**Diaklausithyron:**

**Picking Locks and Invading Domestic Space in Tibullus’ *Elegies,* Book 1*.***

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Christian Rhoads. Crhoads@unm.edu

1. Tib. 1.1.1-8.

Divitias alius fuluo sibi congerat auro

Et teneat culti iugera multa soli,

Quem labor adsiduus vicino terreat hoste.

Martia cui somnos classica pulsa fugent:

Me mea paupertas vitae traducat inerti, 5

Dum meus adsiduo luceat igne focus.

Ipse seram teneras maturo tempore vites

Rusticus et facili grandia poma manu…[[1]](#footnote-1)

Let some other man gather riches of yellow gold and hold great plots of tilled earth, one whom the unending labor terrifies with a nearby enemy, for whom the pressed Martial horns frighten away sleep: may my poverty lead me to an idle life, while my hearth lights up with a constant fire. Let my country-self plant soft vines in the proper season and great fruit trees with a skilled hand.

1. Tib. 1.1.41-48.

non ego divitias partum fructusque require,

quos tulit antique condita messis avo:

parva seges satis est, satis est requiescere lecto

si licet et solito membra levare toro.

Quam iuvat immites ventos audire cubantem 45

et dominam tenero continuisse sinu

aut gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit Auster

securum somnos igne iuvante sequi.

I do not seek my father’s riches and goods, which the founding crop brought to my ancestral grandfather. A small crop is enough, it is enough if it is permitted to rest on a bed, and to ease my limbs on their accustomed cushion. How it helps one who is laying down to hear the harsh winds and to hold a mistress with a tender grasp or, when wintery Auster pours out the icy waters, to safely follow sleep with the fire’s help.

1. Tib. 1.1.53-56.

Te bellare decet terra, Messalla, marique,

ut domus hostiles praeferat exuvias:

me retinet vinctum formosae vincla puellae, 55

et sedeo duras ianitor ante fores.

It is right that you wage war on land and sea, Messalla, so that your house presents enemy spoils: the chain of a beautiful girl holds me bound, and I sit as doorman before her tough doors.

1. Tib.1.1.73-74.

nunc levis est tractanda venus, dum frangere postes

non pudet et rixas inservisse iuvat.

Now light Venus must be exercised while it is not shameful to break-through the door-posts and it is pleasant to have engaged in fights.

1. Tib.1.3.41-48.

illo non validus subiit iuga tempore taurus,

non domito frenos ore momordit equus,

non domus ulla fores habuit, non fixus in agris

qui regeret certis finibus arva, lapis.

Ipsae mela dabant quercus, ultroque ferebant 45

Obvia securis ubera lactis oves.

Non acies, non ira fuit, non bella, nec ensem

immiti saevus duxerat arte faber.

At that time a strong bull did not submit to the yoke, nor did the horse chew on the bit with its tamed mouth, the houses did not have doors, and there were no stones fixed in the fields which divided up the land in certain limits. The oaks themselves give honey, and moreover, the ewes brought their offered utters of milk to carefree men. There was no battle line, no anger, no war, and the harsh smith did not craft a sword with his bitter craft.

1. Tib. 1.3.33-34.

at mihi contingat patrios celebrare Penates

reddereque antiquo menstrua tura Lari.

But let the celebration of the ancestral Penates and the offering of monthly incense to the ancient Lares fall to me!

1. Tib. 1.2.1-18.

Adde merum vinoque novos compesce dolores,

occupet ut fessi lumina victa sopor:

neu quisquam multo percussum tempora baccho

excitet, infelix dum requiescit amor… 4

Ianua difficilis domini te verberet imber, 7

te Iovis imperio fulmina missa petant.

Ianua, iam pateas uni mihi victa querellis,

Neu furtim verso cardine aperta sones… 10

Tu quoque ne timide custodes, Delia, falle. 15

Audendum est: fortes adiuuat ipsa venus.

Illa pavet seu quis iuuenis nova limina temptat

Seu reserat fixo dente puella dores...

Give over the unmixed-wine and keep my fresh sorrows at bay with wine, so that sleep might conquer the defeated lights of my tired eyes: and let no one wake me up when I am much beaten by Bacchus in the temples, while unlucky love rests… tough master’s door, may rain beat you! May the lightning, sent on Jupiter’s order, attack you! Door, may you open up for only me, overcome by my pleas, and with the hinges turning in secret, may you make no sound… You, Delia, do not be afraid, deceive the guard as well. One must be daring: Venus herself helps the brave. She helps if some young man tries out a new doorway, or when a girl un-bolts a door with an attached key.

1. Tib. 1.2.29-32.

non mihi pigra nocent hibernae frigora noctis,

non mihi cum multa decidit imber aqua. 30

non labor hic laedit, reseret modo Delia postes

et vocet ad digiti me taciturna sonum.

The numb cold of the winter night does not harm me, nor does it harm me when the rain falls with much water. This toil does not harm, let Delia just un-bolt the door-posts and silently call me to the sound of her finger.

1. Tib.1.5.51-56.

hanc volitant animae circum sua fata querentes

semper, et e tectis strix violenta canat:

ipsa fame stimulante furens herbasque sepulcris

quaerat et a saevis ossa relicta lupis;

currat et inguinibus nudis ululetque per urbes, 55

post agat e triuiis aspera turba canum.

Let spirits fly around this woman always bemoaning their fate, and let a violent owl screech from the roof, and let her, raging with stirred up hunger, search graves for herbs and bones left behind by wolves; let her run around and howl through the city with bare loins, and afterwards let a cruel pack of dogs drive her from the crossroads!

1. Tib.1.6.9-12.

ipse miser docui, quo posset ludere pacto

custodes: heu heu nunc premor arte mea. 10

Fingere tunc didicit causas ut sola cabaret,

cardine tunc tacito vertere posse fores.

I, wretch that I am, taught her what acts she used to be able to deceive the guards, Alas! Alas! I am now afflicted by, my own craft, to be able to turn the doors with a silenthinge.

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1. All translations of the Latin are my own and based on the Oxford Classical Texts edited by Johannes Percival Postgate. Johannes Percival Postgate. 1963. *Tibulli Aliorumque Carminum Libri Tres*. Oxford Classical Texts, Oxford University Press. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)