

AENEID IV: SOME THOUGHTS

① DIDO AND AENEAS

↓ J. J. J.

ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnīs
infert se socium Aeneas atque agmina iungit.
qualis ubi hibernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta
deserit ac Delum maternam inuisit Apollo
instauratque choros, mixtique altaria circum
Cretesque Dryopesque fremunt pictique Agathyrsi;
ipse iugis Cynthi graditur mollique fluentem
fronde premit crinem fingens atque implicat auro,
tela sonant umeris: haud illo segnior ibat
Aeneas, tantum egregio decus enitet ore.

Aeneid 4.141-50

regina ad templum, forma pulcherrima Dido,
incessit magna iuvenum stipante caterva.
Qualis in Eurotae ripis aut per iuga Cynthi
exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutae
hinc atque hinc glomerantur oreades; illa pharetram
fert umero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnis:
Latonae tacitum pertemptant gaudia pectus:
talīs erat Dido, talem se laeta ferebat
per medios, instans operi regnisque futuris.

Aeneid 1.496-504

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ σίτου τάρφθεν δμωαῖ τε καὶ αὐτῆ,
σφαίρη ται δ' ἄρ' ἔπαιζον, ἀπὸ κρήδεμνα βαλοῦσαι·
τῆσι δὲ Ναυσικάα λευκώλενος ἤρχετο μολπῆς.
οἷη δ' Ἄρτεμις εἶσι κατ' οὔρεα ἰοχέαιρα,
ἢ κατὰ Τηθύγετον περιμήκετον ἢ Ἐρύμανθον,
τερπομένη κάπροισι καὶ ἀκείησι ἐλάφοισι·
τῆι δὲ θ' ἅμα νόμφαι, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,
ἀγρονόμοι παίζουσι, γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα Λητῶ·
πασάων δ' ὑπὲρ ἢ γε κάρη ἔχει ἠδὲ μέτωπα,
ρεῖά τ' ἀριγνώτη πέλεται, καλαὶ δὲ τε πᾶσαι·
ὧς ἦ γ' ἀμφιπόλοισι μετέπρεπε παρθένος ἀδμήης.

Homer, *Odyssey* 6.99-109

ὧς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμπιοι καρήνων χωόμενος κῆρ,
τόξ' ὅμοισιν ἔχων ἀμφηρεφέα τε φαρέτρη·
ἐκλαγξαν δ' ἄρ' οἵστοι ἐπ' ὤμων χαιομένοιο,
αὐτοῦ κινήθέντος· ὃ δ' ἦτε νυκτὶ εἰοκάς.
ἔζετ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε νεῶν, μετὰ δ' ἰὸν ἔηκε·
δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένητ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο·
οὐρήας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπώιχετο καὶ κύννας ἀργούς,
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἐχεπευκὲς ἐφίεις
βάλλ'· αἰεὶ δὲ πυρᾶν νεκῶν καίοντο θαμειαί.

Homer, *Iliad* 1.43-52

Aeneas moved ahead of them, the most beautiful of them all, as he brought his men to join the queen's. He was like Apollo leaving his winter home in Lycia and the waters of Xanthus to visit his mother's Delos, there to start the dancing again, and all around the altars gather noisy throngs of Cretans and Dryopes and painted Agathyrrians. The god himself strides the ridges of Erymanthus, catching up and shaping his streaming hair with a soft garland, and twining it with a band of gold. The arrows rattle on his shoulders. With no less vigour did Aeneas go; such was the beauty that shone from his exceptional face.

queen Dido in all her beauty arrived at the temple with a great crowd of warriors around her. She was like Diana leading the dance on the banks of the Eurotas or along the ridges of Cynthus, whilst a thousand mountain nymphs crowd behind her this side and that. She carries a quiver on her shoulder, and as she walks is the tallest of all the goddesses; joy stirs the unspeaking heart of Latona. Dido was like Diana as she bore herself joyfully among her people, urging on their work and the growing kingdom.

The food having satisfied their appetites the hand-maids and their young mistress next threw off their scarves and turned to playing with a ball. The white forearms of Nausicaa, leading the chorus, beat time for this ball-dance. She moved with them, as arrow-loving Artemis goes down the mountain-steeps of supreme Taygetus or Erymanthus when she is pleased to chase wild boars or flying stags with all her rout of nymphs (those denizens of the wild, daughters of our lord of the aegis, Zeus): and then the heart of her mother Leto delights in Artemis for that she bears her head so high, and her brows, and moves carelessly notable among them all where all are beautiful - even so did this chaste maiden outshine her maids

Thus did he pray, and Apollo heard his prayer. He came down furious from the summits of Olympus, with his bow and his quiver upon his shoulder, and the arrows rattled on his back with the rage that trembled within him. He sat himself down away from the ships with a face as dark as night, and his silver bow rang death as he shot his arrow in the midst of them. First he smote their mules and their hounds, but presently he aimed his shafts at the people themselves, and all day long the pyres of the dead were burning.

R.O.A.M. Lyne, *Further voices in Vergil's Aeneid* (Oxford, 1987)

ὄη δὲ λιαιοῖσιν ἐφ' ὕδασι Παρθενίῳ, 74
 ἢ καὶ Ἀμνισοῖο λοεσσαμένη ποταμοῖο.
 χρυσεῖοις Λητώϊς ἐφ' ἄρμασιν ἑστηῖα.
 ὠκείαις κεμάδεσσι διεξελάσῃσι κολῶνας,
 τηλόθεν ἀντιόωσα πολυκλίσου ἑκατόμβης.
 τῇ δ' ἅμα νύμφαι ἔπονται ἀμορβάδες, αἱ μὲν ἐπ'
 αὐτῆς

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ἀγρόμεναι πηγῆς Ἀμνισίδος, ἢν δὲ δὴ ἄλλαι
 ἄλσέα καὶ σκοπιὰς πολυπίδακας· ἀμφὶ δὲ θήρες
 κινυζηθμῶ σάνουσιν ὑποτρομέοντες ἰούσαν·
 ὡς αἰγ' ἑσσεύοντο δι' ἄστεος· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
 εἶκον, ἀλευάμενοι βασιλῆϊδος ὄμματα κούρης.

Αἰθιοπίας, Αἴ. 3. 876-81

As when after bathing at the sweet waters of the Parthenios,* or in the river Amnisos,* the daughter of Leto stands in her golden chariot and drives her swift deer through the hills to accept a distant offering of rich sacrifice, and with her go her companion nymphs, some gathering from the very spring of Amnisos, others leaving the groves and the mountain-peaks with their many streams; around her the wild beasts whimper and fawn in fear. Like this did they hasten through the city, and all around the people made way for them, avoiding the eyes of the royal maiden.

prima et Tellus et pronuba Iuno
 dant signum; fulsere ignes et conscius aether
 conubiis, summoque ulularunt vertice Nymphae.
 ille dies primus leti primusque malorum
 causa fuit; neque enim specie famave movetur.
 nec iam furtivum. Dido meditatur amorem.
 coniugium vocat, hoc praetexit nomine culpam.

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agnosco veteris vestigia flammae.
 sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat
 vel pater omnipotens abigat me fulmine ad umbras,
 pallentis umbras Erebo noctemque profundam,
 ante, pudor, quam te violo aut tua iura resolvo.
 ille meos, primus qui me sibi iunxit, amores
 abstulit; ille habeat secum servetque sepulcro.
 sic effata sinum lacrimis implevit obortis.

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Tum Iuno omnipotens longum miserata dolorem
 difficilisque obitus Irim demisit Olympo
 quae luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus.
 nam quia nec fato merita nec morte peribat,
 sed misera ante diem subitoque accensa furore,
 nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice crinem
 abstulerat Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco.
 ergo Iris croceis per caelum roscida pennis
 mille trahens varios adverso sole colores
 devolat et supra caput astitit. 'hunc ego Diti
 sacrum iussa fero teque isto corpore solvo.'
 sic ait et dextra crinem secat: omnis et una
 dilapsus calor atque in ventos vita recessit.

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The sign was first given by Earth and by Juno as matron of honour. Fires flashed and the heavens were witness to the marriage while nymphs wailed on the mountain tops. This day was the beginning of her death, the first cause of all her sufferings. From now on Dido gave no thought to appearance or her good name and no longer kept her love as a secret in her own heart, but called it marriage, using the word to cover her guilt.

I sense the return of the old fires. But I would pray that the earth open to its depths and swallow me or that the All-powerful Father of the Gods blast me with his thunderbolt and hurl me down to the pale shades of Erebus and its bottomless night before I go against my conscience and rescind its laws. The man who first joined himself to me has carried away all my love. He shall keep it for himself, safe in his grave.'

The tears came when she had finished speaking, and streamed down upon her breast.

All-powerful Juno then took pity on her long anguish and difficult death and sent Iris down from Olympus to free her struggling spirit and loosen the fastenings of her limbs. For since she was dying not by the decree of Fate or by her own deserts but pitifully and before her time, in a sudden blaze of madness, Proserpina had not yet taken a lock of her golden hair or consigned her to Stygian Orcus. So Iris, bathed in dew, flew down on her saffron wings, trailing all her colours across the sky opposite the sun, and hovered over Dido's head to say: 'I am commanded to take this lock of hair as a solemn offering to Dis, and now I free you from your body.'

With these words she raised her hand and cut the hair, and as she cut, all warmth went out of Dido's body and her life passed into the winds.

2 EPICUREANS AND STOICS

Anna refert: 'o luce magis dilecta sorori, solane perpetua maerens carpere iuventa nec dulcis natos Veneris nec praemia noris? id cinerem aut manis credis curare sepultos?

375 nusquam tuta fides. eiectum litore, egentem excepi et regni demens in parte locavi. amissam classem, socios a morte reduxi (heu furiis incensa feror!): nunc augur Apollo, nunc Lyciae sortes, nunc et Iove missus ab ipso interpres divum fert horrida iussa per auras. scilicet is superis labor est, ea cura quietos sollicitat. neque te teneo neque dicta refello: 380 i, sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas. spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt, supplicia hausurum scopulis et nomine Dido saepe vocaturum. sequar atris ignibus absens et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus, 385 omnibus umbra locis adero. dabis, improbe, poenas. audiam et haec manis veniet mihi fama sub imos.'

o. Gordon, 'Phaenician Oikos', *Classical Antiquity* 17 (1998), 188-211.

Dixerat. ille patris magni parere parabat imperio: et primum pedibus talaria nequit aurea, quae sublimem alis sive aequora supra 240 seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant. tum virgam capit: hac animas ille evocat Orco pallentis, alias sub Tartara tristia mittit, dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat. illa fretus agit ventos et turbida tranat 245 nubila. iamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit Atlantis duri caelum qui vertice fulcit, Atlantis, cinctum adsidue cui nubibus atris piniferum caput et vento pulsatur et imbris, nix umeros infusa tegit, tum flumina mente 250 praecipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba. hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis constitit: hinc toto praeceps se corpore ad undas misit avi similis, quae circum litora, circum piscosos scopulos humilis volat aequora iuxta. 255 haud aliter terras inter caelumque volabat litus harenosum ad Libyae, ventosque secabat materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles. ut primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis, Aenean fundantem arces ac tecta novantem 260 conspicit. atque illi stellatus iaspide fulvaensis erat Tyrioque ardebat murice laena demissa ex umeris, dives quae munera Dido fecerat, et tenui telas discreverat auro.

But Anna replied: 'O sister, dearer to me than the light of life, are you going to waste away, living alone and in mourning all the days of your youth, without knowing the delight of children and the rewards of love? Do you believe this is what the dead care about when they are buried in the grave? Is there nothing we can trust in this life? He was thrown helpless on my shores and I took him in and like a fool settled him as partner in my kingdom. He had lost his fleet and I found it and brought his companions back from the dead. It drives me to madness to think of it. And now we hear about the augur Apollo and lots cast in Lycia and now to crown all the messenger of the gods is bringing terrifying commands down through the winds from Jupiter himself, as though that is work for the gods in heaven, as though that is an anxiety that disturbs their tranquillity. I do not hold you or bandy words with you. Away you go. Keep on searching for your Italy with the winds to help you. Look for your kingdom over the waves. But my hope is that if the just gods have any power, you will drain a bitter cup among the ocean rocks, calling the name of Dido again and again, and I shall follow you not in the flesh but in the black fires of death and when its cold hand takes the breath from my body, my shade shall be with you wherever you may be. You will receive the punishment you deserve, and the news of it will reach me deep among the dead.'

Jupiter had finished speaking and Mercury prepared to obey the command of his mighty father. First of all he fastened on his feet the golden sandals whose wings carry him high above land and sea as swiftly as the wind. Then, taking the rod which summons pale spirits out of Orcus or sends them down to gloomy Tartarus, which gives sleep and takes it away and opens the eyes of men in death, he drove the winds before him and floated through the turbulent clouds till in his flight he saw the crest and steep flanks of Atlas whose rocky head props up the sky. This is the Atlas whose head, covered in pine trees and beaten by wind and rain, never loses its dark cap of cloud. The snow falls upon his shoulders and lies there, then rivers of water roll down the old man's chin and his bristling beard is stiff with ice. This is where Mercury the god of Mount Cyllene first landed, fanning out his wings to check his flight. From here he let his weight take him plummeting to the wave tops, like a bird skimming the sea as it flies along the shore, among the rocks where it finds the fish. So flew the Cyllenian god between earth and sky to the sandy beaches of Libya, cleaving the winds as he swooped down from the mountain that had fathered his own mother, Maia. As soon as his winged feet touched the roof of a Carthaginian hut, he caught sight of Aeneas laying the foundations of the citadel and putting up buildings. His sword was studded with yellow stars of jasper, and glowing with Tyrian purple there hung from his shoulders a rich cloak given him by Dido into which she had woven a fine cross-thread of gold.

3 APOLLONIUS AND HOMER

R. Hunter, *Oxford World's Classics*

Thus the *Argonautica* is associated with what threatens Aeneas' safe journey and the destiny of Rome; Virgil establishes a dialogue between Homer and Apollonius, in which the Alexandrian aesthetic of the latter, which is so powerfully attractive, threatens the Homeric march of history.

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Poyettop
Tragedy 3