

I. Martial, *Epigram* 8.6

Archetypis vetuli nihil est odiosius Eucti
— **Ficta Saguntino cymbia malo luto** —,
Argenti fumosa sui cum stemmata narrat
Garrulus et verbis mucida vina facit.
'Laomedontea fuerant haec pocula mensae: 5
Ferret ut haec, muros struxit Apollo lyra.
Hoc cratere ferox commisit proelia Rhoecus
Cum Lapithis: pugna debile cernis opus.
Hi duo longaevo censentur Nestore fundi:
Pollice de Pyllo trita columba nitet. 10
Hic scyphus est, in quo misceri iussit amicis
Largius Aeacides vividiusque merum.
Hac propinavit Bitiae pulcherrima Dido
In patera, Phrygio cum data cena viro est.'
Miratus fueris cum prisca toreumata multum, 15
In Priami calathis Astyanacta bibes.

Nothing is as annoying as old Euctus' originals (**I prefer cups shaped from Saguntine clay**), when he recounts the smoky pedigrees of his silver and makes the wine moldy with his chatter: "These goblets once belonged to Laomedon's table: Apollo built the walls with his lyre to get them. With this mixing bowl fierce Rhoecus commenced battle with the Lapiths; you see how the piece was damaged in the struggle. These two bases are valuable because of long-lived Nestor; the dove shines, polished by the Pylion thumb. Here we have a bowl in which Aeacus' grandson bade more and livelier wine to be mixed for his friends. In this dish fairest Dido pledged Bitias, when she gave dinner to the Phrygian hero." After you have much admired the ancient embossed works, in Priam's cups you will drink Astyanax. (Adapted from Shackleton Bailey)

II. Comparison and Valuation of Genres

a. Martial, *Epigram* 4.49.1-6

Nescit, crede mihi, quid sint epigrammata, Flacce,
Qui tantum lusus ista iocosque vocat.
Ille magis ludit, qui scribit prandia saevi
Tereos, aut cenam, crude Thyesta, tuam,
Aut puero liquidas aptantem Daedalon alas, 5
Pascentem Siculas aut Polyphemon ovis. . .

Anybody who calls them just frivolities and jests, Flaccus, doesn't know what epigrams are, believe me. More frivolous is the poet who writes about the meal of savage Tereus or your dinner, dyspeptic Thyestes, or Daedalus fitting his boy with liquid wings, or Polyphemos feeding Sicilian sheep. (Trans. Shackleton Bailey)

b. Martial, *Epigram* 10.4

Qui legis Oedipoden caligantemque Thyesten,
Colchidas et Scyllas, quid nisi monstra legis?
Quid tibi raptus Hylas, quid Parthenopaeus et Attis,
Quid tibi dormitor proderit Endymion?
Exutusve puer pinnis labentibus? aut qui 5
Odit amatrices Hermaphroditus aquas?
Quid te vana iuvant miserae ludibria chartae?
Hoc lege, quod possit dicere vita 'Meum est.'
Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas Harpyiasque
Invenies: hominem pagina nostra sapit. 10
Sed non vis, Mamurra, tuos cognoscere mores
Nec te scire: legas Aetia Callimachi.

You that read of Oedipus and Thyestes in the dark and Colchian dames and Scyllas, of what do you read but monstrosities? What good will ravished Hylas be to you, or Parthenopaeus and Attis, or Endymion the sleeper, or the boy who was stripped of his dropping wings, or Hermaphroditus, who hates the amorous waters? What pleasure do you find in the empty sham of a wretched sheet? **Read this, of which life can say: "It's mine." You won't find Centaurs here or Gorgons or Harpies: my page smacks of humanity.** But you don't want to recognize your own behavior, Mamurra, or to know yourself: you should read the *Aetia* of Callimachus. (Adapted from Shackleton Bailey)

c. Martial, Epigram 14.1 (Apophoreta 1)

Synthesibus dum gaudet eques dominusque senator

Dumque decent nostrum pillea sumpta Iovem;

Nec timet aedilem moto spectare fritillo,

Cum videat gelidos tam prope verna lacus:

Divitis alternas et pauperis accipe sortes: 5

Praemia convivae dent sua quisque suo.

‘Sunt apinae tricaeque et si quid vilis istis.’

Quis nescit? vel quis tam manifesta negat?

Sed quid agam potius madidis, Saturne, diebus,

Quos tibi pro caelo filius ipse dedit? 10

Vis scribam Thebas Troiamve malasve Mycenae?

‘Lude,’ inquis, ‘nucibus’. Perdere nolo nuces.

While the knight and my lord senator rejoice in *dinner suits* and the wearing of the cap of liberty befits our Jupiter, while the slave as he shakes the dice box does not fear to look at the aedile, though he sees the cold pools so close: accept these lots, alternately for the rich man and the poor man; let each one give his guest the appropriate prize. “They are trash and rubbish and anything worth less than that, if possible.” Who but knows it? Or who denies anything so obvious? But what better have I to do in your tipsy days, Saturn, which your son himself gave you in return for the sky? **Do you want me to write of Thebes or Troy or wicked Mycenae?** “Play with nuts,” you say. But I don’t want to lose my nuts. (Trans. Shackleton Bailey)

III. Martial’s Internal Allusions

a. Martial, Epigram 14.108

CVIII. Calices Saguntini.

Quae non sollicitus teneat servetque minister

sume Saguntino pocula facta luto.

108. Saguntine Cups

Raise the cups made of Saguntine clay which it is

not a concern for an attendant to hold and serve.

(Trans. Shackleton Bailey)

b. Line Comparisons

Sume Saguntino pocula facta luto (14.108.2)

Ficta Saguntino cymbia malo luto (8.6.2)

c. Martial, Epigram 4.46

Saturnalia divitem Sabellum

Fecerunt: merito tumet Sabellus,

Nec quemquam putat esse praedicatque

Inter causidicos beatiorem.

Hos fastus animosque dat Sabello 5

Farris semodius fabaeque fresae,

Et turis piperisque tres selibrae,

Et Lucanica ventre cum Falisco,

Et nigri Syra defruti lagona,

Et ficus Libyca gelata testa 10

Cum bulbis cocleisque caseoque.

Piceno quoque venit a cliente

Parcae cistula non capax olivae,

Et crasso figuli polita caelo

Septenaria synthesis Sagunti, 15

Hispanae luteum rotae toreuma,

Et lato variata mappa clavo.

Saturnalia fructuosiora

Annis non habuit decem Sabellus.

The Saturnalia have made Sabellus a rich man. Well may Sabellus be puffed up and think and declare that no barrister among them is more fortunate. This arrogance and pride is infused into Sabellus by half a peck of flour and ground bean, three half-pounds of frankincense and pepper, Lucanian sausages with a Faliscan paunch, a Syrian flask of black grape syrup and jellied figs in a Libyan jar, along with onions, snails, and cheese. Also from a client in Picenum came a little box too small to hold a few olives, **a seven-piece set of crockery glazed at Saguntum with a potter’s rude chisel, the muddy shaping of a Spanish wheel**, and a napkin set off with a broad stripe. These ten years past Sabellus has not had a more productive Saturnalia. (Trans. Shackleton Bailey)

IV. Saguntine Clay

a. Pliny the Elder, *Natural History* 35.160

Samia etiam nunc in esculentis laudantur. Retinent hanc nobilitatem et Arretium in Italia et calicum tantum Surrentum, Hasta, Pollentia, in Hispania Saguntum, in Asia Pergamum.

Among table services Samian pottery is still spoken highly of; this reputation is also retained by Arretium in Italy, and, merely for cups, by Surrentum, Hasta, Pollentia, and by Saguntum in Hispania and Pergamum in Asia. (Adapted from Rackam)

V. Etymological Debates

a. Tibullus 1.1.35-44

Hic ego pastoremque meum lustrare quotannis 35
 Et placidam soleo spargere lacte Palem.
 Adsitis, divi, neu vos e paupere mensa
 Dona nec e puris spernite fictilibus.
Fictilia antiquus primum sibi **fecit** agrestis
 Pocula, de **facili** composuitque luto. 40
 Non ego divitias patrum fructusque requiro,
 Quos tulit antiquo condita messis avo:
 Parva seges satis est, satis requiescere lecto
 Si licet et solito membra levare toro.

Here I am accustomed to purify annually my shepherd and to sprinkle mild Pales with milk. Be present, gods, do not scorn gifts from a poor table nor from pure earthenware. The ancient peasant first **made** for himself **earthen** cups, and he made them from **pliable** clay. I do not miss the riches of my fathers or the fruits, which the harvest bore stored up by the ancient grandfather. A small crop is enough, it is enough to sleep on my bed if I am permitted to lighten my limbs on a familiar couch. (Adapted from Postgate)

b. Martial, *Epigram* 14.182

clxxxii sigillum gibberi **fictile**
 Ebrius haec **fecit** terris, puto, monstra Prometheus:
Saturnalicio lusit et ipse **luto**.

182. **Clay** figurine of a hunchback Prometheus, I suppose, was drunk when he **made** these monsters from earth. He too jested with **Saturnalian clay**. (Trans. Shackleton Bailey)

c. Martial, *Epigram* 10.39

Consule te Bruto quod iuras, Lesbia, natam,
 Mentiris. Nata es, Lesbia, rege Numa?
 Sic quoque mentiris. Namque, ut tua saecula narrant,
Ficta Prometheo diceris esse luto.

When you swear, Lesbia, that you were born in Brutus' consulship, you lie. Were you born, Lesbia, in Numa's reign? You lie even so. For, as they recount your centuries, **you are said to have been molded from Prometheus' clay**. (Trans. Shackleton Bailey)

d. Line Comparisons

Sume Saguntino pocula facta luto (14.108.2)
Ficta Saguntino cymbia malo luto (8.6.2)
Ficta Prometheo diceris esse luto (10.39.4)

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