

Speech Still Kills: Echoes of Juvenal's Satire 1 in Satire 10

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<https://camws.org/sites/default/files/meeting2020/abstracts/2047SpeechStillKills.pdf>

1. Satire 10.1-14

Omnibus in terris, quae sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dinoscere possunt
vera bona atque illis multum diversa, remota
erroris nebula. Quid enim ratione timemus
aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis ut te
conatus non paeniteat votique peracti?
Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
di faciles. **Nocitura toga, nocitura petuntur
militia; torrens dicendi copia multis
et sua mortifera est facundia;** viribus ille
confisus periit admirandisque lacertis;
sed pluris nimia congesta pecunia cura
strangulat et cuncta exuperans patrimonia census
quanto delphinis ballaena Britannica maior.

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2. Satire 1.155-71

**"Pone Tigillinum, taeda lucebis in illa
qua stantes ardent qui fixo gutture fumant,
et latum media sulcum deducis harena."**
Qui dedit ergo tribus patruis aconita, vehatur
pensilibus plumis atque illinc despiciat nos?
**"Cum veniet contra, digito compesce labellum:
accusator erit qui verbum dixerit 'Hic est.'**
Securus licet Aenean Rutulumque ferocem
committas, nulli gravis est percussus Achilles
aut multum quaesitus Hylas urnamque secutus.

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Ense velut stricto quotiens Lucilius ardens 165
infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
criminibus, tacita sudant praecordia culpa.
Inde ira et lacrimae. Tecum prius ergo voluta
haec animo ante tubas: galeatum sero duelli
paenitet.” Experiar quod concedatur in illos 170
quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.

“Describe Tigellinus, and you’ll burn brightly on that torch where men stand and burn and smoke with their throat transfixed and trace a broad furrow through the middle of the arena.” So, is someone who has given aconite to three uncles to be carried on swaying feather pillows and look down on me from there? “When he comes near, put your finger to your lip: whoever says the word ‘that’s the man’ will be treated as an accuser.” You may safely pit Aeneas and the fierce Rutulian together, Achilles struck down or Hylas much searched for, after he followed his water jar, will not endanger anyone. “Whenever heated Lucilius, as if with sword in hand, roars, the hearer, whose mind is cold with crimes, grows red, his heart sweats with silent consciousness of guilt. Hence rage and tears. So, turn these things over in your mind before the war trumpets sound: once you’ve put your helmet on, it’s too late to repent of the battle.” I will try what may be permitted against those whose ashes are covered by the Flaminian and Latin roads.

3. Satire 10.67-88:

... “quae labra, quis illi
vultus erat! numquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi
hunc hominem.”

“verbosa et grandis epistula venit 70
a Capreis.” “bene habet, nil plus interrogo”

“What lips! What a face that man had!
I never—believe me—liked the man.”
“An enormous wordy letter came from Capri”
“All right, I have no more questions”

... sed quid
 turba Remi? Sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit
 damnatos. Idem populus, si Nortia Tusco
 favisset, si oppressa foret segura senectus 75
 principis, hac ipsa Seianum diceret hora
 Augustum. Iam pridem, ex quo suffragia nulli
 vendimus, effudit curas; nam qui dabat olim
 imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, **nunc se**
continet atque duas tantum res anxius optat, 80
panem et circenses.

But what about Remus' mob? It follows Fortune, as always,
 and hates the condemned. The same crowd, if Nortia
 had favoured her Etruscan, if the aged emperor
 had been caught off guard, this very hour would be hailing Sejanus
 as Augustus. They long since discarded their responsibilities—
 since we stopped selling our votes to anyone.
 For the people that once upon a time used to bestow
 military commands, consulships, legions, everything,
 now constrains itself and longs obsessively for only two things—
 bread and circuses.

...“perituros audio multos.”
 “Nil dubium, magna est fornacula.” “Pallidulus mi
 Bruttidius meus ad Martis fuit obvius aram;
 quam timeo, victus ne poenas exigat Aiax
 ut male defensus. Curramus praecipites et, 85
 dum iacet in ripa, calcemus Caesaris hostem.
Sed videant servi, ne quis neget et pavidum in ius
cervice obstricta dominum trahat.”

...“I hear many are going to die.”
 “There’s no doubt; the furnace is huge.” “My friend Bruttidius
 was rather pale when I met him at the altar of Mars.
 I’m very much afraid that the ‘defeated Ajax’ will take vengeance
 for having been so badly defended. Let’s rush in a hurry and,
 while he lies on the riverbank, trample on Caesar’s enemy.
 But make sure our slaves see us, so they can’t deny it and drag their
 terrified master into court with a noose around his neck.”

4. Satire 10.114-32:

Eloquium ac famam Demosthenis aut Ciceronis incipit optare et totis quinquatribus optat	115
quisquis adhuc uno parcam colit asse Minervam, quem sequitur custos angustae vernula capsae.	
Eloquio sed uterque perit orator , utrumque largus et exundans leto dedit ingenii fons.	
ingenio manus est et cervix caesa, nec umquam sanguine cauidici maduerunt rostra pusilli.	120
'O fortunatam natam me consule Romam:'	
Antoni gladios potuit contemnere si sic omnia dixisset. ridenda poemata malo	
quam te, conspicuae divina Philippica famae,	125
volveris a prima quae proxima. Saevus et illum exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenae torrentem et pleni moderantem frena theatri.	
dis ille adversis genitus fatoque sinistro,	
quem pater ardentis massae fuligine lippus	130
a carbone et forcipibus gladiosque paranti incude et luteo Volcano ad rhetora misit.	