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Supplements

1. Antony Erich Raubitschek,
Autobiography of Antony Erich Raubitschek
Edited with Introduction and Notes by Donald Lateiner
(2014)



THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
A. E. RAUBITSCHK

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
BY
DONALD LATEINER

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INTRODUCTION

Donald Lateiner

A. E. ‘Toni’ Raubitschek (4 December 1912–7 May 1999), an Austrian scholar who emigrated to the United States in 1938, was a refugee from Hitler’s expanding Third Reich with its racist, eventually murderous, anti-Jewish policies. Welcomed quayside by his friend Ben Meritt, he worked productively at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, which welcomed many such researchers, including Albert Einstein. AER taught Classics in three distinguished American Classics departments. Naturalized as an American citizen, he continued to write, in German and English, scholarship of lasting value in the fields of Greek epigraphy and history and Classical literature.¹ His former students and academic connections are found throughout the Western academic world.²

In 1980, the editor by letter asked AER if he would write an account of his eventful academic life in Vienna, Athens, and the United States.³ AER returned an installment about his education and years in Europe before the arrival of Hitler in Austria. He wrote this first segment by hand (of course) in July 1980 in a Stanford examination-response ‘blue book’. This choice of writing surface seems significant; more than an ordinary letter, less than a formal statement of self. His inimitably

¹ *Inter alia et ab initio*, he wrote thirty-three articles for the Pauly–Wissowa–Kroll *Real-Encyclopädie* published between 1937 and 1942. Twenty-five entries begin with the Greek letter Φ, the others O.

² The editor has compiled an incomplete list of AER-directed Ph.D. dissertations at Stanford and elsewhere. See Appendix 1.

³ He was the editor’s mentor, friend and teacher, from September 1967 until August 1972 and epistolary correspondent and (external) inner voice from then until AER’s death in May 1999.

tidy, nearly *stoichedon* handwriting is a joy to observe in itself.⁴ He did not ask the editor what his plan was for the manuscript, and indeed the editor did not have one. Nor was the result what the editor would have predicted, but that was to be expected with ‘Toni’.⁵ Soon after, in April 1981, a second installment arrived. This surveyed the years at Princeton (at the Institute for Advanced Studies (1938–42), two stints at Yale (1942–7), and again in Princeton, as faculty at Princeton University (1947–63), the quarter-century between the epochs experienced in Europe and California. The third installment required a longer wait. Raubitschek wrote the editor about the Stanford years (1963–) in December 1991. At Stanford, AER received two teaching awards. Although AER officially retired in 1978, he continued to teach courses frequently and at many levels (including adult education) for many years. He explains in the opening note to Part III addressed to me why he did not postpone these last recollections. The student examination books (8, 14, and 8 pages lined) measure 7 inches by 8.5 (height). The first has had its cover removed; the second is missing one page.⁶

⁴ AER did not underline (italicise) book titles and foreign phrases in this informal project, and the editor has not ‘corrected’ the way he wrote in the following transcription. See Figure 1. There are no spaces between paragraphs.

⁵ As the reader will discover below, AER produced at least three handwritten autobiographies, thus the absence of the definite article in the title. Prof. E. C. Courtney (formerly at Stanford) received the third version that I know of, not transcribed here, with more details on the Stanford years

⁶ The editor hopes to deposit securely these three ‘blue books’ and associated materials in an archive. Most of AER’s personal papers were apparently destroyed by his heirs (see below); his will [*non vidi*] directed that his collection of other scholars’ offprints be sent to the University of Vienna. Michael Jameson (1924–2004), the editor’s colleague at the University of Pennsylvania and AER’s successor at

Other historians of classical scholarship can annotate more fully than this editor AER's references to scholars on the continent, alive or dead. European scholars who fled to America and elsewhere, almost all of them Jews or from traditionally Jewish families, improved study in many, if not all, academic and research fields, certainly in the Classics. The Nazi regime's so-called 'cleansing' of the universities of Jewish students and professors and of those who might be considered Jews by family origin is now well known.⁷ The central European refugees' scholarly contributions to American humanistic research remain less familiar to the general public than their work in the sciences, e.g., nuclear physics, for obvious reasons, but the names of Werner Jaeger, Herman Fränkel, Friedrich Solmsen,

Stanford, recorded two audiotapes of AER recollecting in 1995. The editor has a copy kindly furnished by Prof. Mark Edwards, AER's long-time colleague and friend.

⁷ William Calder, 'The Refugee Classical Scholars in the USA: an Evaluation of their Contributions', *ICS* 17 (1992) 153–73, for similarly endangered but subsequently employed Classicists in particular; Lewis Coser, *Refugee Scholars in America: Their Impact and Their Experiences* (New Haven 1984) for scholars in all academic fields, although Coser includes little about Classical Philology. Professor Calder hoped to engage with AER's papers but did not obtain the opportunity. The Austrian government in 1999 bestowed the Golden Cross of Honor for Science and Art on AER, for his achievement in scholarship. Two other Austrian nationals of Jewish ancestry, who fled the Nazi puppet-state, eventually came to America, and contributed to the study of Ancient History—Ernst Badian, and Erich Gruen—also received this recognition. (My great-aunt, Lena Gitter, who also was forced (and lucky) to leave Vienna in 1938, received the (ironically named) medal for her work in Montessori education in Austria and the United States and in healing the rifts caused by World War II.)

and Margaret Bieber, *inter alios*, remain legendary and influential in American classical scholarship.⁸

The editor decided, after some hesitation,⁹ that he had better publish now this informal memoir without the full appa-

⁸ The editor was also a Greek student of the New York state native Harry Caplan of Cornell University (1896–1980), the first Jew to receive tenure in Classics in the prestigious American ‘Ivy League’. Professor Caplan never discussed these personal personnel matters with me. The notorious if well-meant note of 1919 written to him by his Cornell chairman, the Latin grammarian C. E. Bennett, and kept in his desk throughout his long and successful Cornell career, candidly attests to the discouraging and hardly disguised hostility in genteel America to Jews in academe. This important note was bravely published in the *Cornell Alumni News* after Caplan’s death (July, 1981, p. 7). For the faculty’s memorial minute, see http://ecommons.library.cornell.edu/bitstream/1813/18066/2/Caplan_Harry_1980.pdf.

This prejudice and policy prevented Jews from teaching Classics at nearly all Universities—or even being admitted as undergraduate students facing a *numerus clausus*. The prejudice continued well into the twentieth century, as the case of the Ohioan James Loeb (1867–1933) attests. The founder of the Loeb Classical Library and a funder of the American School of Classical Studies’ purchase of Athenian Agora land) went to Germany to escape American anti-Semitism. Alfred Gudeman, born in Atlanta, migrated to Germany for study and a career, and died in the Nazi concentration camp at Theresienstadt (1862–1942; see Donna Hurley, ‘Alfred Gudeman, Atlanta, Georgia, 1862–Theresienstadt, 1942’, *TAPA* 120 (1990) 355–381). The acts of Hitler made anti-Semitism shameful in the American academy, including Classics—but not obsolete. Here, the editor notes that the Rumanian born, British trained, Israeli Roman historian Zvi Yavetz also taught him at Cornell as a visiting professor (1966–7). Yavetz’s entire family (except for himself and two cousins), then living in Czernowitz, once the *Ostmark* of German *Kultur* in the Austro-Hungarian empire, was murdered by the Nazi regime. Czernowitz in the Bukovina (now Chernivtsi in the Ukraine), mentioned below by AER, coincidentally was the home of one branch of the editor’s Viennese Lateiner forbears.

ratus that a scholar better informed about the Central European epigraphers of the mid-third twentieth century could provide. Some colleagues and students who knew this remarkable friend and fierce lover of antiquity are still alive to appreciate his ‘voice’,¹⁰ but naturally their number daily dwindles. Many topics that one might expect to find here are not mentioned,¹¹ and some topics, whose inclusion will surprise readers, receive extended attention. Indeed, for whatever reason, one enthusiastic German scholar (an old acquaintance of AER’s) attempted to walk away with the evidence ‘to protect’ the original ‘blue books’ themselves, when they were exhibited at a Stanford sponsored memorial reception in Raubitschek’s honor at the annual meeting of the American Philological Association (Dallas, Texas; December 1999). The thief was luckily apprehended and the plunder recovered from her voluminous handbag by your editor. Personal papers and correspondence may have been destroyed; at least their current fate or where-

⁹ A full set of *Neue Deutsche Biographie* or *Kürschners deutscher Gelehrten-Kalender* from at least the early ’twenties is helpful in looking up details of the many Classical scholars that AER names. Prof. Dr. Wilt Aden Schröder of the Institut für Griechische und Lateinische Philologie, Universität Hamburg, kindly supplied me with many of the basic details for the Central Europeans found below.

¹⁰ No one who spoke with him will forget his dramatic voice and style of delivery: the pitch would rise and fall in his intense conversational interchanges. Delivering his ironic questions, his voice usually rose an octave.

¹¹ AER only alludes to his beautifully written masterwork, the *Dedications from the Athenian Akropolis* (1949; repr. 1999) and to his substantial revisions of a completely revised edition of Ernst Nachmanson, *Historische attische Inschriften*² (Berlin 1931), a work that he never brought to conclusion, although he used a draft in epigraphy seminars [information from Philip Stadter].

abouts is unknown.¹² Prof. Peter Siewert of Vienna reports that AER left ‘zahlreichen Sonderdrucke und wissenschaftliche Papiere seiner Bibliothek’ to his motherland’s Wiener Institut für Alte Geschichte und Epigraphik. A partial *Nachlass* of AER’s voluminous correspondence was reported in Professor Peter Siewert’s 1999 *Nekrologie* in the University of Vienna’s journal *Tyche*.¹³

The document transcribed and annotated below offers an accessible, if slightly opaque, window into the life of an elusive personality, a remarkable teacher and formidable scholar.¹⁴ It

¹² Inquiries concerning AER’s correspondence and papers, sent by others and myself requesting help from his children, were regrettably not answered.

¹³ Dr. William Beck of Hamburg, Director of the *LfgRE*, brought this notice to my attention. (Beck was another of many American beneficiaries of AER’s transatlantic connections.) AER sent twenty cartons of material to his home city and university in Vienna shortly before his death. The catalogue of these papers (largely off-prints furnished by AER’s colleagues) occupies 82 pages. Prof. Siewert kindly supplied a copy to me.

¹⁴ The editor was encouraged and aided in this unexpectedly arduous labor of love by many AER acquaintances. These include his fellow Stanford students Larry Bliquez and William Beck, Judith Perlzweig Binder (long-time resident of Athens and an archaeologist who knew AER at Yale and in Athens), Mark Edwards, Edward Courtney (whose Latin epitaph for AER appears in *CJ* 95.1 (1999) 64), and Michael Jameson (who wrote the best known obituary for the *AJA*; see list of obituaries, Appendix 2, below), Peter Siewert (who came to Stanford to work on the ‘oath of Plataea’ with AER for an academic term), Philip Stadter (his student at Princeton), and Professor Wilt Schröder of Hamburg. I thank them all. I extend apologies, especially to my impatient friend Judith Binder (now deceased), for the long delay in publication. It is not clear what AER expected to come of his handwritten *commentariū* or memoir, but he certainly never indicated that he did not want this decorous docu-

is followed by a second autobiography, provided to the editor by Mark Edwards in 2006. Much of its information does not repeat, but rather fills out, the data that AER provided to the editor. He has appended it rather than clumsily interleaved it. The different emphases and developments remind us that writers/singers produce for specific audiences and will present material to one that they do not share with another,¹⁵ as those listeners vary in circumstances and time, and as the performer's memory and opinions vacillate.¹⁶

ment (and its congeners: see below) published. I believe he would welcome its post-mortem appearance.

¹⁵ Ted Courtney recalled for me in 2007 an anecdote that I too had heard from Toni: 'In one of Rademacher's classes Toni wrote a paper which Rademacher handed back to him with a suggestion, regarded as rather pointless by Tony, for following up one item. Came the end of term and the time for handing out certificates of work done during the term, Everyone in the class had his name called out, and Tony's came last. When he went up, Rademacher said to him "I see Mr Raubitschek, that you have not followed up the suggestion which I made to you", to which Tony's imprudent response was "Sir, I thought that that was a joke." Thereupon R. drew himself up to his full height, said "Mr. R., classical scholars do not make jokes", and tore up the certificate, so that Tony lost credit for that term.'

¹⁶ The editor has further autobiographical materials in AER's hand provided by E. C. Courtney and two audio tapes (thanks to Prof. Edwards) from an interview of AER conducted at his home by Michael Jameson in June and July 1995.

Appendix 1: Dissertations Directed by AER

Stanford Dissertations

1. Richard Alan McNeal: 'The First Peloponnesian War' (1968)
2. John Shelton: 'Some Greek Documentary Papyri from the Michigan Collection: Roman and Byzantine Texts' (1968)
3. David Dunn Mulroy: 'Prepositions in Thucydides' (1971)
4. Donald Lateiner: 'Lysias and Athenian Politics' (1971)
5. Thomas William Mackay: 'A Critical Edition of Bede's *Vita Felicis*' (1971)
6. Virginia Lynne Snyder Abel: '*Prokrisis*' (1974)
7. Peter Schuyler Mellon: 'The Ending of Aeschylus' *Seven Against Thebes* and its Relation to Sophocles' *Antigone* and Euripides' *Phoenissae*' (1974)
8. Frank E. Romer: 'G. and L. Caesar in the East' (1974)
9. David Russell Cole: '*Asty* and *Polis*: "City" in Early Greek' (1976)
10. Philip Gordon Holt: 'The Imagery of Sophokles' *Trachiniai*' (1976)
11. Joseph William Day: 'The *Panathenaicus* of Aelius Aristides: A Study in the Popular Tradition' (1978)
12. David Andrew Luper: 'Persuasion and Politics in Euripides' (1979)

Direction of dissertations other than at Stanford include, at Princeton, David M. Lewis (1928–1994) 1952 and Father Edward Bodnar (1920–2011), 1958; at Munich, but while visiting Stanford, Peter Siewert, 1970).

The aid of Professors Susan Stephens and Mark Edwards at Stanford was indispensable, but the California earthquake of 1985 destroyed or led to the dispersal of many records in the Stanford Classics department that could lengthen the

following list. AER's perceived authoritarian demeanour (and frequent sarcasm) scared away some potential doctoral candidates from working with him.

Further information extending this list of AER's doctoral students will be appreciated and acknowledged.

Appendix 2

The following AERocentric items will reward readers of his autobiography, although many repetitions naturally appear in these texts:

- Bliquez, Larry, AER Obituary in the *Association of Ancient Historians Newsletter* 79 (2000) 5.
- Jameson, Michael, ed. *The Greek Historians: Literature and History. Papers Presented to A. E. Raubitschek* (Saratoga, Calif. 1985), with a biographical preface by Jameson, a portrait at age 70, and a bibliography covering 1935–83.
- Jameson, Michael, AER Obituary in *AJA* 103 (1999) 697–98.
- Miller, M. J., “Dedication”, in *Dedications from the Athenian Akropolis = Supplementum Inscriptionum Atticarum VII*, ed. AER “with the collaborations of L.H. Jeffery” (1949; reprint Chicago: Ares 1999) 2 pp.
- Obbink, Dirk and Paul A. Vander Waerdt, edd. *The School of Hellas: Essays {written by AER} on Greek History, Archaeology, and Literature* (New York and Oxford, 1991) with a portrait and an introductory note by AER (xi–xv) and his bibliography, 1935–1991.
- Siewert, Peter, AER Obituary in *Tyche* 14 (1999) 1–2.
- Stephens, Susan, ed., AER Memorial Resolution and eight tributes/reminiscences, *The Stanford Classicist* 20 (2000) 11–18, with two portraits at age 87.¹⁷

¹⁷ AER was photogenic: a lively face accompanied by rich postures and gestures in dialogue. Somewhat Socratic in body-type as well as in character, friends were reminded, for better and worse, of Alcibiades’ comments about his mentor in Plato’s *Symposium* (215a4ff.).

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANTONY ERICH RAUBITSCHKEK

[Autograph in three Stanford University Examination Books]

Life in Vienna (1912–1938)

[written July 1980]

When I arrived in the United States in September of 1938, the East Coast had experienced a severe storm and ‘Munich’ was in the air. I came as an immigrant and as a member of the Institute for Advanced Study; I owed both positions to Abraham Flexner¹ who was very kind to me from the moment he invited me to come to the Institute in March, 1938, just when Hitler occupied Austria. I was without any money, but I had a doctorate in Classical Philology from the University of Vienna (1935), a certificate for teaching Latin, Greek, and German in secondary schools, three publications to my name, and I considered myself an archaeologist with special emphasis on epigraphy. I was not yet twenty-six years old, unmarried, and quite open minded, largely because of my ignorance and lack of experience in all matters except in the study of the Classics.

Before I came to the United States, I had travelled in Europe extensively both with my parents and by myself, out of necessity and in order to increase my knowledge and understanding. I was born on December 4, 1912, in Vienna, in a private hospital where at the same time Rudolf von Habsburg

¹ Flexner (1866–1959) was graduated from Johns Hopkins at nineteen but did not obtain a Ph.D. He strongly criticised American medical and university curricula (1910 and 1930). He founded and was the first director of the (Princeton) Institute for Advanced Studies (1930–1939).

was born, the son of the later emperor whom my father knew as a fellow officer. Before the outbreak of the war, my mother returned with me to Czernowitz in Bukovina (the north-eastern province of the empire) where my father was professor of pathology and chief medical examiner. When the war did break out, my father served on the medical corps as a commanding officer, mainly in the Balkans while my mother stayed with me in Vienna except for a visit to Belgrade while my father was the commanding officer there. After the war ended, my parents returned with me to Czernowitz since my father did not wish to swell the army of public servants who refused to return to posts in countries which were now independent or who were refused the permission to return. For several years, he tried to be both loyal to Rumania and to maintain his self respect. By the end, he sent me to Transylvania to school (with an old friend of his who was pastor of the Black Church in Kronstadt-Braşov [now in Romania]) and after another year, we all returned to Vienna, my father got a job in a private medical institute and I began the Gymnasium at Vienna. When it came [time] for me to graduate, I did not study Mathematics (as I would have liked since it was my favorite subject in school) nor Medicine (because my father, my mother's father, brother, and sister all had been or were doctors) but Classics (which I never much liked in school, although I had eight years of Latin and six years of Greek); this choice was made by a professor of Mathematics² who was a friend of my father's and a man of great distinction.

As a graduation present, my father took me on a boat ride all around Italy, from Genova to Venice; we did not see Florence nor [*sic*] Rome, but we went to Florence, Pisa, Bologna, Padua, and Venice briefly the following year, 1932. During my four years at the University I went by myself both to Prague and to Budapest, and with the Seminar to Hungary twice, but

² Name unknown.

the great experience of my life was a trip to Greece in 1933—a University excursion, already under the shadow of Hitler, and a long visit in Greece in 1934–1935, living with a Greek family, travelling in Greece, writing my dissertation,³ but above all making friends. At that time, I got to know all the great men of the day and all the young people who have become great since. Today [July, 1980], most of them are dead (I was the youngest of the group), but some are still active, and their pupils have been carrying on the good work. It is easy to define it: a good classical education based on Greek and Latin texts of all kinds, knowledge of the commentaries, literary, historical, philosophical, familiarity with the topography and the monuments, knowledge of the country and its people, fluency in the language, concern for art, architecture, inscriptions, coins. All that [in order] to see things as they were seen at the time and throughout history. To come as close to the Greeks and Ro-

³ AER studied with Johannes Mewaldt (1880–1964), a philologist who himself had studied with Wilamowitz and Diels in Berlin. He had, one gathers, an impressive personality. He became a professor at Marburg, Greifswald, Königsberg, Tübingen and finally Vienna beginning in 1931. His fields were the history of medicine and Hellenistic philosophy, especially Epicurus and Lucretius. AER's (unpublished) dissertation, *Epikureische Untersuchungen*, was signed by Mewaldt on 23 May 1935. It contains three chapters on the Herodotus letter, Repetition in Lucretius, and the alleged Epicurus letter in the Diogenes of Oenoanda inscription. AER had hoped to work in Vienna with Adolf Wilhelm (1864–1950), the eminent epigrapher who published many Athenian dedicatory inscriptions (e.g., *AM* 1898, and Wilhelm also worked on Cilician inscriptions), but this plan did not come to fruition, although his help with *Dedications* is acknowledged. AER more often spoke of Wilhelm and Ludwig Rademacher (1867–1952), the distinguished student of Usener and Buecheler at Bonn, and successor to Theodor Gomperz in Vienna (1909–1937), than of Mewaldt who welcomed the National Socialists. AER was more forgiving of former Third-Reich sympathisers than some other refugees.

mans as possible, to understand them on their terms. All this I learned in Vienna and I learned to practice it in Athens; this is what I and my friends and students did all our lives; there is only one more thing: imagination. It is necessary to get the whole picture from some details, it is necessary to combine pieces of the big puzzle and to see whether or not they fit together.

After I got acquainted with American Classicists, I discovered that most of them had not the slightest idea how to go after their task.⁴ Their starting point was normally some often stupid remark they read in a recent article or book, and they examined critically the evidence presented here, or found elsewhere collected, even in dictionaries and encyclopedias. No wonder most of their labors seemed futile to me, except when they had new evidence to deal with, inscriptions, papyri, coins, excavations. Instead, I always felt that scholarly problems must be formulated during and after intimate association with primary evidence, and that they must be treated first of all by accumulating all the pertinent primary evidence by reading the proper authors extensively. And I have suggested to my students to do just this.

No account of my 'early' years would be complete without a discussion of antisemitism [*sic, passim*] and of Hitler. I was conscious of the former all my life while I became aware of Hitler only after I had come to the United States.⁵ For a person of Jewish ancestry, though not religion,⁶ living in Austria,

⁴ As an American colleague remarks, 'And we wonder why not everyone loved AER!'

⁵ He can't mean this statement as it stands, and it is puzzling to find AER wrote it half a century later. Characteristic hyperbole?

⁶ AER was raised as a Lutheran, as far as I can determine. Perhaps only late in Isabelle's life and at her wish, he appeared to have converted to Catholicism. Continuities between Classical culture and Christianity were an abiding interest in his life.

antisemitism was a fact of life which had to be taken into consideration all the time and which had its impact on one's modesty, industry, honesty, and humility—all qualities which are considered virtues. Discrimination, mostly unjust discrimination, had to be overcome by exemplary conduct[,] not to be outlawed by public decree—simply because nobody in Europe thought that it would work, people being the way they are. I looked at Hitler's antisemitism pretty much the same way, and I think most other people felt the same way, whether they were affected by it or not. My innocence went so far that I assisted personally and at considerable risk to myself the Nazis who were victimized after the assassination of Dollfuss in 1936. Even during my last meetings with my German friends, at the first International Meeting of Epigraphers in Amsterdam in September 1938, did I feel that German imperialism rather than the 'final solution' was the great danger of German Nationalism.

To sum up, I brought with me to Princeton a cultural background and an academic preparation which were rare among American scholars, and a political innocence which I have not entirely abandoned even to this day. None of these qualities are in especially high regard today, and yet, I have to admit that I have been successful in every respect, beyond my expectations and hopes. I attribute this success to American Liberalism and Generosity. With this I mean that many people in America appreciated and rewarded what I was doing and that many of the same people were willing to be nice to me although they did not have to be.

No wonder that I felt and feel at home in this country and that I neither had nor have any desire to return to Europe. No wonder that I have retained good relations with my friends in Germany and in Austria some of whom did not remain as innocent as I did.

This account covers the first twenty-five years of my life (actually it was almost twenty-six); the next quarter century should be described as 'Life in Princeton'.

[Nine lines of Bluebook 1 left blank]

The Princeton Years, 1938–1963

[written April 1981]

The second five lustra, from 1938 till 1963, were the formative years of my life, and they were spent for the most part in Princeton, first at the Institute for Advanced Study (1938 to 1942 and again 1944–1945) and finally at the University (1947 to 1963); the intervening years, I taught at Yale (1942 to 1944 and 1945 to 1947). When I arrived I was not only a refugee but soon also an enemy alien; at the same time I was a fellow and later an assistant at one of the most prestigious research institutes of the world (the ‘Einstein School’). When I left, I was a tenured member of the faculty of the University with a good reputation as a scholar and as a teacher of undergraduates and graduate students; I was happily married⁷ for twenty-two years and we had four children, the oldest was attending Princeton and the second oldest was about to enter Georgetown’s School of Nursing. I owe to the USA and to many of its citizens (especially to my wife and to BD [*sic, passim*] Meritt⁸) that I was so successful, and my gratitude is as great as my patriotism.

⁷ Isabelle Kelly Raubitschek (1914–1988) taught at San Francisco State University and at Stanford. She catalogued, edited, and substantially wrote *Isthmia, Vol. VII: The Metal Objects (1952–1989)*, published by the American School with AER’s final touches in 1998. For further details, see a biography by P. Terrence Hopmann, her son-in-law, at http://www.brown.edu/Research/Breaking_Ground/bios/Raubitschek_Isabelle.pdf.

⁸ Benjamin Dean Meritt was America’s leading Greek epigraphist (1899–1989), professor of epigraphy at the IAS from 1935 to 1969 and one of the three authors of the monumental *Athenian Tribute Lists* (1939–1953). A mentor and close friend and supporter, to him (at 50) AER dedicated his 1949 book on *Dedications*.

When I came to Princeton I was considered an epigraphist because I worked in BD Meritt's office, and an archaeologist because of my extended studies in Athens, because of my acquaintance with archaeologists, and because of my work on the Dedications from the Athenian Akropolis which consisted of statues which stood on architecturally significant often inscribed bases and pedestals. When I left Princeton, I was an associate professor of Classics who had taught practically all undergraduate courses in Latin and Greek (including courses for beginners) and graduate courses in Greek Tragedy and Greek Composition. In addition, I had lectured in all kinds of Humanities courses and had supervised many dissertations in Greek Literature. The only teaching in Greek Archaeology and Epigraphy I had done was in Europe, first at Oxford in 1961, then at Bonn, Kiel, Köln, Heidelberg, Munich, Athens, between 1962 and 1965.

When I arrived at Princeton in the Fall of 1938, shortly after the Hurricane, I was unmarried and without any close attachment to a woman. A classmate from the University whom I had loved very dearly, Hedwig Herburger, had married Gustl Kastenhofer whom she had known since they were children and whose family her family knew. At the time I left Vienna, she had a baby, and it was simply agreed that we were not meant for each other. Later, in 1961, while being visiting professor in Oxford, I visited her. They had now two children and had all survived the war, but had moved to St. Veit in Carinthia where Gustl established a thriving business as an engineer, mainly concerned with road building. I have visited them whenever I went to Europe, and they visited us in Athens, in 1977. Another girlfriend of mine, the daughter of Hans Schrader⁹ who had helped me in my first archaeological work

⁹ German archaeologist and art historian, Hans Schrader (1869–1948) was professor at Frankfurt 1914–1930, with a monograph on Phidias (1924). He suggested to AER (1935) that he collate and publish the early dedications from the Athenian acropolis.

in Athens, Käti, was a few years older than I, and she was so deeply rooted in Germany that we had to part company when I was ready to leave. We met for the last time in Prague and I did not see her again till I went to Bonn in 1962, as visiting professor, and she came from Berlin to see me. She had been in prison after the attack on Hitler's life by the German aristocrats (she was a granddaughter of Hans von Siemens), and I have seen her again and again, in Berlin and in other parts of Germany. She is getting old but our correspondence is frequent and very pleasant.¹⁰ Thus I was unattached in 1938 when I first came to the United States, and I did not form a close relationship with any woman till I met Isabelle Kelly in 1940. We had met briefly in 1938 in Athens, and when she came to Princeton in 1939 as E. A. Lowe's¹¹ assistant at the Institute for Advanced Study, we came to know and love each other, and we were married in Quincy, on July 12th 1941, on the same day of the year on which I got my doctorate in Vienna, in 1935. When we left Princeton, we had four children, the oldest John, 21 and a senior at Princeton, the youngest Andrew, 15 and a sophomore at the Hill School in Pottstown, Pennsylvania. My family life has had a profound impact on my professional life not only because of the time and the attention I devoted to the children and later to my wife but also because of the experience in human relations which I acquired in the family and used in College. There is definitely a conflict of

¹⁰ On this page and occasionally later, rather than dropping down and indenting paragraphs, AER leaves a larger space and continues on the same line, as one discovers on many Greek inscriptions.

¹¹ Elias Lowe (originally Loew, born in Lithuania 1879, died in Germany 1969) was brought up in the United States and was Professor of Paleography at the IAS 1936–1945. His work, *Codices Latini Antiquiores* in eleven volumes and further Supplements (1934–1971), remains the standard reference on late ancient and early medieval mss.

interest, as in the ministry, not great enough to require celibacy but great enough to become aware of it almost daily. I think that a teacher-scholar (a term coined at Princeton) should not get married until he is well set in his career both as a scholar and as a teacher, but should then devote himself to his family to the exclusion of everything else except his students and his studies.

When I came to Princeton in 1938, I was a refugee who had received permanent residence through the reputation of the Institute for Advanced Study and its first director Abraham Flexner.¹² When the war broke out, I was considered an enemy alien as all the other German and Japanese members of the Institute. But through the intercession of Oswald Veblen,¹³ I and the others did not experience any other inconvenience than to register and to stay in the United States. After the war, Isabelle and I went in 1952 to the second international Epigraphical Congress to [*sic*] Paris (thus Princeton rewarded us for not going to Vanderbilt), and our contacts there were mainly English and French, but I did meet some of my old friends from Austria (Betz)¹⁴ and Germany (Klaffenbach),¹⁵

¹² Flexner (1866–1959), as mentioned above, was one of the two founders of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton which he directed from 1930 to 1939.

¹³ Veblen (1880–1960), an American mathematician at Princeton, for whom a geometry prize is named, was long involved in running the IAS and warmly and presciently supported, as Flexner did, the welcome of refugee scholars who escaped the Hitler Reich.

¹⁴ Artur Betz (1905–1985) was AER's friend (they used the pronoun *Du* with each other) and an expert on Roman provincial epigraphy. AER contributed to the *Festschrift* published for his eightieth birthday (1985).

¹⁵ Gunther Klaffenbach (1890–1972) studied under Wilamowitz and became Professor in Berlin in 1929. He became director of the *Inscriptiones Graecae* project for decades and maintained good relations with emigrated scholars.

Kirsten,¹⁶ Nesselhauf¹⁷). In 1957, I went alone to Rome (stopping briefly in Mainz to see Hampe¹⁸), and there I met my old teacher Egger,¹⁹ but there was still a certain distance between the Germans and Austrians and the scholars from other countries. In 1961, while at Oxford, I went to Germany (Bonn, Köln, Münster, and Munich) and re-established my close relationship to Rumpf,²⁰ Langlotz,²¹ Wedeking;²² at that time, I met

¹⁶ Ernst Kirsten (1911–1987), a German archaeologist and historian, trained in Leipzig and Heidelberg. He became a fanatical Nazi. During World War II he served as director of German air photography of Greek antiquities. He was appointed Professor of Historical Geography in Bonn in 1951, and, from 1970, he taught at the University of Vienna.

¹⁷ Herbert Nesselhauf (1909–1995) studied in Freiburg and Königsberg. He was employed by the Prussian Academy from 1932. Editor of volume XVI of the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*, he later became professor in Freiburg and Constance.

¹⁸ Roland Hampe (1908–1981), archaeological expert on Early and Archaic Greece, studied in Munich and Würzburg and became Professor at Heidelberg in 1957. He published a critically admired translation of Homer in 1979.

¹⁹ The Austrian archaeologist Rudolf Egger (1882–1969) studied in Vienna and excavated Roman sites in middle Europe. In 1929 he became Professor of Roman history and epigraphy in Vienna (part of the ‘Wiener Schule’ with Keil and Praschniker). He also studied early Christianity.

²⁰ The German Andreas Rumpf (1890–1966) studied with Studniczka in Leipzig (who himself worked on Acropolis statue bases, *Jahrbuch* 1887) and became Professor of Archaeology and Art History at Köln from 1929 to 1959. He was a well-liked and renowned teacher of Greek vase painting and wall painting.

²¹ Ernst Langlotz (1895–1978), German archaeologist and art historian, studied with Studniczka at Leipzig. From 1933 to 1941, he was professor in Frankfurt and Bonn. An anti-Nazi, he maintained good relations with the émigré scholars. His *Frühgriechische Bildhau-*

also many others for the first time. As a result, I was invited as visiting professor in [*sic*] Bonn in 1962, and I attended the Epigraphical Congress in Vienna in September of the same year. By that time, I was no longer considered a stranger by the Germans and I felt like one of them. I was able to arrange for the new edition of the I.G. volume on Attica to be edited by people connected with the American School and the Agora. Meritt turned us down, or else I would have stayed in Princeton, but Tony Andrewes²³ arranged for Ann Jeffery²⁴ and David Lewis²⁵ to do it in Oxford (the first fascicule is now in page-

erschulen (Würzburg 1927) carefully distinguished regional styles of architecture.

²² Ernst Homann-Wedeking (1908–2002), a German archaeologist and art historian, directed the archaeological institute in Munich from 1959 to 1973. His notable books include *Anfänge der griechischen Grossplastik* (Berlin 1950).

²³ Antony Andrewes (1910–1990) was Wykeham Professor of Ancient History at Oxford. He wrote *The Greek Tyrants* (1956) and completed (1981, with K. J. Dover) A. W. Gomme's magisterial commentary on Thucydides.

²⁴ Lillian H. Jeffery (1915–1986) wrote *The Local Scripts of Archaic Greece* (1961) after collaborating with AER on *Dedications*, for which she provided measurements, descriptions, photographs and the section on marble basins.

²⁵ David Lewis (1928–1994) studied with AER at Princeton and became professor of Ancient History at Oxford. He obtained a year's replacement position for AER at Merton College, Oxford. His specialty was epigraphy; his *Sparta and Persia* (1977) revived in part the study of Greek relations with the empire to the east. He spoke at the celebration of AER's seventieth birthday at Stanford 1982, on 'Persians in Herodotus.' See *The Greek Historians: Literature and History. Papers Presented to A. E. Raubitschek* (Saratoga, Cal., 1983) 101–18. Other speakers included W. R. Connor, Paul Robinson, Joseph Day, Carolyn Dewald, Steven Hirsch, Ronald Syme, and Wesley Thompson.

proof).²⁶ I received but refused invitations from Vienna and from Bonn to join their faculties, but I accepted another visiting professorship from Köln which was followed by one from Heidelberg in 1965. I was also active at the Kommission für Alte Geschichte und Epigraphik in Munich; I helped establish it and I conducted seminars there during the Summers of 1963 and 1965. Both directors, Büchner,²⁷ now president of the German Archaeological Institute, and Wörrle²⁸ are friends of mine. Ultimately, I was elected a full member of both the German and the Austrian Archaeological Institutes. This growing intimacy with German Classicists, and especially with Archaeologists, has been a source of great satisfaction and pleasure, and of course also of scholarly benefit both to my wife and to me, but academically my stay in Oxford as Fulbright professor and as Fellow of Newton College, in 1961, was much more important because it enabled me to establish and maintain contacts in England which were to be useful to my students at Princeton and at Stanford. I am immensely grateful to Princeton University for enabling me to go to Europe in 1961, 1962, 1963.

Turning finally to the most important part of my life, my teaching and studying, I must confess that the benefit of my teaching for my studies was greater than that of my studies for my teaching, although the two went hand in hand as they

²⁶ *Inscriptiones Atticae Euclidis Anno Anteriores (IG I³)* 1981–94.

²⁷ Giorgio Buchner (1914–2005), born in Munich of German and Italian parents, became an archaeologist who studied in Rome and Naples. From 1949, he was head of excavations on Ischia where he dug up the ‘Cup of Nestor’. He was a co-founder of the Pithecusae Museum and specialized in Magna Graecia.

²⁸ The German ancient historian and epigrapher Michael Wörrle (1939–) specializes in the Hellenistic and Roman history of Asia Minor. He has been director of the Ancient History commission of the German Archaeological Institute in Munich.

should. There were two exceptions on the scholarly side, Epigraphy and the Ostraka. While I was at the Institute working first under and then for Meritt, I was doing nothing but Epigraphy, and the result of these studies was the Dedication book, a long Agora Report in *Hesperia*, and a number of articles which came out more frequently during the 'forties but which have not been entirely discontinued (the most recent just went off to the Getty Journal). I learned a lot about Attic Epigraphy, but I never taught a course on it except in Oxford, Bonn, Köln, Heidelberg, Kiel, Munich, Athens. I did undertake to prepare a second edition of Nachmansons²⁹ [*sic*] *Historische Attische Inschriften* and much of the work on it was done during Summers, aided by Mitchel³⁰ and Stadter.³¹ Recently, I turned the work over to Mitchel because Bliquez (who spent a year on it at the Center in Washington) refused to finish the work because of other interests.³²

My interest in the ostraka was slowly aroused, and at first strictly prosopographical and epigraphical. Leslie Shear, the first director of the Agora, became increasingly friendly to me, as the war went on, and one day in 1945, a few weeks before he died of an heart attack which he had seen coming, he gave me a filing box with all the ostraka photos which were known at

²⁹ Ernst Nachmanson (1876–1943) was a Swedish philologist and epigrapher, Professor at Göteborg. Most famous for his *Historische attische Inschriften* (1st ed., Bonn 1913), he also worked on Erotian.

³⁰ Fordyce Mitchel (1922–1986) was an American epigrapher, a student of AER and B. D. Meritt. His Semple lectures were published as *Lykourgan Athens 338–322* (1970).

³¹ Philip Stadter (1936–), scholar of Greek historiography, especially Plutarch and Arrian, retired from the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

³² Lawrence Bliquez (1941–), an expert on Roman surgical instruments, retired from the University of Washington. Professor Bliquez's own account of this decision refers to a mutual agreement.

that time and which he had reserved to himself to publish. ‘Take them, they are yours.’ The Agora staff was surprised and dismayed, and although they recognized Shear’s wish, they did not make things easy for me. Being unable to go to Athens (what with four children, Isabelle and her mother, and later my mother), I concentrated on the Testimonia, and I think I solved all the problems, although my solution (Theophrastos’ *NOMOI* [is] the source of all later accounts and references) has by no means been accepted.³³ I think, however, people are moving in my direction (slowly, as with the Themistocles Decree). In the end, I let Mabel Lang³⁴ do the actual publication of the Agora Ostraka (i.e. the filing cards of the excavations) and I gave to Peter Siewert³⁵ (who did his Munich dissertation

³³ As Konrad Kinzl wrote in his *BMCR* review (2006.07.58) of Siewert’s edited volume (infra): ‘A. E. Raubitschek, ‘Theophrastos on ostracism,’ *Cl&M* 19 (1958) 73–109, [was] the first-ever comprehensive collection of the literary testimonia. He assembled what was available to him at the time, drawing on his impeccable training in Classical Philology; the list has a few lacunae but that was inevitable. He included important and notoriously difficult testimonia from sources of the Byzantine period (some of which still remain unpublished, such as the *Etymologicum Genuinum*, and for some of which he could only rely on inferior editions—as we still must in many instances, not least Harpokration).’

³⁴ Mabel Lang (1917–2010), a legendary teacher of elementary Greek, an Archaeologist, Classicist, and Epigrapher at Bryn Mawr College, like AER combined skills in philology and archaeology. In addition to the Agora Publication (vol. 25) of the *Ostraka* (1990), *inter alia* she delivered the Martin lectures at Oberlin, *Herodotean Narrative and Discourse* (1984).

³⁵ Siewert (1940–) has been Professor of Ancient History at the University of Vienna since 1983. I again thank him for his assistance. For the testimonia on ostraka, see his work as author and editor in a book dedicated to AER, *Ostrakismos-Testimonien I: Die Zeugnisse antiker Autoren der Inschriften und Ostraka über das athenische Scherbengericht aus*

on the Oath of Plataea with me) the almost completed *Testimonia*—and he was supposed to finish it at Princeton, in 1981, but he didn't. The main achievement of the study of the testimonia was the distinction between primary, secondary, and tertiary sources of the Antiquities, and the realization that testimonia must not be listed alphabetically or chronologically but that a stemma must be reconstructed showing the direct and indirect dependencies.

The teaching at Yale and at Princeton gave me an opportunity to study the Classics more thoroughly than I had ever done before, and to gain an overall picture of the Classics. I learned to appreciate Plato, Aristotle, and the Platonists among the Christians, and I slowly became convinced that the main task of the student of the Classics was to understand the ancient authors as they were understood by their contemporaries. This view I have maintained and clarified, and applied especially to poetry and history. It seems to me to be appropriate to study Homer, Pindar, Tragedy in order to find out what the poets meant to convey and what their audience understood them to say. This makes and keeps Classical Philology essentially a historical discipline and distinguishes it from Literary Criticism as it is practiced today. While this view is generally accepted by the students of Classical Philosophy, it is still new in the study of Ancient History where scholars use the sources (literary and archaeological and epigraphical) in order to make their own reconstruction, in order to write history. I have always felt that only few can do this properly, the true historians of whom there are as few today as there were in Antiquity, and I believe that most of us should be satisfied finding out what the ancient historian thought they were doing and what their readers thought about their own times, about their past, and about the works of their historians.

vorhellenistischer Zeit (487–322 v. Chr.) (*Historia Einzelschriften* 155; Stuttgart 2002).

asked to read some coming, he gave me a filing
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 The Agave staff was surprised and dismayed,
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 actual publication of the Agave Oshaka (i.e.
 the filing cards of the excavations) and I gave
 to Peter Skjovvold (who did his M.A. dissertation
 on the Oshaka with me) the almost
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 Homer, Plutarch, Tragedy in order to find out what
 the poet aimed to convey and what their audience
 understood them to say. The maker and keeper

Fig. 1. A sample of the blue books in which AER wrote the autobiographies.



Fig. 2. Donald Lateiner and AER



Fig. 3. AER and Elizabeth Gephardt

This view I tried to present to the graduate students and especially to those who wrote dissertations under my care.

Looking back at the quarter century which I spent at Princeton and at Yale, I am full of gratitude to everybody who contributed to my education, to all those who were kind and helpful, and even to those who caused me to leave Yale and to leave Princeton, because they directly contributed to my further growth and development. This is especially true for some of my colleagues at Princeton. They could have made it so unpleasant for me to leave that I would have stayed and thus missed the chance of going to Stanford and discovering a new world and new opportunities for myself.

The urge to leave Princeton was manifold on the part of my family; I really wanted to stay because I had everything which mattered, and the lack of appreciation did not matter to me and I rather enjoyed it. My wife was through at Miss Fine's School which was collapsing, and the younger children wanted to move to the 'new world' as California appeared to them. They all were more nearly right than I was. I thought that going to Stanford was like taking an early and well paid retirement. At first it looked that way, since I was supposed to strengthen the graduate school without using either discipline or discrimination and being confronted by <a few>³⁶ students who accepted our invitation mainly because of the fellowship [i.e., financial support], the warm climate, and the reputation of San Francisco. It was only much later that my ~~three~~ <four> main fields of activity began to appear: Classical Politics (which I had not done since Yale), Greek History (which I never taught at Princeton), Humanities, and Stanford-in-Greece (with archaeological courses shared at Stanford with

³⁶ Angle brackets mark AER's own changes or additions.

my wife and then also with Stella Miller). Not only was it not a retirement but it kept me busy even beyond retirement, and will do so surely for another year or two.

[two lines left blank]

**[The Stanford Years, 1963–91]
[written December 1991]³⁷**

*Some material following has been deleted:
Personnel Matters*

Looking back at these twenty-eight years, I have no complaints and no regrets, but I have to admit that my own scholarly production was meager and undistinguished. The reason was the separation from Princeton and Europe which brought with it the lack of books and articles, material, and personal contacts which I had enjoyed at the University, The Institute, in Athens, Vienna, Munich, Heidelberg, Bonn and in other places. Another reason was my preoccupation with Isabelle's academic career first at San Francisco, then at Stanford, and these efforts were not only very successful but also eminently worthwhile and pleasing. Her final illness providentially coincided with her advancing age and decrease in academic and scholarly interests. The year we spent in Athens in 1977, our trip to Vienna and Mainz in 1985 meant a great deal to her and naturally to me, and in general I was able to enjoy her company

³⁷ The author prefaced the following to the Editor concerning this section:

Dear Don,

Before I was able to respond to your good letter of some time ago (I cut it up to keep the beautiful picture of Aristion which was on the back and to multiply it for the students ((adults)) in next quarter's lectures on Masterpieces of Greek Art) in which you asked for an account of my 28 years at Stanford, your Christmas greetings from you, Marianne, and the boys arrived, and I feel that the best thing to do is to answer your request because even if I should live and teach much longer, I do not believe that I shall experience or produce anything worth reporting. ...

during these years more than before when I was anxious to use every opportunity for scholarly work, not realizing that I could never again have it or even perhaps desire it.

This does not mean that I did not study and think during these years at Stanford. On the contrary, I learned more during these years than I expected. During my student days at Vienna and during my teaching years at Yale and at Princeton, and even during my 'research' at the Institute, I was carrying on the work that had been done by scholars before, aiming at doing it as best as I could and I believe succeeding to a certain extent. Teaching at Stanford encourages innovations and whether responding positively to the opportunities or simply enjoying a growing maturity which allowed me to generalize or to synthesize, this is what I did, what I was expected to do and what was appreciated by students and by the 'administration'. When I went for my first interview at Yale, the old Rostovtzeff told me that he had read all my articles and liked them but that I must learn to synthesize [*sic*]. At the time, I did not understand what he meant, although I had his example before me, but now I know, and I have tried to do it, not in books as he did, and perhaps not as well and as successfully as he did. But I did do it, and I learned a lot and many of the students were encouraged by my teaching to devote themselves to further studies. It all began with the 'Humanities Seminars' on Greek and on Latin Literature and Philosophy which was [*sic*] offered to Graduate Students of the various departments of the Humanities who were not studying Classics and never had studied Classics or knew the Classical Languages. I saw here a challenge to present the Classics to non-Classicalists who in turn would offer 'Humanities' courses to undergraduates. The challenge was both 'historical' and philosophical: what did the Classics mean to Western Civilization and how can the problems of Western Civilization be viewed from the standpoint of the Classics. Later I discovered under the influence of strident multi-culturalism [*sic*] that the great achievements of the Clas-

sics were of universal value and that the problems of the world if properly formulated were open and subject to Classical principles and their solutions. I was encouraged and permitted to pursue these ideas in two undergraduate courses one devoted to Politics, the other to Athletics which were taken hardly ever by students of the Classics, although a good number came in, enjoyed them and found them valuable for their education. All this took much preparation and much thought but it did not result in any discoveries which could and should be published in learned journals. Moreover, there is no continuity to such efforts although they are neither subjective nor personal. I have not been able to persuade any of my younger colleagues to take over any of those courses, and although I am not asked to offer any of the regular Classics courses (except Greek Lit II, from Pindar to Theokritos which evidently does not appeal to anybody or it is considered too much work), I am still teaching these ‘innovative’ courses.

Finally, I must mention the Archaeology. Although I spent the entire four years at Vienna University studying in the ‘Archäologische–Epigraphische Seminar’ while teaching courses and Seminars in Philology and Linguistics, I got my degree in Classics and I was careful when I came to the United States to insist that I was a Classicist. While I was active in the New Haven and Princeton Societies of the A.I.A. the courses I offered were confined to the Classics. This continued at Stanford although Isabelle’s and my association with the Stanford Society of the A.I.A. became more intimate simply because we were the only archaeologists around (except for those few at Berkeley, Amyx,³⁸ for Stroud³⁹ and Greenwald⁴⁰ [*sic*] not to

³⁸ Darrell Amyx (1911–1997) was an American classical archaeologist (Ph.D. Berkeley). His principal field of study was the archaic pottery of Corinth.

³⁹ Ronald Stroud (1936–), trained at Toronto as an archaeologist and epigraphist, became Professor of Classical Languages and Literature at the University of California, Berkeley. He is the author of

mention [Stella] Miller came much later). With the grant for ‘Stanford-in-Greece’ it became necessary to offer a course in addition to Isabelle’s courses in Ancient Art, and ‘Topography and Monuments’ was not only one of my contributions to the program but it opened my eyes to a new view of the Classics. Not the Classical books spread over the world nor [*sic*] the works of art in the various Museums put in chronological or/and typological order but the places where both were created, this was the object of my study and of my course. To try to convey to a group of students what they would see in one of the places visited (regardless of type or age of monument) and what works of literature were produced there not only contributed to their useful information but taught me a lesson which was new to me. Luckily, this course had to be taken over by Mark Munn⁴¹ when he took over Stanford-in-Greece, but alas both are going to die (i.e. the course and S-I-G) if he is not reappointed or promoted, as it seems that he will not be here next year.

Looking back once more at these twenty-eight years, they were good years for Isabelle, for me and for our students but they will soon be forgotten. Of lasting value, you may think, are the scholarly contributions, properly published. But here too, the modern means of recording and distributing information not only strips it of their scholarly clothing (i.e., inter-

Drakon’s Law of Homicide (1968), *SEG* 26 (co-author), and works on Corinth.

⁴⁰ Crawford Greenewalt (1937–2012), trained at Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania, was a noted University of California, Berkeley archaeologist, and served for decades (1976–2007) as director of the American Expedition to Sardis .

⁴¹ Mark Munn (1963–) received his Ph.D. in 1983 from the University of Pennsylvania and teaches at the Pennsylvania State University. He specialises in the historiography and material culture of classical Greece.

pretation) and of the personal contributions on the part of active scholars; all that remains is the dry computer data bank the utility of which decreases with the slow disappearance of scholars and students interested in the setting of the information and in its interpretation.

I have upheld the oath which I gave when I received my degree and the right to be called doctor philosophiae to work in my chosen field non sordidi lucri causae nec ad vanam captandam gloriam sed ut lux veritatis clarius effulgeat et salus generis humani propagetur. And none of my students, though they may never have sworn this oath, has to my knowledge violated it.

To show you that the end has not yet come, I am well and eager to put the final touches on Isabelle's manuscript of the publication of the metal objects (other than coins and armour) found at the Isthmia. It is largely though not entirely a mechanical revision of descriptions, places of discovery, bibliography etc., and I am repeating to myself quidquid agis prudenter agas et respice finem.

Toni

[*o lines left blank*]

SECOND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANTONY ERICH RAUBITSCHEK

[Transcribed from bluebooks "Toni 1917–1938" and "Stanford" (11/26/95) for Mark W. Edwards, AER's longtime Stanford colleague. The following text (dated 8/10/92) has been lightly edited, amended, and annotated by MWE and DL.]

My own recollections go back to the War, ca. 1917, when my father was a high ranking officer in the medical corps and my mother stayed with me in a small apartment in Vienna, and I attended elementary school at the age of 5 or 6. Food was our main concern, meat and sugar, and family 'heirlooms' were sacrificed for it. In 1917 when the new emperor Karl was crowned in Budapest, my father was part of the 'party' and afterwards the horses were slaughtered to provide meat for the guests, and I do remember that my father sent a soldier to Vienna with some of the meat for us—a rather unlikely story, I admit. After the collapse in 1918 my father was ordered to take over the command in Poland but he resigned and went with us to Czernowitz in the north-eastern corner of the Monarchy where he had been professor at the University (in his early thirties) and chief medical officer of the province Bukowina which was recently incorporated into Romania. Although at that time it was incorporated in the new state Romania, he was well received and kept his positions for a number of years until he felt he should return to Vienna where I could go to a decent school (being then about 11 or 12) and he could be in charge of a private medical laboratory (but in close touch with 'Medicine'). Even before returning to Vienna, I was sent to a German school in Kronstadt (Braşov) in Trans[s]ylvania, an old German town which had the seat of the Lutheran Bishop, an old friend of my father's in whose house I lived with the Bishop's son who was my age; the

bishop himself who visited us regularly in Vienna was killed by the Nazis when they occupied Romania in 1939. I have dim but happy memories of the Honternsgymnasium [?] which I attended in Kronstadt and of the ‘Schwarze’ (Black) Church, a late Gothic cathedral across the street from the bishop’s house.

My recollections of Vienna in the early ’twenties are very dim and are all connected with the School, first a ‘progressive’ one, then an oldfashioned gymnasium with eight years of Latin, six of Greek, French and English in the afternoon and calculus. My interest was almost entirely centered on art and mathematics, because he [*sic*: it?] had a good teacher in both (drawing and modelling), [*sic*] and I spent many an afternoon in a nearby park listening to one of our former students who was studying Logic and Mathematics (then first combined in Vienna).

As for personal relations, there were few. My father’s mother was living with Mario Vidakovich [?], her grandson, first in their old house and then in an apartment. Mario’s mother, my father’s sister after whom I was named, had committed suicide because her husband, a brilliant medical scientist and friend and colleague of my father’s with whom he worked under Landsteiner on the discovery of the blood groups had received a professorship in Buenos Aires and found a new wife there. Isabelle and I met Mario and his wife who came from Sweden to Vienna to meet us, but at that time relations were cool and formal. I was told that my mother was sent to Vienna to console my father after Antonie’s suicide and this way got to know and love him—they were distantly related and had the same last name. Incidentally, her sister also married an otherwise unrelated ophthalmologist, being herself a doctor and went after the war to Baghdad (a fertile soil for diseases of the eye); we never saw them again. Then there was my mother’s brother, also a doctor who was practicing in Vienna after the war and came to New York after the second war—and died there. My father was working long hours, spent much time with col-

leagues, went often to concerts and to the Opera and spent four weeks every year with my mother travelling, mainly to England. My mother kept house and ‘studied’ at the Art Library, the Albertina (looking at pictures). I had a bout with tuberculosis of which I only remember that several of [my] classmates visited me regularly. This was before Nazism became popular because some of them later were on opposite sides of the fence, killed and were killed—but that came after 1931.

This carries me to my graduation from high school in June of 1931; what followed was as unpredictable as what went before. The change from high school to University was for me especially striking. My parents moved to a rented house in the suburbs, possibly to keep me from getting sick again; I had wanted to study mathematics, but was told by one of my father’s best friends, an eminent mathematician and the teacher of Kurt Gödl with whom we were together in Princeton, that I was too dumb and I think I was and am. My second choice was Medicine, but my father thought that Medicine in Vienna was on the decline compared to its status in the 19th century, and he was probably right—although all the members of my family were doctors, including Isabelle’s father, and now Andrew (and in a way Kleia). Professor Hahn (whose field was geometry) suggested that I should study Greek History because one of his friends at the Academy (which was very exclusive at that time) was the famous Greek Historian and Epigraphist Adolf Wilhelm. Naturally, that’s what I did. Soon I discovered that Wilhelm was in Athens where he spent most of his time, and so I took courses in Greek and Latin, Roman History, and Archaeology. I did enjoy them all, but I was not very critical then and I have not changed much. In archaeology I was told I could attend the Seminar but that I was too ignorant to give a report. Shortly before Christmas, however, I was told I had to give a report because so many of the regular members were

sick. I did and at the end of the semester the man who cleaned up the rooms in the Institute gave me a 5 schilling banknote (about 10 shillings worth) saying that the Herr Hofrat said that I had given the best report. I wanted to thank him but was told that he did not talk to students. Naturally, I took archaeology again, and promptly got the prize again, and the same happened the following year, but then Herr Hofrat Reisch¹ died, and he had evidently paid the prize out of his own pocket because there were no more prizes under his successor whom I got to know very well. I found out that one had to study Greek and Latin and Greek and Roman Literature and Philosophy and Linguistics if one wanted to become a Greek Historian and Epigraphist; and that's what I did, so much so that I wrote my dissertation on a Latin poet, Lucretius under the professor of Greek.

The two great events of 1933 and 1934 were not Hitler's rise to power, because few people knew what was going on, but as far as I was concerned a University excursion to Greece, and my ability to spend a year 1934/5 there. The former one, conducted by the Professors of the Seminar, was my first acquaintance with Greece, and I was overwhelmed because for the first time I recognized that I loved what I was doing—up to then I was simply trying to study with a professor who was seldom in residence and did not care for (or even know the names of) the few students who took his classes or seminars. It so happened that in 1934 a young Greek student (who was studying German Literature) came to Vienna being introduced to 'my teacher' Wilhelm (I was not aware that I was his pupil because he had never even spoken to me) by a friend of his

¹ Reisch (1863–1933) taught languages and archaeology at the University of Vienna. He became director of the ÖAI (Österreichisches Archäologisches Institut, Athen) from 1910 and dug in Elis, Aegira, and Ephesus. He became, first, Dean and then Rektor of the Universität Wien. The Hapsburg monarchy appointed him Hofrat (Court Councillor) in 1910.

who was Dean of the University of Athens and the father of the young lady. Wilhelm introduced me to her and told me to look after her since he 'had to go to Athens'. I did, and at the end of the year (June 1934) when she was about to depart she expressed her gratitude and asked whether she could help me in any way in Athens. When I said I would like to go to Athens for a year but I neither had the means nor the opportunity, she said that she had dear friends in Athens with whom I could stay for free if I taught the two daughters German who were studying at the University. Their mother was a widow whose husband had been killed by the Turks in Trapezund [*sic*] on the Black Sea during the Greek Turkish War of 1922/3, and after she fled to Athens with her little daughters, she was given by the Hoover Commission a prefabricated American house in Nea Smyrna, a refugee settlement on the way from Athens to the old harbor of Phalaron. The house was equipped for electricity, gas, water, but none of these facilities were available. The girls did not learn much German but I learned Greek and learned to know and love Greece and the Greeks.² I also had introductions to the German Archaeological Institute and to the Austrian one (which was led by a good man but was merely a lodging house for visiting scholars since the Austrian Republic after the war could not support it), and there I wrote my dissertation on Latin poetry and made all my friends with whom I associated during my life (two or three are still alive).

Two things happened during that year in Athens the significance of which for my later life was unknown to me at the time: my friendships with Katie Schrader and with Ben Meritt. Katie (some years older than I, she died recently) was the daughter of Hans Schrader one of THE archaeologists in Germany and the granddaughter of Hans von Siemens who

² AER's pronunciation of ancient Greek was modified by his knowledge of modern Greek in an attractive way.

made practical and commercial use of electricity (light bulbs!); in the latter capacity she was the secretary of the Telephone office in Athens, in the former she told her father about me who then suggested to Heberdey in Graz to turn over to me his notebooks on the dedicatory inscriptions found fifty years earlier during the excavations of the Acropolis without which I never would have gotten started on a major work.³ Katie and I became very close friends but her German background and her age kept us from thinking of spending our lives together—because she was tied down to Hitler Germany and would not even come to Vienna but had me meet her in Prague. After the war we corresponded frequently but I saw her only once in Berlin. Her father who published the sculpture from the Acropolis invited me to contribute a third volume to his publication but my going to Princeton and working with Ann Jeffery made this impossible. I did go to Graz to see Heberdey,⁴ who examined me for three days before giving me his notebooks which were kept during the excavation and therefore contained information no longer available. I left them at the Institute and they disappeared during my second stay at Yale 1945–7. Equally important was my meeting with Meritt who was quite young, about 35, but already well known in Athens and in the USA—which I did not realize. Being the son-in-law of the chancellor of Vanderbilt who was a dear friend of Abraham Flexner (they all spent summers together in Ontario), he

³ AER was very modest about himself although highly critical of others.

⁴ Rudolph Heberdey (1864–1933) was granted his D.Phil. in Vienna in 1898, and served as professor at Graz, Austria. He excavated at Smyrna and Ephesus in Anatolia and researched the bases of the Acropolis dedications from 1911. In 1919, he published *Altattische Porosskulptur*. Thus, he is mentioned gratefully in AER's introduction to *Dedications* (viii–ix). AER's account of the disappearance of these bestowed notebooks is notably lacunose, but other events too recede in shadows.

was appointed in 1935, when I first met him, to the newly established Institute, the Einstein School, and asked Flexner to invite me to join him after he got my first publication, one page of numbers of inscriptions which I had joined and which was submitted to the Academy by Wilhelm for publication.

When I returned in 1935 to take my exams, to submit my dissertation and to get my DPhil, I had many friends in Athens (Greeks and foreigners), I had a topic for a major book, but I was told to get a diploma entitling me to teach Latin, Greek, German in Austrian highschoools, and to teach it for at least two years. This I did, writing another thesis in Latin on Seneca, took some more exams and taught beginners' Latin and Greek to eleven and thirteen year old little boys. In 1937 I was able to return to Athens to work on the inscriptions, living at the Austrian School, and hoping that I would get the position as secretary of the Vienna Academy which was to become vacant early in 1938. That was one of the reasons why I returned to Vienna early, another was that I was told by my diplomat friends that Hitler would invade Austria and I would have to stay abroad. What happened was that (against the view of all my relations and friends in Vienna) he did invade Austria, but the job went to a Nazi who held it until recently and never did a lick of work. I have no cause or right to complain because on the day after Hitler invaded Austria I received a letter from Flexner inviting me to come to Princeton and suggesting that I ask the US consul to give me an immigrant's visa which he did when he saw Flexner's signature.

* * * * *

[The following pages were written in June 1991]

Written history, at least since Herodotus, is conceived retroactively, and if I am giving an account of my Stanford years, I

am thinking of this moment, June 4th, 1991, and I am looking back to our arrival here, in July 1963, while telling the story backwards, namely beginning at the end.

This means that I must give an account of the house at 475 Embarcadero, because through these almost thirty years it has been the scene of our life much more and much more significantly than of any place we have lived before or of which I know. Isabelle ‘found’ it during a week’s visit in March when she confirmed our decision to go to Stanford, when she found a teaching position at SF State and got the house. It was the first which she liked, and naturally it means much more to me now than it did to start with. We put all the archaeological books, reports and slides in her room—Andrew building the shelves, and although the books and reprints have gone to Toledo and the slides to the Department—they are still not put in order, the room is still as she had it and left it, and I am with her when I sit at her desk as I am doing now.

When we came here in 1963, I thought that having taught at Yale, Princeton, Oxford, Köln, Bonn, my main career had come to a still stand [*sic*], while Isabelle’s was starting, and for her that was true, for she established Classical Archaeology at Stanford, and it has become Classical Sculpture and vase painting after she retired. To my own surprise, I turned out to be much more active than I anticipated, and my work was appreciated by students and faculty and especially by the University. Had I stayed in Princeton, I would have done some things which I did not do at Stanford: the *Historischen Attischen Inschriften* (the incomplete ms of which went to Mitchel and disappeared after his death), the Ostraka from the Agora which Mabel Lang published using my notes, and Periclean Athens which was reduced to a number of articles, some of which show the theme the book would have presented: the Persian Wars came to an end with the Peace of Callias (before 455 B.C.), and in the Tribute Lists there is no mention of the war: the *symmachia* was directed towards peace, a peace which

lasted until the Spartan invasion in 432 B.C. Of the two new courses which I started, one had its roots in Yale where I taught Greek Politics and Greek Political Institutions. Now I saw more clearly the contributions made by Plato and Aristotle and the link to Polybius and to the Roman Republic of Cicero's thought. Essentially, the Republic is a mixed form of government, one part of which is democratic. In our republic, this democratic element has been strengthened at the expense of the aristocratic element, the Senate, which has greatly deteriorated by lack of good senators. Classical Athletics was more original in discovering the early history of the Olympic games, and in recognizing the political potentialities of athletics both in Antiquity and today.

Inevitably my work at Stanford has been influenced by the local political events, especially by the impact of multicultural diversity upon the student body, the Faculty, the staff, and the administration. I was accustomed to submit and to adjust to unsatisfactory conditions, but I agreed that the War in Vietnam conducted by draftees was unjust⁵ and that the legal discrimination against Blacks was also unjust. Positively, I was and I am convinced that by lowering our standards academically for graduation (but also for appointment and promotion) we have harmed all involved. Stanford is getting less and less worth its price. The faculty and the administration are to blame for fostering ethnicity and for bowing to every claim of racism and sexism. Among the various measures suggested for the improvement of education, two are never mentioned, discipline and discrimination. The difference between Princeton and Yale 1938–1942 and Stanford 1991 is very great, and this applies to the articles in *AJP* and *CP*. In the old days, students

⁵ He did not agree at the time, as I and others remember the discussions, in good measure because of his antipathy to Communists.

and scholars were trying to understand the ancient authors as they wanted to be understood and meant to be understood, but now I find that the aim is to search for the way in which the Classical authors dealt with modern issues or even how modern issues may be made meaningful in the Ancient World.

It is almost a year that [*sic*] I wrote these two and a half pages which I found among old addresses. Although they are complete in their assessment of the past thirty years, they are unfinished as I discover reading them now. I should like to finish them now and also to add some personal notes....

* * * *

[*The following passages were added in May 1992*]

Today is the 10th of May [1992], and the Spring Quarter 1991/2 is more than half through. I am teaching Greek 202 which is designed to acquaint the new graduate students with Greek poetry from Homer to Theokritus [*sic*], Professor Edwards does Homer and his followers down to Aeschylus, I begin with Pindar and finish with Theocritus. The students are good and so is the reading. I am also tutoring a senior in Classical Political Philosophy, a delightful young lady who is trying to read some of Plato's *Republic* in Greek. Last quarter I had almost a hundred registered students in Classical Athletics (they did not all show up every time because as 'athletes' they had many excuses), and about fifty in continuing Studies (on classical Art). In the Autumn I did teach one section of Great Works and enjoyed the more than twenty freshmen; in addition, I had about fifty grownups in a course on Aristotle. I am saying all that in such detail, because I am not going to teach formally any more; perhaps a course in Continuing Studies and/or tutorials for undergraduates. This could have been a traumatic experience, because in one way or another I have

been teaching since 1931 and formally and continuously since 1942. The gentle kindness of my friends and colleagues has made this a natural and informal decision, happy and satisfactory to all concerned.

* * * *

This situation gives me the welcome opportunity and obligation to look back and to try to conceive what has been accomplish[ed] in the past sixty or so years *quorum pars parva fui* (in which I took some small part).

Neither at Vienna nor at Athens as a student did it ever occur to me that there was a question concerning the value of Classical Studies, but in London, in 1938, I encountered a number of young doctors, all leftists, who told me that I was engaged in an activity which contributed in no way to human welfare—it was a luxury which was wasteful and possibly harmful. Later I was to discover that ‘culture’ was a luxury but that it was not necessarily wasteful and useless. Coming to Princeton still in 1938 I had no reason to worry, possibly because of the isolated character of the Institute for Advanced Study, the Einstein School where Physics was no more useful than Epigraphy—before the ‘Atomic bomb’. At Yale, in 1942, I encountered undergraduates for the first time, but they did not make me concerned about the Classics because the military service affected all fields of study. After the war, both at Yale and then since 1947 at Princeton I became more closely and intimately connected with undergraduate education and I noticed, recognized, and myself promoted courses in Humanities, Western Civilization, Classical Culture. True, they were taken by students who had had no Latin or Greek in School and were not taking any in College. But I remembered that many of the students at Vienna had not had Latin and Greek in school, and the whole idea of ‘Western Culture’ as a field of

study was as new to me as it was attractive because it made things available which undergraduates never encountered and which adults had enjoyed for years. The year I spent in Oxford, lecturing and tutoring at Merton College brought about no change. My only problem was that I was not an examiner and students who were ready to take Schools were not interested in what I had to say. Coming to Stanford in 1963, I did not realize that things would be different; they certainly became different. The abolishment of the Western Civilization requirement [c. 1968] was hailed by the 'Liberals' as part of the general abandonment of requirements, by the same people who twenty years later insisted on requirements in 'multicultural' studies. Stanford has opened its gates to a great variety of students and teachers (which one can only approve and praise) but it has the same time abandoned its claim to be a University with a meaningful course of study which students had to take in order to get an education and in which they had to do well in order to be graduated, promoted, given tenure. This chaotic condition is made worse by the rejection of the 'Western' tradition (to which everybody who is anybody owes everything, from calculus to evolution, atomic energy, statistics, psychology etc.—not only Art, Literature, History, Philosophy, etc.) and the application of affirmative action to books and topics (which had been disadvantaged) and not only to people (who had been discriminated against). When I began looking for a job in 1941 (when we got married) I was told that Stanford had a good business school and a good school of engineering; there have been since some good people in the Law School and in the Medical School, and there are some good scientists who operate normally far away from the classrooms, and the same can be said of a handful of 'humanists'. High standards wherever they do exist are not the result of University policy or requirements but of individual responsibility. Looking back, I find things today the way I expected them to be in 1963; then they were and they became much better and

they have only returned to the condition in which they were before. The almost hysterical effort to destroy the traditional University has fortunately not been very successful among many of the undergraduates, but one must criticize and deplore the effort which is being made.

Saying all this, I am not depressed; in fact, I am happy, but this is caused by the personal relations I have had and I have with some perfectly wonderful people.

There is no point to talk about 'old' friends whom we had before we came and who are still there—very few but they never were numerous. I could never have done my work without them neither could Isabelle, nor could I do it now. There is no point in mentioning some names and not others. It reminds me of H. G. Wells' book on the secret conspiracy of the world's intellectuals who would consult with each other and thus rule the world without ever being known to people.

* * * *

[The following passages (dated originally 2/26/92) are excerpted pages that were delivered to DGL in cut-up photocopies with material removed.]

... In the morning Paul Broneer called up from Corinth, giving me some details of his father's (Oscar's⁶) last days. I knew him since I was a student in 1934–5 in Athens

⁶ Oscar Broneer (1894–1992) was born in Sweden and educated in the United States (Ph.D., Berkeley 1931). He taught at the University of Chicago (1948 onwards). Long active in the Corinth excavations, he discovered the Temple of Poseidon at Isthmia on the first day of excavation there. For a picture of Prof. Broneer in an ancient bathtub, see <http://photoarchive.lib.uchicago.edu/db.xqy?one=apf3-01570.xml>.

... Strangely, being so close to death myself I did not grieve over Oscar's death but I actually rejoiced thinking of all he has done and accomplished personally, as teacher and as scholar. Perhaps the most important thing for the greatest number of people was the Greek War Relief which we started in Princeton privately before the US entered the war but after the German invasion of Greece. We collected pitiful little sums with the help of the Church (the bishop we knew became Patriarch at that time—which helped) lectures, movies, house to house appeals (mainly in Trenton). Once we got into the war, Oscar was made officially the director and had his office in New York. His main difficulty was not with the German occupying forces but with the Turks who claimed to be neutral and refused to transfer any shipments to Greece. Even then we bowed to their wishes, thinking of bases against Russia which was still allied with Germany. It all seems so long ago. When we moved to New Haven in September 1942, John had just been born, on the second, we were at war, but Oscar was still in Princeton, we stayed with them after vacating our rented house and he took us to the train going to New Haven. It is almost fifty years ago, and much has changed. Who could have foreseen what would happen to us, to the country, to the world?

* * *

... I also got a letter from the Archaeological Institute of Austria asking for a brief statement of the years 1934–1937 when I was there. Evidently, I am the only person alive who remembers those years, which were under the shadow of Hitler's control over Greece. The directors of the German and Italian Institutes felt like government officials and promoted their countries' rules. The director of the British School, Humphrey [*sic*]

Payne⁷ (whom I knew very well because he, too, worked on the Acropolis) died quite suddenly in 1936, and all Athens mourned (he was quite young, handsome, and had many Greek friends, in addition to being a great scholar, a pupil of Beazley's⁸), but the German and the Italian Schools refused to lower their flags to show their sympathy.

* * *

... This made me think of the past when I did not have tenure at Yale and taught, among other things, Latin and Greek, Ancient History, Political Institutions and Theory, the history of the Balkans from the earliest time to the present (1943), wrote articles, and got a master's certificate in tool making [!]; AND there were John and Kleia,⁹ and my salary was less than \$5000. In 1947, Yale refused to give me tenure although I had an offer from Princeton, and the reason given was that they wanted to promote one of my colleagues who would not come up for promotion¹⁰ for another two years and who [had] not pub-

⁷ Humfry Gilbert Garth Payne (1902–1936), British archaeologist, died young. His work *Necrocorinthia* (1931) is justly praised and he also published the *Archaic Sculptures from the Athenian Acropolis* (1936). He died of a staph' infection in Athens while director of the British School at Athens and is buried at Mycenae.

⁸ Sir John Beazley (1885–1970) became the foremost scholar of Athenian decorated vases. He was the Lincoln Professor of Archaeology at Oxford from 1925. His work and archives provide the basis of Archaic and Classical Attic pottery research.

⁹ Two of AER's four children, the others being Andrew and Marita [Hopmann]. Kleia married Kurt Luckner (1945–1995), Curator of Ancient Art at the Toledo Museum.

¹⁰ Bernard Knox (then of Yale, but later of the Center for Hellenic Studies) told Larry Bliquez that AER's being Jewish played the major role in this decision (personal communication).

lished anything and would not be promoted if I had been. And at Princeton I was asked to teach courses and seminars which I had never taught before (including Latin Literature, although there was a good Latinist there who was not very good at Latin Literature).

FINIS

IN HONOUR OF ANTONY ERICH RAUBITSCHKEK¹

Donald Lateiner

Today, at Stanford, we have assembled to honour with a conference a remarkable scholar. He has distinguished himself researching ancient material realities and intellectual and spiritual concepts of the Hellenes. His work in Greek epigraphy of many periods, archaeology, philology, history, and historiography is appreciated by all. Perhaps less well known—indeed anecdotal in that word’s radical sense—is the factoid that he received his Doktorat wearing *Lederhosen*.

Only sixteen years ago Toni Raubitschek first addressed me as ‘Dear Lateiner.’ Others have known him much longer, but they were not so foolish as to agree to provide anecdotal reminiscences from the treasure-house of Toniana. Experiences with Toni remain vivid, as a rule. Please excuse two aspects of the following remarks. First, these stories are necessarily personal. Second, my talents do not permit me to imitate Toni’s voice, accent, and gesture, although there are those assembled here who can provide professional-level mimic services of this nature for our honorand.

Some experiences were painful—some too painful for me to share even now. Nevertheless, I always thought and felt that I

¹ Remarks delivered 25 March 1983, at a Conference at Stanford University (organised by Michael Jameson) in honour of AER’s seventieth birthday. The title of the conference was ‘The Greek Historians: Literature and History’. Most of the papers were subsequently published (Saratoga, Cal.: ANMA Libri, 1985) in a volume of the same title. (Some sentences in the following remarks have been lightly edited for clarity.)

was learning something useful or meeting a mind sufficiently keen, curious, and thoughtful to justify the stern sermon or colloquial put-down or combat. It does not surprise me that this scholar continues to inspire fear and awe in students, but it is equally clear that Toni forms as well as informs the targets of his wisdom, and frequently life-long friendships (or even more) result.

Toni's undergraduate classes are famous for their scope, excitement, and humour. The only one I ever attended as a graduate student, however, was a lecture course in Greek history that he asked me to teach *for* him. I strode boldly into the room, assuming that he was away, lecturing elsewhere. I coughed in the most professorial manner I could imitate, and began my lecture. When I finally looked up, at the classroom, what small auditor should I see in the back row, but—Toni, himself. The moment's surprise had a lasting effect on that hour's performance.

As a graduate teacher, Toni was most considerate. For our preliminary exams, the new students were then (1968) asked to prepare all the Greek dramas on the exam syllabus. There were ten plays. Students had complained in previous years that course-readings in the preparatory class were not geared to the official, prescribed list. Toni's solution for us was to read all ten plays—in ten weeks of one Winter Quarter. And so we were sent home from our first class to read the 1,673 lines of the *Agamemnon* that week. That term, W '68, few of us ever even had time to notice what we ate.

Toni taught Advanced Greek Composition, a course for which I was under-, really un-prepared, but I was kicked upstairs because the lower-level composition class was full. One day, we were told to bring in examples of conditional sentences. I came in with an example from the *Iliad* that did not follow the usual rules; not that I, trained more in history than philology, had noticed. A classmate of mine, who already had been

teaching elementary Greek for a decade, rejected my sentence:—it contradicted every elementary textbook, the grammarian Smyth, and the great god Goodwin. In shame, I fell silent, a virtue I displayed only in Greek Composition, but Mr. Raubitschek saved my name. He gently replied to the grammarian and the class in his higher pitched ironic mode: ‘But Mr. X, it is not Lateiner’s Greek; it is Homer’s Greek that you are rejecting. And perhaps we should prefer Homer to Smyth ... no?’

Toni has always been generous with his time and meticulous in his readings of other peoples’ MSS. For proud neophyte paper-writers like me, however, he offered one general, if distasteful, commandment. Said he: ‘Go through your MS, select those sentences that you find most epigrammatic and elegant, and—Cross them out.’ After a pause, ‘Especially your masterful opening sentence.’

Once I wrote a short note emending the text of a passage in Lysias in order to provide more evidence for a pet historical hypothesis in my dissertation. Toni sent me via the margin in his stoichedon-like hand this Laconic-Germanic response: PAPIER IST GEDULDIG. Paper is Patient. That was the end of that brilliant emendation.

My dissertation on Athenian politics (1971) produced some unforgettable moments, as I’m sure has everyone’s, if written under Toni’s direction. When Toni exhausted his store of adjectives to denigrate my tortured prose, he scribbled the following comparisons, lower than which no one could ever sink at Stanford in 1971: ‘Eisenhower would have written this better—even Bruce Franklin!’² The most Delphic and therefore

² Franklin (b. 1934) was then a professor of English at Stanford, but also an activist against the Vietnam War and a founder of a Maoist organization. Later fired, although tenured at Stanford, he became a prominent Melville scholar and found employment at

painful comment—not counting rewriting or tossing chapters entirely—read thus: ‘I had to eat a jar of dill pickles while reading this.’ To this day I have not asked for Toni to gloss it, and I try to remember the distress it caused me when I grade student papers.³

Toni has never stinted in his aid to students. He is always ready with references, suggestions, and enthusiasm. No better evidence is needed than his allowing graduate students to use his office and library for their research at any time of day or night. One hesitates to consult him only because of the fertility of Toni’s imagination. The breadth of his pertinent observations overwhelms the young scholar struggling to make sense of a problem that he eagerly wishes to narrow down and delimit.

Toni was excessively reticent, for my Boswellian tastes, about his personal and academic past in Austria and the United States.⁴ But some AER stories did surface at odd moments. He retold a choice story originating from one pro-seminar at the University of Vienna, Professor Ludwig Radermacher presiding. A paper of Toni’s, on the MS. tradition of Lysias, had won the textual scholar’s praise for accepting a passage where some manuscripts read *ἐγώ*, but Toni was advised by Professor Radermacher to review all the uses of this pronoun. Now at that time, in Vienna, I am told, students lined up at semester’s

Rutgers University. AER was not well disposed to campus political activity.

³ At this moment in the live presentation, I produced consolation or *tisis*, revenge, holding up another, new jar of dill pickles to compensate AER’s loss. Perhaps a Viennese proverb underlies this marginal expression of disgust.

⁴ I had previously studied with the anecdotally effervescent Harry Caplan at Cornell. This reticence was one cause for my requesting an autobiography from him.

end, ranked by grades, to receive a course certificate. Toni, this time at least, was first in his group and therefore last in line. Herr Professor Dr. Radermacher held the semester's certificate for him in one hand and with the other hand open, asked: 'Where is the revised paper?' Toni, astonished, is reported⁵ to have replied: 'But, Herr Professor, I thought you were joking.' Radermacher, it is said—*legetai* [in the Herodotean idiom]—ripped up the paper diploma and retorted, 'Raubitschek, we philologists don't joke.'

The young Dr. Raubitschek, newly arrived in this country [after Hitler's *Anschluss* occupying Austria], was promoted by Professor [William Scott] Ferguson [1875-1954] as a candidate for a special fellowship at Harvard University, that Stanford of the East. This was in 1938. Eighty-two year old Abbott Lowell (1856-1943), a legal scholar, one of the first seven members of the Harvard Society of Fellows, and former President of the University [for twenty-four years (1909-1933)], interviewed candidates for this prestigious award. Professor Ferguson of Classics considered Toni just the scholar to revise his masterful study of 1911, *Hellenistic Athens*. This idea had limited appeal to the autocratic, opinionated, and aristocratic ex-President Lowell. He asked what *else* Toni would like to do. The reply was: 'I'd like to prepare a new edition of the Athenian Casualty Lists.' When this was described in more detail to the ex-President, he asked 'You mean these are names, just names, Raubitschek?'. Toni punctuated his telling of the story by saying 'At that moment, Lateiner, I knew I was in trouble.'

⁵ By Toni to me *viva voce*, and to many others, I am sure, but the story and several others can now be found in Toni's own introductory pages to *The School of Hellas*, edd. D. Obbink and P. van der Waerdt (New York and Oxford 1991) xiii. There he claims Radermacher never admitted him as a registered student to his seminars, although he was allowed to attend them. He wrote his dissertation on Lucretius (1935) with Johannes Mewaldt.

Harvard's former President, however, asked another question. What did the new immigrant scholar from Vienna think of American Varsity Football? Toni, with his unfortunate experience of Central European and Balkan politics, cagily answered: 'Well, if it brings together the students, the faculty, the administration, and the alumni, well then, it must be good.' The querulous and stooped Lowell responded, 'We just dropped it, Raubitschek.' Toni found employment elsewhere.⁶

It would embarrass Toni and me, if I were to try to describe his unique presence on foot or his beloved clunker of a bicycle. To provide, however, some flavour of a chance meeting, on campus or in Palo Alto town, as Toni made his way, never by automobile, let me quote the apt beginning from E. M. Forster's gem-like essay on another passionate Hellenist, C. P. Cavafy. This exquisite Alexandrian poet and critic also knew and loved all epochs of Hellenic culture, from ancient to contemporary:

Modern Alexandria is scarcely a city of the soul. Founded upon cotton with the concurrence of onions and eggs, ill built, ill planned, ill drained—many hard things can be said against it, and most are said by its inhabitants. Yet to some of them, as they traverse the streets, a delightful experience can occur. They hear their own name proclaimed in firm yet meditative accents— ... You see a Greek gentleman standing absolutely motionless, at a slight angle to the universe. His arms are extended, possibly. It is Mr. Cavafy, and he is going either from his flat to the office, or from his office to the flat. If the former,

⁶ Lowell was democratic in certain respects, such as mixing undergraduates of different class status in dormitories, but was not well disposed towards admitting more Jewish and African-American students.

he vanishes when seen, with a slight gesture of despair. If the latter, he may be prevailed upon to begin a sentence—an immense complicated yet shapely sentence, full of parentheses that never get mixed and of reservations that really do reserve; a sentence that moves with logic to its foreseen end, yet to an end that is always more vivid and thrilling than one foresaw. Sometimes the sentence is finished in the street, sometimes the traffic murders it, sometimes it lasts into the flat. It deals with the tricky behaviour of the Emperor Alexius Comnenus in 1096, or with olives, or George Eliot, or the dialects of the interior of Asia Minor ...

It was almost 15 years ago to this day (actually 2 April 1968) when Toni first lectured our large class of freshman graduate students on Herodotos. He read aloud ancient Greek beautifully, by the way, with a light admixture of modern Greek pronunciation. On that day, he raised important questions that I have wanted and tried to answer ever since. He also provided provocative hypotheses for exploring that decisive literary invention, the *Histories* of Herodotos. He wondered whose child was this father of history? He suggested that we consider at least three seminal influences: Homer, for his vivid and particular LITERARY presentation of motives and actions; the Ionian doctors, for their careful attention to discovering causes and patterns in HUMAN life; and the so-called pre-Socratic philosophers, for their attempts to link the sub-lunar world with UNIVERSAL principles. The papers delivered this afternoon represent several sparks from the flame of Toni Raubitschek's inspired teaching.

Thank you for listening to these *apomnemeumata*. I hope that these remarks and my paper today begin to convey the spirit of the man and to recompense Antony Erich Raubitschek for the time, energy, learning and love that I have

received from him, a true *Doktor-Vater*. Toni also reminds us of an iconic, if poorly understood, ancient Athenian philosopher in much more than his unprepossessing appearance, his casual disregard for matching or even clean clothing, and his devotion to truth and ethical behaviour. The words that Plato gives to the disconsolate Phaedo, at the very end of the dialogue named for that minor friend of Sokrates, to my mind fit our friend and teacher (*Phaedo* 118a 15-17):

ἦδε ἡ τελευτή, ὦ Ἐχέκρατες, τοῦ ἐταίρου ἡμῶν ἐγένετο, ἀνδρός, ὡς ἡμεῖς φαίμεν ἄν, τῶν τότε ὧν ἐπειράθημεν ἀρίστου καὶ ἄλλως φρονιμωτάτου καὶ δικαιοτάτου.

Such was the end, Ekhekrates, of our friend, who was, we might say, of all those of his time whom we have known, the best, altogether most thoughtful and most righteous.