

by Horace's Candia and Sagana (91; see also 239). It has been suggested that the hardening of the clay is intended to induce a sympathetic hardening of Daphnis's loins.

The magical number three was exploited by Simaetha. Here it is manifested in the three groups of three colored twisted threads (red, white, and black, according to the commentator Servius) and their knots, and in the number of times the voodoo doll that represents Daphnis is drawn around the altar. The threads are used explicitly to "bind" Daphnis; for magical threads see 254, with commentary.

For drawing down the moon, see 214-23. For snake-bursting see 49. For werewolves, see 139-43. For the evocation of ghosts, see 144-8. For the charming away of crops, see 280-1.

Like Simaetha, this speaker too compares herself knowingly to Circe; the reference to the herbs of Pontus indirectly salutes Medea, whose home city of Colchis is on the Black Sea. Moeris is the Hellenized name of an Egyptian pharaoh, and is probably used here to suggest an Egyptian sorcerer. He takes on the role of Simaetha's Assyrian; Virgil swings from one magical race to the other.

CANDIA AND ERICTHO

The *Epodes* and *Satires* are Horace's earliest books of poems. Both were complete by 30 B.C. Within these a cycle is devoted to the horrid witch Candia and her colleagues. Passing mentions of her in poems beyond those printed here use her name as a byword for poisoning: *Epodes* 3, where Horace compares garlic to her poisons; *Satires* 2.1.48, where Candia threatens people she does not like with the poison of Albiucius; and *Satires* 2.8.95, where Fundanius runs from an elaborate feast as if Candia had breathed over it. Many of the commonplace themes attributed to Candia and to Lucan's Erichtho are tabulated at the beginning of the next section.

91 Candia and Sagana perform necromancy and erotic magic

Ca. 30 B.C.

Horace *Satires* 1.8

Latin

I used to be a fig-tree stump, a useless bit of wood. The carpenter did not know whether to make me into a bench or a Priapus, but decided I would be better as the god. Hence, a god I am, the greatest terror to thieves and birds. My right hand wards off the robbers, as does the red stake that sticks out from my rude groin. The reed fixed into my head frightens off the pesky birds and prevents them from settling in the new gardens. In former times, when corpses were thrown out of their narrow cells, a fellow slave would pay someone to carry them here in a cheap box. This place was a common tomb to the unfortunate masses, for Pantolabus the jester, and for Nomentanus the spendthrift. An inscription gave it a thousand feet against the road, and a width of three hundred feet, and stipulated that it should not be handed down to an heir. One can live on the salubrious Esquiline now and go for walks on the sunny rampart, whereas until recently one could only look gloomily on a field disfigured by white bones. It is not so much the thieves and the wild animals accustomed to disturb the place that concern and bother me, so much as the women who try to twist human minds about with spells and poisons [venena]. I just cannot put an end to these women or stop them collecting bones and destructive herbs, once the wandering moon brings out her comely face.

I myself have seen Candia coming with her black dress girt up, feet bare and hair unbound, howling together with the elder Sagana. One shuddered to look at either of them, because of their pallor. They began to dig up the earth with their fingernails and tear apart a dark lamb with their teeth. The blood was poured into a pit, so that they could call forth from it ghosts from the underworld to give them answers. There was a woolen doll, and another one made from wax. The woolen one was larger, so that it could restrain the smaller one with punish-

ments. The wax doll held the pose of a suppliant, as if it were about to be executed in slave fashion. One of the women called on Hecate, the other on cruel Tisiphone. You could see snakes and underworld dogs wandering about and the moon blushing red and hiding behind the great tombs, lest she witness these things. If I tell a lie, may crows drop their white crap on my head, may Julius come to piss and shit on me, and so too the feeble Pedatia and the thief Voranus. Why should I go through all the details? Why should I tell you how the ghosts held a conversation with Sagera, making mournful, shrill noises; how they secretly hid a wolf's beard together with a tooth from a variegated snake in the ground; how the fire flared up higher because of the wax image, and how I shuddered at the voices and actions of the two Furies, although this witness did not go unavenged? For I split my fig-wood buttocks and farted as loud as an exploding bladder. They ran off to the city. You could have seen Canidia's teeth, Sagera's tall wig, and their herbs and enchanted bonds fall from their arms. You would have laughed long and hard.

A WOODEN STATUE OF THE PHTHALIC god Priapus speaks. He stands in the Esquiline gardens, which are laid out over the former paupers' cemetery. This mass of bones, inadequately buried, offered a rich fund of ghosts ripe for magical exploitation and was a magnet for witches; compare 113. The presence of the bodies or their ghosts is also seen to encourage the growth of herbs with magical powers.

The rites performed blend evocation necromancy and erotic-attraction magic. It is unclear how coherent and unified the women's activities are intended to be; if they are intended to cohere, then we must assume that they call up the ghosts in order to instruct them to carry out the erotic spell. Evocation necromancy and erotic-attraction magic are loosely associated also in the work of Lucian's Hyperborean mage (244).

Elsewhere in ancient literature necromantic pits are dug with a sword and sheep are sacrificed with the same object (see 144). It is a mark of their bestiality that the women use their bare hands for both activities; as we see from 92, Canidia keeps her thumbnail untrimmed. The conversation with the dead is made up of familiar noises: howling on the part of the witches, shrill screaming from the ghosts. Like the ghosts with which they converse, the women are pallid. As usual, the witches invoke their underworld patron Hecate (for whom see 275), and, as often, she is accompanied by Tisiphone, one of the Furies (Erinyes). Witches are often portrayed as "unbound" to a greater or lesser extent in the performance of magical rites; here Canidia's hair is said to be loose; see 67.

The use of doll-pairs was common in erotic-attraction magic (e.g., 90). Sometimes their configuration could express the act of coercion, as here and as in 239, and sometimes it could express the desired result with the two dolls bound together in a tight embrace, a configuration known as a *symplegmatica* or "entwined group." A number of examples of these *symplegmatica*

text of witches and erotic magic, that of the drawing-down, 214-23).

The attempts of both women to perform erotic magic thetic or even distasteful in the final lines, where we learn hags Canidia ("Gray-hair") leaves her false teeth behind, an extended form of *saga*, "wise woman" or "witch") an old we seem to learn from the following poem, 92, she kept he accommodate it (see Mankin 1995 ad loc.).

92 Canidia, Sagera, Veia, and Folia murder a boy to make a love potion

Ca. 30 B.C.

Horace *Epodes* 5

Latin

"Oh gods, who the earth and from the sky! W

Why are all your murderous faces turned upon me? By your robe, I beg you, by Jupiter who is bound to condemn all this, w me like a stepmother or a beast I have struck with iron?" The b a youthful body, of the sort that could have softened the impi Thracians. Canidia, small vipers entwined in the unkempt hair on wild fig trees, torn up from graves, funeral cypresses, eggs past of the foul frog, a feather of the nocturnal screech owl, herbs lberia, fertile in poisons, export, and bones snatched from the mo dog to be burned in Colchian flames. Sagera, dressed for action, of Avernus all over the house. Her hair bristled, like a sea urchin w Laurentian boar. Veia, impeded in no way by conscience, scoop with a hard mattock, grunting at the toil, so that the boy, buried i the sight of a feast changed twice or three times over the long face toward it and resembling swimmers who seem to hang thei surface of the water by their chin. This was so that his moisturel dried liver could form a love-potion, when once his pupils had me too, or so idle Naples believed, and every town round about. She er with Thessalian voice and snatches the moon down from the sky gnawing at her untrimmed thumbnail with blue tooth—what did i keep silent? "Entirely faithful witnesses to my actions. Night, and i the silence when my secret rites are performed, come to our aid i turn your anger and power upon enemy houses. While wild anim the frightening woods, weary with sweet sleep, let the dogs of the the old adulterer, so that all may laugh at him. He is soaked in nard I have no effect, the poisons with which she avenged herself on hei the daughter of great Creon, before fleeing, when the dress, a gift:

to piss and shit on me, and so too the treebe Hecata and the thief Voranus. Why should I go through all the details? Why should I tell you how the ghosts held a conversation with Saganā, making mournful, shrill noises; how they secretly hid a wolf's beard together with a tooth from a variegated snake in the ground; how the fire flared up higher because of the wax image, and how I shuddered at the voices and actions of the two Furies, although this witness did not go unavenged? For I split my fig-wood buttocks and farted as loud as an exploding bladder. They ran off to the city. You could have seen Canidia's teeth, Saganā's tall wig, and their herbs and enchanted bonds fall from their arms. You would have laughed long and hard.

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an extended form of *saga*, "wise woman" or "witch") an old-fashioned wig; as we seem to learn from the following poem, 92, she kept her real hair short to accommodate it (see Mankin 1995 ad loc.).

92 Canidia, Saganā, Veia, and Folia murder a boy to make a love potion

Ca. 30 B.C.

Horace Epodes 5

Latin

"Oh gods, whichever of you rule the earth and the human race from the sky! What is this uproar?

Why are all your murderous faces turned upon me? By your children, if Lucina came to help your honest birth when called, by this glorious but useless purple robe, I beg you, by Jupiter who is bound to condemn all this, why do you look at me like a stepmother or a beast I have struck with iron?" The boy made this complaint with trembling lips and stood there, his distinguished clothes snatched away, a youthful body, of the sort that could have softened the impious hearts of the Thracians. Canidia, small vipers entwined in the unkempt hair on her head, ordered wild fig trees, torn up from graves, funeral cypresses, eggs pasted with the blood of the foul frog, a feather of the nocturnal screech owl, herbs which Iolcus and Iberia, fertile in poisons, export, and bones snatched from the mouth of a ravaging dog to be burned in Colchian flames. Saganā, dressed for action, sprinkled waters of Avernus all over the house. Her hair bristled, like a sea urchin with its spikes, or a Laurentian boar. Veia, impeded in no way by conscience, scooped out the earth with a hard mattock, grunting at the toil, so that the boy, buried in it, might die at the sight of a feast changed twice or three times over the long day, pushing his face toward it and resembling swimmers who seem to hang their bodies from the surface of the water by their chin. This was so that his moistureless marrow and dried liver could form a love-potion, when once his pupils had melted away, fixed on the forbidden food. Folia of Ariminum, with her masculine sex drive, was there too, or so idle Naples believed, and every town round about. She enchants the stars with Thessalian voice and snatches the moon down from the sky. Here, Canidia, gnawing at her untrimmed thumbnail with blue tooth—what did she say, or what keep silent? "Entirely faithful witnesses to my actions, Night, and Diana, who rule the silence when my secret rites are performed, come to our aid now, now, now turn your anger and power upon enemy houses. While wild animals lie hidden in the frightening woods, weary with sweet sleep, let the dogs of the Subura bark at the old adulterer, so that all may laugh at him. He is soaked in nard better than any made by my hands. What goes on? Why do the dread poisons of barbarian Medea have no effect, the poisons with which she avenged herself on her haughty rival, the daughter of great Creon, before fleeing, when the dress, a gift steeped in corruption, carried the new bride away in a blaze? And yet no herb, no root lying hidden in rough places has escaped me. Does he lie on a drugged bed and forget all my rivals? Ah! He walks abroad, delivered by the spell of a more knowledgeable witch [venefica]. I will not use the familiar potions. Varus, you will weep at length and run back to me. Your mind will not return to me summoned merely by Marsian spells. I am preparing something stronger. I shall administer a stronger drink to you in your haughtiness. The sky will settle down beneath the sea, with the earth

stretched out atop both of them, before you can avoid burning with love for me like pitch with its black fire." In response the boy no longer tried, as before, to placate the impious women with gentle words. He hesitated as to how he should break the silence, before unleashing Thyestian imprecations: "Enchantments have the power to throw righteousness and wickedness into turmoil, but they cannot change human destiny. I will chase you with Furies. A dreadful curse is expiated by no sacrificial victim. Indeed, when you order me to die and I expire, I shall rush upon you in the night, as frenzy itself. A ghost, I shall attack your face with cunning nails—ghosts have this power—and sitting on your restless hearts I will deprive you of sleep by terror. A crowd will pelt you with rocks from all sides and from street to street, and smash you to pulp, you disgusting crones. After that wolves will scatter your unburied limbs, as will the birds of the Esquiline. This is a sight that will meet my parents, destined as they are, alas, to survive me."

THE FOUR WITCHES HAVE TAKEN A rich boy captive and are killing him to manufacture ingredients for a love potion, erotic magic once again being the hags' concern. In the secrecy of an inner court he is buried, naked, up to his neck and starved to death while food is wafted before him just out of reach of his lips. The notion is to imbue his innards, notably his liver and bone marrow, with an intense sense of longing as he dies. This feeling of longing will transfer itself, in an erotic register, to the object of Canidia's love, Varus, when, rendered cannibal, he consumes this material. For child sacrifice in magic see 93, 136–8. For love potions more generally see 76–81. Canidia expresses the wish that Varus, the object of her love, should "forget" her rivals, as common in erotic magic (see 75, 104, 207). For the notion that women performing the magic of erotic seduction are "structurally male," see 89, with commentary. As usual, the desire to be installed in the beloved is compared to burning fire. Canidia is shown to project her enemies and rivals as sorcerers themselves: compare 13–4, 94. For magic at war with magic, see 269–70.

Canidia presides over an elaborate series of sacrifices of outlandish magical ingredients. For similar lists of ingredients, compare 69, 155–6. Those deprived of burial were said to be cast out for the dogs (or, in Canidia's own case, the wolves) and the birds; bones snatched from the mouth of a ravaging dog are therefore strongly marked as unburied, and they constitute a particularly effective mechanism for the exploitation of the restless ghosts; see 108, 110, 112.

The curse of a dying person was held to be especially fearful, for it would be directly and vigorously enacted by the released ghost (as well as any Furies acting for it). Hence the terrible effect of the curse Dido lays upon Aeneas as she commits suicide (*Virgil Aeneid* 4.504–21, 607–65). Canidia and her colleagues therefore have much to fear from the boy's words. We are not, however, explicitly told that the boy dies.

CHAPTER 7: WITCHES IN LATIN LITERATURE

93 Epitaph of a child snatched by witches

Ca. 20s A.D.

CIL vi 19747; Bücheler
1895–97: vol. 2, no.
987

Latin

lucundus, the slave of Livia the
sar, son of Gryphus and Vitalis.
my fourth year I was seized and killed, when I had the potent
mother and father. I was snatched by a witch's hand [saga
long as it remains on the earth and does harm with its craft
children well, lest grief of this magnitude should implant itself

LIVIA JULIA, THAT IS LIVILLA, MARRIED Drusus the son of
A.D. and died in 31 A.D. This inscription is taken as inde
that the sort of practice described by Horace did or at an
to take place, but one wonders how familiar Livilla would
work of the previous emperor's poet. Livilla was herself pr
posedly having poisoned her husband, in 23 A.D. (Suetoniu

94 Canidia scorns Horace's recantation

Ca. 30 B.C.

Horace *Epodes* 17

Latin

Horace: Now at last do I yield to
which works after all. As a supplan

the kingdom of Persephone, by the unutterable names of Diana,
of powerful spells, to dislodge the stars from the sky and call then
long last put an end to your sacred incantations and spin, spin you
ward. Telephus prevailed upon the grandson of Nereus [Achilles],
had arrogantly arrayed his columns of Mysians and against wh
sharp weapons. The Trojan matrons were able to give due moun
killer, after he had been given over to the wild birds and dogs, af
the city walls and went forth, alas, to the feet of willful Achilles,
subject as they were to so much toil, sloughed off their bristly limb
ened skins, with Circe's assent. Then their minds and their voices sli
their familiar dignity to their faces. I have paid sufficient penalty an
you, who are loved so much by sailors and pedlars. My youth is go
ful complexion. I am left as just bones clothed in yellow skin. My youth is go
of your scents. No rest I take relieves me from toil. Night presses th
day night, and I cannot relax my tight-drawn lungs to draw breath.
now believe, in my unfortunate condition, what I had previously der
spells burn the breast and that heads are burst apart by Marsian inc
more do you want? Oh, sea and earth, I burn more than Hercules di
steeped in the black gore of Nessus and than the seething yellow f
Sicily. Does your workshop glow hot with poisons [venena] until the I
am carried on the noxious winds as dry ash? What end do you have I
or what price to pay? Tell me, I will pay the penalty in good faith, an
expiate myself, whether you demand this be done with a hundre
whether you will want to be celebrated by my lying lyre: "You chasti
honest woman, you will walk through the stars, a golden star yourself
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¹ Underworld imagery abounds. For the waters of Avernus and its ghosts see

93 Epitaph of a child snatched by witches

Ca. 20s A.D.

CIL vi 19747; Bücheler
1895–97: vol. 2, no.
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Latin

Lucundus, the slave of Livia the wife of Drusus Caesar, son of Gryphus and Vitalis. As I grew towards my fourth year I was seized and killed, when I had the potential to be sweet for my mother and father. I was snatched by a witch's hand [*saga manus*], ever cruel so long as it remains on the earth and does harm with its craft. Parents, guard your children well, lest grief of this magnitude should implant itself in your breast.

LIVIA JULIA, THAT IS LIVILLA, MARRIED Drusus the son of Tiberius before 18 A.D. and died in 31 A.D. This inscription is taken as independent testimony that the sort of practice described by Horace did or at any rate was believed to take place, but one wonders how familiar Livilla would have been with the work of the previous emperor's poet. Livilla was herself put to death for supposedly having poisoned her husband, in 23 A.D. (Suetonius *Tiberius* 62, etc.).

94 Canidia scorns Horace's recantation

Ca. 30 B.C.

Horace *Epodes* 17

Latin

Horace: Now at last do I yield before your science, which works after all. As a suppliant I implore you, by the kingdom of Persephone, by the unutterable names of Diana, and by your books of powerful spells, to dislodge the stars from the sky and call them down. Canidia, at long last put an end to your sacred incantations and spin, spin your swift wheel backward. Telephus prevailed upon the grandson of Nereus [Achilles], against whom he had arrogantly arrayed his columns of Mysians and against whom he had hurled sharp weapons. The Trojan matrons were able to give due mourning to Hector, the killer, after he had been given over to the wild birds and dogs, after King Priam left the city walls and went forth, alas, to the feet of willful Achilles. Odysseus's rowers, subject as they were to so much toil, sloughed off their bristly limbs from their hardened skins, with Circe's assent. Then their minds and their voices slipped back, as did their familiar dignity to their faces. I have paid sufficient penalty and indeed more to you, who are loved so much by sailors and pedlars. My youth is gone, as is my bashful complexion. I am left as just bones clothed in yellow skin. My hair is white because of your scents. No rest I take relieves me from toil. Night presses the day hard, and day night, and I cannot relax my tight-drawn lungs to draw breath. I am beaten, so I now believe, in my unfortunate condition, what I had previously denied, that Sabine spells burn the breast and that heads are burst apart by Marsian incantations. What more do you want? Oh, sea and earth, I burn more than Hercules did when he was steeped in the black gore of Nessus and than the seething yellow flame in Etna in Sicily. Does your workshop glow hot with poisons [*venena*] until the point at which I am carried on the noxious winds as dry ash? What end do you have in store for me, or what price to pay? Tell me: I will pay the penalty in good faith, and I am ready to expiate myself, whether you demand this be done with a hundred bullocks, or whether you will want to be celebrated by my lying lyre: "You chaste woman, you honest woman, you will walk through the stars, a golden star yourself." Castor was upset when Helen was defamed, as was the brother of great Castor. But they were persuaded by prayer to restore to the poet [Stesichorus] the eyes of which they had

deprived him. You too, Canidia, do not

array, and gathers the pick of the bones from warm pyres. She places binding spells [devotet] on people from afar, molds voodoo dolls out of wax, and pushes fine needles into their pathetic livers. She does other things it would have been better for me not to know. Love should be acquired through character and beauty. It is wrong that it should be sought through herbs.

THIS PORTRAIT OF MEDEA (SEE 66-71) is comparable to other thumbnail sketches of witches in Latin poetry. For her prowling around cemeteries, compare 91, 96; for binding spells, see 168-84, 197-213; for voodoo dolls, see 236-47; for Medea's ungirt and unbound state as she performs her rites, see 67.

99 A witch inflicts impotence with a drug or a voodoo doll

Ca. 16 B.C.

Ovid *Amores*

3.7.27-36, 73-84

Latin

27. Did my limbs grow heavy, bound [devota] by a Thessalian drug? Was I damaged by a spell and herbs? Or did a witch bind [devixit] my name with red wax and drive fine needles through the middle of my liver? Harmed by an incantation Ceres, Corn, shrivels on her fruitless stalks. When a spring is harmed by incantation, its waters dry up. Acorns fall from oaks and the bewitched grape falls from the vine. Apples drop without being touched. Why shouldn't my muscle too fall under the influence of magical crafts? Perhaps this is why I have lost sensation in it.

73. My girlfriend did not disdain to try to rouse it with the gentle application of her hand. But once she saw that there was nothing she could do to make it rise and that it lay as flaccid as if she wasn't there, "Why are you trifling with me?" she said, "Who told you to lay yourself in my bed if you didn't want to perform, crazy man? Either some Cerean witch [venefica] is binding you by piercing wool, or you come to me after wearing yourself out by having sex with someone else." Without delay she put on her tunic, without fastening it, and jumped out of the bed. Her bare feet were so pretty as they tripped along. She concealed my disgrace by drawing water for a bath, to prevent her maids realizing that she had gone untouched.

OVID AND HIS GIRL FANCY THAT a Thessalian witch has inflicted a binding curse on him (see 197-203) by means of a voodoo doll of red wax or of wool, into which she has inserted pins. For dolls in general, see 236-47, and 239-40 in particular for piercing. For the association between wax dolls and woolen ones, see 91, a poem perhaps alluded to here. The use of voodoo dolls in erotic contexts is normally for attraction rather than separation or the infliction of impotence (a Boeotian curse-text inscribed on what is apparently a flattened voodoo doll, the "Gingerbread-man," may be an exception: see Gager 1992, 86-7). However, comparison with the following excerpt from Tibullus may indicate that the doll has been used to attract Ovid to a third party (the witch herself) so that he can find no pleasure with any other woman. Magic could also cure impotence: see 254.

101

Drunken bawd-witches (2): Propertius's curse against Acanthis

Ca. 16 B.C.

Propertius 4.5.1-18,

63-78

Latin

birds me with her face, her gentle arms, and her blonde hair, like the Nereid that once reined a dolphin and rode it to Thessalian been my undoing. A rich lover is now on the scene: a cunning bawd my destruction. May she eat bloody feasts and with gory mouth full of gall. May ghosts ever flit about her complaining of their fit screech owl call from her roof. May starvation goad her to mad searching for herbs on graves and bones abandoned by fierce wolf bare-groined and howling through the city, and may she be chase roads by a rough pack of dogs. It will happen. So indicates the gods, and Venus can be cruel when she is unjustly neglected the instructions of that greedy witch aside at once.

TIBULLUS'S GIRL HAD SUGGESTED THAT DELIA had put him under a curse of attraction to herself (compare 204-13), so that he pleasure in other women. Note the contrived reference to The is now under the influence of a bawd that Tibullus implies to in turn inflicts a curse on the bawd. Hunger is to drive her to herbs and gnaw at the bones that she collects for her magical to be harried by the ghosts she evokes. In place of her below to drink only cups of gall. For bones taken from the mouth dogs, see 92.

1. Bawd, may the ground tomb with brambles, and go thirsty—the last thing your ashes' ghost find no peace, and may avenging Cerberus bones, howling with hunger.

She knew how to break down even Hippolytus's resistance to Ver worst bird of omen for a harmonious lover's bed, could compel even regard rumors of her husband and marry lusty Antinous. If she wi could fail to attract iron, and the bird could be a stepmother to the cl And if she brought Colline herbs to the trench, things standing soli solved into running water. She was bold enough to bewitch the m her orders on it, and to change her form into that of the nocturnal v could, by her craft, blind keenly watchful husbands. With her nail eyes of crows—they did not deserve this—and asked the screech blood. She gathered hippomanes, the seed of the pregnant mare, to [Propertius relates at length how the bawd-witch Acanthis instructing gifts from him and to take competing lovers.]

63. While Acanthis manipulated my girlfriend's mind with this account my bones beneath my stretched skin. But, queen Venus, a dove, its throat cut in sacrifice before your altar, in repayment, I saw rise in her wrinkled neck, and the bloody spittle coming through

ipates in the mutilation of her own husband, or is indeed to be identified with the witch who transforms herself into the sleep-casting weasel (25; compare 22, 30). For shape-shifting see 115, 139–43. For sleep-casting (22, 25, 30) see 66, 68, 71. Once again the witches' magical powers, whatever their sort, are employed primarily in the service of love (22; see 97–103).

For Egyptian sorcerers (28) see 53–6. As here, they are usually portrayed as priests in their own terms. Zatchlas's appearance, bald head and linen garment, is typical of the Greek notion of an Egyptian priest (compare Herodotus 2.37). Egyptian sorcerers are inseparable from their inner sanctuaries (46, 53–4), and Zatchlas is appealed to in the name of them.

Of all the supplies the living Thelyphron requests for his watch, only the lamp is provided (24). Ghosts (we must assume that one comes to reanimate the dead Thelyphron) are often found in association with lamps (compare 115), whether this is simply because they belong in the night when one sees with a lamp, because they are seen in the flickering and shadowing of the lamp, or because of an association with lychnomancy (see 165–6).

For Zatchlas's reanimation (28), compare 155–7, where the key features that this particular reanimation narrative shares with the others in the Graeco-Roman tradition are reviewed. The Sun, a favorite god of the Greek magical papyri (see 189), is an awkward god to appeal to for necromancy, which typically takes place in the dead of night. Hence the compromise of performing the divination at dawn. Lethe (29) was the spring of "forgetting" from which all souls were held to drink on entry to the underworld. It is unclear how, having drunk from this, the ghost can remember the circumstances of its death. The people debate the likely truthfulness of the ghost and its corpse, but in general necromancy had the name of the most reliable form of prophecy (see 96). For the supplying of "proof" by a ghost in necromancy see also 150.

For Orpheus (26) see 19–20, 71.

106 Witches steal the body of a dead boy

I myself will tell you a tale to make you shudder: an ass upon the roof-tiles. When I still had my hair long

Ca. 66 A.D.

Petronius *Satyricon* 63

Latin

(for from being a boy I led a life of "Chian" luxury), our master's favorite boy died. He was a pearl, and delightful in every respect. While his pitiful mother was mourning over him, and many of us were feeling miserable about it, the witches [*strigae*] suddenly started to screech. You would have thought it was a dog chasing a hare. We had at that time a Cappadocian slave, tall, quite daring, and strong. He boldly drew his sword and ran out of the door, carefully binding up his left hand in place of a shield. He ran one of the women through the middle, round about here—gods preserve the part of my body I indicate. We heard a groan, but—honestly, I won't lie—we did not actually see them. Our great hulk of a man returned within and threw himself down on the bed. His whole body was black and blue, as if he'd been beaten with whips (this was obviously because an evil hand had touched him.) We shut the door and returned to what we were doing, but, when his

THE AUTHOR IS ALMOST certainly to be identified with Nero compelled to suicide in 66 A.D., Petronius Arbitus this massive novel survives, the brilliant *Dinner of Trimalchio* himself who narrates this tale to his guests, from Niceros's werewolf story (141). From the coincidence this tale and that of 105, we may assume that the body parts was part of the stock-in-trade of the Latin witches here evidently have the power of invisibility to beat the Cappadocian; see 72, 274, 276–7. and death may indicate that they also do something more explanation of his bruising, here enclosed in round brackets an interpolation into the original text. The narrative leaves what the witches actually do with the dead boy: they and simply substitute a straw doll, or they may hollow hangers, and leave the remnants stuffed with straw, in line prostheses to replace the stolen parts in the Apuleian tale ability to make "what is up . . . down" may be a reference down of the moon; see 214–23.

107 The Thessalian witch Pamphile and her transformations

Later 2nd A.D.

Apuleius

Metamorphoses 3.15–25

Latin

"please, to lock the bedroom doors carefully, in case I am talking loosely, profanely, and indiscreetly." With this she firmly engaged the hook. Then she returned to me, embracing with both arms and spoke in a subdued and barely audible voice and just full of fear to uncover the secrets of this house and arcane mysteries. But I think you will be more discreet than I, ing. Not only were you born into a noble family, not only do you ter, but you have been initiated into many cults and you can divulge such sacred rites. So, whatever I commit to the holy heart, be sure to keep it shut in that enclosure, please, and I my revelation with the rigor of your silence. The love I feel for you to you things that I am the only mortal to know. I'm going about the setup of our house, and my mistress's marvelous she makes the ghosts her servants, by which she throws the which she forces her will upon the gods, and by which the under her power. She depends most on the power of this crystal shine to some young man with a good body. And, indeed, I the time.

16. "At the moment she is passionately in love with a ve Boeotia, and she is feverishly employing all the resources of a craft against him. I heard her this evening, with my own ears threatening the Sun. Because it was not departing from the sky

over any ghost. Wax is an appropriate material from which to make the prostheses, since it was commonly used to make the voodoo dolls that stood for entire fleshly bodies (see 89–90, 99, 236, 238, 239, 243, 245–6). Since the widow is revealed to have poisoned her husband (29), and since there was a generally close association between witchcraft and poisoning (see 76–81), we may assume that she is herself a witch. It remains unclear whether she participates in the mutilation of her own husband, or is indeed to be identified with the witch who transforms herself into the sleep-casting weasel (25; compare 22, 30). For shape-shifting see 115, 139–43. For sleep-casting (22, 25, 30) see 66, 68, 71. Once again the witches' magical powers, whatever their sort, are employed primarily in the service of love (22; see 97–103).

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107 The Thessalian witch Pamphile and her transformations

15. Phoebus cheered up again.

"Allow me first," she said,

"please, to lock the bedroom doors carefully, in case I commit some great crime by talking loosely, profanely, and indiscreetly." With this she pushed in the bolts and firmly engaged the hook. Then she returned to me, embraced me round the neck with both arms and spoke in a subdued and barely audible voice: "I am frightened and just full of fear to uncover the secrets of this house and to reveal my mistress's arcane mysteries. But I think you will be more discreet than I, in view of your learning. Not only were you born into a noble family, not only do you have great character, but you have been initiated into many cults and you can be trusted not to divulge such sacred rites. So, whatever I commit to the holy inner sanctum of your heart, be sure to keep it shut in that enclosure, please, and repay the openness of my revelation with the rigor of your silence. The love I feel for you drives me to divulge to you things that I am the only mortal to know. I'm going to tell you now all about the setup of our house, and my mistress's marvelous secret spells, by which she makes the ghosts her servants, by which she throws the stars into disorder, by which she forces her will upon the gods, and by which the elements are brought

mother embraced the body of her son, as she touched it she realized that it was just a tiny thing made of straw. It had no heart or guts, nothing. You see, the witches had stolen the boy and left a straw doll in his place. I beg you to believe it. Wise women do exist, night-women do exist, and what is up, they can make down. But that hulking man never properly recovered after this adventure, and indeed he went mad and died a few days later.

THE AUTHOR IS ALMOST certainly to be identified with the courtier whom Nero compelled to suicide in 66 A.D., Petronius Arbiter. Only a fraction of this massive novel survives, the brilliant *Dinner of Trimalchio*, from which this extract derives, constituting its most substantial fragment. It is the freedman Trimalchio himself who narrates this tale to his guests, following on directly from Nicerus's werewolf story (141). From the coincidence in theme between this tale and that of 105, we may assume that the witch on the hunt for body parts was part of the stock-in-trade of the Latin novel.

The witches here evidently have the power of invisibility and are able to use this to beat the Cappadocian; see 72, 274, 276–7. His ensuing madness and death may indicate that they also do something more sinister to him. The explanation of his bruising, here enclosed in round brackets, is thought to be an interpolation into the original text. The narrative leaves us uncertain as to what the witches actually do with the dead boy: they may take him whole and simply substitute a straw doll, or they may hollow him out, remove his organs, and leave the remnants stuffed with straw, in line with the use of wax prostheses to replace the stolen parts in the Apuleian tale (105). The witches' ability to make "what is up . . . down" may be a reference to the drawing-down of the moon; see 214–23.

Later ii A.D.

Apuleius

Metamorphoses 3.15–25

Latin

caped death, and rather departed from the world of men in an alternative way. I heard from a man that had sailed there to trade that Temesa is still inhabited in my own time. That is just what I heard, but I know what follows because I happened across a painting. It was a copy of an ancient one: It showed a young man, Sybaris, and a river, Calabros, and a spring, Lyca. There was also a hero's shrine and the city of Temesa, and in the midst of these things was the ghost that Euthymus cast out. His skin was awfully black and he was utterly terrifying to see. His clothing was a wolfskin. The picture was inscribed, and gave him the name Lycas/Alibas ["Wolfy" or "Corpse"]. That is enough on this subject.

ALTHOUGH DEMONS COULD OFTEN TAKE ON animal shapes, the association of the wolf-form with ghostliness suggests that this tale is influenced by notions of werewolves. Euthymus's *floruit* was the early fifth century B.C. The giving of the fairest virgin to the Hero presumably did not in reality entail the girl's sacrifice but her temple-service for a year prior to marriage. The reading of the ghost's name is uncertain; the manuscripts imply *Lybas*, which would not be independently meaningful. The two usual conjectures would, in their different ways, both be appropriate. Blackness befits a ghost or demon; see 51, 115, and, more generally, Winkler (1980). We learn elsewhere (Strabo C255) that the member of Odysseus's crew concerned was none other than Polites, he who witnessed Circe's animal transformations (72). For the defeated demon's disappearance into water compare 128. There are intimations of shamanism in Pausanias's claim that Euthymus lived to an extreme old age and then departed from the realm of the living by a mechanism other than death (compare 5–8). Aelian *Varia Historia* 8.18 tells that he disappeared into the river Caecinus.

141 A werewolf transformation

Ca. 66 A.D.

Petronius *Satyricon*
61–2

Latin

61. When I was still a slave, we lived in a narrow street. The house is now Gravilla's. There, by the will of the gods, I fell in love with the wife of Terentius the innkeeper. You knew Melissa of Tarentum, that gorgeous creature. But, by Hercules, I didn't love her just for her body or for sexual reasons, but because she had such a nice personality. If I asked her for anything, I was never refused. If she made tuppence, she gave me a penny. She kept my money for me, and never cheated me. Her husband met his end one day out on the estate. I did everything I could to get to her. People make themselves your friend when they're in need. By chance the master had set off on his way to Capua to deal with some odds and ends. I seized the opportunity and persuaded our guest to come with me to the fifth milestone. He was a soldier, as brave as Orcus. We shifted our butts just before dawn. The moon was shining like the midday sun. We arrived among the tombs. My man went for a pee against a gravestone. I held back, singing and counting the stones. Then, when I looked back at my companion, he had taken all his clothes off and laid them beside the road. I almost died of fright, and I stood there like a dead man. He peed a circle around his clothes and suddenly became a wolf. Don't think I'm joking. No one's inheritance is so valuable as to make me lie. But, as I'd begun to say, after he had become a wolf, he began to howl and ran into the woods. At first I didn't know where I was, but then I went to his clothes to pick them up. But they had turned to stone. Whoever died with fright, if I didn't then? But I drew my sword and hacked at the shades, until I arrived at my girlfriend's house. I was like a ghost when I got in, and almost bubbling out my final breath. My groin was awash with sweat, my eyes were dead, and I have still barely recovered from the experience. Melissa expressed amazement that

142 Marcellus S

Earlier ii A.D.
(Marcellus); ca.
mid–vi A.D. (Aëtius)

Aëtius of Amida *Libri
medicinales* 6.11

Greek

an alternative way. I
still inhabited in my
because I happened
young man, Sybaris,
's shrine and the city
t Euthymus cast out.
His clothing was a
ycas/Alibas ["Wolfy"],

; the association of
luenced by notions
ury B.C. The giving
lity entail the girl's
ge. The reading of
s, which would not
would, in their dif-
or demon; see 51,
ere (Strabo C255)
other than Polites,
For the defeated
are intimations of
n extreme old age
hanism other than
at he disappeared

narrow street. The
of the gods, I fell in
sa of Tarentum, that
er body or for sexual
d her for anything, I
enny. She kept my
and one day out on
ke themselves your
on his way to Capua
and persuaded our
r, as brave as Orcus.
like the midday sun.
a gravestone. I held
ack at my compan-
ad. I almost died of
und his clothes and
itance is so valuable
re a wolf, he began
vas, but then I went
Whoever died with
e shades, until I ar-
ind almost bubbling
is were dead, and I
ed amazement that

I'd walked there so late and said, "If you'd come earlier, at least you could have helped us. For a wolf got into the estate and among the flocks. He was draining the blood out of them like a butcher. But even if he got away, the last laugh was ours, for our slave managed to get a spear through his neck." When I heard this, I could not even think of sleep, but when it was fully light I ran off home like the robbed innkeeper. When I came to the place where the clothes had turned to stone, I found nothing but blood. But when I arrived home, my soldier was lying on his bed like an ox, and a doctor was attending to his neck. I realized that he was a werewolf/shape-shifter [*versipellis*], and I could not thereafter bring myself to break bread with him, not even if you had forced me on pain of death. Others can make up their own mind about this. But if I'm lying, may your guardian spirits exercise their wrath upon me.

THIS TALE IS TOLD BY THE freedman Niceros at Trimalchio's dinner party and immediately precedes Trimalchio's own tale of witches (106). Petronius (or his chief narrator, Encolpius) uses both tales to enthrall and entertain in their own right, but at the same time they serve to convey the gullibility and feeble-mindedness of their tellers. Petronius's (or Encolpius's) attitude toward them may therefore be compared to the attitude of Lucian (or that of his chief narrator, Tychiades) to the tales narrated by the diners of the *Philopseudes*. And like Trimalchio's witch story and a number of the stories in the *Philopseudes*, this one has the feel of a traditional folktale.

The transformation takes place under a full moon. Niceros's companion is presumably taken unawares when the transformation-urge comes upon him, although he has time to take the precaution of stripping and urinating around his clothing. The purpose of this seems to be to turn his clothes into stone, so that no one can make off with them. It is a commonplace of werewolf lore that the wolf must recover his clothes in order to effect the reverse transformation; see 143. For the circular motion of the urination, compare 30. Here again the werewolf is associated with ghosts: the transformation takes place in a cemetery (see 142); Niceros "dies" of fright on witnessing the transformation; he flees from the sight of it by hacking at the ghosts with his sword (see 244); and he arrives at his destination resembling a ghost. The "robbed innkeeper" metaphor alludes both to the proverbial thievishness of innkeepers; compare the behavior of the witch-innkeeper Meroe at 104.

142 Marcellus Sidetes on medical lycanthropy · Marcellus on lycanthropy ["werewolfism"] or cynanthropy ["dogism"]. Men afflicted with

Earlier ii A.D.
(Marcellus); ca.
mid-vi A.D. (Aëtius)

Aëtius of Amida *Libri
medicinales* 6.11

Greek

the disease of so-called cyanthropy or lycanthropy go out by night in the month of February in imitation of wolves or dogs in all respects, and they tend to hang around tombs until daybreak. These are the symptoms that will allow you to recognize sufferers from this disease. They are pallid, their gaze is listless, their eyes are dry, and they cannot produce tears. You will observe that their eyes are sunken and their tongue is dry, and they are completely unable to put on weight. They feel thirsty, and their shins are covered in lacerations which cannot heal because they are continually falling down and being bitten by dogs. Such are their symptoms. One must recognize that lycanthropy is a form of melancholia. You will treat it by opening a vein at the time of its manifestation and draining the blood until the point of fainting. Then feed the patient with food conducive to good humors. He is to be given sweet baths. After that, using the whey of the milk, cleanse him over three days with the gourd-medicine of Rufus or Archigenes or Justus. Repeat this a



9 Necro

second and third time after intervals. After the purifications one should use the antidote to viper bites. Take the other measures too prescribed earlier for melancholia. As evening arrives and the disease manifests itself apply to the head the lotions that usually induce sleep and anoint the nostrils with scents of this sort and opium. Occasionally supply sleep-inducing drinks too.

MARCELLUS SIDETES LIVED AND WORKED IN the reigns of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius. Even in this medical interpretation of werewolfism the association with ghosts is maintained; compare 141.

143 Arcadian werewolf lore

i A.D.

Pliny *Natural History*
8.80–2

Latin

80. We should be confident in the belief that it is untrue that men are turned into wolves and restored again to their own form. Otherwise, we should believe everything that we have learned to be fabulous over all these centuries. All the same, we will indicate the origin of the popular superstition that werewolves [*versipelles*] are among those subject to a curse [*maledictis*]. 81. Evanthes, by no means the most despicable of Greek writers, reports the Arcadian tradition that a man chosen by lot from the family of one Anthus is escorted to some marsh in the area. He hangs his clothes on an oak tree, swims across the marsh, goes off into the wilderness, is transformed into a wolf, and joins a pack with others of the same kind for nine years. If he has held himself back from human flesh in that time, he returns to the same marsh, swims back across it, and recovers his form, with nine years' aging added to his erstwhile guise. Also . . . he recovers the same clothing. 82. The extent of Greek gullibility is amazing. No lie is so outrageous as to want witness. Similarly Scopas, recorder of the Olympic victors, reports that Demaenetus of Parrhasia, at the human sacrifice that the Arcadians were still then making to Zeus Lycaeus, tasted the entrails of the slaughtered boy and turned himself into a wolf. The same man was restored to human form in the tenth year afterward, underwent athletic training in boxing, and returned from Olympia a victor.

THIS MORE EXPLICIT ACCOUNT OF THE fate of the werewolves is read as refracting a rite of passage in which Arcadian youths were relegated to the territorial borders to patrol them, in an institution parallel to that of the Spartan *krypteia* and the Athenian *ephêbeia*. The myth of Dolon, who goes spying by night in a wolf-skin (Homer *Iliad* 10 and Pseudo-Euripides *Rhesus*), is also thought to reflect such an institution. But puzzles remain: nine years is too long a period of exclusion for such a ritual; nor are such rituals performed by individuals, but by age-classes.

Like Petronius's werewolf (141), Pliny's werewolves remove their clothes prior to transformation, symbolically divesting themselves of human attributes. These too subsequently seek to recover their clothes, although the (slightly corrupt) text does not as it stands make this a prerequisite of their reversion. Pliny's material can be shown, by comparison with Augustine *City of God* 18.17, to derive in the first instance from Varro. The ultimate Greek sources, Evanthes and Scopas (whose name some emend to Apollas), are otherwise unknown.

For boy-sacrifice see 136, with commentary.

EVOCATION

144 Circe sends at the Ach

vii B.C. or earlier
Homer *Odyssey*
10.488–540, 11.13–1
(edited)
Greek

me to Ilium. Full of all
ons about the Achaeans,
to visit their tombs. He
s and pure sacrifices. He
himself would spend the
or in fact the Dioscorids
anying Apollonius), and
form. This was actually

very keen to hear him
or by evocating ghosts
d to speak with Achilles,
their heroes. 'Achilles,' I
with their reasoning, nor
ight, show us your own
ere to use them as wit-
earth tremor around the
it, wearing a Thessalian
s, as some think he was.
think his beauty has yet
d much to say about it.
represented in hymns of
watched him he grew to
he seemed to me to be
ty increased in line with
for the river Spercheios,
ate. The first down was
ve come across you, for
ime now the Thessalians
appropriate to become
utterly than the Greeks
vice. They should not be
se than the Trojans here,
gs to me from seasonal
also lay down suppliant
e them. They foreswore
cover its former appear-
erly destroyed, but they
ured yesterday. In order,
ss, make an embassy to
all make the embassy, I
m from perishing. But I
are clearly going to ask
choosing and the Fates'
onius.] After saying this,
ros, he disappeared in a
beginning to sing."

call up the ghost of
ood sacrifice (and, as

often in the *Life*, Pythagoras is explicitly saluted here). The Indian prayer, doubtless acquired on his Indian sojourn (see 57, 62), is conceived of as a substitute for it. However, although the sacrifice of a black sheep was usually central to rites of evocation of the dead (see 25, 144, 148), it was perhaps not essential. In Aeschylus's *Persians* the ghost of Darius is evocated without blood sacrifice (36 with commentary), and indeed the manifestation of that ghost may have been modeled on the manifestation of the ghost of the same Achilles atop his barrow in earlier tragedies. As usual, the evocation takes place during the course of the night and ends with it. It is further implied (11) that Apollonius encountered the ghost through incubation, the normal means of encountering ghosts (see 149).

Philostratus has a great deal of interest to say about the restless ghosts of the warriors of the Trojan war, all of course dead by violence, and of their various manifestations on the Trojan plain in his *Heroicus*. In that text we learn that Homer himself had similarly called up the ghost of Odysseus to learn all about the Trojan war, before composing his epics. As a ghost called up in necromancy, Odysseus was bound to speak the truth, and so he exacted from Homer the undertaking not to include the details his disgraceful treatment of Palamedes, "the young man from Paros," in his work (*Heroicus* 43, pp.194-5 Kayser). Achilles' ghost is becoming still more restless for the neglect of offerings at his tomb. This variety of restlessness is comparable to that caused by inadequate burial or the complete deprivation of it (for which see 110, 112). For outsized ghosts see Pliny the Younger *Letters* 7.27, telling of the apparition of a giant woman, and 275.

60 Apollonius unmasks and defeats a female "vampire"

After 217 A.D.

Philostratus *Life of Apollonius* 4.25

Greek

It happened that at that time one Demetrius was studying philosophy in Corinth. He had taken up into his system all the strength of the Cynic doctrine. Later on Favorinus was to make repeated generous mentions of him in his own writings. His relationship toward Apollonius was comparable to that they say Antisthenes adopted toward the wisdom of Socrates, for he followed him about in his eagerness to learn and applied himself to his writings, and he directed toward Apollonius the most respected of his associates. Among these was the Lycian Menippus, twenty-five years of age, quite sensible enough, and with a body so finely toned that he gave the appearance of being a beautiful gentleman athlete. Many thought that a foreign woman was in love with him, a woman who in turn seemed beautiful and quite gentle. She also claimed to be rich. But all this was completely false, a complete deception. When he had been walking unaccompanied down the road to Cenchreae, a ghost [*phasma*] met him, materialized in the form of a woman, clung to his hand, and claimed that she had been in love with him for a long time, that she was Phoenician, and that she lived in one of the Corinthian suburbs, using the name of one or other of them. "When you arrive there during the evening," she said, "I will be singing a song for you, and I'll give you wine, the like of which you have never drunk before. There will be no competitor for my love to give you any trouble, but I shall live with you, a beautiful woman with a beautiful man." The young man was enticed by these words. He was strong in all other aspects of the philosophical life, but could not resist sex. So he went to see her in the evening and thenceforth paid constant visits to her, as if to a catamite, not yet perceiving that she was a ghost. Apollonius eyed up Menippus as a sculptor would do, drew a sketch of him, watched him, and came to a conclusion about him. "You are a beautiful man, and

you are pursued by beautiful women, but you are warming a snake on your bosom, and it is a snake that warms you." Menippus was taken aback. "Because your woman," Apollonius continued, "is not marriageable. And why? Do you believe that she loves you?" "Yes, by Zeus," he said, "since she behaves toward me like a woman in love." "Would you marry her?" "Yes, for it is a delightful thing to marry a woman who loves you." So Apollonius asked "When's the wedding?" "I'm burning to do it," he said, "—perhaps tomorrow." So Apollonius waited for the drinking party, and then stood over the guests once they had come, saying, "Where is the gentle lady for whose sake you have come?" "Here," said Menippus, and began to rise from his couch with a blush. "To which of the two of you does the silver, the gold and all the other finery with which the drinking room has been decorated belong?" "To the woman," said Menippus, "for this is all I own," and he pointed to his rough philosopher's garment. "Do you know about the gardens of Tantalus," said Apollonius, "which exist and do not exist at the same time?" "Yes, we know about them from Homer [*Odyssey* 11.582–92]," they replied, "for we have yet to go down to Hades." "You must believe these decorations too to be such, for they are not substantial, but merely appear to be so. So that you may accept what I say, the good bride is one of the *empousai*, which many consider to be *lamiai* and bogies. These female creatures fall in love, and they crave for sex, but most of all for human flesh, and they use sex to ensnare the men upon whom they wish to feed." "Shut up," she said, "and get out." She pretended to be repulsed by what she heard, and I supposed she jeered at the philosophers, to the effect that they were always talking rubbish. But then the golden cups and the pretended silver were shown to be made of air, everything flew from sight, and the wine-pourers and the cooks and all the servants disappeared after their unmasking by Apollonius. The ghost pretended to cry and asked him not to subject her to torture or to compel her to admit what she was. However, Apollonius was insistent and would not release her. She admitted that she was an *empousa* and that she was feeding Menippus fat with pleasures as a prelude to eating his body. For it was her practice to feed upon beautiful young bodies, since their blood was pure. I have had to tell this story at length because it happens to be the best known of all the Apollonius stories, for a great many people are familiar with it, inasmuch as it occurred in the middle of the Greek mainland. However, they have only had access to a summary version, to the effect that he once captured a *lamia* in Corinth, but they do not yet know what her purpose was and that he acted to protect Menippus. My version of the story comes from Damis and his writings.

THIS TALE HAS MUCH IN COMMON with that of the ghost of Philinnion (119, with commentary). Ghosts of young women, of which this may be one, were the most bitter of all the varieties of the restless dead, usually for having missed out on marriage, sex, and motherhood. Accordingly, they were dangerously vindictive (see Johnston 1999a, especially 161–202). The original meaning of *empousa* was perhaps "(female) obstructing ghost"; the name may have been derived from the practice of such ghosts of impeding the journeys of other ghosts to the underworld. The original meaning of *lamia* seems to have been, more appropriately for this context, "(female) devourer." Such ghosts usually specialized in attacking children, and were supposedly named for a mortal archetype who had killed her own children and/or those of other women. The ghost's condition is poignant. Her love and her desire for her fiancé are genuine, but it remains her destiny to devour him. For Apollonius's pupil Damis see 62.

61 Apollonius raises

After 217 A.D.

Philostratus *Life of Apollonius* 4.45

Greek

62 Hierocles' companion Jesus condemned

Early iv A.D.

Eusebius of Caesarea *Against Hierocles* 2, 27

Greek

a "guest from across
But the ghost also
important distinc-
und is clearly made

onians hit the road
to Megara. One of
with an innkeeper,
Just after he had re-
saw a vision of the
ne help, because the
to wake in terror at
vision was nugatory,
n in which the same
unavenged, since he
e said, the innkeeper
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cart could leave the
river at the gate and
an was pulled out of

much in common
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ghosts in antiquity
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119 The ghost of the girl Philinnion returns to sleep with the lodger

Ca. 140 A.D.

Phlegon of Tralles
Mirabilia 1

Greek

was so amazing that she could not remain there any longer, but she ran to the girl's mother. Shouting at the top of her voice, "Charito! Demostratus!" She asked them to get up and to come with her to see their daughter for themselves. For, she said, she had materialized alive and was with the guest, by some divine will, in the guestroom. The unexpected report struck panic into Charito's soul as soon as she heard it. She felt faint because of the enormity of the news and the excitement of the nurse. Then, after a moment, she started thinking about her daughter and wept. Finally, she accused the old woman of having lost her mind, and ordered her out of her presence at once. The nurse reproached her in turn and, speaking without restraint, said that she retained her wits and was of sound mind, but that she was not the one who was too timid to see her own daughter. At long last Charito, in part at the nurse's behest, and in part because she wanted to know what had gone on, came to the door of the guestroom. But because a considerable time had now elapsed, it being a couple of hours since the nurse had brought the news, she arrived too late. So it happened that they were already asleep. The mother craned her neck and thought that she recognized her daughter's clothes and general appearance, but she had no way of ascertaining the truth and so thought that she should keep quiet. She hoped that if she got up early she could catch the girl, or, if she was too late, interrogate Machates about everything. For he would never lie when asked about a matter of such importance. So, she said nothing and went off. By dawn it happened that the girl had slipped away unnoticed, perhaps by chance, or perhaps by the will of the gods. When Charito came to the room she was angry with the young man because the girl had got away, but she told Machates the whole story from the beginning, embraced his knees, and demanded that he tell her the truth, hiding nothing. The young man felt uncomfortable to begin with, and was upset, but eventually he vouchsafed to her the girl's name: Philinnion. He told her how she had first come to him and how great her desire for him was, and he explained that she had said that she was coming to him without her parents' knowledge. To help her believe him he opened his trunk and took out the things the girl had left behind, the golden ring he had been given by her and the bra she had left the night before. When Charito saw such significant tokens, she cried out and tore her own clothes and her cloak. She threw the hairnet from her head, fell to the ground, clasped the tokens to her breast, and started to grieve all over again. When the guest saw what was happening and that all were overcome with emotion and lamenting, as if only just now preparing to bury the girl, he became troubled and begged them to stop. He promised that if she came to him again he would show the girl to her. She took him at his word, urged him to observe his promise to her scrupulously, and left him. Night came on and it was that hour at which Philinnion was accustomed to visit him. They all kept a lookout in their eagerness to learn of her arrival, and she came. She entered the room at her usual time and sat down on the bed. Machates pretended that nothing had changed, but he wanted to investigate the affair, although he did not really believe what he had been told. He wished to find out whether the woman he was consorting with, the one who so assiduously visited him at the same time each night, and who dined and drank with him, was dead. He was dubious of the claims that they were making, and believed that some grave-robbers had dug into their girl's tomb and sold her clothing and her gold jewelry to his girl's father. Anyway, because he wanted to know the truth, he secretly dispatched the slaves to call them. Demo-

stratus and Charito arrived at once. When they saw her they were at first speechless and terrified by the unexpected sight, but then they shouted out aloud and embraced their daughter. Then Philinnion said this to them: "Mother and father, it is unfair of you to have begrudged me spending three days with the guest in my father's house. I was causing nobody any trouble. As a result of this you will grieve afresh, because of your interference, and I shall return to my appointed place. For it was by the will of the gods that I came here." So much did she say before dying at once, and her body was stretched out on the bed for all to see. Her mother and father threw themselves upon her. The house was filled with uproar and lamentation because of the disaster. The events were irreversible as well as incredible. The rumor of them quickly spread through the city and was reported back to me. For that night I kept back the crowds that were flocking to the house, taking precautions that there should be no disturbance with a story of this sort being spread abroad. The theatre was already full by early dawn. The whole affair was laid out. It was resolved that we should first go to the tomb, open it up, and find out whether the body was on its bier or whether we would find the place empty. It was not yet six months since the girl had died. When we had opened up the vault into which all her relatives were put on death, we saw the bodies lying on the other biers, or the bones in the case of those that had died long ago. But in the case alone of the bier on which Philinnion had been laid out and put to rest, we found lying on it the iron ring, which had belonged to the guest, and the gold-plated cup, which she had been given by Machates on the first of their days. Amazed and terrified we proceeded immediately to the guestroom in Demostratus's house to find out whether the dead girl was really to be seen there. We saw her lying on the ground, and then we all gathered into the assembly. What had happened was grave and difficult to believe. There was vehement uproar in the assembly and almost no one could give a judgment about the happenings. The first to stand up was Hyllus. He is not only regarded as the best prophet in our city, but he is also considered to be a clever augur, and he has exercised his craft generally with exceptional insight. He bade us burn the girl outside the city limits, since no good could come of her being buried within the limits again, and to propitiate Chthonic Hermes and the Eumenides. Everyone should then be purified. They should cleanse the temples and perform the customary rites of the chthonic deities. He spoke privately to me about the king and what had happened. He told me to make sacrifices to Hermes, Zeus of Guests, and Ares, and not to skimp in the performance of these. After he had made these revelations we carried out his orders. But the guest Machates, whom the ghost visited, committed suicide from despair. If you resolve to write about this to the king, notify me too, so that I can send you one of the men who investigated the details. Best wishes.

THE BEGINNING OF PHLEGON'S NARRATIVE IS lost, but its outline is preserved by Proclus (*Commentary on Plato's Republic*, pp. 115–6 Kroll; fifth century A.D.). From this we learn that the setting is Amphipolis during the reign of Philip (II, presumably; he ruled 359–36 B.C. and acquired Amphipolis in 357) and that Philinnion was newly wed upon her death. Her desire for love and sex had evidently been aroused. Phlegon's tale is cast in the form of a report by a governor of Amphipolis to one of Philip's more immediate staff, and Proclus indicates that the letter may have been in the name of a Hipparchus or an Arrhidæus.

Philinnion is evidently far more tangible than the ghosts of Homer's *Nekuia* (144), tangible enough indeed to make love to the living Machates.

GHOST-LAYI

120 *Odysseu*
into cen

vii B.C. or earlier
(Homer); Hellenist
Byzantine (Scholiu
Homer *Odyssey* 9.1
with scholium *ad l*
Greek

121 *Aeneas c*

19 B.C.
Virgil *Aeneid*
6.494–510
Latin

/ were at first speech-
 routed out aloud and
 "Mother and father, it
 ith the guest in my fa-
 of this you will grieve
 appointed place. For it
 he say before dying at
 e. Her mother and fa-
 roar and lamentation
 ell as incredible. The
 orted back to me. For
 house, taking precau-
 his sort being spread
 e affair was laid out. It
 and find out whether
 empty. It was not yet
 he vault into which all
 the other biers, or the
 case alone of the bier
 nd lying on it the iron
 d cup, which she had
 and terrified we pro-
 e to find out whether
 the ground, and then
 grave and difficult to
 ost no one could give
 Hyllus. He is not only
 idered to be a clever
 al insight. He bade us
 e of her being buried
 and the Eumenides.
 temples and perform
 to me about the king
 rmes, Zeus of Guests,
 r he had made these
 whom the ghost vis-
 bout this to the king,
 vestigated the details.

outline is preserved
 Kroll; fifth century
 during the reign of
 Amphipolis in 357)
 desire for love and
 he form of a report
 ediate staff, and Pro-
 of a Hipparchus or

ghosts of Homer's
 he living Machates.

Her manifestation evidently makes use of her body. She should accordingly be considered a "revenant". An even more tangible revenant is described in the second of Phlegon's *Mirabilia*.

The implication of Philinnion's claims prior to her second death are perhaps that, if left to her own devices, and not spied upon by her parents, she may in time have been fully and permanently restored to life. We are reminded of the way Orpheus lost his chance to restore his wife Eurydice to life as he walked her out of the underworld by looking back at her too soon; see 20, with commentary.

Phlegon's tale was the model for Goethe's *Bride of Corinth*, which transforms the sympathetic Philinnion into a deceitful vampire who is frustrated in her attempt to devour the guest. Such a sinister reading of the original tale may be less inappropriate than initially appears. First, it bears a general similarity to Philostratus's tale of Apollonius's exposure of the Empusa-bride in Corinth (60), who was precisely planning to devour her man. Second, the tale does after all result in the guest's death, albeit through a broken heart. But, as already shown, death often results merely from contact with ghosts (114, 116, 157). Philinnion may have loved Machates as genuinely as the Empusa loved her bridegroom, but both men may nonetheless have been destined for death.

For an interesting discussion of this text, with special reference to its folklore context as well as its *Nachleben*, see Hansen 1996.

GHOST-LAYING

For ghost-laying see also 9, 25–31, 47, 68, 149–54.

120 Odysseus calls the souls of his dead companions into cenotaphs

vii B.C. or earlier
 (Homer); Hellenistic-
 Byzantine (Scholium)

Homer *Odyssey* 9.62–6,
 with scholium *ad loc.*

Greek

comrades. Nor did I allow our rounded ships to travel any further before I had called three times on each of the unfortunate companions who had died on the plain, slain by the Cicones.

Scholium: For they used to think that they had to call those who died in a foreign land, to transport them back to their fatherland. Similarly, the Athenians made cenotaphs for those who died at sea and set them beside the shore. They called their names three times, and this was how they came back.

ODYSSEUS HAS HAD TO LEAVE HIS men where they fell in a raid against the Cicones and so does not have their bodies available for burial. His solution is to set up cenotaphs and to draw their souls into them by calling their names three times over. The *scholium* allows us to understand how death at sea became regarded as a type of deprivation of burial *par excellence*.

121 Aeneas calls the soul of Deiphobus into a cenotaph

19 B.C.
 Virgil *Aeneid*
 6.494–510
 Latin

And here he saw Priam's son Deiphobus, his whole body torn to pieces and his face cruelly mutilated, his face and both his hands, his temples stripped of the ears snatched from them, and his nose hacked off to leave a disgraceful wound. I almost failed to recognize him as he trembled and tried to cover his dreadful punishment. I addressed him first, with familiar words: