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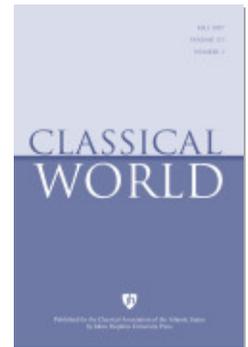
Leaving School

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and spondaic feet is identical, and all the words from the trithemimeral line position to the end have the same metrical shape (*hausit furiis accensus et ira = saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram*). Only one other line in book 1 (1.297) bears so close a resemblance metrically to 12.946. Both diction and meter, therefore, conspire to link the seventh line from the end with the fourth line from the beginning, and thus Aeneas with Juno.

I find it hard to resist the conclusion that, in the final episode, clear recalls of the beginning of the poem transfer to Aeneas Juno's persona as the avatar of deadly anger. Together with a final line that has previously related the killing of an Italian maiden, the intimation that Aeneas' rage has replaced Juno's necessarily leaves the impression that the poet's point of view is at least ambivalent, and quite possibly even pessimistic. To quote Clausen, "there is only the grim reality, which the poet . . . will not mitigate, will not explain away" (1987: 100). If this also happens to be what I think, I have not learned it from the Harvard School. Rather, the text itself leads me there, as it did those pioneers at Harvard.

Apparently forgetting for a moment the works of J. S. Bach, Franz Schubert is said to have asked, "Kennen Sie eine fröhliche Musik?" as if to imply that no such thing as joyful music exists. To the extent that Schubert's perception of music comes close to the truth, lovers of music, and of Schubert's music in particular, will instinctively be drawn to the melancholy that readers past and present have found pervading the *Aeneid*. Yes, we specialists are privileged to enjoy the special delight of entrée into the endless complexities of Virgil's epic. Even we privileged few, however, are likely to treasure most Adam Parry's second voice, subdued yet omnipresent, and clearly audible beneath the panegyric that was all that some could hear before the Harvard School began to write.

KENYON COLLEGE, EMERITUS

Leaving School

SUSAN FORD WILTSHIRE

I did not notice it when I first read the *Aeneid* at age seventeen or even during an intensive yearlong reading in graduate school. But eventually I started noticing that in every book of the *Aeneid*, whether in simile,

allusion, or narrative detail, Vergil refers to laments of mothers at the plight of their children. For example, in *Aeneid* 9.59–64 Turnus is compared to a wolf stalking a sheepfold for prey as the Trojans huddle inside the walls. The figure is familiar from several instances in Homer. In *Iliad* 12.299–306, for instance, Sarpedon is compared to a lion harrying the sheepfolds as he attacks the Trojan defenses. All other elements of the Homeric simile appear in the *Aeneid* lines except one: the bleating lambs seeking safety under their mothers: *tuti sub matribus agni / balatum exercent* (9.61–62).

Both Andromache and Dido mourn for children they do not have. The lament of the mother of Euryalus in *Aeneid* 9 comprises a small epic all its own. Many men who long for the honor of a past culture fail to mention the costs of that culture to women. Vergil is the clear exception; he does not fail.

Eventually I came to see a similar tension between public and private in other conflicts in the *Aeneid* (see Wiltshire 1989). How can one function as a leader when one's heart is broken? *Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem* ("he simulates hope on his face, presses the pain deep in his heart," 1.209). How can one properly grieve for a lost homeland when required to create a new home in an unforeseeable future? (*illic fas regna resurgere Troiae*, "it is necessary for the kingdom of Troy to rise again *there*," 1.206). What does love mean to a man who can say to his lover that his *amor* is for Italy, not her: *hic amor, haec patria est* ("this is my love, this my country," 4.347)?

Adam Parry (1963) confirmed my sense of duality within the poem, and I was grateful for that. I did notice, however, that Parry's discussion focused almost entirely on Aeneas himself, while mine encompasses the *Aeneid* as a whole. Vergil's poem is not about Aeneas. It is about Vergil and about life.

Vergil was an outsider: as a north Italian in Rome; as a poet in a doggedly prosaic culture; as an introvert, probably gay, in a world of unmitigated manliness; as a farmer who preferred cultivating his fields in Nola to the hurly-burly of Rome. It may be easier for outsiders to grow and change since they have had so much practice at it. Vergil grew and changed, as a thinker and poet, from the small poems of the *Appendix* to the *Bucolics*, to the *Georgics*, and finally to the *Aeneid*.

The *Aeneid* too is a poem of change because it concerns youth, middle age, and old age. It teaches us to revere the old without becoming old. It teaches us that it is all right even for the old to make mistakes, as

Anchises famously does in mistaking Crete for Italy. It teaches us that the more we know, the more we will honor diversity. To know anything is to trade its entirety for a constantly changing variety. In poetry as in politics, adherence to a single belief system or school is always tempting and always wrong.

Schools define and categorize and limit growth. Whether there is or ever was a Harvard School, I do not know. I do know that it is a good thing that readings of the *Aeneid* change with time. Otherwise, Vergil might still be a proto-Christian or a medieval necromancer or an optimist or a pessimist or a semiotician or worse. As I once wrote for Vergil, on his birthday (2015: 168):

Your poem ends with *umbras*.
Once I found that sad. No longer.
Now I like shadows. They are companions—
bread for the journey.

Shadows change, lengthen, contract,
fade and come again,
like kindness or a friend.
What you see depends on where you stand.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY

The “Harvard School”: A Historical Note by an Alumnus

JAMES ZETZEL

When Ralph Johnson’s *Darkness Visible* came out in 1976, I read the opening pages with a certain amount of perplexity and annoyance: as someone who grew up in Harvard Square and studied classics at Harvard for nine years, how could I have missed an edifice as imposing as the Harvard School? As I knew then, and as most classicists probably knew, the Harvard School is an imaginary (re)construction, invented not quite from whole cloth in 1976: this is the fortieth, not the fiftieth anniversary. Ralph is a scholar I admire, for his rhetoric as much as anything