

## REVIEW ARTICLE / DISCUSSION

### SOME RECENT PERSPECTIVES ON HORACE

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TIME AND THE EROTIC IN HORACE'S *Odes*. By RONNIE ANCONA. Durham and London: Duke University Press. 1994. Pp. x, 186.

HORACE: BEHIND THE PUBLIC POETRY. By R. O. A. M. LYNE. New Haven and London: Yale University Press. 1995. Pp. vii, 230.

HOMAGE TO HORACE: A BIMILLENARY CELEBRATION. Edited by S. J. HARRISON. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1995. Pp. x, 375.

RONNIE ANCONA'S ELEGANTLY PRODUCED MONOGRAPH is one of the most determinedly focused studies of Horace I have ever read. She criticises me, Lyne, and other critics who give in to the seduction of Horace's self-portraiture and who are willing to talk about the speaker of most of Horace's poems as "Horace" (147–150, nn. 20 and 28). Ancona appeals rather to Jonathan Culler's formulation that "A work's self-descriptions do not produce closure or self-possession but an impossible and therefore open-ended process of self-framing" (148, n. 28). She prefers to avoid all biographical and historical reference and talk strictly about the voice of the "male lover" in the poems, analyzing its attitudes in the hope of de-privileging them and raising the female or boy addressee higher in the reader's consciousness. As a consequence the role of time in many of the odes can be seen as highly ambiguous: the male lover is always worrying about the passage of time (a theme too familiar in Horace criticism) as a blind for his own desire to preserve "autonomy" and avoid commitment. The references to the seasons, for example, and their parallels to human life define "*in his terms*" what would constitute the appropriate time for love, and "the claim that there is some natural age when erotic desire or desirability is appropriate serves merely to conceal the lover's desire to dominate the beloved" (142).

Put more simply (sometimes fatal to this kind of theoretical argument, but not here), Ancona convicts Horace of favoring language—at least in certain of his best known odes—for the voice of his male lover that allows him to hide a cold determination to remain *integer ipse* at all costs behind a pretence of sighing resignation to the flight of time. I like this proposition. Fraenkel, Reckford, Putnam, and I are all guilty of discussing Horace's elegiac sadness about the passage of time without ever questioning that this is a compellingly noble and touching theme every time and in every way he brings it up. We make time into a sort of universal poetic solvent. Ancona's book will have its permanent niche on the Horatian shelf for daring to question this orthodoxy, and the theoretical

structure she lays down with the aid of such feminist critics as Judith Fetterley, Jan Montefiore, Nancy Chodorow, and Jessica Benjamin is no flimsy help in making her point.

In actual practical criticism Ancona has little trouble in showing that some aspects of *C.* 1.25 and 2.7 are even more repellent than they have appeared to numerous critics before her. In her discussion of *C.* 4.7, which is not really erotic but concerned with the transience of the individual in history, there is a striking comparison with the Catullan poem—5, *vivamus, mea Lesbia*—on which Horace drew for some of his thoughts. Ancona contrasts the emotional union Catullus feels with Lesbia and the plural *nos* and *nobis* he uses to symbolize it with Horace's bachelor selfishness (she bluntly calls it "onanistic") in the lines *cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico / quae dederis animo*. *amico* is indeed as bitter and alienating a word in its context as she claims: Horace's speaker in this poem has no (girl-, boy-) friend but himself to spend money and time on. Her analysis of the intertextuality of the Barine ode (*C.* 2.8) with Catullus' *Epithalamion* (82–85) is equally tough-minded and worth noting. One wishes she would cover in some later study the whole question of Horace's intertextualities with Catullus. Her method is most productive. A lover of Horace could only reply that Horace must, however, have been well aware that every echo of Catullus he makes is *systematically* put into a less exciting or less erotic shape or context. Think of echoing *Furi et Aureli, comites Catulli*, in such an ode as that to Septimius, *C.* 2.6, which as Lyne rightly points out is about a shared interest in country real-estate!

Ancona's treatment of such homo- or bi-sexual poems as *C.* 4.1 and 2.9 is less valuable. Male-male love affairs in the Roman mind had a different temporal map for both partners than heterosexual ones, and cannot be fitted into Ancona's pattern without much changing of assumptions. The whole public dimension Habinek (1986) pointed out in *C.* 4.1, against which Horace's picture of himself and Ligurinus can be seen as quiet but firm defiance of Augustan "morality," as incarnate in the bridegroom Paullus, is left out. *C.* 4.10, its intended, indispensable complement, goes completely undiscussed; yet what ode is more nakedly about Ancona's concept of "shared temporality"? So the book suffers from narrowness of concentration, and also from the omission of odes that contradict Ancona's thesis. The ode to Lyce, 4.13, is treated at length; the ode to Phyllis, 4.11, is ignored, like the prominently placed ode 3.28 to Lyde, both about sympathetically shared temporality between the male speaker and his duet partner, both very beautiful, and neither easy to fit into Ancona's pattern of interpretation. She does conclude, however, on a positive note: a sensitive and elegant analysis of *Donec gratus eram tibi* shows the voice gradually yielding to shared human experience: it is not always so cold.

Lyne's book, though weightier, is more casually composed. For the full treatment of a single poem one has to search through the book and consult the index, as it is taken up from one point of view here and another there (something reviewers have complained of before in this author). The English style of the

volume is often distractingly informal (a turn of phrase is said to be "v. useful" to Horace, 101; Seneca's attitude to Maecenas is "po-faced," 118, n. 61), and the book's production is equally careless. Something appears to have cut off the end of chapter 4 so that it ends, pregnantly, "He is involved in the role of the public poet, performing it, proclaiming it, evolving his own methods. But then" (58).

But its thesis is nothing if not challenging. Lyne characterizes Horace as a shifty friend, whose poems conceal dozens of intentionally "tactless" (the word is repeated so often as to become thematic) insults to his more prominent addressees ("grandees" as Lyne calls them) under the appearance of devoted friendship and praise.

In a stimulating opening chapter on Horace's property and status, Lyne estimates, I think correctly, that Horace's *census* equalled the millions of sesterces possessed by Vergil, and argues that he derived nearly all of it, like Vergil, from his patrons, especially Maecenas and Augustus. I have argued myself (Armstrong 1986) that a lot of it came from his father, who desired to propel his son at least to equestrian and if possible to senatorial rank, and I still think that at least the house in Rome belongs to this category. It is not likely that Horace's father equipped his son for school like the son of *quivis eques atque senator* but had no suitable establishment to back up this display. So also the south Italian properties Horace claims to possess, at Tarentum and elsewhere, as Lyne correctly sees; he only lost what was at Venusia in the civil war, so far as we know, so why did not these too come from his ambitious father?

My article is not mentioned, but then a lot of the transatlantic bibliography is either not in Lyne's "select bibliography" at the end or mentioned only glancingly and too briefly. It is easier to endure being left out when there is a whole chapter on Horace's attitude to praise in the fourth book of odes and Putnam's brilliant *Artifices of Eternity* is totally ignored (Putnam 1986), or when Lyne thinks it is original of him to take Vergil's dangerous voyage in *C.* 1.3 as a metaphor for his literary adventures with the *Aeneid*; why "the bibliography is not satisfactory" (79) after Santirocco's discussion (1986: 27–30), which goes unmentioned, is difficult to see. For that matter this none too subtle point can be found already implied in an ode of John Gay to Pope on *his* dangerous voyage, the translation of Homer, but there is not a single reference to Horace's *Nachleben* anywhere in the book that I can detect. Or when one of Lyne's chief preoccupations is subtly significant ordering of the odes, and Santirocco (1986) is almost completely unmentioned throughout, while Porter (1987) does not even make it into the bibliography! Lyne's fixed points of reference are older ones: Nisbet and Hubbard (1970, 1978), Fraenkel (1957); an occasional reference (mostly to disagree) to Commager (1962); Syndikus (1972–73), West (1967), Brink (1963–82), and, over and over again, Syme (1939), whose style Lyne parodies rather cleverly in his dry "Conclusions" at the end. And indeed for this book Syme might as well be the last word on Augustus and his artists, though Zanker (1988) does appear in the bibliography.

A second chapter argues that Horace's poetry of the thirties deals largely in "image-management" to conceal his position as a "turncoat" after Brutus' defeat. Here again counterargument is possible. Lyne does not say so, but Messalla and Sestius, not to mention Pompeius, were in Brutus' army with Horace, and were, nonetheless, pleased to receive odes implying convivial intimacy from the "turncoat." Indeed, unless they were all to commit suicide on Brutus' grave, Philippi did not leave Brutus' faction so much as a coat to turn. After Messalla came to terms and bought the survivors their lives from Caesar and Antonius, too many of the "grandeess" pursued careers with one or the other for Horace to feel much embarrassment at following their example.

Lyne argues in the third chapter that Horace was guilty, as was his patron Maecenas, of keeping his lines of communication open with many an Antonian in case of Caesar's failure. He only became politically committed *after* Actium. Vergil, Lyne thinks, by contrast displayed uncharacteristic bravery in betting the farm, so to speak, on Caesar *before* Actium in the *Georgics*. Doubts arise. Did Maecenas encourage Horace to hedge his bets between Caesar and Antonius, then, as he himself was supposedly trying to do, but fail somehow to impress the same caution on the impetuous Vergil? Some more intelligible and plausible story underlies, surely. Were Vergil's "other voices" about Augustus as yet silent? Many an account of the *Georgics* says they were not, but they (e.g., Boyle 1986) are once more absent from the bibliography.

I do not mean to imply by such criticisms that this is not an important and interesting book; it is one that ought to be read by every Horatian scholar and with care. Lyne's principal task in the main body of the book is to discover every possible instance of Horatian irony about the great among his addressees, Maecenas and Augustus chief among them. He calls this technique "sapping," an unfortunate choice (for a definition we wait, not without forward references, till p. 207, n. 1, where Lyne quotes the dictionary; yes, it means cutting the ground from under someone without his knowledge). The "other voices" Lyne ascribed to Vergil when he is covertly expressing dissatisfaction with his role as a praise poet have at least a suggestion of psychological complexity. His picture of Horace as covertly using a "sapping" tool to undermine the ground under the curule chairs he places for his unwary Roman grandeess seems merely a picture of a mean-spirited buffoon. However, there are better explanations than that Horace said these things simply to "sap."

To begin with we must distinguish sharply between Horace's tone to the lesser "grandeess" and to Augustus. The Greek foundations of Lyne's book are rather weak, consisting mainly of such well-worn topics as Pindar in the Roman Odes and Callimachus on *recusatio*, which Lyne takes in Horace's case to imply real reluctance and contempt, as in the ode to Agrippa, C. 1.6. What is really missing, however, is any acknowledgement, other than the occasional use of the mere words "Epicurean" and "Stoic," of Hellenistic *philosophy* in Horace, though it is everywhere. Nor does Lyne's bibliographical net take in the literature of ancient

therapy of the soul, even Martha Nussbaum's *Therapy of Desire* (Nussbaum 1994), let alone Gigante's essays on Philodemus' *On Frankness of Speech* (Gigante 1983, including the conclusions of various earlier articles: see his *Premessa*). Otherwise Lyne would have seen that philosophical *parrhesia*, the equivalent today of being a great person's therapist, is the explanation of all or nearly all the points he brings up. The great man is both humanized and honored by showing to the Roman public that he allows the house philosopher, or philosophical poet, to talk to him frankly—sometimes brutally frankly—about the terrors and worries of great position, about the impermanence of all worldly goods, and even about his own psychological and moral problems. It was as creditable as, or more creditable than, having a psychiatrist nowadays. This is the relation of Horace's *persona* to Maecenas and many another "grandee", Dellius, for example, or Postumus, or Plancus. The philosophical client with less is amply privileged to explain the neuroses of wealth and power and shake his head over moral choices worryingly made in trying and public circumstances. He is received with delight and encouraged to publish his reflections, however dangerously like home thrusts, because he proves the largeness of their own minds, open to public and philosophical criticism. Persius was right to see this process as helping, not "sapping": *circum praecordia ludit*.

A striking example (81–85): the old question, in *C.* 1.7, of whether the prominence of Teucer is a reminder of the fact that Munatius Plancus had been slandered during the proscriptions as having betrayed his "brother" Plotius Plancus, as Lyne several times calls him.<sup>1</sup> Plotius Plancus, however, had been adopted into another family, which mirrors the exact relation of Teucer to Ajax as a *half*-brother, the reason Telamon stubbornly and wrongly took Teucer to be Ajax's enemy. Lyne is determined to (mis)call this "tactless" and to see Horace as deliberately "sapping" Munatius Plancus before the public. Thus he must silently pass over the fact that in the plays about him Teucer was an innocent, slandered, and suffering hero, who *saved* his family at Troy knowing that he would get no mercy from Telamon whether he did so or not. Lyne is simply wrong. The allusion is daring but genuinely sympathetic, not "tactless." Again, in considering *C.* 4.9, the ode to Lollius (203–206, 213–214), Lyne sees only "tactlessness" in Horace's tone of solemn sympathy and encouragement to Lollius to persevere against criticism. The ode does in fact allude to Lollius' mortifying losses to the Sygambri in battle four years earlier and his need to silence criticism by further military effort. Yet in fact the Roman tradition toward defeated generals was to congratulate them for not despairing and to encourage them to do just that.<sup>2</sup> Horace's public tone to Lollius is, therefore, faultless.

<sup>1</sup>The classic (and unanswerable) treatment of this problem is Williams 1968: 83–85, 763–764—*not* West 1967: 115–117, which Lyne cites instead.

<sup>2</sup>The bibliography of this question is not complete without, for example, Rosenstein 1990.

As for the odes to Maecenas—and the satires and epistles, for Lyne considers these fairly fully also—they are indeed full of what might seem like “tactlessness.” The shift of Horace’s role from humble client to philosophical patron and at last to proud independence as poet has been well described by Santirocco (1986: 153–168) as one of the chief dramatic effects of reading the first three books of odes in sequence. Lyne evidently sees it as more like an act of covert vengeance by Horace on his patron. The same drama occurs in the first book of epistles, in remarkably similar form, as Lyne well points out; and here the critics of the “poet of friendship” have mostly been rather reluctant to discuss the extraordinary independence with which Horace addresses Maecenas. Indeed Lyne’s analysis of this book is the best and most original thing he gives us; it restores that sense of Horace’s turbulence about and disdain for the patronage aspects of *amicitia* in poems like *Epist.* 1.7 that critics like Ross Kilpatrick (1986: 7–14) and Roland Mayer (1994: 173–174), following Fraenkel (1957: 327–339), seem eager to minimize. But since Lyne has appealed, unlike Ancona, to “real” history and the “real” Horace’s historically knowable relationship with his “real” patrons, we happen to have Maecenas’ own summary of the whole relationship; his last or penultimate words to Augustus were *Horati Flacci ut mei memor esto*. Lyne does not quote these words, and probably could not, at least consistently with his argument. Maecenas was more than happy with his place in Horace’s poems and in Horace’s life, and would not for the world have hired Statius or the author of the *Panegyricus Messallae* or the *Laus Pisonis* in Horace’s place to sing inert praises without *parrhesia*.<sup>3</sup>

As for Augustus, why does Lyne not see that Augustus begged for this kind of philosophical *parrhesia* and impertinence from Horace, and was disappointed not to get it? Even in the damaged remains of Suetonius’ biography of Horace, I think I am not alone in seeing the implication that Augustus asked for just this kind of poetry, adding the warning that Horace must not be ashamed to have posterity see him as the *familiaris* of the Princes. But he received (the subaudition is “instead”: Suetonius quotes the cold, stately opening lines with amazement) the *Epistle to Augustus*, one more address to distant and unapproachable Imperial Majesty.

Lyne is very good on Horace’s “sapping” of this grand figure in the first three books of odes. For example he points out that the phrase *serum in caelum redeas* in *C.* 1.2 is almost immediately undercut by *caelum ipsum petimus stultitia* in *C.* 1.3, an instance of “sapping” indeed. Again, the daring of the description of Livia as *unico gaudens mulier marito* in *C.* 3.14, the most rebellious, by what is coming to be general consensus since Commager (1962: 226–227), of all Horace’s odes, given that Livia for all her facade of the severe Roman matron was anything but *univira*. Had she and Augustus really been Fascists, Horace’s career might have

<sup>3</sup> Indispensable texts on parrhesiastic friendship are such essays as Plutarch’s *How to Tell a Flatterer from a Friend* or Philodemus’ *On Frank Criticism* (see Konstan *et al.* 1998); cf. also the account of this treatise and the whole literature of *parrhesia* and *therapeia* in ancient philosophy in Glad 1995.

ended with this phrase. Again, the low position of Augustan praise in the ordering of last six poems of the three books of odes, compared to love, Maecenas, and Horace himself. Here also, a little more acknowledgement of Santirocco would have been graceful.

But in fact many Horatian scholars by now would cheerfully agree that a case can be made for signs, and many of them, of insincerity and rebellion all over the Augustan praise poems of the first three books of odes, accentuated by "sapping" references in other, innocent-looking odes, which Lyne brings out efficiently and well. Other scholars (beginning with Commager [1962], who was reacting against Fraenkel's rosy picture) have thought so before him. The crunch comes over the fourth book, where, just as Lyne's aggressive ignorance of the meaning of philosophical *parrhesia* causes him to misinterpret Horace's startling frankness to his "grandeess," his desire to make Augustus with Syme into the Fascist dictator he really was not sends him totally wrong. Since Lyne is so involved with the telling of possible historical stories, let us tell one that does not deal so harshly with the Princeps. Let us suppose the emperor simply *accepted*, after reading the *Epistle to Augustus*, Horace's refusal to speak to him in verse with the *parrhesia* appropriate to a philosophical analysand and personal friend. Augustus might well have wanted to present himself to the public, up to the end of the twenties, as still no more than an ordinary Republican statesman with a free-spoken philosopher in his train as a trusted *amicus*. But by 13 B.C., when the fourth book of odes came out, the regime had congealed and been solidified by immense success and conquest. It had turned into and remained a formal, aggressively legitimate Roman version, unapologetic except at moments, of Hellenistic monarchy. Probably, the Princeps himself had ceased to desire to be addressed in verse as an ordinary tormented person needing the advice of a poet-philosopher. He had accepted that a poem to the emperor was from now on a poem to the *basileus*, a half-divine being far too great to be joshed, cajoled, and insulted into being a philosophical analysand on terms of "equality." What if he just told Horace, "Very well then, praise me as Princeps and see what happens"? One could interpret the Suetonian life to mean just that.

What he got was the fourth book of odes, and here it seems to me as it does to Putnam (1994) that Horace's technique goes far deeper than "sapping." Habinek (1986; again, unacknowledged by Lyne) showed that Horace does not just "sap" the Augustan morality laws; he openly asserts himself against them, by contrasting Paullus Fabius Maximus and his imperial bride with himself and Ligurinus as two perfectly acceptable pairs of Romans. From this uncompromising stance the whole book of praise and personal poems takes its tone. Horace for the first time in *C.* 4 concedes to Augustus, and even to Rome itself, the same contrast of glory and pathetic transience in time that he has always conceded to himself, his poetry and his lovers. The central poems, *C.* 4.7–8, do not "sap"; they associate the public and personal as elements in the same dance to the music of time.

Here too we happen to know Augustus' reaction. He cannot have failed to understand Horace's subtler points, at least some of them; he was no more a Mussolini than Maecenas was a Count Ciano, but to judge from the fragments of his correspondence and conversation a pretty sarcastic and acid "sapper" on his own hook. If he was any more offended than Maecenas by Horace's subtler bits of *urbanitas* to him, why was his reaction to offer Horace the charge of his private correspondence to his own *amici*, which would in effect have made him one of the dozen most powerful men in the empire? In sum: take Lyne as a valuable and original catalogue of Horace's veiled barbs against his addressees, but fit them into some other category than "sapping," a two-dimensional concept unsuited to Horace's—and his patrons'—four-dimensional universe.

When we turn from Lyne's work to the collection of essays edited by S. J. Harrison in honor of R. G. M. Nisbet's retirement in 1992—and happily appearing in time for his seventieth birthday in 1995—we are in a much brighter, varied, and more complex world, nearly from beginning to end. It is true that some great names in the literature are represented by light or token pieces. The second essay in the book, H. P. Syndikus's "Some Structures in Horace's Odes," seems rather superficial compared to R. J. Tarrant's elegant and well-conceived "*Da Capo* Structure in Some Odes of Horace," which follows it. Gordon Williams's "*Libertino Patre Natus*: True or False?" attempts to prove, first, that Horace's father was not a foreigner but a native Italian. Not a new thought, surely, for Niebuhr, Syme, Salmon, and many others have made this point before him, because it seems obvious, particularly since many citizens of Venusia may have been enslaved during the Social War (cf. Mayer, this volume, 279, n. 2). Second, Williams argues that he was not a slave at all, in spite of what Horace so roundly says of himself in *Sat.* 1.6, which few will believe. This has the merit of solving the mystery of how Horace could satirize a freedman military tribune (a person exactly like himself) in *Epode* 4, by cutting a lot of Gordian knots at once, but the problem is better dealt with anyway by L. C. Watson in this volume (196–197; see also Mayer, 289). A. La Penna's interesting essay "Towards a History of the Poetic Catalogue of Philosophical Themes" is mainly interesting as a history of other Latin poets' catalogues of themes in natural science. But what he has to say about Horace does not even take into account Horace's own statements about what he studied in Athens, let alone the new possibilities from Herculaneum (see now Gigante 1995). And it seems strange that he should omit *Epist.* 1.6, no less a catalogue of philosophical possibilities because it varies the routine by presenting them as alternatives.

This much said, it is hard to find a lot to criticise, more than in passing, in the rest of the volume, which offers a dozen and more essays that will be essential to the student of Horace for a long while. Any teacher of a graduate course on Horace must be grateful for Harrison's introduction "Some Twentieth Century Views of Horace," which in a bit less than sixteen pages offers an amazingly complete and clear-eyed overview of the whole century of research on Horace



since 1900. Harrison even finds time here and there for dry wit, like the touch about the *Ars Poetica*, which “has always been popular among scholars for its many problems” (14). I suppose he knows as well as the rest of us that these have signally failed to increase its popularity with literary critics. One should warn the graduate students not to read this piece quickly; every sentence counts.

The two essays on structure are followed by one of the most thought-provoking series of essays on individual odes that I have ever seen gathered in a single volume. Michael Putnam’s analysis of Horace’s discourse on genres in *C.* 1.6, the ode to Agrippa, especially on its dismissal of epic and its intertextualities with Callimachus and Catullus, finds far more subtle ironies undercutting the addressee and the epic genre commended to him than does Lyne’s. Francis Cairns’s “Horace, *Odes* 3.7: Elegy, Lyric, Myth, Learning and Interpretation” (65–99) is detailed, profoundly learned, and devastating to the anti-Augustan Horace, while allowing Horace precisely the sort of irony and *parrhesia* he ought to have, not mere “sapping,” about the Augustan moral legislation. Asterie and Gyges are married and being exhorted quite sincerely to be faithful to each other. There is no sudden departure from the moral point of view of the final Roman Ode preceding it, but a brilliantly calculated bounce from the Sabine farmers of that ode into the new, modern world of the Campus Martius crowd of singles that populate the earlier books. I note with pleasure that Cairns agrees with Santirocco, and adds decisive new arguments of his own, that we are to think of Asterie and Gyges as freeborn Romans with humorous Greek nicknames (84–85). Cairns’s view is that the first *ten* odes of book three form a rational progression: from the moral world of the Roman Odes, to the moral world of newlyweds struggling to keep their promises, to Horace’s and Maecenas’ bachelor Matronalia together in 3.8, and back to the world of Horace’s unapologetically unmarried lovers and friends (“after all the lyric poet is not married, and neither are his mistresses. Indeed, Horace could be making the point that the Augustan moral programme will not stop people enjoying themselves . . .” [95]). Absolutely. Habinek (1986) made this crucial point for the fourth book of odes a decade ago.

An equally sophisticated tone towards Horace’s Augustan praise in the fourth book is taken by the two important articles by Harrison on *C.* 4.2 and particularly by Du Quesnay on *C.* 4.5, “Horace, *Odes* 4.5: *Pro Reditu Imperatoris Caesaris Divi Filii Augusti*,” which argues that this much-discussed poem is actually a choral ode like the *Carmen Saeculare*, intended to be sung on Augustus’ return from his three-year absence supervising actions against the Sygambri and Vindelici in July, 13 B.C. Whether the performance was actual, or just an imaginary setting for the poem, does not make much difference to its interpretation. Du Quesnay makes a convincing case for actual performance, and with a wealth of learning establishes that this occasion, with the ground-breaking for the *Ara Pacis* at its centre, became the great model for the *adventus Augusti* ceremonies familiar throughout the rest of imperial history. Every line of the poem becomes relevant and beautiful in this context. Well, maybe not the famous clinker: *tutus bos etenim rura perambulat*. Du

Quesnay leaves this line without comment, though he prints it with Faber's *prata perambulat*, which solves a rhetorical problem but adds no magic. One must be content to read this as a dull line too literally taken from works of plastic art in celebration of the Augustan peace. Meanwhile in all three of these fine pieces it is a relief to find scholars who breathe the *largior aether* of students of Augustan and imperial history and art like Millar, Zanker, Habicht, and Price, and take Syme's sour portrait as the period piece from the age of Mussolini it has at last become. Articles as powerfully reasoned and profoundly rooted in real history as these are apt to change the whole path of Horatian criticism, while leaving our hard-won sense of literary complexity, based on the poems' intertextual subtleties and ironies, happily intact. For example, the centrality to the fifteen odes of the power of death and time, canonized in *C.* 4. 6–8, which makes the triumphs over time of both emperor and poet only relative—a theme well treated by Reckford (1969) and Putnam (1986), among others—is not at all affected by admitting that Horace is as “sincere” as he ever is in his praise of the Augustan peace in and for itself.

The *Epodes* are treated by L. C. Watson, “Horace's *Epodes*: the Impotence of Iambos?,” which admirably discusses the conventions of the poems' archaic and Hellenistic models—a topic which needs more study still. Margaret Hubbard contributes a piece on the Pindaric background of *Epist.* 1.3 which offers among many other good things a palmary note on *frigida curarum fomenta* (26) as a reflection of several passages of Pindar. It is an essay which makes one regret that there is no Nisbet and Hubbard for the *Epistles*. What a richness of Greek literary and philosophical background, as compared to most modern commentaries and secondary literature, would have been there! More technical pieces, all good, are Frances Muecke's analysis of the legal and literary background of *Sat.* 2.1; H. D. Jocelyn's argument—against the thesis of Zwierlein 1990–92 that Horace's low opinion of Plautus was based on texts greatly altered by actors—that Horace's comments on Plautus belong to a history of adverse criticism that may well go back to Plautus' own day; and the late C. O. Brink's notes on three Horatian puzzles: the town *quod versu dicere non est* in the Journey to Brundisium, the possibility of Roman satyr-drama, and the power relationships implied by the replacement of Maecenas by Augustus as his chief patron in Horace's later poetry (on this see also a good treatment in Lyne, 132–138).

The three remaining pieces are exceptionally interesting, even in this brilliant collection. Don Fowler stoutly defends the anti-fascist reading of Horace against such conservative German critics as Doblhofer (“Horace and the Aesthetics of Politics”). He holds that making Callimachus and Epicurus his models of the simple life and the pure and elegant style of writing forbade Horace ever “to hitch [his] wagon to the star of sublimity and greatness.” “The very examples I have chosen,” he adds on the same page (256), “will, I hope, suggest a number of objections.” And indeed some instantly occur. One is that Callimachus himself wrote quite a lot in praise of the Ptolemies which Vergil and Horace

were delighted to use as models for praising Augustus. Another is that Pindar and his praise poetry (again among Horace's models for praising Augustus), like Homer's epics and the greatness of the Ptolemies, belonged to a category explicitly exempt from Callimachus' general condemnation of grandeur. And another, that just as Callimachus found it possible to praise the greatness of Alexandria and the Ptolemies with enthusiasm, one can scarcely expect the most Callimachean Roman poet to wish that the Roman army and the Roman empire were as slender, delicate, and gracile as his own verses. For that matter, the contemporary Epicurean Philodemus (*On the Good King according to Homer*, on which see Asmis 1991) assumed that there were good kings in the world and that one might at least theoretically admire them. And is it or is it not a simple historical truth to say, as Du Quesnay does on C. 4.5, that Horace and Augustus had "known each other for more than twenty years" and had "in their private communications . . . adopted an intimate and teasing banter" (130) by the time this poem was written? Then where is the irony? In fact Fowler seems to end on a rather uncertain note ("maybe he is a better Fascist than I have allowed," 265). But the ironies and reservations he finds in the poems seem to me quite real, like many of Lyne's. It is just that the view of the relation of public to private poetry in Horace one would arrive at by combining, say, Habinek's essay on C. 4.1 (Habinek 1986) with the pieces by Cairns, Harrison, and Du Quesnay in this volume would give them so much more complex and interesting a context.

Roland Mayer's "Horace's *Moyen de Parvenir*" reviews Horace's long career as *cliens* and *amicus* of the great approvingly and subtly, with full attention to the elements of prickliness, defensiveness, and assertive independence in his relations with them. He rebukes me for having called the young Horace a ruthless *arriviste*—or rather just ruthless, for we agree on the second word. But perhaps we could agree after all that the Horace of Philippi and after was a leaner, meaner creature than the Horace of the later poems, and that the Horace even of the later poems is a more complex persona in its attitudes to *amiticia* than the Victorians liked to think. Besides the light it sheds on the *Epistles*, there is a fine temporal spaciousness in this essay created by its comparisons of the careers of Henry James, Erasmus, Rubens, Pope, and others—a breadth of literary reference too often lacking in modern classical scholarship, which serves to place Horace as an artist among artists in a way he would have liked.

Finally, an essay by M. J. McGann, "Reading Horace in the *Quattrocento*: the *Hymn to Mars* of Michael Marullus" will delight scholars of Horace and Lucretius alike. It gives us much new information about the first great emender of Lucretius, a learned refugee from a Greece newly fallen to the Turks, and his brilliantly adventurous life as a scholar and a daring opponent of the tyranny first of Ferrante of Naples, then of the Borgias ("based largely on unpublished research," 330, n. 7). It also gives us the first detailed discussions in English of the Horatian echoes in Marullus' Hymn to Mars, an Alcaic poem based on the Roman Odes and praying for the liberation of Byzantium. It seems a little ungrateful to point

out an irrationality in the conclusion, where McGann says that "the liberation of [Marullus'] country will be simply the result of divine intervention, and there is no role for crusaders, nor even for the Greeks themselves" (346), though in other poems Marullus did indeed appeal for such a crusade. The stanza to which he refers is the last:

*Salve, virorum Mars pater & pater*  
*Armorum, & olim (si merui modo)*  
*Da, quaeso, da Gradive, pulchraque*  
*Ob patriam atque inopina fata.*

Do not the words I underline say that men and arms, not just an imaginary Mars, will achieve this? In short, this is an indispensable volume, which will produce fruit in Horatian studies for a long time.

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