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It has become standard to introduce the latest FGRS Newsletter with an apology. I was hoping that some winged words would reach me at the beginning of December on the excellent exhibition “From Agamemnon to Alexander” staged at the Museum of History. Alas, my friends, the person commissioned to provide these winged words failed to string her bow. As a result of my customary generosity, I suggested that she have until the beginning of the new term to pluck something from her quiver. Clearly, Apollo, the Deadly Archer, had other things in mind and as a result no winged words have been forthcoming.

We begin this letter, therefore, with a report from Professor Gregory Fisher on the destruction of many of the valuable treasures in the Middle East as a result of the poisonous weapons of ISIL.

Heritage Matters



Gregory Fisher

During the US-led invasion of Iraq in 2003, and despite efforts to prevent it, there was widespread looting of museums and libraries as Saddam Hussein’s regime collapsed. In retrospect, the degree of vandalism and theft at that time seems almost benign in comparison to what is currently taking place across large parts of Syria and northern Iraq. With different groups contesting the Syrian and Iraqi governments’ hold on power, and swathes of territory under the control of Daesh (ISIS), a deliberate campaign of looting, destruction, and vandalism is now causing irreparable damage to the rich archaeological and cultural legacy of a region that holds a prized position in the heritage of the world. Why does this matter so much?

In Syria, what began as the casual looting of archaeological sites quickly turned into a well-organised programme of mechanised excavation by armed gangs. Several high-profile sites have fallen victim to these criminal enterprises, such as the Hellenistic/Parthian/Roman city of Dura Europos, on the right bank of the Euphrates river in eastern Syria. Dura, partly excavated with great fanfare in the 1920s and 1930s by a Franco-American expedition, has been systematically pillaged under the auspices of numerous anti-government groups.

Before-and-after satellite photos released by the US State Department reveal a landscape pockmarked with looters' pits, and videos—taken at great risk by local activists—show the people of nearby communities working under armed supervision to recover buried artefacts. (Even the old expedition house at Dura has been vandalised, the wooden window- and door-frames stolen by looters). Artefacts from Dura and elsewhere have been smuggled out of the country via Lebanon, Turkey, and Iraq, to be sold on the illicit antiquities market. Elsewhere, Apamea, one of the crown jewels of Hellenistic/Roman archaeology, is almost unrecognisable in recent satellite photographs. All of the factions in the Syrian war, including the government and the so-called 'moderate rebels', are implicated in acts of looting and vandalism.

The highest profile archaeological casualty is, of course, Palmyra. The splendours of the city, whose prime position on trading networks that spanned the Mediterranean, the Middle East, and Asia made it a cultural crossroads, is now the target of a new drive by Daesh to destroy what they see as an uncomfortable reminder of the pre-Islamic past. Prior to their capture of Palmyra, Daesh gave notice of what they had in mind at Hatra in Iraq. Hatra, a famous caravan city whose blend of different cultural influences resembles that found at Palmyra, has suffered a terrible fate at the hands of armed thugs who blew up temples and desecrated sculptures that had survived the city's occupation by Rome's legions, and the sack of the city by the Persian king Ardashir I. These actions were rationalised via Daesh's determination to rewrite the past, a view which also 'explains' their savage persecution of Christians, Yazidis, Shia Muslims, and anyone else they deem unworthy of membership in the new caliphate. Books are burned, and shrines, monasteries, churches, and temples are sacked and pillaged. Daesh's narrative, which conveniently ignores the fact that the Muslim armies of the seventh and eighth centuries not only left places like Hatra intact—but also made use of them, and their shrines—seeks to create a new world where multiculturalism and ethnic diversity are subsumed by a warped fundamentalist homogeneity. Hatra and Palmyra, with their complex layers of heritage, are an affront to Daesh's blindly singular view of history. But this is, of course, not the whole story. The demolition of Palmyra's Roman-era triumphal arch cannot be explained by a fundamentalist ideological argument, and neither can the continued campaign of looting in which Daesh is engaged: much of Palmyra's art has ended up on the black market, to the benefit of Daesh's warchest.

What are we losing? The heritage of both Syria and Iraq is one of the richest anywhere in the world, and has had a significant impact well beyond its physical remains: the rediscovery of Palmyra, for example, had a deep effect on the neoclassical revival in the west, while the city's position as a pivot between east and west speaks to the vibrant multicultural life of the ancient Romano-Persian world, offering vital lessons for modern forms of cultural integration. What is happening in the modern Middle East is thus not simply about damage to physical heritage, even if it can seem superficial to be concerned about the damage to bricks and stones when the human cost of the wars in Syria and Iraq is already unbearable. The physical cost exacts a vicious human corollary, for the wholesale erasure of diversity in Syria and Iraq is having a profound impact on the region's inhabitants and deeply threatens their future. Christian, Shia, and Yazidi communities in particular have been systematically targeted for their beliefs, and their killing, enslavement, and expulsion shreds the historic multicultural fabric of the region. A substantial part of Syria's modern identity was grounded in its secularising and proud multiethnic history that had historically welcomed all of the Abrahamic faiths. (Indeed, one of the crown jewels of the National Museum in Damascus is the synagogue from Dura Europos, the discovery of which revolutionised our understanding of Judaism in late antiquity). By targeting and destroying that history in Syria and Iraq, Daesh and other groups are hijacking the opportunity for meaningful reconstruction when the armed conflicts in the region come to an end. The obliteration of physical artefacts, artwork, and archaeological sites goes grimly in hand with the persecution of the region's different communities. If we are to offer the people of these countries any hope of reconstruction, then we must recognise the importance of their past—as well as their future.

Trip to Turkey/Greece May 2015



Paige Pinto

In May I was on a plane to Istanbul. This was the first of many cities which were to be my classroom for the next three weeks. The Greek and Roman Studies Department's Study Abroad course was led by Professor Susan Downie; we were a group of about thirty, made up of professors and students from both Carleton and the University of Ottawa. We traveled down the West coast of Turkey for two weeks and then around Greece for one, seeing ancient sites – the ones we'd heard about briefly in lecture halls or spent full classes staring up at on PowerPoint slides – and learning about their history, culture, and geography.

This particular trip took us from Istanbul to Athens: in between, we stopped in Çannakale, Troy, Bergama, Pergamon, Sardis, Selçuk, Ephesus, Pammukale, Priene, Miletus, Didyma, Bodrun, and Kusadasi; and on Samos, Mykonos, and Delos. We took ferries, buses, and planes. The longest we stayed in any place was four nights in Istanbul. It was fast-paced.

What I learned most is that the experience was nothing like I'd expected it to be. That is probably the greatest lesson of travel – it occurs when your expectations are overcome and you recognize your pre-held beliefs as they are in the process of being destroyed. Learning in a foreign environment puts you out of your comfort zone. It stretches you and asks you to perceive things in new ways, ones that are more tactile and involved than in a lecture hall. It asks you not only to listen and see and remember, but also to hear and look and (maybe) touch.

Perhaps the best example of this is the Hagia Sophia. It has survived earthquakes but hasn't stood still with time. Almost as soon as we entered, we were lost in the crowd of people, listening to our tour guide through headsets. Scaffolding was set up on one side of the dome, part of the ongoing restoration. Three mosaics of angels at the base of the dome had been covered up; one had been restored to give us a sense of what it had looked like under Christian care. So our experience of the Hagia Sophia was not as in an art history class, but as an experience of a space that people use, however that use has historically developed.

We also became experts at moving through museums. There was a museum at almost every site we visited and we sometimes saw more than one a day. The best thing about museums is that they have air-conditioning. The next best is that they provided yet another way of seeing something: usually with information cards and in a curated environment. One assignment given to us was to keep a journal in which we made daily observations

about a topic of our choice and drew pictures of relevant things that we saw. Experiential learning calls you to *look* with curiosity and to question your own biases and assumptions. I thought that I would actually see Greek ruins, forgetting that the Romans built on them.

One of the most interesting things we were fortunate to see was a site where a team from Istanbul University's Department of Restoration and Conservation was preserving wood from ships recovered in the excavations of the Yenikapi Harbour. We saw the world's oldest anchor (5th century BCE) and got a presentation all about the site-to-museum process. This was all the more significant when we went to the Underwater Archaeology Museum in Bodrun, which had items found in shipwrecks, including a large collection of amphoras. The museum itself was in a medieval crusader castle: there were exhibits in towers and outdoors, and even some peacocks walking around. Also among these unexpected, wonderful experiences were the chance to see the mosaics from Justinian's palace and the excavation of the terrace houses at Ephesus.

Other things we saw were very much anticipated: Troy, the Artemision, the island of Delos, and the Athenian acropolis – to name a few. At some sites, there isn't much left: this is especially true of Troy and the Artemision. This, too, proves a great difference from classroom learning. Looking at a space – perhaps a swamp, or a plain – where something used to be and listening to your professor recreate with words what that something was breeds a great respect for scholarship and archeology, but also forces students to understand a little of the reality of what they study: sometimes, what remains is not much.

Not everything we saw was ancient. We had amazing cultural experiences, like going to the Grand Bazaar in Istanbul, and spending half a day on the beach on Samos. In Bergama, we visited some carpet-makers and tried tying the thread for ourselves. When we arrived in Çannakale, we visited ANZAC Cove, shortly after the anniversary of the World War I battle at Gallipoli. Later, one of the most visually arresting sights on our trip was that of the white cliffs of Pammukale. Meaning "cotton castle," Pammukale is famous for the hills covered in calcium carbonate. With a free morning, we took the opportunity to climb up barefoot, stopping in the wading-pool sized springs found on the way up. At the top, we explored the ancient acropolis of Hierapolis.

The trip was full of stunning moments: walking on pathways that hovered in the dark above the water in the cistern of Istanbul; arriving in Samos and seeing it for the first time through the window as the bus squeezed itself down narrow streets; sitting at the top of the Pergamon acropolis, completely windblown, as we struggled to hold on to our notebooks even enough to write lecture notes. The trip was also incredibly academically rewarding. Seeing your subject of study in person is in some ways both the culmination and the beginning of learning. The opportunity to study abroad with professors who know the history of the sites and are able to answer questions and translate inscriptions, and with students who are enthusiastic and interested in the sites is surreal and in many ways indescribable.

There is a picture of another girl and I hugging a column at the temple to Apollo at Didyma. From either side, our fingertips stretch towards each other, but they don't meet – there's at least a foot between each of our hands. That image is symbolic, I think, of how thoroughly travelling grounds us. The space outside the temple was filled with unused spolia – massive pieces of columns. We were touching something out of time that perhaps was in some way, in someone's eyes, idle and obsolete, and *yet* – larger than life.

Fifty Years of Teaching

Dinner in honour of Professors Josh Beer, Roger Blockley and Roland Jeffreys for fifty years of service

On December 3, 2015 at La Roma Restaurant a dinner, organized by Dr. Farhang Rajaei and other members of the GRS Faculty, was held to celebrate the upcoming 50 years of teaching at Carleton by Josh, Roger and Roland. Present were current members of faculty and students as well as some alumni. Other alumni who could not be present sent greetings in emails which were warmly received. I cannot thank everyone personally here but would single out Roger Digby, who lives in the UK and completed an MA in the department in 1974. The title of his thesis was *Non Omnis Moriar: An Investigation of the Theme of Immortality in the Odes of Horace*.



After the dinner, Dr. Ray Clark very kindly delivered a eulogy of the three professors in the style of Cicero, which is printed below followed by an English translation.

Nihil in orbe terrarum iucundius est, insignissimi professores, quam sodalem inter sodales huius Universitatis adesse et gratias illis agere qui de nobis omnibus optime meriti sunt.

Quomodo hos viros clarissimos memorem, quippe qui summis laudibus mihi extollendi esse videantur? An hi qui Universitati Carletonensi se summo studio tot annos dederunt harenae semina mandaverunt? Minime vero! Nam quot quaestiones a tam doctis collegis per hos annos agitantur, quae miris modis nos et suos discipulos ad verum de magnis illis veterum ingeniis deducunt!

Quare nunc vos precor, qui vultis demonstrare quanti omnes aestimentur qui de nobis optime meriti sunt, ut signum hoc mittatis, et manibus, more maiorum, clare quantum poteritis, plaudeatis.

Nothing in the whole wide world is more pleasant, O distinguished professors, than to be present as a colleague among colleagues of this University and to express thanks to those who most deserve them. How am I to recall these famous men, who seem to me to be worthy of utmost praise? Have these men who have given their lives devotedly for so many years to Carleton University sown seeds in the desert? Absolutely not! For how many topics have been raised by these learned colleagues throughout these years which have led us and their students to the truth about the great minds of the ancients!

To conclude the evening, your editor gave the speech printed below – a light-hearted look at what Classics and Carleton were like in 1966. Part of it includes a parody of the events depicted in the 8th Book of Virgil's *Aeneid*. This speech was also designed to be his farewell performance as editor of the FGRS newsletter. We are looking for a volunteer, someone younger, less grey in head and mind, with sparkling wit, to replace him.

Fifty Years On

This academic year is the 50th that Roger Blockley and I have been part of the GRS faculty at Carleton University. We were both hired in the summer of 1966. The campus and the program were very different then as indeed were our appearances. I should like to take the opportunity of this forthcoming anniversary to share with you a few reminiscences of what Carleton and Classics at Carleton were like in 1966 or thereabouts.

Roger and I were both graduates, though in different years, of the MA program in Classics at McMaster University. Roland Jeffreys was also a graduate of that same program slightly earlier. After graduating Roland took an academic position at St. Patrick's College which at the time was affiliated with the University of Ottawa, but which was acquired by Carleton in 1967. Thus, Carleton Classics was heavily indebted to McMaster. This may seem strange, but the reason was quite straightforward. McMaster advertised extensively in the UK, offering MA Fellowships in the Humanities. Since there was little opportunity for Arts students to do graduate work in the UK, many took the boat from Liverpool or Southampton to Montreal or New York, commercial jet travel being in its relative infancy.

I arrived in snow-clad Ottawa for an interview at Carleton in January 1966 from Toronto. I remember sensing a thrill of excitement as the train made its way alongside the Rideau Canal to the old railway station (now the Government Conference Centre) across the road from the Chateau Laurier. What a contrast to when I returned later at the beginning of September to take a position as a lecturer in Classics. After sleeping on the overnight train from Toronto, I arrived at 7am in what seemed the middle of nowhere. Most of what I could see was scrub. Where were the Chateau Laurier and the beautiful station, both of which had originally opened in 1914? Alas, in their infinite wisdom, the 1960s urban planners were already at work eviscerating the old centre of town by moving the railroad station to the outskirts of the city. Like the demolition of the Capital Cinema later, it was one of many mistakes. I wonder how many of those planners actually made it to heaven.

Perhaps in a sense it was fitting to arrive in the bush as it were, since Carleton was far less populated with buildings than now and had a semi-rural setting. One could look out directly from the quad over the Rideau Canal to the Experimental Farm, without the dysfunctional erection of the Dunton Tower blocking the view. Does any other western capital have a farm as part of its cityscape? From the back of Paterson Hall one could see Vincent Massey Park and the Rideau River with its spring rapids. Only one bus came on campus, the No. 7, and only one other bus went up Bronson, the No. 4. There was no Sunnyside entrance to the university, but the main entrance was behind what was then the gym, about 400 metres closer to the Rideau River. The other entrance was immediately behind the library off Colonel By Drive. On first arriving everything seemed idyllic until the winter blues set in from spending much of one's life underground commuting from building to building to avoid the freezing temperatures.

The majority of the Arts and Social Science Faculty were crammed to overflowing in Paterson Hall. I, like several others, had to share an office which was located next to the Dean's office. How different deans were then! The Dean of Arts (now FASS) had a solitary secretary, yet the four academic deans basically ran the university in the frequent absence of President Davy Dunton who spent much of his time co-chairing the B and B Commission, arguably the most important commission in the history of 20th century Canada. Rumour, no doubt apocryphal, had it that Davy worked out the university's budget on the back of his cigarette packet. Mercifully there were no vice-Presidents, no associate vice-Presidents, no assistant vice-Presidents, no sub vice-Presidents, no vice vice-presidents to teach me political correctness. Apart from the many academic units housed in it, Paterson Hall was not much different from what it is today except that the Bank of Nova Scotia (I don't think it was called Scotiabank then) was on the quad level on the right-hand side as one came in the main doors.

The Classics program was almost the opposite from what it is now. About 90% of it was made of language courses. There were only three annually taught CLCV courses: Art and Archaeology; Greek History, and Roman History. Because CLCV courses were taught as extras over and above the normal teaching load of three full courses (there were no half courses as is the standard practice today), there was only one two-hour meeting of a CLCV course per week, to mitigate the strain on the professoriate. When Roger Blockley and I arrived we brought the number of full-time faculty up to five. Already present were Terry Robinson, primarily a Greek historian, A. Trevor

Hodge, whose definitive book on *The Woodwork of Greek Roofs* (no woodwork actually survives) had already been published by CUP. Who had hired us all was Ellenor Swallow who had a Ph.D. from Cornell and had taught at Bard College, Columbia University, before coming to Carleton in her home and native land. In addition to chairing the Department, Ellenor sometimes taught five full courses, something that would not have been permitted after the advent of a Faculty Union. Such supererogation clearly paid dividends, for in the previous year two students, William Watts and Janice Gilmartin, won prestigious awards to Cambridge University. Did Ellenor's hard work allow for the appointment of Roger and me? I cannot be sure, but I shall ever stand in her debt.

In my first year I was slated to teach a third-year language course on the Greek Historians. I still remember the names of the four students. We read Herodotus, Book 8 and Thucydides Book 7. The classroom was on the third floor of the library which was in a mess, since a fourth floor was in the process of being constructed. I also taught a 4th year Latin course on Lucretius. We read Books 1 and 5. I cannot be sure whether there were 12 or 14 students in this class. I also taught Latin 15 – what was known as a Q(ualifying) year course partly aimed at students from Quebec who graduated from high school a year earlier than Ontario students. In those days many Quebec students were attracted to Ottawa universities because Ontario fees were cheaper. How life has changed! All university students had had four or five years of Latin at high school, so beginning Latin was not taught. There were about twenty students in the Q year class – I remember several of their names and we did some basic prose composition and read unadapted selections of Latin authors, including Cornelius Nepos whom I had not read before. Multiculturalism was not being promoted at that time, and - to be candid - nearly everyone at Carleton was white. I only remember two black people – Caswell Johnson, an Economics professor and a Mr. Ngandu, who was in my Latin class and who afterwards returned to Uganda. I often wondered - indeed worried - about him later when the tyrant, Idi Amin, imposed his bloodthirsty rule on the country. Mr. Ngandu was a handsome man in his early 20s - a little like a young Sidney Poitier. He dressed more formally than most students, always wearing a charcoal grey suit with white shirt and dark tie. Amin's rule created a major refugee crisis when he confiscated the property of the Asian community and expelled them from Uganda. Uganda's loss was Canada's gain, since many refugees found a home here, and greatly enriched the cultural life of Canada, not least by helping to spread the culinary delights of Indian food which was scarcely available before this time. Many a night, when other youthful fancies did not occupy my sleeping hours, I would nostalgically lie awake dreaming of Indian restaurants in London UK.

My overload CLCV course was supposed to be a survey course of Greek Literature at the 3rd year level which was new to the curriculum. To my undying relief only one student registered, and Ellenor promptly cancelled it. I was ill- prepared to lecture from notes rather than from set texts. Instead, Ellenor divided Roger's Latin 100 class into two sections, since there were 60 enrolments. We read some of Virgil's *Eclogues*, Sallust's *Catiline*, I believe, and other works I don't recall. If, dear reader, you are entertaining notions of wonder that so many eager students were lining up to take Latin, sadly I must disabuse you of such idle fantasies. At the time there was a common first year for Arts students entering the university, with few choices. One of these was a choice between mathematics and Latin.

This idyllic world, so populated in my mind's eye with fauna and farmland, with woodland nymphs and dryads, could not last and was soon to be shattered. Two reasons were primarily responsible for the cataclysm, neither of which could be attributed directly to the baleful influence of the war god Mars or the fire god Vulcan. Latin, the only true Venus of my youth, - well not quite perhaps - lost its central place in the high school curriculum and the university did away with the common first year. My very livelihood was threatened with ruin. One evening as I sat on the banks of the Rideau River, teary-eyed, I kept reciting Virgil's immortal line: *sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt* (Life is full of tears and death's cares affect the mind). Suddenly I had a vision of the river god, Fluvius Velatus, appearing before me. He had the form of a beautiful woman who was draped in a diaphanous curtain. He spoke to me in Latin: *Barbari Universitatem Carletonensem aggrediuntur, sed nil desperandum; novi socii quaerendi; omnia impedimenta sunt superanda. Si vult Iuppiter omnipotens, fata viam invenient* (The barbarians are attacking Carleton University, but do not despair; seek new friends; overcome all obstacles. If all powerful Jupiter wishes, the fates will find a way). Next day, still in a dream-like state, I began searching in every nook and cranny of Paterson Hall for new allies. Suddenly a kindly English Professor saw me and said, "Josh, you look lost and seem in a very bad way" – I shall call him Evander, a good man who, like the poet Edmund Spenser, had spent much time in the vales of Arcady in an attempt to discover inspiration of Virgil's pastoral poetry. I told him my plight. "If," he said, "you are willing to teach a course on Greek and Roman Literary Genres in an admittedly outlandish tongue like English but one I can assure you has been made much civilized by Shakespeare

under the influence of the brilliant if not naughty Ovid, a poet who I'm sure is very dear to your heart – didn't I see you reading the *Art of Love* the other day – I shall supply you annually with a cohort of 100 Honours English students. That should be strong enough to see off any invasion from the sociologists – sorry I mean the barbarians, I'm always making that mistake. Come with me,” he said and took me up onto the roof of Paterson Hall and began pointing out the sites for various new buildings that were in the planning stages. I conjured up a vision of the future and could feel it working.”How do you know all this?” I asked. “I chair the University building committee,” was his reply. Finally he said, breaking into Latin in explosive enthusiasm, “*Hic est, Hic est illud aedificium quod tu tam ardentem et tam assidue expectas*: A FACULTY CLUB! (Here it is, here is that building you are so eagerly and earnestly waiting for). Here, here you will be able to drink your Falernian and Chian vintages to your heart's content far into the night.” My depression lifted immediately. So began the slow transformation of GRS from primarily a language to a civilization program. Every so often since then the barbarians have knocked on the gates, yet classical antiquity continues to survive if not actually thrive.

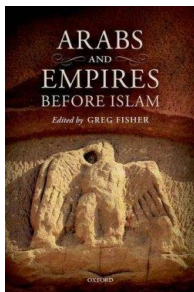
But I digress from 1966 and all that. It was in many ways an *annus mirabilis*: wonder of wonders – there were still two mail deliveries a day, so that if one timed one's arrival at the university in the morning correctly and one's return from lunch in the afternoon similarly, there would be mail waiting to be read in the days when people still knew how to pen personal correspondence in eloquent prose. A further relish was that daily at 10am in the fourth floor lounge of Paterson Hall coffee was served followed by tea in the afternoon at 4pm, both provided courtesy of the Dean. One final tidbit to be relished – 1966 witnessed the advent in Canada and at Carleton of the mini skirt. In the words of William Wordsworth: “Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive/But to be young was very heaven.”

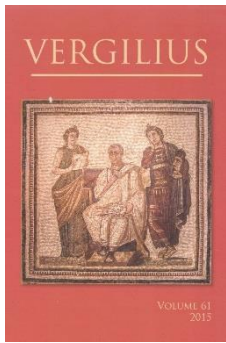
Upcoming Events

The Carleton University Classics Society will be hosting a launch for our annual undergraduate journal, *Corvus*. It will be held on **March 24 in Paterson Hall room 303 at 6:00**. Come listen to the authors give presentations on their papers. There will be a reception for questions afterwards. This is the fifth year that *Corvus* has been published.

Publications and Scholarly Activities

Greg Fisher: In the summer of 2015 Oxford University Press published *Arabs and Empires before Islam* (ed. Fisher). This book was the product of a 2010-2013 Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada Standard Research Grant. *Arabs and Empires* collates nearly 250 translated extracts from an extensive array of ancient sources, illuminating the relationship between the Arabs and their Roman, Persian, Ethiopian, and Yemeni neighbours in antiquity. More than 20 international experts from the fields of archaeology, classics and ancient history, linguistics and philology, epigraphy, and art history, provide detailed commentary and analysis on this diverse selection of material. Find out more at: <http://ukcatalogue.oup.com/product/9780199654529.do> Fisher also served on the national adjudication committee for Medieval, Classics and Religious Studies for the SSHRCC Insight Grants competition in the 2014/15 cycle.





Marianne Goodfellow: "Early Reception of Vergil's *Georgics: Protinus Italiam Concepit*" in *Vergilius* 61 (2015): 43-76.

Donations

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