"A study of *indignus* in the *Aeneid*: undeserved fate and just indignation"

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heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi (Catullus 101.6)

Indignus/indignor in Vergil:

A

1.55: Hic vasto rex Aeolus antro luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras imperio premit ac vinclis et carcere frenat. Illi **indignantes** magno cum murmure montis circum claustra fremunt...

В

2.93: (Sinon) adflictus vitam in tenebris luctuque trahebam et casum insontis mecum **indignabar** amici.

C

2.285: (Aeneas ad Hectoris umbram)
quae causa **indigna** serenos
foedavit vultus? aut cur haec vulnera cerno?'

D

4.617: (Dido)

....si tangere portus infandum caput ac terris adnare necesse est, et sic fata Iovis poscunt, hic terminus haeret, at bello audacis populi vexatus et armis, finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iuli auxilium imploret videatque **indigna** suorum funera; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur, sed cadat ante diem mediaque inhumatus harena.

E

5.229: (Mnestheus' boat race)

Tum vero ingeminat clamor cunctique sequentem instigant studiis, resonatque fragoribus aether. hi proprium decus et partum **indignantur** honorem ni teneant, vitamque volunt pro laude pacisci...

 \mathbf{F}

5.651: (Pyrgo...Priami natorum regia nutrix) 'ipsa egomet dudum Beroen digressa reliqui aegram, indignantem tali quod sola careret munere nec meritos Anchisae inferret honores.'

G

6.163: atque illi Misenum in litore sicco, ut venere, vident **indigna** morte peremptum, Misenum Aeoliden, quo non praestantior alter aere ciere viros Martemque accendere cantu.

Н

7.770: tum pater omnipotens aliquem **indignatus** ab umbris mortalem infernis ad lumina surgere vitae, ipse repertorem medicinae talis et artis fulmine Phoebigenam Stygias detrusit ad undas.

I

8.649: (Porsenna, in clipeo) illum **indignanti** simil

illum **indignanti** similem similemque minanti aspiceres, pontem auderet quia vellere Cocles et fluvium vinclis innaret Cloelia ruptis.

(NB: All translations are mine.)

A

Here in his huge cave, Aeolus, with his great power, restrains the struggling winds and growling storms and schackles them in this prison. *Feeling unworthy of such treatment*, they roar around the confines of their mountain with an enormous rumbling....

B

Abject, I was dragging out my life in grief and shadows and deep inside, *felt angered and indignant* at the fate of my innocent friend.

 \mathbf{C}

What *dishonorable/unjust* cause has defiled your lovely countenance? Why do I see these wounds?

I

....if it must be that that accursed man sail toward the lands and reach his port, and the fates of Jupiter demand this, and this outcome is immovable, then, let him, harried by the weapons and war of a bold nation, torn away from Iulus' embrace and exiled from his territory, let him beg for help and let him look upon the *undeserved/unjust* deaths of his people; and, when he has succumbed to the laws of an unjust peace, let him have no enjoyment of his kingdom and this precious light; rather, let him die before his time and lie, unburied, on the broad strand.

E

Then, however, the shouting amplifies twofold; everyone urges on the runner with excitement, and the air echoes with crashing voices. On this side, Mnestheus' crew, *feeling angered/indignant* that the others might obtain the honor and glory owed to them, are willing to bargain their lives for victory...

F

'I myself have just left Beroe's side, and she is ill. She is *rightly angered/indignant* that she alone is not part of this service and is not offering the deserved honors to Anchises.'

G

But as they arrive, they see Misenus, the descendant of Aeolus, Misenus, on the dry shore, wrenched away by an *undeserved/unjust* death, a man no other could best in inspiring men with bronze instrument and urging them to war with its war-cry.

H

Then the all-powerful father himself, *rightfully angered* that a mortal rose up from death to see the light of day again, struck with his lightning bolt the inventor – although a son of Phoebus – of such a healing art, and hurled him down to the Styx.

I

You could have seen him (Porsenna), like someone *rightly* angered and blustering, because Cocles dared to tear down the bridge and Cloelia, her bonds broken, swam away in the current.

8.728: (in clipeo) Euphrates ibat iam mollior undis, extremique hominum Morini, Rhenusque bicornis, indomitique Dahae, et pontem indignatus Araxes.

K

9.595: (Numanus)

is primam ante aciem digna atque indigna relatu vociferans tumidusque novo praecordia regno ibat et ingentem sese clamore ferebat...

 \mathbf{L}

10.74: (Iuno)

> 'indignum est Italos Trojam circumdare flammis nascentem et patria Turnum consistere terra, cui Pilumnus avus, cui diva Venilia mater....?'

M

11.108: quos bonus Aeneas haud aspernanda precantis prosequitur venia et verbis haec insuper addit: 'quaenam vos tanto fortuna indigna, Latini, implicuit bello, qui nos fugiatis amicos? pacem me exanimis et Martis sorte peremptis oratis? equidem et vivis concedere vellem. nec veni, nisi fata locum sedemque dedissent, nec bellum cum gente gero...'

11.831: tum frigida toto paulatim exsoluit se corpore, lentaque colla et captum leto posuit caput, arma relinquens, vitaque cum gemitu fugit **indignata** sub umbras.

0

12.411: et saevus campis magis ac magis horror crebrescit propiusque malum est. iam pulvere caelum stare vident: subeunt equites et spicula castris densa cadunt mediis. it tristis ad aethera clamor

bellantum iuvenum et duro sub Marte cadentum. Hic Venus indigno nati concussa dolore....

12.649: (Turnus)

'sancta ad vos anima atque istius inscia culpae descendam magnorum haud umquam indignus avorum.'

12.786: quod Venus audaci nymphae indignata licere accessit telumque alta ab radice revellit.

R

12.811: (Iuno)

'nec tu me aeria solam nunc sede videres digna indigna pati, sed flammis cincta sub ipsa starem acie traheremque inimica in proelia Teucros.'

12.952: ast illi solvuntur frigore membra vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras. J

Now comes Euphrates, rather gentle in his waves, and the Morini, the remotest of men, double-horned Rhine and the untamable Dahae, and Araxes, rightly angered at the bridge over his waters.

K

He came along, in front of the first column of soldiers, calling out all sorts of things (both suitable and uncalledfor/unjust), all puffed up because of his new reign, and he vaunted himself about with his shouting...

'Is it truly an *injustice* for the Italians to surround the fledgling Troy with flames and for Turnus to stand firm on his ancestral land – Turnus whose grandfather was Pilumnus and mother the divine Venilia?'

Pious Aeneas honors those requesting things that he could not deny, and graciously adds these words: 'what kind of undeserved/unjust fate. Latins, has entwined you in such a great war, that you now flee us, your allies? Are you seeking a truce for those dead and taken away by the lot of Mars? I would indeed grant this even to the living. I would not have come here if destiny had not granted us a home and rightful place; and I am not waging war with your nation...'

Then gradually she, chilled, released herself from her whole body, and her neck slowly dropped her head, taken by death, and relinquishing her weapons, her soul, feeling angered/ dishonored, fled to the shades below with a lament.

The savage horror on the fields grows greater and greater, and sheer evil is at hand. Now they see the air stand thick with dust; the knights go down, and the dense spears fall to the ground in the middle of camp. The mournful cries of young men, fighting and dying under unforgiving War, rises to the skies. At this point, Venus, shocked by her son's undeserved/unjust pain...

'I shall descend to you with a soul that is pious and having no share of that guilt, I myself in no way *undeserving* of my illustrious ancestors.'

Q

But Venus, *rightly angered* that this was permitted to the bold nymph, approached and pulled the weapon out of the deep root.

R

'Nor would you now be seeing me, alone in my celestial throne, suffering all kinds of things (deserved and undeserved), but I would be standing, girded in flames, at the foot of the battle line, and I would be dragging the Trojans into hostile battles....'

But his limbs are slackened by the chill of death, and his soul, feeling angered/dishonored, fled to the shades below with a lament.

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