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Appendix: An Anthology of the Pathologies of Love

As a complement to the analytic case studies of the volume, and in accordance with the introduction, this anthology offers a representation of all major genres and authors of classical antiquity who dealt with the subject matter. The reader is guided through the variety of pathologies (physical, emotional, mental, social, political etc.) which are associated with different kinds of love (sexual, romantic, familial, self-love etc.) in ancient Greek and Latin literature. The passages compiled are listed in chronological order, by language, and unless otherwise specified, the translations are from the Loeb editions. The anthology does not aspire to be exhaustive, as the word itself signifies, but a useful tool for teaching and further research.

Hom. *Il.* 14.294–5

Ὡς δ' ἶδεν, ὥς μιν ἔρωσ πυκινὰς φρένας ἀμφεκάλυψεν,
οἷον ὅτε πρῶτόν περ ἐμισγέσθην φιλότῃτι

And when he saw her, then love engulfed his shrewd mind, just as when they first had joined in love.

Hom. *Il.* 14.214–7

Ἥ καὶ ἀπὸ στήθεσφιν ἐλύσατο κεστὸν ἱμάντα
ποικίλον, ἔνθα δέ οἱ θελκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο·
ἔνθ' ἔνι μὲν φιλότῃς, ἐν δ' ἡμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς
πάρφασις, ἣ τ' ἔκλειψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων.

She spoke, and loosed from her bosom the embroidered strap, inlaid, in which are fashioned all manner of allurements; in it is love, in it desire, in it dalliance – persuasion that steals the senses even of the wise.

Hom. *Od.* 15.420–2

πλυνούσῃ τις πρῶτα μίγῃ κοίλῃ παρὰ νηϊ
εὐνῇ καὶ φιλότῃτι, τὰ τε φρένας ἡπεροπεύει
θηλυτέρῃσι γυναιξί, καὶ ἣ κ' εὐεργὸς ἔησιν.

First, as she was washing clothes, one of them lay with her in love by the hollow ship; for this beguiles the minds of women, even though one be upright.

Hes. *Theog.* 120–2

ἦδ' Ἔρος, ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι,
 λυσιμελής, πάντων τὲ θεῶν πάντων τ' ἀνθρώπων
 δάμναται ἐν στήθεσσι νόον καὶ ἐπίφρονα βουλήν.

And Eros, who is the most beautiful among the immortal gods, The limb-melter – he overpowers the mind and the thoughtful counsel of all the gods and of all human beings in their breasts.

Archil. 196 W

Ἀλλά μ' ὁ λυσιμελής ᾧταῖρε δάμναται πόθος.

But, my friend, limb-loosening desire overwhelms me.

Archil. 193 W

δύστηνος ἔγκειμαι πόθῳ,
 ἄψυχος, χαλεπῇσι θεῶν ὀδύνησιν ἔκρητι
 πεπαρμένος δι' ὀστέων.

I am in the throes of desire, miserable and lifeless, pierced through my bones with grievous pangs thanks to the gods.

Alcm. 59a PMG

Ἔρος με δηῦτε Κύπριδος Φέκατι
 γλυκὺς κατεῖβων καρδίαν ἰαίνει.

At the command of the Cyprian, Eros once again pours sweetly down and warms my heart.

Sappho 130 L-P

Ἔρος δηῦτέ μ' ὁ λυσιμέλης δόνει,
 γλυκύπικρον ἀμάχανον ὄρπετον

Once again limb-loosening Love makes me tremble, the bitter-sweet, irresistible creature.

Sappho 47 L-P

Ἔρος δ' ἐτίναξέ μοι φρένας, ὡς ἄνεμος κατ' ὄρος δρύσιν ἐμπέτων.

Love shook my heart like a wind falling on oaks on a mountain.

Alc. 283 L-P (ed. Campbell)

κάλενας ἐν στήθ[ε]σιν [ἐ]π[τ]όαισε
 θῦμον Ἀργείας, Τροίῳ δ' [ὕ]π' ἄν[δ]ρος
 ἐκμάνεισα ξ[εν]ναπάτα 'πὶ π[ό]ντον
 ἔσπετο νᾶϊ,

And [Love?] excited the heart of Argive Helen in her breast; and crazed by the Trojan man, the deceiver of his host, she accompanied him over the sea in his ship.

Ibyc. 6 PMG

Ἔρος αὐτέ με κυανέοισιν ὑπὸ
 βλεφάροις τακέρ' ὄμμασι δερκόμενος
 κηλήμασι παντοδαποῖς ἐς ἅπει-
 ρα δίκτυα Κύπριδος ἐσβάλλει·

Again Love, looking at me meltingly from under his dark eyelids, hurls me with his manifold enchantments into the boundless nets of the Cyprian.

Anacr. 68 PMG

Μεγάλῳ δ' ἡνέμεν μ' ἔρωσ' ἔκοψεν ὥστε χαλκεὺς
 πελέκει, χειμερίῃ δ' ἔλουσεν ἐν χαράδρῃ.

Once again Love has struck me like a smith with a great hammer and dipped me in the wintry torrent.

Aesch. *Sept.* 686–8

τί μέμονας, τέκνον; μή τί σε θυμοπλη-
 θῆς δορίμαργος ἅτα φερέτω· κακοῦ δ'
 ἔκβαλ' ἔρωτος ἀρχάν.

Why this mad passion, child? You must not let yourself be carried away by this spear-mad delusion that fills your heart.

Pind. *Nem.* 11.47–8

κερδέων δὲ χρὴ μέτρον θηρευέμεν·
ἀπροσίκτων δ' ἐρώτων ὀξύτεραι μανίαι.

One must seek due measure of gains; too painful is the madness of unattainable desires.

Pind. fr. 123.10–12 (ed. Snell-Maehler)

ἀλλ' ἐγὼ τὰς ἔκατι κηρὸς ὥς δαχθεὶς ἔλα
ἱρὰν μελισσὰν τάκομαι, εὖτ' ἂν ἴδω
παίδων νεόγυιον ἐς ἦβαν·

But I, because of her [=Aphrodite], melt like the wax of holy bees bitten by the sun's heat, whenever I look upon the new-limbed youth of boys.

Soph. *Ant.* 781–90

Ἔρωσ ἀνίκατε μάχαν,
Ἔρωσ, ὃς ἐν κτήμασι πίπτεις, [...]
καὶ σ' οὐτ' ἀθανάτων φύξιμος οὐδείς
οὔθ' ἀμερίων σέ γ' ἀν-
θρώπων, ὃ δ' ἔχων μέμνην.

Love invincible in battle, Love who falls upon men's property ... None among the immortals can escape you, nor any among mortal men, and he who has you is mad.

Hdt. 1.8.1–2

Οὗτος δὴ ὢν ὁ Κανδαύλης ἡράσθη τῆς ἑωυτοῦ γυναικός, ἐρασθεὶς δὲ ἐνόμιζε οἱ εἶναι γυναῖκα πολλὸν πασέων καλλίστην. Ὡστε δὲ ταῦτα νομίζων, [...] τὸ εἶδος τῆς γυναικός ὑπερεπαίνεε. [...] χρῆν γὰρ Κανδαύλη γενέσθαι κακῶς

This Candaules, then, fell in love with his own wife, so much that he supposed her to be by far the fairest woman in the world; and being persuaded of this, he raved of her beauty ... and he was doomed to ill-fortune ...

Eur. *Hipp.* 392–4

Ἐπεὶ μ' ἔρωσ ἔτρωσεν, ἐσκόπουν ὅπως
κάλλιστ' ἐνέγκαιμ' αὐτόν. Ἠρξάμην μὲν οὖν
ἐκ τοῦδε, σιγᾶν τήνδε καὶ κρύπτειν νόσον·

When love wounded me, I considered how I might best bear it. My starting point was this, to conceal my malady in silence.

Thuc. 3.45.5

ἢ τε ἐλπίς καὶ ὁ ἔρως ἐπὶ παντί, ὁ μὲν ἡγούμενος, ἡ δ' ἐφεπομένη, καὶ ὁ μὲν τὴν ἐπιβουλὴν ἐκφροντίζων, ἡ δὲ τὴν εὐπορίαν τῆς τύχης ὑποτιθεῖσα πλεῖστα βλάπτουσι ...

Then, too, Hope and Desire are everywhere; Desire leads, Hope attends; Desire contrives the plan, Hope suggests the facility of fortune; the two passions are most baneful ...

Ar. *Eccl.* 954–7

Πάνυ γὰρ δεινός τις ἔρως με δονεῖ
τῶνδε τῶν σῶν βοστρύχων.
ἄτοπος δ' ἔγκειται μοί τις πόθος,
ὅς με διακναίσας ἔχει.

A powerful passion sets me awirl for those curly locks of yours. A strange longing besets me and grinds me in its grip.

Lys. 3.39

καὶ οἱ μὲν ἄλλοι, ὅταν ἐρῶσι καὶ ἀποστερῶνται ὧν ἐπιθυμοῦσι καὶ συγκοπῶσιν, ὀργιζόμενοι παραχρῆμα τιμωρεῖσθαι ζητοῦσιν ...

Everyone else, when in love, and deprived of the object of desire, and battered with blows, immediately in his anger seeks redress ...

Isoc. 8.113

Ὅπου δ' οἱ πρωτεύοντες καὶ δόξας μεγίστας ἔχοντες τοσούτων κακῶν ἐρῶσιν, τί δεῖ θαυμάζειν τοὺς ἄλλους εἰ τοιούτων ἐτέρων ἐπιθυμοῦσιν;

And when men who are of the foremost rank and of the greatest reputation are enamoured of so many evils, is it any wonder that the rest of the world covets other evils of the same kind?

Xen. *Mem.* 1.2.22

πολλοὶ γὰρ καὶ χρημάτων δυνάμενοι φείδεσθαι, πρὶν ἐρᾶν, ἐρασθέντες οὐκέτι δύνανται·

For many who are careful with their money no sooner fall in love than they begin to waste it.

Xen. *Symp.* 4.14,16

ἐγὼ γοῦν καίπερ εἰδὼς ὅτι χρήματα ἢ δὴ κτῆμα ἥδιον μὲν ἂν Κλεινία τὰ ὄντα διδοίην ἢ ἕτερα παρ' ἄλλου λαμβάνοιμι, ἥδιον δ' ἂν δουλεύοιμι ἢ ἐλεύθερος εἶην, εἴ μου Κλεινίας ἄρχειν

ἐθέλοι. καὶ γὰρ πονοίην ἂν ῥᾶον ἐκείνῳ ἢ ἀναπαυοίμην, καὶ κινδυνεύοιμ' ἂν πρὸ ἐκείνου ἥδιον ἢ ἀκίνδυνος ζώην. [...] ἐγὼ γοῦν μετὰ Κλεινίου κᾶν διὰ πυρὸς τοίην·

I do realize that money is good to have, but I'd be happier giving what I have to Cleinias than getting more from someone else; and I'd be happier being a slave than being a free man, if Cleinias were willing to be my master. For I should find it easier to work for him than to rest, and I'd be happier to risk my life for him than to live in safety ... I'd even go through fire with Cleinias.

Pl. *Symp.* 186b

Ἡ γὰρ φύσις τῶν σωμάτων τὸν διπλοῦν Ἔρωτα τοῦτον ἔχει. τὸ γὰρ ὑγιὲς τοῦ σώματος καὶ τὸ νοσοῦν ὁμολογουμένως ἕτερόν τε καὶ ἀνόμοιον ἐστί, τὸ δὲ ἀνόμοιον ἀνομοίων ἐπιθυμεῖ καὶ ἐρᾷ. ἄλλος μὲν οὖν ὁ ἐπὶ τῷ ὑγιεινῷ ἔρως, ἄλλος δὲ ὁ ἐπὶ τῷ νοσῶδει.

This double Love belongs to the nature of all bodies: for between bodily health and sickness there is an admitted difference or dissimilarity, and what is dissimilar craves and loves dissimilar things. And so the desire felt by a sound body is quite other than that of a sickly one.

Pl. *Resp.* 573d

Ἔρως τύραννος ἔνδον οἰκῶν διακυβερνᾷ τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς ἅπαντα.

Souls are entirely swayed by the indwelling tyrant Eros.

Hippoc. *Epid.* 3.3.17(16)

νεηνίσκος ἐκ ποτῶν καὶ ἀφροδισίων πολλῶν πουλὺν χρόνον θερμανθεὶς κατεκλίθη· φρικώδης δὲ καὶ ἀσώδης ἦν, καὶ ἄγρυπνος, καὶ ἄδιψος. [...] Δεκάτῃ, παρέκρουσεν ἀτρεμέως, ἦν δὲ κόσμιός τε καὶ ἥσυχος· δέρμα καρφαλέον καὶ περιτεταμένον· διαχωρήματα ἢ πολλὰ, λεπτὰ, ἢ χολώδεα, λιπαρά. Τεσσαρεσκαίδεκάτῃ, πάντα παρωξύνθη· παρεκρούσθη, πολλὰ παρέλεγεν. Εἰκοστῇ, ἐξεμάνη· βληστρισμός· οὐδὲν οὖρει· σμικρὰ ποτὰ κατείχετο. Τῇ εἰκοστῇ τετάρτῃ, ἀπέθανεν.

A youth took to his bed after being for a long time heated by drunkenness and sexual indulgence. He had shivering fits, nausea, sleeplessness, but no thirst ... Tenth day: delirious but quiet, for he was orderly and silent; skin dry and tense; stools either copious and thin or bilious and greasy. Fourteenth day: general exacerbation; delirious with much wandering talk. Twentieth day: wildly out of his mind; much tossing; urine suppressed; slight quantities of drink were retained. Twenty-fourth day: death.

[Arist.] *Physiognom.* 805a, 6–8

Τῆς ψυχῆς παθήμασι τὸ σῶμα συμπάσχον φανερόν γίνεται περί τε τοὺς ἔρωτας καὶ τοὺς φόβους τε καὶ τὰς λύπας καὶ τὰς ἡδονάς.

The body suffers sympathetically with affections of the soul is evident in love, fear, grief and pleasure.

[Dem.] 40.27

ὥστε πολὺ μᾶλλον εἰκὸς ἦν αὐτὸν διὰ τὴν ζῶσαν γυναῖκα, ἣς ἐρῶν ἐτύγχανε, τὸν τῆς τεθνεώσης υἱὸν ἀτιμάζειν, ἢ [... τοὺς] παῖδας μὴ ποιεῖσθαι.

So that it was much more likely that for the sake of the living woman, with whom he was in love all this time, he would dishonour the son of her who was dead, than ... he would refuse to acknowledge the children of her.

Callim. *Epigr.* 46.3–7 (ed. Pfeiffer)

αἱ Μοῖσαι τὸν ἔρωτα κατισχναίνοντι, Φίλιππε·
ἧ πανακὲς πάντων φάρμακον ἂ σοφία.
τοῦτο, δοκέω, χά λιμὸς ἔχει μόνον ἐς τὰ πονηρὰ
τώγαθόν· ἐκκόπτει τὰν φιλόπαιδα νόσον.
ἔσθ' ἀμὶν τυχ' αὐκαστας ἀφειδέα ποττὸν Ἔρωτα·

The Muses, O Philippus, reduce the swollen wound of love. Surely the poet's skill is sovereign remedy for all ill. I think that hunger, too, has this good – and this alone – in regard to evil: it drives away the disease of love. We have both remedies against you, remorseless Love!

Theoc. *Id.* 2.82–90 (ed. Hopkinson)

χῶς ἶδον, ὡς ἐμάνην, ὡς μοι πυρὶ θυμὸς ἰάφθη
δειλαίας, τὸ δὲ κάλλος ἐτάκετο. οὐκέτι πομπᾶς
τήνας ἐφρασάμαν, οὐδ' ὡς πάλιν οἴκαδ' ἀπῆνθον
ἔγνω, ἀλλὰ μέ τις καπυρὰ νόσος ἐξεσάλαξεν,
κεῖμαν δ' ἐν κλιντῇρι δέκ' ἄματα καὶ δέκα νύκτας [...]
καί μεν χρώς μὲν ὁμοῖος ἐγίνετο πολλὰκι θάψω,
ἔρρευν δ' ἐκ κεφαλᾶς πᾶσαι τρίχες, αὐτὰ δὲ λοιπὰ
ὅστί' ἔτ' ἦς καὶ δέρμα.

And when I saw them I was seized with madness, and my wretched heart was caught with fire, and my beauty wasted away. I no longer took notice of that procession, and I had no idea how I got home again, but a burning fever shook me, and I lay on my bed ten days and ten nights ... Often my skin would become as pale as fustic, and all the hair began to fall from my head, and only my skin and bones were left.

Phld. *AP* 5.306 (ed. Tueller)

Δακρύεις, ἔλεινὰ λαλεῖς, περίεργα θεωρεῖς,
 ζηλοτυπεῖς, ἄπτη πολλάκι, πυκνά φιλεῖς·
 ταῦτα μὲν ἔστιν ἐρώντος, ὅταν δ' εἴπω “παράκειμαι”
 καὶ σὺ μένης, ἀπλῶς οὐδὲν ἐρώντος ἔχεις.

You weep, you talk piteously, you watch me excessively, you show your jealousy, you touch me often, you kiss me hard; these are the deeds of a lover. But when I say, ‘Here I am next to you,’ and you wait, you simply have nothing of the lover in you.

Plut. *Per.* 20.4

πολλοὺς δὲ καὶ Σικελίας ὁ δύσεως ἐκεῖνος ἤδη καὶ δύσποτμος ἔρωι εἶχεν, ὃν ὕστερον ἐξέκαυσαν οἱ περὶ τὸν Ἀλκιβιάδην ῥήτορες.

Many also were possessed already with that inordinate and inauspicious passion for Sicily which was afterwards kindled into flame by such orators as Alcibiades.

Gal. *Praecog.* 14.630 K.

τῶν σοφιστῶν ἱατρῶν ἔνιοι, ἀγνοοῦμενοι τίνι λόγῳ τὸν ἔρωτα τῆς παλλακῆς τοῦ πατρὸς Ἑρασίστρατος ἐγνώρισεν, ἔγραψαν τῶν ἀρτηριῶν τοὺς σφυγμοὺς τοῦ νεανίσκου, σφυζοῦσαν ἐρωτικῶς ἐξευρεῖν αὐτὸν, οὐκέθ' ὑπομείναντες εἰπεῖν ἐκ τῶν σφυγμῶν εὐρεθῆναι.

Some of the sophistic doctors, not knowing on what grounds Erasistratus discovered the young man's love for his father's concubine, have suggested that he found the arteries pulsating madly with love, although they cannot yet bear to say that this was discovered through his pulse beats. [Transl. Nutton]

Charit. 1.1.8–10

Χαιρέας δὲ νεανίας εὐφυῆς καὶ μεγαλόφρων, ἥδη τοῦ σώματος αὐτῷ φθίνοντος, ἀπετόλμησεν εἰπεῖν πρὸς τοὺς γονεῖς ὅτι ἐρᾷ καὶ οὐ βιώσεται τοῦ Καλλιρρόης γάμου μὴ τυχών. [...] Εἴθ' ὁ μὲν πατὴρ παρεμυθεῖτο τὸν παῖδα, τῷ δ' ἠϋξετο τὸ κακόν, ὥστε μὴδ' ἐπὶ τὰς συνήθεις προΐεναι διατριβάς. Ἐπόθει δὲ τὸ γυμνάσιον Χαιρέαν καὶ ὥσπερ ἔρημον ἦν: ἐφίλει γὰρ αὐτὸν ἡ νεολαία. Πολυπραγμονοῦντες δὲ τὴν αἰτίαν ἔμαθον τῆς νόσου, καὶ ἔλεος πάντας εἰσῆλθε μειρακίου καλοῦ κινδυνεύοντος ἀπολέσθαι διὰ πάθος ψυχῆς εὐφυοῦς.

But when Chaereas, a well-bred and spirited youth, began to waste away, he had the courage to tell his parents that he was in love and could not live without Callirhoë as his wife. [...] the boy's malady grew worse, and he no longer went out even to his usual pastimes. The gymnasium missed Chaereas and was virtually deserted, for the young people loved him. The curiosity (of his friends) found out the cause of his sickness, and all felt pity for a handsome youth who seemed likely to die from the passion of an honest heart.

Plaut. *Asin.* 883

me ex amore huius corruptum oppido;

I'm utterly corrupted because of my love for this girl.

Plaut. *Aul.* 592–4

*nam qui amanti ero seruitutem seruit, quasi ego seruiio,
si erum uidet superare amorem, hoc serui esse officium reor,
retinere ad salutem, non enim quo incumbat eo impellere*

Someone who serves a lovesick master, just as I do now, if he can see that love is gaining the upper hand over his master, well then, I think it's the servant's duty to restrain him for his own good, and not to push him further in the direction he inclines to.

Ter. *And.* 307–10

BYR *ah! quanto satius te id dare operam qui istum amorem ex animo amoveas,
quam id loqui quo magis lubido frustra incendatur tua!*

CHA *facile omnes quom valemus recta consilia aegrotis damus.
tu si hic sis aliter sentias.*

BYR Oh! How much better to set about banishing that love from your heart than to say things which only inflame your desire to no purpose!

CHA We can all readily give good advice to the sick when we're well. If you were in my place, you would feel differently.

Cic. *Tusc.* 4.26, 68

Aegrotationi autem talia quaedam subiecta sunt: avaritia, ambitio, mulierositas, pervicacia, ligurritio, vinolentia, cuppedia et si qua similla. [...] Totus vero iste, qui vulgo appellatur amor – nec hercule invenio quo nomine alio possit appellari – tantae levitatis est, ut nihil videam quod putem conferendum.

There are moreover certain subdivisions of sickness of the following kind: avarice, ambition, love of women, stubbornness, love of good living, intoxication, daintiness and anything similar ... In fact, the whole passion ordinarily termed 'love' (and heaven help me if I can think of any other term to apply to it) is of such exceeding triviality that I see nothing that I think comparable with it.

Lucr. *DRN* 4.1076–83

*... etenim potiundi tempore in ipso
fluctuat incertis erroribus ardor amantum,
nec constat quid primum oculis manibusque fruantur.*

*quod petiere, premunt arte faciuntque dolorem
corporis, et dentes inlidunt saepe labellis
osculaue adfligunt, quia non est pura voluptas
et stimuli subsunt qui instigant laedere id ipsum,
quodcumque est, rabies unde illaec germina surgunt.*

Indeed, in the very time of possession, lovers' ardour is storm-tossed, uncertain in its course, hesitating what first to enjoy with eye or hand. They press closely the desired object, hurting the body, often they set their teeth in the lips and crush mouth on mouth, because the pleasure is not unmixed and there are secret stings which urge them to hurt that very thing, whatever it may be, from which those germs of frenzy grow.

Lucr. *DRN* 4.1153–4

*nam faciunt homines plerumque cupidine caeci
et tribuunt ea quae non sunt his commoda vere.*

For this is what men usually do when blinded with desire, and they attribute to women advantages which they really have not.

Catull. 76.21–6

*heu, mihi surrepens imos ut torpor in artus
expulit ex omni pectore laetitia!
non iam illud quaero, contra me ut diligat illa,
aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit:
ipse valere opto et taetrum hunc deponere morbum.*

Ah me! what a lethargy creeps into my inmost joints, and has cast out all joys from my heart! No longer is this my prayer, that she should love me in return, or, for that is impossible, that she should consent to be chaste. I would myself be well again and put away this baleful sickness.

Verg. *Ecl.* 2.68–9

*me tamen urit amor; quis enim modus adsit amori?
a, Corydon, Corydon, quae te dementia cepit!*

Yet love still burns in me; for what bound can be set to love? Ah, Corydon, Corydon, what madness has gripped you?

Verg. *Ecl.* 8.47–9

*saevus Amor docuit natorum sanguine matrem
commaculare manus; crudelis tu quoque, mater.
crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?*

Ruthless Love taught a mother [= Medea] to stain her hands in her children's blood; cruel, too, were you, O mother. Who was more cruel, the mother or that wicked boy?

Hor. *Sat.* 1.4.25–7

hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic puerorum;

One is mad with love for somebody's wife, another for boys.

Hor. *Carm.* 4.1.1–7

*Intermissa, Venus, diu
rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
non sum qualis eram bonae
sub regno Cinarae. desine, dulcium
mater saeva Cupidinum,
circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
iam durum imperiis: abi*

Are you making war again, Venus, after so long a truce? Have mercy, I beg you, I beg you! I am not the man I was in the reign of Cinara the Good. Stop, o cruel mother of sweet Desires, stop driving one who after nearly fifty years is now too hardened to answer your soft commands. Away!

Livy, *AUC* 1.9.15–16

Saepe ex iniuria postmodum gratiam ortam, eoque melioribus usuras viris, quod adniscurus pro se quisque sit ut, cum suam vicem functus officio sit, parentium etiam patriaeque expleat desiderium. Accedebant blanditiae virorum factum purgantium cupiditate atque amore, quae maxime ad muliebre ingenium efficaces preces sunt.

A sense of injury had often given place to affection, and they [= the Sabine Women] would find their husbands the kinder for this reason, that every man would earnestly endeavour not only to be a good husband, but also to console his wife for the home and parents she had lost. His [=Romulus'] arguments were seconded by the wooing of the men, who excused their act [=abduction] on the score of passion and love, the most moving of all pleas to a woman's heart.

Tib. 2.5.109–12

*... iaceo dum saucius annum
et faveo morbo, nam iuvat ipse dolor,
usque cano Nemesim, sine qua versus mihi nullus
verba potest iustos aut reperire pedes.*

For a year now, afflicted from his stroke and siding with my malady (for the pain itself is pleasure), I sing unceasingly of Nemesis, apart from whom no verse of mine can find its words or proper feet.

Tib. 2.6.15–18

*acer Amor, fractas utinam tua tela sagittas,
si licet, extinctas aspiciamque faces!
tu miserum torques, tu me mihi dira precari
cogis et insana mente nefanda loqui.*

Fierce Love, oh, if this could be, I would see your arms destroyed, the arrows broken, and the torches quenched. You rack me with anguish: you force me to curse myself and in impious speech to vent the frenzy of my soul.

Prop. 1.1.3–4, 25–6

*tum mihi constantis deiecit lumina fastus
et caput impositis pressit Amor pedibus, [...]
aut vos, qui sero lapsum revocatis, amici,
quaerite non sani pectoris auxilia.*

It was then that Love made me lower my looks of stubborn pride and trod my head beneath his feet ... You my friends, who too late call back the fallen, seek medicines for a heart that is sick.

Prop. 1.5.27–30

*non ego tum potero solacia ferre roganti,
cum mihi nulla mei sit medicina mali;
sed pariter miseri socio cogemur amore
alter in alterius mutua flere sinu.*

Then when you ask me, I will be unable to bring you any comfort, since I have no medicine for my own malady; but, comrades in love and woe, we shall be equally compelled to weep each in turn on the other's bosom.

Prop. 3.24.13–14

*corruptus saevo Veneris torrear aëno;
vincus eram versas in mea terga manus.*

Venus seized me and roasted me in her cruel cauldron: I was a prisoner with hands bound behind my back.

Ov. Rem. (sel.)

- 15–6 *At si quis male fert indignae regna puellae,
Ne pereat, nostrae sentiat artis opem. [...]*
- 43–4 *Discite sanari, per quem didicistis amare:
Una manus vobis vulnus opemque feret. [...]*
- 53–4 *Utile propositum est saevas extinguere flammās,
Nec servum vitii pectus habere sui. [...]*
- 81 *Opprime, dum nova sunt, subiti mala semina morbi, [...]*
- 101–2 *Vidi ego, quod fuerat primo sanabile, vulnus
Dilatam longae damna tulisse morae. [...]*
- 135–6 *Ergo ubi visus eris nostra medicabilis arte,
Fac monitis fugias otia prima meis. [...]*
- 225–6 *Dura aliquis praecepta vocet mea; dura fatemur
Esse; sed ut valeas, multa dolenda feres. [...]*
- 491–4 *Quamvis infelix media torreberis Aetna,
Frigidior glacie fac videre tuae:
Et sanum simula, ne, siquid forte dolebis,
Sentiat; et ride, cum tibi flendus eris*

But if any endures the tyranny of an unworthy mistress, lest he perish, let him learn the help my art can give ... Learn healing from him through whom you learnt to love: one hand alike will wound and succour ... A profitable aim it is to extinguish savage flames, and have a heart not enslaved to its own frailty ... Crush, while yet they are new, the baneful seeds of sudden disease ... I have seen a wound, that at first was healable, by tarrying suffer the penalty of long delay ... When therefore I shall find you amenable to my skill, obey my counsels and first of all shun leisure ... Some may call my counsels cruel: cruel I confess they are; but, to recover health, you are willing to bear much pain ... Though you are miserably scorched in Aetna's midst, yet make yourself seem colder than ice to your mistress; and feign to be heart-whole, lest, if perchance you show your anguish, she notice it; and laugh, when you would mourn your plight.

Sen. Tranq. 2.7

Hoc oritur ab intemperie animi et cupiditatibus timidis aut parum prosperis, ubi aut non audent quantum concupiscunt, aut non consequuntur ...

This [=dissatisfaction] springs from a lack of mental poise and from timid or unfulfilled desires, when men either do not dare, or do not attain, as much as they desire ...

Sen. Tranq. 2.12

Ut ulcera quaedam nocituras manus adpetunt et tactu gaudent, et foedam corporum scabiem delectat quicquid exasperat, non aliter dixerim his mentibus, in quas cupiditates velut mala ulcera eruperunt, voluptati esse laborem vexationemque.

Just as there are some sores which crave the hands that will hurt them and rejoice to be touched, and as a foul itch of the body delights in whatever scratches, exactly so, I would say, do these minds upon which, so to speak, desires have broken out like wicked sores find pleasure in toil and vexation.

Mart. 9.56.9–10

*quisquis ab hoc fuerit fixus, morietur amore.
o felix, si quem tam bona fata manent!*

Whoever is pierced by this boy, will die of love. Happy he, whomsoever so good a death awaits!

Mart. 9.79.3–4

*at nunc tantus amor cunctis, Auguste, tuorum est
ut sit cuique suae cura secunda domus.*

But now, Augustus, your following is so loved of all men that each of us puts his own household in second place;

Mart. 11.78.9–12

*heu quantos aestus, quantos patiere labores,
si fuerit cunnus res peregrina tibi!
ergo Suburanae tironem trade magistrae.
illa virum faciet; non bene virgo docet.*

Ah what embarrassments, what ordeals you will suffer if a cunt is something foreign to you! Therefore, hand yourself over as a novice to an instructress in Subura. She will make a man of you. A virgin is a poor teacher.

Juv. 6.28–32

*certe sanus eras. uxorem, Postume, ducis?
dic qua Tisiphone, quibus exagitare colubris.
ferre potes dominam salvis tot restibus ullam,
cum pateant altae caligantesque fenestrae,
cum tibi vicinum se praebeat Aemilius pons?*

Well, you used to be sane, all right. Postumus, are you really getting married? Tell me what Tisiphone and what snakes are driving you mad. Can you put up with any woman as your boss with so many ropes available, when those dizzily high windows are wide open, when the Aemilian bridge offers itself to you so conveniently?

Juv. 14.138–9

*interea, pleno cum turget sacculus ore,
crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crevit,*

In the meantime, when your little purse is bulging with its mouth full, your love of cash grows as much as the money itself has grown.

Cael. Aur. TP 4.9

Molles sive subactos Graeci malthacos vocaverunt, quos quidem esse nullus facile virorum credit. [...] quae sint a passionibus corporis aliena sed potius corruptae mentis vitia. [...] est enim, ut Soranus ait, malignae ac foedissimae mentis passio. [...] Nam neque ulla curatio corporis depellendae passionis causa recte putatur adhibenda, sed potius animus coercendus, qui tanta peccatorum labe vexatur.

People find it hard to believe that effeminate men or pathics really exist ... Now this condition is different from a bodily disease; it is rather an affliction of a diseased mind ... For, as Soranus says, this affliction comes from a corrupt and debased mind ... There exists no bodily treatment which can be applied to overcome the disease; it is rather the mind that is affected in these disgraceful vices, and it is consequently the mind that must be controlled. [transl. Drabkin].

