

Kachuck, ICS 12 October 2020, *The Solitary Sphere in the Age of Virgil* (to be published by OUP in 2021)

Originally, I'd planned on sharing my article which shows how the interconnections of cosmos, imperium, and the individual can help us understand the structure of Virgil's *Aeneid*, in particular through reading for the rhythms of ritual and the cult of Vesta in the poem, running from the beginning of its *fabula*, Aeneas' dream in his *cubiculum* of Hector and the Vestal flame, to the end of its *syuzhet*, the immolation of Turnus; between them lies the infamous Helen Episode, which, I show, allows the Vestal flame to refract the most important cosmic vision of the poem, the revelation to Aeneas of the gods destroying Troy. Hence its title, "Cosmos and Cubiculum in Virgil's *Aeneid*." I'll allude to this work at the end of today's talk, and I'm happy to answer questions about it, as it represents the starting-point for the book I'm now writing on *Implicit Theologies in the Age of Augustus*.

But although that talk done and dusted, I decided over the weekend to do something different. For one, a paper full of twists and turns is not perfect for live Zoom-delivery over an internet that has a tendency to take small breaks. More than that, the theme of this series is *Solitude and Community*, and as I've just finished a book on *The Solitary Sphere in the Age of Virgil*, out with Oxford University Press early next year, I thought it would be more useful to talk in general terms about solitude as a problem for, and of, the study of antiquity, and to give a sense of how I addressed these thoughts in my book, and how they inform my present work. [SLIDE] To make that latter portion of this Zoom talk easier to follow, I will invoke the muse who inspired the final edits during lockdown: my daughter Salomé, whose cries of *chien* and *chat* you might hear in the background, #captatiobenevolentiae.

The History

First, some history. To some, the very title of this seminar series, "Solitude and Community," might seem a provocation. Let me explain. The worlds of Greece and Rome, we are told, or at least their pre-Christian or non-Christian epochs or groups or regions, were **face-to-face societies**. Everything that mattered happened in the public eye. It was hard for people of any social class to be alone. Even being alone, we are told, did not mean the same thing *then* as *now*. Solitude for them, goes the line, was only deprivation. We still hear that the ancient Mediterranean man "did—and does—both fear and detest [solitude]", which is connected to the notion that this same man, whether in ancient or modern Crete or southern Italy, could experience only external shame but not internal guilt, a dichotomy perhaps not wholly without value in Dodds' hands, but which even then never quite shakes off the racialized and imperial tones given to it by Ruth Benedict's book on the Japanese, the *Chrystantahamum and the Sword*, written at the behest of the United States Office of War Information in 1946.ⁱ Classicists have for too long left unquestioned these terms imported from an earlier stratum of anthropological thought, even as Marcel Mauss and Emile Benveniste's demonstrations that "the preception of the self as a separate and autonomous entity" (Descola 2013: 117) have inspired modern anthropologists like Joel Robbins, Webb Keane, and Philippe Descola.

It has to be said, though, that those who deny solitude to the Greeks and Romans are in good, or at least time-honoured, company. So, for Aristotle, "Man is by nature a political animal" and "Whatsoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god."ⁱⁱ For Seneca man is a "social animal," and for Varro, "Bees are not of a solitary nature (*solitaria*), as eagles are, but are like human beings"; whence Peter Green's phrase, "For the Romans, society was reality." Likewise, according to the great Oswyn Murray, for "the Greek man... the individual is always considered as a social animal: he is never alone face-to-face with himself".ⁱⁱⁱ To put this in terms that English makes possible, Murray's Greek man can be lonely, but not solitary. In the terms of the child psychologist Donald Winnicott, Murray's Greek man can experience

loneliness and withdrawal, but not the “capacity to be alone” in the sense of the opportunity for the baby “to experience separation without separation.” If loneliness is deprivation, solitude is, for Winnicott, the practice of creating one’s own private world. To coin a Greek compound, Winnicottian solitude is ἰδιοκοσμοποιεῖν. As Petrarch would put it in the early 14th century, *volo solitudinem non solam*, ‘I want a non-solitary solitude’; his correspondence with Cicero, Virgil, and other ancients, as well as his adaptation of Propertian solitude to Petrarchan lyric, shows in part what he meant.

The comparison with Petrarch raises the question, though, of when precisely this Winnicottian ability “in solitude to speak with oneself” (*in solitudine secum loqui*), in Cicero’s terms, is meant to have emerged. For most students of the question, it is whenever they believe “the individual” was first invented. Now, the broader mania for “invention-stories” has been well studied by Gabrièle Wersinger Taylor’s perceptive 2018 article, “*L’invention de l’invention : archéologie ou idéologie*”, but we’re looking here at one sub-set of these stories, the invention of the individual. Thus, there are partisans for Stoic circles in the late first century CE—Paul Veyne and Foucault saw here the confrontation “between the old ideal of *homo civicus* and the new ideal of *homo interior*.” Other candidates include Augustine’s Christianity, Petrarch’s Christian humanism, Montaigne’s Renaissance neo-scepticism, Diderot’s Enlightened poetics of ruins, and the many various national forms of Romanticism’s shared obsession with the solitary genius.

Romanticism has perhaps had the most takers, and provided the most frequent “brake” on the interpretation of evidence from antiquity: i.e. an ancient text cannot mean *that*, because *that* sounds too Romantic. Thus, when Murray denies the Greek man the power to be “alone face-to-face with himself,” he is implicitly contrasting Greek lyric with Romantic poetry: whereas the latter, the argument goes, is about autonomous selves coming to grips with the consequences of their solipsism, ancient poetry is about being with others. The second most influential candidate is Augustinian Christianity, as witness the structure of Charles Taylor’s famous book, *Sources of the Self*, which skips from Plato, for whom meaning still only existed in relationship with others, to Augustine, whose personal relationship with a monotheistic god allows him to develop new theories of meaning independent of other humans.

In fact, these two candidates, Augustinian Christianity and Romanticism, are powerfully dominant over popular and scholarly conceptions for the same reason: they go back to the source of so many of our intellectual categories and assumptions, a Hegelian theory of historical progress. According to this view, best represented in Wilhelm Dilthey (*Der Aufbau der geschichtlichen Welt in den Geisteswissenschaften* (1910)), history is a march from collectivized societies in which individuals have no or limited sense of separation from the groups of which they are a part, and towards increased inwardness, subjectivity, and a sense of each individual human’s unique “inner life”; as Dilthey puts it (2002: 365), in primitive societies “No reflection on life and its goals led the individual beyond that which was regulated by custom, mores, the spirit of the community. The individual was absorbed by his ethnic community . . . One could compare them to powerful organisms that act from an obscure, although unified will.” So Georg Misch (1907) could correct Jacob Burckhardt (1860), who had attributed the “development of the individual” (*Entwicklung des Individuums*) to the Renaissance (pp. 131–170), by seeing the invention of interiority (through spiritual autobiography) in Augustine’s *Confessions*, thus denying an inner life to Jews (like himself) and to pagans alike.^{iv}

One sees the same structure at work behind recent cultural histories like Deirdre Lynch’s *Loving Literature*, which claims that the love of literature arose only in the 19th century. Before that, “rhetorical culture” looked to words as tools to achieve other ends; after that, literature could become one’s own. We’ll ignore for now the obvious objections that might be drawn from Longinus’ *On the Sublime*, and focus on how Lynch’s progressivist view represents the

synthesis of the Hegelian history of the individual with a Nietzschean history of reading, which is to say, the view that Greeks and Roman before Saint Ambrose never read silently or in solitude. Recently, this myth, too, has been exploded by Emanuelle Valette-Cagnac (1997), who has elucidated the semiotic difference between *recitare* (public reading) and *legere* (including *legio tacita*, “silent reading”). It was Nietzsche who first muddled the issue, by contrasting the “dead,” alienated, weak-willed literary culture of modern Germans with the “live”, socially embedded, strong-spirited sense of literature in what he called, in his *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886), *die antike öffentliche Welt*, “the ancient public world” (ch. 8, aphorism 247). I emphasize the word *public* here in order to bring attention to Nietzsche’s question-begging formulation, whereby the adjective “public” (*öffentlich*) here is not distributive (“that part of the ancient world that was public”) but attributive (“the ancient world, that was, itself, public”). This predication begs the question of the nature of the conception of the public, of the private, and of the solitary in the ancient world. It is often thought overly “romantic” to imagine ancient people reading in silence or solitude. As Valette-Cagnac’s archaeology has shown us, the opposite is true: it is the *öffentlich*, or exclusively “public,” reading of ancient literature that is the product of modern prejudices and of Nietzschean (anti-)romanticism. Thus, when we see that Propertius dreams that Apollo tells him that the poet’s works should ideally be read by “a girl alone, while awaiting a man,” we should not stress only the man that is expected to arrive, and ignore the emblematic, programmatic experience of the girl reading alone on her bench.^v

When it comes to the Romans, the denial of solitude, individuality and subjectivity, also involves the denigration of their capacity for imaginative literature, especially when compared with the Greeks. 19th century classicists thus tended to agree with Hegel that Romans “remained satisfied with a dull, stupid subjectivity” (2004: 308–9). Wilhelm Sigmund Teuffel^{vi} thought Romans lacked “the versatility, many-sidedness and imaginative power of the Greeks,” the “peculiar character of the Roman nation” being “decidedly unfavourable to art and literature” (Teuffel & Schwabe 1891: 1–2). Richard Sellar’s authoritative survey of Latin literature (1863) saw “the massive structure of the Roman language, the fervour and gravity of the Roman temperament and the practical bent and logical mold of the Roman understanding” as ensuring that “lyric poetry, or the poetry of the individual in its widest sense, did not greatly harmonise with the practical Roman mind” (1881: 14, 40). Views like this still pervade our field, and are among the many reasons why there remains no Roman equivalent to Dodds’ book on *Greeks and the Irrational*, and why the “historical anthropology of antiquity” school of Vernant, Vidal-Naquet, and Detienne had no real counterpart in Roman studies.

In making space for solitude in ancient literature, I found myself confronting these histories, but also wrestling with the vast and sophisticated body of work by historians of ancient philosophy. Take Christopher Gill, for example, who influentially uses readings of ancient philosophers to argue that ancient Greeks and Romans thought predominantly in terms of an objective-participant framework of personhood, rather than a subjective-individualist one, which is to say, that they experienced themselves not as unique individuals, but as members of particular classes whose qualities, needs, particularities, and senses of self, so to speak, wholly fit a predetermined scheme of acceptable types.

How to respond to this school of thought, which reliance on ancient philosophers to explain and delimit the meaning of literature and the lived experience in antiquity? As concerns literature, I find myself in agreement with the iconologist Edgar Wind (1958: 91), that poets rarely fear to attempt what philosophers pronounce impossible. In agreement, too, with Charles Brink, whose words served as the guiding star for my recent article on birthday-cult in Horace: ‘The prudent and highly institutional approach to matters of cult and appellation on the part of

Augustus and his advisers is scarcely on a par with the poetic expressions of volitions, emotions and hopes'.¹

But what I really miss in such models drawn from the ancient philosophers is a thick description of the phenomenology of non-individuality in antiquity. This, of course, is not their fault: they are historians of ancient philosophy, and *non omnia possumus omnes*. Still, I miss the sense one gets from ethnography or historical anthropology or even historical fiction of what they believe it meant to live as one of these ancients, and I miss even the kind of common-sense examples one finds in Robert Kaster's exemplary work on the emotions in ancient Rome, which tells us how Romans would feel if they walked into a crowded elevator. These theories have not, that is, helped us see what anthropologists like Vivieros de Castro have shown in, say, the lived experience of certain animist Amerindian peoples who believe that all humans share the same anus.

I wonder, too, if an alternative history of philosophy might be imagined. Although it provides ammunition to both sides, I turn to Cicero, whose *De officiis* makes room for qualities that are "assigned to individuals in particular" and whose *Brutus* shows how "style maketh man" and "man maketh style" across a dizzying array of individual figures. I turn, too, to Virgil's contemporary Philodemus, who judged "poetry only as poetry," and saw literature (with Longinus) as wide-reading welling up within the idiosyncratic soul of the singular poet. But we can turn back even to Aristotle himself, not to his famous catchphrases, but to his less famous confession related by Demetrius' *On Style*: "The more of a solitary and lonely man I am, the more I become a lover of myths" (ὅσῳ γὰρ αὐτίτης καὶ μονώτης εἰμί, φιλομυθότερος γέγονα, 144= Arist. fr. 668 Rose). To express this correlation, Aristotle coined a new word, *autitês* (αὐτίτης), meaning not only "by oneself, alone," as it is often translated, but, etymologically, "the state of being one's own self" (>αὐτός, "self"). When this confession is run together with the philosopher's more famous postulate, a strange plot emerges: as Aristotle grows more solitary, more himself, and more a lover of myths, he also turns all the more into a beast or a god. Although the extent of Aristotle's own mythmaking is unknown, and despite the philosopher's doubts about myths' truth-value, his *Metaphysics* proposes a direct link between philosophy and philomythy: "He who is perplexed and is in wonder thinks that he is ignorant, wherefore even the lover of myths is in a sense a philosopher, for a myth is compounded of wonders" (952b18–20 ὁ δ' ἀπορῶν καὶ θαυμάζων οἶται ἀγνοεῖν διὸ καὶ ὁ φιλόμυθος φιλόσοφος πῶς ἐστίν: ὁ γὰρ μῦθος σύγκειται ἐκ θαυμασίων).

How, though, might we make room for such perplexity, such wonder, such solitude, where ancient literature found itself more truly and more strange? How can we learn to read with new eyes scenes like Achilles singing "the glories of men" to himself, while Patroclus sits opposite, and alone (οἶος)? Or what Lacan called the "special solitude of Sophoclean heroes" (Lacan 1992: 271), like Sophocles' Ajax, who "shepherds all alone his thoughts" (*Aj.* 614 φρενὸς οιοβώτας), resembling the representation of that hero's brooding on the Exekias black-figure neck amphora, on which the hero's armor, posed against a palm tree, "increases the sense of isolation and aloneness" (Moore 1980: 432)?^{vii} Or Aristophanes' stage, which, as London's own Michael Silk (2000) has evocatively suggested, was divided into realms public, private, and solitary? Or the dream-frame of Callimachus' *Aetia*, which reaches back to Hesiod and flows into the *Iambi*'s dream of Hipponax?^{viii} Or, indeed, to Philo's *therapeutae* in the desert or to the ministry of Jesus of Nazareth, remarkable for his meditations in the wilderness (Matt. 14.23; Luc. 4.42, 5.16, 6.12) and for his sense of isolation even amongst friends and apostles, abandoned even by his own divinity in death (Mark 15.34; Matt. 27.46)?

In my own work, this inquiry has been inspired by these models drawn from the Greek world, but has focused on literature from the end of the Roman Republic and the dawn of the

¹ Charles Brink, *Horace on Poetry: Epistles Book II*, Cambridge, 1982, p. 51.

principate, the period I call the age of Virgil, to the beginnings of the period about which Flaubert wrote in terms that so bewitched Marguerite Yourcenar: “When the gods ceased to be, and Christ had not yet come, there was, between Cicero and Marcus Aurelius, a unique moment when man was alone.” Yourcenar confessed that “A large part of my life has been passed in attempting to define, then to depict, this man that is both solitary and connected with everything.”^{ix}

Rome’s gods had not, of course, disappeared, but there was a sense in which the age of Virgil saw changes in the relationship of the self to others and to the state. Scholars of religion like Clifford and Ando and Jorg Rupke have pointed to the flourishing of elite religious individuation and individualization during this period, something that one can see in sites generally ignored by Anglophone scholarship, like Varro’s aviary at Casinum (Sauron 2007) or in the underground basilica at Porta Maggiore (Carcopino 1943, 1968), now finally open to the public. As to the broader question—why solitude in the age of Virgil—we can paint with a very wide brush, which gives exaggerated but revelatory outlines. A number of processes played a part: a level of population density unique in the pre-industrialized world, a Roman State subject to a precipitously intensified degree of personalized and centralized (if often ill-defined) political power, and that new State’s willingness to bypass intermediate social structures. In Weberian terms, the rationalization of social life promoted, rather than suppressed, individuals’ idiosyncratic rationalities, which is to say, their irrationalities; or, rather, it promoted these by suppressively relegating them to secrecy. [INVENTION OF REASON]

The writers my book studies in depth—Cicero, Virgil, Horace, and Propertius— did not have a unitary perspective on this solitary sphere, but together they help me sketch its anatomy: Cicero suggests that liberal study may be an end in itself, Virgil that literature might be a site for endlessly recursive self-concern, Horace that the world of our own imagining might render us at once most monstrous and most ourselves, and Propertius that our deepest desires might find satisfaction ultimately in our solitary projections. For all of them, a “blessed rage for order” motivated works and life’s works simultaneously governed by a high degree of structure and suffused, throughout, by individual intensity, as though Max Weber’s “steel-hard case” (*stahlhartes Gehäuse*) of the bureaucratic man had flames coming out of its inflexible sides. It is this which makes this age not only the most classical age, but also the source for the classical rules of misrule for the classical tradition, the subject that was the theme for my last talk in this seminar, on *Exit Pursued by Horace: A Classical Archaeology of Horace’s Bear*. [SLIDE]

Rhetoric: The Paradox of Solitude

In the time that remains, I’d like to address how I went about studying solitude in this age, and will do so in the order in which my work progressed from thesis to monograph, beginning with the rhetorical study of what I call the paradox of literary solitude, and then moving to my replacement of binary models of ancient society with my theory of the three spheres—the public, the private, and the solitary spheres—and some thoughts about how their interactions energized literature in the age of Virgil.

As I mentioned, I did the final edits for the book during lockdown, where I was joined by young Salomé, whose ontogeny seemed somehow to repeat my book’s phylogeny. For Salomé spent the lockdown learning to walk, clamber, climb, scale, run...and talk. But although Salomé talked a great deal, she didn’t do most of it with us or our friends. No, the bulk of what she had to say she said to *her* friends. [SLIDE]. I am everyday humbled by the inner drama of childhood, and by my ignorance of the vast worlds of childrens’ inner experience, but, to me, Salomé seems to inhabit a world full of persons—there are persons like myself, my wife Sarah, our friends, and family, and then there are other persons, we can call them meta-persons—meaning beings full of agency who exist both above and alongside us—with whom she also shares a life full of drama, upheaval, and delight. How does Salomé imagine these creatures

imagine her, her world, themselves, and their own world? When she puts them to bed, at our urging, on the chair by the door as we head out to our bicycles, does she believe that they sleep through the day? Does Salomé, we can ask with Paul Veyne, believe her own myths?

We'll come to these questions again, but, for now, we focus on the scene of conversation as as *she* speaks to *them*: what do we make of her conversations with her friends, both in and of themselves and as dramatic events? To my eyes, she speaks with herself, and it was only when by herself with the world that she in speaking made that I could hear best hear her. One is reminded [SLIDE] of the singer in Woody Allen's *To Rome with Love* who can only sing for an audience when he is alone in the shower. [SLIDE] This paradox of solitude is as much a gesture, a *pathosformel*, as an idea, a way of orienting oneself as artist and directing one's work as art: one speaks to one's world, though in such a way as others might hear it. When I set out on my doctoral work, I was drawn to explore this paradox through Virgil's *Eclogues*: "We do not sing to the deaf," says that book's tenth poem, "for the trees answer all." As Virgil uses trees, and specifically Italian trees, as emblems for his *Eclogues*, I wanted to understand what it meant for Virgil to build his first book as a world of words that could serve as its own echo-chamber, one written "for Gallus, but such as Lycoris might read," in that poem's words, or for a present addressee, but such as might be brought to life, mysteriously, by an absent reader such as...myself. I was interested, too, in Virgil's attention to the powers of projection, the seductions—the dangers, the thrills, and the pleasures—of the idea that one might make a world out of desire: "Do we believe it?" says one of the *Eclogues*'s lovers, "or do those who love fashion for themselves their own dreams?" More generally, I was interested in the emptying out of these poems, how a poem like the first *Eclogue* seemed to build on Meleager's *Mousa erêmolalos*, the "Muse who chatters in the wilderness", to see in the lonely drama of Meliboeus and Tityrus, and in their future worlds of prosperity and exile, scenes of solitude.

That solitude should possess for Romans the kind of a reflexive power I saw in Virgil's *Eclogues* and then in the rest of his corpus and the corpora of Cicero, Horace, and Propertius was perhaps aided by etymological heritage. For Émile Benveniste, *solitudo* implies both being deprived of community, but also the reflexivity that makes communion and community, whether by oneself or with others, possible. The root **swe > suus* ("one's own"), he suggests, is at the root both of the word for "one's own people" (*sodalitas*), as well as that word (*solus < solitudo*) that, in Benveniste's terms, helps a Roman "delimit himself as an individual and to refer to 'himself.'" Cicero may play on solitude's reflexivity when he marvels at Scipio, who was, according to an older proverb of Cato's, "least alone when most alone"; this is because, Cicero writes, he was "accustomed to speak, in solitude, with himself" (Cic. *Off.* 3.1 *solitudine secum loqui solitum*).

Although we could analyze this already in Ennius' dream of Homer, as my work on the dream-tradition now does, for our purposes it makes better sense to focus in on this gesture, this paradox of reflexive solitude, when it has already grown perhaps banal in works that appear immediately after the age of Virgil: Manilius and Marcus Argentarius. The portrait of the legendary poet Orpheus found in the fifth book of Manilius' *Astronomica* (post-8 CE) suggests that the solitude that Aristotle found proper to a beast, a god, and himself, might, at Rome, now be easily thought equally proper to poets (5.332–336):

ille dabit cantus inter convivia dulcis
mulcebitque sono Bacchum noctemque tenebit.
quin etiam curas inter secreta mouebit
carmina furtivo modulatus murmure vocem,
solus et ipse suas semper cantabit ad aures.

*He will give sweet songs in banquets, soften
Bacchus with his voice, and enthrall the night.
But then, immersed in cares, he will commence
his secret songs: tuning his voice with furtive
hum, alone, he will sing forever to his own ears.*

Manilius' Orpheus' here suggests what the Mexican writer and critic Octavio Paz called the "dual significance of solitude": a break with one world and an attempt to create another.^{xi} But

he also embodies what Paz went on to call the “dialectic of solitude”: while the poet exhausts solitary days singing to himself, lone astrophiles observe the stellified Orpheus—“least alone when most alone,” as the Roman proverb went. Beyond Paz’s imaginative retreat and happy oscillation, Orpheus in the stars, like Aristotle’s lonely lover of myths, exemplifies literature as a **crisis of solitude**: as later legend has it, it was because he neglected the worship of Dionysus and turned to worshipping only the solitary sun, that he was dismembered by tone-deaf Maenads. His solitary performance represents a paradox, like what one finds in Paul Zanker’s description of a statue of Poseidippus deep in thought (1995: 141): “the public aspect is here fully suppressed...[it] gives the viewer the impression of peering unobserved into a private and intimate world, almost of being a voyeur.” How can something be “unobserved” if we are looking at it? What does it mean to watch someone converse with him or herself?

Manilius’ own Orpheus had been, in so many ways, a reflex of the poet’s self-portrait as solitary astronaut (2.136–144):

haec ego divino cupiam cum ad sidera flatu
ferre, nec in turba nec turbae carmina condam,
sed solus vacuo veluti vectatus in orbe
liber agam currus non occursantibus ullis
nec per iter socios commune regentibus actus,
sed caelo noscenda canam, mirantibus astris
et gaudente sui mundo per carmina vatis,
vel quibus illa sacros non invidere meatus
notitiamque sui, minima est quae turba per orbem.

This is what I’d wish with breath inspired to carry to the stars. Not in the crowd nor for the crowd shall I compose my song, but alone—as one borne round an empty circuit—I will drive my car freely with none to cross my path nor steer a course beside me over a common route, but I shall sing songs for the sky to know, while stars marvel and the firmament rejoices in the songs of its bard, or for those to whom the stars have not grudged knowledge of themselves and their sacred motions, the smallest crowd on earth.^{xii}

Manilius, alone (*solus*), is uplifted with his stars and their laws.^{xiii} Earlier, Manilius had coursed through the sky “in a solitary chariot” (2.58–9 *soloque . . . curru*); now, we find that the area through which his chariot moves is equally deserted. The image of the poet composing in solitude is as old as Achilles in his tent, Hesiod upon Helicon, or Callimachus writing with his tablet upon his knees (*Aet.* fr. 1.21–2 Pf. ἐμοῖς ἐπὶ δέλτον ἔθηκα γούνασιν). Manilius may have picked up his Callimachus by way of Virgil, Propertius, Lucretius, and other Latin poets, but his rejection of the *turba* looks back to Callimachus’ declaration, in the *Aetia* prologue, that “we sing among those who love the clear voice of the cicada, not the din of asses” (ἐνὶ τοῖς γὰρ ἀεῖδομεν οἱ λιγὺν ἦχον / τέττιγος, θ]όρυβον δ’ οὐκ ἐφίλησαν ὄνων, 29–30)—the Latin word *turba* (“crowd”), as ancient etymologists noted, looks like it should be kin to Greek θόρυβος (“din”). Reflecting the music of the spheres means avoiding the din down below, especially the voice of the ass, the only animal Pythagoreans excluded from the harmony of nature. Elsewhere, Manilius casts his poem in clearly didactic form, eager to help his audience of students (2.448–51, 3.393–4); here, like Horace in certain scenes of lyric flight, Manilius has left this pedestrian audience trudging far behind—and below. This very excess makes clear, and programmatic, what had been implicit in his predecessors’ work. In this passage of Manilius, we find brought together all of the central terms around which my book initially focused—the seeking out of solitude (*solus*), freedom (*liber*), emptiness (*vacuo*); the repudiation of poetry that is for the crowd (*in turba*), and of it (*turbae*).

What sets Manilius’ use of this *topos* apart from that of earlier poets is his emphasis, not on solitary composition, but on performance. One sees the same evocatively expressed in a Greek epigram (Anth. Pal. 9.270 = G.-P. XXVI) by one of Manilius’ (likely) contemporaries, Marcus Argentarius:^{xiv}

κωμάζω, χρύσειον ἐς ἑσπερίων χορὸν ἄστρον
λεύσσω, οὐδ’ ἄλλων λὰξ ἐβάρυν’ ὀάρους:
στρέψας δ’ ἀνθόβολον κρατὸς τρίχα, τὴν κελαδαινὴν

“I revel, gazing at the golden dance of evening stars, and do not rudely disturb [lit. trouble with my heavy foot] other peoples’ conversations.

πηκτίδα μουσοπόλοις χερσὶν ἐπηρέθισα.
καὶ τάδε δρῶν εὐκοσμον ἔχω βίον οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς
κόσμος ἀνευθε λύρης ἔπλετο καὶ στεφάνου.

Tossing my flower-scattering hair, I awake the
deep-toned lyre with musical hands, and, in so
doing, I lead a well-ordered life, for the cosmic
order itself does not lack a Lyre and a Crown.”

This poem places the poet in nocturnal solitude opposite the cosmos. As Renaud Gagné (2019: 191) has noted, the poem’s first word—κωμάζειν, “to revel”—denotes “disordered collective movement, of a progression towards a destination,” and is used of solitary individuals only in an ironic (*Anth. Pal.* 12.85) or parodic (*Eur. Alc.* 831) sense; in this poem, the verb emphasizes that what usually takes place in a “band of revellers” (*LSJ* s.v. κῶμος 2) is produced by a lone individual. Like Manilius’ Orpheus, whose song for the stars is kept apart from the “banquets” (*Manil.* 5.332 *convivia*), so Argentarius keeps himself from all others (2 ἄλλων) and their “conversations” (2 ὁάρους).^{xv} A solitary microcosm, replete with cosmic accoutrements, he dances alone under and within the revolving sphere of the dancing heavens. Marcus Argentarius’ contemporary, Ovid, feared that “to dance in the dark (*in tenebris numerosos ponere gestus*) and to write a poem that you may read to nobody is the same thing” (*Pont.* 4.2.33)—and a bad thing. His predecessor in astral sublimity, Horace, told the cautionary tale of the respectable burgher of Argos who, although a civil and clubbable family-man in all other aspects of his life, would sit in the theatre and applaud performances that only he could see—his family forces a cure upon him, and removes, the poor man says, “the sweetest part of his life.” Argentarius, though, is not bothered. Solitude is as much a part his performance as it was for the wildly popular pantomime dance of his day, where one actor plays all the parts, with all the eyes of the world upon him.

The Three Spheres

As I began to develop this work from the doctoral thesis into a book, though, I began to focus more and more on the ways in which the literary solitude emerges from a dialectic, a conversation, an interaction with other contexts. Which is to say, in Karl Marx’s reformulation of Aristotle’s dictum, “Man is a ζῷον πολιτικόν in the most literal sense: he is not only a social animal, but an animal that can isolate itself only within society.”^{xvi} The problem I was confronting, then, without knowing it, is not that we have too many books about literature and politics, but that we had too narrow of a view of what each might mean in the Roman world.

Take the example of Salomé: although her relationship with her meta-persons can be described if only from the outside as partaking of the solitary sphere of imaginative self-projection, there is also a performative aspect to her play, for she knows that there is, at least in the vicinity, an audience from beyond that world: there is me, there is her mother, and there is the wider community of people within which this same world of play often unfolds. Often, she will look to us or to others for recognition of her solitary play. In Winnicott’s terms, she seeks for a re-affirmation of the conditions of trust that make her play solitary rather than lonely. In Oswyn Murray’s terms she is alone face-to-face with herself, but she is also, in W.H. Auden’s phrase, “in solitude, for others.”

Thus, in order for us to make sense of solitude, whether historically or in the present, we need a social taxonomy more capacious than the usual binary that is deployed to understand the Roman world: pitting *otium* against *negotium*, family against city. We need, that is, not only the private and the public spheres, as described for bourgeois modernity by Jürgen Habermas, but something beyond that: the solitary sphere. For me, the necessity of this tripartite division, and of describing the contours of this solitary sphere, emerged one afternoon on which I’d quickly switched from reading George Dumézil, the doyen of Indo-European trifunctionality, to studying the fables of Phaedrus. In the third book of those fables, written under Tiberius, one reads the poet’s warning to his patron, Eutychus, not to read his works in *negotium*, nor in *otium*; no, if Eutychus wants to read Phaedrus, *mutandum est vitae genus*, “you must change

your way of life,” or, as Rilke would put it, upon seeing the Archaic torso of Apollo in Paris’ Louvre Museum: “Du mußt dein Leben ändern”.^{xvii} Phaedrus does not name this sphere, but he does identify it with the Pierian muses he enjoys even when rejected by the “school of poets.” The etymologists Festus usefully comes to our aid: “The Muses are called *Pierides* on account of the loveliness and solitude (*solitudinem*) of the Pierian mountain, where they delight in secluded places (*secretis locis*) on account of their liberal studies.”^{xviii} In studying any work of literature, then, it is not enough to study only one of these spheres; instead, one must look at how they interact the one with the other. The appearance of the solitary sphere, too, can be as momentary as the I-Thou relationship in the philosophical theology of Martin Buber (1923), or the lightning-flash of the Longinian sublime. In this sense, the problem of the solitary sphere is wider and more pervasive than what has been called “the problem of the contemplative life in the Greco-Roman world” (i.e. *vita activa* vs. *vita contemplativa*).^{xix} It is an orientation, rather than a career, and one open to all.

Propertius’ final poem provides a ready example. The elegy is spoken by the dead Cornelia to her widowed husband Paullus. Cornelia knows she will be remembered by an epitaph viewable by family and public, but what is revolutionary about this poem is how it reimagines the future relationship of Paullus and Cornelia: within the solitary sphere (4.11.79–84):

et si quid doliturus eris, sine testibus illis!
 cum venient, siccis oscula falle genis!
 sat tibi sint noctes, quas de me, Paulle, fatiges,
 somniaque in faciem credita saepe meam:
 atque ubi secreto nostra ad simulacra loqueris,
 ut responsurae singula verba iace.

*And, if you're going to grieve, let it be without witnesses!
 When they arrive, deceive their kisses with dry cheeks!
 Be it enough for you to wear out nights with talk of me,
 The dreams that often seem to take my appearance:
 And when you speak in secret to my images,
 utter each word as though I were about to respond.*

The poem’s addressees and the themes addressed represent all three spheres at Rome: Cornelia’s family’s contribution to the Republic throughout history (public), her own propagation of the family and its virtues in her own day (private), and, in the words to Paullus that lay out their future relationship, the dream-exchanges that will transpire in total secrecy (solitary). This poem’s judicial frame makes “witnesses” ubiquitous (4.11.37, 99), so it is notable that the one thing that must be “without witnesses” (*sine testibus*) is Paullus’ pain. Only within his secret place (*secreto*), cut off like Augustus’ Syracuse-room from public and family alike, only in this room may hold conversations *de me*, “about her” or “of her,” but not, and this is important, “with her.”

These last exchanges are solitary because of the dream Cornelia imagines for Paullus: he will “see dreams that often seem to take my appearance” (82 *somniaque in faciem credita saepe meam*). This word, *credita*, “seems” or “believes,” has bothered critics on syntactic grounds, who have conjectured in its place *reddita*, “returned” or “restored,” as in, “dreams often restored unto my appearance.”^{xx} Belief, though, is at the center of these dreams’ simulation of reality within the solitary sphere. Propertius’ Paullus, here, will create his belief not through craft, but through habitual and ritualized verbal activity that will increase his level of belief in his own creation. These nocturnal, secret *simulacra* show that Propertius has learned the lesson of Protesilaus’ wife: the *simulacra* of his beloved cannot be stolen from Paullus as was the icon from Laodamia (Hyg. *Fab.* 104) or, according to Boccaccio’s *Decameron*, as was the pomegranate tree grown from the head of Lisabetta’s beloved, Lorenzo.^{xxi}

In their solitude, Paullus’ meetings with Cornelia, *sine testibus*, “without witnesses,” recall Numa’s meetings with Egeria *sine arbitris*, “without witnesses,” in Livy’s phrase (1.21.3); in their absolute secrecy, from the public as much as from the family, they recall, too, Posidonius’ tripartite characterization (*ap* Sen. *Epist.* 90.4–7=fr. 284 EK) of revelatory law-giving, which took place “neither in the forum (*in foro*), nor in the hall of skilled counsellors (*in consultorum atrio*), but in silent and holy retreat of Pythagoras (*in Pythagorae tacito illo sanctoque*

secessu).” In this sense, Cornelia’s revelation of the new solitary dispensation to Paullus represents an exception to the common opinion about antiquity to which Jean-Marie André (1966: 326) gave so stirring a voice: “For modern man, the paths of interior life are strictly individual and secret [*strictement individuels et secrets*]. . . for ancient man, who remains a citizen even in his inner life [*qui reste citoyen même dans sa vie intérieure*], appeasement obeys the protocols of clear persuasion.” And yet, Propertius’ Paullus seems to explode this exclusion: to others he dissimulates (*falle*): within his *secretum* alone he will practice *alêthurgia*, what Foucault in his last course at the Collège de France called “the production of truth, the act by which truth is manifested” (2011: 3). Foucault, daringly, went on to suggest that ancient Greeks and Romans already practiced what medieval Christian confessionalism of the 13th century would institutionalize (4–5): the injunction to tell one’s truth to another human being. For Propertius, though, might, however, go on step further than even Foucault allowed, for in Paullus’ *secretum* one sees a confessionalism more along the lines of J.K. Huysman’s *À rebours*: he tells his truth, he becomes an *alêthurgês*, but only in company with a *simulacrum* projected from within his own imagination, hidden away, and accessible to none but him.

Propertius’ final poem leaves open the question of whether Paullus will truly be speaking with the ghost of Cornelia, or whether he will be speaking with projections of his own making: understanding how this difference could be conceptualized in Propertius’ Rome requires a more nuanced study of ghosts in the Roman world than we now possess. For now, though, the facts that the poem is meant to be spoken by the ghost of Cornelia herself, and is published as Propertius’ own poem, do not settle the question either way. Is the whole poem a fiction inveted out of Paullus’, and Propertius’, fear of loneliness? For Lucretius, we can recall, solitude had played just such a role in the invention of literature and religion: “Lest they should be forced to admit that they live in solitary places deserted even by the gods” (591–2 *loca deserta ab diuis quoque . . . sola*), lonely forest and mountain dwellers “pretend” (581 *fingunt*) that echoes that resound “through solitary places” (573 *per loca sola*) are the “sounds of chords and sweet complaints” of Satyrs, Nymphs, Fauns, or of Pan, who “runs his puckered lip on yawning reeds, lest the flute should cease to pour its woodland muse (589 *silvestrem . . . fundere musam*).” Humans generate projections, and those projections project fictions: humans cannot stop singing, lest they recall their solitude, and Pan cannot stop piping, lest his flute let the woodland Muse die. This is empathy with a satiric bite, hence the grotesque focus on the god’s bloated embouchure. Still, Lucretius’ critique, sharp as it is, recognizes music’s hallucinatory draw, and hints at its conceptual autonomy: Pan *owes* something to the flute, not because it *pleases*, not because it is *useful*, but because, if he stopped playing, the flute would stop fulfilling an end ideally as ceaseless as the river—pouring out the woodland muse. Man cannot give up pan-pipes, nor Pan his muse, without growing lonely. Whether or not we capitalize “Pan-Pipes” and Pan’s “Muse” reveals where we want to place ourselves in this projection. Are we objective observers of others’ delusion, looking on as poets and Pan nervously shadowbox with creatures of their own creation and at whose fragility they shudder? Or are we, ourselves, privy and party to their fictions? Music, poetry, mythology: these are fragile fictions, but might they also be, as Lucretius grudgingly admits, and Propertius seems to propose, *necessary* fictions?

Paullus, at any rate, might seem to think so, but questions remain about the effect of this scene: Do Paullus’ secret conversations with Cornelia represent victory or defeat for Propertius’ struggle with the elegy of absence, a struggle that goes back to his first poem’s self-portrait of the poet’s madness and wishful thinking about the success of the lover Milanion? On the one hand, Paullus’ *secretum* is a celebration of elegy’s creative power to fulfill desire in a perpetuity independent of normal social pressures, hidden by night and bedroom walls from family and the street. On this view, the *secretum* is a sign that even in this, the most “public” of Propertius’ poems, the world of politics cannot eradicate the sensibility of someone who prefers imaginary conversations with a dead beloved to the recovery of Caesar’s lost

standards. On the other hand, Paullus' *secretum* is a relegation of love and literature to the irrelevancies of solitary predilection; it is an admission that the kind of relationship that Propertius had with Cynthia must be remain a private madness. In this sense, does Propertius' solitude represent a variation on what Hegel saw as the Romans' unique form of "dull, stupid, subjectivity," by which, he goes on, "the Roman had always to do with something secret; in everything he believed in and sought for something concealed... among the Romans everything exhibits itself as mysterious, duplicate" (Hegel 2004: 308–9)?^{xxii}

Propertius' solitudes do not exist in an ahistorical, anti-social, or non-political vacuum—instead, they constantly find themselves within, and define themselves by, the tension inherent in the split between elegiac subjectivity and the political, public, and Roman persona that Cornelia represents. In this way, Paullus' *secretum* is a symbol of a new way of speaking about individualization, secrecy, and intimate privacy. Georg Simmel (1950: 330) claimed that the growth of individuality and secrecy produced, in the modern world, "an enlargement of life," allowing "the possibility of a second world alongside the manifest world." Propertius' poetry would answer Simmel thus: already in the age of Virgil, one could not be certain which world is manifest, which imagined, let alone which of the two would be the right world for us. If, then, for the Romans, society was reality, might solitude have been an irreality just as real?

Power

Whether or not solitude represented Propertius' success, failure, or a necessary fiction for him, for his age and most of all to that age's new imperial ideologies, it represented a **useful fiction**. In the age of Virgil, the Roman world had grown larger, encompassing all one could see on Agrippa's map on the Campus Martius next to the Horologium that may have pointed to Augustus' Mausoleum on the *princeps*' birthday, thus connecting *cosmos* and *imperium* to the singular man at that world's centre. The Roman world had also grown smaller: the laws of the state pierced intermediate structures like family, and the new form of *provocatio* forged a direct theoretical connection between citizen and the *princeps* as strong as the oath that all of Italy had taken to Augustus. One sees the solitary sphere politicized in the story about Pylades the pantomime actor: criticized by Augustus for causing too much noise throughout the city, Pylades is said to have retorted that "It is to your advantage, Caesar, that the people should devote their spare time to us."^{xxiii} Not just distraction: education. For the actor who has taught Rome's audiences to watch a single person play all life's parts, has also taught Rome's citizens to look to the one man who, as Horace already put it (Hor. *Epist.* 2.1.1), "alone" (*solus*) governs all the empire.

The solitary sphere is not a way of avoiding politics, but a political education. Take Salomé, for example: it is useful for me that Salomé subjects her friends to what she endures at my hands: getting dressed, having a bottle, being put to bed. While she practicing these activities in solitude, I get on with tasks, but, more than that, these solitary practices exercised by her over her friends are a way to help her accept the order of things. Even Horace's much-vaunted individuality—his brazen advertisement of his own inconsistency, his right to form and re-form his life at will—could, in this sense, serve as a form of internalization, not only as a form of complex personal diversion, but also in the Nietzschean sense of a relegation of socio-political struggle to the sphere of the individual conscience. As I've shown more recently, Horace's innovative theory of a person's *genius*, or personal spiritual avatar, goes hand in hand, for example, with the birthday-cult of the *princeps* and a new cult of the imperial *genius* practiced ideally by all members of the Roman world, as I argued in detail in a recent article on *Ode* 4.11. [SLIDE] With Cicero's solitary philosopher-king on the one side, and Propertius' secret rebel on the other, literature in the age of Virgil thus helps develops new way for a new individual to inhabit the cosmos and live under its terrestrial rulers.^{xxiv}

If I had time, I would share with you how my own present work reflects solitude's capacity to be both path for personal freedom and tool of domination. Solitude's liberatory power I study through the history of the dream-form from antiquity to the Renaissance: as the heterodox bishop Synesius noted, there can be no rules to dreaming, for dreams are essentially free. Solitude's completion of the threefold chain of cosmos, imperium, and the individual, by contrast, I study through present work on how literature helps develop the implicit theologies of empire in the early Principate and beyond. Had I time, I would speak, as I had originally planned, about Virgil's earliest portrait of Aeneas, alone in his bedroom in Troy and dreaming of Hector and Vesta's flames, and about how this scene in his *cubiculum* is intimately connected to his vision of the cosmic machinery of the world later in that book, and, finally, how it leads directly, through the ritual rhythms of Vestal hearth-cult at Rome and the new cosmic topography of Augustus' Rome, to the last lines of the poem, where Pallas immolates Turnus and where Aeneas, on fire himself, puts the victim to death. Had we even more world enough, and time, I would share with you "test-cases of solitude," a term I borrow from Ursula Hoff's 1938 article on representations of the death of Aeschylus, which grow more solitary over time; with these, I would show you how poets in the age of Virgil make solitary those scenes that in their predecessors' work had been social, and how modern scholarship has resocialized such scenes, often by plugging them back into the social worlds of their intertexts.

I'd be happy to answer questions about all of these things, but even now, "though fall'n on evil dayes, / On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues; / In darkness, and with dangers compast round, / And solitude," I cannot leave us feeling alone and oppressed within our own *cubacula*. I would like to close with the solitary sphere in Virgil's Rome as what Erving Goffman would have called their "back regions," what James Scott might call the "private transcripts" composed in a "sequestered social site" relatively free from "control [and] surveillance," what Michel de Montaigne might have called *une arrière-boutique toute nôtre, toute franche, en laquelle nous établissons notre vraie liberté et principale*, "a back-office that is wholly our own, wholly free, where we establish our true and principle liberty."

solitude that means that our own *secretum* will always be, for me, for Salomé, for all of us, a space for *libre pensée*. I'd like to close, therefore, with the *cubiculum* of Quintus Fabius Synistor at the Villa Boscoreale.^{xxv} One can experience this bedroom in something approaching its original framing by entering the Roman wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. There, one finds *topiaria opera*, "landscape paintings," of the kinds pioneered "in the age of the divine Augustus by Studius" (Plin. *HN* 35.116–7). Where such paintings as a class could include images of people strolling, sailing, traveling donkey-back or carriage-drawn to villas, fishing, fowling, hunting, or collecting grapes, the ones we find on Synistor's walls in the Met are remarkable for their emptiness.^{xxvi} Look around that room: on the rear wall you see birds perched by shaded fountains, overlooked by grottos, balustrades, and arbors; on the symmetrical side walls, you find townscapes of building layered upon building, and temples within temples paradoxically open to the sky. Or, as the hostess of the Virgilian *Copa* hymns her inn's environs, "Here are garden-scenes, cells, drinking ups, roses, flutes, harps, and a pavilion cool with shadowed reeds" (7–8 *sunt topia et calybae, cyathi, rosa, tibia, chordae, / et triclia umbrosis frigida harundinibus*).

What, though, of other people? On the walls of the Synistor's *cubiculum*, painted when Rome was set to achieve the highest levels of population density the world would see until 19th century Industrialization, one sees cities of the painter and patron's day as a particular kind of person in a particular frame of mind might wish to find them: empty, save for golden statues emblazoned upon reliefs. Compare these empty streets and temples with the bustling crowds painted on the walls of the house of Julia Felix in the Pompeian forum, and you sense the

difference immediately: in these painted cities, one strolls at ease, amidst luxurious environs, with as much peace, serenity, and anonymity as one would have in bed in the bedroom of one's rural villa. Here, one finds not *rus in urbe*, but *urbs in rure*, a kind of urbane mental solitude of one's own. A theatrical backdrop any *dramatis personae* might grace, one may impose upon these sacro-idyllic landscapes and urban scenes whomsoever one chooses: many or none or few. It is an imaginary space, one architecturally impossible, with a circular shrine housed within a rectangular temple open to the sky—a visual pun, as the word *templum* referred both to the temple itself and to the shape mentally drawn in the heavens by an augur taking the auspices, for example, to consecrate a temple.^{xxvii} There is no icon visible within the shrine: the room's occupant is invited, writes Giles Sauron (2019: 236), to see his own divine soul taking its place as god in sleep within the solitude of these dream spaces.^{xxviii} Perhaps it is my own investment in Vesta that leads me to see in this circular aniconic shrine a remembrance of Vesta's shrine, the only circular aniconic shrine in contemporary Rome; here, the hearth, the spiritual centre of this home and its *Lares* and *Penates*, is housed within the *cubiculum* of the home's *dominus*, as the public hearth of the city of Rome would come to be housed within the Palatine home of the *princeps*, and embodied in his bedroom and person. In a paradox the subjects of Victoria Rimell's study on the inward turn of empire (2015) would have appreciated, this temple, welcoming us to what John Donne's poem "The Ecstasy" called (after Persius) "this dialogue of one," makes us feel most outdoors when most enclosed, most *sub Ioue* when *sine Ioue*.

These walls give the visible lie to the typical denial of solitude to the Greeks and Romans one finds, for example, in Chateaubriand's romantic *Génie du christianisme* (1802), who thought that ancients "only spoke of a landscape to place people within it . . . but they never nakedly represented, as we do, rivers, mountains, and forests" (1947: 1154). For Chateaubriand, as for others, the ancient pagan refusal of solitude would give way to the Christian poet "more favoured by solitude, where God walks with him" (720); in this painting, and in literature which book will explore, one sees how one could live in teeming Rome or in Naples' busy bay, responsible to one's *pater familias* and to *princeps* as *pater patriae*, but still dream alone. It is this, the dreamy quality of second-style Pompeian wall painting, that the solitary sphere can show us in the life and literature of this, our long and ongoing age of Virgil.

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- ⁱ Green (1982: 417); cf. Said (1978: 48–9), Horden & Purcell (2000: 461–529).
- ⁱⁱ Francis Bacon, *On Friendship*, adapting Arist. *Pol.* 1253a.
- ⁱⁱⁱ Murray (1993: 306; trans. my own).
- ^{iv} For a more recent restatement of Misch’s position, cf. Stroumsa (1990).
- ^v (3.3.19–20): *ut tuus in scamno iactetur saepe libellus / quem legat exspectans sola puella virum. So that upon a bench your book may often be tossed, which a girl might read alone, while awaiting a man.*
- ^{vi} (*Geschichte der römischen Literatur* (first published in 1870))
- ^{vii} On solitary speeches in Greek literature, cf. Harder (2012: II.576 *ad Call. Aet.* 73–4).
- ^{viii} On the dream-form of Callimachus’ *Aetia* and Ovid, cf. Kachuck (2020b).
- ^{ix} Une grand partie de ma vie allait se passer à essayer de définir, puis à peindre cet homme seul et d’ailleurs relié à tout. » (Carnets de notes de *Mémoires d’Hadrien*, *Oeuvres romanesques*, Bilbl. de la Pléiade, 519, Gallimard, 1982).
- ^x Benveniste (2016: 270); see *pace* de Vaan (2008 s.v. *solus*).
- ^{xi} Paz (1972: 184).
- ^{xii} The text is Housman’s, with l. 138 re-punctuated following the suggestion of Volk (2003), with no comma separating *solus* and *vacuo* (*pace* Volk 2002: 226–7). Like Volk, I take *condam*, *agam*, and *canam* all as future verbs.
- ^{xiii} Volk (2002: 234–245); Green 2014: 24–5 gives a rich discussion of this passage, but sidelines its solitude.
- ^{xiv} On Argentarius, see Small (1951); for a rich discussion of this poem, see Gagné (2019: 190–196).
- ^{xv} I here accept (with Gagné, against G.-P.) Orelli’s ὀάπους (2) for the hopeless transmitted reading ὀπος.
- ^{xvi} Marx and Engels (1986: 18). Karl Marx, First Version of *Capital* (1857–58)
- ^{xvii} See Rilke’s “Archaischer Torso Apollos.” My thanks to Leon Grek for this connection. This is not to say that Rilke and Phaedrus are saying the same thing, even if the words, like those of Cervantes and Borges’ Pierre Menard, seem to coincide: Phaedrus’ *genus* is redolent with the archetypal registers of style (*genera dicendi*),^{xvii} Rilke’s with notions of conversion inherited from Christian but filtered through post-revolutionary cleavages in bourgeois self-expression. For Phaedrus’ exceptional collocation, *uitam mutare*, compare Lucr. 5.167–8 (of gods), Sallust’s *Oratio Philippi* 7 (of mercenaries “trading” their life for gold), Cic. *Sull.* 69 (of a man’s moral development).
- ^{xviii} Lindsay (1913: 214 l. 12).
- ^{xix} Grilli (1953).
- ^{xx} Hutchinson *ad loc.* favors Graevius’ emendation to *reddita*.
- ^{xxi} (giornata IV, novella 5).
- ^{xxii} On Hegel’s views of the Romans and the heritage of disdain for Roman ritualism, see cf. Scheid (2016: 127).
- ^{xxiii} Suet. *Aug.* 45.5; Dio Cass. 54.17.4–5.
- ^{xxiv} On the influence of Augustan poetry on the age of Ausonius cf. Hardie (2019).
- ^{xxv} Bergmann (2010).
- ^{xxvi} On Studius, see Ling (1977); on *ars topiaria/poetica*, see Myers (2005).
- ^{xxvii} For the initiation of an augur along the lines of a solitary *Dichterweihe*, cf. Cic. *Div.* 1.31.
- ^{xxviii} cf. Sauron (2007).