

BARCHIESI
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One

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Prop. 2,31:

Quaeris, cur veniam tibi tardior? aurea Phoebi
porticus a magno Caesare aperta fuit.
Tanta erat in speciem Poenis digesta columnis
inter quas Danaï femina turba senis.
Hic equidem Phoebō visus mihi pulchrior ipso 5
marmoreus tacita carmen hiare lyra;
atque aram circum steterant armenta Myronis,
quattuor artifices, vivida signa, boves.
Tum medium claro surgebat marmore templum,
et patria Phoebō carius Ortygia: 10
in quo Solis erat supra fastigia currus
et valvae, Libyci nobile dentis opus;
altera deiectos Parnasi vertice Gallos,
altera maerebat funera Tantalidos.
deinde inter matrem deus ipse interque sororem
Pythius in longa carmina veste sonat. 16

2,32

Qui videt, is peccat: qui te non viderit, ergo
non cupiet: facti lumina crimen habent...

For without you, my genius lacks its force.

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II.31 *Quaeris, cur veniam tibi tardior? aurea Phoebi*

Why do I come to you late? Phoebus' golden
Colonnade was opened by mighty Caesar:
So great a sight, laid out with Punic columns,
Among them old Danaus' host of women.
But he in truth seemed fairer to me than Phoebus' self,
Who gaped in marble song to a silent lyre:
And round about the altar stood Myron's herd,
Four oxen, artefact images full of life.
In the midst, the temple of bright marble reared –
Dearer to Phoebus than his Ortygian home –
Above the pediment, the Sun's chariot.
The doors were imposing Libyan ivory work:
One mourned the Gauls flung down from Parnassus' peak,
The other the losses of Tantalus' daughter.
And there, between his mother and his sister,
The Pythian god himself intoned his chant.

fr. W. G. SHEPARD

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II.32 *Qui videt, is peccat: qui te non viderit ergo*

Who sees you, sins: he who does not see you,
Won't desire: the eyes must bear the blame.
Why do you seek at Praeneste dubious oracles,
Cynthia, why the walls of Aeaeon Telegonus?

A. Barchiesi (1995) "Augustan Hypertexts."

marmoreus tacita carmen hiare lyra
(cf. altera maerebat funera Tantalidos)

Call. h. Apoll. 24

μάρμαρον ἀντὶ γυναικὸς οὐζυρόν τι χανοῦσης

aurea Phoebi... cf. h. Apoll. 32-34 χρύσεια... χρύσεια... πολύχρυσος γὰρ
'Απόλλων

a magno Caesare cf. h. Apoll. 10 ὅς μιν ἴδῃ, μέγας οὗτος

tacita...lyra cf. h. Apoll. 12 μήτε σιωπηλὴν κίθαριν

patria...carius Ortygia cf. h. Del., passim

Apollo + Latona + Diana cf. h. Dian. 137-41

deiectos Parnasi vertice Gallos cf. h. Del. 171-85

Three

Asclepiades (?), *APL* 68

"This is an image of Aphrodite - but, look, could it be Berenike? I am uncertain which one it could be reproducing."

Four

Ovid, *Amores* 2,2,3-4

hesterna vidi spatiantem luce puellam
illa qua Danaei porticus agmen habet

Ovid, *A.A.* 1, 67-74

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;
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.

Five

Horace, *carm.* 3,11

Mercuri...tuque testudo...*callida*...dic modos, Lyde quibus *obstinatas*
/ adplicet auris, / quae velut latis equa trima campis / ludit exsultim
metuitque tangi / *nuptiarum* expers et adhuc protervo / *cruda marito*.
/ tu potes tigris comitesque silvas / *ducere*...tibi *blandienti*...grato
Danaei puellas / carmine *mulces*. / Audiat Lyde *scelus* atque notas /
virginum poenas...*impiae*...*impiae sponsos* potuere duro / perdere
ferro. / una de multis face nuptiali / digna periurum fuit in
parentem...virgo...*'surge'* quae dixit iuveni *marito*...*'socerum* et
scelestas / falle *sorores*...me pater saevis oneret catenis, / quod viro
clemens misero peperci, / me...*releget*...i...dum favet nox et Venus...

Inde tenore pari gradibus sublimia celsis
 ducor ad intonsi candida templa dei,
 signa peregrinis ubi sunt alterna columnis
 Belides et *stricto barbarus ense pater*.

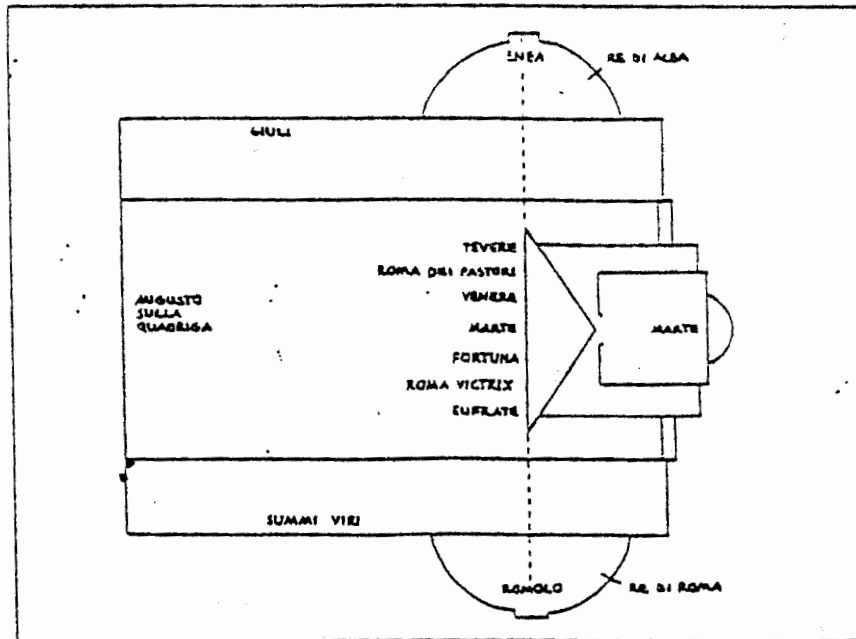
Seven

Ov. Fasti 5, 549-78

Fallor, an *arma* sonant? Non fallimur, arma sonabant:
 Mars venit et *veniens bellica* signa dedit.
 Ultor ad ipse suos caelo descendit honores
 templaque in Augusto conspicienda foro.
 Et deus est *ingens* et opus: debebat in urbe
 non aliter nati Mars habitare sui.

Digna *Giganteis* haec sunt delubra tropaeis:
 hinc *fera* Gradivum *bella* movere decet,
 seu quis ab Eoo non impius orbe lacesset,
 seu quis ab occiduo sole domandus erit.
Perspicit armipotens operis fastigia summi,
 et *probat* invictos summa tenere deos;
perspicit in foribus diversae tela figurae,
 armaque terrarum milite victa suo.
 Hinc *videt* Aenean oneratum pondere caro
 et tot luleae nobilitatis avos;
 hinc *videt* Iliaden umeris ducis arma ferentem,
 claraque dispositis acta subesse viris.
Spectat et Augusto praetextum nomine templum,
 et visum lecto Caesare *maius opus*.

Doverat hoc iuvenis, tum cum pia sustulit arma;
 a tantis princeps incipiendus erat.
 Ille manus tendens, hinc stanti milite iusto,
 hinc coniuratis, talia dicta dedit:
 'SI MIHI BELLANDI PATER EST VESTRAQUE SACERDOS
 AUCTOR, ET ULCISCI NUMEN UTRUMQUE PARO,
MARS, ADES ET SATIA SCELERATO SANGUINE FERRUM,
 STETQUE FAVOR CAUSA PRO MELIORE TUUS.
 TEMPLA FERES ET, ME VICTORE, VOCABERIS ULTOR'



12. Foro di Augusto: schema del programma iconografico.

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[C. NEUHEISTER, ROMA ANTICA: GUIDA LETTERARIA DELLA CITTA', ROMA 1993]

Do I err,
or was there a clash of arms? I err not, there was a
clash of arms. Mars comes, and at his coming he
gave the sign of war. The Avenger descends himself
from heaven to behold his own honours and his
splendid temple in the forum of Augustus." The god
is huge, and so is the structure: no otherwise ought
Mars to dwell in his son's city. That shrine is worthy
of trophies won from giants; from its might the
Marching God fitly open his fierce campaigns,
whether an impious foe shall assail us from the
eastern world or whether another will have to be
vanquished where the sun goes down. The god of
arms surveys the pinnacles of the lofty edifice, and
approves that the highest places should be filled by
the unconquered gods. He surveys on the doors
weapons of diverse shapes, and arms of lands subdued
by his soldiery. On this side he sees Aeneas laden
with his dear burden, and many an ancestor
of the noble Julian line. On the other side

he sees Romulus carrying on his shoulders the arms
of the conquered leader," and their famous deeds
inscribed beneath the statues arranged in order. He
beholds, too, the name of Augustus on the front of
the temple; and the building seems to him still
greater, when he reads the name of Caesar. Augustus
had vowed it in his youth at the time when he took
up arms in duty's cause.^b Deeds so great were
worthy to inaugurate a prince's reign. While the
loyal troops stood on the one side, and the
conspirators on the other, he stretched forth his
hands and spoke these words: "If my father,
Vesta's priest, is my warrant for waging war, and I
do now prepare to avenge both his divinity and
hers, come, Mars, and glut the sword with knavish
blood, and grant thy favour to the better cause.
Thou shalt receive a temple, and shalt be called
Avenger, when victory is mine." So he vowed, and
returned rejoicing from the routing of the foe.

Fash 5,549-78
fr. FRAZER

Eight

Mars ades et satia scelerato sanguine ferrum

Enn. ann. 95 Sk.

nam mi calido dabis sanguine poenas
(cf. Fast. 4,239 - Attis !! - meritas do sanguine poenas)

Verg. Aen. 12, 949

poenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit

Ov. fast. 3,1-2

Bellice, depositis clipeo paulisper et hasta

Mars ades et nitidas casside solve comas

Nine

Aesch. Suppl. 996-98; 1003-5

ὕμᾱς δ' ἐπαινῶ μὴ κατασχύνειν ἐμέ,
ὥραν ἔχούσας τήνδ' ἐπίστρεπτον βροτοῖς.
τέρειν' οὐῶρα δ' εὐφύλακτος οὐδαμῶς...

καὶ παρθένων χλιδαῖσιν εὐμόρφοις ἐπὶ
πᾶς τις παρελθὼν ὁμματος θελκτῆριον
τόξενι ἐπεμφεν, ἡμέρου νυκώμενος.

[cf. W. Rösler, Der Schluß der Hiketiden und die Danaiden-Trilogie des Aischylos, RhMus 136, 1993, 1-22]

†2. S. BENARDETE

• THE SUPPLIANT MAIDENS •

γ. I beg

You not to bring me shame, you who have
That bloom which draws men's eyes: there is no simple
Guard for fruit most delicate, that beasts
And men, both winged and footed, ravage:
So Venus heralds harvests lush with love;
And all, at the sleek comeliness of maidens,
Do shoot enchanted arrows from their eyes,
Overcome by desire. Let no shame for us,
But pleasure for our enemies, be done,

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