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Callimachean *ars* for enthusiastic poetry in Seneca's *Oedipus*?

1. Bacchus and Apollo, *Natura* and *Ars*

a. Horace, Ars Poetica, 408-11

Natura *fieret laudabile carmen an* ***arte****,*	Whether a praiseworthy poem is due to **nature**
quaesitum est; ego nec studium sine diuite uena	Or **art** is the question: I've never seen the benefit
*nec rude quid prosit uideo ingenium****; alterius sic***	Of study lacking a wealth of talent, or of untrained
altera poscit opem res et coniurat amice.	Ability: **each needs the other's friendly assistance**.
	(A. S. Kline 2003)

b. Hor. *Carm*. 3.25 ff.

Quo me, ***Bacche****, rapis tui*	Where are you taking me, **Bacchus**,
plenum? quae nemora aut quos agor in	now I'm full of you? To what caves or groves,
specus velox mente nova?	driven, swiftly, by new inspiration? [...]
[...]	I'll sing nothing trivial, no
nil parvum aut humili modo,	humble measure, nothing that dies.
*nil mortale loquar****. dulce periculum*** *est,*	O, Lenaeus, **the danger** of **following** a god
o Lenaee, ***sequi*** *deum*	**is sweet**, wreathing my brow with green leaves of
cingentem viridi tempora pampino.	the vine. (A. S. Kline 2003)

c. Hor. *Carm*. 4.6.29-30

spiritum ***Phoeb****us mihi,* ***Phoebus*** *artem*	**Phoebus** gave me inspiration, **Phoebus** gave me skill in
carminis nomenque dedit poetae	singing, and the name of poet. (A.S. Kline 2003)

d. Prop. 3.2.9 ff.

Carminis interea nostri redeamus in orbem, [...]	Let me return, meanwhile, to the world of my poetry:
miremur, nobis et ***Baccho et Apolline dextro****,*	no wonder if, **befriended by Bacchus and Phoebus**, a crowd
turba puellarum si mea verba colit?	of girls should cherish my words? (A.S. Kline 2002)

***See also Hor. *Carm*. 2.19 and Prop. 3.17

2. Bacchus kidnapped by pirates (Sen. *Oed*. 449-467)

Te Tyrrhena, puer, rapuit manus,	Thee, when young, Etruscan pirates
et ***tumidum*** *Nereus* ***posuit mare****,*	Took; Nereus **tamed the tumid seas**,
caerula cum ***pratis*** *mutat freta:*	Makes **meadows** from blue ocean.
hinc uerno platanus folio uiret	Plane trees green with vernal leaves
et ***Phoebo laurus carum nemus****;*	And **laurel grove dear to Phoebus**.
garrula per ramos auis obstrepit*;*	Branches **chirp with twittering birds**,
uiuaces hederas remus tenet,	Vigorous ivy twines the oars,
summa ligat uitis carchesia.	Vines grip the soaring mastheads.
Idaeus prora fremuit leo,	From the prow Ida's lion roars,
tigris puppe sedet Gangetica.	Ganges' tiger sits on the stern.
Tum pirata freto pauidus natat,	Panicked pirates swim in the sea
et noua demersos facies habet:	And adopt new forms as they sink.
bracchia prima cadunt praedonibus	Arms first drop from the brigands
inlisumque utero pectus coit,	And chests cave to join the womb;
paruula dependet lateri manus,	Tiny hands hang down from sides
et dorso fluctum curuo subit,	And arching backs dive through waves.

lunata scindit cauda mare:
*et **sequitur** curuus fugientia*
carbasa delphin.

The sea is sliced by crescent tails
And distant sails are now **pursued**
By curving dolphins.

3. Sen. *Ep*. 108.29

In eodem prato bos herbam quaerit, canis leporem, ciconia lacertam.

"In the same meadow the cow grazes, the dog hunts the hare, and the stork the lizard."

4. Prop. 3.3. 13-24

cum me Castalia speculans ex arbore Phoebus
sic ait aurata nixus ad antra lyra:
*'quid tibi cum tali, demens, est **flumine**? quis te*
carminis heroi tangere iussit opus?
non hinc ulla tibi sperandast fama, Properti:
*mollia sunt parvis **prata** terenda rotis;*
ut tuus in scamno iactetur saepe libellus,
quem legat exspectans sola puella virum.
cur tua praescriptos evectast pagina gyros?
*non est **ingenii cumba** gravanda tui.*
alter remus aquas alter tibi radat harenas,
*tutus eris: medio maxima turba **marist**.'*

Then Phoebus, spotting me, from his Castalian grove, leant on his golden lyre, by a cave-door, saying: 'What's your business with that stream, you madman? Who asked you to meddle with epic song? There's not a hope of fame for you from it, Propertius.
Soft are the **meadows** where your little wheels should roll, your little book often thrown on the bench, read by a girl waiting alone for a lover. Why is your verse wrenched from its destined track? Your mind's little **boat**'s not to be freighted. Scrape an oar through the water, the other through sand: you'll be safe: the big storm's out at **sea**.'(A.S. Kline 2003)

5. Bacchus and Ariadne (Sen. *Oed*. 488-503)

Naxos Aegaeo redimita ponto
tradidit thalamis uirginem relictam
meliore pensans damna marito:
pumice ex sicco
***fluxit Nyctelius latex**;*
***garruli** gramen secuere **riui**,*
*conbibit **dulces** humus alta **sucos***
niueique lactis candidos fontes
*et mixta **odoro Lesbia cum thymo**.*
Ducitur magno noua nupta caelo:
sollemne Phoebus
***carmen** infusis humero capillis*
cantat et geminus Cupido
concutit taedas;
telum deposuit Iuppiter igneum
conditque Baccho ueniente fulmen.

Naxos girt by the Aegean Sea
Gave a jilted maid for marriage
Requiting loss with better spouse.
From its dry lava
Gushed Nyctelian wine;
Noisy rivulets channeled the grass,
Deep soil imbibed the **sweet juices**,
And **gleaming founts of snowing milk,**
Lesbian mixed with scented thyme.
The new bride weds in great heaven.
Phoebus intones
The ritual song, hair streaming on
Shoulders, dual Cupid
Jerks the torches.
Jupiter put down his spear of fire;
He loathes lighting when Bacchus comes.

6. Prop. 3.13.25-32

dixerat, et plectro sedem mihi monstrat eburno,
quo nova muscoso semita facta solost.
hic erat affixis viridis spelunca lapillis,
***pendebantque cavis tympana pumicibus**,*
orgia Musarum et Sileni patris imago
fictilis et calami, Pan Tegeaee, tui;
et Veneris dominae volucres, mea turba, columbae
tingunt Gorgoneo punica rostra lacu.

He said it then showed me a place, with his ivory plectrum, where a new path had been made in mossy ground. Here was an emerald cavern lined with pebbles, **and timbrels hung from its pumice stone**; orgiastic emblems of the Muses; a statue of father Silenus made of clay; and your reed-pipes too, Pan of Tegea; and birds, a crowd of doves of my mistress Venus, dipped their red beaks into the Gorgon's pool.
(A.S. Kline 2002)

7. Ov. *Am*. 3.1. ff.

Stat vetus *et multos incaedua* ***silva*** *per annos;*
credibile est illi ***numen inesse loco****.*
fons ***sacer*** *in medio* ***speluncaque*** ***<u>pumice</u>*** ***pendens****,*
et latere ex omni dulce queruntur aves.
Hic ***ego dum spatior*** *tectus nemoralibus umbris —*
quod mea*, quaerebam,* ***Musa moveret opus*** *—*
venit odoratos ***Elegia*** *nexa capillos, […]*
venit et ingenti violenta ***Tragoedia*** *passu:*

There's an old wood untouched for many years:
you'd believe **a god lives in the place**.
There's a **sacred** spring at its centre and **a cave**
of overhanging rock, and birds sing sweetly all around.
While I was walking there privately in the wooded shade –
wondering **what project my Muse might be engendering** –
Elegy arrived, her perfumed hair in a knot, […]
And stormy Tragedy appeared with giant strides:
(A.S. Kline 2001)

8. Catullus, 1.1.1-2

Cui dono lepidum novum libellum
arida modo ***pumice expolitum****?*

To whom do I send this fresh little book
of wit, just **polished off with dry pumice**?
(A.S. Kline 2001)

9. Prop. 3.1.1-12

Callimachi Manes et Coi sacra Philitae,
in vestrum, quaeso, me sinite ire nemus.
primus ego ingredior puro de fonte sacerdos
Itala per Graios orgia ferre choros.
dicite, quo pariter carmen tenuastis in antro
quove pede ingressi? quamve bibistis aquam?
ah valeat, Phoebum quicumque moratur in armis!
exactus tenui pumice versus eat,
quo me Fama levat terra sublimis, et a me
nata coronatis Musa triumphat equis,
et mecum in curru parvi vectantur Amores,
scriptorumque meas turba secuta rotas.

Gosts of Callimachus, and shrines of Coan Philetas, I pray you let me walk in your grove: I, the first to enter, a priest of the pure fountain, to celebrate Italian mysteries to the rhythms of Greece. Tell me in what valley did you both spin out your song? On what feet did you enter? Which waters did you drink?
Away with the man who keeps Phoebus stuck in battle! **Let verse be finished, polished with pumice** – because of it Fame raises me high above Earth, and, born of me, a Muse goes in triumph with flower-hung horses, and young Loves ride with me in the chariot, and a crowd of writers hangs there at my wheels.
(A.S. Kline 2002)

10. Hor. *Carm*. 4.2.25-32

multa Dircaeum levat aura cycnum,
tendit, Antoni, quotiens in altos
nubium tractus: ***ego apis Matinae***
more modoque,
grata carpentis ***<u>thyma</u>*** ***per laborem***
plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvos
carmina fingo.

Son of Antony, a powerful breeze raises
the Dircean swan, whenever it's carried
to cloudy heights. While I create my verses,
in the manner
of a humble **Matinian bee**, **that goes**
gathering pollen from all the pleasant <u>thyme</u>,
and labours among the many groves, on the banks
of flowing Tiber. (A.S. Kline 2003)

11. Sen. *Oed.* 534-541

Est procul ab urbe lucus ilicibus niger
Dircaea circa uallis inriguae loca.
cupressus altis exerens siluis caput
uirente semper alligat trunco nemus,
curuosque tendit ***quercus*** *et putres situ*
annosa ramos: huius abrupit latus
edax uetustas*; illa, iam fessa cadens*
radice, fulta pendet aliena trabe. * * *
amara bacas ***laurus*** *et* ***tiliae leues***
et ***Paphia myrtus*** *et per immensum mare*
motura remos ***alnus*** *et Phoebo obuia*
enode Zephyris ***pinus*** *opponens latus.*

There is far aside the city a dark
Ilex grove by Dirce's watery vale.
Cypresses tower over soaring trees;
Their evergreen trunks envelope the wood.
Ancient **oaks** stretch their bending branches
Rotten with decay. One has partly **crumbled,**
gnawed by time; a second now hangs titlting
from withered roots, propped on another trunk.
There are sour-berried laurels, slender lindens,
Paphian myrtles, **alders** destined to drive
Oars through boundless sea and – facing Phoebus –
Pines, baring their smooth boles to the zephyrs.

12. Trees, forests, and shadows as metaphors for books, literary tradition, and literary influence
liber "bark," or "book," "tree"
silvae "forest," "source material"
umbra "shadow," or "influence" respectively.

See Henkel 2009, Hinds 1998, Hunter 2006, Schiesaro 2006, Fenton 2008, Scanlon 2014.

13. Ov. *Met*. 15.871-2

Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira nec ignis
*nec poterit ferrum nec **edax** abolere **vetustas**.*

And now the work is done, that Jupiter's anger, fire or sword cannot erase, nor the **gnawing tooth of time**.
(A.S. Kline 2000)

14. Sen. *Oed*. 542 -547

*medio stat **ingens arbor atque umbra graui***
***siluas minores** urguet et magno ambitu*
diffusa ramos una defendit nemus.
*tristis sub illa**, lucis et Phoebi inscius**,*
***restagnat umor** frigore aeterno rigens;*
***limosa pigrum circumit fontem palus**.*

in the midst, stands a huge tree. Its heavy shade crushes smaller trees. With a vast span of spreading boughs it guards the grove alone. Beneath it – grim and lacking Phoebus' light – lies a pool, icy and ever motionless. A muddy marsh circles the sluggish spring.

15. Hor. *Sat*. 1.4.11-15

nam fuit hoc vitiosus: in hora saepe ducentos,
ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno;
***cum flueret lutulentus**, erat quod tollere velles;*
*garrulus atque **piger** scribendi ferre laborem,*
scribendi recte: nam ut multum, nil moror.

That's where the fault lay: often, epically, he'd dictate
Two hundred lines, do it standing on one foot even!
A lot should have been dredged **from his murky stream**.
He was garrulous, hated (lit. **lazy** in) the labour involved in writing, Writing well, I mean: I don't care for mere quantity.
(A.S. Kline 2005)

*Translations of Seneca's *Oedipus* are from Boyle (2011).

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