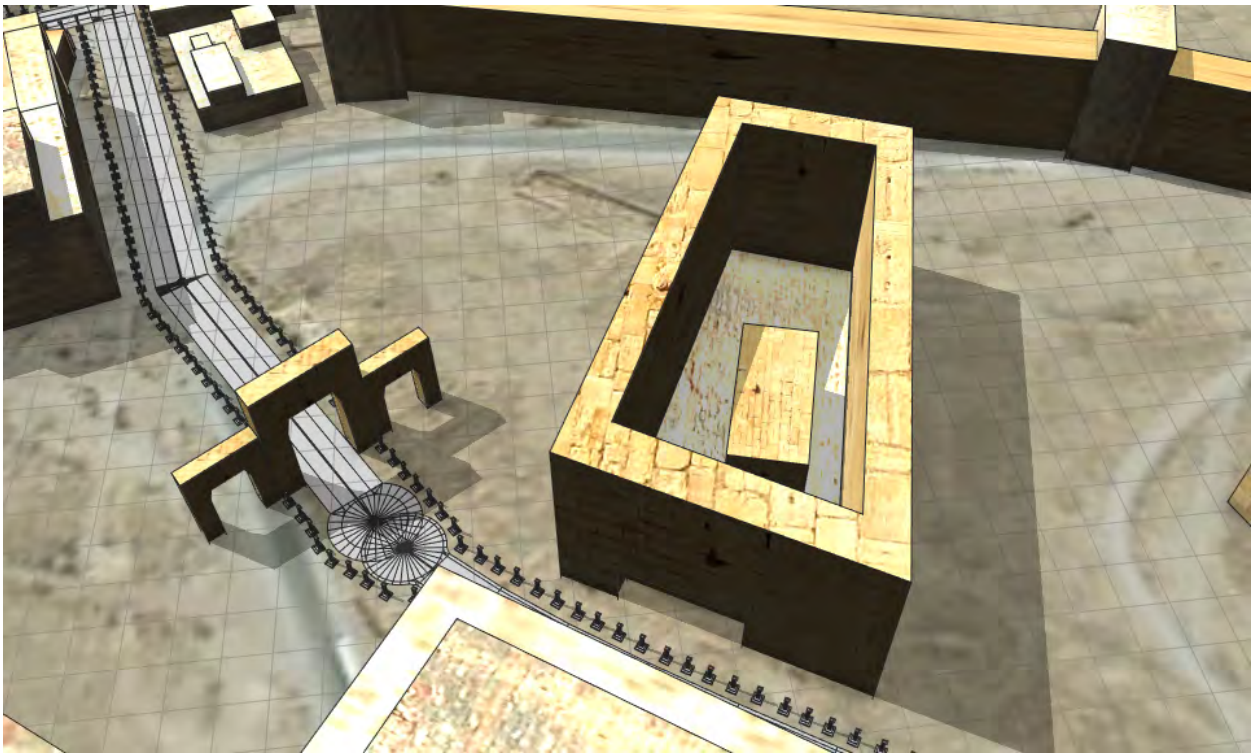

Fig. 14: Tetrapylon

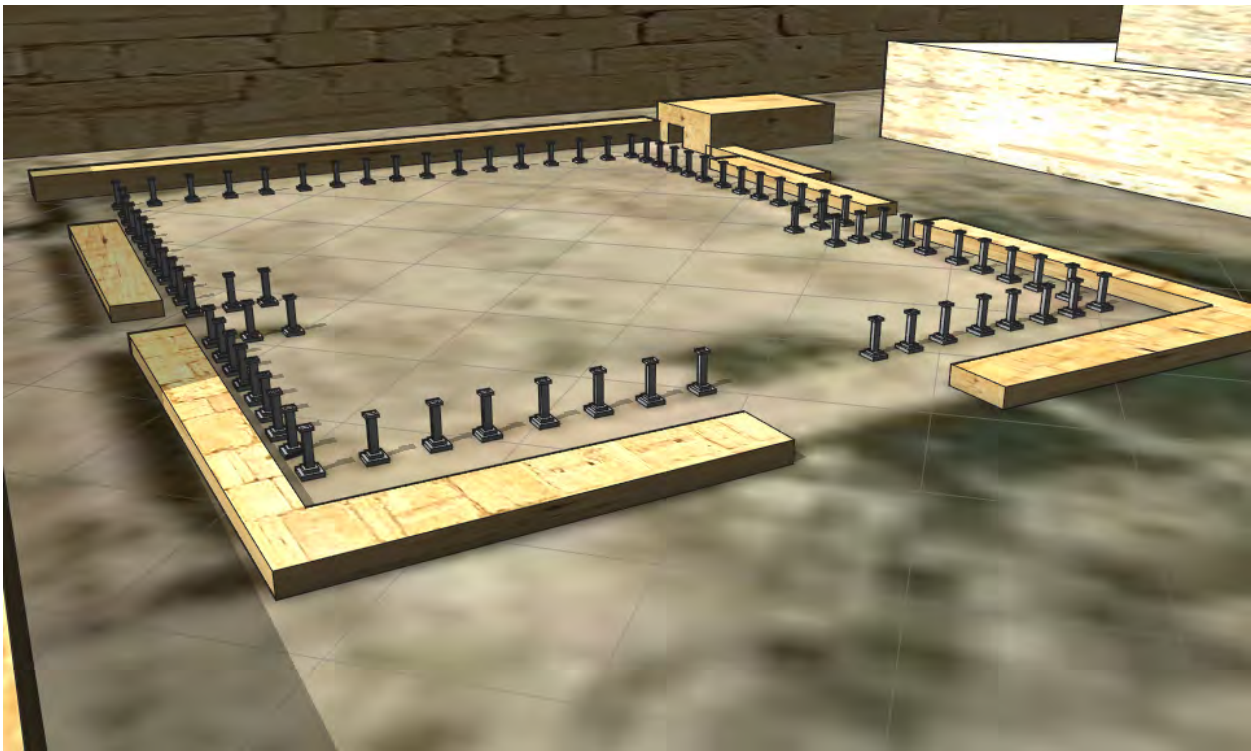Fig. 15: Triumphal Arch and Temple of Nabu

Fig. 16: Agora
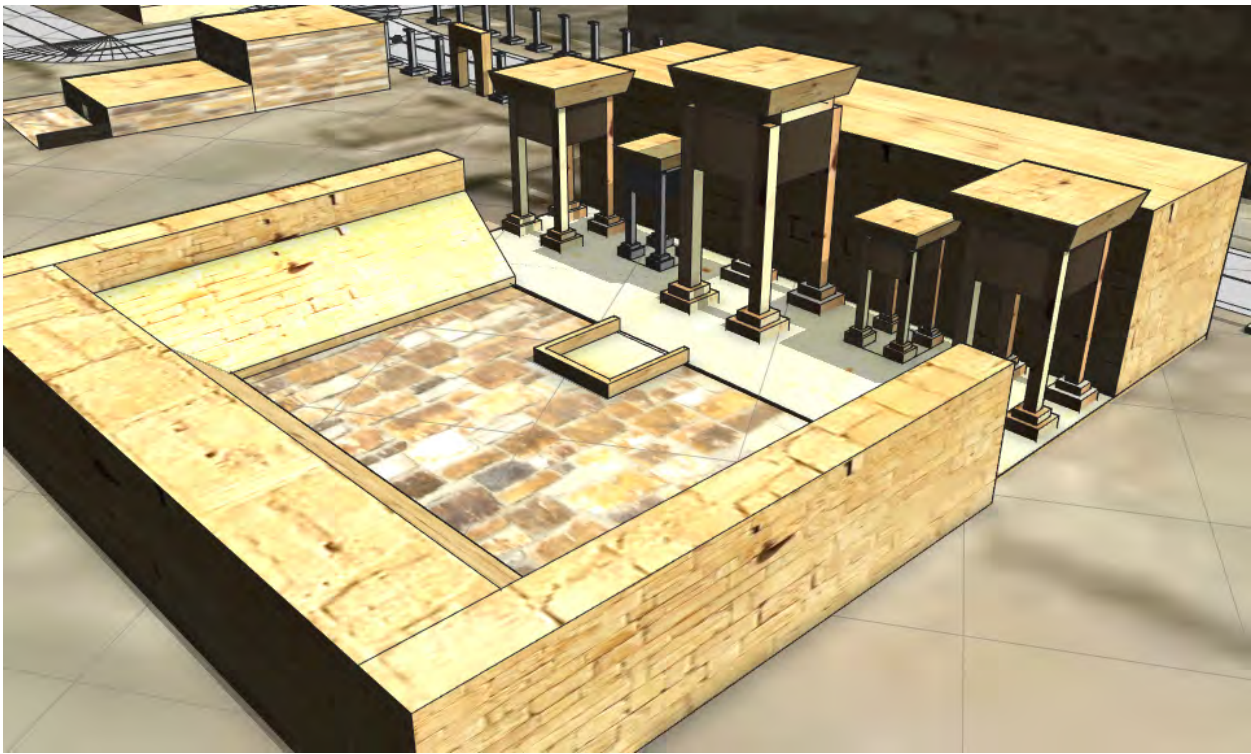
Fig. 17: Theatre of Palmyra

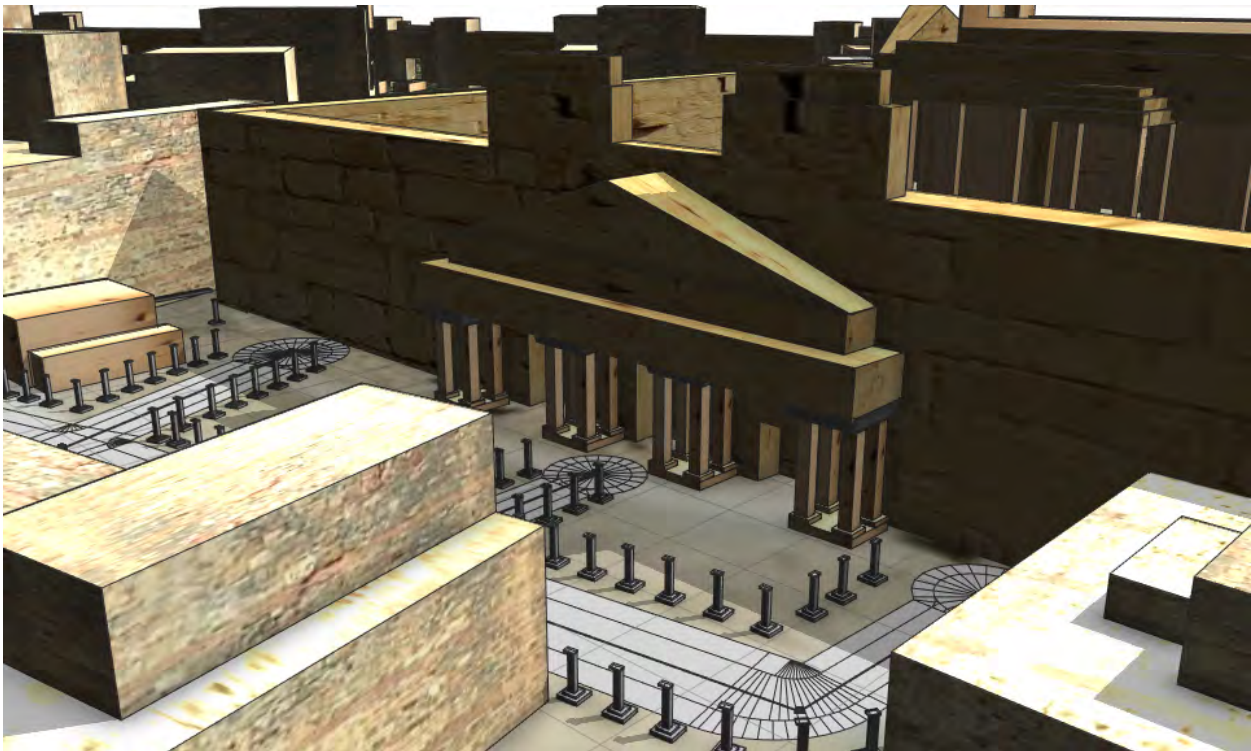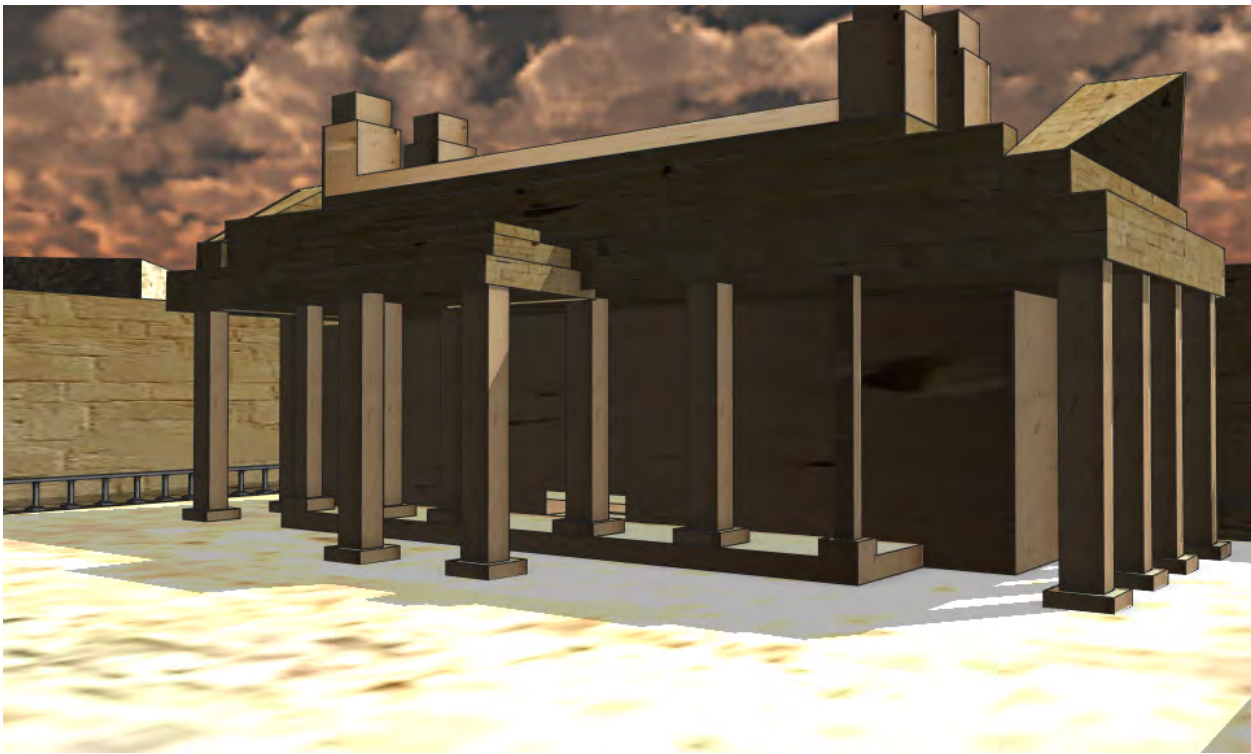
Fig. 18: Temple of Bel, Front
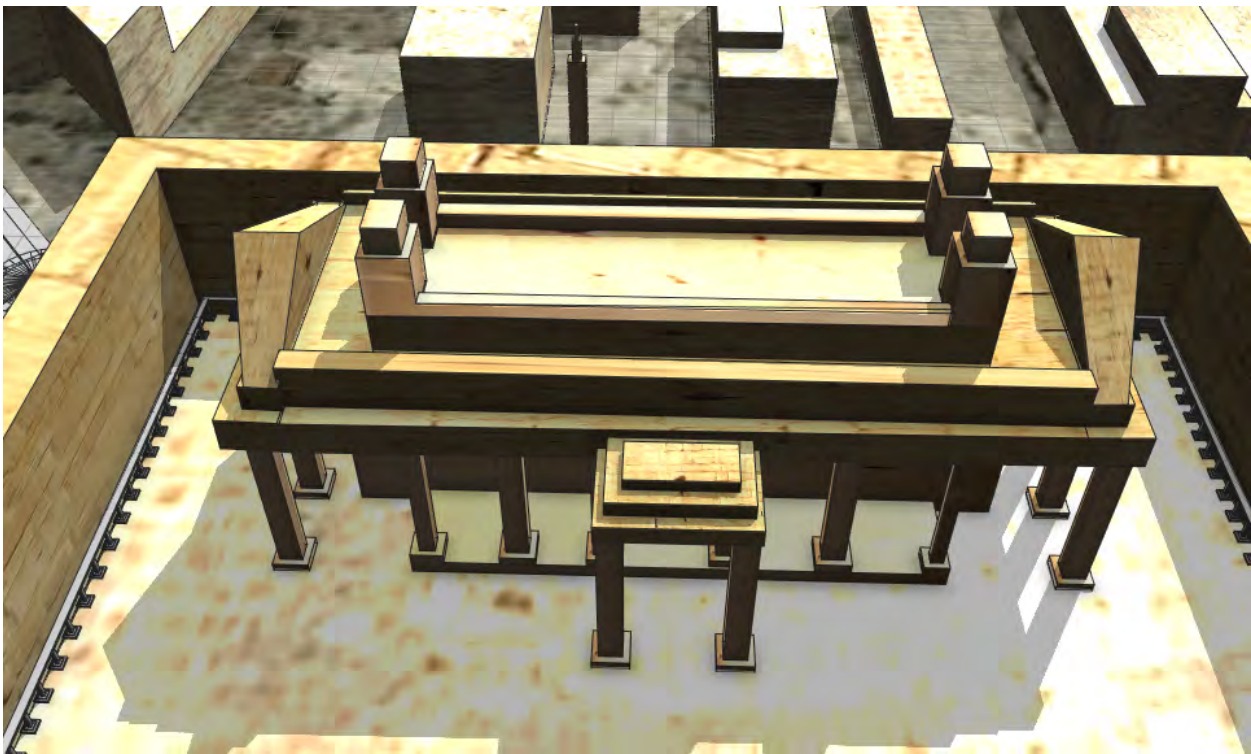
Fig. 19: Temple of Bel, Inside from Entrance

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Fig. 21: Google Earth Image of Palmyra, Network Analysis of Path Scenarios
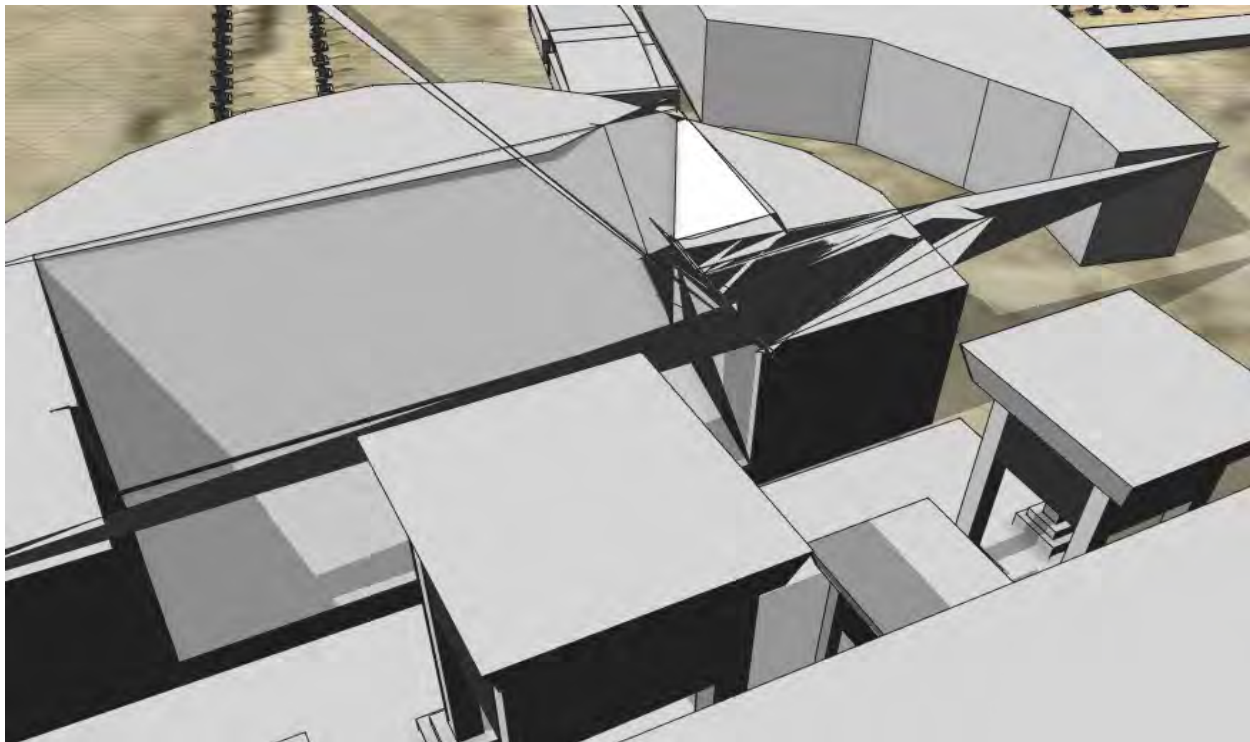

Fig. 22: CityEngine Polygonal Glitch 1
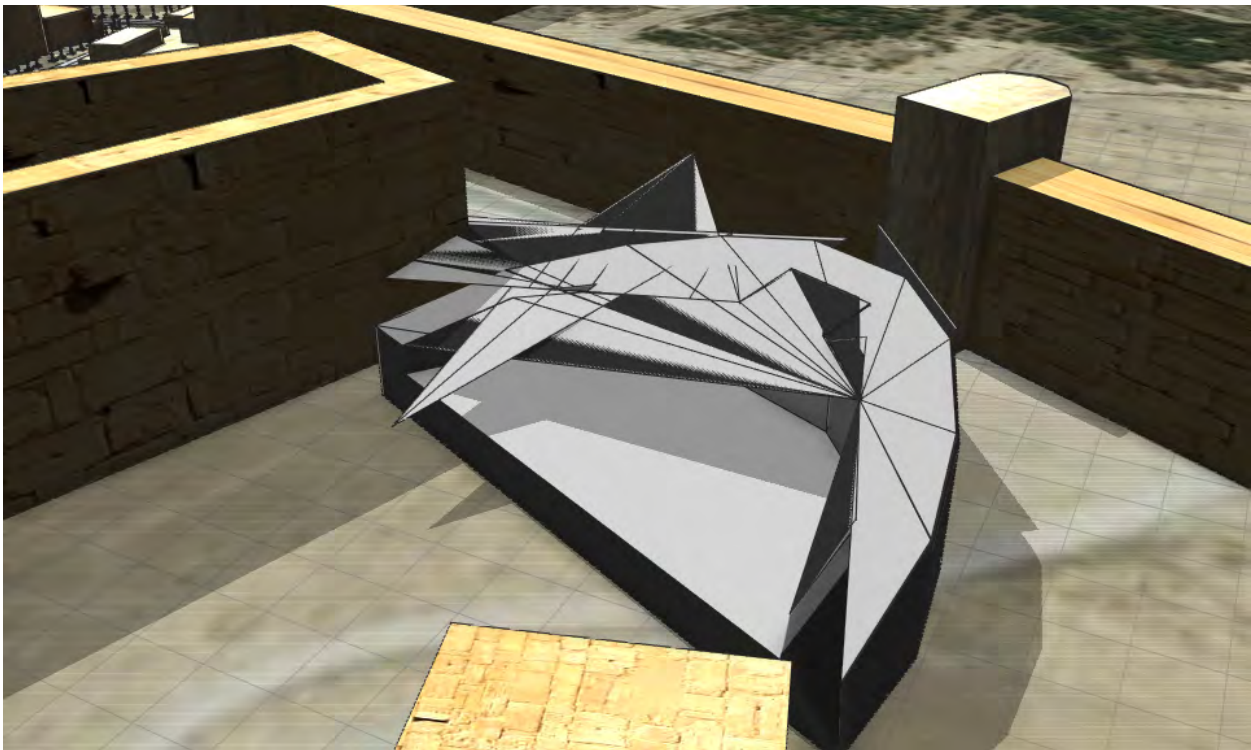
Fig. 23: CityEngine Polygonal Glitch 2

Fig. 24: CityEngine Polygonal Glitch 3

Fig. 25: Completed 3D Model of Palmyra, Syria c.300 CE in CityEngine

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QUINTUS AND MUM

Colleen Dunn

Subtle echoes in amphorae, Quintus whispered before birth,
mum murmurs back delightful tales sprung from the mythic earth.
Slumbering cozy in her arms, their heartbeats intertwined,
envisioning life's most precious gifts within without to find.

She watches Quintus frowning, with sandbox sieve he strains,
for the tiny practice potsherds she has scattered unashamed.
He drops them in his metal pail, it vibrates like a bell,
mum peers beneath her hazel brim ensuring all is well.

With whisk and trowel, a steady hand, his pockets pebble plump,
cheese and ciabatta bursting from their wicker basket lunch.
Fistfuls of firm fresh olives, tomato essence flowing free,
contemplating under parasol pines blissful discovery.

The Roman rays inspire all, past and future paths unknown,
school and friends and family, they'll leave no stone unthrown.
Quintus growing tall and strong, yet mum knows there'll come a day,
she'll recline and watch his silhouette walk his chosen Appian Way.

THE POLITICAL AND LEGAL ASPECTS OF ROMAN MARRIAGE

Olivia Harris

Abstract

While considerable effort has been given to discovering the different characteristics and uses of Roman marriage, there is little discussion concerning the possible alternative means of this union. It is for this reason that this paper explores the concept of marriage as a use for political gain within Roman antiquity, first providing the necessary legal and societal context. Jasper Burns' Great Women of Imperial Rome was used as guidance and a major source for this writing, and it is through this research that the subtle uses of marriage for personal and political advantage become apparent. Most available evidence involves the imperial family, which is not surprising given the nature of their status in itself. What is surprising, however, is that the women of the imperial family were not only used as a means to this end, but acted on their own accord towards similar goals.

Individuals within ancient Rome were subject to a society in which the laws and politics conquered its evolution. As the politics evolved, so did the laws, and therefore, society.[1] This is a natural progression and when examining the way in which society in ancient Rome functioned, law and politics must always be factored into the examination. This shall be applied no differently when examining the characteristics of marriage in ancient Rome. Modern society has developed a perspective of marriage primarily focused on love and attraction, and though this may not have been absent in ancient Rome[2], Roman citizens tended to focus on different benefits. The present writing will explore the legal aspects of marriage in Roman antiquity, ending with an examination of possible evidence for marriage as a tool for political advantage. Rather than focusing on a specific time within antiquity, a general overview will be used when discussing marital laws. However, the imperial family will be of focus when presenting evidence related to individuals who may have used marriage to gain political advantage.

Marriage was considered a fundamental aspect of life within ancient Rome[3], and this can be seen through emperor Augustus' decision to make marriage a civic duty.[4] Moreover, both legal and non-legal marriages were present in ancient Roman society, depending on the circumstances of the engagement. In order for a man to legally take a woman as his wife, there were requirements to be met; this was called *conubium*. What was described as a legal marriage (*iustae nuptiae*) depended generally on the individuals meeting qualifications surrounding certain characteristics: their age, their blood relationship,

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[1] Vial-Dumas, M. "Parents, children, and law: Patria potestas and emancipation in the Christian Mediterranean during late antiquity and the early middle ages." *Journal of Family History,* 39(4), 307-329., 2014.

[2] Hersch, K. K. *The roman wedding: Ritual and meaning in antiquity*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2010.

[3] Frier, B. W., & McGinn, T. A. J. *A casebook on roman family law*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004.

[4] Kuefler, M. "The marriage revolution in late antiquity: The theodosian code and later roman marriage law" *Journal of Family History,* 32(4), 343-370., 2010.

and their consent[5]. Additionally, both individuals must have been Roman citizens in order for the marriage to be considered valid.[6]

To begin, both individuals must have been of legal age in order to consummate the marriage.[7] However, it is important to note that the Romans typically defined proper age by the individual's physical maturity which can vary.[8] It is for this reason that a concrete number has been hard to speculate, and the age of maturity for marriage in Roman antiquity has continued to be a debate among scholars. Nevertheless, there is evidence to suggest that grooms were typically first married in their 20s, while the brides tended to be in their teenage years.[9] While these were standard ages for an individual's first marriage, individuals were often subject to multiple marriages depending on their status within society.[10]

Furthermore, it was important that the bride and groom had no close blood relationship with their spouse.[11] This law is peculiar, for the situation which it prohibits seems to have been a frequent occurrence within families of high political and social status. For example, the law prohibiting marriage between nieces and uncles was abolished by emperor Claudius due to his desire to marry his niece, Agrippina the Younger.[12] Even so, while there is evidence to suggest the presence of marriage among relatives in Roman antiquity, this was not the norm for most Romans, and marriage between blood relatives was typically discouraged.[13]

The next requirement for legal marriage was the consent of both parties.[14] However, unless the individual was independent under the state (i.e. no parent or legal guardian or legally considered an adult), this would not have been their decision. Considering the fact that girls were often married very young, their consent often fell onto the *paterfamilias.*[15] Whether or not a young girl's opinion was considered when providing consent to marriage is a topic debated among scholars. When considering the power of the paterfamilias (*patria potestas*), and the lack of women's rights in Roman antiquity, one could theorize that girls were often subject to marriage against their will or personal desire.[16]

Furthermore, during mid-to-late antiquity in Rome it was forbidden to marry among different social classes (e.g. patricians, plebeians, freemen, slaves).[17] The only class of citizens that were able to legally marry were the patricians and the plebeians (freemen and slaves lacked Roman citizenship), though the two classes could not mix. However, for those who did not meet the criteria for legal marriage, a non-legal marriage could take place.[18] This was referred to as *matramonium non iustum.* and occurred when the husband was not *conubium*.[19] If both individuals lacked such characteristics, it was

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[5] Hersch 2010.

[6] IBID

[7] Kuefler 2010.

[8] Frier & McGinn 2004.

[9] Kuefler 2010.

[10] Burns, J. *Great women of imperial rome: Mothers and wives of the caesars*. London: Routledge, 2007.

[11] Hersch 2010.

[12] Burns 2007.

[13] Hersch 2010.

[14] IBID

[15] Kuefler 2010..

[16] Burns 2007.

[17] Kuefler 2010.

[18] Hersch 2010.

[19] Kuefler 2010.

referred to as *contubernium*. What is interesting is where the opinion of scholars differ. For example, Hersch believes that c*ontubernium* can be interpreted as *concubanage*, while Kuefler holds that these are two entirely different matters. Kuefler states that *contubernium* would be better translated as the co-habitation of those without *conubium*.[20] Nevertheless, the elite class preferred a legal marriage because it was the only way to ensure the legitimacy of their children, which ultimately lead to the division of inheritance and the declaration of succession.

Marriage served multiple purposes for both private and public benefit. It is apparent that a large fraction of the legalities encompassing legitimate marriage focused on the benefits it would have for both the individual and the state. For example, forbidding legal marriage between different social classes ensures that no legitimate child can be born. By doing so, that child will not be allowed to inherit anything which was, perhaps in the Roman opinion, not theirs to receive; by these laws, a plebeian female shall not provide a rich inheritance to her son if she marries an aristocratic male. This is a demonstration of a strong emphasis on creating laws that can control the benefits of those who marry. An examination of marriages within ancient Rome that took place for political benefit of either the individual or the public will now be discussed.

Perhaps the most famous of family lineages within Roman antiquity is that of the imperial family, and it is for this reason that the marriage within this family will be discussed with detailed reference to Burns' *Great Women of Imperial Rome*. Due to the lack of sources regarding this specific topic, his work was used as a main source for the information to follow. Burns provides a detailed description of the women of imperial Rome from the perspective of their power, not just the power of their husbands. It is for this reason that the novel was used to highlight the political ambition of these women and their families, for it was typically the women who were married off for any advantage deemed necessary.[21]

The women discussed below will be introduced and examined as possible evidence for political gain being used as cause for the union of marriage. Due to the fact that women in antiquity had little control over their future[22], there are two perspectives that surface. The first is the father's use of his daughter's marriage for the family's political benefit. The second is the woman's individual use of marriage as a political means to survival. Both ultimately contribute to the notion of using marriage as a means for political advantage. This will be discussed in reference various marriages and lives of the women within the imperial family.

A term often used to refer to the emperors of Roman antiquity is "Caesar", and it is for this reason that a woman with direct blood relationship to Julius Caesar will be discussed first. Although Caesar was not the first emperor of Rome, his lineage and legacy was the beginning of the family tree of emperors to come. As Caesar continued to rise in political power in 60BCE, Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus (Pompey) decided to position himself in a better political position by arranging marriages. Fantham writes that Pompey initially intended to marry a niece of statesman Porcius Cato, and his son would marry the other; these marriages were purely for political benefit.[23] In fact, Plutarch discusses this thoroughly. He writes that while Pompey wished to marry his nieces, Cato saw this as a form of

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[20] IBID

[21] Perowne, S. *The caesars' wives: Above suspicion?*. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1974.

[22] Fantham, E. *Julia augusti: The emperor's daughter*. London: Routledge, 2006.

[23] IBID

corruption and bribery, and would have no part in it.[24] In the end, these marriage proposals were refused, and Pompey married Caesar's daughter, Julia. Of this, Plutarch writes, "...the marriage alliance which had hitherto veiled rather than restrained the ambition of the two men was now at an end".[25]

The daughter of Caesar is not the only famous Julia to be married as a means for political gain. Julia Augusti, the daughter of Augustus, went through multiple marriages at the mercy of her father. She was a widow at 16 years old in 23BCE. Julia Augusti then married Marcus Agrippa, after he was forcefully divorced from Augustus' niece. This engagement broke the social custom of 10 months of mourning, while strengthening the image of both Augustus and Agrippa[26]. In truth, Augustus was advised to make Agrippa his son-in-law in order to avoid potential competition that could impact his growing political influence.[27]

The next woman to be discussed is the wife of Augustus, Livia Drusilla. As the daughter of two noble families, it is clear to see the clear political advantage of marrying Livia. Although the events that lead to the marriage of Augustus and Livia are not clear, it would be natural for a man of Augustus' political importance to find a wife that would enhance that image. In fact, both individuals divorced their current spouses in order to fulfill such an engagement.[28] Before marrying Augustus, Livia was the wife of Tiberius Claudius Nero: an individual who supported the campaign of Marc Anthony, and the political enemy of Augustus.[29] It is interesting that Augustus chose to marry a woman who was once within a household that stood against him. One could theorize that the political advantages of marrying a woman of such noble birth outweighed the disadvantages of marrying a woman who once stood against him. Of course, there is evidence to suggest that there was a special sort of affection between the two.[30] However, as an emperor of Rome, it would be unwise to assume that Augustus and his advisors did not consider the advantages this marriage would provide in his campaign against Antony.[31] Marrying a woman who was once in a household supporting Antony may further portray the superiority of Augustus over his opponent.

Although Livia bore Augustus no children, she was able to convince her husband to make her son Tiberius heir to the throne.[32] In this way, her marriage to Augustus benefited both Livia and her family, and likely afforded her political benefit and security. There is evidence to suggest that once aware of Augustus' interest, Livia proceeded to use it to her advantage.[33] In fact, both Barrett and Burns repeatedly discuss the influence Livia had on Augustus even prior to their marriage. Due the fact that Livia continued to have a substantial political career for a woman in ancient Rome, one could theorize that this marriage truly was used for personal political advantage.

Another female relation of Augustus is his older sister Octavia, who had been married to Antony. Their daughter, Antonia Minor, is of particular interest for the topic at hand. Antonia was to be married

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[24] Plut. *Pomp.* 44.3
[25] IBID, 53.5
[26] Fantham 2006.
[27] IBID
[28] Barrett, A. *Livia: First lady of imperial rome*. London: Yale University Press, 2002.
[29] IBID
[30] Burns 2007.
[31] IBID
[32] IBID
[33] Barrett 2002.

to her cousin Drusus, the son of Augustus and Livia.[34] While the marriage itself had benefits for the images of both families, it is her relationship with Lucius Aelius Sejanus that is intriguing. Responsible for running the empire while Emperor Tiberius was no longer in Rome, Sejanus was attempting to create a royal connection to his family in order to create a more acceptable persona, in contrast to the one in which he was born into.[35] This would give him both a political advantage and an enhanced chance of survival. In doing so, he attempted to marry Antonia's son, Claudius, to one of his relatives.[36] This is a clear description of an individual creating ties with another family purely for political advantage. Sejanus' family was not of the same level of nobility as Antonia's, which is likely why he wanted to use her son as a way to improve his family's image.

Although Sejanus' did not succeed in connecting the two families by marriage, it is through his demise that it his association with Antonia's daughter Livilla was revealed. Livilla aided Sejanus in the murder of her husband Drusus the Younger.[37] Drusus was the son of emperor Tiberius, and with his death Sejanus would have rid himself of imperial competition. Sejanus' political power would also increase by marrying Livilla, granddaughter of Mark Antony. Therefore, Sejanus is an example of seeking marriage for the purpose of political advantage, using Antonia and her daughter Livilla to do so.

The next woman within the imperial family to be discussed is Agrippina the Elder. She was the daughter of Julia Augusti, and known for her ambition. Agrippina was married to Germanicus, who is most well-known as emperor Caligula. While this marriage is not explicitly stated to have political intent, the events to follow suggest that this was the case. After Caligula's death, Agrippina seemed to have a poor relationship with the new emperor Tiberius. The last conversation they ever had, recounted by Agrippina's daughter, involved Agrippina requesting that emperor Tiberius let her marry.[38] Tiberius did not provide an answer, knowing that this would create further competition for the throne.[39] Could Agrippina the Elder have been so concerned for her family's political position that, even as she was ill, she would seek to marry to restore her family's presence? Due to her ambitious nature, it is quite possible.

Agrippina the Younger, whose name was provided in order to distinguish her from her grandmother, Agrippina the Elder, is one of the most famous of the wives in the imperial family. She is the sister of emperor Caligula, niece and wife of emperor Claudius, and mother of the most hated emperor of Rome: emperor Nero. While Tiberius was emperor, he assigned a husband to Agrippina the Younger. This marriage, however, was used in order to place Agrippina at a political disadvantage for Tiberius did not favour her father, Germanicus. Agrippina was assigned to marry Gnaeus Domitius Ahenobarbus, a man with low ambition, who would not be a threat to Tiberius due to his poor character.[40]

After the death of Tiberius in 37 CE, Caligula became the third Emperor of Rome. Due to various misfortunate invents in the life of Caligula, his decisions became sporadic and Agrippina was no longer safe.[41] After the death of her husband, she sought a replacement to provide protection as well as

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[34] Burns 2007.
[35] IBID
[36] IBID
[37] IBID
[38] Tac. *Ann.* 4.53
[39] IBID
[40] Burns 2007.
[41] IBID

aid in her political ambitions. She married one of Rome's leading politicians, the husband of her late husband's sister, Passienus Crispus.[42] However, this marriage served as a stepping stone for future positions. As emperor Claudius ran into issue with his wife Messalina, their divorce provided an opening Agrippina had always wanted.[43] The advisors of Claudius were encouraging him to find a wife, and most were in favour of his niece. They abolished the laws preventing marriage between nieces and uncles, and Agrippina married the emperor of Rome.[44] It is through her tenacious political ambitions that Agrippina the Younger finally landed herself as close to the throne as possible, three marriages later.

     The final way in which Agrippina could secure her future was to influence her new husband's choosing of heir to be in favour of her son, Nero. This was successful, and lead to the miserably fearful reign of what was likely the most hated emperor in Roman history. In 50 CE, she convinced Claudius to adopt her son and in 51 CE he was given the title "*Princeps Iuventutis*" ("Prince of Youth"), and officially declared the heir to the throne; thus completing the security of Agrippina's future.[45] However, this was not enough. As emperor Claudius passed, rumours began to spread of both Nero's and Agrippina's involvement in his death, and accusations of murder surfaced.[46] Nevertheless, he had passed, and Nero became the new emperor of Rome.

     This marriage not only placed Agrippina as close to the throne as a woman can be, and she held her political position by ensuring her son would succeed his father. Her political ambition is quite apparent: for while Nero was emperor, there had been speculation that due to the turmoil in their relationship she contemplated his murder in order to ensure her safety.[47] Whether or not this is true, and whether or not this was a matter of life and death, is hard to tell. Nevertheless, through strong ambition and the manipulation of multiple men, including Emperor Claudius, Agrippina the Younger's safety and political position was secured through three strategically advantageous marriages.

     This paper was meant to be an exploratory examination of marriage within Rome, with considerable research on any evidence suggesting marriage as a use for political gain. The laws surrounding marriage in ancient Rome were first discussed to provide context for the information to follow. It was important for Roman citizens, and in particular, the Roman elite, to produce legitimate children. This ensured a proper division of inheritance, and for those of the imperial family, the means to declare ones son as a successor. Furthermore, marriage was typically decided by the men within Roman antiquity. As women were typically married so young, it was rare that they maintained legal independence in order to consent to their own marriage. Since a father could control the man his daughter married, it is natural that he did so for his own benefit. However, as discussed, women within the imperial family who held legally independent status often sought out men for the same reasons. Although further research is necessary in order to truly see the cause of these marriages, one could theorize that marriage was more often used as a tool for its union. Furthermore, the women within the Roman imperial family, dating all the way back to the daughter of Julius Caesar himself, have

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[42] IBID
[43] IBID
[44] IBID
[45] IBID
[46] IBID
[47] IBID

repeatedly been marrying men in order to provide political advantage for their family, themselves, or the family of the potential husband.

This topic lacks sources, and speculation must always be made regarding the accuracy of sources found. Although it would be interesting, this makes it difficult to see if marriage functioned as utility rather than union for women of lesser status as well. Nevertheless, the actions and beliefs of the imperial women and their families perhaps could have influenced others. Ultimately, it would seem that the women themselves were not without their own political ambition. It is a shame that through marriage, women were used for the needs of others. However, it is impressive that they were able to act in similar ways for the needs of themselves.

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BOOK REVIEW - THE DRUIDS: CELTIC PRIESTS OF NATURE

Kevin A. Fulsom

Abstract

The Druids: Celtic Priests of Nature *was written by Jean Markale, the pseudonym of Jean Bertrand, a self-styled academic and public school teacher, and was first published in French under the title* Le Druidisme: Traditions et dieux des Celtes *by Editions Payot in 1985. Markale has published numerous works in the sphere of Celtic Studies and is well received on Amazon, being in the very top search results for Celts and Druids. A review of his work is therefore of great use for anyone interested in this field.*

In this work, Markale attempts to gather, summarize, and analyze what little historical information there is on the nature of the druids. He draws from ancient Greek and Roman writers such as Pliny, Caesar, Herodotus, Aminius, Polybius, and many others, but he also relies heavily on interpreting mythological tales and heroic fiction written by the Irish and Welsh during the medieval period. Such works as the *Táin Bó Cúailnge, The Mabinogion, Taliesin,* and Arthurian literature are relied upon heavily as they form much of what is available in the literary sources.

He begins by explaining some of the differences between druidism and other religious traditions that have emerged from the Indo-European peoples and from this concludes that Druidism is native to Gaul and the British Isles, having arisen there organically after the Indo-Europeans migrated to Western Europe. However, though containing Indo-European structures and symbolism, druidism had ultimately incorporated a number of features from the original megalithic peoples, in part due to the Indo-Europeans being a minority in the area. Druidism was also influenced by, and influenced, Norse spiritual traditions and there are many parallel figures and beliefs in these traditions.

Analyzing Arthurian tales, he sets up Merlin as a romanticized druidic figure and explains his relationship with Arthur as the traditional one that existed in Celtic societies. Though the kings were technically the rulers, it was required that they heed the words of the druidic class, making them more like puppet administrators. He then does a chapter by chapter analysis of the "gods" of the Celts. This section draws on statements by Caesar and analyzes figures who are part of the Tuath da Dannan from the *Táin Bó Cúailnge* or characters from the Mabinogion. After his analysis of the figures from myth, he concludes that these heroic figures were not truly gods and that the Druids themselves were in fact monotheistic. He explains that this is why the Druids so easily and quickly converted to Christianity, because so many of their underlying assumptions about the nature of the world were similar. Their conception of the universe was a tripartite division of one whole being or existence, which is God. This is the meaning of the triskelion, which had been a Celtic and pagan symbol since the bronze age.

Finally, he concludes by admitting that we cannot truly know what the druids believed because we have too little to go on, but that is much in keeping with the nature of the druids themselves and if we

want to learn more it is probably best to look into the early formation of the church in Ireland and its traditions.

While this work is certainly interesting at times, on several levels it is deeply flawed as an academic source for information on potential druidic beliefs and practices. Markale casually makes giant leaps of logic to arrive at conclusions which would seem to be contrived a-priori. His analysis is largely conjecture asserted as fact and even when sources are given it is not obvious how those sources corroborate his assumptions. While Markale may have ultimately arrived at a reasonable conclusion, he does not bring the reader along with him and may in fact have done more harm than good in helping to understand the druids and Celtic society in general.

Throughout this work he insists that "the Britons of British Isle, they were cattle breeders rather than farmers".[1] He claims that "there wasn't representation of a god of the third function, one who specialized in agriculture".[2] From this he concludes that agriculture was not important to the Celts and that it was "regarded as a subalternate function".[3] He desires to see the Celts primarily as pastoralists, and though pastoralism certainly did play a large role in their society, there is much archaeological data and many historical sources that attest to the widespread use of farming. Barry Cunliffe, a notable British Archaeologist and a specialist in regards to Celtic archaeology, states in relation to Iron Age Britain,

> "Over most of the inhabited parts of south-east Britain, grain production formed the basis of the economy… Throughout the second millennium, emmer wheat (Triticum dicoccum) and barley, in particular the naked variety (Hordeum tetrasticum), constituted the main crops"[4]

Markale uses no archaeological sources for the previous assertion, or any other assertion he makes. He does not even consult his primary historical sources which in other situations he relies on extensively. Diodorus Siculus tells us about the Celts of Britain:

> "The method they employ of harvesting their grain crops is to cut off no more than the heads and store them away in roofed granges, and then each day they pick out the ripened heads and grind them, getting in this way their food".[5]

He makes no mention of pastoral practices. Likewise, Strabo tells us: "It [Britain] bears grain, cattle, gold, silver, and iron. These things, accordingly, are exported from the island" then paradoxically says later in the same paragraph: "they have no experience in gardening or other agricultural pursuits".[6]

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[1] Markale, Jean. *The Druids: Celtic Priests of Nature.* Translated by Jon Graham (Rochester: Inner Traditions International, 1999), p. 3

[2] IBID, p. 116

[3] IBID

[4] Cunliffe, Barry. "*Iron Age Communities in Britain: An account of England, Scotland and Wales from the seventh century BC until the Roman Conquest" Fourth Edition.* Abingdon: Routledge, 2005.

[5] Diod. V. 21

[6] Strabo. *Geog.* IV.5.2

The ancients give us a very confused look at Britain and the Celts in general, and one could use their statements to support almost any conclusion, but it seems clear that Markale is guilty of cherry picking, listing references only to pastoral society while excluding numerous accounts of agricultural activity. It seems he has taken the myths and his constructed version of the Celtic gods and used evidence to fit with this rather than the other way around. His claim that the Celts did not have a god of agriculture is also misleading. The Celtic pantheon is mostly constructed from attested names and speculation. We do not have a complete list of deities or forms of worship. The closest things we have are legendary stories which do not even present these characters as gods, but as extremely gifted humans, or in modern terms, superheroes. Later on in his dissection of Celtic myth, Markale concludes that the mythical characters in the tales are not in fact meant to be gods. Why then is it significant that there is a lack of depiction of an agricultural "deity"?

Markale has a repugnant habit of quoting his own writings throughout this work. Though at times it may be warranted, it is certainly done to the excess in order to provide the reader with the impression that his statements are backed up by credible research. A quick counting through the bibliography will bring up more than eighty such self-aggrandizements. He is by far the most numerous source in this title, beating all the original Celtic sources and all proper scholars in the field. For just one example of this, he states:

> *"But this society, as in Ireland, was already Christian and was maintained only because the Christian priests, monks, abbots, and bishops strictly played the same social role as that previously performed by the ancient druids".[7]*

While this might be a reasonable possibility, he provides a source which turns out to be one of his own books. Surely if he had done proper research for that other work on Celtic Christianity he would have a plethora of primary sources he could list. Why not provide one? One can only conclude that he is an egomaniac, ill-researched, or both.

Another large problem with Markale's work is his erroneous timeline for the establishment of Celtic society, language, and their presence in Western Europe. In some respects it is not his fault, for this timeline which he adopted was more-or-less the standard timeline accepted by many academics of his day. He states: "the Celts didn't appear until the end of the Bronze Age (900-700 BCE) and that their existence is only historically verified from around the year 500 BCE".[8] While it is true that they do not appear on the historical record before 500 BCE, they certainly appear on the archaeological and genetic record well before then. Archaeological, linguistic, and genetic evidence assembled by Barry Cunliffe and John Koch in their series, *Celtic From The West*, have demonstrated continuity along the Atlantic Façade since the start of the Bronze Age. New genetic studies have shown the British and Irish populations to be drawn largely from an influx of people around the beginning of the Bronze Age, which

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[7] Markale 1999: 23
[8] IBID, p. 43

spread the common Y haplogroup R1b with a steppe component from the east.[9] This timeline corresponds to some versions of the theorized migration of steppe nomads, the Indo-Europeans.

Around this same time period some have shown that the previous Megalithic culture was breaking down and being replaced.[10] While Markale correctly points out that the druids had nothing to do with the Megalithic culture, Stonehenge, or the other stone monuments dating to the Neolithic, he incorrectly places the time of the arrival of the Celts, and by doing so inflates the possible influence on Celtic practices that might have come from these Neolithic peoples. He states that

> *"it is in western Europe that the origins of druidism must be sought, because it was only western Europe that received the indelible mark of Celtic civilization, thus giving proof that, historically speaking, it became implanted there very early,"*[11]

Markale attributes the existence of a figure like Cernunnos, the horned god, to the pre-Indo-Europeans, as in his timeline this group existed right into the end of the Bronze Age and such a link is therefore reasonable.[12] When one considers that Indo-Europeans were present in Western Europe since the start of the Bronze Age and were also likely the carriers of that area's bronze technology based on the dating of copper mining[13], such a direct link seems less likely.

This leads to one of Markale's conceptual problems displayed throughout this book. He seems unable or unwilling to consider the possibility that cultural groups can make their own innovative styles without some other outside force acting upon them. If Cernunnos does not conform to the typical conception of an Indo-European god, then to Markale the only possible explanation is that it was borrowed from some other culture. He does this with all features of druidism or the Celts in general which do not fit with his idea of what is truly Indo-European. While one should not dismiss the influence of neighboring or pre-existing traditions, individuals and, by extension, cultures are capable of responding to their own natural environments and generating their own mythologies about those things in unique ways that do not necessarily follow the scripted framework of simplistic materialism. The early Indo-Europeans moving west would have been thrown into a completely different environment than the plains they were accustomed to. Much of the region was still covered in heavy forests and these environmental influences would certainly have shaped their thinking as much as any pre-existing religious beliefs in the area. The Nematon, the sacred clearing in the forest that functioned as the druids' place of worship, could well be seen as a connection back to this early history.[14] A clearing amongst a

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[9] Pala, Maria et al. "Archaeogenetic and Palaeogentic Evidence for Metal Age Mobility In Europe" in *Celtic From the West 3: Atlantic Europe in the Middle Ages - questions of shared language,* ed. Barry Cunliffe and John Koch, 351-386. Oxford: Oxbow Books , 2016

[10] Gibson, Catriona D. "Closed For Business Or Cultural Change? Tracing The Re-Use And Final Blocking of Megalithic Tombs During The Beaker Period" in *Celtic From the West 3: Atlantic Europe in the Middle Ages - questions of shared language,* ed. Barry Cunliffe and John Koch, 83-110. Oxford: Oxbow Books , 2016

[11] Markale 1999: 50

[12] IBID, p. 113-114

[13] Timberlake, Simon. "Copper Mining, Prospection And The Beaker Phenomenon in Wales – The Significance Of The Banc Tynddol Gold Disc" " in *Celtic From the West 3: Atlantic Europe in the Middle Ages - questions of shared language,* ed. Barry Cunliffe and John Koch, 111-138. Oxford: Oxbow Books , 2016

[14] Markale 1999: 126-127

massive forest even today feels like a sacred place to one who has been hiking for hours, stumbling through the underbrush. People are capable of creating their own traditions based on experience or even imagination. If this were not possible, works of creative fiction would be few and far between. Therefore, one cannot take such mechanistic thinking and apply it to the history of a religious tradition or a culture and expect to get valid results.

Perhaps the silliest example in the entire work is Markale's discussion of plant ritual and magic. After quoting Pliny on the druidic ceremony of collecting mistletoe and the various properties of that plant, and a rather level discussion on the connection of druids and trees and the etymological links between the word for wisdom, trees, and druids, he cites some absolutely ludicrous paragraph concerning Atlantis and flying machines that used plant energy.[15] While attempting to distance himself from a quote he decided to use, he then goes on to express not disbelief in Atlantis, but the timeline the author, Steiner, had placed on it. He makes an attempt to actually resurrect Steiner, claiming that his statement shows he was aware of the latent energy of plants, which is not anti-scientific and was quite advanced for his time. He closes the chapters with the statement: "For a myth, whatever kind it may be, underlies a reality, no matter how irrational it may seem in appearance".[16] This speaks to pure romanticism, not reasoned scholarly research. It is very unlikely that *all* myth is based in reality or has some connection to it which can be discovered. Any such attempt is speculation on the part of an interpreter.

Another rather bold claim that he makes is in regards to directions.

"Indeed Celtic orientation takes the rising sun, that is the east, as its base. In front is the east, to the left is the north, the sinister side (sinister being the Latin word for left), to the right is the south, the luminous side, and behind is the west. But in fact there are but three cardinal points visible; the fourth is nonexistent because it cannot be seen and thus is considered as the Otherworld, the invisible world. The north, therefore, is the malefic and obscure direction"[17]

This statement is completely unsourced and a creation of Markale's imagination. It is just as likely, and indeed more probable, that the west is seen as the location of the underworld because there is a massive ocean there which seemed endless in ancient times and the sun would disappear in the west every evening. In regards to the bad connotations to north, again this is unfounded and also seems to be contrary to other information he provides in the book in regards to druidic practitioners traveling to remote northern sites or islands in order to study the art. If it was, as he says; "to go west by way of the north is to break the cosmic harmony. It is to go the wrong way and expose oneself to the worst kinds of ills"[18], it would seem unlikely anyone would ever do such a thing, which certainly makes travel quite impossible. Even walking from one side of your village to the other might become hazardous!

Sadly, Markale's speculation continues into his conclusion, which otherwise is quite plausible but is made distracting and unpalatable to the skeptical mind. After spending more than a quarter of the

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[15] IBID, p. 136
[16] IBID, p. 139
[17] IBID, p. 171
[18] IBID, p. 172

book giving somewhat dull speculative accounts of the Celtic gods and attributing godly traits to them, he concludes that: "the gods are druids. And if all gods are druids, all druids are gods. But they are also men".[19] He does nothing to lead the reader up to this conclusion; quite the opposite.

> *"But the tales concerning them [the mythical figures in Celtic story] were the best means of providing an account, in a clear and concrete fashion, of the intellectual, spiritual, and magical prowess of the druidic sacerdotal class"*[20]

The reader may be skeptical of this claim. These stories are far from some kind of clear account of either gods or mortals. Nevertheless, there are good reasons to think that the figures in myth were never intended to represent gods. One of the clearest examples we have of this, as Markale rightly references, is the Celtic world's rapid conversion to Christianity.

> *"Tuan mac Carill…relates all of his adventures to Saint Patrick, is baptized, and dies a good Christian. The Conclusion is logical: the druid-god no longer serves a purpose, since a new druid-god has come bearing a message of faith and resurrection. Saint Patrick, witness of Christ, a previously unknown god, replaces all the druids, and, consequently all the gods. This is one of the fundamental reasons why the Irish – never invaded by the Romans, and far from the changes then taking place in Europe – converted so easily and without being forced to the Christian religion".*[21]

Without some explanation, this quote may not make sense. Tuan mac Carill had been in a timeless place and when he returned to Ireland several hundred years later it had become Christian and all the druids were gone. He relates the entire history of Ireland to Saint Patrick, as he had been entrusted with keeping the history in days of old, thus making Patrick the de-facto heir to Ireland. The historical claim that Ireland quickly converted, largely without violence or noticeable upheaval, seems accurate from what we know. Many, including Markale, speculate that large parts of the druidic class simply converted to Christianity themselves and became the founders of many monasteries. Such a rapid conversion, including those who represented the former ways, would seem unlikely unless there was already a common ground, common believes and understandings about things fundamental to their world-view.

An important thing to keep in mind, however, when we consider the last assertion, is that many Germanic tribes also converted relatively rapidly. Many of the Goths by the time of their famed sack of Rome were already Christians of the Arian tradition. Things took far longer amongst the Norse, but this might be down to cultural rather than religious traditions. The Saxons who settled in Britain went from killing Christians to being converted by them within a few hundred years. Though it may be likely that due to the Celtic belief in the immortality of the soul, as attested by Caesar[22], they were easy converts to Christianity, we might do well to remember it may not have been the only possible reason.

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[19] IBID, p. 210
[20] IBID
[21] IBID
[22] Caes. *Gall.* VI.14

Markale's *The Druids* is an interesting opinion piece and does display a solid knowledge of Celtic mythology, but it does not rise to the level of proper scholarly work. If Markale had simply presented his personal beliefs and speculation as such alongside the historical and archaeological evidence, all would be well. Alas, this was not to be. His opinions are presented as the truth and most other quotes are selected in conformance with his own opinions rather than presenting the whole picture. Though Markale might inform us that Celtic logic and Mediterranean logic are fundamentally different[23], it seems likely that the druids, universally respected in the ancient world for their intellect, would be left wanting with this work, much the same as the modern scholar.

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[23] Markale 1999: 227

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THE GORGONS: AN ANALYSIS OF GREEK CERAMIC ART

Daniel Jooste

Abstract

Numerous ceramic artifacts from Ancient Greece have been painted, incised, and molded to depict illustrations of the mythological Gorgons. With the purpose of presenting several possible reasons behind the decisions of the artists to portray them so, this paper shall focus on the differing appearances of the Gorgons among multiple artifacts, as well as interpreting the poses and actions being taken by the Gorgons in the illustrations. In addition, numerous symbolic alternatives have been theorized by modern researchers regarding the artists' intentions to illustrate the myth of Perseus slaying Medusa. A comparative analysis shall be presented to indicate the contrasting theories among various scholars, with a particular aim of refuting the claims made by Adolf Furtwängler in the 19th century. Furthermore, this shall paper shall provide its own hypothesis in how the artifacts might be interpreted.

The following quote illustrates the common characteristics of Gorgon imagery, as presented by Hesiod, during the late 8th to early 7th centuries BCE. It is from this literary composition that many Gorgon ("grim ones"[1]) and gorgoneia (Gorgon "masks"[2]) depictions are based and portrayed in Ancient Greek ceramic artistry.

> *"And after him rushed the Gorgons, unapproachable and unspeakable, longing to seize him: as they trod upon the pale adamant, the shield rang sharp and clear with a loud clanging. Two serpents hung down at their girdles with heads curved forward: their tongues were flickering, and their teeth gnashing with fury, and their eyes glaring fiercely. And upon the awful heads of the Gorgons great Fear was quaking."[3]*

Gorgons' portrayal, as categorized by Furtwängler: Archaic, middle, and beauty styles

In the 19th century, Adolf Furtwängler published an entry in the *Ausfubrliches Lexikon der griechischen und romischen Mythologie*, where he argued for a chronological evolution, into three generic styles, regarding Gorgon illustrations from between the Archaic Period and the Hellenistic Period (ca. 8th century BCE to 31 BCE).[4] However, numerous artifacts exhibit the coexistence of various depiction styles – a fact which can be used to argue effectively against this chronological theory.

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[1] Room, A. *NTC's classical dictionary: the origins of the names of characters in classical mythology*. Lincolnwood: National Textbook, 1992., p.143

[2] Vernant, J. *Mortals and immortals: collected essays* (F. I. Zeitlin, Ed.). New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1991., p.138

[3] Hes. *Sh.* 229-237

[4] Topper, Kathryn. "Perseus, The Maiden Medusa, and the Imagery of Abduction." *Hesperia* 76, no. 1 (2007): 73-105., 75-76

The following two metopes, dating to the 7th century BCE, are perfect examples of this. Figure 1 illustrates Perseus in flight with Medusa's head stuffed into his *kibisis*. While not fully exposed, the viewer is able to see a *beautiful* human-like appearance, thereby contradicting Furtwängler's timeline by several hundred years. However, Figure 2, even though both metopes come from the Temple of Apollo at Thermon, depicts a gorgoneion in Furthwängler's *Archaic* style. This suggests the use of multiple, simultaneous variations in portrayal. One explanation may be the possible presence of multiple artists who were simultaneously responsible for the temple's decoration, each simply preferring different artistic interpretations of the myth. It is also possible that the two depictions were completely intentional to contextually instill different emotional sensations within the viewer, even if painted by the same artist. However, as much as one may hypothesize, the exact reason for the variety of images remains uncertain.[5]

The *Archaic* style, as presented by Furtwängler, is understood as essentially the most iconic depictions of ugly and terrifying monsters.[6] Mitchell argues it was not very likely that the ancients would be scared by the images, simply due to how common they were.[7] He instead theorizes that the main function of this hideousness was apotropaic, meaning that it was meant to ward off evil. Numerous other authors discuss this style as it is represented in Greek art by stating that the gorgons exhibit six typical characteristics, though they do not necessarily refer to it as *Archaic*.

(1) Both tusks and lolling tongues protrude from bearded mouths, which are opened in wicked grins.

(2) They usually face frontward with their eyes wide open and staring. According to Kolia, the purpose behind this portrayal is to invoke feelings of "a sense of sacred awe and fear of the divine cosmos", particularly when the image can be seen decorating the outside of temples and sanctuaries.[8] Vernant disagrees with Kolia by suggesting that the frontality aspect is meant to force the viewer to look directly into the eyes - the point from which the Gorgon petrification powers take charge. Furthermore, Vernant also argues that the viewer is faced with a mirror image of his own inner monstrosity once he has looked into the eyes.[9]

(3) Overtly circular heads were topped with live snakes rather than hair. These snakes were meant simply to terrify the viewers, as the audience would be reminded of the danger posed by a venomous bite.[10] The Gorgons, at least Medusa's sisters anyway, were the daughters of Phorkys and Keto. Verdant thus notes that any children born from these deities tended to exhibit snake-like attributes.[11]

(4) Clawed hands of bronze would have allowed them to easily rip and tear at flesh.

(5) Wings, often engraved artistically, are a common addition.

Finally, (6) Gorgons often exhibit bent knees to portray quick movement speed. March and Kolia seem to agree with Furtwängler regarding the approximate time in which these "earliest versions" of Gorgons are depicted.

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[5] IBID

[6] IBID

[7] Mitchell, A. G. *Greek vase-painting and the origins of visual humour*. New York: Cambridge University Press, 2012., p. 39

[8] Kolia, Erophile. "Archaic Terracotta Reliefs from Ancient Helike." *Hesperia: The Journal of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens* 83, no. 3 (2014): 409., p. 435

[9] Vernant 1991: 137- 138

[10] Bell, R. E. *Women of classical mythology: a biographical dictionary*. Oxford: ABC-Clio, 1996., p. 211

[11] Vernant 1991: 124

The *middle* style was meant to categorize examples of only half-monstrous Gorgons, meaning they are depicted with some human aspects and some non-human. A 5th century BCE bell krater (Figure 3) and a 5th century BCE hydria (Figure 4) demonstrate this hybrid style. Each illustration shows Perseus, along with Hermes and Athena, sneaking up on the sleeping Medusa. Apart from the typical *Archaic* style snub noses, lolling tongues, wings, and fangs, the Gorgons are depicted here as mostly human in form. Even the iconic snake hair has been replaced with human hair.

The final style, dubbed the *beauty* style by Furtwängler due to multiple depictions of Gorgons as divinely beautiful women and almost fully human in appearance, was argued by the author to have only begun emerging in Greek art during the Hellenistic Period.[12] Though Topper's example disproves Furtwangler's timeframe, a 5th century BCE red-figure pelike (Figure 5) depicting Medusa's decapitation can be used as a particularly apt example of this artistic style. In this depiction of the Gorgon, the singularly non-human attribute is her wings; all other aspects of her appearance illustrate her as a beautiful maiden.[13] In one version of the Perseus myth, Athena orders Perseus upon his quest after discovering that Medusa considered herself more beautiful than the goddess herself.[14] It is possible that some artists simply preferred this version over others and thus decided to illustrate the hero's foe as almost perfectly serene in appearance.[15] Regardless of the cause, Mack proposes that the evolution from hideous to beauty does not necessarily remove any of the *Archaic* style's ability to enthrall its audience because "beauty, no less than monstrosity, holds the power to fascinate".[16]

Regarding the overall evolutionary theory, Topper suggests the abandoning of such in favor of researching how and why the *beautiful* type is specifically presented within its generalized context.[17] In this regard, the author hypothesizes a few intentional methods employed by the artist to convey humor concerning the scene of Medusa's decapitation. With a Gorgon (obverse side of the kantharos) pursuing Perseus (reverse side), Figure 6 can be used as a visual aid to convey the first of these hypotheses. Perseus's flight from Medusa's *beautiful* sister, with her arms outstretched, may in fact be a representation of an "erotic pursuit" in reverse to the typical hero chasing a maiden. Considering kantharoi were generally used as drinking cups, such an image would have likely seemed rather comical to anyone intoxicated by the vessel's contents. After all, "[t]hese images show us a world in which monsters are beautiful and heroes flee maidens".[18]

The second hypothesis regards the actual killing of Medusa, particularly with examples depicting her asleep (*e.g.* Figures 1 and 2). Like the first theory, this would also be intended for comic relief, with the primary focus on Perseus' masculinity, strength, and honour as a hero. Frontisi-Ducroux explains that, in ancient Greek art and literature, sleeping is intentionally used to demonstrate the "vulnerability of the sleeper or to ridicule him or her".[19]The author further stresses this point by stating that, because of this conception, the characters who are most often illustrated in this way are "weak creatures (wom[e]n,

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[12] Topper 2007: 79

[13] IBID 75

[14] Apollod. 2.4.3

[15] Grant, M. and Hazel, J. *Who's Who in Classical Mythology*. New York; Oxford University Press, 1993., p.146

[16] Mack, Rainer. "Facing Down Medusa (An aetiology of the gaze)." *Art History* 25, no. 5 (2002): 571-604, p. 599

[17] Topper 2007: 80-81

[18] IBID, 81

[19] Frontisi-Ducroux, F. "Eros, Desire, and the Gaze", trans. N. Kline, in *Sexuality in Ancient Art: Near East, Egypt, Greece, and Italy*, ed. N. B. Kampen. Pages 81-100, 1996. , p. 87

child[ren], slave[s]) or the marginal or alienated (barbarian[s], giant[s])".[20] Since Medusa's eyes are closed in sleep here, Perseus runs for less risk of falling victim to her petrifying gaze. Therefore, it is not quite clear whether this presentation was meant to instill feelings of humor against Perseus for his cowardly defeat over a "harmless… maiden"[21] or pity and sympathy towards Medusa.

Quadrupedal Gorgons

While they are extraordinarily rare, a few Ancient Greek ceramic artifacts have been uncovered which display Gorgons in yet another form - that of a centaur.[22] Figure 7 depicts a centaur Medusa, at the point of decapitation, on a 7th century BCE Cycladic pithos. Due to her *middle* style head, the only way the figure can be identified is through identifying Perseus. This is done by recognizing the fact that he is looking away from his foe's petrifying gaze, while attempting to behead her.[23] Furthermore, Perseus' iconic *kibisis* also hangs on the figure's hip. Figure 8 portrays a winged Gorgon, likely one of Medusa's sisters in pursuit of Perseus. This figure is clearly identified as a Gorgon due to the typically *Archaic* style gorgoneion mask, making this illustration example more horrifying and menacing than its counterpart.[24]Various hypotheses have been published in attempts to explain these quadrupedal portrayals.

In the Perseus myth, Medusa is turned into a Gorgon by Athena after she was supposedly raped by Poseidon inside Athena's temple. The ancient Boeotian artists responsible for Figure 7 presumably did not, as of that time, have a generalized conception of a Gorgon's appearance. Thus, in accordance with this relation to Poseidon, Howe theorizes that the centaur form was given to Medusa to please the Boeotian god of horses.[25]Ahlberg-Cornell and Ebbinghaus relate the illustration to the birth of Pegasus from Medusa's neck, post-decapitation.[26] However, Ebbinghaus then goes on to add that she is also half-human in appearance due to her giving birth to Chrysaor, a human, at the same time. Both Snodgrass and Woodford argues that a typical indicator for monstrosity and ugliness in Orientalizing art was to depict the subject with four legs.

Topper's theory is far more philosophical and extensive. The author makes use of a metaphorical hypothesis in which Gorgons, horses and young human maiden are all linked together. Essentially, this theory attempts to represent Medusa not as a monster worthy of execution, but rather as a victimized creature and/or maiden more suited to subservience under Perseus.[27] Topper notes that young Greek virgin and unmarried girls were sometimes illustrated with the use of horse imagery, arguing that this was possibly done to describe them as "both desirable and in need of domestication"[28] from their wild maidenhood. The author further extends the metaphorical analysis but incorporating a relation to

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[20] IBID

[21] Topper 2007: 93

[22] Grant and Hazel 1993:146

[23] Snodgrass, A. M. *Homer and the artists: text and picture in early Greek art*. Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press. 2011., 84

[24] Topper, Kathryn. "Maidens, fillies and the death of Medusa on a seventh-century pithos." *The Journal of Hellenic Studies* 130 (2010),: 109-19, p. 110

[25] Howe, Thalia Phillies. "The Origin and Function of the Gorgon-Head." *American Journal of Archaeology* 58, no. 3 (1954): 209., p. 213-214

[26] Ebbinghaus, Susanne. "Protector of the city, or the art of storage in early Greece." *The Journal of Hellenic Studies* 125 (2005): 51-72., p.63

[27] Topper 2010: 110

[28] IBID, 112

marriage, in which she argues the ancient Greek intention toward "taming the[ir] bride[s]".[29]

Apart from the horse-like body and legs, the only other monstrous aspects evident in Figure 7's Gorgon is sharpened teeth. Therefore, the human half can also be theorized further in relation to a maiden. In this depiction, Medusa's maiden-like qualities are emphasized in one way by the positioning of Perseus' sword against her throat. In ancient Greece, death as a result of a neck wound was generally a fate far more likely to be had by a woman than a man, particularly when said neck wound involved a loss of blood. The reason for this antiquated belief was due to the people's equation of a woman's neck, and sometimes her mouth, to her vagina.[30] The loss of blood from a neck wound was therefore equated to hymeneal blood flow. Taking the equation even further, one can then recognize how Medusa birthed Pegasus and Chrysaor from her neck.[31]

Considering the above mentioned metaphorical analyses, with regards to both half of the Gorgon's centaur form, Topper argues that Medusa may actually be represented here as more suited to marriage than execution, and that Perseus' killing her is simply slaughter. For this reason, the author even argues that Figure 7's image of Perseus' quest could be related metaphorically to the sacrifices of Iphigenia or Polyxena.[32]

Conclusion

Gorgon portrayal has gone through multiple changes and adaptations in ancient Greek art. Adolf Furtwängler believed in an evolutionary chronology of change over roughly eight centuries and published his findings into three broad categories, which he named *Archaic, middle*, and *beauty*. Scholars have more recently provided evidence contradicting Furtwängler's timeline by showing that multiple illustrative versions of these three styles existed simultaneously. Furthermore, another style was discovered from 7th century BCE Boeotia, which Furtwängler did not ever discuss. Here, the Gorgons are portrayed as centaurs and numerous theories have been proposed in attempts to explain this phenomenon, many of which seem wildly imaginative.

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[29] IBID 113
[30] IBID 114
[31] IBID
[32] IBID 110; 114-118

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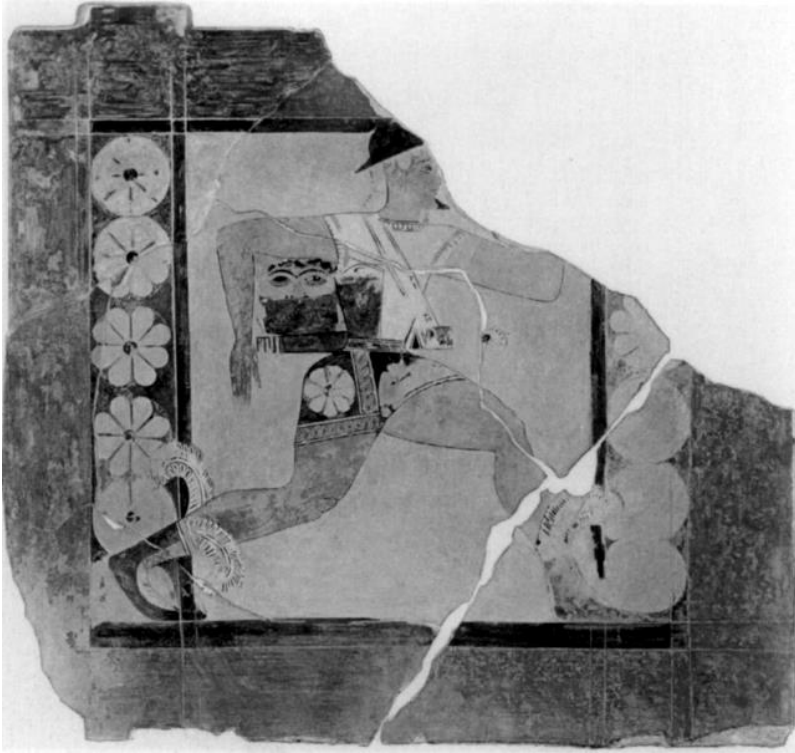(Topper. 2010: 109, 111)

Fig. 1

Fig. 2

Fig. 3

Fig. 4

Fig. 5

a   b

Fig. 6

Fig. 7

Fig. 8

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SOCRATES AND THE COLOUR OF SURRENDER

Colleen Dunn

Oh Crito, your moist squinting eyes do not perceive him,
but through thick pre-dawn *olive* calm you hear him breathe.
How can he slumber deep and fretless in his hollow cell?
Even now *white* billowing sails rush here from Delos,
with every crashing *turquoise* wave the vessel trembles.

You tremble too with *crimson* core struggling against fate,
it must be calmed lest its chaotic beat disturb.
He might awake and then what chance have you to persuade?
Black jealousy and hate dissolved in bitter brew
is not justice if inflicted upon man by men.

Oh Crito, sweet simple soul of dull *grey* witless words,
against his colourful barrage you acquiesce.
Will the *golden* essence of your dear Socrates endure?
All life resides in pure *red yellow* bold *blue* hues,
brilliance bursts from colourful collisions in great minds.

The dead are not constrained by time surely they can wait,
clasp close your Jacobs-cloak against the *charcoal* night!
Will eternity rain glorious rainbows yet unseen?
On cue dramatic dawn presents in *amber peach*,
but Socrates sees naught but *violet* surrender.

JUSTICE AND POLITICAL ORDER AS HUMAN NATURE IN PLATO'S REPUBLIC

Alexandra Bozinoff

Abstract

In the Republic, *Plato sets up the City of Swine and the Ideal City. The City of Swine depicts a condition where people only act based on their desires, whereas the Ideal City is a condition where there is a political order that allows for people to be happiest. This essay is an investigation of justice and political order through the role of the philosopher kings in Plato's Ideal City. Through the philosopher kings Plato argues that justice and political order are founded in human nature. He breaks down the Ideal City into three classes as a hierarchy of what Plato believes to be cohesive with the human soul. Plato, through the voice of Socrates, argues for the classes to be happiest they need to be ruled by the philosopher kings. The investigation of justice turns towards an investigation of the human soul as the Ideal City reflects the human soul.*

Plato's *Republic* is an investigation into the nature of justice in the city and the soul in the form of a dialogue primarily between Socrates, the virtuous philosopher, and Glaucon, the young statesman. The persons depicted in the dialogue are historical figures who represent archetypes of the values their social classes hold. Glaucon questions the benefit of living justly rather than unjustly. In order to explain justice adequately Socrates constructs the Ideal City with Glaucon. They determine that there are three social classes based on the role they perform for the city, establishing that fulfilling their roles will lead them to be happiest. There is the craftsman class who are the producers of the city, the auxiliary class who are the military defenders of the city, and the philosopher class who are the reason of the city. The philosopher class is the class that uses reason to moderate the appetites of the other classes. Each citizen must fit perfectly into one of the classes. The investigation of justice turns towards an investigation of the human soul as the Ideal City reflects the human soul. Socrates argues that this hierarchy of the classes is based in human nature, which leads to the ideal organization of the city that would have the philosophers ruling.

The philosopher kings have insight that no other class has which makes them the most qualified to rule the city. Each social class possesses a different virtue that is necessary within the city in order for it to be ideal. These virtues are set in the nature of their class. The nature of a thing is the unchangeable aspect of that object which characterizes it. The nature of human beings is the tripartite soul consisting of reason, spirit, and appetite. The nature of reason is the part of the tripartite soul that thinks, makes decisions, and mediates the other parts of the soul. The virtue of the philosopher class is reason. [1] This virtue allows them to understand the good of each thing. Therefore, this understanding enables the philosopher kings to know the good of the city as whole. The philosopher kings understand the nature of the state. This insight into the nature of things allows them to know the most effective way of governing the city. When every individual of each class is acting in accordance of their nature they will be

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[1] Plato, *Rep*. 427e-429a

happiest. Therefore, acting in accordance with individual role means the city is most natural when happiest. The philosopher kings know this and therefore are able to govern the state based on this idea. The philosopher kings will govern in accordance with the nature of the city. The philosopher king represents the reason part of the human soul. To be just is acting in accordance with nature because one's nature is when one is happiest. The just life leads to fulfillment which in turn leads to happiness. Therefore, a just person is as natural as possible because they are acting in accordance with their nature and being fulfilled. Later in the text, the consequences of not acting in accordance with nature lead to the decline of the city.

The philosopher is the ideal ruler of the city because the philosopher class has the virtue of reason. Reason should mediate the other parts of the soul. The passion, or *eros,* of the philosopher class gives them another key quality needed for ruling the city. The nature of philosopher kings is the love of knowledge. [2] The pursuit of knowledge as a means to its own end characterizes the philosophers. Therefore, the philosophers are relieved of their own personal greed because it is their nature to search for knowledge. The *eros* of the philosopher kings is directed at knowledge which enables the philosophers to know what they know. The philosophers seek the unchanging truth behind all things, referred to as the forms. Having this knowledge of the forms allows them to understand the nature of the city. Furthermore, the philosophers satisfy their *eros* with the pursuit of knowledge rather than seeking to satisfy their appetites. The philosophers do not desire political power to satisfy appetites. This prevents them, as rulers, from using the power to act in their own interests exclusively as Glaucon originally suggests. The philosophers have their desires ordered in the best possible way. They are governed by reason which sets a precedent for how the rest of the city should behave. In the individual soul one should not let one's desires and appetites overpower their reason. This allows for the case of the deteriorating city. They have all the virtues in the best possible condition which is a consequence of their knowledge superior in virtue. The philosophers have knowledge of the forms and understand human nature, this allows them to reflect this on the city rather than act in self-interest.[3]

Socrates gives an account of the decline of the city. He passes through the different stages of government that arise out of not being governed by a philosopher. Each different stage of deterioration of the city depicts the person or people in power as subjects to their appetites rather than reason. The different stages of government point to a specific problem which in turn is supposed to be remedied but only leads to an accumulation of evil until the government arrives at tyranny. The decline of the city demonstrates six stages of government as examples of the consequences when individuals act in the interest of their own appetite. If the ultimate rule of reason is not imposed by the philosophers, then the city will deteriorate. Therefore, the decline of the city is caused by not acting in accordance with nature. If it is natural to do what fulfills the soul, then one should feel happy satisfying one's personal appetites. However, the decline of the city demonstrates that this is not the case. Each rise of different government shows that they each deteriorate from an inability to feel fulfilled from satisfying their appetites.

The first government to arise out of the decline of the city is a Timocracy. This is the rule of the auxiliary class. [4] The Timocracy comes about once the Aristocracy falls due to the flaws in the family laws. Due to the fact that the Timocracy arises out of the auxiliary class there is no moderation for their virtue of *thumos*. Thus, the craving of honor gives birth to the Spartan ideal. The Spartan ideal is when

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[2] IBID, 485a-d
[3] IBID, 486b
[4] IBID, 545b-547c

the *polis* is organized based on military prowess, honor, and reputation. The downfall of the city is brought upon by competition. The elites of the city become self-serving and begin to depend on wealth and display. The elites of the Timocracy begin to possess family and property which leads to an appetite for money. [5]

    The next stage in the decline of the city is an Oligarchy. The Timocracy was destroyed by people who have an appetite for money. The Oligarchy rises from the incurrence of individual wealth. Thus, the city adapts bourgeois ethics which benefit only those who have accumulated wealth. The Oligarchy is characterized by their love of money. Furthermore, due to this greed for desire to accumulate more wealth, expansion becomes necessary in the city. Expansion of the city would require wars and battles, however, the oligarchy has no courage. The disparity of the gap between those who have accumulated wealth in the city and those who have not becomes more dramatic. This deepening gap causes tension between the divided city. The tension grows into a feeling the resentment of the less wealthy towards the oligarchy. The poor citizens outnumber the oligarchy which allows for a revolt to happen and for the masses to take power. [6]

    Democracy emerges as the larger portion of population takes control. The new regime represents the opportunity for the rule of the many. Plato argues that the idea that all citizens are equal leads to a regime of pleasure and licentiousness. The mass of citizens give all of their appetites equal attention, attempting to satisfy each. This form of government is shown as chaotic and disordered because all appetites are trying to be satisfied. This creates a vulnerability to manipulation and exploitation. The citizens giving in to their basic appetites creates injustice in the city. This eventually leads the elite to seize power. The people look for a champion to order the chaos of their government. From here arises tyranny, the worst of all forms of government. [7]

    Tyranny is the final step of the decay of the Ideal City. The tyrant is expected to be the solution to the chaos by defending democracy but instead becomes a dictator. This form of government is the worst of all because it is an individual who is using force to stay in a position of political power where they are able to act to satisfy their own appetites. The law becomes arbitrary and nothing more than the personal rule of the tyrant. Governing the city according to one's own interests leads the tyrant to become expectant of an overthrow by the people. The tyrant will turn to the use of force to instill fear upon the citizens to try and erase all notions of revolution. The fear of losing power becomes prominent as the tyrant reigns unjustly. This leads to death and destruction of both the tyrant and the city. The city inevitably collapses from any number of ways. The city became weaker through the different types of government. Each stage of decay moved farther from the ideal of the philosopher king which lead to more drastic consequences each time the new government fell. [8]

    In all accounts of government outside the philosopher king the people act in self-interest. This is harmful for the city because each individual, and therefore the city as whole, is not acting in accordance with their nature. Because the city is not acting in accordance with nature the citizens are not happy or fulfilled in their roles in the city. Each stage of deterioration demonstrates the inability of the other classes to rule. Each form of government had a flaw that destroys its own structure. The instability of all

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[5] IBID, 551a-551b
[6] IBID, 551b-556d
[7] IBID, 557a-565c
[8] IBID, 565d-569c

other forms of government to satisfy the nature of the city point to the fact the city cannot function in non-accordance with its nature. The other classes do not have complete knowledge of the good and thus cannot act in a way that benefits the good of the city as a whole.

In conclusion, the city will not be governed in accordance with nature without the rule of the philosopher king. Removing the philosopher king as ruler leads to the deterioration of the city. Each class will be tempted by their individual passions and thus rule in accordance with their appetite. The philosopher kings are needed to moderate the desires of the other classes. The only class who understands the nature of good in the city and therefore have knowledge of the good of the city and individual is the philosopher class.

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IN ARCADIA

Jon Organ

O Arcadian Muse, I am Linos, the grower of grapes, and if the countryside be worthy of song then let my praises of it be worthy of silver and measured the same.

By a willowy stream, laughing wide and held by an orchard I came to contend with Kleon, shepherd of obedient flocks. Under the sun and beneath a shadowy canopy bursting with fruit, with naught but the animals and a shrine to the rustic gods as audience, I began:

Linos: My vines are richer than your sheep are gentle. Sweet purple clusters ripe with the sun, ready for Bacchus` divine touch. Syrup of Lethe to flow come the harvest and rob men of the memory of their toils. True may it be that your sheep are fat and calm, but never have fragrant, tender morsels filled men and women with the god in his full.

Kleon: Linos, my friend, you speak now as if full of the juice of your vine, for your syrup of Lethe is more like the waters of Acheron, full of woe and betrayal. The god leads men on to shameful violence, the destruction of the pleasures of the evening and the wailing of wives, as minds fall into more wrong-doing in their amnesia. Your grape purifies through destruction, whereas my sheep sustain men and gods alike, and mark holy days.

Linos: Your flock gladdens Olympian Zeus at the altar, no doubt, but the sight of some rascal parting from the sacrifice, flecks of mutton stuck between his teeth as he smiles a greasy grin is enough to drive one to beans and lentils. Worse yet is your lot, all day under the trees and in the hills watching that some loathsome wolf does not molest your charges - my grapes watch themselves much better.

Kleon: I know every rock and twig on my land, what grows from the earth here I know as well as Demeter; Pan is cousin to me and little need I have of a house. Lesser are my needs than yours. When my sheep graduate to the spit, the fragrance draws every kind of creature near. With herbs and oil, honey and garlic, how can one not wish to join the ranks of yon scoundrel at the temple?

Linos: Although you do indeed bear a resemblance to lusty Pan, you speak some variety of sense, dear Kleon, as far as feasting is concerned; it is hard to match such as you describe - beans and rascals fall from thought when one`s appetite is roused, especially after a day coaxing the vines or pressing the grape. Much as a lion, the hunger stalks you from within and your mutton beckons. Still, what good are dry clods of meat without a best friend to help them along?

Kleon: Clear water of the mountain sweetened with honey is a simple pleasure, but you speak some variety of sense, dear Linos, as far as drinking is concerned; it is hard to find a mate for my sheep in something as easy come by. Were I to play matchmaker for my flock, and make a marriage such as

between jealous Hera and thundering Zeus, I would have little choice but to choose the succulent vine, flooding my palate with flavour and bringing good friends closer together.

Linos: Then let us make a dinner of your best, pour the wine and give thanks to Phoebus!