

(441) . . . τόλμα δ' ἐρῶσα (476), says the nurse to Phaedra in the extant play, as her resistance gradually crumbles (392, 504, 727, 764), since Κύπρις οὐ φορητὸς ἦν πολλῇ ῥύῃ (443). In the earlier play, said to have scandalized society, Phaedra was herself more brazen and direct, and claimed the god of love to be her teacher (frag. 430): ἔχω δὲ τόλμης καὶ θράσους διδάσκαλον / ἐν τοῖς ἀμηχάνοιςιν εὐπορώτατον, / Ἔρωτα, πάντων δυσμαχώτατον θεόν. But there is one other passage above all that supports Euripides' assertion in *Ranae* 957 that he taught men, among other things, to love. Perhaps Aristophanes recalled lines of frag. 897, where the speaker proclaims to young men that they should make good use of every sexual opportunity that presents itself: τὸ δ' ἐρᾶν προλέγω τοῖσι νέοισιν / μὴ ποτε φεύγειν, / χρῆσθαι δ' ὀρθῶς, ὅταν ἔλθῃ. If the youngsters in the audience at this unidentifiable play took these lines to heart, they might well have pre-echoed Ovid's famous conclusion *Euripides magister erat!*

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VERTUMNUS IN LOVE

Masquerading as his daughter, goddess of chastity, Jupiter effects the rape of Callisto (Ov. *Met.* 2.424–38); disguised as his victim's mother, Sol initiates the rape of Leucothoë (4.218–320); impersonating an old woman, Apollo ravishes Chione (11.310); and, also in the guise of an old lady, Vertumnus attempts the seduction of Pomona (14.654–766). In an influential reading of these rape scenes that conflates them ("Ovid was to repeat the idea of transvestite rape several times in the *Metamorphoses*"), Richlin sums up the final effect of this "idea" thusly: "gender revelation equals penetration."¹ Whatever this conflation may accomplish for feminist theory, what it does to the passages in question is to rob them of their defining specificities, their special ugliness, or, in the case of the Vertumnus tale, its special charm. In the Callisto scene, Jupiter rapes his victim still disguised as Diana, so there is a lesbian fillip to his lust that adds unusual mordancy to the outrage she struggles so hard against. In the Leucothoë scene, as soon as he has administered some maternal (and lesbian and incestuous) kisses to his victim (4.222), once her maids have filed out of the chamber (223–25) and he has spoken to her (in his own voice? *ille ego sum*), Sol returns to his true form (*in veram rediit speciem solitumque nitorem*, 231), and the girl, though terrified *inopino visu*, is overwhelmed by the god's splendor and endures being raped "without complaint" (or so this narrator says: *victa nitore dei posita vim passa querella est*, 233). Apollo doesn't bother to resume his godly shape when he rapes Chione in a single line (*Phoebus anum simulat praereptaque gaudia sumit*, 11.310), and in her arms, apparently, he is, temporarily, just an old lady with a phallus doing her/his thing.

The Pomona scene echoes and mirrors the previous scenes in certain ways, but the differences are as important as the similarities. Like Jupiter, Sol, and Apollo, Vertumnus does employ the transvestite strategy. Like Sol, he does get out of drag before preparing "to exert force" (to use a suitably offensive euphemism). Like Leucothoë, Pomona, though she is not terrified by the transformation, is impressed by the physical appearance of her "admirer" (another archaic euphemism): *sed non vi*

1. Richlin 1992, 161.

est opus, inque figura / capta dei nympha est et mutua vulnera sensit (14.769–70). But it is not certain that Vertumnus follows his fellow transvestites in transforming himself into an old woman; instead, gifted shape-shifter though he is, it is possible that he gets dressed up as an old woman, but takes off his final disguise as soon as it is clear it isn't working (*et anilia demit / instrumenta sibi*, 766–67).² And unlike his fellow transvestites, Vertumnus does not rape Pomona. Thus, though he and his tale share markers with those dark stories where a mocking sapphism renders the ugliness of the rapes in question yet more ugly, this baffled hero's clumsy style of wooing (together with Pomona's response to it), not the rape he would have committed had he been unsuccessful, is one of the things the story is about. Jupiter and Sol and Apollo are in lust, Vertumnus is in love.

Some rapists and many seducers do, of course, claim "being in love" as an alibi for what they do to perform their fantasies of domination or to procure sexual pleasure (the spectrum of "motives" is wide here, and the gradations are obscure).³ What reason can there be for believing in the innocence of Vertumnus? Disguised as the old woman he (obliquely) professes his love (676–77), but we can hardly take that statement, by itself, as proof of his sincerity. What does the narrator himself say about his hero's purposes, his feelings? The narrator sums up his expository description of Pomona (who she is, what she does, where she lives, 623–36) with a lyric yet lucid statement (which turns out to be deceptive) of her erotic interests: she has none. She loves her plants and male sexuality frightens her (634–35): *hic amor, hoc studium; Veneris quoque nulla cupido est. / vim tamen agrestum metuens pomaria claudit / intus et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles. Vim agrestum*: she fears rural rape, she takes careful steps to protect herself from it by constructing a magic garden that shuts males, all males, out.⁴

The narrator, having thus prepared us to hear his tale, now introduces his hero, who appears at the end of a list of males who want to get into the garden, who want to get to the gardener. We don't know if the Satyrs and Pans and Silenus and Priapus also swore to Pomona their undying love; but we do know that despite all their efforts (*quid non fecere*, 637–38) they did not get past the garden's magic entrance. Vertumnus rounds off this list (it is a priamel) in a peculiar way. He distinguishes himself from his rivals (*sed enim superabat amando / hos quoque Vertumnus*, 642–43): "Vertumnus was the one who loved her most." The translation is, I think, a/the correct one. It is what the narrator "really" means. But it erases an ambiguity that haunts both the story and the rape/love theme of the "epic" as a whole.⁵ Does Vertumnus excel his rivals in loving her more than they do, or does he surpass them in lusting for her more fiercely (the participle in Latin and in this poem could easily

2. Boemer, 766 ad loc, treats in *iuvēnem rediit* as brachylogy for *in formam iuvenis rediit*, but offers no explanation for *et anilia demit / instrumenta sibi* except "ist ohne Parallel." The *anilia instrumenta* are indeterminate; they may indicate a transformation, but they may also suggest that, whatever he may be doing to effect his other impersonations, Vertumnus naively contents himself here with an anile costume (one that she is easily able to see through).

3. See Vangaard 1969, 15–16, 101–12 for a subtle, nuanced sketch of "phallic aggression." For a precise formulation of the difference between thinking based on bi-polarities versus thinking based on the model offered by the spectrum and its gradations, see Nietzsche, "The Wanderer and his Shadow," no. 67, in *Human, All Too Human*.

4. For *pomaria/pomeria*, see Ahl 1985, 316: "the nymph placed herself and her fruits off limits."

5. The translation is A. Mandelbaum's. For cogent descriptions of the thematic links ("counter-coherence") that are hidden but not overwhelmed by the poem's ironic patterns of disorder, see Cahoon 1996, 53, 61, 63.

have that connotation), or does he surpass them because he loves her and they want only, slam-bang, to “have” her? It’s not that he loves her most, it’s that he alone loves her. He alone knows what the word means, he alone (of all those on this list that he both completes and divorces himself from) knows that it’s not a synonym for another four letter word. The lustful immortals are not his comrades in lechery, they are his foils: in this context, in this romance, they are what he is not, he is what they are not.

Then why is he (initially) as luckless as they at “winning” her (*neque erat felicior illis*, 642)? Because his “winning” (where they do not) is what the story is about, because his aims are not theirs. *Quid non fecere ut poterentur ea*: they did everything they could think of to get into her garden and “get” her; he too did everything he could think of—not to get her but to win her love. (As for getting into her garden, well, he did that; a question we’ll be wanting soon to ask is, why was he able to do that when the others failed?) Implicit in the listing of Pomona’s suitors is the likelihood that once having gained entrance to the magic garden any one of them, any and all of them, would have offered her the violence (*vim agrestum*) she feared. Any and all of them, that is, except Vertumnus. When he gains entrance (not once but on numerous occasions) he does not try to rape her. The purpose for his putting on his Propertian disguises is to see the object of his passion, to enjoy her beauty (*ut caperet spectatae gaudia formae*, 653). If the disguises were only a means of gaining entrance to her garden, why didn’t he rape her at once, as soon as he’d got in? Or did he dress up as people he thought might please her, men whom she might be smitten with because she liked what they did for a living (not until the agricultural impersonations have had no effect is he driven, in vain, to the soldier and the fisherman costumes). Why did she let this series of males into the garden? How did she know they were harmless? How did she know they were not like the creatures on that list of the priapically dangerous? If she knew so much, what else did she know and when did she know it?

He does not, then, rape her when he has the opportunity that his “competitors” have vainly tried to find. Perhaps he was shy, had a sudden failure of nerve that caused him (again and again) not to take immediate advantage of his luck? Or perhaps, as his next “move” may suggest, he is not trying to “get” her, not trying to seduce her even. He is trying to win her by wooing her. That is to say, he is trying to persuade her, not merely that he loves her, but that he is worthy of her, worthy of her love. Having donned, in his desperation, the old lady costume (and having given, that is, stolen, those ungrandmotherly and perhaps indefensible kisses, *paucaeque laudatae dedit oscula, qualia numquam / vera dedisset anus*, 658–59) he puts in an extended good word for himself. He tries for (and does not wholly fail of) rhetorical effect, yet the speech, like the previous and current disguises, is a patchwork of guileless shifts and naïve sincerity. He is not, like the models for seduction speeches in this poem (Apollo 1.504–24 and Jupiter 1.589–97), speechifying to secure “consent.” And these role models he rejects in another way. They “fall in love” with any female they see, any female who takes their fancy (Apollo 1.490, Jupiter 1.588, Pan 1.699; see also, in a nice irony, Iphis 14.700). But not Vertumnus (14.681–83): *nec, uti pars magna procorum, / quam modo vidit, amat; tu primus et ultimus illi / ardor eris, solique suos tibi devovet annos*. That, of course, could just be a line (another ploy in the repertoire of rapists and seducers), but his actions up to now are certainly not those of a rapist and his bungled stratagems and his fumbling argumentation don’t suggest the sly, slick seducer either. So far, of all those who desire her (*mille viri cupiunt*

et semideique deique / et quaecumque tenent Albanos numina montes, 673–74), only Vertumnus has got to first base, has got her ear, has got (and holds?) her attention. That is why, at this point in the story (in the illusion of its reality) I am tempted to believe him when he says (speaking as the *anus*, 276–77): *quae te plus omnibus illis, plus, quam credis, amo* (“I who love you more than all the others, who love you more than you can believe”). *Amo* on this godling’s lips has the right sound (as it would not on Apollo’s lips or Jupiter’s, but would on Aesacus’ or Glaucus’); this is a one-woman husband who intends to *devote* his existence to her and her alone. I believe him (and I think he believes himself).⁶ And, given the tale’s narrative structure, I wonder if Pomona does not believe him as well.

In terms of its strategy of narrational perspective (or of focalization), the story seems to show a fairly simple form: omniscient or zero narrator combined with direct discourse from one of the two characters (Vertumnus as *anus* to Pomona), including an interpolated tale.⁷ Framed by this simplicity, the ironies of the speech are also simple, and any seducer (or date-rapist) might be able to command them: we however hear wryer meanings that Pomona will not understand until Vertumnus throws off his disguise. But suppose the story is not as transparent in its representation (external third-person narration + direct speech + interpolated tale) as it looks on its surface? Suppose that under that surface we also discover in operation an internal third-person narration unfolded from Pomona’s perspective, that is, suppose we see Vertumnus through her eyes and hear his speech through her ears?

We do not get inside his mind and heart; except for a couple of “omniscient” intrusions (*superabat amando*, 641; *ut caperet gaudia*, 653; *ubi nequiquam edidit*, 765–66), we know (infer) what he thinks and feels only from what he does and says (and, I admit, those thoughts and feelings, some of them, are indeterminate: if, for instance, *amando* can mean lusting, rather than loving, he might be thought to belong among the *Metamorphoses*’ rapists). He, then, is (mostly) represented “objectively” by the narrator, from the outside (as in a theatrical piece), but Pomona is represented only at the beginning and at the end; she is, in a sense, the story’s introduction and its closure. After the expository description of her nature and location that also serves as the story’s prologue she is not represented at all, until the story’s last two verses, when we see him directly through her eyes and know her (that is, the viewer contained in the view) both from what she sees and from what she feels about what she sees; the story’s swift and plausible closure is achieved by the narrator’s sudden focusing on the effect that her perceiving him (as he is, beautiful and loving) has on her, by representing not so much his reality but her perception of it (*inque figura / capta dei nympha est et mutua vulnera sensit*, 770–71). Dazzled by her wooer’s beauty (once she finally gets to see him as he is), she (suddenly) reciprocates his passion, thus both ending his plans to rape her and making him her husband. (Or, from a patriarchal perspective, becomes his bride: but reciprocity is what the closure stresses, and that insistence on *mutua vulnera* cancels out, to my mind, Vertumnus as rapist—I realize that not a few feminists will not accept this version—

6. Solodow 1988, 190, suggests that Ovid feels a certain identification with Vertumnus, like himself, a “witty and attractive” “self-transformer” and “storyteller.” His charm seems apparent to me, but perhaps my feelings are merely a fusion of same-sex fantasmatics and male wishful thinking.

7. For the classical (revised) description of the term “zero narrator,” see Genette 1988, 73–75. Fleiselman 1990, 216–21 offers a useful discussion of Genette’s inventions.

even as it confirms the reality of her freedom, for her autonomy, her power of choice has never been in doubt.⁸)

There is no question that, until the very end of the tale, we see Vertumnus from the zero narrator's (external, "objective," unrestricted) perspective, that we see him, *scaenice*, almost as if he were on stage. But that means that we also perceive or intuit the presence of Pomona in the refractions of his presence. She is also "in the scene," "on that stage." If this were a movie, say, he might well be the essential subject of the scene: we would watch him turning up in his various disguises, we would see him enter the pomerium/pomarium, adjusting his old lady's wig and bonnet, trying out his cane, we would watch and hear him trying to persuade Pomona.⁹ But in the movie, there would now and again be a close-up of her face as she watched and listened to what we were watching and listening to. Her presence would be the glue for "the illusion of reality," we would have an unspoken sense that we were seeing him and what he did and said through her eyes (which were all but indistinct from the camera's eyes, that is to say, from ours). I'm not sure how the actress and the director would fuse their interpretations to show how she was responding to her wooer's (maybe seducer's, maybe rapist's) bumbling antics (and final success). There could be a variety of responses. She could be curious (and ignorant), she could be impassive (yet suspicious), she could be poker-faced (and wholly on to him from the first, or later, as he ran out of disguises, as it gradually dawned on her who it must be, when she experienced kisses very unlike those that Grannie used to give, when she listened to his transparent, hilarious effort to deceive and persuade her, and it suddenly hit her: who else but Bozo?). The point is, she could not disappear from a film or a stage production as she seems to drop out of the story: she would be there, *scaenice*, responding to what she saw and heard, and that would be a big part of the story.

In my view, she is also a big, if hidden, part of the story on the printed page (or in an oral performance of the tale, when we the audience are, after the introduction and before the closure, elided with Pomona and her eyes and ears). She sees and hears Vertumnus do and say what the zero narrator has invented for him to do and say. We don't know what she thinks or feels about what she sees and hears, until he throws off his final disguise and appears to her, gorgeous and probably naked and possibly erect, and we learn, at the story's split-second ending, what she has decided to do (but we don't know for sure—despite the narrator's statement that it was his looks, not the threat of rape, that caused her to renounce virginity—we don't know for sure whether she had a sudden change of heart in this instant of epiphany or if her decision was a while in the making, after she had guessed who he was, or, knowing who he was, while she was won over by listening to her lover trying to be a seducer). We don't know what she thinks and feels about what she sees and hears, and that indeterminacy seems to me an important aspect of the story's charm and of its complex aesthetic and narratological mechanism. She may be only a stupid (and ignorant) country girl who has no interest in anything but tending the various plants in her

8. Boemer, ad loc., treats *mutua vulnera* as perfunctory, euphemistic synecdoche: "Mehr konnte er [Ovid], um einigermaßen glaubhaft zu sein, der braven Pomona kaum zumuten," but that reading hardly catches the stunning shift of perspective and its compressed eroticism.

9. For a discussion of the functions of the narratee, see Prince 1996, 238–41, but for these complexities (the effaced narratee and her feelings and judgments) the language of cinema and the processes of filming and editing how a narratee responds to a narrator (mutely) are perhaps what should guide our thinking. See Sharff 1982, 59–84.

magic garden even while she lives in fear that she might someday experience a male embrace. He may be nothing but a stupid and ignorant country boy (strangely, he is not ignorant of Augustan erotic poetry or its Alexandrian forebears) who flounders from idiocy to idiocy but finally gets the girl who took his fancy, but only by virtue of amazing serendipity. If that is the story (where the threat of rape has real importance as closural *Obodil ex machina*, as Beckett might put it), it has its delights.

But to my mind those pleasures don't compare with the ones proffered by the much multiplied ironies of the deceiver deceived, by the dialectical perspective that comes into play when the heroine's perspective shimmers in and out of the zero narrator's perspective, by a Pomona who at some point guesses who Vertumnus is and finally decides (or has long since decided) to accept this male embrace that she cannot escape, not because he will rape her but because, as an Italian fertility goddess she needs that embrace, because, depending as she does on the quality of the seasons and the seasons' change, this Italian god's name and nature, this particular male embrace, are precisely the ones she was fated for.¹⁰ He is her destiny and she is his. He knows this (without really knowing it, he really is rather dim) and acts, instinctively, on what he knows; she knows it utterly, and she toys with him and lets him bumble and natter on. She can afford to, she has eternity, and he is hers.

Perhaps the patriarchal version is the correct one, with its absent Pomona and its rape and the sick, slick decadence of its embedded tale.¹¹ But that version, which I think is less iridescent, less narratologically supple and intricate than the one I offer, does not explain how Vertumnus differs from the lustful gods in whose company we first meet him (and he clearly does differ from them because he succeeds where the others failed); or why Pomona was silly enough to take the risk of letting that parade of strange male rustics into her inviolable place; or why, when the sweet matchmaker came calling, harmless old female as she seemed, having listened as a swarm of clues formed an unmistakable pattern, Pomona would remain incapable of guessing the identity of her interlocutor. But if Vertumnus is worthy of the love he pleads for, if Pomona knows (when and how I cannot hazard to say) what he is trying to do, these questions seem less pressing.

And if this story represents not another macho-stud sentimentalization of what happens on a date-rape (the pattern begun by Apollo's "pursuit" of Daphne and thereafter subjected to intricate variations throughout much of the poem), if it represents rather perhaps the only romantic comedy in the entire poem, what might account for

10. Pomona's husband should perhaps be Puemnus (= Pomonus), an Umbrian (see Radke 1965, 261, 320; cf. 130, Florus Iovius); or, according to Servius, *Aen.* 7.190, Picus (*picum amavit pomona, dea pomorum et eius volentis est sortita coniugium*). Ovid's choice of Vertumnus may have been determined by his master's triumphant picture of the god's essence: Propertius makes him a joyful and proud garden god, 4.2.41–42 (followed, plausibly, in Goold's recent Loeb text by 13–18). For the Italian, as distinct from the purely Roman, religious sensibility this pair reflects, see Salmon 1967, 148–76. Littlefield 1965, 471–72, discusses the compatibility of Vertumnus and Pomona and offers a good description of the "green" Italy they symbolize: less persuasive is his effort to connect the pair and their place in the poem's linear structure with the Augustan ideology and the unfolding of Rome's world historical destiny. Barkan 1986, 81–82 deftly sketches Vertumnus' claim to being Pomona's ideal husband and the significance for the poem of his style of self-transformation: "humble and honest," he "becomes himself."

11. The story that Vertumnus chooses is as ugly as it is ineffective (for which see good discussions by Myers 1994, 237–40, and Gentilcore 1995, 116–18) and implausible (where on earth did this rustic get this urbane tale?). I think he chooses it (however he gets hold of it) not because he is himself as sick as the hero whose murderously passive-aggressive strategies he relates but because he naïvely misreads the story: stranger that he is to the glamorous maladies of Parthenius and the Alexandrian decadents, he thinks that the story is about true love rather than about a dangerously narcissistic young man.

its uniqueness and for its placement in the poem's narrative rhythms? It is no secret that it disrupts what might be called the Aeneidization of what is otherwise far from being a Roman epic just when it begins to show promise (or make fraudulent promises) of turning a new leaf and beginning to be such an epic, and one in the Augustan mode to boot. Wedged between the purgative apotheosis of Aeneas that Venus effects for him (*hunc iubet Aeneas, quaecumque obnoxia morti, / abluere et tacito deferre sub aequora cursu*, 599–600) and the career of Romulus (which is strangely compressed into his apotheosis, and his wife's), the tale of how Vertumnus won his Pomona reduces the richness and the significance of Roman mythology to trivial ornament, and it almost forces what flanks it on either side to become the foils for its own glitter and lightness, its own consummate triviality (one thinks here of another "rape," that of a lock). If this pattern of fading "seriousness" had been ended or even reduced in Book 15, if the momentum (such as it was even before Vertumnus) of celebrating the national myth had been resumed and recovered in the ultimate book, its peculiar misfortunes in the penultimate book would perhaps not seem so extreme, would not so much matter. But Pythagoras and Numa and Cipus do not produce a heightening of our engagement with the legend of how Italy became Rome and how Rome became the World. That legend is crystallized by the deification of Caesar, but the pattern that allows for this integrative condensation depends on the other comic deifications that have recently preceded it: Aeneas' was odd, Romulus' was odder, Hersilia's was hilarious, and Caesar's is delicious and absurd when Venus, finding that his soul is too hot to handle as it bursts into godly stardom, lets it drop (*lumen capere atque ignescere sensit / emitque sinu*, 15.847–48).

Seen from this perspective, the romantic comedy deflates any last hope of the poem's imagining Roman Historical Destiny (or imagining the World's destiny as Rome's) because an ample and effective representation of the myth of Romulus would be crucial to a celebration of Rome's place at the end of history as the end of history. Such a universal history must, in the Augustan sign-system, illumine the ways in which providence moved from the world's initial chaos towards the unification of Italy and then to the culmination of human experience in the Rome of the Caesars. If Ovid begins where Hesiod began and ends only decades before the point where Livy would eventually end, he intersects (and so dismantles) the imperial paradigm (Aeneas-Romulus-Caesar), first with a meet-cute pair of small-time, rustic, Italian deities (who have no historical or political significance), then (in Book 15) with a rag-tag assortment of characters whose links with Rome's manifest destiny are tenuous in the extreme.

What Ovid's politics may or may not have been eludes us.¹² So, though his poem is (in part) a pastiche of universal history, it is not clear what his notion of *Kulturgeschichte* may have been (as compared, for instance, with Lucretius, Virgil, and

12. Kennedy 1992, 42–46 offers interesting observations on the problems of situating Ovid in the political context of his production, but his model for the analysis of dominant cultural systems and for what occurs in the struggle for sign-systems at times of marked transition in these systems is reductive; he collapses complexities (e.g., residual, emergent, marginal, and suppressed cultural codes) into a mechanical process, one in which an inevitably triumphant dominant ideology overcomes its (monolithic) opposition (see Williams' chapter, "Dominant, Residual and Emergent" [1977, 121–27], for a model that is at once more flexible and more accurate). Kennedy also ignores specific examples of hostility to the sign-systems that were constructed around Augustus and his immediate heirs: everything from the assassination attempts and the anonymous *incolumi nam te ferrea semper erunt* and the book burnings (see Forbes 1936 on Augustus and his heirs in this regard) through Tacitus and the brilliant, acerbic epitaph supplied him by Pliny *HN* 7.45, which catalogues Augustus' vices, mistakes, and misfortunes. Ovid's challenge to Augustus may reinscribe the

Horace, who give us some idea of how they feel, or want us to feel, about the "misease of civilization"). But (at least in the description of it I offer here) the Italian romantic comedy of the two godlings who unite in love and fertility both reverses the pattern of the ugly rape stories that Richlin conflates it with, and, more obliquely, it offers a wider subversion of universal history, its progresses and its finalities. Pomona and Vertumnus are outside of time as they are outside of Rome (in their own pomerium/pomarium). They are Italians in love in an eternal spring. That is not, of course, a very responsible attitude towards the questions of history, but it is adequate enough for Ovid's purposes, it is suitable for "a butterfly writing for butterflies," and it rejects, amiably, the grandeur of totalities in a manner just right for this long and dexterous poem, one whose philosophical orientations Deleuze and Guattari offer some help with:

We no longer believe in a primordial totality that once existed, or in a final totality that awaits us at some future date. We no longer believe in the dull gray outlines of a dreary, colorless dialectic of evolution, aimed at forming a harmonious whole out of heterogeneous bits by rounding off their rough edges. We believe only in totalities that are peripheral. And if we discover such a totality alongside various separate parts, it is a whole of these particular parts but does not totalize them; it is a unity of all of these particular parts but does not unify them; rather, it is added to them as a new part fabricated separately.¹³

Something of an ancient Italian (not merely Roman) reverence for love and for food shapes the easy gaiety of the tale of Vertumnus and his Pomona (or Pomona and her Vertumus); that reverence resists the world historical destinies that try to surround it and make it part of them, and it defabricates the totality that would like to devour and absorb that amorous and fertile pair, but cannot.

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emperor's power (in the sense that co-option tends to overcome subversion), but in responding to the poet the emperor alters his power and himself: Augustus was not the same man or emperor that he was before banishing Ovid, and only imperial amnesia, one that succeeds in interpellating us, is capable of making us disremember this, which is why Pliny's couple of pages are so valuable to us. For an excellent tour through the tradition of imperial amnesia, see Carter 1983. The way the love of Vertumnus intervenes in the imperial sign-system, like static on a radio, is part of Ovid's gesture, not of theatrically insurgent defiance (no Lucan, he), but of protest (in the name of human beings). Finally, Kennedy's model throws much less light on the ways in which Romantic Romanism nudged Ovid to the margins of its canons (roughly 1800–1950) than does the model provided by Balibar and Macherey 1981.

13. Deleuze and Guattari 1983, 42.

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P. BEROL. INV. 5008, DIDYMUS, AND HARPOCRATION RECONSIDERED

In 1882 Friedrich Blass published three fragments of a fifth-century papyrus codex (P. Berol. inv. 5008)¹ containing part of an alphabetical lexicon to Dem. 23, *Against Aristocrates*. Of the five entries preserved—Μιτροκούθης, μόραν, ὁδός, ὁ κάτωθεν νόμος, and ὅτι Θεμιστοκλῆς ὁστρακίσθη—the second, third, and fourth bear close resemblance to entries in Harpocration's second-century A.D. lexicon to the Attic orators.² After comparing each of the three pairs of entries, Blass argued that Harpocration had derived his discussions of μόραν, ὁδός, and ὁ κάτωθεν νόμος from the anonymous lexicon partially preserved by the papyrus.³ When we examine the discussions of μόραν and ὁδός, Blass' hypothesis seems plausible: Harpocration's discussion of μόραν could easily have been cut directly from the anonymous lexicon, and the two discussions of ὁδός are nearly identical.⁴ But this hypothesis, in my view, does not adequately account for the differences between the two versions of the comment on ὁ κάτωθεν νόμος. In what follows, I argue that Harpocration and the author of the anonymous lexicon in P. Berol. inv. 5008 are dependent on a common source, which in turn is dependent on Didymus and perhaps one other commentator.⁵

1. (= Pack² 317) Edited with commentary in "Lexicon zu Demosthenes' *Aristokratea*," *Hermes* 17 (1882): 148–63; text reprinted in H. Diels and W. Schubart, *Didymos Kommentar zu Demosthenes*, Berliner Klassikertexte, I (Berlin, 1904), 78–82.

2. Edited by John J. Keaney, *Harpocration: Lexeis of the Ten Orators* (Amsterdam, 1991).

3. Cf. Blass, "Lexicon," 160.

4. For a side-by-side comparison of the two texts, see Blass, "Lexicon," 157–58.

5. I draw a distinction between the "anonymous text in P. Berol. inv. 5008," whose composition, as I will argue, dates from between the first century B.C. and the fifth century A.D., and the particular fifth-century copy preserved in P. Berol. inv. 5008.