

Thanks, first, to Isabelle Köster and to Caroline Bishop for organizing this panel. I'd like to begin, today, with some brief reflections on the happy challenge of this panel's disciplinary *en garde*, before turning our attention more fully to Tully's complex fantasies and foibles. The explicitly Ciceronian material is liberally culled from the book on which I am hard at work—*Solitude: Literature in the Age of Virgil*—and I am happy to speak in more detailed Ciceronian terms during the question period. But first, some time-leaps.

In 1967, the posthumously discovered and published private *Diary* of the anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski showed that, at the same time that this great pioneer of empathetic 'off-the-verandah' ethnography was preparing his seminal 1922 *Argonauts of the Western Pacific* (in English), he was writing, in Polish, a diary that expressed feelings quite contrary to that found in the public record: disgust for the locals' lack of genteel shame, lust for his female subjects' naked bodies, hence even greater disgust for his own immoderate lust.¹ Two languages--English and Polish--two distinct literary genres--academic ethnography and personal diary--but which is *the real* Malinowski? Wikipedia has made its call, not without help from assiduous editors--the journals do not appear, even by allusion, on his page.

A similar wiki-silence obtains for another biography disrupted by an errant archive: in 1971, Jean Starobinski's book *Les Mots Sous Les Mots*, "The Words *Under* the Words," revealed that Ferdinand de Saussure, the Swiss linguist whose *Cours de linguistique générale* delivered between 1907 and 1911 invented the field of historical linguistics, was simultaneously hard at work on what has come to be called by many *la folie de Saussure*: his research on *anagrams*. The Saturnian epitaph *Taurasia Cisauna Samnio Cepit*, it turns out, anagrammatizes the memorialized *Scipio*; the first thirteen lines of Lucretius, Saussure found, anagrammatized the invoked Aphrodite no fewer than three times; the entire corpus of archaic and classical Latin, of medieval German, of Homeric Greek, and of one of the Rig-Veda, were, in these notebooks discovered 60 years after Saussure's death, so many *onomastica anagrammatica*. Was this a separable, manic obsession we sober or semi-sober scholars would do well to lay aside in our treatment of the man's *real* work, of his *true and basic* motivations? Are there *two Ferdinands*, or one? Should we, like wikipedia's interested editors, just decide on what we take to be the *most important* of the two, and let it rule over all the other disparate selves that the archive continues to throw in front of us?

Classical scholarship provides various models for how to deal with such contradictions, from Henry Joseph Guillaume Patin's 1875 "Anti-Lucrece chez Lucrece," where the debate is work-internal, to the divided character of Procopius' corpus between public works of panegyric and hidden histories of treasonous scandal-mongering. Today, however, I'd like to juxtapose one other story of "irreducibly multitudinous individuality" to the cases of Malinowski and Saussure, but it is one that, in wrestling with precisely the question of this panel, has helped to generate, if not the actual foundation, at least a potent foundation myth, for the discipline that we Anglophones call "Classics."

The myth, which many of you know well, begins with a 1345 rummage round one of Europe's oldest continuous libraries, the *Biblioteca Capitolare de Verona*, by Petrarch, thus discovering to the world, and to Petrarch's thrilled and salacious disappointment, Cicero's extensive, self-revelatory, letters to Atticus. *Ut homo vixisti, ut orator dixisti, ut philosophus scripsisti*: ah, the anthropologist's delight and the philologist's lament, "You *wrote* like a philosopher, you *spoke* like an orator...but you *lived* like a man!" You see, Petrarch knew that

¹ The publication was orchestrated, in no small part, by Bronislaw's widowed wife, Valetta Swann, an artist who specialized, in her later life, on photography of indigenous Mexican life.

Cicero had thundered at the rostrum, knew that Cicero had meditated his thankless muse alone at Astura, in constant company at Tusculum, but he did not know, or did not care to conjecture, that *they were all connected* by a lifetime of wanderings, worries, retrojections, perfidies large and small, posturing honest and disingenuous, which is to say, the stuff of life. Worse still: although it was all connected, it did not, as we would say, *cohere*. Hence the anxious self-fashioning solicitude of Italy's *poeta laureatus*, on the right bank of the very Virgilian Adige river, for a poor Cicero almost afraid to know himself: "Like a night-traveler holding a torch in the shadows," Petrarch writes to Cicero, "you showed to others the way on which you have all too miserably fallen!"

What was bothering Petrarch was the problem of this panel: Cicero across genres. In this form, it could be called the inaugural problem of *Classics* as a field characterized, from Petrarch's discovery on, by the ancient tug between text and context, whether in France's divided *Lettres Classiques* and *Histoire du Monde Antique*, or the productive tensions reflected in the contested identities of the acronyms represented by this conference: SCS for Classics, AIA for Archaeology, and the Petrarchan specter still in the room and field, *Philology*.

Hence the timeliness of this panel's gauntlet-throw: Can there be but *one* Cicero? But *Cicero*, and *my* Cicero? If not *mine*, then *whose*? Varro's? Catiline's? Tullia's? Tiro's? Atticus'? Or, to put it differently, the *De Re Publica*'s, the *Phillipics*', the *Epistolae ad Atticum*'s? As Petrarch himself fondly noted in defense of his own polytropic self-presentation, Cicero readily confessed himself, at least to Atticus, a man of many and contrary opinions; but this is only natural, Cicero writes, for "I speak with you as with myself, and who would not be in disagreement with himself when so much is at stake?"² San Francisco reminds us that globalization often breeds homogenization, and unifying Cicero's corpus--breaking down the tropological boundaries of his work--risks encouraging *one dominant story*, perhaps the loudest or the most vogue of various stories, to become the *master-story* of the entire corpus, and, what's more, the measure of the man himself. Hence the challenge this panel poses: how can we approach Cicero in all of his avenues of self-expression and self-revelation without giving into the illusion of biographical totalization, without finding ourselves in Dante's *Inferno*, where every soul is defined by *one single* governing motive?

In the case of Cicero, the implications loom larger than a single figure: more than others who have mastered, devised, and been made to impersonate their time's cognitive and expressive apparatus--the Goethes, the Jeffersons, the Dantes--Cicero is our *cicerone* to the late Roman Republic. The chosen master-story of such unifying gestures is likely to be as varied as the ages and leading scholars that produce them: in Justus Lipsius' 1578 lecture hall, this might have been *style*; in the 1917 British military classroom of Mr. Kipling's aptly named Mr. King, it might have been the gait and bearing of a true English *gentleman*; in our own time, as monograph titles from every major Anglophone press declare, the master key would be...*politics* and its slippery surrogates: *socio-politics*, *political culture*, *cultural history*.

Survey some of the best of recent Cicero scholarship and you will find salutary reminders that Cicero's life was one, long, relentless if adaptive, campaign of social self-fashioning that always pointed the way, more or less clearly, to a cohesive political program: for Cicero, they have taught us, the *personal* was always the *political*, or, as he might have said if asked, he was never more involved in *negotium* than when he was at *otium*. If we had to give this school of

² Cicero, *Ad Att.* 8.14.2 'totiensne igitur sententiam mutas?' ego tecum tamquam tecum loquor. quis autem est tanta quidem de re quin varie secum ipse disputet? See Petrarch, *Fam* 18.8, Eden 55-56.