

CSCP Support Materials

Teaching Support Publication

for

WJEC Eduqas Latin GCSE

Component 3B: Roman Entertainment and Leisure

University of Cambridge School Classics Project

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Introduction

This booklet of sources on Entertainment and Leisure is intended to support teachers and students preparing for Component 3B of the WJEC Eduqas GCSE in Latin.

Important notice: the purpose and status of this booklet

The purpose of this booklet is to provide teachers with a wide range of sources for their teaching. It should therefore be considered only as a teaching support publication. Such booklets are not intended to be definitive catalogues of sources which may be used in the examination and students should not attempt, nor be encouraged, to 'rote learn' the sources contained within. Although examiners may use some of the sources in the booklets, other similar sources may also be used in the GCSE examination.

Likewise, teachers should feel under no obligation to study any or all of the sources contained herein with their students.

Relevant Stages of the Cambridge Latin Course

Book I of the *Cambridge Latin Course* and the accompanying Teacher's Guide contain primary source material, together with explanatory texts, to support this topic:

Stage 2: Dinner parties

Stage 5: The theatre

Stage 8: Gladiatorial shows

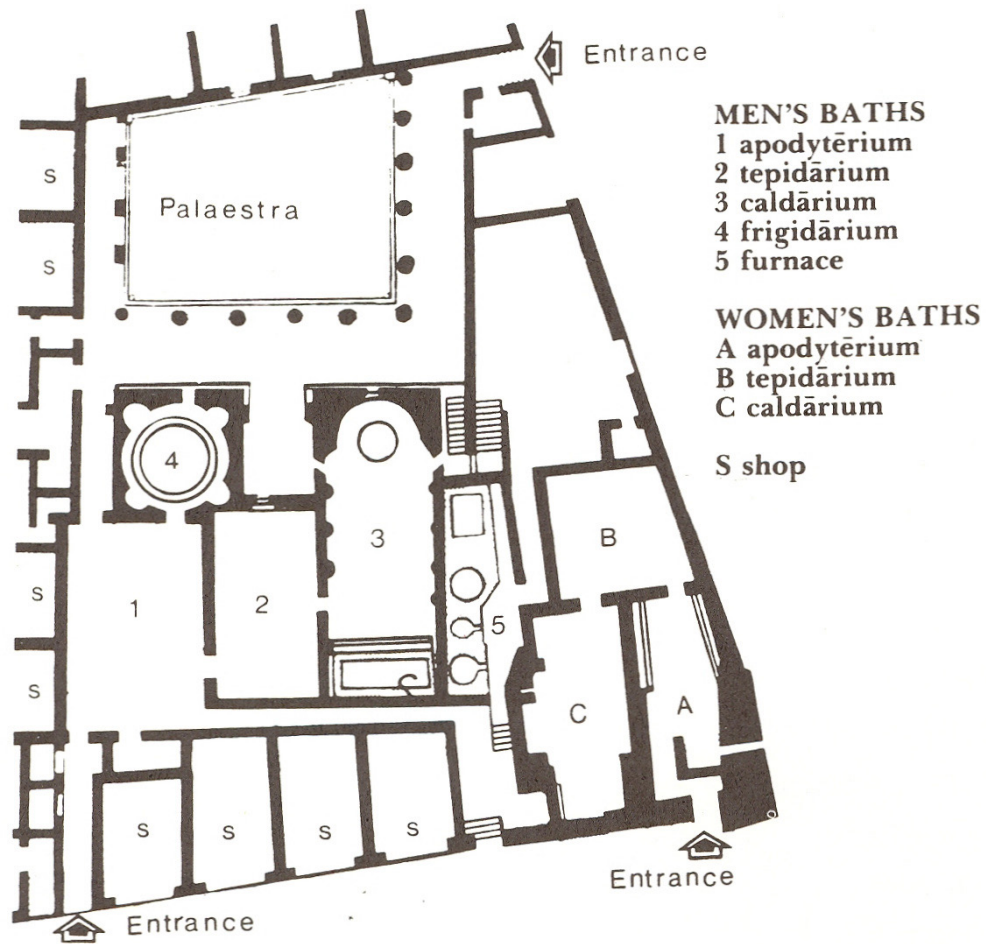
Stage 9: The baths

There is also material in Books IV & V:

Stage 33: Entertainment

Stage 36: Recitations

Public Baths



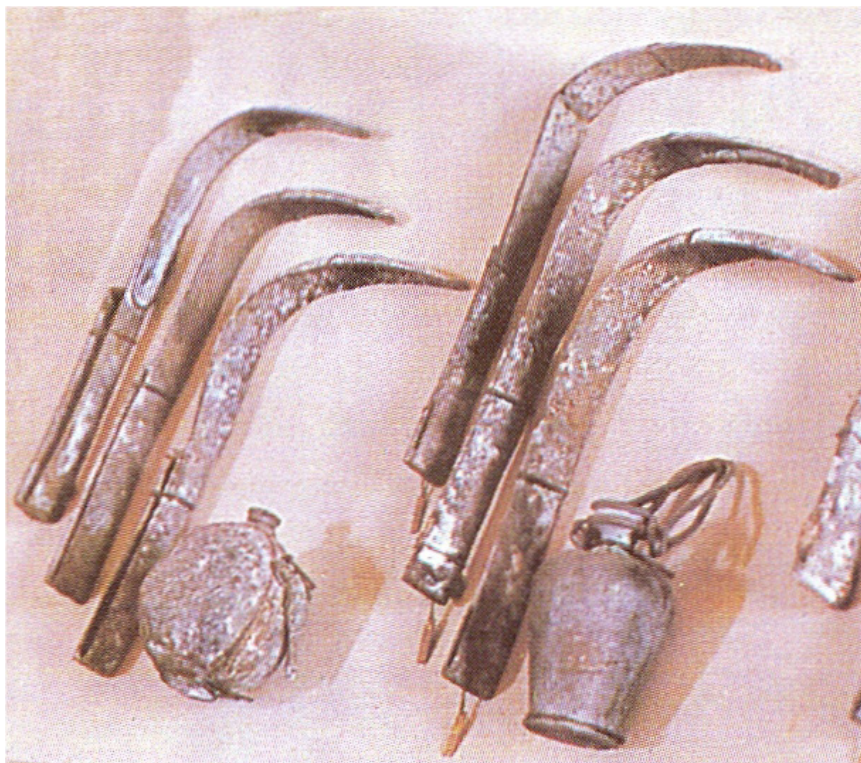
Plan of the Forum Baths, Pompeii



Apodyterium of the Stabian Baths, Pompeii



Tepidarium of the Stabian Baths, Pompeii



Strigils and pots, found at Pompeii



Women's caldarium of the Forum Baths, Herculaneum

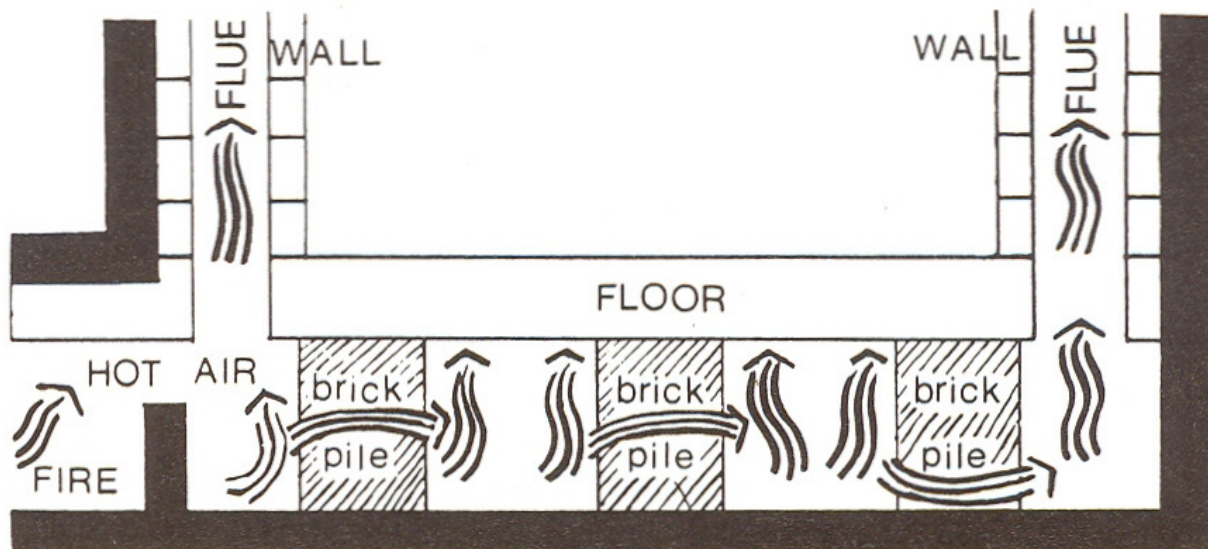


Diagram of a hypocaust



Hypocaust at the Stabian Baths, Pompeii



Palaestra of the Stabian Baths, Pompeii

Seneca, *Epistles* LVI

I'm surrounded by every sort of racket. I'm living above a public baths at the moment. Just imagine all the different noises! They are enough to make me hate my own ears. There are some athletic gentlemen down below doing their exercises - whirling their arms around with lead weights in their fists. While they are hard at it (or pretending to be hard at it) I can hear them grunting and groaning and all sorts of whistles and squeaks as they breathe in and out. Every now and again some layabout comes in for a cheap oil and rub-down. He lies flat out and I can hear the clap of the attendant's hand as it smacks his customer's shoulders. You can tell by the sound whether he's used the flat of his hand or cupped it! But the worst of all is when one of them starts to play a ball game and I can hear him shouting out the score!

On top of all this you get fights breaking out, the racket of thieves caught in the act and the fellow who fancies the sound of his own voice in the bath. Then there are the people who love to leap into the water with a great splash!

At least these people have all got normal voices - but when it comes to the hairplucker! Just imagine his squeaky wail as he goes looking for customers. He shrieks and shrieks and never stops - except when he's plucking armpits and making his customer shriek instead.

I don't want to bore you with a list of all the sausage-sellers, the cake-sellers and the men that go round hawking snacks. Everyone of them has his own special cry to tell you what he's got for sale.

Some noises don't bother me - carriages rumbling past, the hammering of the carpenter who rents the shop at the front or the clang of the blacksmith next door. I don't even mind the man who plays his pipes at the dripping fountain outside. He doesn't make music - just a din!

Martial, *Epigrams* XII.82

Escaping Menogenes in and around the baths, hot or cold, is not possible, although you might try any means to do it. He will catch your warm ball with both hands so that, once he's caught it often, you feel obliged to him. He will fetch the loose ball from the dust and bring it back, even if he has already bathed and put on his sandals. If you take a linen towel, he will say it's whiter than snow, despite it being dirtier than a child's bib. When you're sorting out your thinning hair with a toothed comb, he'll say you're arranging the hair of Achilles. He will bring you the dregs of the smoky wine jar himself and will even wipe the sweat from your brow. He will praise everything, admire everything, until having endured a thousand woes, you call out "Come and have dinner!"

The Amphitheatre



The Flavian Amphitheatre (the Colosseum), Rome



Amphitheatre, Pompeii



**Coin of the Emperor Titus,
celebrating the opening of the Colosseum**



Wall painting showing a riot at the amphitheatre in Pompeii

Tacitus, *Annals* XIV.17

About this time, a slight incident led to a serious outburst of rioting between the people of Pompeii and Nuceria. It occurred at a show of gladiators, sponsored by Livineius Regulus. While hurling insults at each other, in the usual manner of country people, they suddenly began to throw stones as well. Finally they drew swords and attacked each other. The men of Pompeii won the fight. As a result, most of the families of Nuceria lost a father or a son. Many of the wounded were taken to Rome, where the Emperor Nero requested the Senate to hold an inquiry. After the inquiry, the Senate forbade the Pompeians to hold such shows for ten years. Livineius and others who had encouraged the riot were sent into exile.



A retiarius fighting with a secutor on a pottery lamp



Retiarius from a relief found in Chester

Inscription, Pompeii

A Thracian versus a Murmillo

Won: Pugnax from Nero's school: three times a winner

Died: Murranus from Nero's school: three times a winner

A Heavily-armed Gladiator versus a Thracian

Won: Cynus from the school of Julius: eight times a winner

Allowed to live: Atticus from the school of Julius: eight times a winner

Chariot Fighters

Won: Scylax from the school of Julius: 26 times a winner

Allowed to live: Publius Ostorius: 51 times a winner

Martial, *On the Spectacles* 8

Illustrious fame used to sing about Hercules' task, a lion struck down in the wide valley of Nemea. Let belief in ancient things fall quiet, for since your shows, Caesar, now we have seen these things done by a woman's hand.

Martial, *On the Spectacles* 8

As Priscus and Verus each drew out the contest and for a long time the fight between them was equal, discharge for the men was often sought with loud shouts. But Caesar himself obeyed his own law (the law was that the fight go on without shield until a finger was raised). What was allowed he did, often giving dishes and presents. But an end was found for the even contest: equal they fought, equal they yielded. Caesar sent wooden swords to both and palms of victory to both. Valour and skill got their reward. This has happened under no emperor but you, Caesar: when two fought and each of them was the winner.

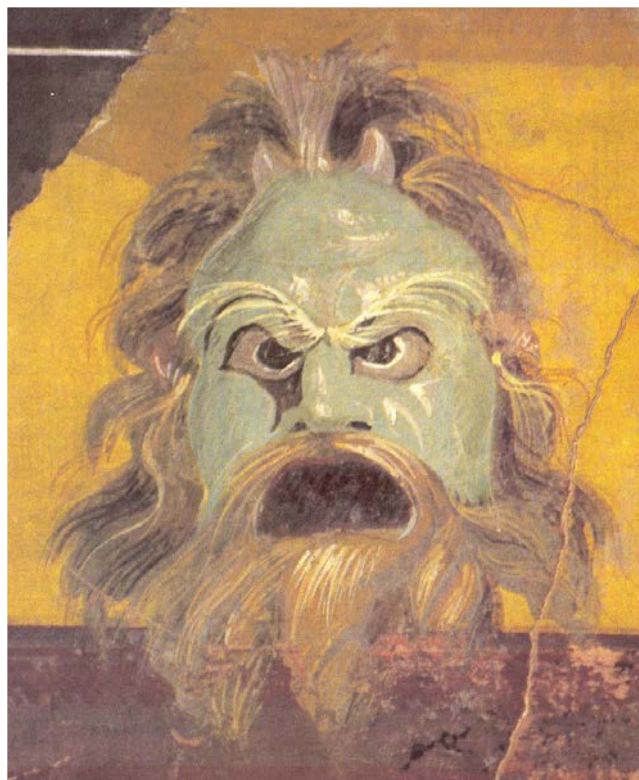
Augustine, *Confessions* VI.8

He refused to attend. But one day a group of fellow-students brushed aside his protests and carried him off to the arena. 'Well', he said, 'you may get me here by force, but don't think you can force me to watch the show'. They found their seats. Alypius shut his eyes. An incident in the fight provoked the crowd to a great roar; he could not contain his curiosity. He opened his eyes; at once he was hooked; the moment he saw blood, it was as though he had drunk a full draught of savage passion. The thrill of seeing blood was an intoxication. When he left the arena, he had no peace till he could go again.

Theatre



Outdoor theatre, Pompeii



Wall painting showing the mask of a tragic actor playing the part of Oceanus, Pompeii



Mosaic with theatrical masks, Rome

Plautus, *Ghost*

A cunning slave comes up with a way of stopping his master going into their house.

- Master: What's this, the door locked in broad daylight? Hello, is anyone in? Open the door, will you!
- Slave: Who's this at our door?
- Master: Why it's my slave, Tranio.
- Slave: Hello, master. I'm glad to see you're back safely.
- Master: What's the matter with you? Are you crazy?
- Slave: What do you mean?
- Master: I mean that you are wandering about outside. There's no-one inside to unlock the door and no-one to answer it. I've nearly broken down the door with my knocking.
- Slave: You didn't touch the door, did you?
- Master: Of course I touched it! I battered it!
- Slave: Oh no!
- Master: What's the matter?
- Slave: Something terrible.
- Master: What do you mean?
- Slave: It's too awful to talk about, the dreadful thing you've done.
- Master: What?
- Slave: Run! Get away from the house. Run!
- Master: Oh, for heaven's sake, tell me what's the matter.
- Slave: No-one has set foot in this house for the last seven months, ever since we moved out.
- Master: Why is that? Tell me straight.
- Slave: Take a look around. See if there's anyone who can hear us.
- Master: There's no-one. Out with it!

Slave: A dreadful crime was committed.
 Master: What sort of crime? Who committed it? Tell me.
 Slave: The man who sold you the house murdered a guest here.
 Master: Murdered him?
 Slave: And stole his money and buried him, here in the house.
 Master: What makes you suspect this?
 Slave: I can tell you. Listen. One night, after your son came back from a dinner party, we all went to bed and fell asleep. Then suddenly he gave out a yell.
 Master: Who? My son?
 Slave: Sshhh. Quiet. Just listen. He said the dead man came to him in a dream and said, "I am Diapontius, a stranger from over the sea. I haunt this house. I cannot enter the Underworld because I died before my time. My host murdered me for my money and buried me in this house secretly and without a proper funeral." Go from this place now. This house is accursed. Good heavens! What's that?
 Master: The door creaked.
 Slave: I'm done for. Those fools inside will ruin me and my story.
 Master: What's that you're saying?
 Slave: Get away from the door. Run, for heaven's sake.
 Master: Oh, run where? Oh, you run with me!
 Slave: I've nothing to fear. I'm at peace with the dead.
 Voice: Hey, Tranio.
 Slave: You won't call me if you've any sense. I didn't knock on the door.
 Master: Who are you talking to, Tranio?
 Voice: Hey, Tranio.
 Slave: Was it you who called me? I thought the ghost was getting angry because you knocked on the door. Why are you still standing here? Get away as fast as you can and pray to Hercules.
 Master: O, Hercules. I pray to thee.
 Slave: So do I, to bring this old chap the worst of luck.

Pliny, *Letters* 7.24

At the most recent Sacerdotal Games, after her pantomime actors had been entered in the opening event, when Quadratus and I were leaving the theatre together, he said to me: "Do you know that today I have seen my grandmother's freedman dancing for the first time?" This much about her grandson. But, by Hercules, complete strangers used to stream into the theatre with flattery in honour of Quadratilla (I am ashamed to have said honour), they used to prance about, clap and admire her. Then with songs they used to copy every gesture of their mistress.



Statuette of an actor playing a slave sitting on an altar



Two actors playing a man and woman, from the garden of a house in Pompeii



Marble relief of a scene from a comedy, showing (right) a drunken youth with his slave and (left) his father, who is being prevented by another slave from intervening

Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura* VI.109-110

...just as an awning, stretched out over great theatres, sometimes produces a loud clattering when blown about between poles and beams...

Terence, *Hecyra* prologue

Once again I bring you "The Mother-in-Law". I have never been allowed to present this play in silence; it has been overwhelmed by disasters. The first time I began to act, there was a rumour that some famous boxers, and perhaps a tight-rope walker too, were arriving. Friends started talking to each other, and the women were shouting – I made a hasty exit. Well, I tried again, and everyone enjoyed the opening. But then someone said there were gladiators on the programme and people started flooding in, rioting and fighting for seats, with an almighty din. That was the end of my little performance.

Dinner Parties

Martial, *Epigrams* IV.8

The first and second hours wear out clients; the third keeps hoarse lawyers busy; Rome continues in her various labours to the end of the fifth hour.

The sixth will be the siesta for the weary, the seventh will be the end of work.

The eighth up to the ninth provides enough time for the glistening exercise grounds.

The ninth orders men to rumple cushions piled high on couches.

The tenth, Euphemus, is the hour for my little books when you take care of organising the ambrosial feasts and the Emperor Domitian is relaxed by heavenly nectar and he holds a small cup in his mighty hand.

Then bring in witty poems: my Muse of comedy is scared to approach Jupiter in the morning with her cheeky walk.

Pliny, *Letters* I.15

What do you mean by accepting my invitation to dinner and then not turning up? It was all set out, a lettuce each, three snails, two eggs, barley-water, wine with honey, chilled with snow (an expensive item, please note, since it disappears in the dish!), some olives, beetroots, gherkins, onions and plenty of other delicacies as well. You could have had a comic play, a poetry reading, or a singer. But no, instead you preferred to go where you could have oysters, sow's innards, sea-urchins and Spanish dancing girls!



Relief showing a banquet, Isel, Germany



Relief showing a banquet from a funerary monument, Amiternum, Italy

Martial, Epigrams V.78

If you don't fancy the idea of eating on your own, you can grab a bite with me. If you'd like something for starters, how about a Cappadocian lettuce, nice and cheap, some rather strong leeks, or some sliced eggs stuffed with tunny fish?

For the main course, fresh-picked broccoli from the garden, saveloy and pease pudding with pale beans and pink bacon, all served up on a black earthenware dish (mind you don't burn your fingers!)

For dessert, I can offer you ripe grapes, Syrian pears and slow-roasted chestnuts from clever old Naples. No vintage wine, but just by drinking it you'll make it a good one.

After you've finished all that, the wine may well make you fancy seconds; in which case some choice Picenian olives will fill you up, together with some hot chickpeas and warm lupins.

It's a pretty scanty snack – no point in denying it – but you won't need to put on an act (no one else will), just relax, be yourself. I won't bore you with endless readings from my latest book; there won't be any cheap strippers from Cadiz, writhing their way through their paces. Instead, Condylus, my slave, will amuse us with a jolly tune or two on the pipes. Well, that's it! I'll invite Claudia; whom shall I invite for you?

Juvenal, *Satires V*

And what a dinner it turns out to be! The wine's so foul you couldn't even soak wool in it to make poultices, and it turns all the guests into raving drunks. They start hurling insults and then for good measure some mugs - soon you're wiping the blood from your wounds with your serviette, while the cheap crockery flies everywhere, and the battle rages between you and a mob of ex-slaves. Meanwhile your host is drinking real vintage stuff, bottled for centuries, but he wouldn't send so much as a glassful to a friend with indigestion. And tomorrow he'll be drinking the best of the vintages, wine so old you can't even read the date and label on the jar because of the soot from the fires of so many years past; the sort of wine that philosophers would choose to toast the assassins of tyrants.

Virro, your host, drinks from cups studded with precious stones, but they don't trust you with gold, or if they do, a slave stands guard to count the jewels and keep an eye on your sharp fingernails. You'll have to excuse him, though, for his collection of gems is quite a talking point. For, you see, Virro has transplanted his stones from his fingers to his wine cups – our legendary ancestors wore theirs in their sword sheaths. But you'll have to drink out of four-spouted cups (named after Nero's favourite cobbler, the one with the long nose!). They all need cement to mend the cracks in their glass.

If your host's stomach gets a bit over-heated with all the wine and food, they'll bring him purified water, chilled like a northern winter. Just now I complained because you don't get the same wine as he does: you don't get the same water, either. An African stable boy brings yours, or a black Moroccan with bony fingers – someone you wouldn't want to meet on a dark night on your way up the Latin hill past all the tombstones. But your host has the flower of Asian youth waiting on him. This flawless young man costs more than the combined treasures of all the old Roman kings; hardly surprising he doesn't mix the drinks for the riff-raff, with a market value like that. But he's so beautiful and so young, you might even excuse his air of superiority.

You'll have to attract the attention of your African drinks waiter if you fancy a drink; that's if he makes it round to you. And if he does, will he bring you the hot or cold water you asked for? As a matter of fact he thinks it's really beneath him to pander to the whims of some doddering old hanger-on; he thinks you've got a nerve asking for anything, even to recline while he's on his feet.

Every great house has its supply of these arrogant minions. Look, here's another one, moaning away as he gives out the bread – and the stuff's so tough you can hardly break it, rock-hard lumps of mouldy old dough that will give your molars something to think about, for you'll not be able to sink your teeth into it. Your host gets the freshly baked loaf, made from the finest white flour, but don't make a grab for it; you must show a healthy respect for the bread basket. If you do get above yourself and take a piece, there's always someone to make you put it down: 'Fill up from your own basket, cheeky! You must learn which side your bread is buttered on!' 'Was it worth it?' you say to yourself. 'Up at the crack of dawn, leave the wife in bed, charge up the freezing cold, hilly streets where the nobs live, April showers and hailstorms bucketing down and streaming off my cloak. Every morning the same: was it all for this?'

Just look at that huge lobster, asparagus garnish, and all the trimmings; the whole effect lends a certain distinction to a dish fit for the host. Even the tail looks down on us from the dish carried in by that tall slave. All you get is a very tiny portion of 'oeuf à la crevette' (one miserable shrimp stuffed into half a boiled egg). People put that sort of thing in tombs, for the dead. He always pours the finest dressing over his fish, but the stuff you get all over your washed-out cabbage comes straight from the oil lamps. It came up the Tiber on some native barge, all the way from Africa; with that stench no wonder everyone keeps well away from those 'overseas visitors' at the baths – it will even protect you against poisonous snakes.

Your host is served mullet, specially imported from Corsica or Sicily. Our own home fishing grounds have been trawled to the depths to feed the greedy jaws of Rome; we don't even let fish grow to full size. We have to import from the provinces to keep the kitchens of Rome supplied. Legacy-hunters buy first-class imported fish for the ageing spinsters they hope to impress; and the spinsters, suitably impressed, sell it back to the fish market for no small profit.

A lamprey is served up to Virro – the best to come from the Sicilian straits. Provided there's no south wind to whip up the waters, reckless fishermen will brave the dangers of the Straits. For you, an eel (looks more like a water snake) or a grey spotted pike, spawned in the Tiber, well used to growing fat in the teeming sewers under the city slums.

I should like a word or two with our host – if he can spare the time to listen: 'No one's asking for the kind of generosity the old-time aristocrats showed to their less well-heeled friends; in those days a reputation for giving was worth more than a string of titles. The only thing we want is for you to eat with us on equal terms. Do this and, for all we care, you can follow the crowd: keep your money to yourself and plead poverty to your friends.' The next course for your host is a huge goose liver followed by an indoor-fattened fowl as big as the goose itself, and then piping hot roast boar, well worth the attention of any legendary boarhunter. Next, if they're in season and the weather's been favourable, there'll be truffles. Any experienced diner will tell you: 'Africa! Keep your corn, keep your oxen; just send us truffles!'

Meanwhile you'll be treated to a sight of the carver leaping about like a ballet-dancer, waving his knife, following all his master's instructions (he wants to make sure you have every cause for complaint). It makes all the difference in the world how you carve a hare or a chicken.

And if you try to corner the conversation as though you had a good old Roman name, you'll be bounced out of the door faster than Hercules got rid of his enemies. When will Virro ever drink a glass with you, or drink from one touched by your lips? Who would be so rash, so bold as to shout: 'Cheers!' to your host? There are so many things that down-at-heel men cannot say. But suppose a god, or some godlike genie, more generous than Fate, made you a present of the cash required to climb up the social ladder – suddenly, from a mere nothing, you've become Virro's closest friend.

'Give Trebius some of this! Bring some of that for Trebius! Another helping of loin from the boar, my brother?' But it's the cash he really respects, your bank balance which is his real relation. If your ambition is to be such a master, such a patron yourself, make sure there are no small charming children playing in your house to inherit your money; if your wife can't produce children, that will at least produce pleasant, warmhearted friends. Still, as things stand now, if your wife presents you with three bouncing boys, Virro will be delighted by the noisy offspring, send them baby clothes, little nuts, and a coin or two if you want, whenever the little beggars appear at his dinner table.

For the lower-class diners some dodgy-looking toadstools are served, while Virro gets a fine mushroom – exactly like those Claudius enjoyed, just before he ate the poisoned one his wife served up, which cured his need for food for ever.

For dessert Virro and his equals eat apples whose every scent is a feast, whose quality matches those from some fertile fairyland; apples which might easily have been stolen from the golden fruit of evening. You get a worm-rotten apple, like those chewed by performing monkeys who are trained to ride on goats' backs as a circus act you can see on the embankment.

Now you may think to yourself that Virro's just a miser. No chance! He enjoys seeing you suffer. No comedy or pantomime is funnier than the sound of your growling, grumbling stomach. Didn't you hear it the first time? His idea of a good time is to hear you wailing your eyes out and gnashing your teeth with anger. You see, you think you're a free man, a guest at some great man's dinner party; he thinks that the greatest attraction for you is the delicious smell of his kitchen – and he's not so wide of the mark. There's no free man, rich or poor, who would put up with that treatment more than once. You deceive yourself into thinking you'll get a good dinner: 'The remains of a hare, or some slices from the boar's haunches, some small portion of a fattened bird; any minute now we'll be served something like this.' So you all sit there, saying nothing, with your uneaten bread at the ready. He knows what he's doing, treating you like this. You deserve all you get, if you put up with this sort of thing. It won't be long before you shave your head bald and let others slap it, just like some circus stooge; you'll even get used to the sting of the whip; yes, you'll be a fit dinner guest for such a 'friend'.

Martial *Epigrams* X.49

When you drink from amethyst cups, Cotta, and overflow with the rich, dark wine of Opimius, you only offer me cheap, preserved Sabine wine and say to me, Cotta, "would you like it in a golden cup?" Who would want leaden wine in a golden cup?

Recitations



Indoor theatre, Pompeii

Martial, *Epigrams* XI.52

You'll dine well, Julius Cerealis, at my house; if there is nothing better for you to do, come over. You can keep the eighth hour free; we'll go bathing together: you know how the baths of Stephanus are next door to my house. Firstly you'll be given lettuce (useful for getting the gut moving), slices cut from leeks, then aged tuna bigger than the slender mackerel and one with eggs too, roasted over sparse embers, and dough gathered together over a Velabrian hearth, and olives which have felt the frost of Picenum. These are enough for an aperitif; do you want to know the rest? I'll lie, so that you come: fish, mussels, sow and a mix of birds from the farmyard and the marsh, which even Stella is unaccustomed to serve except at a special dinner. I promise you more: I shall recite nothing to you, although you can read your poem 'The Giants' to me again, without interruption, or your 'Pastorals' – which ranks next to the immortal Virgil's.



This carving shows a poet with a scroll, about to recite to Thalia, the Muse (Patron goddess) of Comedy. Notice the comic mask that she is holding.

Pliny, *Letters* I.13

This year has brought a great crop of poets; throughout the month of April not a day went by on which someone wasn't reciting. It pleases me, that study is flourishing, that men are putting themselves forward and showing their talent, even if people are slow to gather to listen. The majority tend to sit in public places and waste time when they should be listening to the recital, and they repeatedly order someone to announce to them whether the reciter has entered yet, whether he has said his introduction, or whether he has got through most of his piece; only then do they come in – and even then they come slowly and hesitantly – and yet they don't stay, but leave before the end, some sneakily and furtively, others openly and obviously. But, by Hercules, our parents pass down the story of Claudius Caesar who, while taking a walk in the palace, heard an uproar, asked what had caused it, and when he was told that Nonianus was performing a recital, suddenly and to everyone's surprise he came to the performance. Yet nowadays even those who have free time, despite being asked in advance and repeatedly advised, either don't come at all or, if they do come, complain that they have wasted a day, simply because they haven't wasted it. But then, all the more praise and credit is due to those whose enthusiasm for writing and reciting is not dampened by either the laziness or the arrogance of their audience. Indeed, I rarely miss anyone's performance; admittedly most of them are my friends, since generally anyone who is literary is also a friend of mine. For this reason I have spent more time in Rome than I had intended. I can now withdraw to my retreat to do some writing, not for a public recital, in case I seemed to those whose readings I have attended to have been there not so much to listen, but so they owed me one. Since, as in everything else all the thanks you are entitled to for coming along to listen vanishes if you demand the favour be repaid. Farewell.

Pliny, *Letters* VIII.21

I reckon that, in studies and in life generally, the most beautiful and most humane thing is to mix severity with generosity, so that the former does not degenerate into misery and the latter does not spill over into insolence. Led by this reasoning, I set my more serious works beside playful amusements. I chose the most opportune time and place to deliver some of them; in order to make them familiar already to an audience at leisure and at the dinner table, I gathered my friends together in the month of July, at which time the law courts are usually shut up, and placed writing desks before their couches.

It just so happened that, on that morning, I was suddenly asked to act as an advocate, so I gave an apology at the start of my recital. In fact, I begged my audience not to assume that I was disrespecting the event because, when I was about to recite my works (albeit only to a few friends), I had not avoided other friends and business. I added that I followed this rule when writing, to give precedence to the necessary over the entertaining, to serious matters over light-hearted, and to writing for my friends over writing for myself.

The poems varied in theme and metre. This is how we who believe our ability to be insufficient try to avoid wearing out our audiences. I recited for two days – the audience's approval urged me to do this. And yet, where others might pass over certain passages, and boast that they have done so, I by contrast omit nothing and even make that fact known. For I read the whole lot, so that I might correct it all, something which cannot happen if you choose certain passages to recite. True, doing that may be more modest, more respectful. But my way is simpler and more pleasing. For the one who is so certain his friends love him that he is not in fear of wearying them, clearly shows he loves them too; besides, what good do your companions do you, if they only gather for the sake of their own enjoyment? He who prefers to hear his friend's book when it's already good rather than help make it so, is either spoilt or more like a stranger than a friend.

Because of your affection for me in particular, I do not doubt that you wish to read this book, as yet unfinished, at the earliest opportunity. You will do, once I have corrected it; after all, that was the purpose behind the recitation. You already know some parts of it; but even those, once they have been improved or, as sometimes happens as a result of excessive delaying, spoiled, will seem quite new again and rewritten. For after a work has had various changes made to it, even those parts which remain unaltered, seem different. Farewell.

Martial, *Epigrams* III.44

Do you wish to know why it is, Ligurinus, that no-one willingly meets you, that wherever you go, everyone flees and leaves a huge space around you? You are too much a poet. This is a highly dangerous fault. Neither the tigress, enraged by the theft of her cubs, nor the snake scorched by the midday sun, nor the wicked scorpion, are feared less than you. For who, I ask, would bear such great trials? You read to me when I am standing, when I am sitting, when I am running and when I am on the toilet. I flee to the baths: you sing in my ear. I make for the pool; you don't let me swim. I hurry to dinner, you delay me. I sit down at dinner, you drive me away while eating. Tired, I fall asleep; you wake me up from my couch. Do you want to see how much wrong you do? Despite being a just, honest, innocent man, you are feared.

Martial, *Epigrams* III.50

The reason for you inviting me to dinner, Ligurinus, is none other than that you may recite your verses. I have just taken off my shoes, when immediately, among the lettuce and fish sauce, a huge book is brought in. Another is read through, while the first course is lingering: the third comes, even though the second course has not yet arrived: and you recite the fourth book, and finally the fifth. Even a boar, if placed on the table so many times, becomes unpleasant to me. So if you do not give your accursed poems to the mackerel, Ligurinus, you will soon dine alone.