The Archaic Greek Symposion and the Culture of Sophrosyne

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Passage 1: Comic Fragment (Kassel-Austin 8.101.11-13):

. . . ἐὰν δ’ ὑπερβάλῃς, [ὁ οἶνος δίδωσι] ὑβρίν,

ἐὰν δ’ ἵσον ὑσωσὶ προσφέρῃ, μανίαν ποιεῖ

ἐὰν δ’ ἀκρατον, παράλυσιν τῶν σωμάτων.

If you exceed the measure, wine brings hybris;
if you drink in the proportion of half and half, it makes for madness;
and if you drink it unmixed, it creates paralysis.

Passage 2: Eubulus 93 (Kassel-Austin 5.244):

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΣ:

τρεῖς γὰρ μόνον κρατήρες ἐγκεραννύω

τοῖς εὖ φρονοῦσι. τὸν μὲν ὑγιείος ἕνα

όν πρῶτον εκπίνουσι, τὸν δὲ δεύτερον

ἐρωτὸς ἡδονής τε, τὸν τρίτον δ’ ὑπνοῦ.

όν εκπίνοντες οἱ σοφοὶ κεκλημένοι

οἴκαδε βαδίζουσ’. ο δ’ τέταρτος οὐκέτι

ημέτερος ἐστ’ ἀλλ’ ὑβρεος, ἦ δ’ ἐρμπητος βοῆς.

ἔκτος δὲ κόμων, ἐβδομοῦς δ’ ὑποσίων

(ὁ δ’) σιδοῦς κλητήρας, ἦ δ’ ἐνατος χολῆς.

δέκατος δὲ μανίας ὅστε κάκβάλλειν ποιεῖ.

Only three kraters of wine do I mix
for men of good sense. One is for health,
which they drink first; the second
is for love and pleasure; the third is for sleep.
Having drunk this down, those called wise
go home. The fourth krater no longer
belongs to us, but to hybris. The fifth to shouting,
the sixth to revels, the seventh to black eyes.
The eighth belongs to lawsuits, the ninth to anger,
and the tenth to madness that leads to hurling.

Passage 3a: Sappho 58 lines 25-26

ἔγο δὲ φίλημ’ ἀβροσύναν, ὂτοῦτο καὶ μοι

τὸ λα[μπρον ἔρος τῶσι λί Κἀὶ τὸ κά[λον λέ[λογχε.

But I love habrosyne, . . . and love has allotted
to me the brightness and beauty of the sun.
2

Passage 3b: Sappho Poem 58*

11 νῦν δὴ μ’ ἔτι Μοίσαν ᾿Ι[ο]κ[ό]λιπων κάλα δόρα, παίδες, φιλήμμι δὲ φῶναί τ’ἐμι φιλάοιδαν λιτύραν χελύνναν·

[ποτ’][ε]’οντα χρόα γῆρας ἡδη ἐγ]ένοντο τρίχες ἐκ μελαίναν.

15 βάρυς δὲ μ’ ὅ[θ]’ύμος πεπόηται, γόνα δ’[ο]’ὑ φέροισι, τὰ δὴ ποτα λαίην ἐ’ον ὀρχησθ’ ἰσα νεβριοις.

tὰ (μὲν) στεναχίσδω θαμέως: ἀλλὰ τί κεν ποείν; ἀγηραν ἀνθρόπον ἐστὶν’ οὐ δύνατον γενέσθαι.

καὶ γὰρ π[ο]τα Τίθωνον ἔφαντο βροδόπαχν Αὐών ἔρωι φ. . . . ἀ.θείσαν βάμεν’ εἰς ἐσχατα γάς φέροισα[ν,

ἐστα [κ]’άλον καὶ νέον, ἀλλ’ αὐτόν ὡμος ἔμαρψε χρόνωι πόλιον γῆρας, ἔχ[ο]ντ’ ἀθανάταν ἀκοίνυν.

[μέναν νομίσδει
]

[αῖς ὀπάσδοι
]


Now there are still for me the lovely gifts of the violet-bosomed Muses, children, and I love the clear-voiced song-loving lyre.

. . . . . . . [my] skin once soft is withered now,
. . . . . . . [my] hair has turned [white] from black.

My heart has become heavy, my knees, which once were swift to dance like young fawns, fail me.

How often I grieve for these things. But what can I do? It is impossible for a human being to escape old age.

For they used to say that Dawn with rosy arms, . . . by love, once carried off Tithonus, going to the ends of the earth,

he was handsome and young, but nevertheless in time, grey old age seized him, even though he had an immortal wife.

. . . . . she thinks
. . . . . might give

But I love habrosyne, . . . and love has allotted to me the brightness and beauty of the sun.

* Text and translation from POxy 1787 and PKöln inv. 21351 & 21376, as published in Obbink (2009), with additional notes, suggestions, and modifications from Lidov (2009), Lardinois (2009), Kurke (1992), and Campbell (1982).
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