

## LUCAN/THE WORD AT WAR

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there is a word — which bears a sword — can pierce an armed man  
it hurls its barbed syllables — and is mute again  
where it fell — the sword will tell — on patriotic day  
some epauletted brother — gave his breath away

Dickinson (c. 1858)

### 1. The War of Words

your gaze scans the streets as if they were written pages:  
the city says everything you must think,  
and while you believe you are visiting Tamara  
you are only recording the names with which she defines herself and all her parts

Calvino (1979)

1.1. Since 'World War 2' the study of Lucan's rhetoric has made successful, if sporadic and contested, advances on many fronts; much remains to be done for his poetic. It is likely that the 'unassuming' exegetical form of attention traditionally represented in classical scholarship by the former has favoured its development: you may identify a crazy (ab)use of, say, metalepsis without committing yourself to a particular valuation of a text; whereas the axiomatically enthusiastic valuation embodied in the study of poetics must soon come hard up against the trench-lines of hierarchies of sensibility and taste. Just how good is Lucan — *I mean, as 'a poet'*? The often unspoken gloss is nearly always the (sub)agenda (The answer is, still: 'Quite good: Silver:'). Those who have steadied their sights have made out a poet's design, a fight to achieve a strong identity over against his inheritance, working through and against the traditional battery of schemata.

1.2. The labour of producing a 'likeness', of rendering into thousands of verses the representation of a design, of projecting with the pen a trajectory through a constellation of idea, view, theory, principle, scene, fantasm, phobia, can be shown to have occupied the boy-wonder's energies: he has the undeniability of epic monumentality, for a start. But how are you ever to feel that you are, with Lucan, on the right side of the established aesthetic politics of meditative reasonableness, human warmth, responsible authoritativeness, all that, let alone the 'breadth and depth' of maturity ('Quite good — for a boy')? Most of those responsible for keeping the *Bellum Ciuile* before a public have, sooner or later (typically, in the last, saving, paragraph), betrayed the principle of 'critical benevolence' to your author. But if you can grit your teeth and decide to see things Lucan's way, it will be curiously easy to discover your co-implication with the mindset which he denounces: the curse of his subject, the curse of taking up the curse as his subject, has always already been at work denouncing its author, *bellumque iratebat / auctorem ciuile suum* (4.738f., '[The] Civil War was dragging off its author' . . .).

1.3. You cannot escape 'special pleading' and 'shrill protestation'.<sup>2</sup> You can look instead for a *because*. Can you identify (with) the point of view of the narrator? At the crude level of 'opinion' you may find incentive to restore to the poem that form of attention which can convert critical heresy into the articulation of a 'knowledge'.<sup>3</sup> Such is, for English readers, the epic contribution of F. M. Ahl's 'Lucan' (1976). Itself, no doubt its author would agree, a post-Nam and Watergate product from the paranoia of the modern World State: and which of you, which you, does not breathe this air?

1.4. Before you reinforce some of the more important fronts in Lucan's rhetorical work of figuration (3, with 'Caesar at Troy' [book 9], 'Ilerda and Spain' [4], 'Patria at Rubicon' [1] & 'Prologue'), advance toward the recapture of his poetics (4, with 'The End', 'Via Appia to Alba' [3], 'Senate in Epirus' [3], 'Proem'), fire an offensive campaign in collision and collusion, the 'metonymic' and the 'metaphoric' dimensions, of his epic discourse (5, with 'Proem'), you must first implicate your self in the project (2, with 'Prologue', 'End', 'Scaeva' [6], 'Marius-Sulla' [2]).

### 2. The War in Words

there had never been a death more foretold

Garcia Marquez (1983)

— one does not burn something unfinished, and in a few months, even weeks,  
you will have got this little piece of work behind you . . . so even though you  
may be in haste to die, you must still hold out that little bit longer.  
— to finish? to have finished? verily he had finished nothing

Broch (1983)

2.1. Read Lucan. You must read Lucan. His poem breaks rules, inflicts pain and suffering. Don't bother to reclaim *this* classic in the name of a 'literature': this text screams a curse on its readers and upon itself — not at every moment in its duration, or you may begin to lose the edge of its imprecation, but in a press of destabilising counter-creation. Non-committal historical placing of declamatory rhetoric, politely appreciative focussing on conceptual artistry, even acutely-attuned response to the power of an unrestrained intellect, these along with the rest of the baggage of your criticism are all by the way. With the *Bellum Ciuile* Roman civilisation found its poem: drove the writer through the theme which overshadows — directs, dominates and all but *determines* — his life and times, his culture and its traditions, his sense of humanity, nature and significance. And found for *Latritas*, the Latin language, all that made up Romespeak, her pre-destined deconstruction, always already the war within the Imperial Muse.

2.2. In the present circumstances of a swelling critical detention by questions of power, discourse, representation you are entering into a period where 'Lucan's epic imperialism'<sup>4</sup> will assuredly repossess its faltering place in the Latin canon. Its pronounced *belatedness* returns the poem to your *fin de siècle* concerns: its sense of being denied communicants, spinning in a void, staring at the past which denies there to be a future; the rhetoric of hyperbole<sup>5</sup> which insists on its inadequacy to meaning, the catachretic troping<sup>6</sup> tearing away at the diplomatic language of

its poetic tradition, the catantiphrastic irony<sup>7</sup> of alienation which knows its decadence . . . There is explored in the *Bellum Ciuile* a vision of Western cosmopolis in which you are the more implicated as you grow to be aware of the centripetal vortex of 'One World' politics. Lucan's Caesar seen as the representative Ego at its ultimate extreme of success-as-futility offers you the question of your own cultural future. The ideology forged to bridge from the order of the City of Rome to that of the imperial World State is exposed as a schizophrenic drivenness, the cult of aggression and Oneness leading to a logical end in suicidal implosion. And Lucan offers no 'call'. No glimpsed remedy, alternative promise.<sup>8</sup> And you are lost, too, in this 'failure' of vatic powers. He foretells, all too well, your History. With his epic prerogative to tell 'Fate', he offers you 'Death' as the cultural wish of humanity (*Fatum* throughout the text will beat 'Fate' to 'Death': *Deathstiny?*). Civilisation is to be seen in teleogenic retrospect as an orgiastic calendar of self-mutilation built on the self-falsifying logic of war. Were you to write the History of the World from a United Nations perspective, you would find what Lucan saw when he wrote out *Roma quid esset* (7.132, 'what Rome was'). In the fearful terror of human minds and the ghastly torture of human tissue you are shown the spectacle of the scene after all the Star Wars have been won: One, caved-in, World.

2.3. The poem surges out way past its represented *Bellum Ciuile*;<sup>9</sup> the events of 49-8 b.c.e., to offer you, not 'The Civil War', but through '(The) Civil Wars' (*Bella*, the poem's first word, is conspicuously plural; one part of the problem of giving the poem a title)<sup>10</sup> 'Civil War' the phenomenon, 'The Horror, the horror . . .'<sup>11</sup> An ahistorical importance for all citizens of the West, all your efforts to touch your very historicity. War is laid bare in its scandal and all the lies you have made for yourselves fail. Conspicuously, with a fanfare. (*All War is 'civil' — it always already has been 'civil'?*, has been a figuring and disfiguring of civilisation as an absurd process of unmaking. The cult of war has at its base a perverse barbarism, not that of the savage but that of the conquering Hero. Who marks his success in the memorialisation of the opened and defaced bodies he appropriates for his mission.<sup>12</sup> And desires more. In reading Lucan's poem, you of the First and Second Worlds at any rate cannot but confront your 'post-War' heritage, feel your collusion in the charisma of conflict. You are *all* impressed by dynamism, the 'epic action'. More crucially, there is articulated here in Lucan's refusal to narrate a recognition of the inescapable complicity in the charisma of 'Heroism' of the media you have for the comprehension of historical reality. When Victim is Victor, when the differences constructed and confirmed by war have shrunk toward zero, when there is only one side . . . You have, you find, no way to tell the story. This is not what narrative *can* narrate. Such is the 'Caesar-Epos' of Lucan.<sup>13</sup>

2.4. As was traditional and 'right', writing the epic *killed* the poet. The weight of standing-in for his culture, of assuming the voice of a collective wisdom, of a totalising concretisation of its vital mythologies left the epic project significantly unfinishable. Mature authority and stature were requirements which pushed the poet toward the risk of interruption by mortality. In Lucan's case, the self-assertion

of this schema at once in and despite its transgression remains the mark of his poem's sincerity, beyond all trivial intentionality at the level of the author's awareness. The adolescent genius is the iconoclastic product formed by the dénouement of the Julio-Claudian Caesars in the absurdity of his infantile emperor Nero.<sup>14</sup> His poem courts confrontation with the 'Caesarian' death it re-presents and as if it seeks to corroborate its own meanings proceeds toward a goal of premature termination, to be imposed from *outside* force. If we accept that Lucan cannot have 'meant' to continue the linear trajectory of his writing to the point where his text is stopped in its tracks in its tenth book, then it is irresistible that we recognise that Caesarism, true to the poem's indictment,<sup>15</sup> 'meant' to impose this limit as the *telos* to its own story. The imperialist, indeed 'post-imperialist', story of worldwide (re-)appropriation must take back for its own the Muse which has paid its double-edged tribute with triumphant self-mockery and refusal to narrate. The Emperor must subordinate as minor characters in *his* story the clustering generals, ministers and poets: he insists, when possible, that they cut their bodies and themselves out of the plot.

2.5. As you read of Julius Caesar's pursuit of mastery spiralling through the world, from Rubicon to Brundisium to Spain to Brundisium, via Pharsalus to Egypt,<sup>16</sup> come to understand that the 'Emathian' battlefields of the poem's project (1.1, *per Emathios . . . campos*, 'through Emathian plains')<sup>17</sup> were only *concretely* to be identified with the plains of Thessaly where Pompey the Great was defeated in book 7; *conceptually*, the battle functions as the threshold for the transformation of the Roman world into a new absolutist empire on the model of Alexander the Great: Caesar, the new and transcendently final 'Great', is to progress through the East to Egypt and the mausoleum metropolis of the ('truly') 'Emathian' boy king, the Alexandria of the 'Macedonian' Alexander.<sup>18</sup> Where Lucan's text stops, the new master of the world is under threat, contained and pent-up in the palace next to the beacon of Pharos by attacking Egyptian minions and renegade rabbles. You know of course that Caesar will survive the text. And that at this point in the writing Lucan is terminally arrested by Caesarian guards for conspiracy against the life of 'his' Caesar, the divine Caesar Nero<sup>19</sup> who serves as his inspiration and Musagete for this 'song, or spell, of Rome' (1.63-6, *sed mihi iam numer . . . / tu satis ad uires Romana in carmina dandas*, 'But I have divine power already . . . You can give all the strength Roman poetry needs').<sup>20</sup>

2.6. As Lucan took the liberty of making his poem wall Julius in with its lines, halted him to consider that choice 'whether to fear or pray for death' (10.542f. *dubius . . . timeret / optatine mori*) which has become so recognisably the law of the Caesarian universe, his pen made him look back, over the text,<sup>21</sup> to see his finest creation, the accursed Caesarian soldier-hero Scaeva, undead and at Caesar's back: ready to repeat his role, which had turned against Pompey 'the Great's' trampling underfoot of Julius' breached beleaguering walls, resistance in the form of a renewed one-man siege<sup>22</sup> back at the start of what stands forever as the second half of Lucan's work, book 6. Lucan had there used his entire armoury of hyperbolic and perverse *colores* to upset the epic topoi of a hero-warrior's *aristia*

and he had convinced his characters, his readers and his narrator that Scaeva had attained immortal fame at the usual price of death<sup>23</sup> — indeed every time that Scaeva had spoken, he had had 'death' left on his ill-omened lips: *dum morimur*, 165, *mortis honestae*, 235, *mortis amor*, 246; after he 'collapsed' (*ruis*, 250), he was shouldered by his mates who 'compete to pluck the missiles from his stuck limbs and adorn the gods . . . with his weapons' (an inverted *tropaeum*, 251f.) and as if a thing of the past the poem gives him a quasi-formal *elogium* (257-62: a scream, from the *makarismos* opening *Scaeva . . . felix hoc nomine famae / si . . .*, 'Scaeva . . . blessed with the fame of a famous name', to the *sententia* climax, *infelix quanta dominum uirtute parasti*, 'Unblessed: with all that courage you set up a master', in the space of six hexameters!). And so we left *Scaeva*, 'Caesar's Left Hand', personification of Lucan's anti-epic staining, all-unknowing *in armis / quam magnum uirtus crimen ciuilibus esset* (147f., 'how great a crime courage is in the *Bellum Ciuile*'),<sup>24</sup> and incarnation of exemplificatory rhetoric of hyperbole, unanswerable proof *numero depressa locoque / an plus quam mortem uirtus daret* (168f., 'whether a courage caught by odds and terrain offers more than death').<sup>25</sup> Hear *also* here, in this last passage, 'whether the epic contract of immortality in return for acting *like a man*, when exposed to defamiliarisation in Lucanian hexameters (his verse-technique, his *poetry*: "Out-numbering" would make a good slogan!) and to abusive inversion of the purple-patch schemata and clichés of the "One-for-all" epic/historiographical *deuotio*-scene<sup>26</sup> (the self-consciously paraded linguistic and conceptual play in the literary/cultural *locus* as the place where a new meaning can be re-presented, the *topos* as *topos*) is not cursed with everlasting damnation, *deuotio*, which exceeds all linguistic expression and conceptual grasp: the *plus quam* of (the) *Bellum Ciuile*, Lucan's project since the *Bella . . . plus quam ciuilia* of his first verse, 'Wars . . . more than civil'. When once you begin to read this poem, you'll find, among *other* things, that the sort of critical talk of 'puns' or 'word-play' which you can imagine being 'applauded' and (so) deplored here for *numerus* and *locus* is a pathetic insult to the power of Lucan's disfiguring representation of the discourse of power.<sup>27</sup>

2.7 It is unlikely that you mere readers can learn aright from the fatal mistake of the cannon-fodder character *Aulus . . . infelix* ('Unlucky Joe' — fancy running into Mr. Unlucky, *Scaeva*) when *Scaeva* played *possum* (228f.): his writer has drawn his 'hero'<sup>28</sup> from disdain of self-defence with his *left* shield-hand<sup>29</sup> through exhausted 'choice of an enemy in *quem cadat* (he can . . . *fall on*)' to an arrow homing into his *left* eyeball;<sup>30</sup> then only slaughter and shed blood has kept *Scaeva* going strong (240, 250) . . . It all fulfilled the centurion's initial promise, *peterem felicitur umbras / Caesaris in uoltu . . . Pompeio laudante cadam* (158f., 'I would head for the Shades more blessed if in the gaze of Caesar . . . I shall *fall* to applause from Pompey'. But *also*, among other things, 'I would attack the dead, chase shadows, fight shadows.'). All Lucan's rhetoric could not overcome one hateful Hon.-Mention by Caesar: 'when *Scaeva's* shield was brought, 120 holes were found in it'; *quem Caesar ut erat de se meritus et de republica . . .*, Caesar rewarded him as *Scaeva* had deserved by his services to *Him Self* and to the *State*, with

money, praise and promotion (Caes. B.C. 3.53). As *Scaeva* is conjured up by Caesar's glance in Alexandria, enter the Caesarian guard to arrest the pen and the (left?)<sup>31</sup> hand that held it. Walking off the page and into Lucan's life, *Scaeva*, that 'missing link' between *Caesar* and his epithet *saeuus* . . .<sup>32</sup>

2.8 *Scaeva*: Obsession of the Imperial Muse (10.546, *obsedit*;<sup>33</sup> the evocation is triggered by 539, *mortis honestae*: cf. 6.234f., *sit Scaeva relicti / Caesaris exemplum potius quam mortis honestae*, 'Let *Scaeva* be an *exemplum* filed in the manuals under "Betray (your) Caesar", not "How to die well"'). For 10.544, *Scaeuam perpetuae meritum iam nomina famae* ('*Scaeva* who had earned the fame of a famous name back in book 6'), directs you<sup>34</sup> back to 6.257, *Scaeva . . . felix hoc nomine famae* ('*Scaeva*, blessed by the fame of a(n in)famous name'). As we have noticed, *Scaeva* always meant *infelix*; or rather, to get closer to the struggle within the word, *Scaeva* says both 'left-handed, so sinister, ill-nomened, inauspicious, unlucky, gauche, stupid, perverse, instinctively choosing what is wrong' etc., and *precisely* 'auspicious', as well as, on another level, 'just like the archetypal *uir* Mucius *Scaeuola* who fought for *uirtus* and the fame of *his* name, his pseudo-etymology of a nick-name by "hostile acts directed against himself rather than against his enemy" (Livy 2.12.14); and so 'just like — indeed the return, revenge and excess of the hypocorism *Scaeu-ola* in *Scaeva*: the archetypal warrior of the *Bellum Ciuile*'; for here the con-fusion of torture with war is not the-exception-that-proves-the-rule but the name of the game, here in Lucan the sadomasochism of the cult of 'manliness' is laid bare to make an ideal, an (abusive) *exemplum*, on and beyond the model of Mucius: truncate the body, burn off the bodily tissue which makes it possible to win *uirtus*, the *right* hand, kill your own feelings, be a *sacrifice*, be a Roman (Livy 2.12.9, *Romanus sum, inquit, ciuis; C. Mucium uocant. hostis hostem occidere uolui nec ad mortem minus animi est quam fuit ad caedem: et facere et pati fortia Romanum est*, "'I am a Roman citizen," he said, "they call me Gaius Mucius. As enemy to enemy I determined to kill and I now have as much nerve for death as I had for slaughter: Rome is all about bravery — active and passive"'). And *Scaeva* is already in Caesar treated as a 'lucky charm' ('*Scaeuulae* are small phallic ornaments supposed to have magical properties');<sup>35</sup> it is emphatically Lucan's poetic to deny his characters *proper* names,<sup>36</sup> but Caesar has already withheld *Scaeva's nomen*<sup>37</sup> and left you with only the centurion's magical *cognomen*, even for the formal medal-ceremony, *Scaeva's* phrase-long second of immortality: promotion to the position of *primipilus* made of *Scaeva* and his shield the badge of courage and *nomen/omen* of Caesar's army, and the defence of his *castellum*, his 'shielding' of the 'shield' of Caesar's army), in which Every-Man-Jack had been hit, while elsewhere 2,000 *Pompeiani* Fell but 20 or fewer of Ours were Missed, was gathered by his leader into the most pregnant of his rare but strategically disposed narrative nodes of epic ('B-movie') *significance*, so that you may learn all the more clearly why Caesarian *uirtus* will win the war (Caes. B.C. 3.53).<sup>38</sup>

2.9. In Caesar, then, *Scaeva* commits himself and his 'name' to Caesar, as *Scaeuola* committed his body to Rome; in Lucan's language, the sign *Scaeva* commits

suicide, although its bearer will survive to be spotted, one-eyed, in Alexandria, for the word is caught up in the 'civil war' of Lucan's text, where opposed senses tear themselves up and rip the signifiers away from signification. *Scaevam perpetuae meritum iam nomina famae*: the 'fame' of the famous 'name' he has is its 'infamy' (*fama*); he has only the 'name' of 'fame', not the reality, 'fame' is only a 'word' (*nomen*), Scaeva's 'fame' is only a 'story' — just that old narrative — (*fama*) . . . And this is all that he 'deserves', just what he has coming to him . . . Lucan's *aristeia* began with Scaeva's 'deserts', 6.144, *Scaeva uiro nomen: castrosum in plebe merebat* . . . ('The man's name was Scaeva: he had served in the ranks; mereo sc. *stipendia*) and the terms of his recall to take a final bow recap this *aristeia* as the saga of his 'deserts' (*meritum*). When Scaeva lives up to his name, the process by which the Discourse of the Warrior generates and circulates value in its own image is on view: *merebat / meritum / meritus* are terms caught up in a 'commerce of war' image-repertoire, the vocabulary of 'losses and gains', the 'buying' of glory with the 'price' of death, all that: *caput mundi, bellorum maxima merces, / Roma capi facilis* ('the head of the universe, the greatest prize of wars, Rome effortlessly taken', 2.655f.; *caput / capio* a focal re-source of signification in the poem). In Scaeva, the Roman, the soldier-patriot, is given the poisonous *Bellum Ciuile* treatment, cursed for ever (*perpetuae* . . . *famae*, 10.544, is the Gift of the Epic as *carmen perpetuum*). He stands for more, though, than this. As Lucan sours the subject of (epic) narrative, the relations between 'Arms' and 'The Man', with Scaeva's pharmakon of a name, *Armīs, Scaeva, tuis* ('With your — yours, Scaeva — arms', 6.257), so he writes abuse of its discourse of conquest, 'fame' as victorious impression of Roman arms upon the World as *terrain*, with the 'Emathian' locus of Scaeva's exploit abused by the Imperial Muse into *ad campos, Epidamne, tuos* ('By your — yours, Epidamne — plains', 10.545: recall the *Emathios* . . . *campos* of 1.1 and read of their displacement throughout the epic). Lucan's 'Song of Rome' divides and conquers the signs it traverses, splitting the town he called Dyr-rachium (6.14) into a bilingual *nomen/omen Epl/ad* + *damne/damne*, where Latin forces the Greek verb of conquest, *epidamnāmai*, into its own 'loss, damage, condemnation, damnation'.<sup>39</sup> With Scaeva, Caesar, imperial space, and Caesar's *World*.

2.10. From the same equation of Scaeva's time with his deserts, his 'military service' with his 'fame' (*merebat/meritum*), you can unpack the cyclic law which should regulate the merely concrete 'success' of Conquest, its 'successiveness', its failure to escape 'successors': *Felix*, Latin for 'productive, fertile, prolific', is one of Lucan's central concepts and, *exemplum sui*, it is itself *more than* productive, fertile and prolific. Consider a few of the strands in the knot of senses which crush together through the *Bellum Ciuile*. 'Anyone who is *felix* is earmarked for disaster since the *felices* are under the vacillating tutelage of a capricious power, *Fortuna*.<sup>40</sup> Thus, when you were told that every bullet aimed at Scaeva found a billet, *nulla fuit non certa manus, non lancea felix* ('No missile launched at Scaeva missed', 6.190), the Words of War unerringly fitted the attack onto the attacked in a perfect match of Civil War logic: the sure, right, hand of each assailant attacked the Left-

Hand, *Scaeva*, and hit the mark; no spear launched by these hands was 'unlucky' because it hit its target and its target was Unlucky *Scaeva*. As C/æ/s/ar(i)an), Scaeva participates prominently in a major set of schemata built round the nexus 'Luck/Fortune/Success' (*felicitas, fortuna, c/æ/s/us* etc. etc.). One particular manifestation is the idea — anxiety — that Caesar is a re-cycling of Sulla, whose success was marked by his fake-name *Felix*. When Marius is (savagely) labelled *felix* (2.74), learn that both Marius and Sulla were caught on the same spiral but that Sulla made a 'name' for himself out of *his* success; when Alexander is called *felix praedo* (10.22), see that the success marked out by *his* 'name', 'The Great', had received the kiss of failure in the form of his successor, Pompey 'The Great'. And now there is to be *Caesar*, most special of 'names': Caesar is *ultimately* going to be caught on the spiral of Civil War only concretely, for the name *Caesar* will succeed, where *Felix*<sup>41</sup> and *Megas*<sup>42</sup>/*Magnus* failed, in transcending the failure of succession: by re-cycling *itself*.

2.11. Sulla, then, figures as a Caesar *avant la lettre*, he represents the *Bellum Ciuile* to Caesar's *Bella* . . . *plus quam Ciuilia*. It is time to look into at least a tiny excerpt from Lucan's massive articulation of this idea through book 2:<sup>43</sup> *hisne salus rerum, felix his Sulla uocari, / his meruit tumulum medio sibi tollere Campo?* ('All this, then, entitled Sulla to be called "Salvation"? This . . . to be called *Felix*? / This . . . to raise a mound for himself smack on the Campus?', 2.221f.).<sup>44</sup> Here *Felix* . . . *uocari* means 'to receive *makarismos*, to be acclaimed, to be acclaimed as *Felix*, as "The Acclaimed"': in *Sulla* hear *Salus* and reflect that the 'Salvation' Sulla brought was his own 'tomb' (*tumulus*) — he died soon after his victory —; the 'mound' (*tumulus*) he 'raised' re-presented the mound of Sullan bodies whose memory the poem has just waded through: in 209-18, the Tiber 'received' *congesta* . . . / *omnia* . . . *Sullana cadauera* ('all the Sullan corpses piled up'), the river of bloodshed 'poured through the whole plain' (*campum . . . effusa per omnem*) to join the Tiber whose banks could not contain its 'river' (*arnem*) and so perforce it 'returned' *cadauera campo* ('the corpses to the plain'). So you move from *campus* ('plain'), itself a warping of the epic 'battlefield'<sup>45</sup> those *Emathios* . . . *campos* of 1.1, straight to the *Campus Martius* in Rome and Sulla's memorial, from Sullan corpses to corpse of Sulla. In 'raising' (*tollere*) his 'mound', Sulla was also 'erasing, removing' (*tollere*) a 'mound' — the mound of his dead enemies, the 'other side' (*partes*) of his Civil War (*tollere partes*, 229); to 'remove his enemy', he piled men in heaps and *this* is what his memorial memorialised.

2.12. This implosive scene in the 'middle' of *the campus, the 'battlefield', the Campus Martius*, is the setting for a terrorstruck effort to comprehend the logic of Civil War: *haec rursus patienda manent, hoc ordine belli / ibitur, hic stabit ciuilibus exitus armis* ('These things are waiting to be our sufferings again, the war'll go / this way, this'll be the end of all Civil Wars', 223f.). 'Here', then, 'will be where all civil wars will stay', and where they will all 'stop' (*stabit*). In Rome. All 'battlefields' in the *Bellum Ciuile*, however 'Emathian' at the concrete level, will take place on, on a displacement of, the *Campus Martius*. This is the focal theatre, wherever the war merely happens to be decided, because this is the centre,

the *point*, of Roman/World Civil War. So, 'the weapons of Civil War will not leave Rome, but will stop right here': noone leaves, got it? Here, Rome, will be the end of Civil War, Civil War after Civil War after . . . — this is the only 'end' (*exitus*) of Civil War, *not* to end. That is the logic of *Bellum Ciuile* (*hoc ordine belli*). Now in 221f., the *his* . . . *his* . . . *his* were all the same *his*, namely what Sulla did to 'deserve' his 'name(s)'. The *haec* . . . *hoc* . . . *hic* of 223f. say that it will all be the same *his*, however concretely different each case may fall out to be, at the merely concrete level. Sulla hasn't 'removed, got rid of' (*tollere*) his mound, he didn't 'deserve to by these things': 'these things' are here again, 'waiting to be suffered, this (counter-)logic of war is the way it will go' (*ibitur*) and if this is the way it will 'end' (*exitus*), it will 'go away' (*exitus*) because it will 'die' (*exitus*) and the 'suffering in store' will be 'death' (*exitus*). War can't die, it is Death. The death caused by Sulla, the death of Sulla. The 'success' (*exitus*) of Sulla *Felix*, his final 'solution' (*exitus*). More Lucanian 'Deathstiny': But the permanent 'Sullution' will be: No solution, permanently.

2.13. Sulla, then, spells 'Civil War'. And he spells a little *more*. For Sulla's enemy, the Marian 'exiles' (*exulibus*, 'exiles' — you *should* say 'ex-Sulla-s'), 'success in war was above all recovery of Rome, was getting back (to) Rome' (*exulibus Mariis bellorum maxima merces / Roma recepta fuit* . . . , 227f.).<sup>46</sup> Their return to Rome was their 'departure, their death' (*exitus*) and then their 'removal' (*tollere*) by Sulla, who 'removed' them, *ne plus uictoria Sullae / praestitit inuisas penitus quam tollere partes* ('nor did victory give Sulla more / than to wipe out the hated opposition', 228f.). Sulla — and everyone else — 'hated the opposition's gus' (*penitus inuisas*) and did away with 'the utterly hated-and-utterly hostile faction' (*penitus inuisas* . . . *partes*). As he did so, he 'raised them up' (*tollere*), for their his, massacres are the 'tribute' (*tollere*) paid to them by Sulla then and by the *Bellum Ciuile* now. And as he removed them from Rome, so he removed Rome from them: he 'removed the regions from them that they had not seen, the sight which exile had deprived them of, their hated home' (*inuisas* . . . *partes*): Victory made (a financial metaphor) a 'killing' for Sulla here, for the Marians 'reserved, kept back from sale' (*recipio*) Rome, this was 'their biggest deal, their greatest coup' (*bellorum maxima merces*, 227, cf. 2.665).<sup>47</sup> All Victory did for Sulla's fortune was to get rid of the hated interest' (*partes*) in the commerce of war: *multum* . . . *coitur / humani generis maiore in proelia damno* ('Much of humankind comes together / for battles, with still greater damage', 225f.). This market trades in 'damage to the human race', in 'loss', where the only 'gain' (*praestitit*) is 'loss' and 'fine' (*damnum*; remember *Epitamnus*). 'Damage', indeed, 'to epic battles', because they are civil; Lucan's characters who are speaking these lines are 'fearing' all this, so they are 'promising' that the *Bellum Ciuile* will deliver 'damage greater than 'the greatest gain' that the last cycle of Civil War had managed (*maiore* . . . *damno* :: *maxima merces*). 'Much', a great part of, the human race 'unites' (*multum* . . . *coitur*) . . . for battle . . . and therefore 'meets' in battle: Victory did not afford to Sulla the winning (*tollere*) of 'more' than (just) the 'bits he hated, his enemy', he 'took them off' (*tollere*) those 'bits' of the human race, he 'did away

with them'; but he couldn't get his hands on 'more' of the 'much' (*plus* :: *multum*).

2.14. *Hos alio, Fortuna, uocas* . . . ('These men, Fortune, you summon elsewhere . . . , 230): Marius and Sulla are called away, they have to leave, to find their 'fortunes', make their pile, attain success, become *felix*? The point here is that you should realise only at the end of the speech that you are reading here, with *neuter ciuilia bella moueret, / contentus quo Sulla fuit* ('These two wouldn't get Civil War going / if they were satisfied with what satisfied Sulla', 231f.), about Caesar and Pompey, that *Hos alio* . . . displaced and re-placed Marius and Sulla (If Sulla was given just the 'parts', will Fortune hand Caesar/Pompey the rest . . . ?). The speech that began with the words *Non alios* . . . (68), as the old man/men looked for similarity, *magno* . . . *exempla timori* ('parallels for great fear'), now ends in difference: *Hos alio* . . . These *hos* are of course a re-cycling of Marius and Sulla, they are the 'sameness' within 'difference', the spiral of Civil War, the identity within *hos* of those *his his his*, *haec hoc hic*. They are 'called' elsewhere, their war for Rome will, 'concretely', be 'Emathanian', will not be fought on the Campus Martius, will be global, anything but fought in Rome: and *that is precisely* what the elder(s) fear(s) here.<sup>48</sup> Yet in Roman Civil War, all wars *are* fought in Rome — where? — there was no-where 'else', 'there was nowhere to go'.<sup>49</sup> Your 'temporary' mis-reading of *hos* is thus productive, catching you up in the misreading of the old man/men, the effort to see through antithesis between Sulla/Marius and Caesar/Pompey to analysis of that collapse of the antithetical, the spiral of Civil War.

2.15. 'Ever since before the powerful clash' (*olimque potentes / concurrunt*, 231f., *olim* :: *hos alio*). Specifically, once we read this as of Caesar/Pompey, 'these two have long been powerful and are long since set on a collision-course'. The old man/men hint(s) that the shared *dominatio* of the triumvirate has bound Caesar and Pompey together so they are bound to fight together, the density of that *concurrunt* ('they fight together').<sup>50</sup> This whole speech has 'failed' to find an adequate *exemplum* in Marius/Sulla and collapses in repeating what, for instance, his/their predecessors, the recruits to Civil War, concluded by saying in their speech (60-3), as they cursed both factions, leaders and so themselves. The difference between the Marius/Sulla and Caesar/Pompey Civil Wars will be . . . inexpressible difference, *plus quam*. As you learn both the 'logic' of Civil War, the law of its repetition, and its 'difference', that Sulla *Felix* transcends Marius in his relations with 'Fortune', Pompeius *Magnus* transcends *him* and *Caesar* transcends *all*, transcendently, you are introduced to the way in which the *Bellum Ciuile* determines to mock its efforts to express, bound and limit its *plus quam* and narrates its failure to articulate this as its own anti-narrative. The series of scenes to open book 2, like the concatenation of portent and prophecy to close book 1, offers a choir of 'voices' which amplify the detonation of *Bellum Ciuile* in all its *difference*, by distracting narration away from its narrated 'events' and smashing the denotation of its language. It serves, like the rest of the epic, to beggar (its own) *description*.

2.16. Beyond Sulla, then, Scaeva and the success of the Caesars. The *Bellum Ciuile* cut off before the poem can tell Cato's suicide, vindicate inalienable autonomy

for human agency as victory for *Libertas*, defeat Caesar in his decisive, merely military, hour of triumph. Cut off, too, from the mere exit of Caesar on the Ides of March. From Caesarian victory thereafter at Philippi where the dynastic series constituted itself, its perpetuation, in the repetition of Pharsalus. From history, past, present, in the making: what cut short the poem was itself to be constituted as martyrdom to Caesarism as if in mimesis of the poet's characters (Statius *Silu.* 2.7.107f.). The Pisonian plot in which Lucan was fatally involved itself pre-figured the uprisings which prevailed over Nero, made him last of the Julii, copy of the premature decease of 'his' poet. The cycle enforces itself a fresh, the obliteration of Nero's<sup>51</sup> itself caused 'Civil War', indeed *Bella Ciuilia*, namely 69 c.e.'s 'Year of the Four Emperors' (Which goaded on the Imperial Muse to perform Statius' epical 'tribute' to Civil War, the *Thebaid* — where a role for the new Caesar, Vespasian, who re-traced Julius' steps from Egypt back West, is laughably devised in the supervenience of Theseus, *videl.* that well-known Theban! Wonder how Propertius' 'friend' Ponticus had handled *his* respective *Bellum Ciuile* . . . )<sup>52</sup>

2.17. Sense, then, an ending in the text's undecidably voluntary / decisively involuntary *apostrophe*, the reverberation of a series of futures. An uncomfortably pre-determined ending, nevertheless:<sup>53</sup> the poetic (in)justice of Lucan's ending matching near as darnit<sup>54</sup> Caesar's own abdication from the narration of *his* *Bellum Ciuile*, with his instructions to the archetypal and pedestrian Imperial Muse of his officer/courtiers to continue, *Haec initia belli Alexandrini fuerunt* ('So commenced the battle for Alexandria', B.C. 3.112.12); how can we but feel sure that March 15th 45 b.c.e. (10 weeks into the first year of your *Julian* Calendar) determined *that* terminus? Hirrius, who took up the charge, managed (as well as the *Bellum Alexandrinum*) to link Caesar's Gallic to his Civil Wars (B.G. 8) — a rhetorical work to assimilate the discontinuous<sup>55</sup> with which imperial literature at Rome may fairly be said to begin — and claimed, at least, that he had completed *usque ad exitum non quidem ciuilibis dissensionis, cuius finem nullum uideremus, sed uitae Caesaris* ('right up to the ending, not of civil strife to which we see no end, but of Caesar's life'), but was killed in and by Civil War as consul in April 43 b.c.e. (In time to avoid writing the deification of *Diuus Iulius*: the *Bellum Hispaniense*, in the event, manages to break off mid-way through a speech from Caesar: *Quarum laudibus et uirtute* . . .). Already there is a Caesarian poetic matching writing to *res gestae*, in which lightning speed is the secret of success — *Quam rem sicuti cetera celeriter feliciterque conficit* ('This matter, like all else, he completed swiftly and successfully', B.G. 8.46), *rebus felicissime celerissimeque confectis in Italiam celeriter omnium opinione uenit* ('These matters he completed so very successfully and so superlatively swiftly that he arrived in Italy more swiftly than everyone had thought': the end of *Bell. Alex.*), *ceteri enim quam bene atque emendate, nos etiam quam facile atque celeriter eos perfecerit scimus* ('Others know how well and flawlessly he completed [his *Commentarii*], people like me know how easily and swiftly he did it': B.G. 8 Praef.)<sup>56</sup> It is essential to Lucan's project that *his* War in Words should be compared and contrasted with the successful *Latinitas*, the powerful facility and felicity, of the *Commentarii* and *Corpus*

*Caesarianum* as monuments to narration-as-success.<sup>57</sup> It is on this basis that Lucan's treatment of his subject-matter may best be measured for its refusal and deformation of the Caesar success-story as his tale to tell. Realise, though, that the *fact* of his 'choice' of Pharsalus for his epic marks out clearly how compulsively centripetal the world built round the signifier *Caesar* had, lastingly, become.

2.18. The Caesars, of course, persist; the story of Caesar is for ever (E.g. 10.532f., cf. 187, . . . *nec meus Eudoxi uincetur fastibus annus*, 'I, The Calendar, yes, just one more Caesarian *ueni, uidi, uici*: in the naming of Time, that temporal measure of Fame, the Julian Year will defeat its Greeking enemy, outdo the *contempt* of *Eudoxus*, "Mr. Famous" *fasti/us*'). And, hand in hand with absolutist Caesarism, Lucan: *uenturi meque teque legent* ('posterity will read the pair of us', 9.985). Thomas May,<sup>58</sup> 17th C. translator of the *Bellum Ciuile*, was encouraged by Charles I to continue the poem in both English and then Latin verse down to the death of Caesar: historical turn of events no doubt intertwined with the effect on May of the experience of these re-writings of Lucan to produce a drift away from the dedication to the King and towards an increasingly anti-Caesarian interpretation. In the same century G. de Brébeuf translated Lucan into French under Louis XIV, 'contemplated but never consummated a continuation of the epic down to the death of Caesar', but in the event was limited to a 38-line supplement in which Caesar, heartened by a speech from Scaeva, swam out of the text, to safety. The title-page imprint 'avec privilège du Roy' tells all.<sup>59</sup> In memory of the Spanish Civil War, as a contest indeed with that memory, the *nouveau roman* of Claude Simon, *La Bataille de Pharsale*, takes still further the uncanny 'bataille de la phrase' in which the writing of the text is its reality: 'Le roman se fait, je le fais, et il me fait.'<sup>60</sup>

2.19. And the promise of the *Bellum Ciuile* is to have always already anticipated the story it was prevented from telling. Interminably, unarrestably. Just as much of the poem is taken up with re-call, the repetition with difference of a cyclic link with earlier Civil War, especially that of Marius against Sulla, so the poem's proliferation of prophecies and manifold other forms of anticipation,<sup>61</sup> its constitutive principle, indeed, that what (little) is to be narrated, the build-up to, account of and sequel to Pharsalus, is one representative slice through a spiral,<sup>62</sup> goes to obviate the need to extend the text to reach some further historical moment: Philippi,<sup>63</sup> Cato's suicide,<sup>64</sup> Caesar's assassination,<sup>65</sup> the succession and successiveness of Emperors, all this is set in place before Lucan is interrupted. Indeed, Lucan's poem has throughout used the necessity of diachronic divagation for the construction of narrative by descending both on the classical past, back ultimately to Priam's Troy,<sup>66</sup> Atreid Mycenae,<sup>67</sup> Oedipus' Thebes,<sup>68</sup> the Argonauts' Quest<sup>69</sup> and so forth, and on the future in imperial perpetuity to cosmic conflagration: the poem has *abused* this necessity *precisely* to interrupt its telling of the tale. It is a chief objective of the recalcitrant bard to impress upon you the gladiatorial struggle which his text fights to the death, his death, against the mercurial felicity of his Caesar's lightning: this narrator loathes the progress of his story of Caesarian triumph, loves *mora*, delay, obstruction, diversion.<sup>70</sup> Homer must keep his mega-hero *podas ðkus Achilleus* penned up in the confines of his

tent if his poem is to persist until it has become an epic, a totalising representation of *andreaia*, a vision of (fighting) humanity, before he proleptically sacks his city: Lucan's preternatural Caesar cannot be held in check by his writer, the 'City' is now co-extensive with the 'World' and the epic must despite its own best efforts tell of a *uiritus* it knows to be *crimen* and *scelus*. *Mora* begins as the external spatio-temporal resistance of Everything to Caesar's *cursum*, it charges Caesar up to *furor*, then correlatively and consequently it is internalised within Everything as stalling, hesitation, (self-doubt), fear, terror, and it issues in its paradoxical other, *fuga*. Lucan hates, spurns, defers, resists his projected narrative. The *end* of his text is to establish incompleteness as pre-destined objective. His (anti-)epic<sup>71</sup> triumph is to make writing itself the drama of political resistance in the name of history. Thus, Lucan 'refuses to narrate'.<sup>72</sup>

2.20. The discontinuities of history — which might condemn Lucan to (say) a pre-capitalist buried past for human society and a pre-nuclear 'Imperial War Museum' of mass murder<sup>73</sup> — cannot rob his poem of the ahistoricity which now opens his text to your urgent attention. In the psychohistory of the West, you find no models for the construction of subjectivity which can disengage from the old Ego-pattern whose apogee and logical extreme must be the Caesar of the World State. Above all through feminist refusal, you may face Lucan as writer of your selves. In your 'schizophrenic' Western world of hyperinterpretation, where you seek a selfhood in individuality and find meanings proliferating endlessly everywhere just *asking* for your mastery, you may recognise the Caesarian project of fixing meanings, his meanings, to a universe wherein 'He may seem to be starrng in a great world-wide film about himself'.<sup>74</sup> Between the language of Triumph and the triumph of Language there appears a narrative which convincingly links in narration, language-as-triumph, the diagnosed schizo who 'refuses to speak the word "I"', and prefers to refer to himself in the third person,<sup>75</sup> and the mythic Caesar who transgresses all conventional codes, social boundaries, linguistic categories, who re-deploys around his name all meanings, fixes a new centre from which all discourse is oriented and enforces *his* signs absolutely. . . . When Caesar feels the atavistic tug toward the still unmastered 'Source of the Nile' in Lucan's last book — like Nero<sup>76</sup> as well as Alexander, Sesostris and Cambyses . . .<sup>77</sup> — he is irresistibly cast as that tyrant-self driven ever onwards to appropriate his world and then its origins: 'What could be more conducive to expansion and achievement and aggression than a kind of desire that nothing can ever truly satisfy?'<sup>78</sup> Is this *not* the West? *Finis quis quaeritur armis? / quid satis est, si Roma parum est?* ('Define arms-limitation: what is enough if Rome is too little?' 5.273f.)

2.21. The Imperial Muse of Lucan curses itself, its *imperialism*. And yours. Read Lucan. And be damned. With poet and Caesar: *damnabimur* (9.986).

### 3. The Warp of Words

so hold me mom  
in your long arms  
in your automatic arms  
in your arms  
in your petrochemical arms  
your military arms  
in your electronic arms

Anderson (1982)

3.1. Lucan's language is *strange*, foregrounded in reading above 'the tale it tells'.<sup>79</sup> The struggle to forge a new (anti-)poetic<sup>80</sup> and escape *belatedness*<sup>81</sup> begins in the rhetoric of hyperbole<sup>82</sup> and *Extremformel*<sup>83</sup> announced in the first verse, where the *Bellum Ciuile* project is programmed as *Bella . . . plus quam ciuilia*, 'wie ein Motto des lucanischen Steigerungswillens'.<sup>84</sup> Probably a *tragic* invention of Pollio's,<sup>85</sup> the phrase challenges readers to name this *excess*, this *plus quam*, to offer the code of (social) 'kinship' with Caesar-Pompey as *socer-gener*,<sup>86</sup> the paradox of *Roman* Civil War fought out in *Thessaly*,<sup>87</sup> the sheer scale of World Civil War<sup>88</sup> or whatever. . . . These *are* important matrices for the poem: for example, that Pompey's dead wife Julia should be undead and persecute with curses his life with her successor Cornelia, herself the cursed former wife of Crassus,<sup>89</sup> that Cato should re-marry his own, newly-widowed, former wife Marcia in a barren anti-wedding,<sup>90</sup> that Caesar should consort with the Pharaonic Queen/Wife/Sister Cleopatra,<sup>91</sup> these are powerful arguments in the imaging of Civil War as terminal break-down in social relations, incestuous collapse of linguistic categories, transgression against Order in discourse.<sup>92</sup> But the force of Lucan's hyperbole is itself the *point*: from such *excesses* as: *maius ab hac acie quam quod sua saecula ferrent / uolnus habent populi, plus est quam uita salusque / quod perit: in totum mundi prosternimur aeuum, / uincitur his gladiis omnis quae seruiet aetas* ('The peoples of the earth are dealt a greater wound by this battle / than their own ages could possibly bear, it is *more than* life which dies / and salvation which is lost: we are flattened for the whole of our Universe's eternity, / conquered by these swords all future, forever subject, generations', 7.638-41) you learn to hear that *voice*,<sup>93</sup> through his narration, the voice which twists epic mimesis, description,<sup>94</sup> into an insistent<sup>95</sup> *performance* of all that resists objectification, what shrugs off the power of language to normalise by naming, the inexpressibility of *pain*.<sup>96</sup> Rhetorical (dis)figuration aims to resist being brought into the fold of 'literature' by interpretation: there is always that *residue*, that *excess*, *language*.<sup>97</sup>

3.2. The narrator attacks his (traditionally omniscient) epic Muse author-ity, putting you, his readers, into the frame with incessant apostrophe,<sup>98</sup> persistently figuring as the Neronian Lucan who rages at his heritage of Caesarian subjection<sup>99</sup> but also inventing a(n) anonymously limited-consciousness) voice which *lives* the drama of the narrative, in ignorance of its eventualities, but which seeks — despite the betrayal of its own 'counterfactual' grammar of wishes and regrets that history *could have been* otherwise — to express in its *excessive* pain precisely what you (suitably excited) readers of Lucan and Lucan the writer feel about 'what is

happening' in the narrative.<sup>100</sup> If you re-cognise that your narrative is from the lips of a *more than* crazy and frenetic narrator, your reading will be focussed not insignificantly on the perspective, the mindset, the evaluative drive of the performance, in which your reading is inextricably implicated: the *perverse* narrator forces you toward intervention, the risk that you may *find yourself* in agreement . . .<sup>101</sup>

3.3. This poem doesn't wish to *comprehend*,<sup>102</sup> it disowns its patrimony of knowledge,<sup>103</sup> it curses poetry: *o sacer et magnus uatum labor: omnia fato / eripis et populis donas mortalibus aeuum. / iniuidia sacrae, Caesar, ne tangere famae* . . . (Just look at Caesar betraying the ruins of Homer's Troy, doesn't it make you see that poets have *their greatness, their works are sacred/cursed: you're the one that rips Everything / from Deathstiny, you hand eternity to the peoples of the earth despite their decease. / Caesar, don't let it get to you, no need to be jealous of sacred/cursed fame — I have just the poem for us, our poem, for you/from me . . .*; 9.980-2). The *greatness* of Lucan's *immensum* . . . *opus* ('measureless work'; 1.68, *more than* Virgil's *maius opus*, *Aen.* 7.45) is its *enormity*, all that is 'promised by the Muses of the Latin language' (9.983) in the fracture of the signifier *Clae/s/a/r* into its atavistically split-and-doubled twin *s/a/c/r/a/e*, that scandalous incest within the sign which disseminates the assertion of Power along the linguistic chain, 'The Sacred' (*Diuis Iulius*), but bears along with it the deconstructive freight of Lucan's *carmen*, 'The Desecration' of *Pharsalia's* own *iniuidia* . . .<sup>104</sup> As Lucan's voices weld epic, hero, poet and readers together into *Pharsalia nostra / uiuet* ('our *Pharsalia* will live'; 9.985), *Laiinitas* conquers the 'Emathian' sign, the Greek *Pharsalia*, for catachretic appropriation as *pars alia nostra*,<sup>105</sup> where *la bataille de la phrase*<sup>106</sup> grips the internal divisiveness of *Bellum Ciuile* within *pars alia*, that 'return of the repressed', together with its implosiveness into a Caesarian Everything within *nostra*. In this textuality, Lucan's outburst at the Origin, the Trojan origins of Rome, Latin and the Caesars, the origins of classical literature in Homeric-Virgilian classical epic, the origins of classical literature The Walled City, all that makes the *memory* held in the narration transcend the narrated, the ruined oblivion of the past, in this textuality is *figured* the revulsion of the 'Caesar-Epos' from the linear progress of its narrative which is marked out through the whole poem, *passim*.<sup>107</sup>

3.4. The rhetorical figures of Lucan's text are salient to its semiosis, they focalise a barrier between what is sayable and its supplementary *more*, the urgency of its *deinosis*.<sup>108</sup> The cultivation of absurdist paradox<sup>109</sup> puts a mock- or para-logic to work for the poem's de-sign: *urbe relicta / in bellum fugitur* ('The City is Abandoned, / and Off to War — in flight', 1.503f.), for example, participates in a schema which thematically abuses the pious *fuga* of the Odyssean *Aeneid* into the pattern of Pompey's retreat from Rome, Italy and the West rather than face Caesar in Civil War, the pattern of *mora* even in the most surreal of forms — like *fuga* . . . — as the most that the universe can throw up by way of resistance to Caesar's 'Re-Founding' of Rome, and which rhetorically proliferates in a network of *poimed* reversals of normal subject-object relations such as *modo luce fugata /*

*descendentem animam* ('a soul on its way down / having just put the light of day-life to flight', 6.713f.), where the phrasing enforces *Bellum Ciuile* as 'die Erfüllung des Lebens im Tod . . .'<sup>110</sup>

3.5. The obsessive practice of 'negative enumeration',<sup>111</sup> 'Negationsantithesen',<sup>112</sup> where the text mentions epic material only to repudiate its adequacy to re-present *Bellum Ciuile*, allows you to retain the measure of Lucan's deformation of the tradition<sup>113</sup> and wrests the narration away under the sign of negation to a world that *beggars description* . . . at the same time, the poem turns its *Pointentechnik* upon the power to name which is proper to mimetic representation, to create a world of disruption: for example,<sup>114</sup> *propter ipsius loci opportunitatem*,<sup>115</sup> at 4.16-23:

signa tenet Magni, nec Caesar colle minore  
castra leuat: medius dirimit tentoria gurgis.  
explicat hinc tellus campos effusa patentis  
uix oculo preendente modum, camposque coerces,  
Cinga rapax, uetitus fluctus et litora cursu  
Oceanii pepulisse tuo. nam gurgite mixto  
qui praestat terris aufert tibi nomen Hiberus.

Pompeians vs Caesar: armies encamped on hills across the river (Sicoris) valley which opens out onto the extensive plain 'bounded by R. Cinga, a minor tributary of the Ebro.

or:

. . . Well, the adjoining crag [hill] /

received the standards [camp] of Pompey the Great :: Caesar

on a *greater* — or anyway *not* lower — hill. In between, maelstrom split  
alighted *his* camp /  
tent from tent [camps]. /

From here a flood of terrain unfolds wide-open plains for battle /  
— the eye hardly grabs their limit — and the plains for battle you hold

you robber Cinga, forbidden to beat waves and shores /  
of Ocean with your onset — you see, the maelstrom merges /  
so . . .

the one who grants it to the lands,  
steals yours from you,  
the name in both cases,

the one being Hiberus,

(Iberian river,  
. . . Iberian Spain).

In this morsel see Pompey the victim — of course not Pompey but only the *sign Magnus* is present at Ilerda, as the *name* of what is at stake, *greatness* — held prisoner by Lucan's syntax, cf. *signa tenet* :: *castra leuat* (*tentoria* is *castra* . . .)

'wit'), a subject skewed into a dependant of a mock-object in 'one-sided' *Bellum Ciuile*, facing the energy of *Caesar/castra*, subjectivity as active agency,<sup>116</sup> lifting lightly the weight of an army; in the *litotes nec...* *minore* read that *plus quam*, the geographical projection of Caesarian greatness: Iberia will make 'Caesar' mean great, cf. *Caesar... maxima... fati ductibus momenta* ('Caesar... the greatest shifts in the balance of Deathstiny for the leaders'; If.); the excess in the rhetorical figure follows on the performance under the sign of negation from the pattern 'litotes/wit > hyperbole' of *Sicoris non ultimus... ingenti... arcu* (14f.) which itself traces to the 'Extremeformel/paradox > hyperbole' of *extremis... in oris... non multa caede... maxima sed... momenta* (If.) In the repetition 'gurgis/gurgie, campos/camposque read the terrain of *Bellum Ciuile*, its 'Emathian' 'amos, the scene of chaos in cataclysm; read *Bella... plus quam ciuilia* in the Latin of *dirimit... gurges and tellus... effusa, explicat... campos... uatentes:: camposque coeres*, where Water and Earth enforce Order on the World but as the *Sicoris* ('Cutter' < *cingo*) < *seco*?) *divides and rules* (*dirimo* is also 'destroy') & the *Cinga* ('Girdler' < *cingo*, cf. 264?) *rounds up and surrounds*, the map is pulled from under their feet as the marauder is robbed in turn by the greater Power of the Hiberus, the 'Pompeian' force, itself a chaotic *gurges*, losing the agency of its *cursus* when its and its 'Caesarian' superior's *gurges* mingle in the 'unity' of *Bellum Ciuile*, where one side will confiscate the identity of its opposition, will stamp its own 'name' on the Roman World, will supplant every Latin 'word's' meaning (*nomen*, 'word') with the connotation 'Caesar's, Everything is'. . . The 'point of the suffocated rhetoric of the last verse here, where the subject-object relations of normal 'description' are disrupted as the 'tributary' does not *lose* its name, but the main river *steals it away*, holds up language itself as what is at stake in *Bellum Ciuile*.<sup>117</sup>

1.6. The paragraph — of topographical nonsense *qua Cinga pererrat / gurgite* — where *Cinga's* maelstrom crosses [out] the map', 1.432: wandering into Gallic territory . . .)<sup>118</sup> — from which the morsel was excerpted (4.11-23) amplifies with scenography the introductory programme of 1-10, which opposes *Caesar... caeus... non multa caede* (1f.) through the link *ductibus* (3) to the army of Afranius and Petreius (4-10): here, in the imagery of *castra*, is the Republic, its founding principles of *concordia* and/as *custodia*, unpacked as that give-and-take binary oneness, the exchange, sharing and *dis-course* of power that is the sign of Roman collegiality (*iure pari... in aequas... uices, alterno... signo*), discipline (*imperium, parei*), duty (*peruigil*), to *koinon* (*commune*), *Moenia* (*nuclea... ualli*), here is the Republic of *Bellum Ciuile*, for the 'Latin battle-lines' are drawn up *alongside* the natives, *within one imperium, uallum / castra / moenia / urbs / orbis... in a brief tricolon crescendo* that leaves its last limb, *Gallorum Cellae miscentes nomen Hiberis*, to reverberate into the Spanish War: here, refugees' (*profugi*, with its charge from the *Aeneid* programme, *Aen.* 1.2 . . .) from an ancient tribe / of Gauls' mash *Caesar's Gallic Wars* into the shattered post-conquest world of *Bellum Ciuile*: the 'name' *Celt-* 'merges' its self, its identity is a 'word', into the 'name' *Hiberi-* to 'unite' in the mutilated *plus quam* of the

*nomen Celt-Iberi* (A drama within the sign which matches the erasure of the name at the second climax, *mixto/... nomen Hiberus*, 22f.).

3.7. The *nomen Hiberi* is already pseudetymologised in *hibernas... aquas* ('wintry... waters', 16) to forecast half a book of Spanish cataclysm, where *bruma's* inundation (50f.), like antipolar *hiemes* (106f.), 'merges' the boundaries which mark out the world (*rerum discrimina misceat*, 104), so 'the hills' and 'all the rivers' are lost in 'one huge swamp' (98f. for *tumuli collesque*, cf. *colle tumet... tumulo*, 11f.), drowning the *flammae* of Caesarian *fulmina* and *fulgura* in *fluctus* and *flumina* (77f. :: 81, 89, 98, 117), before *Caesar's* 'Everything' (*omnia faris/Caesaris*, 143f.) re-distributes the boundaries — 'stealing away' (*abstulit*) the *campos* and trapping the Republicans into water-denied surrender on these very 'hills' (*collibus*, 263, etc.) in full view of *Sicoris* and *Hiberus* (335) . . . Half a book, then, filled with *non multa caede* (2), *Lucan's* abuse of *Caesar's clementia*, where the Republicans and Caesarians 'merge' in fraternisation (*castris permixtus utrisque... concordes... mensas... permixto... Baccho*, 195ff.) only to be forcibly prized apart by *Petreius*, then kept separate, 'shut in, besieged on the hills' (263), until surrender, then allowed to stand aside permanently from *Bellum Ciuile*, to sit it out *soli / felices* ('alone blessed', 400f.), to be supplemented by a shipload of slaughter, 'enough for *Caesar* to call it a loss' (*damnum*, 514), as exemplary Caesarian killing begins in earnest with the spectacular mass-suicide of *Vulteius' Raft of State* (402-581),<sup>119</sup> classic *Bella... plus quam ciuilia* where only one can play, the slayers slay the slain slayers (*pariter sternuntque caduntque, / uolnere letali*, 'they lay low and fall in an equation of death', 558f.), the victory of a *uirius* which is Caesarian 'Kampfzwut', that *amor mortis*.<sup>120</sup> In *Vulteius* see the 'face' (*uoltus*) of *furor*, 'Will to Power' (*uelle*), the *exemplum felix esse mori* ('Blessed is dying', end of *Vulteius' oration*, 520; his last words *se uelle mori*, 544).<sup>121</sup>

3.8. All *Caesar's* victories over Roman discourse, *ius... datum scelere* ('legality given to wickedness', 1.2), *clementia* included, are warped *pari passu* with their narration by *Lucan's* catachresis, turning *uirius* to *crimen* and *nefas*, satirically exposing the appropriation of war as 'Justice' (*iudice bello*, 1.227)<sup>122</sup> in a totalising push toward a general subversion of cultural values, of *greatness* and *goodness*.<sup>123</sup> Even to accept that *Civil War is 'War'* would be, already, to accept the ideology of the opponents, only one of whom — the *great* (and doubtless muddy) *River Hiberus* — runs down to reach the Ocean of epic memory . . . The *deviance* of *Lucan's* rhetoric is at work subverting subject-object relations, the proprieties of standard tropes, the properties of Military Narrative, that oldest story of misappropriation. Take the superannuated *imago* of *Patria*, for example:<sup>124</sup> for the Rubicon inaugural speech of the *Civil War* epic, she appears hugely to *Caesar*, 'pouring down white hairs with harmed tresses' (*canos effunders... crines / caesarie lacera*) and by his side with arms unarmed' and 'bared in crisis' (*nudisque adstare lacertis*, 1.188f.). The dishevelled *mariona* called 'Father's (land)' is still recognisable as, say, the return of antique 'Veturia', minus the willing wife 'Voluntia' plus her two sons, to meet another re-bel 'Coriolanus' (*quoniam armis*

*iri defendere urbem non possent, mulieres precibus lacrimisque defenderent* . . . (l. 20.40.2, 'since epic manliness couldn't defend Rome, women's rhetoric of the enclosure should step into the breach', that project of civilisation as the enclosure of the enclosure, *defendere urbem*, within the hierarchic folds of sexual difference . . .). Lucan's *Parit* obtrusively collapses into a welter of signifiers, where her very 'hair', *cani / caesaries*, is already possessed by the 'name' *Caesar*,<sup>125</sup> the self-defilement of 'torn' hair is hypertrophied to the laceration of the flesh it substitutes for, *lacerata*, her 'bare arms' which perpetrate this laceration are textually made for this act, *laceratis*,<sup>126</sup> and they figure through poetic cliché of war-narrative he mainly concept that a *manus* is not a *ma(g)nus* if it does not grip a gun, that 'bare arm' means a sitting target . . . *Quo tenditis ultra? / quo fertis mea signa, iri? si iure uenitis, / si ciues, huc usque licet*, she punctuates with unVirgilian<sup>127</sup> jobs ('Where is your overreaching to end? / Where are you *men* bearing my standards? If you come within the law / and as citizens, *this* is as far as you can go', 190f.). The start of the *Bellum Ciuile* here is marked out as always already he start of *Bella* . . . *plus quam ciuilia* (That *ultra!*). *Caesar* will reply to the image,<sup>128</sup> The war is always already over, *en adsum uictor terraque marique / Caesar ubique tuus — liceat modo nunc quoque — miles* ('Here, I come as conqueror by land & sea, I am *Caesar*, everywhere, everywhere I am yours — I only hope I can go this far right now — I am your soldier', 201f.). The *prosopopoeia* figure creates a dislocation with *mea* in the signs of the cliché *signa ferre* ('to march'), so that para-logically the owner of arms is also the target of those arms. *Bellum Ciuile*. Truly, *Your mother's arms* . . .

19. 'The main purpose and outcome of war is injuring. Though this fact is too self-evident and massive ever to be directly contested, it can be indirectly contested by many means and disappear from view along many separate paths.'<sup>129</sup> Re-description, the art of military narrative, supplements paralipsis — 'When All about are Losing their Heads (in the metaphorical sense: nothing so nasty as decapitation ever creeps into a citation)'<sup>130</sup> — with the poetics of metaphor, to create those colourful 'lumbering' giants or 'scuttling' ants, non-sentient 'harvests' and colourless 'neutralisations'<sup>131</sup> and with the rhetoric of metonymy, to disperse the personness of the lacerated, mutilated, unmade bodies whose pain is to be it once the object and the repressed of War along a chain of substitutions whose objective is to displace agents with weapons, that bizarre 'exchange of idioms between weapons and bodies' which must threaten the very relations between The Arms and The Man which the Cult of Manliness seeks to enforce: 'Although a weapon is an extension of the human body (as is acknowledged in their collective designation as "arms"), it is instead the human body that becomes in this vocabulary an extension of the weapon.'<sup>132</sup> In Lucan's text these tropes are pushed into self-defeat: the mass of *personified* weapons, those *signa, aquilae* and *pila* of his Proem,<sup>133</sup> takes shape in all the *gladii* and *enses* surrounded with properties and epithets, governing verbs, dominating their lines *more than* you can disavow,<sup>134</sup> and the tropes are twisted into *absurd* relations between agency and object-world, typified by *Vulteius*' scene where 'the sword is punctured by the chest' (*percussum*

*est pectore ferrum*, 4.561)<sup>135</sup> and the farcical battle where 'only the sword hates enough for this tale of one city: it guides right arms into Roman guts' (*odiis solus ciuilibus ensis / sufficit, et dextras Romana in uiscera ducit*, 7.490f.). Under the rubric *Hypallage* Hübner (1972) directs you toward all such atrocities done to epic language by *Bella* . . . *plus quam ciuilia*:<sup>136</sup> the Lucanescque is the compressed violence where *uolnera* ('wounds') are put in place of *arma* ('what wounds'), *manus* ('hand') stands for *uir* ('epic man'), *sacer* oscillates between its two faces ('the gods' / 'cursed'): *tractentur uolnera nulla / sacra manu* ('Noone should fight the gods / may no hand touch the gods' wounds / don't wield the cursed weapons of *Caesar's* Civil War / let none of our Massilian men pollute their arms in Roman Civil War', 3.314; see Hübner (1984). Poetic *invention* strains inside-out to build a Caesarian world: 'These *arms* will find hands, I'll reject you and then Fortune will supply enough *men* to go round the weapons' (*inuenient haec arma manus, uobisque repulsis / tot reddet Fortuna uiros, quot tela uacabunt*, 5.326f.).

3.10. Lucan's proem promises the traditional form of battle narrative, the syntactic combat of polyptoton,<sup>137</sup> a War-dance in rhyme: *infestisque obuia signis / signa, pares aquilas et pila minantia pilis* ('Offensive/Deterrent Words, The Banners of War . . . Warhead Parity . . . First-Strike Missile-to-Missile Capability', 1.6f.). This is already, within its sentence, a climax in amplification and is to be further hyped in the poem's first developed simile, the pushbutton of Cosmic Dissolution (1.72-80):<sup>138</sup> *omnia mixtis / sidera sideribus concurrent* . . . (74f.: 'All the stars, star upon star: ad infinitum collision / total fusion'). Here Lucan — dismaying Bentley and Housman, neither of whom lived wave/particle indeterminacy — writes in the end of classical meaning as he crushes incompatibles to head his litany of apocalyptic promises.<sup>139</sup> In this crash of syntax with concept, as in the opening sentence's climb from *plus quam to pares*, do *not* miss the poetics of totalising, Civil, War.

#### 4. The World of War

Occasionally, the whole class struggle may be summed up in the struggle for one word against another word. Certain words struggle against themselves as enemies. Other words are the site of an ambiguity: the stake in a decisive but undecided battle.

Althusser (1971)

4.1. The *Bellum Ciuile* works toward tearing off the value of 'Greatness' that its story impresses into the name *Caesar* (*nomen*).<sup>140</sup> The 'name' is both the bearer and his significance: he *makes* his name mean 'Greatness', it is his 'fame' (*nomen*) and becomes the mark of the highest, greatest, *form* of 'fame' for the rest of Roman time, the future of the Latin language. *Caesar* will have ceased to be a regular kind of name, a mere gentilician property tracing the dynastic patrimony of one branch of a primeval *familia Troiana*. It becomes a 'transcendental' name, spells *kratos*, the name which all Western names would love to be: a name which means power, the power to name 'Power' for itself, the appropriation of significance, the denotation which enforces its own power to assign meaning . . . *Caesar* will be the signifier which projects into the totality of the discourse of the Empire the

assurance that all discourse will orbit around the imperial signifier, that meaningfulness will radiate from *Caesar* at its centre, that *Caesar* will serve for the World as the master-sign dispensing legitimacy, propriety, identity, the right to exist, to 'own' a name, the Word-of-the-Father to Roman culture, that is to human culture . . . *Caesar, qui cogere posset* . . . ('Caesar, who could compel . . .'; Hor. *Serm.* 1.3.4). From the late 40's b.c.e., when Antony could freely say, and Cicero could (no) less freely repeat, of Octavian *o puer qui omnia nomini debes* ('O boy, you owe all — like, everything — to a name, *that* name'; *Phil.* 13.24) through the early 30's b.c.e., when *Caesar's* testamentary son could begin to enforce his imperial claims with the 'name' *Imperator Caesar*, the distribution of a world of connotations issuing from the shift in *Caesar* from socially-validated traditional *cognomen* to the scandal of a transgressive 'title' far more offensive to Romans than any 'King-of-the-Jews' could be radiated out and *Caesar* took a grip on the Roman world which was never relinquished.

4.2. At the level of merely material form, for instance, there was, besides the creation of the *impius* . . . *miles* (the first *Eclogue's* 'unholy veteran/settler') in his millions — his and his posterity's estate depending on the continuing propriety of grant in the name of (a) *Caesar* —, the proliferation of communities labelled *Caesareis*. In the insistence of the name, literary discourse hammered home the traditional dynastic equivalences between fathers and sons in the transmission of meaning and property, that repetition which gathers up difference, of generation, into the formation of an unchanging face of sameness, as when Virgil's *Caesar* in Jupiter's prophecy (*Aen.* 1.286) parades its in-difference to reference as between Julius and Augustus or when Horace frames his first book of *Odes* between 1.2's *Caesaris ultor* . . . *Caesar* and 1.37's *Caesar* triumphant — yet again, a *Lucan* would say — over Egypt . . . 'Render unto Caesar . . . ' is supposed provocatively to invoke a 'cosmology', an *all-inclusive* category. It is the putting in place of this monological name which *Lucan's* text re-inforces with its epic 'greatness', subverts with all its self-condemnation.

4.3. Epic, the epic. As *the* bearer of cultural messages the classical epic had a patriarchal prestige which no modern medium can suggest, it was the foundation of its cultures' education, of their Culture, and it is charged with the telling, reinforcing and empowering of the city's foundation or defence and the other city's defeat or unmaking. The epic had in the texts of the *Iliad*, Ennius' *Annales* and the *Aeneid* narrativised the myth in which 'The epic hero's sturdy, battle-scarred body, like the city's ramparts, guards the tribe. His is the body stultified, the human life reprieved from its brevity and magnified into architecture'.<sup>141</sup> They had *built* The City, their narrators had guarded the nascent walls and/or shown at the expense of the Other the eternal fame which attaches to *all* efforts to guard the tribe. They had built walls of words, shown walls built out of, not bricks but 'character' (*moribus antiquis res stat Romana uirisque*, *Enn. Ann.* 156), shown their own educational mission as 'All in all . . . Another', and another, 'Brick in the Wall' . . . They had enforced through their own practices the scriptural ethic that privileged narration as the social responsibility of commemoration and so

reinforcement, perpetuation, establishment of the *truth* of writing . . . The epic was the mark, norm and sanction of author-ity, literature, civilisation. It was the decisive material realisation of Order.

4.4. *Lucan* is, of course, post-, and proper-, Virgilian. But he is also post-Ovidian. Ovid in the *Metamorphoses* had flaunted his collapse of epic decorum into an Ego-trip for the artiste-narrator, had treated World History as a 'perpetual' flow of poems pouring bodies into the path of his 'self-perpetuating' mind, had pronounced his *own* fame as the bequest of his metamorphic writing (his last word *uiuam*, 'I shall live')<sup>142</sup> in one word collapsing as the goal of his narrative 'the Age of Augustus' (*tempora*, 'times') into 'the Brain of Ovid' (*tempora*, 'temples' [of the head]; 1.4, *ad mea* . . . *tempora*, cf. the pointed re-cantation in *Trist.* 2.560, *in tua* . . . *tempora*, *Caesar*). *Lucan* shifts narration away from slighting insouciance to defiling disfigurement. His epic defaces his city's walls, unmakes its foundation and its history, implodes its traditions and ideologies along with the documents which bear them; it stains the language of public propriety, twists Latin into self-revulsion, writes the continuing aetiology of its own accursed Fall. *Lucan's* text does trace a subversion of the system of values, linguistic, literary, ideological and cultural, which are fixed in place, asserted and paraded by the epic tradition, the *paideia* that is monumentalised and 'statified' in the massive, totalising, articulation through twelve *irrevocable* books of all, you might put it, that can be implied in that slenderest of link syllables, the *-que* in Virgil's *arma uirumque cano* (You would have to write this with a dash, thus: 'Arms-Man', or a slash, thus: 'Arms/Man: What Poetry is for'). The *Bellum Ciuile* also, or *forgivably* of all, subverts the Order of Narration, mocks all that 'literary' discourse is charged to deliver in the formation of its Culture as the 'cultural' values of the powerful.

4.5. In the narration that sets up *Caesar's* 'greatness', that *makes* the name *Caesar*, there is, then, implicated the 'greatness' of much *more than* 'literature'. The poem is set against its own form. It will tarnish that commemoration of 'manliness' — *andrea* or *uirius* — which it must enact. It will foul the ideology which seeks to construct and regulate the social self within military codes<sup>143</sup> in a chauvinism which but starts from maleness and goes on to assert as the indisputably *real* cosmology the commitment of the bodies of its citizens in substantiation of the fictions of the state through violence and injury to self and other. The subsumption of the civic order within this imperative to die, and (so) kill, for your country enshrines, at a bedrock level way below the polarisation of the inside and the outside of the City into *ciuis/miles*, the deconstruction of its own founding sanction, namely the tabus which construct the community in terms of the regulation of how another person is and is not to be touched. This principle on which civilisation is built uncreates the rhetoric of war as its perversion.<sup>144</sup> The disenchanting connection between 'Greatness' and *Caesar* in *Lucan's* text shows you this: when the City knows itself to be the World, you discover that the binarist polarisation of Self and Other, inside and outside, as *ciuis/miles* is a failed rhetoric, a rhetoric enforced by the powerful in their own pursuit of 'greatness', in a reversal of the appeal to

the community to consent to bring their City into existence through the materiality of their bodies. The charisma of the Wound and the Scar and the cult of the War-Memorial cannot survive their exposure in *Bellum Ciuile*: 'what counts as a state, what counts as an external enemy and what counts as a war are questions which all go together'.<sup>143</sup> In the madness of Lucan's deformed epic topoi and their principle and principal, the counter-creative Caesar, you can make out an infectious retroactive plague on the whole tradition, something of the 'Lucanesque', always already a (dominated) element in epic narrative, here released to curse that atavistic 'greatness'.

4.6. For 'greatness' is what Caesar seeks, in Lucan. Every mention in the narrative of value, significance or power, every estimation by the narrator of size and scale, every performance by the narration of epic 'magnitude' relates to this objective of the 'central' character. To get at the heart of the poetic, see that Lucan re-presents Caesar's *Bellum* as a Quest in which the 'hero' chases through the text toward what happens to be the poem's last word, *Magnum*.<sup>146</sup> This poem will not have told of the raising of its culture's *moenia*, which is the *Aeneid*'s burden, those *altae moenia Romae* which are the *telos* of Virgil's programme sentence ('the walls of sublime Rome', 1.7), but of their razing, in the pursuit of Caesarian 'greatness': as it happens, Lucan's text ends with *calcantem moenia Magnum* ('Pompey stamping down the walls', 10.546).

4.7. Indeed, intertextual friction with this key Virgilian phrase becomes an important structural and structuring principle of Lucan's poem.<sup>147</sup> An example of Lucan in poetic low-key<sup>148</sup> is 3.84-90, where, you could say, Lucan writes a 7-verse 'delayed proem' to Caesar's first approach to the city of Rome:

iamque et praecipitis superauerat Anxuris arces  
et qua Pomptinas uia diuidit uda paludes  
qua sublime nemus Scythicae qua regna Dianae  
quaque iter est Latiis ad summam fascibus Albam,  
excelsa de rupe procul iam conspicit Urbem  
Arctoi toto non uisam tempore belli  
miratusque suae sic fatur moenia Romae.

By now Caesar had both surmounted the headlong bastions of Anxur /  
& where the swimming lane parts the swamp of Pomp<sup>tin</sup>us, /  
where sublime grove  
where e mp ir e of Scythian Diana, /  
and where is the way for Latin fuses up to highest Alba: /  
now from a cliff of eminence far off he sights the City /  
— in the time of his wars never seen, in all his campaign North — /  
and he made this astounded speech to the walls, his very own  
Walls of Rome.

Unarmed, Caesar(s) army) climbs up these lines to a vantage-point, then on to another (descriptive narrative). iam . . . superauerat . . . arces epanaleaps back

to the start of Lucan's narrative, iam . . . Caesar cursu superauerat Alpes ('Now Caesarspeed has surmounted the Alps', 1.183):<sup>149</sup> 'Caesar presses further his conquest (*supero*) of physical geography's resistance' (*arces*, cf. *arceo*, 'ward off'), adding to the natural 'scalp' of the barbarous Alps (Which mean 'High mountains')<sup>150</sup> an Italian citadel; 'Caesar overcomes a "worried" Jupiter Anxurus' (Hear *anxius* and cf. 81-3 but as *A(n)xurus*, *Iuppiter* is already *axuros*, 'unshaven' and so *puer*, cf. *caesar-ies*)<sup>151</sup> and so storms a Latin Olympus (Revenge for the Gigantomachy, cf. 1.36, 43, etc.). This ascent to join the *superi* 'fits' Caesar (*praecipitis*, 'sheer' and 'in headlong flight from Caesar', like Rome, 1.492, 496, etc., 'heights as headlong as Caesar himself', e.g. 2.256, *Caesar in omnia praereps*).<sup>152</sup> As Caesar charges up from Brundisium to Rome, he climbs over his cultural heritage, every Latin name a metonymic metaphor for Rome and *Latinitas*, for all that he displaces, for 'Everything'. C-ae-s-a-r/a-r-c-e-s . . .

4.8. This route, the Via Appia up from the coast, can be taken in different stages . . . How does Lucan's additive string of unpoetic 'and's' 'divide' the journey?<sup>153</sup> et . . . et in 84f.: will *superauerat* be matched by a second verb . . . or will it govern *qua* . . . in parallel with *arces* (Yes)? Read on: *qua* . . . / *qua* . . . *qua* . . . / *quaque*, 85-7, three 'stages' or four? Presume three, reading the *sublime* *nemus* as also *Scythicae* . . . *Dianae* (Beyond punctuation). So a 'dull' list of 'stages' is skewed.<sup>154</sup> And *qua* . . . *uia diuidit* matches *quaque iter est* around the *sublime* 86 as centrepiece: a divided line offering you the *Bellum Ciuile* in miniature. This *nemus* is *sublime* because it is 'in a fold of the Alban hills', it is 'heavenly', 'distinguished', 'epical', it is, in short (the) *Nemus*,<sup>155</sup> the grove of *Diana nemorensis* at *nemorialis Aricia*,<sup>156</sup> by the *Lacus Nemorensis* (a *locus* where a *lucus* is a *lucus* as the age-old venue of the Latin League, so *Latium*, *Italia*, *Roma*, and as the Roman people's favourite site for thank-offerings.<sup>157</sup> *Diana's regna* are her 'Temple' and they are why the 'grove' is 'distinguished' in the *Bellum Ciuile*: the *rex Nemorensis*, the runaway-slave *cum* priest who slew the slayer and will become the slain, presides here, 'fits' Caesar's journey toward *dominatio*. The verse brings the Graeco-Roman world of myth/ritual<sup>158</sup> together with Ovidian 'learning'<sup>159</sup> to curse this little *Reisgedicht* with its confusion of barbaric human sacrifice,<sup>160</sup> spectacularly serial cycle of slaughter, and the tug of the familiar, close to home and steeped in folk tradition and history. Lucan is also departing here from the Virgilian *color* of the rest of his catalogue, which began with précis of the Catalogue of Italians roused up to fight against the founding 'Caesar', Aeneas: *quis Iuppiter Anxurus aruis* . . . / *qua Saturnae iacet ara palus* . . . / *quaerit iter* . . . (*Aen.* 7.799-802; Aricia and Diana at 762-80). For the poetry of Virgil's *Saturnae* . . . *atra palus*, the plop of *Pomptinas* . . . *paludes*? But once you consider *uia diuidit uida paludes*,<sup>161</sup> the politics of Lucan's phrase will crush more *Bellum Ciuile* into his words, the *uia* of Caesar's lightning-course,<sup>162</sup> the division of Civil War,<sup>163</sup> *Pompetius*<sup>164</sup> and his *paludamentum*, the general's cloak, symbol of Roman *imperium*, all that is to be perverted by Caesar's victory, *res publica* and *Libertas* and *Roma* . . . The topography here sums up the poem, then: the clean line of

the Roman road, the triumphal road to Rome, cuts through the marshy ambivalence between the elemental Wet/Sea and Dry/Earth, and as it drives through the damp it is itself muddied/muddled out of clear referentiality, for *uia* . . . *uda* forces parallel lines together in one phrase: the Decennovium canal ran across the swamp between the Temple/Grove of Feronia, 3 miles from Anxur, and Forum Appi, *alongside* the Via Appia, which 'was often eroded or even cut through by torrents coming down from the Apennines; and people preferred to go by water',<sup>165</sup> the canal itself being a *uia*, but one made out of the waters of the marshes and their rivers, and a *uia uda* which could get you to Rome more expeditiously — by night-berge from in-land 'sailors'<sup>166</sup> — than the great *Via Appia*, which was often too much of a *uia uda* to be passable.<sup>167</sup>

4.9. You reach *summam* . . . *Albam*, Alba Longa and *Mons Albanus*. Matrix of Rome and destroyed by Rome, last of the Latin cities *she* founded. The heartland of *Roma*, *Latinitas*, entrée to the *Aeneid*, . . . *urbem* / . . . *Latium* / . . . *Albani* . . . *altae moenia Romae* (*Aen.* 1.5-7). And Caesar meets head-on the procession from Rome of the legitimate magistrates and senate of the Roman Republic, as they travel out to spend the night of the *feriae Latinae* at Alba in the holiest of State Sacrifices, to *Iuppiter Latiaris* on the Alban Mount.<sup>168</sup> And as 'the gods call Caesar up' (*superi* . . . *ad summa uocantes*, 1.370),<sup>169</sup> Julius prepares for an Olympian speech from his epic vantage-point<sup>170</sup> and so takes further his assimilation to the *Jupiter Tonans* of Rome, *o magna qui moenia prospicis urbis / Tarpeia de rupe Tonans* . . . *et residens celsa Latiaris Iuppiter Alba* / . . . *summi que o numinis instar* / . . . *Roma* . . . ('O you who look out to the walls of great Rome from the Tarpeian crag, Thunderer . . . and Jupiter of Latium reclining on sublime Alba . . . and you, too, image of the highest godhead', 1.195-200, Caesar's prayers at the Rubicon). As the Walls of Rome become in prospect 'Caesar's', not Virgil's *altae* but Lucan's *suae*, the *Bellum Ciuile* tears up the World of Rome, the whole of Latin Culture, 'Everything': henceforth *omnia Caesar erat* ('Caesar = Everything', 3.108)<sup>171</sup> . . .

4.10. *Caesar*, then, displaces the aboriginal centralities of Roman culture, re-jigs the force of 'every Latin word': in 7.390f., *Tunc omne Latium / fabula nomen erit* . . . the 'names' of 'all that once comprised the Roman state, its widest definition', are just a string of empty 'nouns', 'the whole Latin league' is just a string of ghost towns (E.g. Livy 1.38.4 for *omne nomen Latium*), the *prize* of Virgil's Italian Juno is unmade, de-memorialised as 'ideological construct' (*Aen.* 12.823f., *ne uetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos* / . . . *iubeas*, 828, 835), 'the Republic is but folklore', 'the map of Latium is blanked out' (Lucan goes on to re-direct the mantic catalogue of Virg. *Aen.* 6.773f., *hi tibi Nomentum* . . . / *hi hac mihi Nomento Romam cum luce redirem* . . . 937-42, *tum mihi* . . . *ait* / . . . *nil nisi nomen habet*).<sup>172</sup> Wherever you turn you'll find all that is 'holy Roman' arrested by the Imperial Muse. Watch the senate become a curio in 5.40, — to be voted the most golden of Silver Verses, *Bellum Ciuile* in miniature — : *Curio Caesarei cecidit pars magna senatus* ('Caesar's Curio' — *Scribonius Curio* whose

'name recalls the *sacerdos curio sacris faciundis*, the priestly *curio* in charge of sacrifices'<sup>173</sup> — 'has fallen' [*Caesar/cado*], i.e. 80%, 4 letters of 5, of what he converted from the 'Greatness' of the [pre-]Pompeian *curi-a* into the de-cadence of the 'Caesarian senate').<sup>174</sup> The *senate* meets and *means*, then, for its last time, in 5.1f., halfway through your text, already decentered to 'Emathian' Epirus, to usher in the decease of Roman time: Rome's last *consuls* formally *convoke* the *venerable Order* of the *fathers*,<sup>175</sup> the last meeting of its last year of existence, as the moment comes to 'give new names to the calendar'<sup>176</sup> and *Lentulus* d-e-l-i-b-e-r-a-t-e-l-y 'puts the last motion', *consulte in medium, patres*.<sup>177</sup> These *fathers* must (1) decide *nos esse senatum* ('we are the senate'),<sup>178</sup> and (so) (2) order *magnum* . . . *esse ducem* ('their appointee-leader to be great', Pompey the Great to be *their* leader):<sup>179</sup> for the last time, 'Greatness' is in the gift of the senate? Already Republican *ius* is 'drawn to a close'<sup>180</sup> and 'the fathers won't realise their power is' (already) 'at an end':<sup>181</sup> these words already ring hollow, mere brave and mistaken 'words' (*nomen*, 47), for the Words are already split and doubled, the signifiers are at War, there are already *curia* . . . *illa* and its *patres* back in the *Urbs*,<sup>182</sup> *Caesar* has become *Everything*, the *curia* minus its *curules* has already sat in the *curia*<sup>183</sup> and when the *dictator* 'made the calendar blessed with himself for *Consul*',<sup>184</sup> the end of *every Latin word* will have been projected onto/into imperial time, indeed that projection is to be imperial time, the law of its production, a death of a World of meanings, the *invention* of a new Order of signification and its power structure, *omnes uoces per quas iam tempore tanto / mentitur dominis haec primum reperit aetas* . . . ('All words, all the words you and I lie with to our owners through so great an age now, this time first invented', 5.385f.).

4.11. Lucan wants Phars-alia to obliterate Allia on the Roman calendar, in vain,<sup>185</sup> just as that last senate wanted the *fatum patriciaeque suumque* it laid on Pompey to be that Virgilian 'Fate', not the Lucanian 'Death-stiny' of senate and Rome as one.<sup>186</sup> *Signis/Signa*:<sup>187</sup> Lucan's poem memorialises the death of Republican meaning, *usque ad Thessaliam Romana et publica signa* ('Before Lucan, *enSigns* spelled *populus Romanus*', 7.164). In the 'pockmarks' of this text, *per uarias* . . . *notas* (7.152), signs fall upon signs: *Thessala rura / cum peterent, totus uenientibus obstitit aether / aduersasque faces* . . . / *denulit atque oculos ingesto fulgure clausit; / capulosque solutis / perfrudit gladiis ereptaque pila liquauit* . . . *uixque reuolsa solo maiori pondere pressum / signiferi mersere caput rorantia fleu / usque ad Thessaliam Romana et publica signa*. ('When they headed finally for those "Emathian plains", the whole sky obstructed their coming, brought down in their faces heat-seeking warheads and, blitz, blitz, blindness closed their eyes; those Roman arms were melted: scabbards for swords were moulds for metal, confiscated spears *run* . . . Those *enSigns* which spelled Rome and the Republic, before Lucan 7.152, forced down the head of their Standard-Bearer, so much *greater* is their weight, only just torn from the ground and soaking him with tears they plunge down his life.!) Signs on signs: in the Civil War of *Bellum Ciuile*, their objective is to 'block' narration, 'assault' the agent-subjects' sentences of Deathstiny, 'blind' their readers, 'melt-down' their arsenal, 'ground the signifier fast in the *greatness*

of their dead weight' . . . Their project is to 'drown the signifier in an engulfing flood of its own ocean of Wonderland tears'. These signs would arrest the movement of language, they all but delete their *diff-erence*.<sup>198</sup> And, such is political poetry, these *Thessala rura* (7.152) remain the scene of the self-destruction of the language this text would write in: the fatted 'bull' of this unsunder Muse 'shatters the altar, takes flight, dashes for "Emathian plains" headlong' (*discussa fugit ab ara / taurus et Emathios praecipit se iccit in agros*, 7.165f.); then, having played the Pompey (*fugit*) and staged the Caesar (*praecipit*), it *vanished*, beyond imaginative reach, beyond *inuentio* (*nullaque funestis inuenta est uictima sacris*, and no victim was found for the death rites', 7.167). Always already the imperial Muse has (been) taken over, overtaken by the history which denies her *her* voice, overtaking even and especially the story of that denial: in a sense, the text stops dead *here* at 7.152, at the closing of your eyes at 7.157, at the disappearance of the poem at 7.167, as it does at Pharsalia and at those other deaths of the text through to 10.546, and you traverse throughout Lucan's tight columns the measureless, *Borgesian*, moment when the Republic died, when the possibility of memorialising its epitaph was denied by the very circumstance of its death.<sup>199</sup>

4.12. Take the 'eagle': 'Eagles' equal . . . ? Once, 'eagle' presented in all its *oneness* patriarchal / Olympian / imperial power and when split and doubled fetched ominous messages to Classical Epic and Tragedy.<sup>190</sup> It served as 'the collective emblem of a whole legion',<sup>191</sup> *pulcherrimum augurium* . . . *Romanas aues, propria legionum numina* ('prettiest of birdsigns, Rome on the wing, special divinities of each legion', Tac. *Ann.* 2.17.2). Before the Caesars, the eagle *standard* bespoke Rome and the ideology of *imperium* as civic levy, the *sign* that wrote SPQR across a World: what built up the eternal city's 'walls' to stretch from *Urbs* to *Orbis* in the form of daily-renewed *castra*,<sup>192</sup> the 'camps' defined by their ditch and rampart, cut from *caespes* ('turf'). Lucan's Imperial Muse must already find in every sodding *caespes* of these *castra* the transcendence of *C-ae-s-a-r*.<sup>193</sup> To inaugurate *Bellum Ciuile* as *pares* . . . *aquilas* ('eagles :: eagles', 1.7) will be to disrupt the sense of Rome as those serial successes, *bella*, most Latin of words, to lose the difference on which War is pre-dicated (That stability of 'eagles = eagles' . . .). When Caesar seizes up the 'empty name' *imperium* and fixes Pharsalia as his time — *Caesare consule* — (5.387f.) he 'stirs chaos' (*miscere*) by combining / collapsing / supplementing / destabilising / re-(de-)signing *securus* + *gladitis* and *fascis* + *aquilis*. In the process the 'inside' of the Roman World system, the bundled rods and axes of *ius, res domi, Urbs Roma*, is *paired, confronted by, matched with/against* its 'outside', the swords and eagles of *res foras, castra, prouincia*: the old antitheses lapse, 2+2 will never make a republican 4 again, this is the Caesars' *ferri ius* ('martial law', 5.387), the 'right' by which this phrase 'might' be used to mean, to bear meaning as a 'legitimate' *signifer*. You witness here 'the adoption of the eagle by Roman Emperors . . . in the guise of Jupiter',<sup>194</sup> the spreadeagled bolt of *Iuppiter Tonans* which is to be the special lie of Caesarian slavery, *Caelo tonantem credidimus Iouem / regnare* ('Our faith: King Jupiter's sky thunders', Hor. *Carm.* 3.5.1f.): *mentimur regnare Iouem* ('Our lie: King Jupiter',

7.447), *regna* . . . *caelumque suo seruire tonanti* ('Kingship . . . and sky slave to its Thunderer', 1.35, for Nero), etc. etc.<sup>195</sup>

4.13. Where the epic holds to the register of *bella, pila, triumphos*, etc. etc.,<sup>196</sup> that abavistic construction of the World as Arms-and-Man, you must amplify the imperialism *within* these signs, these Western *standards*, until they interpellate you in your civic subjectivity. For *this* poem subjects you, the readers, to this interrogation: *Quis furor, o ciues, quae tanta licentia ferri?* ('Citizens, all who participate in and are comprehended by Latin culture and Roman civilisation, feel this madness, the anarchy, the killing, the *greatness?*', 1.8). This is not the Homeric-Virgilian appeal to the Muse, but horror of the inconceivable<sup>197</sup> and programmatic collapse of reader into character into text: noone stays out of *this* story, you all fight each other, your brothers, your Selves at Pharsalus, as Pompey forces you to recognise: *Quis furor, o caeci, scelerum? Ciuilia bella* . . . ('You can't see, . . . ; 7.95). This is the principle, then, of the Imperial Muse: that she is your voice, the eternal impossibility of your words. She is what turns *Bellum Ciuile* from epic poem of *kitsis* and *moenia, carmen*, into the destabilising curse of *euocatio* and Shechem, *carmen*.<sup>198</sup> This song is loaded with the double edge of a *pharmakon*, the burden of *miseratio/indignatio*:<sup>199</sup> it is a lament, an *epikedion*, but the performative rhetoric of its structure of address and its narrated *re-citation* of cycles of revenge and repetition poisons its delivery with self-loathing.<sup>200</sup> In *nuce*, the *Bellum Ciuile* fulfils the curse of Dido,<sup>201</sup> terms of Juno,<sup>202</sup> menace of Jugurtha,<sup>203</sup> in turn appeases Hannibal,<sup>204</sup> Gauls, Cimbri and Marius;<sup>205</sup> badmouths its own topics from Crastinus<sup>206</sup> to Thessaly<sup>207</sup> . . . The poem is *made* from 'allusività antifrasica';<sup>208</sup> it fastens on the pivotal moments of Augustan despair round which the entire project of imperial lies organise their re-presentation of a Roman World re-made, the vatic imprecations of Roman suicide from *Epodes* 7 and 16<sup>209</sup> through the omens of Caesar's execution from *Georgic* 1's finale<sup>210</sup> to the central plea of Anchises to Caesar and Pompey from *Aeneid* 6,<sup>211</sup> and so on: Lucan's parasitic *intertextuality* intervenes to seize on the vaccine and kill the cure, to delate the Latin Classics and uncreate their culture *kat' antiphrasin* . . .

4.14. In this poetic, Pompey, the resisting, delaying, yielding, *deferring* object of the narrative quest for satisfaction, plays a Virgilian Aeneas in reverse, *driven* like him, but Eastwards<sup>212</sup> and never to be re-fashioned into the subject, the agent whose *decisions* weld the epic action around his focality: to end as a decapitated Priam at the end of the Roman World.<sup>213</sup> *Magnus* has operated as if it were a 'noun' (*nomen*) and specifically a 'name' throughout the text. But Feeney (1986) shows you that it has, crucially, named a 'fame', a 'greatness', throughout, that it is the *value* of *Bellum Ciuile*, the question of its epic *greatness*.<sup>214</sup> If Pompeius and Caesar fought a war, then it was a struggle for this name *Magnus*: *si meruit tam claro nomine Magnus / Caesaris esse nefas, tanti, Ptolemaee, ruinam / nominis laud metus* . . . ('If it was the lucidity of his name *Magnus* that made him worth Caesar's dreadfulness, aren't you, Ptolemy, afraid of the fall-out from so *great* a name's crash . . . ; 8.549-51). In the event, the title *Magnus* was replaced by *Caesar*. Not

the failure of the boy-wonder Alexander's *megas* and its translation to Pompeius' *Magnus*, triumphant at 25 but doomed both to outlive fame and to take itself — like Sulla's *Felix* — off with its bearer to defeated death. Nor the dynastically reproductive but Caesared *Ptolemaeus*:<sup>215</sup> Rather, the eternal *Caesar*: *Omnia Caesar erat* ('Caesar was Everything', 3.108). 'One's name was often a military object of great value.'<sup>216</sup> Pompeius fights *Caesar* to make his 'name' mean, what *Caesar* is to mean, namely the sky, *kratos*, the Totality: *Romanum nomen et omne/imperium Magno tumuli est modus* ('What makes Rome Rome, the wholly Roman Empire, every word of Latin, is the limit of Pompey's grave, is the way to bury Pompey', 8.799). And *Caesar* chases across the globe the name *Magnus*, to make of it a dead 'name', *tantam* . . . *umbra* (9.2). The imperial *Muse* knows, however, that Pompeius was always already defeated and predeceased, a 'shade' and the 'insubstantiality' of mere shadowy 'name', from the start: *stat magni nominis umbra* ('He stands, the shadow of a great name, of the name *Magnus*', 1.135). The imperial *Muse* makes a prime target of the *telos* of the *Aeneid* in its last word, the quintessentially Virgilian *umbras*: with Pompey there goes Rome, the one which spells *Libertas*: *Roma, tuumque / nomen, Libertas, et inanem* . . . *umbra* ('Rome and your name, Freedom, a shadow without a body', 2.302f.). 'Greatness' belongs to the 'shades', for they are *maiores*, the dead Republican *mos*: against their praises, Cato downgrades *Magnus*, as *multum maioribus impar* (9.190); in their place, *Lucan* would have liked, but for history, to put the *magna* . . . *fama* and *tantum* . . . *nomen* of Cato (9.593f.).

4.15. But there is no competing with *Caesarsuccess*:<sup>217</sup> the poem has throughout arranged around *Caesar* a world always already empty of significant opposition: from Virgil's contagious phrases *paribus* . . . *telis*<sup>218</sup> and *paribus* . . . *in armis*,<sup>219</sup> the full-blown delirium of *Bellum Ciuile*, where both sides face themselves and — snap — they are each other, those *pares* . . . *aquilas* (1.7), those *tot similes fratrum gladios patrumque* (7.453)<sup>220</sup> . . . Incorrigibly, constitutionally, literally 'one-sided':<sup>221</sup> 'you win, you lose' screwed into 'Caesar chops, you crash': If ever it appears that there are rivals, *pares*, a pair of *matched* contenders, struggling *not to be equal* (1.125, *nec priorem* . . . *parem*), nevertheless always already it's into the contest (1.129, *nec coiere pares*). For all that the narrative may toy at relapse into the sense of a 'fair' fight (e.g. 5.3, *seruauit Fortuna pares*) as if bespeaking a gladiatorial *duel* (e.g. 6.3, *parque suum uidere dei*, cf. 4.708f.), the terms have always imploded, for 'Under normal circumstances . . . gladiatorial *paria* 'were equipped with different weapons; they were often of different nationalities':<sup>222</sup> The charge into binarist formulae<sup>223</sup> which seeks to preserve against the very logic of Civil 'War' the necessary oppositionality for an intelligible ant-agonism, conflict and its narration is crushed into one decisive process of Deathstiny, indiscriminately in the 'defeat' of *Vulteius*<sup>224</sup> or in the 'victory' of *Pharsalus*.<sup>225</sup> There is just *Caesar*, *C-ae-s-a-r* and his metaplasms, *c-a-d-o*, *c-a-d-auer* / *c-ae-d-o*, the *Bellum Ciuile* turning over and over the figure at the level of the Epic 'Man' of the 'Walled City's' uncreation, the *ruina* ('crash') of the 'corpse', as itself the principal 'Arms' of the 'Imperial Mission': in Death, 'the dead deal out death',

*peraguntque cadauera partem / caedis* (2.205), 'the hordes [*catervas*] of the dead . . . are so great a heap that after the slaughter [*caede peracta*] they can hardly fall . . . ' (2.201f., cf. 2.10f., *cadauera* . . . *cedere*, 134f., *cedere cadauera* . . . *catervas*, 150f., *ceruix caesa* . . . *cederet* . . . *cediderunt*, 169f., *caesi* . . . *cadauera* . . . *ceruice recisum*, 178f., *in corpore caeso* . . . *cedere manus*, 192, *caedes*, 197, *concidit*)<sup>226</sup> You have already seen the paroxysms of *Scaeva's* seizure, where 'he took a stand on the crashing [*ruenti*] siege-wall and first rolled out corpses [*cadauera*] from the loaded towers, crushed [*obruit*] the advancing enemy with bodies; all the crashed debris [*ruinae*] armed the Man' (6.169f., cf. 151f., *Caesaris* . . . *cadauera* . . . *cadam* . . . *ruinae* . . . *Caesaris* . . . 199, *obruat* . . . *stat* . . . *in quem cadat eligit hostem*) and 'the corpses', far from falling/crashing, 'move Wall and ground together as the heap grows' (180f.; cf. 4.787, *stetit omne cadauer*, 6.755f., *cadauer* . . . *terraque repulsum est / erectumque semel*,<sup>227</sup> 6.822f., *cadauer / ut cadat* . . .)<sup>228</sup> To let your Imperial *Muse* cut through the masses of *C-ae-s-a-r* / *c-ae-d-o* Words at War, arrest *Caesar* in his element of *Pharsalus* and make *Lucan* re-touch the image with which his 'Caesar Epos' was born: *tu, Caesar, in alto / caedis adhuc cumulo patriae per uiscera uadis* ('You are *Caesar*, high on the deep pile of slaughter, stepping through the *uiscera* / of your mother the Fatherland', 7.721f.) and so in the poem, *populumque potentem / in sua uictrici conuersum uiscera dexira* ('the Roman Empire / turning its right hand for victory against its own *uiscera*', 1.2f.), you can violently convert the Man's 'martial' suicide into an obscene delivery: you see, the *Caesars* were named a *caeso matris utero* ('for the cutting through mother's womb', *Plin. Nat. Hist.* 7.47) and 'Before 1800 caesareans' were 'operations of desperation, performed on undelivered mothers only as they lay dying, in order to save the infant . . . "Caesarean" was synonymous with "death sentence" . . .'<sup>229</sup>

both read the same bible and pray to the same god,  
and each invokes his aid against the other

Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address

## 5. The Wall of Words

a world war can be won  
you want me to believe

Dylan (1963)

5.1. One-World War, then: *certainum totis concussi uiribus orbis* ('struggle: all the world's forces in fits', 1.5) *Ubi non ciuilia bella?* ('Lucan's universal poem', 10.410).<sup>230</sup> *Toto simul utimur orbe* ('Hands around the Earth', 7.362). *Omnia, Caesar, orbem* ('Everything-Caesar-World', 3.296f.), cf. 3.7, 4.7, 4.9, 4.14. The structured process that is War: duality leading through binarism to self-cancellation and the unitary, made real by the aggregate of corpses whose memorialisation validates the structure,<sup>231</sup> caves-in before the concussion of Civil War: the hills and rivers swamped (3.7), the road and marsh merged (4.8), the river and the plain and the wall and the ground undifferentiated in the piles of bodies whose referentiality is spilled<sup>232</sup> in the heap (2.11, 4.15). 'Rivers or blood, rivers of blood?'

Undulating hills and valleys, or are they heaps of corpses and the subsidence of putrescence? (7.789f.) The grounding differences of Roman thinking turn turtle — Greek/Roman, obliterated, for example at Massilia — where the War may have seemed *uncivil* — in unsightly mutilation,<sup>233</sup> inside/outside, self/other, magistrates/generals, citizens/soldiers, *Urbs/Orbis*, *castra/campi* (2.14, 4.5, 4.12) . . .<sup>234</sup> Always already, imperial space has annulled distance: Pompeian *fuga* finds the walls of Rome deconstructed, both the besieger and the besieged both caught in a cooperative duet and also storming/defending a wall which has only one side, as Saylor (1978) demonstrates, working out from Scaeva's metaphorical *moenia*, his incarnation of Caesarian *mores*, to a world where *obsessus* . . . *gerit* . . . / *expugnantis opus* ('the besieged stars in the poetic role of, amasses the siegeworks of, successful besieger', 10.490f.)<sup>235</sup> cf. 4.1. Virgil's metaphors traverse a World of Walls in figuration of those (withheld) *altae moenia Romae* (4.6, 4.7, 4.9), but Lucan's lines are down, Rubicon fails to mark off Italy from the provinces, lustral *amburbium* cannot strengthen the *pomerium* between City and Italy as Rome *flees* from the protection of the Walls . . .<sup>236</sup> By metonymic substitution Caesar's *opus* narrates the impersonal efficiencies and wooden complexities of siegework improvisation in deflection of the brutalities of Civil War (cf. 3.9), but Lucan strips, fells and hacks truncated bodies, makes of this imagery both the dehumanised Caesar/Scaeva-wall<sup>237</sup> and the defaced victim/trophy Pompeius (4.8).<sup>238</sup> Since military history is primarily concerned with the claiming of space by force,<sup>239</sup> read the *Bellum Ciuile* as a Black Hole swallowing the coordinates of sense, *ubi solus aperitis / obsedit muris calcantem moenia Magnum* (10.545f., the *fnis*): here Caesar/Scaeva 'opens the walls', i.e. 'the siegeworks', and 'besieges Pompey who is stamping down the walls', i.e. 'the siegeworks', the *muris* and the *moenia* combining opposed reference to the same constructions and opposing reference to the opposing constructions and counter-constructions, the walls within walls of the Caesarian and Pompeian engineers.<sup>240</sup> the conceptual labyrinth of a one-man siege, a one-man siege taking over from the breached siege by Caesar's army, a siege prosecuted against Pompey after Pompey's defences were already breached, a siege prosecuted after the besieging walls of Caesar had been breached by Pompey, a siege prosecuted when the besieged already stands contemptuously *upon* (not just his own defences but also) the besieging works; the syntactical (counter-)construction of *aperitis/obsedit muris*, where within the absoluteness of the ablative there insists the instrumental sense, 'besieged with open walls', oxymoronically figuring in Scaeva 'walls which don't work the way walls do, protections that are unprotected, closures that aren't closed . . .' (2.6-10).

5.2. Everywhere, then, is Rome, Brundisium<sup>241</sup> or Massilia,<sup>242</sup> Ilerda<sup>243</sup> or the *castra Cornelia*,<sup>244</sup> Dyrrachium or Alexandria . . .<sup>245</sup> For the centre, the narrative focus, the scene in the epic of *Bellum Ciuile*, is always already a political construct, Rome, 7.634, cf. 3.69f.: SPQR).<sup>246</sup> Pharsalia, *hic Roma perit* ('Here dies was my Rome', 8.133, the *locus* harbouring Cornelia, so his *a-m-o-r*).<sup>247</sup> for Caesar, Troy, *Romanaque Pergama surgent* ('Rome's re-birth, Asiatic', 9.999). Rome is

'movable', whether as in Roman legend in the form of the Italian threat of the Samnite Telesinus to shift the 'capital',<sup>248</sup> or as the imperial quibbles locating the city with Camillus in Veii, not on the Gaul-occupied Capitol,<sup>249</sup> or in Greek lore, as with the shift of free Phocaea to become Massilia and resist Caesar, not flee the Persians (3.9),<sup>250</sup> or in the form of Delphic assistance to *totas mutantibus urbes/ ut Tyris* ('whole city shifts, like Tyre's', 5.107f.) . . . On one side, *Bellum Ciuile* destroys any fixed 'Emathian' centrality which might attach to Delphic 'omphallibility', the principle that the Word is whole, the language 'grounded' at the navel of a culture, with the inevitable price that its operators validate its mantic riddling by misreading:<sup>251</sup> book 5 indeed makes of this destruction the 'centre' of the poem, as Appian ends by the Euripus maelstrom at launchpad Aulis,<sup>252</sup> the Pythia forced by him to select his little deathstiny from her memorious totality, that 'pile': *uenit aetas omnis in unam / congeriem* . . . ('Every Age assembled: One, congested, heap', 5.175f.). On the other side, that same central book 5 stages and contests the traditional antithesis which would constitute the focal immobility of the *Urbs* from the dissemination of power along the radii from *curia* to *Orbis*, from the waves of SPQR *signa* constructing and shifting ever outwards the figure for the absent presence *Roma*, those ephemeral lines of the *castra* (3.6, 4.12): the scene of that last Republican senate in Epirus (4.10), *secretaque rerum / hospes in externis audiuit curia tectis*. / *nam quis castra uocet tot strictas iure secures, / tot fasces?* ('Senate, The House, a stranger under foreign roof & a guest in a home abroad, heard the World's Mysteries & held a debate on what was set aside as a secret', 5.10f., cf. 4.10). One displacement of Delphi as primal, originary, source of Truth will be Emathian Thessaly's Witch (6.425). The text would like to supplant Apollo further with the substitution of the oracular shrine of Jupiter *Ammon* ('Sandy Saharan'), astronomically sited omphallibility *qua circulus alti / solstitii medium signorum percussit orbem* ('Where the ring of the Solstice on high, the tropic of Cancer, smashes home through the World of Signs, bisects the Zodiac', 9.532, cf. 530 and esp. 543):<sup>253</sup> this 'should' be the *locus* where Cato's *os* is vindicated as the central *oraculum*, his *pectus* the infallible Truth of *Virtus*, his life a narrative 'journey' toward this transcendence of 'Rome' through Latin philosophy.<sup>254</sup> But Caesar's dizzy spiral round the globe<sup>255</sup> binds the World with his *nomen* from Spain to Egypt, catching up the centrality of *Roma* into the wake of his own transcendence: *Bellum Ciuile* is monitored by the ultimate displacement of omphallibility to Caesar, to Nero as Lucan's *numen*, his refusal of Delphic Apollo (2.5),<sup>256</sup> who must on translation to the sky *librari pondera caeli / orbe tene medio* ('Balance the celestial seesaw, take up residence in the Centre of the World, in the Zodiac', 1.57f.).

5.3. *Bella per Emathios* . . . (1.1): as with *Arma uirumque cano* . . . the first half-verse cut out by the *caesura*, regularly 'entitles' and incapsulates a Latin text (Ovid's wit with *Arma graui numero* . . . for the *Amores*, the *Georgics*' mix of didaxis *peri eudaimonias*, cued in the agricultural code of manure [*laetamen*] with *Quid faciat laetas* . . . Tbululus' *Diuitias alius* . . ., that simpleton pellucidity, the crass foreclosure of his problematic: fulfillment: selfhood:: *Roma: Amor* . . .).

*Bella per Emathios*, then. See Virgil *Georgic* 1.505, *tot bella per orbem* . . . If War had provided the coordinates of Rome, if military narrative had made names in Latin, then the culture had nevertheless proceeded 'through' the conquest of the Greek World toward the figuring of these 'conquests through the Greek' *medium* of epic poetry. *Bellum Ciuile* makes of its names a World of Words where *bella* succeed in failing to signify 'conquests', where the onward drive of the narrative — that *per* — takes us through its series of *campos* (2.12, 3.5) but implodes any directed per-positiveness, its *sens unique*, gives us the 'stupidity' of *Caesar* fulmination. These 'wars' find the *Campus Martius* interminably mapped across the world: once you have read *Caesar* through 1-4 as the Hannibal curse homing in on Rome you are ready to launch out East for Caesarian victory in the wake of Great 'Emathian' Alexandria, from Emathian Macedonia, Epirus, Thessaly, shift from Pharsalus to Pharos, on to Emathian Alexandria. Lucan found *Pharsalia* spelled out in three magic phrases of Virgilian multiple-vision: *ergo inter sese paribus concurrere telis / Romanas acies iterum uidere Philippi; / nec fuit indignum superis bis sanguine nostro / Emathiam et latos Haemi pinguescere campos* ('So Philippi saw again the Roman armies clash together and match bullets. God didn't mind the Emathian battlefields stretching out beneath Mt. Haemus rich, twice, in our blood compost', *Georg.* 1.489f.). *Philippi*, first (See 1.680, 694, 7.872: emphatically, then, Lucan's word for 'the end').<sup>277</sup> Beyond the 'always already' cyclicity of *Pharsalus-Philippi*,<sup>278</sup> the text raises the spectre of lines of Emathian 'Alexanders' watching ghoulishly their repetition and revenge in the Caesars: Philippi records its foundation as City in the prototypical World of Emathian conquest by the second Philip of Macedonia, by *Philip*, eternally name of princes, the daddy of them all, a(n) aristocratic and *Greek*) name for *kratos* whose proliferation may owe something to its lack of explicit 'greatness' (Consider Q. Marcius *Philippus* 'dealings with *Perseus*, son of Antigoniid *Philip* V and last King of Macedonia, L. Marcius *Philippus* stepfather of Octavian *Caesar*, the 1st C.b.c.e. Seleucid *Philips* I & II, the Herodian *Philip* and, inevitably, the 3rd C.c.e. 'Philip the Arab': *Imp. Caesar M. Iulius Philippus Augustus* . . .). From Attic to Roman failure, *philippismos* to Cicero's Antonian *Philippics*, that *per* . . .

54. Lucan privileges the name *Emathios* . . . *campos* (1.1, cf. 10.545, 2.9). But the 'blood' of *Caesar's* epic is to coagulate in references to *Haemus* (See 1.680, *latusque Haemi sub rupe Philippus*, 5.3, both stressed by tension with *snow*).<sup>279</sup> and clot into 'Emathian' Thessaly's *Pharsalia* as *Haemonia* (See 6.436, 589 *Haemonidum*, 575, *Haemus*, 394, 442, 480, 486, 694, 765, *Haemoni*-).<sup>280</sup> The *Emathian* remains the core of Lucan's textual reactor, the signifier which grounds the *Caesar* quest for mastery: in the modelling of *Bellum Ciuile* over against Roman *bella* overrunning the Greek World and the World of Greek, over against the Macedonian Alexander's monarchic 'greatness', over against the imposition of Alexandria upon the 'anti-World' of Phar-aonic Egypt, all that; in the subsumption of Epirus, Macedonia, Thessaly into one 'Greece' as hysterical site of all-Roman 'War', Pharsalus as 'Emathian' principle of the collapse in totalising 'World War' of escape via displacement, evasion through distance, narrative *per* difference . . .

(2.12, 14); and within its 'name' the epithet<sup>261</sup> *Emathian* catches up the 'pulverisation' of *Bellum Ciuile*, the ruination of ruination (4.13).<sup>262</sup> the *pulvis* of battle and of duststorm,<sup>263</sup> the *harena* of shore, coast, desert and of amphitheatre,<sup>264</sup> the *cinis* of the uncreated City,<sup>265</sup> ashes for cremation-confetti,<sup>266</sup> ritual dust for unburial,<sup>267</sup> the unfathomability of *Ammon*,<sup>268</sup> the breakdown of One, Stoic, World of inspirited Matter in collision and collusion between the elements . . .<sup>269</sup> *terra/tellus* decomposed and mushed into the Lucanian broth, Tiber plain (2.11), Ilerda (3.5, 3.7), the via Appia (4.8) &c. (5.1) . . .<sup>270</sup>

5.5. The force of Lucan's amplification of the military to the cosmic order is shown by Saylor (1982) to disorient the reader *ciues* (4.13), to make of *Caesar's* victims more 'Antaeuses', uprooted from Rome, Sweet Rome, losing themselves, their heritage, as they lose their territoriality, get out of 'touch' with their land, are eternally alienated from their language, discourse and culture (4.10).<sup>271</sup> The text's Stoicising hylozoism<sup>272</sup> makes all sentience, growth, life itself, know pain, share 'the "hurtability" of human beings'.<sup>273</sup> Round Pompey the oak-tree *truncus* (4.8)<sup>274</sup> crowd the array of tropes for the mutilated victim World, struck by the *Caesar fulmen*, paradigm of the 'immune, inanimate, inhuman', the indifferent, the irresponsible, the 'unpunishable', the 'unreconstructable': "stupidity" . . . as a descriptive term for the "nonsentience" or "the lack of sentient awareness," or most precisely, the "inability to sense the sentience of other persons" that is incontestably present in the act of hurting another person.<sup>275</sup> The congested crush of *Bellum Ciuile*, the collapse in Word and World,<sup>276</sup> robs 'War' of its necessary externality, its necessary separateness,<sup>277</sup> and compresses it into a monstrous global mutation of its Other, namely the pain of 'Torture' (2.8): 'its sheer aversiveness . . . negation', 'the double sense of agency . . . the sufferer dominated by a sense of internal agency . . . feels not the knife, nail or pin but one's own body, one's own body hurting one . . . annihilated, by inside and outside alike', 'an almost obscene conflation of private and public', 'its ability to destroy language, the power of verbal objectification' (3.1), 'its obliteration of the contents of consciousness', 'its totality. Pain begins by being "not oneself" and ends by having eliminated all that is "not itself" . . . Terrifying for its narrowness, it nevertheless exhausts and displaces all else until it seems to become the single broad and omnipresent fact of existence', 'one of its most frightening aspects is its resistance to objectification . . . real to the sufferer, it is . . . unreal to others'. 'This . . . is magnified in torture because instead of the person's pain being subjectively real but unobjectified and invisible to others, it is now hugely objectified, everywhere visible, as incontestably present in the external as in the internal world, and yet it is simultaneously categorically denied'. In sum, 'Torture aspires to the totality of pain' . . .<sup>278</sup>

5.6. And you are *Caesar* (2.2, 2.20, 4.13). Auto-crat, the Self as Master. The individual subject who would position what is *good* in relation to himself as the Selfsame, to him as Centre and Horizon: *tot iam liber in orbe solus Caesar erit* ('Caesar, sole free agent in the whole World: the future tense', 2.280). You must

read of Caesar monomania,<sup>279</sup> from *Monoecus* in decisive invasion<sup>280</sup> to *Scaeva solus* (10.545, 6.205).

### 5.7. That, Imperial Muse, is The Word at War:<sup>281</sup>

each line is a fresh corpse  
each word is another bruise

Manhire (1985)

*King's College, Cambridge*

### NOTES

This is for Karen. And all CNDies. My friends, Simon Goldhill and Jamie Masters, you made this very hard to write: thanks.

1. For impact of 'The War' on German scholarship in the 50's see W. Rutz, *Lucan* (Darmstadt 1970) is your up-to-date review of the Lucan scene. R. Häusser: *Das historische Epos von Lucan bis Silius und seine Theorie* (Heidelberg 1978) 238, refreshingly proposes that you sanction interpretation as the product of your political conditions. So —
2. I have aimed to reproduce some semblance of what G. B. Conte, 'La Guerra Civile nella rievocazione del popolo: Lucano 2.67-233; *Maia* 20 (1968) 224-53, aptly labels Lucan's *petulantia espressiva e tumores suffocanti*. The voice would have to be Olivier's, at Agincourt when —
3. This argument follows the lines of F. Kermode, *Forms of Attention* (Chicago 1985).
4. H. Lewin, *Christopher Marlowe the Overreacher* (London 1953) 49.
5. For this 'slogan' see below, 3-4.
6. See n.5 above.
7. See n.5 above.
8. Against such schemes of 'oppositional ideology' as that in G. Pfligersdorffer, 'Lucan als Dichter des geistigen Widerstandes', *Hermes* 87 (1959) 344-77, see the vaguenesses of Lucanian *libertas*: so E. Narducci, *La provvidenza crudele, Lucano e la distruzione dei miti augustei* (Pisa 1979) 14.
9. Contrast A. W. Limlott, 'Lucan and the History of the Civil War', *CQ* 21 (1971) 488: 'An epic poet who fixes his story firmly in the time, space and circumstances in which it really occurred . . . you see —
10. F. M. Ahl, *Lucan: An Introduction* (Ithaca 1976) 326f., supporting 'Pharsalia'.  
 II. So Conte (n.2 above) 240: 'che cosa sia la guerra civile'; C. A. Martindale, 'The Epic of Ideas: Lucan's *De Bello Civili* and *Paradise Lost*', *CompCrit* 3 (1981) 138f.: "'civil war" as much . . . as "the Civil War"'.  
 12. E. Scarry, *The Body in Pain* (Oxford 1985), *passim*.  
 13. For this view cf. H. Haffner, 'Dem schwanken Zünglein rauschend Wachte Cäsar dort', *MH* 14 (1957) 126. D. C. Feeney, 'Epic Hero and Epic Fable', *CompLit* 36 (1986) 137-58, esp. 141, usefully re-positions the contested terms 'hero' and 'action'. The debate has lacked all input from narrative theory. —  
 14. Cf. C. P. Jones, 'Homer's Daughters', *Phoenix* 39 (1985) 31; on Lucilius *A.P.* II.132 (Nero::Homer).  
 15. C. A. Martindale, 'The Politician Lucan', *G&R* 31 (1984) 64-79, esp. 75.  
 16. J. J. O'Donnell, 'The Prologue to Lucan', *CW* 72 (1978) 236: Lucan has already toured the globe within 1-10 —  
 17. More on the 'Emathian' below, in 5.  
 18. E.g. 10.58.  
 19. The blunt *Neroni* of 1.37 yields to *Caesar* at 41, inserted tellingly between Julius' career from Pharsalus to Munda (40, *ultima funeosa concurrant proelia Munda*: ultimate Munda, end of the *mundus*) and Octavian's Perusia to Actium/Naupactus; *Caesare* at 59 already *adlumbrates* 'the bad weather' of Lucan's lightning Caesar.  
 20. Cf. Häusser (n.1 above) 45f; F. M. Ahl, 'The Art of Safe Criticism in Greece and Rome', *AJP* 105 (1984) 198f.: 'To talk extravagantly of the emperor's divinity is . . . to control by flattery

and, simultaneously, to mock . . . his divine pretensions. Flattery is a kind of aggression.' The obvious question will be: how does Ahl know? And: how do y—

21. At 10.543 *resperit* is (concretely) 'looked back', but also 'thought of' (cf. 6.185). Through the text, in *agmine denso* (543), a 10-book chain of poetry refusing to *lepton*.
22. I paraphrase Lucan's last verses here, 10.543-46.
23. E.g. C. F. Saylor, 'Belli spes improba: The Theme of Walls in Lucan *Pharsalia* 6', *TAPA* 108 (1978) 244 and 251 n.16 speaks of 'Scaeva's death'.
24. G. B. Conte, 'Saggio di commento a Lucano *Pharsalia* 6.188-260', in *L'aristia di Scava* (Pisa 1974) 35, studies the poetry of this hyperbaton, *Virtus* ringed by *magnum crimen* ringed by *in armis/ciuitibus* framed by *resciet . . . esset*.
25. Inter(ri)ference here with phrases like *aliquem ad mortem dare*, 'put X to death'.
26. See B. M. Marti, 'Cassius Scaeva and Lucan's *Inventio*', in L. Wallach (ed.), *The Classical Tradition: Literary and Historical Studies in Honor of Harry Caplan* (Ithaca 1966) 239-57; G. B. Conte, 'Ennio e Lucano', *Maia* 22 (1970) 133; M. Lausberg, 'Lucan und Homer', *ANRW* II 32.3 (1985) 1590 & n.96; Ahl (n.10 above) 117f. (refs. in 118 n.); Ajax, Horatius Cocles, Aelius (?), Turnus etc. etc. For Cato's *Opferrod* as positive correlate to Scaeva cf. Ahl (n.10 above) 244.
27. Instead of the 'word-play', respect the *density* of the compressed range of Lucan's abstermious text, itself wrong from the parsimonious Order that constituted Classical Latinity (Cf. J. Bramble, [Cambridge 1982] 541f.). Isn't it uncomfortably obvious how far your Latin studies have been constituted as a collusion in the politics of language-policing, as a —
28. Highlights here from 6.203-50.
29. *S-c-a-e-v-a's* options, *laetia . . . u-a-c-s-s-e / ait culpa u-l-x-l-s-s-e sua* spell a deviant choice to either side of *u-l-x-l-s-s-e* either 'to lack his Scaeva', 'to have been lacking with his Scaeva', 'to have given his left hand exemption from military service' (recall that epic shield with its, give or take a few, 120 holes, which won Scaeva the 'name' of his 'fame', Marti in Wallach [see n.26] 243) or 'to have survived through the fault of Scaeva', 'to have stayed being Scaeva by being Scaeva' . . . (Further interaction here between *clipeo* and *culpa*).
30. In *Scaevium . . . / in caput . . . oculi laetuum . . . in orbem* (6.215-16) stakes out the set of equivalences: 'Scaeva', Caesar[ian] army, anti-virtus, set up to be 'head' of a Scaevan, 'sinister', cursed, Caesarian 'world' . . . So the arrow is *omni certior uolo*, 'surer than any could wish', homing in on the particular truth of *Bellum Ciuile, deuotio* for *deuotio*, a 'curse' for the hero, not his own 'vow'.
31. Yes, I write left-handed. You don't?
32. Cf. S. Newmyer, 'Imagery as a Means of Character Portrayal in Lucan', in C. Deroux (ed.), *Studies in Latin Literature & Roman History III* (Brussels 1983 [= *Collection Latomus* 180]) 238 n.17; esp. 5.303, 308, 310 *Caesar* vs. 315 *saeue*, 364 *saeua uoce*, 369f. *Caesar . . . saeui / . . . ducis*; Scaeva as bear, 6.220, is, inevitably, *saeuior*.
33. Same *pun* in Saylor (n.23 above) 250.
34. So Marti in Wallach (n.26) 256.
35. R. M. Ogilvie, *A Commentary on Livy, Books 1-5* (Oxford 1965) 266 on Livy 2.13.1.
36. Cf. Conte (n.2 above) 245 for the *is-Rede* epic form, E. Fantham, 'Caesar and the Mutiny: Lucan's Reshaping of the Historical Tradition in *De Bello Ciuili* 5.237-273', *CP* 80 (1985) 123f. on the minimal bearings given the mutiny scene. Lucan can treat names as noises, e.g. 2.544-46, *Camillis / . . . Metellis / ad Cinna Martiosque* ringed *Caesar magnisque*; and he can create sardonic fusion, e.g. his *Cordus*, the *quaestor* come to 'remate' Pompey's *quaestium corpus* (8.715-19; cf. 744 *cremantis*) can but suggest Crematius Cordus, forced to death by Tiberius Caesar, his Pompeian *bella ciuilia* officially burned (D. B. Brennan, 'Cordus and the Burial of Pompey', *CP* 64 [1969] 103-04). More crucial to the project of *Bellum Ciuile* is the blurring between contemporaries, relatives, generations, countries achieved through restricted nomination: between Marii, Antonii, Bruti, Lentuli, Pompeii filii, Phocis/Phocaea.
37. Marti in Wallach (n.26 above) 262: Scaeva in Caesar, Lucan and Appian, M. Cassius Scaeva in Valerius Maximus, Cassius Scaeva in Plutarch and Suetonius, Scaevola in Florus.
38. More such B-movie onomelature in Caes. B.C. 3.91.3 of the 'hero' *Crastinus: factum, inquit, hodie, imperator, ut aut uiuo mihi aut mortuo gratias agas*; Lucan picks this up for extended sarcasm in 7.470-75.
39. Cf. Mela 2.56, *Romani nomen mutauere quia uelut in damnatum iuris omen id uisum est* (See O. Keller, *Lateinische Volks-etymologie und Verwandtes* (Leipzig 1891) 232f., who objects — and he's not wrong, is he? — that *dux-regnum* is just as ill-omened and posits a dis-recognized Illyrian name).
40. B. Dick, 'Fatum and Fortuna in Lucan's *Bellum Ciuile*', *CP* 62 (1967) 237. Cf. F. M. Ahl, 'The Pivot of the *Pharsalia*', *Hermes* 102 (1974) 314f. on 7.727 *felix se nescit amari* of Pompey. For other