

The Lover's Journey: Relationship as Itinerary in the *Ars Amatoria*

1. Ovid, *Ars Amatoria* 1.1-2

<p>siquis in hoc artem populo non novit amandi, hoc legat et lecto carmine doctus amet.</p>	<p>If anybody among this people does not know the art of loving, let him read this poem, and having read it, let him be skilled in love.</p>
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2. Ovid, *Ars Amatoria* 1.43-50

<p>haec tibi non tenues veniet delapsa per auras: quaerenda est oculis apta puella tuis. scit bene venator, cervis ubi retia tendat, 45 scit bene, qua frendens valle moretur aper; aucupibus noti frutices; qui sustinet hamos, novit quae multo pisce natentur aquae: tu quoque, materiam longo qui quaeris amori, ante frequens quo sit disce puella loco. 50</p>	<p>She will not come to you, gliding down through the light breezes: the girl pleasing to your eyes must be sought. The hunter knows well where to stretch his nets for deer, and in which valley the teeth-gnashing boar lives; the bushes are known to fowlers and the man carrying hooks knows which waters are full of fish. You too, who seek the stuff of a lasting relationship, learn first which places the girls frequent.</p>
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3. Ovid, *Ars Amatoria* 1.67-88

<p>tu modo Pompeia lentus spatiare sub umbra, cum sol Herculei terga leonis adit: aut ubi muneribus nati sua munera mater addidit, externo marmore dives opus. 70 nec tibi vitetur quae, priscis sparsa tabellis, porticus auctoris Livia nomen habet: quaque parare necem miseris patruelibus ausae Belides et stricto stat ferus ense pater. nec te praetereat Veneri ploratus Adonis, 75 cultaque Iudaeo septima sacra Syro. nec fuge linigerae Memphitica templa iuvencae: multas illa facit, quod fuit ipsa Iovi. et fora conveniunt (quis credere possit?) amori: flammaque in arguto saepe reperta foro: 80 subdita qua Veneris facto de marmore templo Appias expressis aëra pulsat aquis, illo saepe loco capitur consultus Amori, quique aliis cavit, non cavet ipse sibi: illo saepe loco desunt sua verba deserto, 85 resque novae veniunt, causaque agenda sua est. hunc Venus e templis, quae sunt confinia, ridet: qui modo patronus, nunc cupit esse cliens.</p>	<p>Just take a leisurely stroll beneath the shade Pompey provided, when the sun approaches the back of Hercules' lion. Or where the mother has added her own gifts to those of her son, a work rich with exterior marble. Don't avoid the Portico of Livia either, strewn as it is with ancient paintings, which bears the name of its founder, or where the descendants of Belus dare to plot death for their wretched cousins, and their savage father stands with sword drawn. Nor let Adonis bewailed of Venus escape you, nor the seventh day, held sacred by the Syrian Jew. Neither flee from the Memphian temple of the linen-wearing cow: she makes many women what she herself was to Jove. Even the law courts (who would believe it?) are fit for love, often has its flame been found in the wordy court, where placed below the marble temple of Venus, the Appian nymph strikes the air with jets of water. Often in that spot a lawyer is seized by love and he who had defended others does not defend himself. Often in that spot words fail the</p>
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	eloquent – new trials come and his own case must be argued. Venus laughs from her nearby temple: he who was an advocate now desires to be a client.
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4. Ovid, *Ars Amatoria* 1.93-97

ut redit itque frequens longum formica per agmen, granifero solitum cum vehit ore cibum, aut ut apes saltusque suos et olentia nactae pascua per flores et thyma summa volant, sic ruit ad celebres cultissima femina ludos.	95	Just as ants constantly come and go in long columns, carrying the food customary for them in their grain-bearing mouths, or just as bees, once they've arrived at their glades and fragrant fields, fly through the flowers and tips of the thyme, so do the most put-together and modern women rush to the crowded games.
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5. Ovid, *Ars Amatoria* 3.99-100 & 3.499-500

sed me flaminibus venti maioris iturum, dum sumus in portu, provehat aura levis	100	But since I'll soon be driven by greater winds, may a light breeze carry me while I'm still in port
...		...
si licet a parvis animum ad maiora referre plenaque curuato pandere vela sinu	500	If I may shift my focus from smaller things to greater ones and fully spread out my billowing sails

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