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**Rhetoric, Resistance, and the Invention of Italian Identity in *Aeneid* 7-12**

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**1**.Iuravit in mea verba **tota Italia** sponte sua, et me belli quo vici ad Actium ducem depoposcit. (*RG* 25)

**The whole of Italy** of its own free will swore allegiance to me and demanded me as the leader in the war in which I was victorious at Actium. (trans. Brunt and Moore)

**2.**

Then, freed from fate, the **Lydian people** embark under heaven’s ordinance, entrusting themselves to a foreign leader. (all trans. Fairclough, rev. Goold)

Not far from here, built of ancient stone, lies the site of the city of Agylla, where of old the war-famed **Lydian race** settled on the Etruscan heights.

...but the aged soothsayer restrains them with prophecy of fate: “**Chosen warriors of Maeonia, flower and chivalry of an ancient race**...”

tum libera fati

classem conscendit iussis **gens Lydia** divum

externo commissa duci.

(10.154-56)

haud procul hinc saxo incolitur fundata vetusto

urbis Agyllinae sedes, ubi **Lydia** quondam

**gens**, bello praeclara, iugis insedit Etruscis.

(8.478-80)

retinet longaevus haruspex

fata canens: **o Maeoniae delecta iuventus,**

**flos veterum virtusque virum**...

(8.499)

(a.)

(b.)

(c.)

If a son-in-law of foreign stock is sought for Latins, and if that is fixed, and the commands of your sire Faunus weigh upon you, then **I hold that every land, free and separate from our rule, is strange**, and that such is the word of the gods. **Turnus, too, if the first origin of his house be traced back, has ancestry in Inachus and Acrisius and mid-most Mycenae.**

**3.**

si gener externa petitur de gente Latinis,

idque sedet, Faunique premunt te iussa parentis,

**omnem equidem sceptris terram quae libera nostris**

**dissidet externam reor** et sic dicere divos.

**et Turno, si prima domus repetatur origo,**

**Inachus Acrisiusque patres mediaeque Mycenae.** (7.367-72)

**4.**

multi illam magno **e Latio totaque** petebant

**Ausonia**.

(7.54-55)

hinc **Italae gentes omnisque Oenotria tellus**

in dubiis responsa petunt (7.85-86)

quid cura antiqua tuorum

et consanguineo totiens data dextera Turno?

(7.366)

ille inter caedem Rutulorum elapsus in agros

confugere et Turni defendier hospitis armis.

(8.493)

Many wooed her **from wide Latium and all Ausonia**.

From this place **the tribes of Italy and all the Oenotrian land** seek responses in days of doubt...

What of your old love for your own, and the hand so often pledged to Turnus, your kinsman?

Amid the carnage, he flees for refuge to Rutulian soil and finds shelter among the weapons of Turnus his friend.

(a.)

(b.)

(c.)

(d.)

**5.**

multaque praeterea sacris in postibus arma,

captivi pendent currus curvaeque secures

et cristae capitum et portarum ingentia claustra

spiculaque clipeique ereptaque rostra carinis.

(7.183-86)

hi **bellum adsidue ducunt** cum gente Latina

(8.55)

hinc Tusco claudimur amni,

hinc Rutulus premit et murum circumsonat armis.

(8.473-74)

sunt tibi regna patris Dauni, **sunt oppida capta**

**multa manu**...

(12.22-23)

Many arms, moreover, hang on the sacred doors, captive chariots, curved axes, helmet crests, and massive bars of city gates; javelins and shields and beaks wrenched from ships.

They wage war ceaselessly with the Latin race...

On this side we are hemmed in by the Tuscan river; on that the Rutulian presses hard and thunders in arms about our wall.

You have your father Daunus’ realms, **you have the many towns your hand has taken**...

(a.)

(b.)

(c.)

(d.)

**6.**

Therefore, profaning peace, he orders his chief warriors to march upon Latinus, and bids arms be made ready. “**Defend Italy**,” he cries, “drive the foe from her **borders**; I come, a match for both Teucrians and Latins.”

ergo iter ad regem polluta pace Latinum
indicit primis iuvenum et iubet arma parari,
**tutari Italiam**, detrudere **finibus** hostem;
se satis ambobus Teucrisque venire Latinisque.

(7.467-70)

(a.)

Turnus is there, and amid the outcry at the slaughter, and fire of passion, he redoubles their terror: “Teucrians are called to reign; a **Phrygian stock** mingles its taint; I am spurned from the door!”

Turnus adest medioque in crimine caedis et igni
terrorem ingeminat: Teucros in regna vocari,
**stirpem** admisceri **Phrygiam**, se limine pelli.

(7.577-79)

(b.)

**7.**

Venulus too is sent to mighty Diomedes’ city to seek aid, and announce that **Teucrians are settling in Latium**; that Aeneas is come with his fleet, **bringing in his vanquished gods**, and proclaiming himself a king summoned by Fate; that many tribes are joining the Dardan hero and his name spreads far and wide in Latium.

mittitur et magni Venulus Diomedis ad urbem

qui petat auxilium, et **Latio consistere Teucros**,
advectum Aenean classi **victosque penatis
inferre** et fatis regem se dicere posci
edoceat, multasque viro se adiungere gentis
Dardanio et late Latio increbrescere nomen.

(8.9-14)

**8.**

So the seas are pathless to the Teucrians, and they have no hope of flight. Half the world is lost to them, but the earth is in our hands: **in such thousands are the nations of Italy under arms**.

I too have my own fate to meet theirs—to cut down with the sword a **guilty race** that has robbed me of my bride!

ergo maria invia Teucris,

nec spes ulla fugae: rerum pars altera adempta est,
terra autem in nostris manibus, **tot milia gentes
arma ferunt Italae**.

(9.130-33)

sunt et mea contra

fata mihi, ferro **sceleratam** exscindere **gentem**
coniuge praerepta.

(9.136-38)

(a.)

(b.)

**9.**

Are you not ashamed, twice captured **Phrygians**, again to be cooped inside beleaguered ramparts, and to ward off death with walls? See: these are the men who go to war to claim our brides for themselves! What god, what madness, has driven you to **Italy**? Here there are no sons of Atreus, no fable-forging Ulysses! A race of hardy stock, **we** first **bring** our newborn sons to the river, and **harden** them with the water’s cruel cold; as boys they keep vigil for the chase, and tire the forests; their sport is to rein the steed and shoot arrows from the bow; but patient of toil, and inured to want, our youth tames earth with the hoe or shakes cities in battle. All our life is worn down with iron’s use; with spear revered **we goad** our bullocks’ flanks, and sluggish age does not whiten our hearts’ strength or change our vigor. On to white hairs **we press** the helmet, and we ever delight to drive in fresh booty and live on plunder. **But you** wear embroidered saffron and gleaming purple; sloth is your joy, your delight is to enjoy the dance; your tunics have sleeves and your turbans are ribbons. Phrygian women, indeed!—for Phrygian men you are not—go over the heights of Dindymus, where to accustomed ears the pipe utters music from double mouths! The timbrel calls you, and the Berecynthian boxwood of the mother of Ida; leave arms to men, and quit the sword.

 non pudet obsidione iterum valloque teneri,

 bis capti **Phryges**, et morti praetendere muros?
600 en qui nostra sibi bello conubia poscunt!
 quis deus **Italiam**, quae vos dementia adegit?
 non hic Atridae nec fandi fictor Vlixes:
 durum a stirpe genus natos ad flumina primum
 **deferimus** saevoque gelu **duramus** et undis;
605 venatu invigilant pueri silvasque fatigant,
 flectere ludus equos et spicula tendere cornu.
 at patiens operum parvoque adsueta iuventus
 aut rastris terram domat aut quatit oppida bello.
 omne aevum ferro teritur, versaque iuvencum
610 terga **fatigamus** hasta, nec tarda senectus
 debilitat viris animi mutatque vigorem:
 canitiem galea **premimus**, semperque recentis
 comportare iuvat praedas et vivere rapto.
 **vobis** picta croco et fulgenti murice vestis,
615 desidiae cordi, iuvat indulgere choreis,
 et tunicae manicas et habent redimicula mitrae.
 o vere Phrygiae, neque enim Phryges, ite per alta

 Dindyma, ubi adsuetis biforem dat tibia cantum.
 tympana vos buxusque vocat Berecyntia Matris
620 Idaeae; sinite arma viris et cedite ferro.

 (9.598-620)

But if we still have means and a manhood still unharmed, and **the cities and nations of Italy** still support us, if the Trojans too have won glory at the cost of much bloodshed (they too have their deaths, and the storm swept over all alike), why do we lose heart so shamefully at the very start? ...

The Aetolian and his Arpi will be no help to us: but **Messapus** will be, and **Tolumnius** the fortunate, and **all the leaders sent by many a nation**; no scant fame will come to **the flower of Latium and the Laurentine land**. We have **Camilla** too, of the glorious **Volscian race**, leading her troop of horse and squadrons bright with bronze.

**10.**

sin et opes nobis et adhuc intacta iuventus
auxilioque **urbes Italae populique** supersunt,

sin et Troianis cum multo gloria veni
sanguine (sunt illis sua funera, parque per omnis
tempestas), cur indecores in limine primo
deficimus? cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus?
...
non erit auxilio nobis Aetolus et Arpi:
at **Messapus** erit felixque **Tolumnius** et **quos**
**tot populi misere duces**, nec parva sequetur
**gloria delectos Latio et Laurentibus agris**.
est et **Volscorum egregia de gente Camilla**
agmen agens equitum et florentis aere catervas.

(11.419-24, 428-33)

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