

Chapter 1 : Juvenal | Define Juvenal at calendrierdelascience.com

Juvenal is credited with sixteen known poems divided among five books; all are in the Roman genre of satire, which, at its most basic in the time of the author, comprised a wide-ranging discussion of society and social mores in dactylic hexameter.

Often imitated, and even more frequently quoted, Juvenal has been venerated as one of the founding practitioners of satire and one of the most penetrating commentators on the human condition. The angry persona he adopts in his poems has spawned a tradition of satire that has run for nearly two thousand years through European literature. Perhaps more than any other figure, he is the source of inspiration for perhaps the greatest of English satirists, Jonathan Swift. Born during the reign of Nero, he lived under nine other emperors, including the tyrannical Domitian, of whom he was especially critical. In addition to the court of the emperors, he turns his critical gaze on the Roman nobility, a host of professions, as well as ordinary citizens, whose lives he sees being wasted in the vain pursuit of pleasure and wealth. As succeeding generations have noted, the failings he exposes are not unique to the Roman Empire: Juvenal was born in Aquinum, southeast of Rome, and may have worked in minor governmental positions, perhaps abroad in Egypt for a time. Few facts about him have survived outside those provided by his own writings, although a biography written in the fourth century indicates that he was the son of a freedman and had practiced rhetoric until middle age for his own amusement—perhaps until he took up poetry. He was clearly well-versed in both Greek and Latin literature and mythology, to which he constantly alludes. As far as satire is concerned, he tells readers in his opening lines that he models himself on Lucilius, who was renowned for his outspokenness and fearless attacks on powerful men. He is the master of the telling detail and the piquant metaphor, all deployed in the service of skewering those whom he targets. He resents the growing power of the moneyed classes, the traders, and the freedmen and the displacement of traditional Roman centers of power. He disapproves of the softening influences of Greek and Eastern cultures and the vices they introduce into the hardy and self-reliant Roman character that had made the empire great. He despises the Roman aristocracy for its weakness and degeneracy and for its abandonment of the patron-client relationship in favor of naked self-interest. Last but by no means least, he presents himself as revolted by men who do not behave as men should, but have adopted womanly ways and, conversely, women who have abandoned Roman ideals of modesty and chastity and who take on masculine roles, such as that of gladiator in the arena. Juvenal explains his choice of medium in his first satire. Indeed, his satires disappeared for several centuries. Rediscovered, Juvenal was esteemed as an epigrammatist and social historian because of his vivid pictures of Roman life. Sixteen satires, totaling 3,162 lines, make up the total preserved work of Juvenal. The poems vary in length from the little more than sixty lines of the unfinished satire 16, which deals with the prerogatives of a soldier, to the lines of satire 6, directed against women, a poem that is long enough to fill a papyrus roll. The entire section is 1,620 words. Unlock This Study Guide Now Start your hour free trial to unlock this page Satires study guide and get instant access to the following:

By their practice, the great Roman poets Horace and Juvenal set indelibly the lineaments of the genre known as the formal verse satire and, in so doing, exerted pervasive, if often indirect, influence on all subsequent literary satire.

The nature of satire Historical definitions The terminological difficulty is pointed up by a phrase of the Roman rhetorician Quintilian: Quintilian seems to be claiming satire as a Roman phenomenon, although he had read the Greek dramatist Aristophanes and was familiar with a number of Greek forms that one would call satiric. Satira referred, in short, to a poetic form, established and fixed by Roman practice. Quintilian mentions also an even older kind of satire written in prose by Marcus Terentius Varro and, one might add, by Menippus and his followers Lucian and Petronius. As soon as a noun enters the domain of metaphor, as one modern scholar has pointed out, it clamours for extension, and satira which had no verbal, adverbial, or adjectival forms was immediately broadened by appropriation from the Greek satyros and its derivatives. The odd result is that the English satire comes from the Latin satira, but satirize, satiric, etc. By about the 4th century ce the writer of satires came to be known as satyricus; St. Subsequent orthographic modifications obscured the Latin origin of the word satire: Elizabethan writers, anxious to follow Classical models but misled by a false etymology, believed that satire derived from the Greek satyr play: The English author Joseph Hall wrote: The Satyre should be like the Porcupine, That shoots sharpe quills out in each angry line, And wounds the blushing cheeke, and fiery eye, Of him that heares, and readeth guiltily. *Virgidemiarum*, V, 3, 16⁴ The false etymology that derives satire from satyrs was finally exposed in the 17th century by the Classical scholar Isaac Casaubon, but the old tradition has aesthetic if not etymological appropriateness and has remained strong. But Hall knew the satirical poems of Geoffrey Chaucer and John Skelton, among other predecessors, and probably meant that he was the first to imitate systematically the formal satirists of Rome. Influence of Horace and Juvenal By their practice, the great Roman poets Horace and Juvenal set indelibly the lineaments of the genre known as the formal verse satire and, in so doing, exerted pervasive, if often indirect, influence on all subsequent literary satire. They gave laws to the form they established, but it must be said that the laws were very loose indeed. Consider, for example, style. In three of his Satires I, iv; I, x; II, i Horace discusses the tone appropriate to the satirist who out of a moral concern attacks the vice and folly he sees around him. As opposed to the harshness of Lucilius, Horace opts for mild mockery and playful wit as the means most effective for his ends. Although I portray examples of folly, he says, I am not a prosecutor and I do not like to give pain; if I laugh at the nonsense I see about me, I am not motivated by malice. In short, the character of the satirist as projected by Horace is that of an urbane man of the world, concerned about folly, which he sees everywhere, but moved to laughter rather than rage. His most characteristic posture is that of the upright man who looks with horror on the corruptions of his time, his heart consumed with anger and frustration. Why does he write satire? Because tragedy and epic are irrelevant to his age. Viciousness and corruption so dominate Roman life that, for someone who is honest, it is difficult not to write satire. He looks about him, and his heart burns dry with rage; never has vice been more triumphant. How can he be silent Satires, I? At the end of the scabrous sixth satire, a long, perfervid invective against women, Juvenal flaunts his innovation: What is satire if the two poets universally acknowledged to be supreme masters of the form differ so completely in their work as to be almost incommensurable? The formulation of the English poet John Dryden has been widely accepted. Roman satire has two kinds, he says: These denominations have come to mark the boundaries of the satiric spectrum, whether reference is to poetry or prose or to some form of satiric expression in another medium. The distinction between the two modes, rarely clear, is marked by the intensity with which folly is pursued: And, although the great engine of both comedy and satire is irony, in satire, as the 20th-century critic Northrop Frye claimed, irony is militant. Nicolas Boileau, Dryden, and Alexander Pope, writing in the 17th and 18th centuries "the modern age of satire" catch beautifully, when they like, the deft Horatian tone. Thy hand, great Anarch! Structure of verse satire Roman satire is hardly more determinate in its structure than in its style; the poems are so haphazardly organized, so randomly individual, that there seems little justification for speaking of them as a literary kind at all. Beneath the surface complexity of the poems, however, there

exists, as one modern scholar has pointed out, a structural principle common to the satires of the Roman poets and their French and English followers. These poems have a bipartite structure: The two parts are disproportionate in length and in importance, for satirists have always been more disposed to castigate wickedness than exhort to virtue. In any event, the frame is usually there, providing a semidramatic situation in which vice and folly may reasonably be dissected. Amid all this confusing variety, however, there is pressure toward order—internally, from the arraignment of vice and appeal to virtue, and externally, from the often shadowy dramatic situation that frames the poem. The satiric spirit Thus, although the formal verse satire of Rome is quantitatively a small body of work, it contains most of the elements later literary satirists employ. When satire is spoken of today, however, there is usually no sense of formal specification whatever; one has in mind a work imbued with the satiric spirit—a spirit that appears whether as mockery, raillery, ridicule, or formalized invective in the literature or folklore of all peoples. According to Aristotle Poetics, IV, 1449a, Greek Old Comedy developed out of ritualistic ridicule and invective, out of satiric utterances, that is, improvised and hurled at individuals by the leaders of the phallic songs. Such satires could be hurtful, if not fatal, and were easily weaponized; the poet could lead his people into battle, hurling his verses as he would hurl a spear. Early Irish literature is laced with accounts of the extraordinary power of the poets, whose satires brought disgrace and death to their victims: One story will serve as illustration: They were to be married, but, when the great poet Aithirne the Importunate and his two sons also poets saw Luaine, they were overcome with desire for her. They went to Luaine and asked her to sleep with them. The poets threatened to satirize her. And the story says: The damsel refused to lie with them. So then they made three satires on her, which left three blotches on her cheeks, to wit, Shame and Blemish and Disgrace. Thereafter the damsel died of shame. Its forms within the Western literary tradition are as varied as its victims: It is easy to see how the satiric spirit would combine readily with those forms of prose fiction that deal with the ugly realities of the world, but that satire should find congenial a genre such as the fictional utopia seems odd. More drew heavily on the satire of Horace, Juvenal, and Lucian in composing his great work. The two talk throughout a long and memorable day in a garden in Antwerp. Thus he functions as a satirist. Here Hythloday explains why Englishmen, forced off their land to make way for sheep, become thieves: Forsooth—your sheep that were wont to be so meek and tame and so small eaters, now as I hear say, be become so great devourers and so wild, that they eat up and swallow down the very men themselves. They consume, destroy, and devour whole fields, houses, and cities. For look in what parts of the realm doth grow the finest and therefore dearest wool, there noblemen and gentlemen, yea and certain abbots, holy men no doubt, not contenting themselves with the yearly revenues and profits that were wont to grow to their fore-fathers and predecessors of their lands, nor being content that they live in rest and pleasure nothing profiting, yea, much annoying the weal-public, leave no ground for tillage. They enclose all into pastures; they throw down houses; they pluck down towns and leave nothing standing but only the church to be made a sheep-house. Few satirists of any time could improve on this. He sent Gulliver to different lands from those Hythloday discovered, but Gulliver found the same follies and the same vices, and he employed a good many of the same rhetorical techniques his predecessor had used to expose them. Drama The drama has provided a favourable environment for satire ever since it was cultivated by Aristophanes, working under the extraordinarily open political conditions of 5th-century Athens. In a whole series of plays—Clouds, Frogs, Lysistrata, and many others—Aristophanes lampoons the demagogue Cleon by name, violently attacks Athenian war policy, derides the audience of his plays for their gullible complacency, pokes fun at Socrates as representative of the new philosophical teaching, stages a brilliantly parodic poetic competition between the dramatists Aeschylus and Euripides in Hades, and in general lashes out at contemporary evils with an uninhibited and unrivalled inventiveness. But the theatre has rarely enjoyed the political freedom Aristophanes had—one reason, perhaps, that satire more often appears in drama episodically or in small doses than in the full-blown Aristophanic manner. George Bernard Shaw considered himself a satirist. As he once wrote: It is no more possible for me to do my work honestly as a playwright without giving pain than it is for a dentist. Motion pictures and television By the mid-20th century, film began to exceed theatre in its satirical ambitions, not least because the makers of movies exploded an ancient doctrine having to do with principles of decorum in the use of satire and ridicule. The English novelist

Henry Fielding was reflecting centuries of tradition when, in the preface to *Joseph Andrews*, he spoke of the inappropriateness of ridicule applied to black villainy or dire calamity: Chaplin wrote, however, that, determined as he was to ridicule the Nazi notions of a superrace, if he had known of the horrors of the concentration camps, he could not have made the film. *Strangelove*; or, *How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* denies all limitation; through some alchemy, Kubrick created an immensely funny, savagely satirical film about the annihilation of the world. A combination of farce and nightmare, *Dr. Strangelove* satirizes military men, scientists, statesmen—the whole ethos of the technological age—in the most mordant terms; it shows the doomsday blast, yet leaves audiences laughing. At about the same time, television was showing itself erratically receptive to satire. *That Was the Week That Was*, a weekly satirical review started in England in 1955, had remarkable success for a time but succumbed to a variety of pressures, some of them political; when a version of the program was attempted in the United States, it was emasculated by restrictions imposed by sponsors fearful of offending customers and by program lawyers wary of libel suits. Jonathan Swift said that he wrote to vex the world rather than divert it; by the 21st century, Stewart, Colbert, Mercer, and others had discovered that vexation could attract large passionate audiences. Visual arts The critique that is satire may be conveyed even more potently in the visual arts than by way of the spoken or written word. In caricature and cartoons and, specifically, the political cartoon, artists since the Renaissance have left a wealth of startlingly vivid commentary on the people and events of their time. The social impact of their art is incalculable. Dictators recognize this all too well, and in times of social tension political cartoonists are among the first victims of the censor. The satirist, the law, and society The relations of satirists to the law have always been delicate and complex. Both Horace and Juvenal took extraordinary pains to avoid entanglements with authority—Juvenal ends his first satire with the self-protective announcement that he will write only of the dead. In England in the 17th century the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London issued an order prohibiting the printing of any satires whatever and requiring that the published satires of Joseph Hall, John Marston, Thomas Nashe, and others be burned. Today the satirists who attack individuals may risk financial loss to themselves and their publishers. In totalitarian countries the consequences are higher, and a satirist may suffer imprisonment, exile, or death. Under extreme conditions, satire against the reigning order is out of the question. Such was the case during the 20th century in the Soviet Union and most other communist countries; Osip Mandelstam is an example of writer whose savage epigram against Joseph Stalin set in motion a conflict with the Soviet state that culminated in his arrest and death in transit to a labour camp. One creative response that satirists make to social and legal pressures is to try by rhetorical means to approach their targets indirectly; that is, a prohibition of direct attack fosters the maneuvers of indirection that will make an attack palatable. It is a nice complication that the devices that render satire acceptable to society at the same time sharpen its point. The higher the slavery, the more exquisite the buffoonery. Under a massively efficient tyranny, satire of the forms, institutions, or personalities of that tyranny is impossible. But, under the more relaxed authoritarianism of an easier-going day, remarkable things could be done. Max Radin, a Polish-born American author, noted how satirical journals in Germany before World War I, even in the face of a severe law, vied with each other to see how close they could come to caricatures of the Kaiser without actually producing them. The whole career of Voltaire is an excellent case in point.

Chapter 3 : Satires | Define Satires at calendrierdelascience.com

The last great Roman satirist, Juvenal (c - AD) became famous for his savage wit and biting descriptions of life in Rome. The invisible man Little is known of Juvenal's life beyond his.

Fortuna or the Emperor is the Best Patron[edit] If the goddess Fortuna wants, from a mere teacher you will become consul , if this same goddess wants, a teacher will be made from a consul. For what was Ventidius? Anything really other than a comet and the marvelous power of hidden fate? Kingdoms will be given to slaves, and a triumph to captives. A really fortunate man, however, is even more rare than a white crow. Juvenal returns to his theme of distorted economic values among the Roman elite â€” in this instance centered on their unwillingness to provide appropriate support for poets, lawyers, and teachers. It is the capricious whims of fate that determine the variables of a human life. Quintilian was rich, he was the lucky exception to the rule. True Nobility[edit] Although your whole atria display ancient wax portraits on every side, excellence is the one and only nobility. Go on and be a Paulus or Cossus or Drusus in your morals â€” esteem this more important than the images of your ancestors. Paulus uel Cossus uel Drusus moribus esto, hos ante effigies maiorum pone tuorum. When everything else is stolen from those you rule, weapons and desperation remain. The nobles make excuses for behavior that would not be tolerated in slaves. Indeed, everyone is descended from peasants or worse if you go back far enough. This satire is in the form of a dialogue between the narrator and Naevolus â€” a male prostitute, the disgruntled client of a pathic patron. Why do you look so haggard, Naevolus? The life of serving the needs of pathic rich men is not paying off. But you used to think you were really sexy to men. Rich pathics are not willing to spend on their sickness, but I have bills to pay. I saved his marriage by doing his job for him with a wife that was about to get a divorce. You are justified in complaining, Naevolus. What did he say? Rich men have no secrets. But what should I do now; youth is fleeting. But I want so little. Fortuna must have her ears plugged when I pray. Wrong Desire is the Source of Suffering[edit] It is to be prayed that the mind be sound in a sound body. I will reveal what you are able to give yourself; For certain, the one footpath of a tranquil life lies through virtue. The theme of this poem encompasses the myriad objects of prayer unwisely sought from the gods: The narrator argues that each of these is a false Good; each desired thing is shown to be not good in itself, but only good so long as other factors do not intervene. This satire is the source of the well-known phrase "mens sana in corpore sano" a healthy mind in a healthy body , which appears in the passage above. It is also the source of the phrase " panem et circenses " bread and circuses â€” the only remaining cares of a Roman populace which has given up its birthright of political freedom But what should men pray for? The mob follows Fortuna and cares for nothing but bread and circuses. He dies of poison in exile. Xerxes I crawled back to Persia after his misadventure in Greece. Dementia is the worst affliction of all. Croesus , Marius , and Pompey. Even if they remain untouched by corruption, it makes them objects of lust for perverts. Even if they are unwilling like Hippolytus , the wrath of scorned women may destroy them. Trust the gods to choose what is best; they love humans more than we do ourselves, but if you must pray for something, "[i]t is to be prayed that the mind be sound in a sound body Dinner and a Moral[edit] Our humble home does not take up such trifles. Another man will hear the clacks of castanets along with words that a naked slave standing for sale in a smelly brothel would refrain from; another man will enjoy obscene voices and every art of lust, a man who wets his inlaid floor of Lacedaemonian marbles with spit-out wine Our dinner party today will provide other amusements. The author of the Iliad will sing, and the poems of Vergil that make the supremacy of Homer doubtful. What does it matter by what voice such verses are read? The main themes of this poem are self-awareness and moderation. The subject, in this instance, is the role of food and the cena formal dinner in Roman society. The narrator contrasts the ruinous spending habits of gourmards with the moderation of a simple meal of home-grown foods in the manner of the mythical ancient Romans. The advice of Apollo to know thyself should be heeded â€” not just for ambitions and endeavors, but also for what should be spent on a fish. Long ago, the noble Curius cooked things for himself that a slave on a chain-gang would reject now. A Jupiter made of terracotta saved the city from the Gauls. The narrator claims that his food is unharmed, despite owning no

ivory. True Friendship[edit] Lest these actions seem suspicious to you Corvinus, this Catullus for whose return I am placing so much on these altars, has three little heirs. If rich and childless Gallitta and Pacius begin to feel a chill, the entire portico is clothed with vows posted-up in the prescribed way there are those who would promise a one-hundred-cow sacrifice only because there are no elephants for sale here, The narrator describes to his addressee Corvinus the sacrificial vows that he has made for the salvation of his friend Catullus from shipwreck. These vows are to the primary Roman gods " Jupiter , Juno , and Minerva the Capitoline Triad - but other shipwrecked sailors are said to make offerings to Isis. In the passage quoted above, the narrator asserts that his sacrifices are not to curry favor or gain an inheritance, common reasons for making vows among those who would not hesitate to sacrifice their slaves or even children if it would bring them an inheritance. He says that he will propitiate his Lares family gods as well. Legacy hunters would sacrifice one hundred cattle, elephants, slaves, or even their own child if it secured an inheritance for them. You are hardly able to endure the least tiny particle of ills however slight " burning in your frothing guts, because a friend did not return to you the things deposited with him under oath? Does a man who has already left sixty years behind his back " a man born when Fonteius was consul " get stupefied by events like these? Or have you advanced nothing to the better from so much experience? This poem is a dissuasion from excessive rage and the desire for revenge when one is defrauded. The narrator recommends a philosophical moderation and the perspective that comes from realizing that there are many things worse than financial loss. One should not overreact to ill-use. There are hardly as many good people as the gates of Egyptian Thebes or even as the mouths of the Nile 9. The Golden Age was infinitely superior to the present age, an age so corrupt there is not even an appropriate metal to name it. Others rationalize that the wrath of the gods, though great, is very slow in coming. A financial loss is mourned more than a death, and it is mourned with real tears. That is not what the philosophers Chrysispos , Thales , or Socrates would say. The mere intention to do evil is guilt. The natura nature of criminals is fixa stuck and mutari nescia unable to be changed , and it rushes back to ways they have admitted are wrong " Thus, criminals tend to repeat their crimes, and eventually end up facing execution or exile. Avarice is not a Family Value[edit] Although youths imitate the other vices of their own free will, they are commanded to practice only avarice unwillingly. For this vice deceives with the appearance and shape of a virtue, since it has a grim bearing and a severe surface and exterior, the miser is lauded as if he were frugal without hesitation " as if he were a sparing man, and a sure guardian of his own possessions, better than if the Serpent of the Hesperides or the one from the Black Sea guarded those same fortunes. The narrator stresses that children most readily learn all forms of vice from their parents. Avarice must actually be taught since it runs counter to nature. This vice is particularly pernicious, since it has the appearance of a virtue and is the source of a myriad of crimes and cruelties. It is unjust for a father to criticize and punish a son who takes after himself. The tastes acquired in childhood persist into adulthood. There is no amount of money or land that will satisfy greed, but ancient Romans veterans of the Punic wars or of the war against Pyrrhus were content with only two iugera acres of land in return for all their wounds. Impatient greed leads to crime. Nobody inquires into where you got it, but you have to have it. Instilling avarice is the same as teaching a child every form of crime. A son whom you have taught to have no mercy will have no mercy on you either. Fleets sail wherever there is hope of profit. As much as Epicurus or Socrates was content to possess is best, or " in the Roman manner " a fortune equal to the equestrian order. If twice or three times that does not suffice, then not even the wealth of Croesus or of Persia will suffice. People without Compassion are Worse than Animals[edit] But these days there is greater concord among snakes. A savage beast spares another with similar spots. When did a stronger lion rip the life from another lion? In what forest did a wild boar perish under the tusks of larger boar? The narrator discusses the centrality of compassion for other people to the preservation of civilization. While severe circumstances have at times called for desperate measures to preserve life, even the most savage tribes have refrained from cannibalism. We were given minds to allow us to live together in mutual assistance and security. Without limits on rage against our enemies, we are worse than animals. Ulysses must have been thought a liar for his tale of the Laestrygonians or the Cyclopes. One attacked while the other held a feast.

Chapter 4 : Juvenal - Study Guide, Ancient Sexuality and Gender

Juvenal: The Satires: Satire VI - in a new freely downloadable translation.

Trebius Sergianus consul for B. As with all satire, it is probable that Juvenal exaggerates characteristics from someone in history. He may, of course, have made the whole thing up. Juvenal is quick to point out that the patron reckons each meal against his client i. Juvenal comically imagines Trebius being summoned to a meal with his patron in the dark when he is only half dressed and Trebius is filled with joy at being summoned in the middle of the night. Cups fly around the table and Trebius has to mop up the blood from the table! Virro is the host. The grapes were trodden in the Social wars i. Having contrasted the wine of the patron with the wine of the client, the goblets are contrasted. It appears to be fashionable for Romans in this satire to show off jewels on wine cups and not on rings. Aeneas, the founder of the Roman race wore his on his sword in contrast. The point that Juvenal is making is that the Romans are going soft "once the thing that was most precious to them was the sword but now it is a wine cup. The cup is named after one of Neros cobblers who gradually became rich. The nose of Neros cobbler was said to look like one of these nozzles. Trebius wishes to become rich like Neros cobbler and rise to a prominent position through his patron. If Trebius calls for water however it is brought by a rough looking black boy slave. The satirist comments that he would not like to bump into this slave on a dark night driving past the tombs on the Appian way where Criminals hang out. Ganymede was a beautiful young boy in Greek mythology that Zeus fell in love with and carried him to Olympus to serve him with wine. This is typical of Juvenals mock epic tone in his satires. The slave is disdainful of Virros clients and refuses to fetch water for Trebius. The bread even appears to be colour coded " a voice tells Trebius to learn the colour of his bread as he reaches for it he is, after all, only a client! The lamp oil was imported in a felucca foreign boat like olive oil that was used in the ancient world to light lamps and served on food. Africans often used cheap and smelly oil to rub themselves down at the baths " thus people avoided them, but Virro is serving this to his clients! It is suggested the best thing to do is rub the sauce Virro has served the clients onto the body to keep snakes away! Only the parasites of society like Virro and the legacy hunter people who befriended others to get in their will can afford such fish. Ironically, he calls on his clients to dine with him as an equal. The clients thinks himself a freedman at Virros table. In fact, the client is there because he is enslaved by his appetite. The greed of Trebius makes Virro continue to be cruel and thus the satirist seems to be saying that Trebius deserves this bad treatment. Note the deliberate imitation of epic poetry. If Trebius were more self controlled and lacked these carnal desires then he would be free to enjoy life without the humiliation that he deserves.

Chapter 5 : Juvenal Satires 5

Satire 1 Programmatic satire in which Juvenal states that his purpose is to write satire in a world where sinners are men of power. Satire 2 (In English) Satire on homosexuality and the betrayal of traditional Roman values.

On the City of Rome c. Juvenal, as most satirists, writes from a conservative perspective. The text takes up where Umbricius begins to speak. Since at Rome there is no place for honest pursuits, no profit to be got by honest toil my fortune is less to-day than it was yesterday, and to-morrow must again make that little less we purpose emigrating to the spot where Daedalus put off his wearied wings, while my grey hairs are still but few, my old age green and erect; while something yet remains for Lachesis to spin, and I can bear myself on my own legs, without a staff to support my right hand. Let us leave our native land. There let Arturius and Catulus live. Let those continue in it who turn black to white; for whom it is an easy matter to get contracts for building temples, clearing rivers, constructing harbors, cleansing the sewers, the furnishing of funerals, and under the mistress-spear set up the slave to sale. It is that the city is become Greek, Quirites, that I cannot tolerate; and yet how small the proportion even of the dregs of Greece! Syrian Orontes has long since flowed into the Tiber, and brought with it its language, morals, and the crooked harps with the flute-player, and its national tambourines, and girls made to stand for hire at the Circus. Go thither, you who fancy a barbarian harlot with embroidered turban. That rustic of yours, Quirinus, takes his Greek supper-cloak, and wears Greek prizes on his neck besmeared with Ceroma. One forsaking steep Sicyon, another Amydon, a third from Andros, another from Samos, another again from Tralles, or Alabanda, swarm to Esquiliae, and the hill called from its osiers, destined to be the very vitals, and future lords of great houses. These have a quick wit, desperate impudence, a ready speech, more rapidly fluent even than Isaeus. Tell me what you fancy he is? He has brought with him whatever character you wish grammarian rhetorician, geometer, painter, trainer, soothsayer, ropedancer, physician, wizard he knows everything. Bid the hungry Greekling go to heaven! In short, it was neither Moor, nor Sarmatian, nor Thracian, that took wings, but one born in the heart of Athens. Shall this fellow take precedence of me in signing his name, and recline pillowed on a more honorable couch than I, though imported to Rome by the same wind that brought the plums and figs? Does it then go so utterly for nothing, that my infancy inhaled the air of Aventine, nourished on the Sabine berry? Besides, there is nothing that is held sacred by these fellows, or that is safe from their lust. Neither the mistress of the house, nor your virgin daughter, nor her suitor, unbearded as yet, nor your son, heretofore chaste. They aim at learning the secrets of the house, and from that knowledge be feared. And since we have begun to make mention of the Greeks, pass on to their schools of philosophy, and hear the foul crime of the more dignified cloak. It was a Stoic that killed Bareas--the informer, his personal friend--the old man, his own pupil--bred on that shore on which the pinion of the Gorgonean horse lighted. There is no room for any Roman here, where some Protogenes, or Diphilus, or Erimanthus reigns supreme; who, with the common vice of his race, never shares a friend, but engrosses him entirely to himself. In exact proportion to the sum of money a man keeps in his chest, is the credit given to his oath. Though you were to swear by all the altars of the Samothracian and our own gods, the poor man is believed to despise the thunder-bolts and the gods, even with the sanction of the gods themselves. Why add that this same poor man furnishes material and grounds for ridicule to all, if his cloak is dirty and torn, if his toga is a little soiled, and one shoe gapes with its upper leather burst; or if more than one patch displays the coarse fresh darning thread, where a rent has been sewn up. Poverty, bitter though it be, has no sharper pang than this, that it makes men ridiculous. Here let the son of the sleek crier applaud among the spruce youths of the gladiator, and the scions of the fencing-school. Who was ever allowed at Rome to become a son-in-law if his estate was inferior, and not a match for the portion of the young lady? When is he summoned to a consultation even by an aedile? All Quirites that are poor, ought long ago to have emigrated in a body. Difficult indeed is it for those to emerge from obscurity whose noble qualities are cramped by narrow means at home; but at Rome, for men like these, the attempt is still more hopeless; it is only at an exorbitant price they can get a wretched lodging, keep for their servants, and a frugal meal. A man is ashamed here to dine off pottery ware, which, were he suddenly transported to the Marsi and a Sabine

board, contented there with a coarse bowl of blue earthenware, he would no longer deem discreditable. In this fault all participate. Here we all live with a poverty that apes our betters. Why should I detain you? Everything at Rome is coupled with high price. What have you to give, that you may occasionally pay your respects to Cossus? One shaves the beard, another deposits the hair of a favorite; the house is full of venal cakes. I must live in a place, where there are no fires, no nightly alarms. Already is Ucalegon shouting for water! Yet you are unconscious! For if the alarm begin from the bottom of the stairs, he will be the last to be burnt whom a single tile protects from the rain, where the tame pigeons lay their eggs. Codrus had a bed too small for his Procula, six little jugs the ornament of his sideboard, and a little can besides beneath it, and a Chiron reclining under the same marble; and a chest now grown old in the service contained his Greek books, and mice gnawed poems of divine inspiration. Codrus possessed nothing at all; who denies the fact? But the climax that crowns his misery is the fact, that though he is stark naked and begging for a few scraps, no one will lend a hand to help him to bed and board. But, if the great mansion of Asturius has fallen, the matrons appear in weeds, the senators in mourning robes, the praetor adjourns the courts. Then it is we groan for the accidents of the city; then we loathe the very name of fire. The fire is still raging, and already there runs up to him one who offers to present him with marble, and contribute towards the rebuilding. Some lady will contribute some ancient ornaments of gods taken in our Asiatic victories; another, books and cases and a bust of Minerva; another, a whole bushel of silver. Persicus, the most splendid of childless men, replaces all he has lost by things more numerous and more valuable, and might with reason be suspected of having himself set his own house on fire. If you can tear yourself away from the games in the circus, you can buy a capital house at Sora, or Fabrateria, or Frusino, for the price at which you are now hiring your dark hole for one year. There you will have your little garden, a well so shallow as to require no rope and bucket, whence with easy draft you may water your sprouting plants. Live there, enamored of the pitch-fork, and the dresser of your trim garden, from which you could supply a feast to a hundred Pythagoreans. It is something to be able in any spot, in any retreat whatever, to have made oneself proprietor even of a single lizard. Here full many a patient dies from want of sleep; but that exhaustion is produced by the undigested food that loads the fevered stomach. For what lodging-houses allow of sleep? None but the very wealthy can sleep at Rome. Hence is the source of the disease. The passing of wagons in the narrow curves of the streets, and the mutual reviles of the team drivers brought to a standstill, would banish sleep even from Drusus and sea-calves. If duty calls him, the rich man will be borne through the yielding crowd, and pass rapidly over their heads on the shoulders of his tall Liburnian, and, as he goes, will read or write, or even sleep inside his litter, for his sedan with windows closed entices sleep. And still he will arrive before us. In front of us, as we hurry on, a tide of human beings stops the way; the mass that follows behind presses on our loins in dense concourse; one man pokes me with his elbow, another with a hard pole; one knocks a beam against my head, another a ten-gallon cask. Tunics that have been patched together are torn asunder again. Presently, as the tug approaches, the long fir-tree quivers, other wagons are conveying pine-trees; they totter from their height, and threaten ruin to the crowd. For if that wain, that is transporting blocks of Ligustican stone, is upset, and pours its mountain-load upon the masses below, what is there left of their bodies? Who can find their limbs or bones? Every single carcass of the mob is crushed to minute atoms as impalpable as their souls. Such are the various occupations of the bustling slaves. Now revert to other perils of the night distinct from these. What a height it is from the lofty roofs, from which a potsherd tumbles on your brains. How often cracked and chipped earthenware falls from the windows! You may well be accounted remiss and improvident against unforeseen accident, if you go out to supper without having made your will. It is clear that there are just so many chances of death, as there are open windows where the inmates are awake inside, as you pass by. Pray, therefore, and bear about with you this miserable wish, that they may be contented with throwing down only what the broad basins have held. One that is drunk, and quarrelsome in his cups, if he has chanced to give no one a beating, suffers the penalty by loss of sleep; he passes such a night as Achilles bewailing the loss of his friend; lies now on his face, then again on his back. Under other circumstances, he cannot sleep. In some persons, sleep is the result of quarrels; but though daring from his years, and flushed with unmixed wine, he cautiously avoids him whom a scarlet cloak, and a very long train of attendants, with plenty of flambeaux and a bronzed candelabrum, warns him to steer clear of. He stands right

in front of you, and bids you stand! For what can you do, when he that gives the command is mad with drink, and at the same time stronger than you! Speak, or be kicked! Say where do you hang out? When thrashed he humbly begs, and pummeled with fisticuffs supplicates to be allowed to quit the spot with a few teeth left in his head. Nor is this yet all that you have to fear, for there will not be wanting one to rob you, when all the houses are shut up, and all the fastenings of the shops chained, are fixed and silent. Sometimes too a footpad does your business with his knife, whenever the Pontine marshes and the Gallinarian wood are kept safe by an armed guard. Consequently they all flock thence to Rome as to a great preserve. What forge or anvil is not weighed down with chains? The greatest amount of iron used is employed in forging fetters; so that you may well fear that enough may not be left for plowshares, and that mattocks and hoes may run short. Well may you call our great-grandsires happy, and the ages blest in which they lived, which, under kings and tribunes long ago, saw Rome contented with a single jail. To these I could subjoin other reasons for leaving Rome, and more numerous than these; but my cattle summon me to be moving, and the sun is getting low. For long ago the muleteer gave me a hint by shaking his whip. Farewell then, and forget me not! Then, equipped with my caliga, I will visit your chilly regions, to help you in your satires unless they scorn my poor assistance. The Sourcebook is a collection of public domain and copy-permitted texts related to medieval and Byzantine history. Unless otherwise indicated the specific electronic form of the document is copyright. Permission is granted for electronic copying, distribution in print form for educational purposes and personal use. No representation is made about texts which are linked off-site, although in most cases these are also public domain.

Chapter 6 : Juvenal Satires 1

Juvenal: The Satires: Satire V - in a new freely downloadable translation.

Is That Meant to Be Satirical? Overview Satire is a technique used by writers to call attention to and criticize the customs and behaviors of an individual, organization, or society. Satire utilizes humor, irony, exaggeration, or ridicule in its critique, with the goal of instructing or improving humanity. A writer may aim a satire toward a person, a country, or even the entire world. Satire in Western civilization originates with a Greek playwright, Aristophanes, in the 5th and 4th centuries BCE, but the genre takes full form with the writings of two Romans: In his five books of satirical poetry, Juvenal assumes the role of the upright man who looks with horror on the corruptions of his time, his heart consumed with anger and frustration. He skewers his targets through humor, colorful detail, and sharp imagery. Big Question Why is satire such an effective literary form for critiquing human behavior? Critique Through Humor Read: Writing in the 1st century BCE, Horace criticized social vices through gentle, mild, and light-hearted humor. Juvenal used a bitterly cynical tone in his writing and actively attacked the opinions of public figures and institutions in the Roman Empire. Satire Satire is a technique used by writers to call attention to and criticize the customs and behavior of an individual, organization, or society. Satire can be direct satire or indirect satire. Direct satire has the narrator speak directly to the reader while indirect satire has the author deliver their criticism and humor through a narrative and its story. Satirical works often use fictional characters, intended to represent people or groups, to show and criticize unethical behavior. Such characters are generally exaggerated for both emphasis and comic effect. By making fun of individuals and organizations, the satirist hopes those being criticized will alter their behavior and improve their moral character. From Greek and Roman theater and satirical poems to modern television and film comedy sketches, satire has been a common tool in the Western culture for pointing at and criticising human behavior. Satire generally includes three essential elements: Humor Criticism, which can be either a general criticism of human nature or a more specific criticism of a person or group Some kind of moral voice Juvenal and the Satires Decimus Junius Juvenalis, or Juvenal, was born ca. From the few biographical references that exist, it is likely that his family was well-to-do. He became an army officer as a first step to a career in the administrative service of the Emperor Domitian 81â€”96 CE but failed to obtain promotion and grew embittered. Most biographers have him living out a period of exile in Egypt, possibly due to a satire he wrote declaring that court favorites had undue influence in military officer promotions. Juvenal eventually returned to Rome, but without money or a career. Juvenal is credited with 16 numbered poems divided into five books. Satire 3 Quid Romae Faciam? Though put out by the departure of my old friend, I commend his purpose to fix his home at Cumae, and to present one citizen to the Sibyl. That is the gate of Baiae, a sweet retreat upon a pleasant shore; I myself would prefer even Prochyta to the Saburra! For where has one ever seen a place so dismal and so lonely that one would not deem it worse to live in perpetual dread of fires and falling houses, and the thousand perils of this terrible city, and poets spouting in the month of August! But while all his goods and chattels were being packed upon a single wagon, my friend halted at the dripping archway of the old Porta Capena. Here Numa held his nightly assignations with his mistress; but now the holy fount and grove and shrine are let out to Jews, who possess a basket and a truss of hay for all their furnishings. For as every tree nowadays has to pay toll to the people, the Muses have been ejected, and the wood has to go a-begging. We go down to the Valley of Egeria, and into the caves so unlike to nature: Let Artorius live there, and Catulus; let those remain who turn black into white, to whom it comes easy to take contracts for temples, rivers or harbours, for cleansing drains, or carrying corpses to the pyre, or to put up slaves for sale under the authority of the spear. These men once were horn-blowers, who went the round of every provincial show, and whose puffed-out cheeks were known in every village; to-day they hold shows of their own, and win applause by slaying with a turn of the thumb whomsoever the mob bids them slay; from that they go back to contract for cesspools, and why not for any kind of thing, seeing that they are of the kind that Fortune raises from the gutter to the mighty places of earth whenever she wishes to enjoy a laugh? What can I do at Rome? No man will get my help in robbery, and therefore no governor will take me on his staff: I am treated as a maimed and

useless trunk that has lost the power of its hands. What man wins favour nowadays unless he be an accompliceâ€”one whose soul seethes and burns with secrets that must never be disclosed? No one who has imparted to you an innocent secret thinks he owes you anything, or will ever bestow on you a favour; the man whom Verres loves is the man who can impeach Verres at any moment that he chooses. Let not all the sands of the shaded Tagus, and the gold which it rolls into the sea, be so precious in your eyes that you should lose your sleep, and accept gifts, to your sorrow, which you must one day lay down, and be forever a terror to your mighty friend! I cannot abide, Quirites, a Rome of Greeks; and yet what fraction of our dregs comes from Greece? The Syrian Orontes has long since poured into the Tiber, bringing with it its lingo and its manners, its flutes and its slanting harp-strings: Out upon you, all ye that delight in foreign strumpets with painted headdresses! Your country clown, Quirinus, now trips to dinner in Greek-fangled slippers, and wears niceterian ornaments upon a ceromatic-neck! One comes from lofty Sicyon, another from Amydon or Andros, others from Samos, Tralles or Alabanda; all making for the Esquiline, or for the hill that takes its name from osier-beds; all ready to worm their way into the houses of the great and become their masters. Quick of wit and of unbounded impudence, they are as ready of speech as Isaeus, and more torrential. Say, what do you think that fellow there to be? He has brought with him any character you please; grammarian, orator, geometrician; painter, trainer, or rope-dancer; augur, doctor or astrologer: Is a man to sign his name before me, and recline upon a couch above mine, who has been wafted to Rome by the wind which brings us our damsons and our figs? Is it to go so utterly for nothing that as a babe I drank in the air of the Aventine, and was nurtured on the Sabine berry? We, no doubt, can praise the same things that they do; but what they say is believed. Could any actor do better when he plays the part of Thais, or of a matron, or of the nude Doris? You would never think that it was an actor that was speaking, but a very woman, complete in all her parts. Yet, in their own country, neither Antiochus nor Stratocles, neither Demetrius nor the delicate Haemus, will be applauded: These men want to discover the secrets of the family, and so make themselves feared. Nowhere is it so easy as at Rome to throw an old client overboard. Direct or Indirect Satire Poll Satire can be direct or indirect. In direct satire, the narrator speaks directly to the reader. In indirect satire, the author delivers their criticism and humor through a narrative and its story. Which of the following forms of satire do you prefer? I prefer to listen to comedians make fun of society through their jokes. I prefer to watch TV shows or movies that make fun of society through their characters and plots. He provides colorful detail and sharp imagery to skewer his targets: In his third satire, Juvenal delivers a lengthy tirade against life in Rome delivered, indirectly, through the words of his friend Umbricius, who is leaving for the quiet seaside town of Cumae. The poet then joins the audience as Umbricius, a loyal Roman citizen who can no longer endure his homeland, speaks his mind in an extended monologue. Umbricius has a lengthy list of reasons for why he has been driven from Rome. Juvenal employs indirect satire effectively through the mouthpiece of Umbilicus. He uses pointed, provocative examples and mixes in memorable images and phrases to add effect or humor.

Chapter 7 : Satires (Juvenal) - Wikipedia

The Satires are a collection of satirical poems by the Latin author Juvenal written in the late 1st and early 2nd centuries CE. There are sixteen satirical poems divided between five books.

You see, when the world was new, the heavens young, People lived differently, lacking parents as they did, Born instead from cleft oak-trees, or shaped from mud. Every other crime came later, spawned by the age of iron: But the silver age it was, that witnessed the first adulterers. Postumus, you were sane once. Are you really taking a wife? O, good doctor, relieve the pressure on that swollen vein! What a fastidious man! Fasten a garland To your doorpost if you do, deck the lintel with marriage ivy. Have Jupiter and Mars gone into retirement? Though, as a child of a wealthy family, she once slept In a richly decorated cradle on soft, downy pillows, That sea voyage concerned her little; nor her reputation, Which is ever the least of losses to such ladies of luxury. Though the reason be just And virtuous, for taking risks, women are still afraid, Their hearts frozen with terror, trembling in every limb: A wife will vomit Over her husband, a mistress eat with the sailors, stride The deck, and delight in handling the stubborn rigging. He was a gladiator, though. They love the steel. Take a look at the rivals of the gods; hear how Claudius Suffered. Then lie there obligingly, delighting in every stroke. Shall I speak of spells and love-potions too, poisons brewed, And stepsons murdered? Nothing but a nuisance now, always blowing your nose. Be off, Make it snappy. Some faults may be minor, yet too much for husbands to take. Such language is surely not decent for elderly Women. Grant him a hearing. Meanwhile, secretly, the lover lies there concealed, Waiting impatient and silent, and toying with his cock. Now we suffer the ills of a long peace. No single kind of crime or act of lust has been lacking, from The moment we were no longer poor: O how all their hearts are on fire for sexual pleasure How they squeal then to the dance of desire, and how powerful The torrent of undiluted lust that covers their drenched thighs! Ox and And Those Eunuchs! You should be the more suspicious, the smoother his voice, The more often his right hand lingers near his chubby loins. Keep that pantomime for Others! I know the warnings and advice that all my old friends offer: The skilful wife anticipates, and therefore begins with them. Their husbands sometimes look ahead, and feel forebodings of Cold and hunger, learning at last that lesson taught by the ants: But a spendthrift woman has no idea of diminishing resources. You must have plenty Of time in the sky: One consults you about comic actors, another wants to promote A tragedian: She goes to the baths at night, orders her staff with the perfume jars Around at night, all because she delights to sweat amidst the tumult. When her weary arms fall back after exercising with heavy weights, The practised masseur will press his fingers into her crest, and will Force a cry from his mistress, as he strokes the surface of her thigh. Meanwhile her wretched dinner-guests are overcome by boredom And hunger. No wonder her husband Feels nauseous and closes his eyes to try and keep down his bile. The literary men concede, the rhetoricians are beaten, the whole Party is silent, not even the lawyer speaks or the auctioneer, Not another woman. She can come to the aid of the moon in labour, all on her own. Does any man care? She should criticise the crude speech of her Girlfriends: Why would she Wish to look lovely at home? Sticks are broken on one slave, the whip and the strap Scorch others; some women pay their torturers an annual wage. Meanwhile another slave on Her left, draws out and combs the hair, and coils it into a bun. Her head is weighed down with layer on layer, tier after tier, Piled high: No sooner does he give way, than a palsied Jewess will leave Her hay-lined begging-basket to mutter her requests in an ear. Yet the first of these astrologers is the one most often exiled. Plebeian fates are decided in the Circus or on the Embankment, Where those displaying a long gold chain hung on a bare neck, Ask advice at the foot of the Circus towers or the dolphin columns, About whether to leave the tradesman, and marry the inn-keeper. Yet at least such women endure the dangers of childbirth, and all The effort of nurturing their offspring their lot in life dictates. Be grateful, you wretch, and offer your wife yourself whatever she has To take, since if she had chosen to let vigorous boys vex and stretch Her belly, you might have been father to an Ethiopian! Your dark hair, Barely visible at dawn, would soon be seen everywhere in the will. Shameless Fortune lingers there at night, smiling on naked infants: Then everything was on fire, the whole fabric collapsing in ruins, Exactly as if the goddess Juno had driven her husband Jupiter

mad. You wards, who are rather wealthy, and lacking fathers, beware: Have someone else taste first whatever the woman who bore you Serves, get your terrified tutor to drink, before you, from the cup. If only it were nonsense! Those women too dared monstrous things, enormities even then, Though not for money. Those crowning monstrosities elicit less Amazement, when we realise it was anger that made the sex turn To crime, when they were swept along, frenzy tearing their hearts, Dashed about like rocks torn from the cliffs, when the mountain Collapses beneath, and the face of the overhanging slope is shorn. The only difference is: End of Satire VI.

Chapter 8 : Juvenal: Satires TEL Library

Satire I: A Justification Sat! Unbearable Stuff! Must I be a listener forever? Never reply, Tortured so often by throaty Cordus's Theseus? Must I let this fellow recite his Roman comedies.

By their practice, the great Roman poets Horace and Juvenal set indelibly the lineaments of the genre known as the formal verse satire and, in so doing, exerted pervasive, if often indirect, influence on all subsequent literary satire. They gave laws to the form! Life The one contemporary who ever mentions Juvenal is Martial , who claims to be his friend, calls him eloquent , and describes him as living the life of a poor dependent cadging from rich men. There are a few biographies of him, apparently composed long after his death; these may contain some nuggets of fact, but they are brief, ill-proportioned, and sometimes incredible. After some years his situation improved, for autobiographical remarks in Satire 11 show him, now elderly, living in modest comfort in Rome and possessing a farm at Tibur now Tivoli with servants and livestock. Still pessimistic, the later Satires show a marked change of tone and some touches of human kindness, as though he had found some consolation at last. Though no details of his death exist, he probably died in or after They were published at intervals in five separate books. The historian Tacitus , a contemporary of Juvenal, was also embittered by the suspicion and fear of that epoch. Book Two, the single, enormous Satire 6, contains topical references to the year The third Book, with Satires 7, 8, and 9, opens with praise of an emperorâ€”surely Hadrian, who endowed a literary institute to assist deserving authorsâ€”whose generosity makes him the sole hope of literature. There is no datable allusion in Book Four, which comprises Satires 10â€” Book Five, made up of Satires 13, 14, 15, and 16, has two clear references to the year The Satires attack two main themes: In the first Satire, Juvenal declares that vice, crime, and the misuse of wealth have reached such a peak that it is impossible not to write satire, but that, since it is dangerous to attack powerful men in their lifetime, he will take his examples from the dead. He does not maintain this principle, for sometimes he mentions living contemporaries; but it provides a useful insurance policy against retaliation, and it implies that Rome has been evil for many generations. Male homosexuals are derided in two poems: In the third Satire a friend of Juvenal explains why, abandoning the humiliating life of a dependent, he is determined to live in a quiet country town and leave crowded and uncomfortable Rome, which has been ruined by Greeks and other foreign immigrants; while in the fifth Juvenal mocks another such dependent by describing the calculated insults he must endure on the rare occasions when his patron invites him to dinner. The fourth relates how Domitian summoned his cringing Cabinet to consider an absurdly petty problem: Satire 6, more than lines long, is a ruthless denunciation of the folly, arrogance , cruelty, and sexual depravity of Roman women. The seventh Satire depicts the poverty and wretchedness of the Roman intellectuals who cannot find decent rewards for their labours. In the eighth, Juvenal attacks the cult of hereditary nobility. One of his grandest poems is the 10th, which examines the ambitions of mankindâ€”wealth, power, glory, long life, and personal beautyâ€”and shows that they all lead to disappointment or danger: The 12th is a quiet little poem distinguishing between true and mercenary friendship. In the 13th Juvenal offers sarcastic consolation to a man who has been defrauded of some money by a friend, telling him that such misdeeds are commonplace; while in the 14th he denounces parents who teach their children avarice. Satire 15 tells of a riot in Egypt during which a man was torn to pieces and eaten: In the 16th Juvenal announces that he will survey the privileges of professional soldiers, an important theme; but the poem breaks off at line 60 in the middle of a sentence: The structure of the individual Satires isâ€”with a few exceptionsâ€”clear and forceful. They are full of skillfully expressive effects in which the sound and rhythm mimic and enhance the sense; and they abound in trenchant phrases and memorable epigrams, many known to people who have never heard of Juvenal: Juvenal is not a poet to be relished by soft hearts or optimists, but he has power. Influence His work was forgotten for a time after his death. Later it began to be read and quoted, first by the Christian propagandist Tertullian â€”who lived and wrote about ce and was as full of passionate indignation as Juvenalâ€”then by other Christian authors and also by pagan students of literature. A commentary on the Satires which survives was compiled at some time between and , and two editions of the text were produced on the basis of one master copyâ€”apparently the

only copy that had been preserved until then. Thenceforward Juvenal has never ceased to be studied and admired, and he has been imitated by many satiristsâ€™ for instance, by Giovanni Boccaccio , Nicolas Boileau , and Lord Byron.

Chapter 9 : Satires Summary - calendrierdelascience.com

Word Origin and History for juvenal s (n.), s (adj.), from Latin iuvenalis "of or belonging to youth," from iuvenis "a young person" (see young). The Roman satirist is Decimius Junius Juvenalis.

Am I to be a listener only all my days? Shall this one have spouted to me his comedies, and that one his love ditties, and I be unavenged? No one knows his own house so well as I know the groves of Mars, and the cave of Vulcan near the cliffs of Aeolus. What the winds are brewing; whose souls Aeacus[3] has on the rack; from what country another worthy[4] is carrying off that stolen golden fleece; how big are the ash trees which Monychus[5] hurls as missiles: Well, I too have slipped my hand from under the cane; I too have counselled Sulla to retire from public life and take a deep sleep[7]; it is a foolish clemency when you jostle against poets at every corner, to spare paper that will be wasted anyhow. But if you can give me time, and will listen quietly to reason, I will tell you why I prefer to run in the same course over which the great nursling of Aurunca[8] drove his horses. Each of the lovers will have his share; Proculeius a twelfth part, Gillo eleven parts, each in proportion to the magnitude of his services. By all means let each take the price of his own blood, and turn as pale as a man who has trodden upon a snake bare-footed, or of one who awaits his turn to orate before the altar at Lugdunum. The exiled Marius[15] carouses from the eighth hour of the day and revels in the wrath of Heaven, while you, poor Province, win your cause and weep! Must I not have my fling at them? Should I do better to tell tales about Hercules, or Diomedes, or the bellowing in the Labyrinth, or about the flying carpenter[17] and the lad[18] who splashed into the sea; and that in an age when the compliant husband, if his wife may not lawfully inherit,[19] takes money from her paramour, being well trained to keep his eyes upon the ceiling, or to snore with wakeful nose over his cups; an age when one who has squandered all his family fortunes upon horse-flesh thinks it right and proper to look for the command of a cohort? See the youngster dashing at break-neck speed, like a very Automedon,[20] along the Flaminian way, holding the reins himself, while he shows himself off to his great-coated mistress! If you want to be anybody nowadays, you must dare some crime that merits narrow Gyara[23] or a gaol; honesty is praised and left to shiver. It is to their crimes that men owe their pleasure-grounds and palaces, their fine tables and old silver goblets with goats standing out in relief. For when was Vice more rampant? When did the maw of Avarice gape wider? When was gambling so reckless? Men come not now with purses to the hazard of the gaming table, but with a treasure-chest beside them. What battles will you there see waged with a cashier for armour-bearer! Is it a simple form of madness to lose a hundred thousand sesterces, and not have a shirt to give to a shivering slave? Which of our grandfathers built such numbers of villas, or dined by himself off seven courses? Look now at the meagre dole set down upon the threshold for a toga-clad mob to scramble for! For no deity is held in such reverence amongst us as Wealth; though as yet, O baneful money, thou hast no temple of thine own; not yet have we reared altars to Money in like manner as we worship Peace and Honour, Victory and Virtue, or that Concord[31] that clatters when we salute her nest. A mob of litters comes in quest of the hundred farthings; here is a husband going the round, followed by a sickly or pregnant wife; another, by a clever and well-known trick, claims for a wife that is not there, pointing, in her stead, to a closed and empty chair: First comes the dole; then the courts, and Apollo[32] learned in the law, and those triumphal statues among which some Egyptian Arabarch[33] or other has dared to set up his titles; against whose statue more than one kind of nuisance may be committed! Wearied and hopeless, the old clients leave the door, though the last hope that a man relinquishes is that of a dinner; the poor wretches must buy their cabbage and their fuel. Meanwhile their lordly patron will be devouring the choicest products of wood and sea, lying alone upon an empty couch; yes, at a single meal from their many fine large and antique tables they devour whole fortunes. Ere long no parasites will be left! Who can bear to see luxury so mean? But you will soon pay for it, my friend, when you take off your clothes, and with distended stomach carry your peacock into the bath undigested! Hence a sudden death, and an intestate old age; the new and merry tale runs the round of every dinner-table, and the corpse is carried forth to burial amid the cheers of enraged friends! All vice is at its acme; up with your sails and shake out every stitch of canvas! Here perhaps you will say, "Where find the talent to match the theme?"

Where find that freedom of our forefathers to write whatever the burning soul desired? What matters it whether Mucius forgives my words or no? Is a man who has administered aconite to half a dozen uncles to ride by and look down upon me from his swaying feather-pillows? But when Lucilius roars and rages as if with sword in hand, the hearer, whose soul is cold with crime, grows red; he sweats with the secret consciousness of sin. Hence wrath and tears. So turn these things over in your mind before the trumpet sounds; the helmet once donned, it is too late to repent you of the battle. Such themes would be prescribed to schoolboys as rhetorical exercises, of the kind called *suasoriae*. The line is repeated in x. Severe and humiliating punishments were inflicted on those defeated in these contests. Storks built their nests on the temple. Duff translates " Vice always stands above a sheer descent," and therefore soon reaches its extreme point.