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BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME: TOGETHERNESS IN STATIUS'S *SILVAE* 3.5

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Together
It doesn't feel right at all
Together

Lavigne and Kreviazuk, "Together" (2004)

In the *Silvae*, we have begun to realise, Statius is the poet of the interface. In cultural poetics terms, these poems multi-fill a Flavian empire of signs, where particularized effusions impact politics on society, on patronage, on artistry in as subtle and cross-layered a performance of civilized self-awareness as any choreographed modernity.¹ The personal politics of the collection more than polarize against and intersect with the almighty spectacularama of Domitianic titanism, they conspire with and against everything it stood (and stands) for.²

Statius does not live to lament his emperor and dynasty (knowingly, at any rate), but his poems do chart an exit trajectory where the writing self-dramatises the process of its own reckoning with its standing, first at Rome, then in the heartland of Campagna, but finally at home and in the meltdown realm of mortal existence. In the end, this first-person reporter

1 See Newlands 2002. The key readings of 3.5: Vessey 1976–77, Burck 1986, 1987, Garthwaite 1989, Laguna Mariscal 1992.339–92, Newlands forthcoming: *Statius Between Rome and Naples*. The soundtrack for the writing of this piece, which the editrix helped along mightily deftly, was Barbieri and Cherry 1965 = 1976. Translations are by me.

2 "Four *Silvae* are entirely devoted to Statius's own private life": 5.3–5, and 3.5 (Nauta 2002.195). Entirely missing the point.

of events at court and establishment diarist draws as close to penning his own autopsy as any self-focussed lyricist has dared contrive. Before the ultimate paroxysm, Statius worked his way toward necrosis through a studied stab at retirement, taking care to isolate (*care for*) his self in embalming *secessus*, before suction from the power and celebrity machine spirals him back for one last, amplified and digitally enhanced, round of encomiastic glitz. As himself a sample of the status *of* status, the poet takes us into his private space, there to overhear his boudoir tilt for self-dependence. Disappointment—career-dip, intimations of oblivion—springboards him into retaliatory retirement from international duty. Back where he belongs, in a winsome bid for anti-heroics. Back home, for a blip. It won't last, and there's a seriously cautionary side to this cameo, but our moment with Mrs Statius tapes a showdown with selfhood that gets back to basics in splendid stereo-clasm.

These together people. Well-motivated, this side of self-indulgence, our philomonogamous man gets to explore, not presume, their point for each other, what need is addressed by being there for one another. Specifically, within the heterogamous dyadic unit, the isotopy of coupledness? Does it even make sense (any more) to say: "*He's* leaving home, bye bye"? Should conjugality—it *should*, but *must* it?—coincide with cohabitation? And, *talking* about it—does paterfamilias forfeit (mere) conformism with (bogus) orthodoxy simply by *raising* the issue? What's onside for the modern spouse to negotiate? (How) Could they get this together? If a husband talks with his wife . . . would this be more than a good talking *to*? *Down* to? Recidivist revisionism? Using her, all over. Getting at her, to get his shit together. His mouthful of *Zusammengehörigkeitsgefühl*. It must all be *down to her* . . .

(This) Lyric writes domesticity, the home front, *differently*—nails melodramatic Myth. Neuroborous Statius knew his own soap could be quite interesting. Given these right circumstances. And it *is* (have we been there, can we yet tell, who'r'we kidding?). Go for it. Face C-C-Claudia, post-romantic partner. Her oddball of a guy, loudmouthing recluse. Two to tangle, in all sorts of langorous knots.

It's ok. It won't last. What does, in the *Silvae*?

By the time I get there, I'll have got you there before me.



Let's Stick Together
Come on, come on,
Let's Stick Together

Silvae 5 gives us the husband mourning his dead darlin' (*epicedion*, see Lovatt in this volume). Mrs Statius's friend at court, lady-in-waiting Priscilla, keynotes the volume from the off (*praef.* 5.1): "Omnibus affectibus prosequenda sunt bona exempla cum publice prosint," "Icons of virtue should be accompanied by the whole orchestra's emotional gamut. They do the nation proud."

"No-Flies-On" *A-bascantus*, Chancellor of the *diuina domus*, loved her alive, worships her memory, Orphally. *Respect* (*pietas*). Through her love for Claudia, Statius more than sympathizes, there is empathy—and projection (near-enough identification). Celebrate *their* complete(d) togetherness (5.1.43–44):

nec mirum si uos collato pectore mixtos
iunxit inabrupta Concordia longa catena.

No surprise, you two. Link hearts, stir,
conjugate. Harmonics sostenuto. Enchained melody.

The (too much protestant) coinage and hapax *in-ab-ruptus* ("non-snapped") here tells us (generically) to mark the end—and that white wedding hocus, what's *that*? (45–47):

illa quidem nuptumque prior taedasque marito
passa alio, sed te *ceu uirginitate* iugatum
uisceribus totis animaque amplexa fouebat . . .

All right. She did know a spouse before you, had the
wedding experience
with another groom. All the same, marriage to you was
like getting her maidenhood back.
She hugged you tight to her very core. Gut, soul . . .

Second-time-around the block, twice as monogamous (55–56):

. . . unum nouisse cubile,
unum secretis agitare sub ossibus ignem.

. . . Serial monogamy.
Down in the marrowbone you can't see. One key in the
ignition.

'Cilla had the lot, beat Greek myth hollow, nice and jolly (good sport) to
boot, and up for it should the call come (66–70):

quod si anceps metus ad maiora uocasset,
illa uel armiferas *pro coniuge* laeta cateruas
fulmineosque ignes mediique pericula ponti
exciperet. melius quod non aduersa probarunt
quae tibi cura tori, quantus *pro coniuge* pallor . . .

But if some scare, couldgoeitherway, beckoned her up, up,
and beyond,
she'd revel, be it heavy-armed squadrons, *for her husband*,
plus thunderbolt incendiaries, plus mid-ocean peril,
take 'em all on. A nicer twist: no uphill struggles verified
her duvet devotion, but 100% blenching, *for her*
husband . . .

On his big day, “she sure/near beat him for joy,” but kept an even, icono-
chiastic, keel, Mrs Sensible (*quies probitasue*), ever her bloke's involved
and committed helpmate (110, 117; 119–20):

fouet anxia curas
coniugis hortaturque \Rightarrow *simul* \Leftarrow flectitque labores.

Worry makes her soothe his every headache.
Her spouse. Backing, yes, and, *all together*, steering,
his every ordeal.

Through thin and thick, for ordinary farmerswife housekeeping is small-
beer (in encomium), *hers* woulda-been no-holds-barred take-it-to-the-limit
devotion—or, in fact, given half the chance, this gal coulda been one heck
of an I-wanna-drive-a-tank, let-me-have-a-go, virago (127–31):

parua loquor. *tecum* gelidas *comes* illa *per* *Arctos*
 Sarmaticasque hiemes Histrumque et pallida Rheni
 frigora, *tecum* omnes animo durata *per aestus*
 et, si castra darent, uellet gestare pharetras,
 uellet Amazonia latus intercludere pelta . . .

Such petty details from me. *With you*, she'd be your
mate through polar freeze,
 Siberian winter, Danube and blanched Rhineland
 sub-zero. *With you*, mentally toughened *through* every
 type of *boiling point*,
 and, if army protocol granted her exemption, she'd
 gladly strap on a quiver,
 gladly block off the exposed salient at the front with
 Amazon mini-shield . . .

But. The paragon is dead and good (*probitas aut casta fides*), drooping eyes lighting on dear hubby, to say her so long, through Statius's verse (154; 176–77):

tum sic un-animus moriens *solatur* amantem:
 “pars animae uictrix meae . . .”

When dying she *comforted* loving soul-mate, so:
 “Half my soul—survivor . . .”

One last hug, and she takes over the formalities: *she* blows her last gasp in *his* mouth; *she* closes her eyelids with *his* hand (195–96). The pair of men give her “the send-off she deserves” (*carmine digno / exsequias*, 208–09).³

The family photo album continues by commemorating the soldier hero Bolanus (5.2, with Bernstein in this volume). How proud this dad would be of Crispinus, sixteen years old, just vacationing off-duty in deepest Etruria to build up strength before he packs kitbag for the front. Shame about mum who really blew it, trying to poison him and boost little big brother, but that's families for you (bent out of shape by history's pliers,

3 See Zeiner-Carmichael in this volume for Priscilla's spect(ac)ular profile as tottering Abascantus's partner and double—“more,” indeed, “than just another pretty face.”

twisted as the family Aeneadae rolled into the clan Labdacid),⁴ and it's all in the past, put behind brave young Crispin (5.2.75–77):

aequaueuo cedere fratri,
mirarique *patrem* miseraeque ignoscere *matri*
admonuit fortuna *domus*.

Same age brother: let him have his way, easy on
him.
Father: make him your idol. Poor, poor, mama: forgive,
go easy on her.
The mantra of this household's bumpy ride.

Statius will miss him in the crowd (and his friend) when the “(senate?) fathers of Rome” come hear the latest instalment of his {non-finished} *Achilleid* . . . (*Romulei* . . . *p-a-t-r-e-s*, 161, 163).⁵

The poet's own father, himself a child prodigy and trusted teacher of sons, taught him all he can write, and how (5.3.133–37, with Wray in this volume, and 146–47). Dead between *Silvae* 1 and 2, but this son's tribute has been waiting for the last round-up (2.1.33–35, 5.3, with Lovatt in this volume). A traditional home, this, for three (5.3.239–41):⁶

nec solum larga memet pietate fouebas:
talis et in thalamos. una tibi cognita taeda
conubia, unus amor.

I wasn't the only one you cherished, such boundless
generosity.
You were the same way on where you slept: one
wedding-torch was all you knew of marriage.
Undivided, atomistic, love.

4 As Bernstein in this volume shows in detail, Crispinus is compensated for hideous reality by role-playing as pupil and protégé receiving one-on-one tuition from the poet mentor across his whole corpus.

5 See Lovatt in this volume and Heslin 2005.58–62: “The *Achilleid* in the *Silvae*,” at 59.

6 In this one-off writing, anaphora fights together with ayndeton to make *una* + *unus* = “1 (1 at a time),” and overlaying *con-nubium* + *con-gnita* fuses into a single “knowledge/marredge.”

Leaving a widow bereft, and one son, he slipped away peacefully in his comatose “sleep” (“torpor in-ers et mors imitata quietem / . . . , falso . . . somno,” 260–61). How many long nights’ artwork did this correctly unsurpassable blockbuster take the speedwriter Statius to draft? Caught between this supreme ex-ertion and the next, last, unsurpassably supreme demand, for *this* father to mourn the passing of *his own* son, Statius measures “a week” since young Sleep came calling. Implores in a couple of sentences, “filler” aside, *his own* {non-}mock-death in {non-}false “slumber” (5.4: *septima* . . . *Phoebe*, at verse 7).⁷ Sleep disposed of Palinurus when he reached Campagna half-way through Virgil’s epic: it missed Statius when he laid his Theban “Odyssey” to rest; will it stop him in his tracks, now his Anchises is dead, before his Achilles makes it to Iliadic Troy? Before *his* Ascanius ends the line. Before *this* Priam must mourn his boy . . . ? The filial obit and c.v. for Statius Senior stands as his own “monument to a career.”⁸ What follows solves the problem of calibrating the father that made the son (a *writer*) against the son that annihilates his {non-writing} existence by {manuscript fade-out, after eighty-seven lines headed by an ominous sixty-five line proem . . .}. To match the . . . {fade out of *Achilleid* just 167 lines into the second of what, at this rate, would have to be the longest(-living) Latin epic(ist) ever, were its proem’s promise to be met, 1.4–7: “plura uacant . . . tota iuuenem deducere Troia,” “The blanks have it. . . . Chaperon the kid down serialized Troy Town every step of the way”}. But no. The coma comes, the record shows, in the wee hours, only

7 For sure, “The subject is insomnia” (Gibson 1996.468). Creative insomnia, all those filial verses, for sure; but self-euthanasic insomnia, here, for just as sure, in this suite. Stay up for a week, and role-play: where most tunes took this hit factory, oh, *all* Tuesday, or a Friday night to lay down (*praef.* 1, *praef.* 2), *Here Goes my Everything* 5.5 is doomed to take forever, no end to grief. “Oh could I lose all father now,” as Ben Jonson, wood-be Silvan author of *The Forest* and *The Underwood*, and of *Timber*, punned on losing *his* son (*Epigrams* 45, “On My First Son,” concluding by adopting the closing couplet of Martial’s epitaph on a favourite slave toyboy, *Epigrams* 6.29.47–48. Jonson’s epitaph for his infant daughter, *Epigrams* 22, wound up by echoing Martial’s for Erotion, *Epigrams* 5.34.9–10: Young 2000.52–53). Just one last sleepless track, then, before the plunge into lost eternity. Contrast *Thebaid*’s finale of parental lament, *I Arcada*, *I Arcada*, *I Arcada*, before the craft completes that tour of duty, and finds {Maecius Celer’s promised} haven; before the epilogue promises posthumous returns on the craftsman’s own tour of duty: 12.805–07; 809: *meruit* . . . *portum*; 819: “meriti post me referentur honores”; cf. 1.46: *merita* . . . *dextra*). Could’ve beached in Naples, but *Silvae* 4 and 5, and *Achilleid* 1, 2, . . . , will push out the boat on Statius’s second *circumnavigation*. *Post se*.

8 Like Pliny Jun. on Pliny Sen.: *Epistles* 3.5, see Henderson 2002b.

after putting pa through another night counting *sleep*, in metered scribbling-scanning pain (5.5.86–87):⁹

cui nomen *uox prima* meum ludusque tenello
 risus, et a nostro ueniebant gaudia uultu
 [. . .

His first word? It was my name. Toy. Tot.
 Gurgle. Boy, we had such fun. Bouncing off our funny
 faces
 [. . .

It was back before the babe could say this {impossible} first word, “Statius,” beaming back at his textual father. Back when he was teaching the toddler to speak. Shushing him, playing airplanes, rocked in his arms . . . , and finally (what else?), lulla-bye-ing the kid to nap, imploring young {non-false} Sleep to bring sweet dreams (*dulcesque accersere somnos*, 85). Putting baby down, as *we* call it . . .

This haunted/haunting book of *life* headed by the remarried “good-as-virgin” has dropped off, just five pieces in again, with the only son’s one-and-only scion (79–81):

nonne gemam te, ccccare puer? quo sospite natos
 non cccupii, primo gremium qui protinus ortu
 implicuit fixitque mihi . . .

Not mourn you, chchcherub of my heart? I had you, so
 children
 I never cccraved. That instantaneity, first-born moment.
 Lapped me up—nailed . . .

The “good-as-son” of adoption from birth to cot death (8–11):

. . . morientibus ecce lacertis
 uiscera nostra tenens animamque auellitur infans,

9 On the voiceless silence of this metaorphic ending mid-song, see Lovatt in this volume.

non de stirpe quidem nec qui mea nomina ferret
 oraque; non fueram genitor, sed . . .
 orbus ego.

. . . Face it. These arms mortify, as he
 grips guts, soul, the core of me. The babe. Torn away.
 No, no chip from my block. No, no Papinian name,
 no Statius face. No, I did not supply the sperm. But— . . .
 he's my loss.

This is no sire—but. But, a father, a *parent*, to put Nature to shame (22). Poetry of grief to put *Thebaid* and *Achilleid* both to shame (36–37). The poet wiped out (*nil*, 37, 49–51). The song-child that made a father of the man (69–74):

meus ille, meus. tellure cadentem
 aspexi atque unctum genitali carmine foui
 poscentemque nouas tremulis ululatibus auras
 inserui uitae. *quid plus tribuere parentes?*
 quin *alios ortus* libertatemque sub ipsis
 uberibus tibi, parue, dedi . . .

He's mine. Was mine. My own, my very own.
 Tumbled down,
 flat on the floor. I saw. His anointment was my birthing
 song.
 Sucking for neonatal air, yelp after quavering yelp.
 I planted him in life. *What greater gift from any parents*
ever?
 Why, you were *born again*, to be free, there at the
 breast, little one, and this was my boon . . .

His favourite creation: second childhood surrogacy.

And the ~~end~~ of a family, a future, an oeuvre (and an era). Fittingly introduced by that prefatory epistle to the emperor's *ab epistulis*, Abascantus, which (naturally? At least, ~~uncannily~~) subsumes the set—one dead hero's budding boy, plus three generations of the Statiuses. Two and a bit, of Statius's *Selves*.



All Together Now

Al-to-geth-er-now

Silvae 4 had been reeled in from Naples:¹⁰ the emperor runs Roman time and space for yet another January openers (“Consulate seventeen, and counting,” 4.1). His Satanic Majesty Requests and Requires this Neapolitan has-been’s attendance at the palace-opening banquet (another lucked-out Tityrus, 4.2.65 ~ Virgil *Eclogue* 1.29),¹¹ and His Highway hendecasyllables shoot down columns of glee to fetch Campagna into the bosom/clutches of Rome (4.3.24–26). Bringing Book 4 to the (road-building, non-writing) Marcellus quicker than a race in the Colosseum (*praefatio*, 4.4.1–11, 46–47). *His* son is named “Hosidius Geta” for mum, and grandad is impatient for this *cosi-detto* mini-Goth to blossom; Statius, meantime, incubates *his* new baby, *Achilles* (73–75, 94).¹² Septimius moves from Africa to Alba for his

10 “Statius’s own retirement is permanent” (Nauta 2002.316: 4.4.49–55). But did Statius up sticks and go? “Only 4.4 and the *praefatio* were certainly written at Naples” (Coleman 1988.xxii). So, what would count—not him, but *them*, the pair of them? Or was this “Get Back” more like a bus ride to Baton Rouge, back to that house *one more time*?

11 So Garthwaite 1989.90–91. On 4.2, see Malamud in this volume: 4, the showstopper prepared by 1–3 and warmed down in 5, is under-celebrated in this volume because Coleman’s edition has secured its place in every Latinist’s repertoire.

12 Paradoxically, this parentage is proclaimed at 4.4.94: “Troia quidem magnusque mihi temptatur Achilles,” which parades allusion to the formative self-conceit of the *Achilleid*, viz. that it fulfils the epic envisaged in Catullus’s Song of the Fates (64), as commandeered and blessed for imperial utopian epic by Virgil *Eclogue* 4.35–36: “erunt altera bella / atque iterum ad Troiam magnus mittetur Achilles.” The bathwater will be a “second epic,” for a second (true, Catullan) baby Virgil. *Achilleid* itself begins with the promise that its hypertrophic Kid’s meteoric deathwish cost its speedy Homer full many a night up in Naples, before Domitian fetched him back for this “prelude” to the soon-to-be-unwritable epic of Flavian Rome (*Achilleid* 1.18–19): “te longo necdum fidente paratu / molimur magnusque tibi praeludit Achilles.”

Everything Statius knew went into the empathy that wrote his Achilles into the hug of the male nanny preferred to his protectress goddess mother’s arms (*Achilleid* 1.196–97): “blandusque umeris se innectit Achilles, / quamquam ibi fida parens, adsuetaque pectora mauult.” (Same way the same nanny had beaten same kid’s dad hollow (*Silvae* 2.1.88–89): “sic blandus Achilli / . . . uincebat Pelea Chiron.” A parenting scene then replicated with pedagogue Phoenix, 90–91).

Achilleid was bound to lash out with its bottom line. Last words, 2.167: *scit cetera mater*. The last straw? *Hypsipyle*, the woman taken for mother *because she holds a baby*, is Statius’s mythic *matrix* for epic production: Malamud 1995. Carole Newlands (pers. comm.) points us toward the cracks in Statius’s own mother’s conjugal grief, *Silvae* 5.3.242–45: “te sentit habetque, / te uidet et . . . salutatur vs. ut . . . aliae ficta pietate dolores / . . . colunt et non sua funera plorant.”

Alcaic ode (4.5), Vindex's table sports a world-beating mini-Hercules (4.6), Vibius Maximus has a first child in Sapphics, while *Achilleid* is stuck at 1 (*Maximus alter*, 7.32: two maximums, then), and the polyphyloprogenitive Pollius Felix has grandchild number three, courtesy of Mr and Mrs Julius Mene-crates (4.8). A Campanian throng and a half foregathers: maternal grampa and granny, uncle, father, and mother, and the brood—a boy for her, a girl for him, and now, a second son (4.8.1–27). If you wonder why 4's number of poems proliferates to reach the plethora of nine kidnapped in one *liber* (after 6, 7, 5), Statius has lots more fun reasons, but the first will do plenty (*praefatio* 4.20): “*Polli mei generum, cui gratulor quod Neapolim nostram numero liberorum honestauerit*,” “Pollius, Apollo mio, has a son-in-law. Hats off to him for blessing our napping Neapolliustonian Naples with his line-up of n children.”

The book's final in-road has “mailman Grypus,” the guy in charge of refuelling *all* the empire's highway service stations that lead to Rome, jokily paying back the gift of a *libellus*, in kind (book *or* poem). By hendecasyllabic return of post, may-as-well-be return to sender, this book/poem for a book/poem now gets a {concluding} poem—may-it-not-be for another poem (4.9)! This last banter gathers in this album from Statius, called-out of retirement to pay his culture poetic dues: the currency has been *urbani-tas*, scil. the flavour of Flavian *Rome* (4.9.3). *Everything* in this garden of renascent verse from “New Town” came up smiling in poses.



So Happy Together

Silvae had featured no more of a self-portrait from Statius before his envoi to Rome and to 3 than all 4 netted. The *second* poem in Stella's 1 starred this fellow-poet's (first) marriage to blushing re-cycled Violentilla's new morning (1.2.76–80, 275; *thalami* . . . *secundi*, 138). The child in prospect (267–73) should materialise as *this poetry*.¹³ There is no mourning in 1 (only in its wake, when the shelf-life of Rutilius's resuscitation by 1.4 expired with him, pre-publication (*praefatio* 1.28). Besides, find here a villa, plus baths, with the emperor's statue plonked in Rome's Forum, and

13 See Hersch and Zeiner-Carmichael in this volume for elegiac crosscurrents in that viole(n)t dominatrix Violentilla (body-doubling the role of the starlet of her new groom's poems, 1.2.197–200: Asteris translating Stella into sex-text).

his domination of all December serving as book ends: 1.3, 1.5, 1.1 ~ 1.6). For *Melior*, 2 mixes a *better* brew even-handedly.¹⁴ A first introduction to the harmonious Campanian couple of Mr Pollius and Mrs Polla (2.2.9, 10; 153–54: *cohaerent / pectora* . . . ; *Concordia*) and to martyred Lucan’s loyal widow Polla (*Silver* 2.7)—could(n’t) they be one and the same?¹⁵ And a couple of unorthodox modern ménages, barefaced Ursus’s late lamented glam slave—*could* he be one? (2.6.21: *quid si nec famulus?*), and the dedicatee’s better half, the late lamented glam slave Glaucias—taken up as protégé in a strenuous prequel to Statius’s eventual fatherdom (2.1 ~ 5.5). This home-born good-as-Natural child scotched bloodline supremacists everywhere (esp. 2.1.76–88;¹⁶ 84–85, 87–88, 102–03, 137):

. . . non omnia sanguis
proximus
. . . natos genuisse *necesse est*,
elegisse iuuat
. . . et te iam fecerat illi
mens animusque patrem. . . .
haec fortuna domus. subit- . . .

. . . Everything? No way, not bio-
genetics
. . . Offspring, you *have* to conceive.
Deciding to ad-opt is sheer delight, a wish come true
. . . By now, you had become his
father. Will and heart saw to that. . . .
Such was this household’s ride. Next, the bumps—. . .

This alumnus played its happy family *complete* with poor *genitor materque* there at the crem., outdone by *Melior*’s grief, and there at the poem’s death, along with Glaucias’s sister *désolée* (233–34: “*desolatamque sororem, / . . . et miseros . . . parentes*”). For the rest, villas, a parrot, a lion (2.2–5).

14 Puns on *Melior*: Nisbet 1978.8. The perfect icon for *any* Book 2. On continuities in 2, see Augoustakis in this volume.

15 Nisbet 1978.4, Nauta 2002.223–26.

16 Heslin 2005.291 notes the rhyme here with *Achilleid*’s queue of contestants bidding for the paternal stakes in Achilles.

Torna al Sorrento. Pollius—and Polla—take over for 3.¹⁷ They open up with Hercules pledged to defend them and theirs at Surrentum¹⁸—that brood of grandchildren under his aegis (*praefatio* 3 and 3.1.87, 89, 175–79: boy and girl so far, the other on the way). Claudius Etruscus mourns his father, once a slave from Smyrna, and no shame in that (3.3.48). Freed by Emperor Tiberius (but naming his son, it seems, for *Claudius*),¹⁹ his well-connected but short-lived squaw Etrusca first gave him two children, as he mixed with the similarly fixed Vespasian. Steadily rising to State Secretary to the Imperial Treasury, the rollercoaster reigns made no odds to him (83–84). Until, some boob or other, he was packed off by Domitian to guest on the Campanian coastline, down at South Apulian Arpi (*concedere ius-sus*, 163). In no time, he was back in harness, recalled to Rome (*nec longa moratus*, 164). In no time, he was gone. Another Asian slave import, next (3.4), another glam sexpot, but this one very much alive still, castration apart, and the emperor's own, this one. As the name *Flavius* Earinus proclaims. He sends dedicatory curls back home in a box to Pergamum, plus a mirror in which Cupid has enclosed a passport photo (*re-clusit*, 98). Nothing here on the nature/nurture front, no familial/erotic intimacies, and no one's dead (except the locks, and those bollocks). The remaining poem in this short-changed book, I just sped past (3.2), where young Celer gets whisked off to serve Rome at the front; an insomniac Statius will worry over him “night and day,” why oh why hasn't he done as he ought? (3.2.82–83; 90–95):

quid enim te castra petente
non uel ad ignotos ibam comes impiger Indos
Cimmeriumque chaos? starem prope bellica regis
signa mei, seu tela manu seu frena teneres
armatis seu iura dares, operumque tuorum,
etsi non *socius*, certe mirator adessem.

Why oh why? You were off to the front,
and I—I didn't pull out my finger and go, *mate*, up the
Khyber, off the map, to the

17 On the disarray of *Silvae* 3: Bright 1980.62–67, esp. 65 on 3.1 ~ 3.5. Profile of Pollius: Nauta 2002.222–23.

18 The *audacious* templette stands on personal property, like *Silvae* 3: Newlands 1991, esp. 449, 451–52, noting 3.1.114: “*Herculeis fidens hortatibus aude*.”

19 In whose reign the son must have been born: Nauta 2002.232.

Caucasus, and Hell? My Statian station would've
 flanked my
 Majesty's colours, if you gripped rifle in hand or
 grasped the wheel
 or peace-kept over armed insurgents. And every
 operation you engaged,
 though no way up to *joining in*, you bet I'd have
 wowed and cheered like *mad*.

But this second piece is a pro-pemptikon, it does go there, and fast, without going anywhere, and/but only to (anticipate) return (*praefatio* 3.11–14: “sequitur libellus . . . quia sequi non poteram, sic pro-secutus sum”).²⁰ By the time Celer speeds back, Statius will have cremated Thebes and found how to close the last page on *Thebaid* (142–43: *claudat*).²¹ The colour of the book is set by pleasure-dedicated Harbourmaster Pollius, faithful to the calm of his seaside estate away so far from Rome as Campania (*praefatio* 3.1: “cui tam fideliter inhaeres quiete”). His sirened policeman Hercules' threshold opens the book's—their—stone/paper shrine safeguarding the shoreline/sure lines of this security-conscious outfit (*ibid.* 3.7–11): “securus . . . liber . . . limen eius Hercules Surrentinus aperit, quem in litore tuo consecratum . . . his uersibus adoraui,” “A book . . . to relax with . . . No-Sorrender Hercules flings wide its opening portal. His consecration on your riviera doorstep . . . I worshipped in these stanzas (enc.).”

Con-secrated (*sacratissimo*: ~~ex-secrated~~) Domitian sends Celer to danger; Claudius Etruscus has “done *his* service,” his way (*merebatur*); Celer and Earinus's boxes are sent out east, but *Silvae* 3 is sent swami Pollius's way (“missum ad; ad . . . mittebat, uersibus dedicarem; ad te mittitur”); so these poems might well have “courted risk” (*temeritatem*), but no, no vipers in Pollius's bosom here, just the “audacity” of a puny pun (*audaciam*; *praef.* 3.4–6): “quotiens in illius facundiae tuae *penetrabile seductus altius* litteras *intro*, et in omnes a te studiorum *sinus ducor*,” “Happens every time. I am

20 For the intrication of a “prosphonetikon” at 3.2.127–43 within this propemptikon: Cairns 1972, esp. 162–63.

21 Puns on Celer: Nisbet 1978.8. *Thebais* declares she took a book *per* sleepless *annum*: 12.811 (Did *Aeneis* lose her dad in 19 B.C.E. at 12, after conception after Actium in 31?). *Silvae* 1–3 as a publication unit, à la Horace *Odes* 1–3, Ovid *Amores* and *ex Ponto* 1–3: Newmyer 1979.47–49. Tracking along with *Silvae* 1–3: Newlands forthcoming “Statius's *Thebaid*.” For Greco-Roman games with “three books—or four?,” Henderson 2006, Appendix.

piloted aside within the inner sanctum of you, legendary Man of Words, and there *enter extra deep* into Literature's outer space. And my *course* is *plotted* by you, set to brave every *Bay* in the Library. *Heart* of donness."

Pollius Surrentinus is (t)his Herculean adytum securing all traffic in and out of the Naples bay/bosom/heart. Grand-daddy knows it best (*cum scias*):²² "multos ex illis {libellis} *in sinu tuo subito natos*," "A high percentage of this batch {of poems} went from conception to instant *birth* within the *Baywatch Heart* of you. Hey presto!" (*praef.* 3.3–4).

Kamikaze Celer? Etruscus swatted, then popped back on his perch? Ms *Earinus*—his commission {amazingly} put off by speedwriter Statius,²³ this {one swallow makes *springtime*} eunuch knows best why (*scit quamdiu*)—only just beat Domitian's deadline outlawing castration before wafting over Venus's love-waves to wow the worldshaker {and make his bed springs squeak}. Statius cried off ocean-going with Celer; Earinus and he can stay in port, in the bay, in Pollius's pocket—but his baggage could do with ditching "the *scary* boat" and hitching a divine conch (*de puppe timenda*, 4). Pollius can see why this run of poems *would* earn a relieved tick for the envoi to 3 from the polymath (*cum scias*). From *Claudius*'s "true tears" to "truth" about the *closing* finale to *Claudia* (*ueris, uerum*), he can spot a "secure line in repartee," no fear (*sermo et quidem se-curus*). Civilized quietude—short of sloth, that's the ticket.

No, not the decadence of some Servilius Vatia, holed up behind security gates in Campanian coma.²⁴ Nor Silius Italicus, forever fateful consul of 68 C.E., willfully oblivious to the passing of emperors since Nero. Tending Virgil's memory and writing up mediaeval heroics, so he could doze days and sleep nights, safely dragon-slaying bugaboo Hannibal.²⁵ No, the ring between *this* writer and addressee is as tight as from Pollius to Polla, and the destination completes a round-trip for Statius and *Silvae*, back to the Bay of Nappies, to terminal calm, and to Pollius (*praef.* 3.21–26): "*qua mecum secedere* Neapolim *Claudiam meam* exhortor. . . . *hanc destinationem quietis meae tibi* maxime intendere meque non tam in patriam quam *ad te secedere*," "In 3.5, I urge *my very own* *Claudia* to retire to Naples

22 Langlands 1994.19–26, "Book III: Retreat to the Bosom of Pollius," unfolds the traverse of ideas and allegiances between Statius and patron.

23 Contrast Pollius's instant approval for non-static Statius's instapoetic effusions, *praefatio* 3.2–4: "non . . . diu probandam . . . temeritatem, . . . multos . . . subito natos."

24 Seneca *Epistle* 55; Henderson 2004.67–92.

25 Pliny *Epistle* 3.7; Henderson 2002a.102–24.

with me. . . . Targetting this way the securing of *peace for me* holds special implications *for you*: Statius's retirement is less his return to the land of his fathers, more *asylum with you*."

It has to be: for the *quality* of humane supineness was crucial in this cultural politics of "Praise of Quiet" (Nauta 2002.308–23). Between one headland and the next. The armada he embarks on is a marital con-fab (*cum uxore*). It has a straight target, no flash pyrotechnics that could backfire ("qui persuadere malit quam placere," *praef.* 3.23–24).²⁶ Pollius wouldn't need to talk Polla round, but if he did, this would be the cinch of cinches. Beats that jewelbox-and-mirror twinset with its self-regarding cargo of quasi-pubic clippings just launched into high-pitched poesie . . . because she's worth it.

Home you come, Mr and Mrs Statius. Home with you.

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Let's

Let's Stay Together

Loving you whether

Things are Good or Bad

Happy or Sad

So 3.5 is motivated text. Situated confessional. Within the suite of books (Pollius promoted from "witness" to "sponsor," *praefatio* 3). Within the beatified baysom of Pollius's swelling volume, his conjugal-familial-cultivated-reproductive castle of together Epicurist autonomy. As reaction to the travelling selves which the showcase tracks across the empire, culminating in the reefs run by the poet's hair-razoring Skye-Boat song (3.4). Where Pollius, poet (2.2.39–40) and paterfamilias, must blench at the hybris of his lyric protégé's transmogrification into another Roman Callimachid celebrating the incestuous Mrs Pharaoh's catasterized lock:²⁷ when Catullus

26 Hardie 1983.182 accepts, and explains, this gesture of self-classification: by genus, "symbolleutic" vs "epideictic"; by species, a "protreptikon," including elements of "syntaktikon." Don't tell the missus.

27 Inspiring Propertius's finale with Mrs Paullus (4.11), the Lock of Callimachus's Queen had itself brought closure to a *fourth*, and *final*, book of a quartet. Catullus's complex castration of Attis (63), and its counterpoint, the *Lock of Berenice* (65 + 66), by contrast, bridge from last of the polymetrics to first of the elegiacs, to either side of the mini-epic (64) fated to propel Achilles on towards an epic that was, like him, yet to compose.

turned elegist (upon the death of his other, brother, self) for his final starburst of verse, he had found the voice of bereft longing in Pageant-Queen *Berenice's* hairpiece, pledge of a devoted bride for her man's safe return home: this lucked-out *Laudamia* must lament loud as any Tom-Dick-or-Ariadne, shorn from "her" man like *Attis's* wedding-tackle from its body. If *Earinus* doesn't know the *Ramnusia uirgo* *Nemesis* was locked into the sexpot poet's asseveration just where all proper Roman matrons were forever pledged to cleave unto their magic perfume pot, then *Pollius* and *Polla*, *Claudia* and *Domitian* sure *do* (*Catullus* 66.71, cf. 68.77 ~ 3.5.5: "audiat infesto licet hoc *Ramnusia uultu*"; the uxorial unguent, 66.79–88). If the improved parrot sketch and imperial pussycat epigram had adumbrated a harmless *Catullan-Martialic* persona to keep a *delicatus* afloat with worth-while sentiments (2.4–6), 3.4 would make any patron twitch the more.²⁸ Time out. Rethink. Stop that cheque. *Mehercule*, call Security!

In the collection, retirement to *Naples* makes or fakes a sphragis. A place to get personal and say what counted. *Claudia* is "just" montage, the prop for an *Exegi monumentum*. Doffing cap to the makings of native talent and the leg up from a *Maecenas*. Both. In this realization, synthesizing the artist's aspirations that animate his lifetime's legacy. And troping them as the utopian vision of the place to dote, dodder, and die. Not the Edenic *Tarentum* of self-originary *Horace's Septimi, Gades*,²⁹ but *home*, will pave paradise for *Statius* (as soon for *Martial*, for real, on a one-way ticket to *Bilbao*, courtesy of *Pliny*).³⁰ And will terminate a corpus, à la *Neronian* refugee *Persius* (off to fume one last time from the redoubt of his loony *Ligurian* haven, *Luna*, immortalized by the father of epic and satire, *Satires* 6.6–9). However temporarily, however peeved, this loving poet's one-foot-in-the-grave recoil from cosmopolis gropes for legitimacy, finds finality in

28 3.4–3.5 as an interactive diptych: *Langlands* 1994.23–25, comparing 3.5.18, 37, *raptio*, *raptus*, with the mythological rapes of 3.4, and exploring a network of motivic parallels; cf. *Garthwaite* 1984, esp. 124: "There may be particular relevance in the fact that *Silvae* 3.4 is immediately followed by *Statius's* announcement of his decision to leave Rome *Silvae* 3.5" ~ *Garthwaite* 1989.

29 The parallelism with *Odes* 2.6 is fully explored in *Burck* 1987.

30 *Pliny Epistles* 3.21: envoi to *his* Book 3 (*Henderson* 2002c). *Martial's* marital ultimatum goes: "Put up or Get out: you can play *Lucretia toto . . . die*, but only a *Lais* is wanted *nocte*." 11.104.21–22: coupling as copulating. Epigrammatist *Male* is, more than most, not on oath: he can sport a wife and daughter at will (7.95), but own neither at *his* retirement (12.18). Cf. *Watson* 2003, who concentrates on 2.91–92.

projection through his sanctified matron. Outbids Propertian Paulus's Cornelia. So Claudia is more than prop.³¹

Her poem sums up 3, where Statius has-been coming from (cf. Newlands 2002.37–38). But her nocturne is *also* an attachment to Pollius's *letter* (*meus . . . Pollius*, 3.5.103 ~ {Claudia} *mea*, 54). As discourse, the textuality of 3.5 opens its connubial intimacy to literary sodality in its Campanian refinement of Pollius-Polla harmonics. Where 2's excrescent poem 7's Polla had known where its epic hero's Lucan had put communion with her in his work (between prodigious fire-starter Nero and the *Bellum plusquam Civile*; 2.7.62–63: “castae titulum decusque Pollae / iucunda dabis allocutione”), short-weight 3's Theban success-or reins in early, at 5, with this Darby's go at Joan recorded for posterity to celebrate from one Statian commemoration to the next. The candles to crowd this cake will conjoin widow with patron, *before* the host of scribble fans. (P)raise the read.³²

In brief, the epistolarity of 3.5 flaunts/ducks its epistolarity *before* Pollius (and Polla). In parading its Xmas box/self-mirroring *before* the Mrs, it further intimates but *eludes* documentary status. This is no transcription of a marriage, but rather the mobilization of a power-relation: husbandry.³³

Long as We're Together
Honey, I don't care

Close. How close?

Addressing the wife opens the black box of patriarchy. This dialogism is (should have been) *de trop*. Operationalizing open discussion in pillow talk hands Claudia a better half's share in determining as well as appraising the verbals meant to button/butter her up. That's revisionary personal politics for you (?). To construe. Now neither partner could *read off*

31 Claudia is left undocumented: “Probably born c. 60; since it was very unusual for a man to marry an older woman, even when it was her second marriage . . .”: Coleman 1988.xvi and n. 8.

32 For Statius's self-substitution for his lost contemporary here, see Malamud 1995. Vollmer's guess, 1898 ad loc., that this item may be one and the same as *Lucan's Silvae* 1–10 as listed in Vacca's *Life of Lucan* would complete the circle: Bright 1980.36; contra Hardie 1983.60. “iucunda . . . *allocutione*” might then differentiate the rhetorical color of uxorious Statius as vs unctuous Lucan? Cf. Newmyer 1979.33–34 and *praefatio* 3.21–22: “persuadere *malit quam placere*.”

33 On the *coniugal*is Amor of “Husbands and Wives in Literature,” see Treggiari 1991.253–58. On the exemplary textuality of Pliny's epistolarity with Calpurnia, De Pretis 2003.

the implied terms of engagement, however performed for their eyes only; however cam-corded for the hoi Pollii. Let her matter more than anything: let him show it (how else?) in resentment, indictment, discouragement. Take up her slack: credit this woman with a life to live, recognize (patronize) the person in her own right, presume (flatter) her sorted before he could see the fork in the road.

Deal *with* her. Does he persuade her, is she pleased? Only she could tell / She can't tell us. On paper, she *is* Statius's hand, however they play it.

Let's spend the Night Together
Now I need you More than Ever

Claudia's lucky. She isn't spliced to a Cicero. With their dearest daughter, Terentia must stay at Rome, be his toehold on the life he has ruined. She must be the breast he beats: *mea culpa*. His home, the consular home that *must* need him to safeguard, run, boss it. His welcome back, his lifeline, on his mind twenty-four hours a day. Writing, playing her part, so over-playing her competence. Her joining him would mean so much, but means throwing in the towel; it would kill him, for shame. To die in her arms: *mea uita*. It would mean he *was* alone . . . Someone to die for, to mail the last words. And yes, up to her to find daughter a groom. The crisis passed, she is signed off with the accolade, "*mea Terentia, fidissima atque optima uxor*" (*ad Fam.* 14.4.6). Back in the hutch. Until the empire's crisis, world war, installs the Mrs, collectivized with daughter ("His Souls Twain"), along with mother and sister, as the Tully Self under threat, in the balance between persistence and despair: "*id non solum meum consilium est sed etiam uestrum*" ("Not just my decision but yours, plural, too," *ad Fam.* 14.18.1). Through gritted teeth, paterfamilias can't, mustn't, face meaning this. Once thought, at once disavowed: "*sed rursus illud me mouet quod uideo omnes bonos abesse Roma et eos mulieres suas secum habere*" ("*But there again* I'm influenced by seeing all the good guys are gone from Rome taking *their* womenfolk along *with them*," *ad Fam.* 14.18.1). *That* story's end: "*quod me propius uultis accedere, uideo ita esse faciendum et iam ante fecissem, sed me multa impediuerunt, quae ne nunc quidem expedita sunt. sed a Pomponio exspecto litteras, quas ad me quam primum perferendas cures uelim. da operam ut ualeas*" ("You want me to come nearer. Well I see I must do it. I'd've done it long since, *but* things have got in the way, snags keep coming up that still aren't unsnagged. *But* I'm waiting on post

from Atticus, and I want you to see it's fetched on to me a.s.a.p., please. See you take best care, " *ad Fam.* 14.19). Beyond this "men's business," all that remains are text messages telling Terentia she doesn't matter any more. "Keep well," don't bother me.

Claudia's problem. She isn't spliced to a Cicero, logorrheic drama queen. Just some tepid anti-Napoleon, thinking of holing up in his scenic ashcan of a retirement home. For a moment half as long as Cicero relegated or renegade.³⁴

Wannabe Mrs Ovid?³⁵ Her relegated post-amatory pale shadow of a guy anchored his verse around her presence in Rome, standing and working for his recall, from the torn-apart faint, through visions of home-Rome-welcome, imagined sickbed ministration round the clock. All she'd wanted was to go too: "non potes auelli. *simul hinc, simul ibimus*, inquit, / *te sequar et coniunx exulis exul ero*" ("No. You cannot be torn from me. *Together* we'll leave here. *Together* we'll go," she said, / 'I shall stick with you *and be the exile's wife in exile.*'" *Tristia* 1.3.81–82). How could he doubt her—so he could banish the thought: "ei mihi, cur timeam? quae sunt manifesta requiro? / cur labat ambiguo spes mea mixta metu? / crede, et quod est et uis, ac desine tuta uereri, / deque fide certa sit tibi certa fides. / . . . non equidem dubito, quin haec et cetera fiant, / detque tuus maesti signa doloris amor . . ." ("Owww. Why should I worry? The answer's plain as punch

34 *Ad Familiares* 14.1–4 (58 B.C.E.): 1.1: "ut scribis . . . *sed omnia mea culpa*"; 1.3: "*de familia* quo modo placuisse scribis amicis faciemus; . . . si in *uestrum* complexum uenero." 2.2: *mea culpa*; 2.3: "quod *de domo* scribis . . . uerum haec non sunt in nostra manu. . . obsecro te, *mea uita* . . . , ante oculos dies noctesque *uersaris* . . . timeo ut sustineas." 3.1: *culpa mea*; 3.2: "mi ante oculos *dies noctesque uersatur*; *mea culpa*"; 3.3: "ego tamen faciam quae praecipis . . . di faxint ut tali genero *mihi praesenti tecum simul et cum liberis nostris* frui liceat"; 3.5: "quod scribis te si uelim ad me uenturam ego uero . . . te istic esse uolo." 4.1: "ego uero te quam primum, *mea uita*, cupio uidere et in *tuo complexu emori* . . ."; 4.3: "quid nunc rogem te ut uenias . . . , non rogem, *sine te* igitur sim? . . . sin, ut ego metuo, transactum est, quoquo modo potes ad me fac uenias. unum hoc scito: si te habebō, non mihi uidebor plane perisse. *sed* . . ." etc, etc.; 4.5: "tu quod *me hortaris* . . . id uelim . . . quod reliquum est, sustenta te, mea Terentia, ut potes honestissime. *uiximus, florui*mus . . ." etc., etc. 4.6: "mea Terentia, fidissima atque optima uxor." 5–19 (50–48 B.C.E.): 12: "in uiam quod te des hoc tempore nihil est. et longum est iter et non tutum, *et non uideo quid prodesse possis, si ueneris*. uale"; 14: "duabus animis suis," etc.; 18.1: "considerandum a uobis etiam atque etiam, animae meae, diligenter puto quid faciatis, Romaene sitis an *mecum* an aliquo tuto loco; *id non solum*," etc.; 19: "quod me propius," etc.; 19–24 (47 B.C.E.): notelets toward a loser's divorce. See Gunderson 2007, an essay and a half.

35 Claudia as exilic Ovid inverted: Laguna Mariscal 1992.342.

and still I have questions? / Why does my hope slip in a slush of nebulous panic? / Trust. You got it the way you want it. Stop fretting over what's safe and sound. / Have rocksteady faith in rocksteady faith. / . . . No, I have no doubt whatever, it's happening, so is the rest, / your love does send out signals of gloom, of pain . . .," *Tristia* 4.3.11–14, 27–28. Poets can make wives famous as well as infamous: "carminibus uiues in tempus omne meis" ("You'll live for all Time. You're in my poems," *Tristia* 1.6.36). Passing years only build her fame higher: "quanta tibi dederim nostris monumenta libellis, / o mihi me coniunx carior, ipsa uides" ("The rollcall of monuments to you I've dedicated to you in my books, / my dearest darlin', dearer than Ovid to Ovid, are for your own eyes to see," *Tristia* 5.14.1). In *his* sphragis of a c.v. poem, à la Augustus, she is wife #3 and out, this *coniunx exulis*, together with *her* daughter Perilla; and *his* daughter has a brace of kids by a couple of husbands.³⁶ We last see her on a pedestal, hung high. And I quote (*ex Ponto* 3.1.40–45, 60–62, 70, 89–90, 93–94):

niti pro me *nocte dieque* decet. . . magna tibi imposita est
nostris persona libellis: / *coniugis exemplum diceris esse*
bonae. / *hinc caue degeneres* . . . pia non paucis testibus
uxor eris. / crede mihi, quotiens laudaris carmine nostro,
/ qui legit has laudes, an mereare rogat. / . . . ultima pars
animae dum mihi restat, ades. / . . . nec mihi suscense,
totiens si carmine nostro, / quod facis, ut facias, teque
imitare, rogo. / . . . nota tua est probitas testatque tempus
in omne; / sit uirtus etiam non probitate minor. /

Work on my behalf becomes you. Round the clock. *Night and day*. . . A heroic role has been saddled on you by bookloads of Ovid: / *you'll be known as the paradigm Wife of Wives*. / *Make sure you don't let the side down*

36 *Tristia* 1.2.37–40: "me dolet exule coniunx"; 1.3.63–88, 91–102: ". . . diuidor haud aliter, quam si mea membra relinquimus, / et pars abrumpi corpore uisa suo est," etc.; "uiuat et absentem . . . / uiuat ut auxilio subleuet usque suo"; 1.6: "carminibus uiues"; 3.3: "nulla uenit sine *te* nox mihi, nulla *dies*, . . . tempus agi sine me non nisi triste tibi"; 3.4B.57–62: "ante oculos errant domus urbsque . . . coniugis ante oculos . . . imago est"; 3.7: "Perilla"; 4.3: "ei mihi," etc., etc., 5.11: "quod te nescioquis per iurgia dixerit esse / exulis uxorem, littera questa tua est. / indolui . . ."; 5.14: "quanta tibi," etc., etc.; c.v.: 4.10.69–76; *ex Ponto* 1.4, 3.1: "niti," etc.

. . . You'll be the loyal wife with the whole world watching. Trust me, every time you're saluted in Ovid, / the reader of the salute asks the question: "Does she deserve it? For real?" / . . . While the last particle of soul clings to Ovid, speed to my side. / No. Don't be angry with me, if in so many Ovid couplets / I ask you to do what you are, to understudy yourself. / . . . Your goodness is famous, viewed by audiences to the end of time. / Don't let your heroism lag behind that goodness. /

Ovid! Read for conjugality, this model could keep Claudia undisturbed at Rome, seeing to her Perilla's future, for a start, and starring in a stream of trans-global poems saluting her steeping decades of devotion. This hubby told the world, too, that his She belonged ahead of Penelope, ahead of all Greek myth's heroines. And he should know, as Latin compiler of Graeco-Roman *Heroides*. His "Ms Tristia" trumps the lot of them.³⁷

Claudia has a double library of *senoras* to live up to. But (especially in that last Ovid mrsive, *ex Ponto* 3.1), the Roman heroine is told in no uncertain terms, a carping world of men is watching. Dogging her every move. And the reward for that—keeping the home going solo, single-parenting, year on year—was a place in town, at court (Princess Marcia's lady-in-waiting, *ex Ponto* 3.1.77–78). Whereupon Statius dashes off but a single summons, to slink off to a bungalow in hicksville, and there, presumably, to play Baucis and Philemon for keeps.

No, if a Claudia means to star in her real-life reel, she needs a proper rebel. Post-civil war, triumviral, Caesarian, Rome was the place to *be*, whether you go for the marital suicide pact or choose to follow the plucky couple on their adventures into a hostile world of exile, across the main, *together*.³⁸ Into Roman legend, it must be, in the wake of Lucan's Cornelia. *His* Polla that wasn't to be. Hear her role programmed in the curse of poor multipolygamous Julia revenante (*Bellum Ciuile* 3.25–28): "haereat illa

37 See *Tristia* 1.6 with Hinds 1985; cf. Henderson 1997 on this outlaw literature, esp. 146–47, on her namelessness; and 1986, on the impenetrable dialogism of spousal epistolarity ("Penelope's Ovid—she *is*?"). *hoc triste* (3.5.14) reads meta-literarily as an intertextual signal: Newlands forthcoming "Statius's *Thebaid*."

38 Parker 1998.163–69, "Tales of Loyal Wives," on Tacitus *Historiae* 1.3.1, Velleius 2.67.2, Appian *Bellum Ciuile* 4.36, etc. etc. They show their man's courage, resourcefulness, nobility, but threaten to wear the trousers, prove phallic: *ibid.* 168.

tuis *per bella, per aequora*, signis, / dum non securos liceat mihi rumpere somnos / et nullum uestro uacuum sit tempus amori, / sed teneat Caesarque dies et Iulia noctes” (“Let her stick to your colours *on land-campaigns and overseas* /—so long as I get to *neutralize security* and smash her sleep, / and no spot of time is left for you two to make love: / Caesar’s to get your days, Julia your nights”). A second spouse’s problem for Pompey, clutching at this first, dead and deadly, wife of his dreams; a problem for later, when one day soon they’d all meet up in an overcrowded Hell. In a war epic, now, wives needn’t miss the action: fresh-widowed Marcia could and did bid to hook up with widowed Cato for a new mourning together: “da mihi *castra sequi*. cur tuta in pace *relinquar*, / et sit ciuili propior Cornelia bello?” (“Permission for me to be a *camp-follower*. Why should *I be left behind* in the safety of peace? / Why should Cornelia come *closer* to the action in Lucan?” 2.348–49).

But Mrs Statius would know the snag for a would-be Cornelia: when the crunch came, our heroine was *not* pleased to be crated off for safekeeping on *tuta latebra* / *Lesbos* (5.743–44). Not the time, thinks Pompey, for “*securos somnos, / eque tuo . . . surrexisse sinu*” (“*sleep in security. / . . . fancy getting up from your hug*,” 5.750–52). (She faints.) Moans, “ready to *follow him* to Hell” (*te sequar* ad manes, 5.774). (Faints again.) She had joined him for exile, but now leaves for desolation (“*fida comes Magni uadit duce sola relicto*,” “Pompey’s loyal *mate* goes on her ownsome, *leaving her Generalissimo behind*,” 5.804). Sleepless nights, an empty bed (5.725–815). *Afterwards*, her loser came to collect his Roman heroine. (She faints.) Pompey spells it out loud and clear as any Ovid: “*habes aditum mansurae in saecula famae, / laudis . . . / unica materia est coniunx miser. erige mentem, / . . . et ipsum, / quod sum uictus, ama. nunc sum tibi gloria maior / . . . incipe Magnum / sola sequi*” (“You have an opening here for fame that will last aeons. / *Accolade?* . . . / The special fuel for *that* is a husband’s calamity. Lift your sights higher. / . . . and love the very fact of my defeat. I now bring you much more glory. / . . . Ready, steady, go: the *solo* race to *follow Pompey*,” 8.74–81). Moans, “I doom all my husbands.” Not a dry eye on the island (8.40–108). Mrs Magnus *was* allowed in at the death; but only to watch him cut down in a dinghy. Moans, “*quo sine me crudelis abis? iterumne relinquer / Thessalicis summota malis? numquam omine laeto / distrahimur miseri. . . . / an tantum in fluctus placeo comes?*” (“Where are you off *without me*, sadist? So I’m *left behind* all over again, / after being shunted away from the bane of Thessaly? It is never well-omened, / when we split up, poor sods. . . . / Hey, do you only like having me for *mate* when

heading out to sea?" 8.584–89). Last thoughts of son and wife stiffened that upper lip, before she took the blame for herself, brandished her guilt: "haud ego culpa / libera bellorum, quae matrum *sola per undas / et per castra comes* nullis absterrita fatis / uictum . . . recepi. / hoc merui, coniunx, in tuta puppe *relinqui*?" ("I'm not free of / war guilt. I *alone* of our matrons went as *mate over the waves, / along the forts*, no way scared off by Deathstiny, / and gave him succour . . . in defeat. / Did I earn this pay-off, husband, getting *left behind* in the safety of a stern?") (Faints.) (8.577–92, 632–62). Holding a funeral, minus the corpse, "One more husband I can't bury," she moans, but has him safe: "non *imis* haeret imago / *uisceribus*?" ("Surely his picture's imprinted on my inmost / guts!" 9.71–72). Committing their sons to pursue the war, she is free: "*iam nunc* te per inane chaos, per Tartara, coniunx, / *si sunt ulla*, sequar" ("*This instant*, husband, I shall follow you through Black Hole, through Hell, / *if they exist*," 9.101). She will die inventing schadenfreude: "complexa dolorem, / perfruitur lacrimis et amat pro coniuge luctum" ("Hugging pain, / she wrings pleasure from tears, loves grief instead of loving a spouse," 9.111–12). Her cue to exit epic will be: "accipit omnis / *exemplum pietas*" ("Respect acquires classic paradigm, with universal status," 9.179–80).

The wrong movie. All this, denied our Claudia.

Let's
Get it All Together
Let's

Statius's offer. Final reduction. Closure.

Come on, take up the come-on. *Produce* the liaison: let it read you (it will—already does). Come together, over me. Dare use the first person, 3.5 is no "document." And this is a private get-together.

Primal compliments are old hat. Primitive myth worried about sex, "infidelity" (3.5.3).³⁹ Today's Penelope wouldn't put up with irritating

39 Dixon 2001.42 and 173 n. 50 notes 3.5 in discussing the "sexual passion . . . expected between married couples." I don't *think* she means the plural here.

Not-so-primitive myth wrote spousal paradigms for 'togetherness' all over classical poetry (and this volume): epithalamium, elegy, etc. (Zeiner 2005, Hersch in this volume: esp. Jason and Medea; Lovatt in this volume: esp. Orpheus and Eurydice; Malamud in this volume: esp. Dido and Oedipus). Altogether texts of cultural theory—on culture as ensemble.

“suitors,” but shoo or bop them one. Use *tela* (Odysseus’s bow?), not *telas* (loom, 7–10). I can’t read your mood from your expression (1–2, 13), but you know what’s afoot before you’re told (*auguror*, 13: “I read the signs”). Namely, nothing exciting in prospect, no one-way trip to Hell through High Water, or *you’d* have booked the trip (3.5.18–22):

*quas autem comitem te rapto per undas?
quamquam et si gelidas irem mansurus ad Arctos
...
hortarere uias.*

Am I snatching you *over the waves* as my *mate*?
Which *waves*, then?
And yet, even if I were off *to the chill North Pole* to stay
...
You’d be urging on the trip.

Two tickets or one? No matter. Highlights of *our* life together have soared to a gold in the poetry stakes (28–31): “*tu me . . . uisceribus complexa tuis sertisque dedisti / oscula anhele meis*” (“*You* hugged *me* to the core of you, *guts* and all. And on *my* crown / planted breathless kisses”), plunged to a flop in same (31–33): “*tu cum Capitolia nostrae / infitiata lyrae . . . dolebas / mecum uicta*” (“When *you* were hurting . . . at the ‘no’ from the Capitol awarded my guitar, / along *with me*, in defeat”). Our adventures all happened at home, rocking the cradle in an epic for two, first to last (33–36):

*tu procurrentia primis
carmina nostra sonis totasque in murmure noctes
aure rapis uigili; longi tu sola laboris
conscia, cumque tuis creuit mea Thebais annis.*

You and those high-velocity first
riffs toward *our* songs, all-nighters of strumming.
Ears cocked, you snatch the lot. *You alone* are in on the
long-haul
slog: *my Thebaid*, she filled out *along with your* years.

Our baby, the only child that is *nostra* (5.5.69–73),⁴⁰ just leaving anxious Pap . . . inius when he was gathering up the eighteen *Silvae* that had poured from his heart/pocket for release, ensemble, to a thuggish world (*praef.* 1.7, 4: *reliquerit; de sinu meo*).⁴¹

Are you awake right now because your old man is up writing {writing 3.5?}? You do what you do “all day, but nights we’re in it together” (*die, sociis . . . noctibus*, 3.5.1–2). You wouldn’t let me sleep the big sleep when I *nearly* did go somewhere, an epic katabasis on my own (37: “*Stygias prope raptus ad umbras*,” “All but snatched to the murk of Hell”). Scared hell out of heaven, you did (41–42) . . .⁴²

So far, I’ve ruled out lots of poems I could be writing, suit most leading ladies: *no*, you got no lover (3.5.3). *No*, say it and be damned, you’re armour-plated (4). *No*, you don’t rate, or bother with, subtlety (9). *No* entertainment junkie, you (15). Fun downtown? *Never* (17) . . .

So far, I’ve put questions, swapped anxieties, double-negated in denial, underlined the necessity to *face up to listening* for the *sous entendu*. Toyed with where I *haven’t* been, where I *might* be going—and why (3.5.1–13, esp. 6: “*patrio de litore raptus*,” “snatched *from* my fatherland shore” ~ 13: “*patria senium componere terra*,” “settling my *dotage* in the land of my fathers”). You sigh; you frown; no hobbies, hate going out, stoneyface shows. Dull, stop-in, holier than thou? No sense of adventure? Given half a chance, you’d pack *me* off anywhere at the drop of a hat; somewhere dangerous; persuasion, the pressing kind (Arctic, Blackness, Impenetrability, 14–22). Your sort of Circus; your idea of theatre. That’s our marriage. I got lucky (so you always say) to land you before I could go off the rails (obviously, I would have), a colt saddled by his rider (end of story). Did I *say* domineering? It took three bites—interrupted, like this, by *pleasing*

40 This twelve-year-old daughter must be nubile (like Lavinia in *Aeneid* 12.64–69?). See Newlands forthcoming “Statius’s *Thebaid*.” Statius makes his Achilles (tell us he was told to) start hunting at twelve: *Achilleid* 2.110.

41 Virgil had made sure his first-born could bite (*Culex*), and Homer had massed amphibious armies of mice and frog marines (*Batrachomyomachia*). So *praefatio* 1, remarking that Statius’s *liberilibelli* will have the safety in numbers of . . . lambs (*con-gregatos*). They must be *uernae*, fathered by the master on his chattels?

42 With her are lodged *mea uita, mea salus*. She figures his health and well-being: when it matters, he pins her to it (Gunderson 2007, *passim*). Is hightailing it out of Rome a matter of life-and-death (1) for those who get close, so too close, to Domitian? (2) For any writing self, tied to the lifeline of home, reporting back to base from the first milepost all the way to the end of the lines (Bithynia, Epirus, Tomi, Luna, Nile delta, . . . or Naples, down Domitian’s Way)?

sops of sweet-talk—to get there, and I'm not bridling (exactly), but our “con-jugality” (*iunctam*, 23) does hand “you the reins,” and me the harness (“tua . . . , tua . . . , tua frena,” 22–26). How modern we must sound.⁴³ But (where's *your* Priscillian cool?) the plaudits turn you on (embarrassing slobber in public), the panning gets your goat (dangerous slurs, “the Almighty is *bent*”).⁴⁴ The solitary writer? Not with you around. It's my *career* that you live for.⁴⁵ Bullied alive, that's me, thanks (28–42).

Where were we? Going nowhere special. A real, unromantic trip (one-way and for two) (3.5.42–43):

propinquum
nunc iter optandosque *sinus comes* ire moraris?

A local
journey, off to wish-list *bays*, *as mate*, and it gives you
pause?!

“A match for any old Graeco-Roman heroine,” in or out of Ovid's clutch, throw in Lucan's moaning minnie, you don't think Penelope *wanted* to stay home, rather than go *ad Iliacas* . . . *domos* (“to the palace of Troy”), like most abandoned creatures of myth, beefing at being left out, left behind, and, well, “left” (*relinqui*) (44–49)? Were they *asked*? Were they ever.⁴⁶

43 “Statius himself was happy in not having been married before he married Claudia. . . . In the most remarkable passage he rejoices that she has broken him in like a horse (a reversal of the usual procedure)”: droll Treggiari 1991.235, 257–58.

44 Claudia quotes *their* poem's figure of Pietas, pissed off at the system that has permitted the brothers' unholy duel: “*ceu soror . . . aut anxia mater, / deflebat, saeuumque Iouem* Parcasque nocentes / *uociferans* . . .” (*Thebaid* 11.457–63). So, grudgingly, Hardie 2003.145–46: “There is perhaps some humour in the intensity of his wife's empathy and schetliastic reaction . . .” before spoiling the effect, “. . . but since Domitian was not the subject of panegyric at the *Capitolia*, there need be no jibe at his supposed ‘ingratitude.’”

This piss-off is the closest Statius lets himself come to life-threatening imperial ire, *relegatio*, worse. Garthwaite 1989 argues ominous defeat made Statius eject from the Roman cockpit.

45 Dixon 1991.106 sees Claudia as much the same sentimentalized pillar “as in modern academic/literary dedications.” Community of purpose, affection, interdependence . . . This is what the words say, but what do they mean? And what does *that* mean? 3.5 is not a lesson, no plaque, and prefaces are exactly what *Silvae* teach us to read, and to read *through*.

46 Cf. Ovid *Heroides* 1.162, Penelope's oath: “*me tibi uenturam comitem, quocumque uocaris, / sive—quod heu! timeo—siue superstes eris.*” Richard Thomas, cit. Laguna Mariscal 1992.367, picked up on Catullus's Protesilaus here, 68.86: “*si miles muros isset ad Iliacos*”:

Enough of fiction. Let's get real. We both know how it is between us. We worked it out together. Still do. Like now. Our deal is that you're "mine, now" (*iam mea*, 3.5.54), but I don't get in the way of what you have from before me. Two good reasons to turn me down. For a start, Polla (*that* Andromache among us keeps a bust of Lucan there in her new bedroom lest she forget)⁴⁷ is not the only one to keep the memory of a first poet husband (50–54).⁴⁸ Poet of epicedion, I'm not about to object. Attachment to the past is where we see eye-to-eye. Always. Well adjusted. And *your* talented and budding Perilla is your highest priority, as Ovid would enthuse—and Cicero would agree, for Terentia and their Tulliola. *She's* your bottom line (55–57):⁴⁹

sic et mater *amas*, sic *numquam* corde recedit
nata tuo, *fixamque animi penetralibus imis*
nocte dieque tenes.

So *goes your mother-love*. So she *never* fades away
from your heart,
that daughter. *Nailed. In the inmost sanctum of your soul*,
you really got a hold on her. *Night and day*.

Your business, dear Clausula, none of mine.⁵⁰ There's my best (uninspired) guess why you're sighing not sleeping *tonight*. Again. Symptoms of *love*, all right. Three in my one bed, visceral woman and the fruit of her womb.⁵¹

this poet married *his* Clodia. Canonical Greek poems ran in the family, 5.3.148–58, but Statius's round-up of heroines is an extremely mixed bunch of *prima donnas* and exotic rarities, see esp. Laguna Mariscal 1992.366–68, 1994. For nuanced Silvan myth: Szelest 1972, Verstraete 1983. Don't forget, Claudette: you are put together with so many songs, so many shambolic signs (see Zeiner-Carmichael in this volume for women as symbolic capital in *Silvae*).

47 2.7.128–31; Nauta 2002.225.

48 Domitian, too, was another "second husband" (Suetonius *Life of Domitian* 3.1). For Roman remarriage, see Humbert 1972, esp. 1–180.

49 Feel the suasive effort piled into the writing here (51, 52, 55, 57, 58): "sic . . . sic . . . sic . . . non sic . . . non sic"; Burck 1986.221. The switch into negatives insinuates a muffled warning to inspect the mythical analogues dubiously invoked. "No Alcyone, no Philomela, you." So, ~~no, don't even~~ think about it.

50 Female agent in her own right? No men-ace here, then. At what point does this start being banter, and where does it stop? Now questions from back then.

51 "Viscerality" pins Das Weib to her body, pledged to embrace child or man; child-bed, marriage-bed. This makes Statius an honorary mum: 5.5.9, cf. 5.1.47.

"Her shelf life is so short." I shan't argue. You're letting me go, gently. And I won't be far. Plan B (an outside chance, but worth a mention) can be: "If at Rome you don't succeed, come fish a groom in my sexy backwater, at *Maidenhead*" (*nostra . . . tellure*, 3.5.71; *nostra . . . Parthenope*, 78–79). You know what I say, and know I know you know what I think, too. Guidebook hype or tabloid hysteria: which is more overdone? Yes, we do live below a pyroclastic volcano. Yes, the lava's still cooling. People *are* beginning to drift back. Yes, these port towns were put here by Greeks, and the sailors of the world make themselves at home there. Capua harbours daft pretensions to rival Rome (Rome!) any day.⁵² Always has. And New-Town isn't called "Deb-Face," *Parthenope*, for nothing. Lots of men of substance there, only a fraction of them locals: it's always attracted (ahem) lovely gals, (yes, I know) broads from abroad. My Apollo showed Venus's homing dove the way here. Smouldering Nipples. All the way.

"Me? This spot, this passage, this topos? You?" (*has ego te sedes*, 3.5.81). Apart from your widow's anniversaries, and the kid's immediate prospects aside (best of luck), I repeat, the invite is, like myself, homely. Underwhelming but civilized. Two of us going nowhere, on our way back home. It was back home *made me this way*. The real me, feel the "expert metaphors" shift and shuttle between my love for you, my love for there (*transferre laboro*, 82).⁵³ I'll paint my paradise, *pax secure . . . quies somnique . . .* (85–86: "Rest in peace and quiet. Zzzz"). Twenty-three lines of guff is plenty (you're thinking) to get me past the clues and onto the inevitable revelation (you guessed already): the "thousand polymorphous pleasures of this tourist mecca" spell Sorrento, spells Pollius (*mille . . . nostrae . . . telluris amores*, 105).⁵⁴ *He* did find a fine son-in-law here (two, was it three? grandchildren so far . . .). And, yes, say no more. This is where I'm at, why I'm going, who I always was. Yours truly (106–07):

sed *satis*, hoc, coniunx, *satis* est dixisse: creauit
me tibi, me socium longos adstrinxit in annos.

52 Statius seizes the opportunity to write down Rome handed him by the schetliastic dimension of his *suasoria*—and rubs it in, through praising his (thankfully tame) backyard: esp. the negation-innuendo of 3.5.85–88: Newlands forthcoming.

53 A note to the reader, here: this book did *not* write itself; rather, *labor est celare laborem*. See Newlands forthcoming "Statius's *Thebaid*."

54 Myriad puns on Pollius: Laguna Mariscal 1992.389 on 103, *Pollius auget*.

But, that's *plenty*, wife of mine, *plenty* said on this
 theme. Made in Naples.
 Me, for you. Me, your partner, spliced for long years
 into the future.

I've done my best, now. No pressure, no oversell. Understanding and good-humoured. But—

Ok. "But." We are married. I am yours. We are partners. Till death us do part. Together/forever. I'm doing the talking. 'Nuff said, 'nuff said. And that's final. {"Statius is clearly *scriptible*."⁵⁵ Counter-transfereential reading presumes the writer anticipates being outflanked, second-guessed, seen through. It's built into jockeying between intimates. Marital out-man-oeuvring.} Is this me caring enough to let it show or reverting to type when the crunch comes? Me Tarzan, you Jane? Between you, me, and the bedspread, imagine (no thanks) sharing life under the covers *without* sharing our secrets (Persius 3.41–43):

... "imus,
 imus praecipites" quam si sibi dicat et intus
 palleat infelix *quod proxima nesciat uxor*.

... Like: "We're gone,
 gone, over the edge!" Someone telling himself this,
 inside
 blenching, poor devil, and why?—*at something the
 wife by his side don't know*.

Not for us.

But I regress. Car wheels on a gravel road. Any more, and I undo the *persuasive* force of my effort to *please*. We are a "both," will you dare dispute that, if I raise the stakes? (*amborum* . . . *digna*, 3.5.108–09) But—. ("But," again.) But me no but's, you've heard this one before (109–10):

55 Vessey 1986.2802, after Barthes: "The *lisible* are merely 'read'; the *scriptible* demand that the reader participate in the act of writing." I look to specify the multiple frames provided by suite, prefacing, and textural intimacy for this inscriptionality. Join together with the band.

*sed ingratus qui plura adnecto tuisque
moribus indubito.*

*But no points for me, for tacking on more stuff,
your
character under scrutiny, so implanting doubt.*

Ovid's dubious trick on "Tristia," remember, was to deny the doubts he expressed as he expressed them: the more he wrote, he wrote, the more he undermined his faith in her faithfulness (*Tristia* 4.3.11–14). And this was all part of his classic entrapment (ibid. 72–73):

*exemplumque mihi coniugis esto bonae,
materiamque tuis tristem uirtutibus imple.*

*You can be my paradigm Wife of Wives.
Fill up the Tristia fuel with your heroism.*

The encomiastic control mechanism sustained over the length of Ovid's last long-distance tryst (*ex Ponto* 3.1.43): "magna tibi imposita est nostris persona libellis, et c.," "A heroic role has been saddled on you by book-loads of Ovid, etc."

"Insieme . . . dai riproviamoci insieme come una volta, insieme che cosa mai ti trattiene?" Think of Terentia when I *mean* "Claudia," and say (3.5.110–12):

*uenies, carissima coniunx,
praeueniesque etiam; sine me tibi ductor aquarum
Thybris et armiferi sordebunt tecta Quirini.*

*You'll be there, dearest wife of mine,
you will be there before before. Without me, for you the
aqueductal
emperor, Tiber, will pall, that sentrybox the Quirinal
palace-complex dull.*

No distance between us. Pow-wow. Why else couldn't you sleep? That Good Mrs Statius got there before I did. She *will* get there, too.⁵⁶ Or she is no wife of mine. No wife at all. A prediction, a compliment. A future indicative, a command. Either way, do kiss Roma goodbye. Stand by your stand-by. This is *my* bottom line. "Thou shalt—" Low on urbanity, but high on drawing a conclusion. Quayside, the dock of the bay.⁵⁷

You, Claudia. You will know as well as any culture vulture on the bay that I end by asking you to give up the Statius you prized and protested, sat up with the best years of your second marriage. The me tapped into themes of imperial might and epic power (Virgil *Aeneid* 8.72–78):⁵⁸

o Thybri . . . genitor,
 . . .
 semper honore meo, semper celebrabere donis
 . . . regnator aquarum.
 adsis o tantum et propius tua numina firmes.

O Tiber . . . O Patriarch,
 . . .
 Eternal fame will be yours, eternal, through my
 worship, my offerings
 . . . O aqueductal monarch,
 but grace us with your presence, stiffen your power.
 Nearer, god, to me.

Let's Get Together Again
 All We Need is Here Today

The moment passes. The poem trades on, treading the tangent between the non-negotiable and the unnegotiable. (How badly) Does he

56 Could(n't) this be an open and shut case, of *Claudia* bolting the gate before the horse gets to bolt (*praeuenies*, 111)?

57 Cf. *Thebaid* 12.809: "et mea iam longo meruit ratis aequore portum," finalizing the narrative. It won't last. And, whereas Argos-Thebes marched overland, an *Achilleid* must launch all the ships epic can muster . . .

58 The dulling of the Domitianic Quirinal cancels Flavian pretensions to re-found a Rome that could outbid an all-conquering past: Newlands forthcoming. "So much for Statius, and Rome" is an allowable thought when tagged a lure foisted on a spouse by a patient husband.

want her to go? Is she meant to see the get-out clauses through the politesse? *Are they just married, or living together?* They know what they're doing, those two. Or they don't. It's the only chance the marriage gets or needs.⁵⁹ Light reflecting on Mrs C.

Together
 Together we've built a wall
 Together

King's College, Cambridge

59 So, who's abandoning whom? Any love poet is stuck if this question can be *answered*. In *Silvae*, this is just the start of the poet's insertion into the post-nuclear family nexus of the Flavian sociality he has been cultivating and incorporating into culture. His last project, the lyrics of domesticity.