

PART I

**PERSIUS AND JUVENAL**  
**TEXTS AND CONTEXTS**

---

COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL



## CHAPTER ONE

# Satire in the Republic: From Lucilius to Horace

---

*Ralph M. Rosen*

*I've existed forever; the box that I exist in has always been around . . . but I'd like to know what I'm doing that's really different . . .? What is different about it that makes you so perplexed?*

(Jon Stewart to Chris Wallace on Fox News, June 19, 2011)

Satire is always something of a problem, and all the qualities that literary history associates with satire rely on its being problematic. Satire ridicules, attacks, takes polemical stances, challenges political hegemony, and claims moral superiority. It may do this explicitly and vehemently, or subtly and obliquely, but satire will not be satire if, in the end, the author has not drawn clear lines in the sand separating the right-minded from the misguided. This is where the trouble begins: mockery and censure are aggressive postures that invite hostile reaction from targets and their sympathizers, and the lines between literary artifice and reality become quickly and easily blurred. Satire may be crafted in accordance with literary conventions, but its targets will often exist in the real world, and verbal abuse can sting even when it is supposed to be “literary.” In turn, satirists become anxious and paranoid, driven by a commitment to frank speech and justice, but aware that there will always be limits and that transgressing these limits may well backfire on them. Or so they claim – for a different order of problems arises when we consider that satirists have chosen a literary mode that thrives on provocation, and that much, if not all, of their risk-taking serves literary, not veridical, purposes. Satirists make strong and persuasive autobiographical claims all the time, but their first order of business is to write or perform well, and this means writing in such a way as to amuse an

audience, insisting on truth-claims that may not be true, or that even if true may have no actual relevance to the success of the work *as* satire.

The history of Roman satire prior to Persius and Juvenal, which will be the concern of this chapter, can be written in a variety of ways, but at the most fundamental level it is a story of poets continually calibrating the literary demands of the genre to suit contemporary cultural and political conditions. All satirists may seek to be provocative and comical, or claim to instruct and edify, but exactly how they go about this must be tailored not only to the literary tastes of the age, but more specifically to the level of tolerance for satirical antagonism that audiences and targets can bear. Roman satirists were particularly attuned to this fact, and came to be increasingly self-conscious about the constraints and anxieties that they imagined always loomed over their chosen genre. Matters were further complicated by the fact that within the chronological boundaries of Roman verse satire – from Lucilius in the second century BCE to Juvenal in the second century CE – Rome’s political system moved from Republic to Empire, from a government based on electoral representation that allowed for considerable freedom of movement and expression (at least for the literate classes who comprised, by and large, the satirist’s audience) to one of imperial autocracy, where law and social policy were ultimately shaped by the will of a single ruler. For the satirist, this radical and rather abrupt political transformation towards the end of the first century BCE meant a change in attitude towards the unfettered speech on which satire relies. Suddenly the genre’s commonplace trope of anxiety about the dangers of mockery and censure took on a new urgency, as open dissent, even in literary form, became increasingly problematic under a succession of volatile, often paranoid emperors (see further in this volume Roller, Chapter 13). Persius and Juvenal were creatures of this later, imperial period in Roman history, living under a line of emperors who were infamous for their sensitivity to criticism (Nero in Persius’ lifetime, Domitian in Juvenal’s) and often ruthless in their responses to it.

Our own conception of Roman satire is to a great degree an inheritance from antiquity, a self-consciously selective and tendentious construction begun by the poets themselves and then schematized by the early exegetical tradition. As early as the first century CE, Quintilian famously claimed (*Inst.* 10.1.93–95) satire as the one genre that Romans could call their own (*tota nostra est*), and proceeded to lay out a lineage from Lucilius to Horace to Persius, the last of whom was Quintilian’s contemporary. We know from other sources (e.g., the third-century CE grammarian Porphyrio) that the early Roman poet Ennius (239–169 BCE) composed a work in four books that he called *satirae*, but only a handful of fragments has survived and these are not especially illuminating. The fragments do contain precursors to some of the elements that came to be associated with Roman satire – the poet’s personal involvement in a narrative, Aesopic fable, complaint and moralizing, for example – but Ennius’ actual

influence on later satirists seems to have been minimal (Coffey (1976) 32). It is surely significant, in any case, that Quintilian does not regard him as especially influential in the development of Roman satire as he understood it. Several centuries after Quintilian, the grammarian Diomedes (third to fourth century CE) likewise mentions Ennius (along with his nephew Pacuvius, about whose satires nothing substantive is known) only as an afterthought in his discussion of the Latin word *satira*:

carmen apud Romanos nunc quidem maledicum et ad carpenda hominum uitia archaeae comoediae caractere compositum, quale scripserunt Lucilius et Horatius et Persius. sed olim carmen quod ex uariis poematibus constabat satira uocabatur, quale scripserunt Pacuuius et Ennius. (1.485 Keil, *Gramm. Lat.*)

a type of song among the Romans which is now invective and composed in the manner of Old Comedy for the purpose of censuring the bad behavior of men, such as Lucilius and Horace and Persius wrote. But at one time satire was the name given to a kind of song composed from different bits of poems of the sort that Pacuvius and Ennius wrote.

However many other satirical poets were writing in Rome from the late Republic through the early Empire, the canon of Roman verse satire took shape around the four figures Lucilius, Horace, Persius, and Juvenal (curiously, Diomedes himself does not mention Juvenal in the passage just cited; see Freudenburg (2001) 1–5 on the problems of canon inclusion in Roman satire). For Persius and Juvenal the juncture between the Republican and Imperial periods offered a further subdivision in the history of their genre, a pivot between two cultural attitudes towards satirical speech. When Persius and Juvenal looked to Lucilius and Horace as generic models, they found much to learn and assimilate, even replicate, but the deepest, most definitional core of satire as fundamentally a mode of verbal ridicule against contemporaries became problematic for them in a way that it never quite was for Lucilius and Horace. If the Republican satirists wondered what constituted good satire (as Horace, for example, often did in his *Sermones*), Persius and Juvenal had to wonder whether it was even safe for them to attempt writing satire in the first place. Our task in this chapter, then, will be to examine how the theoretical musings about satire embedded in the writing of Lucilius and Horace came to shape the contours of Persius' and Juvenal's own work.

## 1.1 Grandmaster Lucilius

On the numerous occasions when Persius and Juvenal invoked the Roman satirists of earlier periods, it was invariably with a kind of nostalgia for a lost

*libertas*, for a time when any constraints on satire, if there were any, were imagined to be largely *self-imposed*, a matter of a poet's taste and judgment rather than prescriptions of a repressive autocratic state. At the root of this nostalgia for a notionally "pure" or "authentic" form of satire lay the figure of Lucilius, the great satirical poet of second-century BCE Rome whose poetry was mythologized by subsequent Roman satirists as the benchmark of the genre – freewheeling, unbridled speech, including liberal, carefree use of obscenity, personal mockery of known individuals and stock character-types, a quasi-philosophical moralizing attitude, and a stance of unremitting indignation at the hypocrisies and assorted misbehaviors of humanity. For the subsequent history of Roman satire Lucilius was regarded as the genre's foundational patriarch, even if Ennius was, technically speaking, its "inventor." It was Lucilius who settled on the dactylic hexameter as the canonical verse form, and he who gave sanction to vituperative comic mockery as the genre's defining quality. Roman satirists after Lucilius continually measured their work against the achievements of their great originary master. Their engagement with him was not always uncritical, as we shall see, but his presence was never far below the surface, especially when they mused (as satirists always seem to enjoy doing) about what satire is supposed to accomplish in the first place, and how best to go about it within the constraints of their own historical and cultural milieu.

The exact dates of Lucilius' life are uncertain, although the evidence from his fragments shows him to be active during the last decades of the second century BCE (Coffey (1976) 35–38; Gruen (1992) 272–76; scholars have generally settled on 168–102 BCE as not unlikely). His family was aristocratic and well connected – he was, for example, great-uncle to Pompey the Great – and this background afforded him easy access to the most influential political and social figures of his day. But while he had ample wealth and opportunity for a public or political career, he never pursued one, preferring instead the freer, more disengaged life of a poet. His social position and elite network, however, were especially useful for a poet drawn to satire. Satire, after all, often challenges those in power, constantly scrutinizing them for any instance of misbehavior or hypocrisy, and Lucilius' powerful connections provided plenty of "material for his act," as we might say. Not only was Lucilius privy to information and gossip about the movers and shakers of his day, but his own elevated social status probably protected him from retaliation by targets who would have regarded him as, in some sense, one of their own. Even his famous personal relationship with the great politician Scipio Aemilianus (189–129 BCE) could withstand the satirist's occasional ribbing. As Gruen ((1992) 316) has summed up, Lucilius "mocked friends and adversaries alike, lampooned public figures . . . parodied public actions . . . [and was] a contentious critic who could laugh at his own quarrels and even taunt his own readership."

Through the surviving fragments and the ancient biographical testimony, one has the impression that Lucilius was quite at ease with his censorious mode. If we had more of the poetry itself, we would probably hear him complaining about being misunderstood by his audiences, as we later hear Horace complain that his own moralizing attacks on people and types are too often mistaken for mere *Schadenfreude*. Such complaints – often ironic or disingenuous – are part and parcel of every satirist’s bag of tricks (see Rosen (2007) 243–45), but Lucilius’ world nevertheless seems to have offered unusual scope for free speech with minimal repercussions. Whereas Persius’ and Juvenal’s anxiety about incurring imperial disfavor has at least some historical justification, it is hard to imagine Lucilius worrying much about his personal welfare as a consequence of his poetry. (It is worth noting, however, the tangled anecdotes about Naevius, the third-century BCE poet, alleging that his comic attacks on the powerful Metelli landed him in prison; the stories themselves are probably fictional, but they illustrate once again the sense of risk that always hovers around satire. See Gruen (1990) 92–106.) All the subsequent Roman satirists imagined, in any case, that Lucilius had far more freedom to say what he wanted than they ever would, and as a result came to idealize Roman satire according to a calculus of Lucilian *libertas*.

Lucilius was a prolific poet but he only survives for us in fragments, and even though there are plenty of these (almost 1,400) most consist of no more than a few lines, a phrase, or a word. Still, enough remains to form a reasonably clear impression of the character of his satire, and so to understand how he became the literary lodestone that he did for later Roman satirists. We may begin a brief overview of his work by noting that he touched upon virtually every theme that we have come to associate with the *ars satirica*, assumed all the poses and deployed all the tropes and conceits one would expect of such a poet. His poems could be crude and obscene, scatological or sexual, sophisticated and allusive, mock-philosophical, indignant, parodic, invective, learned or crass. His personal mockery sometimes takes on the tone of a playground brawl, at other times the rhetoric of political gamesmanship. The fragments are replete with jokes about food, graphic allusions to bodily functions and scenarios set in a lurid demi-monde. A stance of supercilious moral superiority pervades many of the fragments, but the pretense of *indignatio* seems as often tongue-in-cheek as it does serious and sincere. The following discussion of selected fragments will illustrate Lucilius’ range and versatility in subject matter, diction, and imagery, as well as, throughout, his superb ear for comedy.

It is only fitting to begin with invective, since this was the most celebrated component of Lucilian satire. The fragments abound with lines and phrases that are clearly intended to attack individuals, though in most cases we are missing names and contexts. But there are also fragments where targets are

named and which show Lucilius comfortable taking on the most prominent figures of the day. Fragment 805–11 Warmington (hereafter “W”; Warmington (1938)) offers a good example of political mockery, packaged with sophisticated and learned wit. The poem (in iambic senarii rather than dactylic hexameters) attacks the notoriously corrupt, but very powerful, politician L. Cornelius Lentulus Lupus (consul 156, convicted of extortion 154, but *ensor* in 147, and *princeps senatus* in 131), in particular his well known ruthlessness as a judge:

hoc cum feceris,  
cum ceteris reus una tradetur Lupo.  
non aderit; ἀρχαῖς hominem et stoechiis simul  
priuabit, igni cum et aqua interdixerit.  
duo habet stoechia, adfuerit anima et corpore  
(γῆ corpus, anima est πνεῦμα); posterioribus  
stoechiis si id maluerit priuabit tamen.

When you have done this,  
The defendant will be handed over to Lupus along with the others.  
He doesn't show up in court? – Lupus will deprive the man of his “first principles”  
along with his “elements,” when he forbids him his “fire” and “water.”  
That leaves him two elements, still, if he shows up in court in soul and body  
 (“earth” is the body, and “air” the soul). Well, if he feels like it, he'll  
nevertheless take those last elements away from him too.

The fragment is an elaborate (and yes, as Horace might say, somewhat prolix) complaint that no defendant stands a chance in court with Lupus as judge. The Virgilian commentator Servius (on *Aen.* 10.104) notes that after Lupus' death, Lucilius even composed an entire poem (some have suggested it occupied the entire first book of satires; see Michelfeit (1965)) in which a Council of the Gods (*concilium deorum*) deliberated about whether to execute Lupus for his role in corrupting Rome. Horace (2.1.67) and Persius (1.114) both regarded Lucilius' attacks on Lupus as bold and exemplary, if too dangerous to replicate themselves in their own work.

Book 2 likewise seems to have been entirely devoted to an attack on one public figure, here the politician Quintus Mucius Scaevola. Scaevola was tried for extortion in 119 BCE and Lucilius' poem seems to be a comic account of the proceedings. The charge was brought against him by an Epicurean philosopher named Titus Albucius, and Lucilius has a good time making fun of him as well. In fact, the fragments do not allow us to be certain what stand Lucilius himself takes against each of the two antagonists, but the subject matter allows him ample scope to mock each of them. Many of the smaller fragments seem to concern the various charges brought against



Scaevola – violence, gluttony, sexual deviance, theft, among them – and Lucilius clearly revels in their luridness.

*iniuriatum hunc in fauces inuasse animamque  
elisisse illi.* (54–55 W)

this malefactor went straight for his jaw and knocked the breath out of him.

*homo impuratus et inpuno est rapinator.* (57 W)

He's a disgusting man and a robber who gets away with it.

*in bulgam penetrare pilosam* (61 W)  
to insert into a hairy “bag”

*si natibus natricem inpressit crassam et capitatam* (62 W)  
if he shoved into his buttocks a thick-headed water-snake

*... pedicum iam excoquit omne* (63 W)  
then he's cooked out all of his pederastic lust

*nam quid moetino subiectoque huic opus signo?  
ut lucaretur lardum et carnaria fartim  
conficeret?* (67–69 W)

For why does he need this phallic charm hanging down?

So he can devour bacon and then make short work of the meat-closet, stuffing himself?

The most substantial fragment of Book 2 (87–93 W) mocks Albucius' hellenophilia (see also in this volume van den Berg, Chapter 12):

“Graecum te, Albuci, quam Romanum atque Sabinum  
municipem Ponti, Tritani, centurionum,  
praeclarorum hominum ac primorum signiferumque,  
maluisti dici. Graece ergo praetor Athenis,  
id quod maluisti, te, cum ad me accedis, saluto:  
'chaere' inquam 'Tite.' Lictores, turma omnis chorusque:  
'chaere Tite.' hinc hostis mi Albucius, hinc inimicus.”

Albucius, you preferred to be called a Greek rather than a Roman or a Sabine, fellow townsman of the centurions Pontus and Tritanus, or one of the distinguished men and chief standard-bearers. As praetor at Athens I greet you in Greek, as you preferred, when you approach me: “*Chaere*, Titus,” I say. “*Chaere*, Titus” say the lictors, along with my whole entourage and fans. That's why Albucius is my foe, that's why he's my personal enemy!

With Scaevola himself as speaker, the fragment offers a form of mockery embedded in the narrative, and thus more oblique than the more direct first-person invective we find elsewhere in Lucilius. The effect is characteristically, and deliberately, disorienting: as readers we witness a verbal brawl between two characters, but without clear indication with whom we are supposed to sympathize. No doubt, Lucilius finds both parties offensive and laughable, and enjoys holding both of them up to ridicule. In any case, even this relatively short fragment reveals several themes that continued to resonate with Persius and Juvenal. The ridicule of Greeks, for example, was popular with both of them (e.g., Persius Prol. 8, or Juvenal 3.61, 78, 6.184–99; cf. Freudenburg (2001) 152–53, and in this volume Roller, Chapter 13), and, in keeping with satire’s inherent moralizing tendencies, each liked to work philosophers into their rants and narratives. The antagonism between Albucius and Scaevola in Lucilius’ Book 2 evidently played out on one level as a clash between an Epicurean (Albucius) and a Stoic (Scaevola), but whether Lucilius intended to register sympathy with one philosophical school or not is impossible to say. One would assume that Book 2 is ultimately supposed to amount to an attack on Scaevola, but these lines divert us with the representation of an attack internal to the narrative, where *Scaevola* comes off as the sympathetic satirist and Albucius the target. A complete text of the poem might help clarify what Lucilius’ position on each character is supposed to be, but as it stands his moral position is left up in the air. This is a stance characteristic of the best satirists, who need always to skirt that fine line between preachy homiletics and comedy. Satirists may work to persuade their audiences that they have a specific moral axe to grind, but serious, systematic philosophizing is flat and humorless (see also in this volume Bartsch, Chapter 10). And few people will actually learn anything new from the lessons that satire, stripped of all artifice and play, claims to offer – that gluttony, avarice and sexual excess are bad, for example, or that power has a way of corrupting politicians.

Persius understood this well, as for example in his *Satire 5*, where he seems to have internalized Lucilius’ strategy of trying to keep his audience guessing just what *exactly* his position might be on any given moral claim. At the very end of a long, brilliant rant in a hard-core Stoic vein against the various vices of the world, Persius ends *Satire 5* with these befuddling lines (189–91, my translation):

dixeris haec inter uaricosos centuriones,  
 continuo crassum ridet Pulfenius ingens  
 et centum Graecos curto centusse licetur.

Say these things among the centurions with their bulging veins,  
 and immediately enormous Pulfenius gives a coarse laugh  
 and offers up barely a buck for a hundred Greeks.

Persius is not exactly repudiating here the colorful Stoic moralizing he has just wrapped up (*haec*, “these things”), but he does wink at the audience, whom he knows might well respond to his ethical diatribe as the oafish centurion Pulfenius does – with laughter and jokes about the worthlessness of Greek philosophy (see Hooley (1997) 220–21; Reckford (2009) 123–24; and see also below on the final lines of Horace, *Sat.* 2.1). Persius turns out not to be the fire-and-brimstone preacher after all, and the poem’s final ironic, deflating twist confirms that the true pleasures of satire lie in comedy, not philosophy.

All the later Roman satirists took their cue from Lucilius on such matters of genre, style, and content. What they admired so much in his poetry was his linguistic exuberance, the startling and unapologetic delight he seemed to take in all registers of language, from the lowest and crudest to the most refined and literate. Lucilius himself had plenty of earlier Greek models to help him shape his own style – notably, the poets of archaic Greek iambus, Athenian Old Comedy (e.g., Aristophanes), and various Hellenistic traditions of satirical poetry and quasi-philosophical diatribe (cf. Freudenburg (1993) 215–23) – but Lucilius was the first to draw all these influences together with a sustained, uniform voice into an unmistakably *Roman* form, largely unprecedented in its combination of unfettered exuberance and contemporaneity. To the later Roman satirists, in short, Lucilius was the fountain of satirical authenticity, the father-figure whose approval they each notionally craved. In fact, one might even say that in post-Lucilian Roman satire the very idea of tapping into a Lucilian vein became a veritable poetic trope. It became *de rigueur*, that is, for Roman satirists to articulate a literary relationship with Lucilius at some point in their work, as if continually asking themselves how much of his frankness and aggression could *they* get away with?

## 1.2 Horace on Lucilius

### 1.2.1 Horace, *Satire* 1.4

At several junctures in the course of his two books of satires, Horace (65–8 BCE) is explicit about his own relationship with Lucilius, or at least about the relationship he wants to construct for his readers. For him, Lucilius was the *inventor* of hexameter Roman satire and established the thematic parameters of the genre, its tone and style. In keeping with the etymology of the word *satura* as suggestive of an “over-stuffed” miscellany (cf. Coffey (1976) 15–18), Horace continued Lucilius’ desultory approach to subject matter, but fretted over his predecessor’s penchant for open invective, and several times criticized his compositional style. Horace’s stylistic criticisms and his own anxieties about how he might be able himself to “be” Lucilian in his own work set out well the

quirks and paradoxes that characterize satirical literature of any era, and which Persius and Juvenal likewise had to confront. In the famous programmatic opening of *Satire* 1.4, Horace gets right down to the central issues, including the purpose of satire and its literary genealogy:

Eupolis atque Cratinus Aristophanesque poetae  
 atque alii, quorum comoedia prisca uirorum est,  
 siquis erat dignus describi, quod malus ac fur,  
 quod moechus foret aut sicarius aut alioqui  
 famosus, multa cum libertate notabant.  
 hinc omnis pendet Lucilius, hosce secutus,  
 mutatis tantum pedibus numerisque, facetus,  
 emunctae naris, durus componere uersus.  
 nam fuit hoc uitiosus: in hora saepe ducentos,  
 ut magnum, uersus dictabat stans pede in uno;  
 cum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere uelles;  
 garrulus atque piger scribendi ferre laborem,  
 scribendi recte.

The poets Eupolis, and Cratinus, and Aristophanes,  
 and others, who are authors of the ancient comedy,  
 if there was any person deserving to be distinguished as a rascal or thief,  
 an adulterer or a cut-throat, or in any shape  
 an infamous fellow, pointed him out with great freedom.  
 Upon these [models] Lucilius entirely depends, having imitated them,  
 changing only their feet and meter: a man of wit,  
 of great keenness, but inelegant in the composition of verse:  
 for in this respect he was faulty: he would often, as a great feat,  
 dictate two hundred verses in an hour, standing in the same position.  
 As he flowed muddily, there was [always] something that one would  
 wish to remove;  
 he was verbose, and too lazy to endure the fatigue of writing –  
 of writing accurately.

These lines are rich with nuance and ambiguity, but in affiliating Lucilian satire with Greek Old Comedy – an otherwise unrelated literary form from a completely different time and place – Horace makes the larger purpose of these lines clear. Horace aims first to set forth a notion of satire as a synchronic literary mode, transcending specific, historically situated instantiations (satire “writ large,” we might say) and second, to identify Lucilius as the specifically Roman version of this mode that set the standard by which subsequent satirical poets would be judged. This is Horace’s attempt to pinpoint what it is that satire is supposed to “do,” and then to show how this helps to clarify what he himself is trying to do in his own satires – not only how he, too, is like Old

Comedy and Lucilius, but also how he is not. The key phrase in Horace's analysis occurs at line 5, *multa cum libertate notabant* ("They pointed out [malefactors] with great freedom [of speech]"). Horace's statement in the next line is emphatic: it was the *libertas* of the Greek comic poets, *their* freedom to mock anyone they thought deserving of censure, that accounts for Lucilius' notorious invective signature. Lucilius was "entirely dependent" on them (*hinc omnis pendet Lucilius*) and "followed them" (*hosce secutus*) in their vituperative style. The only real difference, Horace says with comic exaggeration, is that Lucilius used different meters from his Greek forebears (*mutatis tantum pedibus numerisque*), as if to say that "Lucilius really was doing exactly the same thing as an Aristophanes, except for the fact that he mainly wrote in Latin hexameters." Two more qualities align Lucilius with the Greeks, his wit and discernment (*facetus*, | *emunctae naris*), and with this a basic definition of satire is beginning to take shape as a literary form that must be self-righteously censorious, unrestrained in expression, clever, witty, and sophisticated.

In a brilliant stroke of generic enactment, Horace proceeds in lines 8–13 to turn Lucilius himself into his own satirical target. He "attacks" Lucilius for a variety of poetic sins and misdemeanors that account for his "harshness" of style (*durus componere uersus*) – he writes too quickly (10), he "flows like a muddy river" (11), he is verbose and too lazy to pay much attention to good style (*scribendi recte*) (12–13). Horace, it seems, is showing us satire "done right," that is to say, writing that is censorious and self-righteous but also succinct and witty. And with a final flourish, at lines 14–19, Horace contrasts his own poetic skills with Lucilius' flaws: unlike Lucilius, Horace can (or so he wants us to believe) actually exercise discipline in his writing; his goal in his own writing, unlike Lucilius', was to speak *raro et perpauca* (18). Here, as in the rest of this complex and convoluted poem, Horace is refining his own sense of what satire ought to be and do, and cataloguing the typical ways in which the genre is misread and misinterpreted. Along the way, however, in another move typical of satirists, he leads the reader down blind alleys, arguing his position with abrupt transitions and questionable logic, and in the end makes it impossible for anyone to be certain when he is serious, semi-serious, ironic, disingenuous, or simply (and genuinely) confused.

The confusion begins when he slyly shifts his focus (lines 22–23) from a critique of Lucilius' excessive, indiscriminate output to the question of whether a satirist should actively seek a wide public. Horace claims that he avoids popular recitations because he knows that satire makes people uncomfortable; but of course the reason they are uncomfortable is precisely because they know that they deserve the satirist's censure: *sunt quos genus hoc minime iuuat, utpote | pluris culpa dignos* ("there are those who get the least pleasure from this genre, in that most of them deserve to be blamed"). This is a specific response to Lucilian satire, which Horace conceptualized as

uninhibited and carefree. Horace, by contrast, felt he had to ratchet down the level of *libertas* that Lucilius allowed himself so as not to alienate his audience. When he imagines an angry crowd (35) claiming that he would not even “spare a friend” in his effort to raise a laugh (*dummodo risum | excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico* [“as long as he shakes out a laugh | for himself, this one will not spare any friend”]), Horace draws attention to the central dilemma of satire: it exists to make an audience laugh at the expense of someone else, but it is an inherently antagonistic mode and as such runs the risk of angering an aggrieved party. The specific charge he anticipates is that he takes pleasure in injuring his targets, and that he does so wilfully and out of sheer malice (*laedere gaudes . . . et hoc studio prauus facis* [“you love to cause pain . . . and you do this deliberately and maliciously”], 79). Throughout much of the second half of the poem Horace bends over backwards trying to deny such a charge, but – to great comic effect – he ends up arguing in circles: of course, he says, he would never be the kind of person to attack a friend behind his back (*absentem qui rodit, | amicum qui non defendit alio culpante* [“the one who attacks someone when he’s not there | who doesn’t defend a friend when someone else is blaming him”], 81–82) or aim for the big laughs or want to be thought a wit (*solutos | qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis* [“the one who’s after the unrestrained laughter of the crowd and the reputation of being a wit”], 82–83), but by the end of the poem he comes close to implicating himself in exactly these practices in describing his own literary *modus operandi*. At line 103, for example, after promising vigorously never to betray a friend, he acknowledges that he can sometimes speak a little too frankly (*liberius*) and engage a bit too much in jesting (*iocosius*). He banteringly asks his readers to allow him these minor faults, explaining that his father’s moral tutelage was responsible for his satirical bent. In fact, the language he uses to describe his father’s practice of pointing out vice to his son aligns him pointedly with the poets of Greek comedy with whom Horace opened the poem: “My wonderful father instilled this in me, by pointing out various vices with examples, so that I might steer clear of them” (*insuevit pater optimus hoc me, | ut fugerem exemplis uitiorum quaeque notando*, 105–6; and cf. line 5, *multa cum libertate notabant*, “they pointed out many things with great freedom [of speech]”). Parallel genealogies, then, emerge by analogy: Horace is to his father as Lucilius was to the poets of Old Comedy; just as Lucilius “depended” (*pendet*) on Old Comedy as a model for satirical censure, so Horace here depends on his father (*insuevit pater optimus hoc me* [“my wonderful father instilled this in me”], 105; see Schlegel (2000), for a more detailed treatment of these connections). Horace’s concession at the end of the poem that he writes a little too “freely” (*liberius*, 103) clinches the connection he wants to make with Lucilius, the poet he had celebrated for his *libertas* at the beginning.

### 1.2.2 Horace, *Satire* 1.10

Horace takes up the question of Lucilian satire, and its relationship to his own work, in two other poems, *Satires* 1.10 and 2.1. In each he continues to shape his own sense of what constitutes proper satirical *libertas* in the face of the firmly entrenched standard set by Lucilius (cf. Brown (1993) 182–83). *Satire* 1.10, once again, shows Horace playfully attacking Lucilius under the guise of offering a cogent literary theory of his own. In fact – and here I would suggest, just to be clear, that this was almost certainly by design – it all ends up a little garbled, and his criticisms of Lucilius are less trenchant than his rhetoric at first might lead one to believe. The opening lines of 1.10 reiterate the points he made about Lucilius in *Sat.* 1.4, but he frames them as a counter-response from fans of Lucilius, who objected to Horace’s criticisms of him as prolix and stylistically turgid. Horace stands by this characterization as the poem opens (“Well yes, I did say that Lucilius’ verses ran along in a disorderly way” [*nempe inconposito dixi pede currere uersus* | *Lucili*, 1–2]), but reminds his reader that he had also praised Lucilius for “scouring the city with much salty wit” (*sale multo* | *urbem defricuit*, 3–4). As it happens, though, this is actually *not* quite how Horace had praised Lucilius in 1.4, as we will recall; or at least, we might say, it raises the question of what Horace means when he uses the metaphor of “rubbing salt” for satirical wit. If he means to imply that the poets of Greek comedy also “scoured the city with much salty wit” and that Lucilius, in imitating them (1.4.5), was doing the same thing, then this becomes a “good thing.” But much of 1.4 is devoted to arguing that writing less, more polished poetry, for a select few only, and avoiding a reputation for inflicting pain (1.4.78–80) is what a satirist should strive for. The laughter he claims to strive for in his own work, then, as it emerges from 1.4, would hardly seem to be characterized by its “abundance of salty wit,” and it is not clear, in 1.4 anyway, that Horace is fully comfortable with Lucilius’ Greek comic roots after all. What does he mean then, in *Satire* 1.10, when he claims to endorse Lucilius’ “salty wit” – a phrase that can only imply sharp, sometimes painful mockery? Is it just a matter of degree – some is good, but too much is not? What, then, would be the force of *multo* in the phrase *sale multo*? Horace *seems* to be saying, in other words, that Lucilius was great because he attacked the city with so *much* caustic humor. The section that immediately follows, lines 7–19, muddles things even further. It repeats some of the criticism of Lucilius by now familiar from *Satire* 1.4 – one should keep things short (*brevitas*, 9), varied, and measured – but ends with a famous, if somewhat confusing, statement (14–17):

ridiculum acri  
fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.  
illi, scripta quibus comoedia prisca uiris est,  
hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi.

Humor generally  
cuts through great matters better and more forcefully than sharpness.  
Those men who wrote Old Comedy relied on this principle,  
and in this regard they should be imitated.

This comes as a bit of a surprise: in *Satire* 1.4 Lucilius was said to “depend entirely” on the poets of Old Comedy. But these lines above are presented as a coda to a passage that is *censuring* Lucilian style, as if to say, “don’t be garrulous and monochromatically vituperative, like Lucilius; follow the example of the Greek comic poets, who used humor (*ridiculum*) to make their point.” Is the *ridiculum* of an Aristophanes here supposed to be wildly different from Lucilian *sal*? Is Horace implying that Lucilius all of a sudden should be faulted because he does not, in fact, “imitate” the Greek comic poets as Horace said Lucilius did in *Sat.* 1.4?

There can be little question that Horace is playing games here in this imaginary banter with Lucilius. In the end, the point seems to be not so much to offer anything resembling a systematic theory of satire (despite the fact that this is exactly what Horace wants to *appear* to be doing), as to offer another demonstration of satire “in action” as he, Horace, thinks it should be. The accuracy and consistency of his claims are more or less beside the point, as is the question of whether in fact Horace regarded Lucilius as an “enemy,” as satirists often want their targets to be construed. Lucilius is, as it happens, the kind of target that Horace often likes to develop in his satires: a person with flaws, but flaws that may not be especially monumental ones and are often forgivable. Mockery of such characters can come across as softer, less vitriolic than attacks on people with grave, unredeemable vices, its humor more accessible and less private. Horace essentially makes this point later in *Sat.* 1.10, when he justifies the criticism of Lucilius by pointing out that one can find lapses in even the greatest poets (he lists Homer, the Roman tragedian Accius, and Ennius at lines 51–55), so that criticism (or, since this is satire, ridicule) of great figures need not necessarily imply animosity. Horace says at 48–49 that he can write better satire than Varro of Atax (P. Terentius Varro “Atacinus,” a Roman poet who composed in various genres, including satire, 82–30s BCE; only fragments survive) but he concedes that he would still always be inferior to Lucilius, the “inventor” of Roman satire (*inuentore minor*); and he can still say, apparently without irony, that Lucilius remains at the top of the heap (“I wouldn’t dare snatch the crown that sits with great praise on his head,” 48–49). By the time we get to 64–65, where he allows that, at least for the sake of argument, we can consider Lucilius to be *comis et urbanus* (“elegant and sophisticated”), Horace seems on the verge of contradicting his earlier complaints that he was an unrefined poet.



### 1.2.3 Horace, *Satire 2.1*

We leave *Satire 1.10* with the sense that Horace has been struggling throughout the entire first book to find a way to chart his own path as a satirist, but always in the shadow of the great “inventor” of the genre (cf. 49) who laid out the procedures for a specifically Roman tradition. In the programmatic poems of Book 1 (4 and 10), Horace oscillates between censure and admiration of Lucilius, leaving the reader uncertain whether he is himself *unwilling* to write like Lucilius (the censorious Horace), or actually *unable* to do so (the self-effacing Horace). The first poem of Book 2 takes up both of these positions again, but spins each quite differently. Now, as we shall see, Horace fully embraces Lucilius as his model, but asks his friend, the lawyer Trebatius, whether it is prudent for him to write like Lucilius, given the unpredictability of how audiences respond to that kind of satire. Horace, he would have us believe, *can* write like Lucilius, but should he? In the course of answering this question Horace offers a striking manifesto about the aims and pleasures of satire as he construes them, once again calibrating every aspect of his own satirical writing to standards established by Lucilius. There is far less wavering here than in the programmatic poems of Book 1 – here he unquestionably admires the *libertas* for which Lucilius was famous, but if he were to write as “freely” as Lucilius, he fears the very kind of opposition from his audience that he himself had leveled against Lucilius in Book 1! In fact, although the poem opens in Horace’s own voice, what he says could have come from Lucilius complaining about Horace’s earlier characterization of him as too harsh and prolix:

sunt quibus in satura uidear nimis acer et ultra  
legem tendere opus; sine neruis altera, quidquid  
composui, pars esse putat similisque meorum  
mille die uersus deduci posse.

Some people think that I’m too sharp in my satire, and that  
my work transgresses its laws; but another group thinks whatever  
I compose is anemic, and that a thousand verses like that could be  
spun out in a single day.

These lines meld brilliantly the two stances of simultaneous braggadocio and abjection that we saw in *Satire 1.10*. On the one hand, the charge of Horace’s satire as fierce (*acer*), transgressive (*ultra legem*), anemic and facile (*sine neruis*) affirms an identification with Lucilius – a daring stance to begin with; on the other, people hurl these charges against him because they disapprove. Horace may be bold enough to claim the mantle of Lucilius for his own time, but, echoing the complaints of many other satirists throughout literary

history, no one ever really seems to understand what he is doing. In many ways, these opening lines emblemize the perennial inscrutability of satire, and the paradox of a genre that presents itself as straightforward and accessible, but forever remains unstable and hermeneutically volatile.

The conversation between Horace and Trebatius in 2.1 makes it clear that the central paradox of satire is this: while it purports to exist for a moral purpose (we heard plenty about this from Horace in Book 1), it yet seems driven, equally if not at times exclusively, by aesthetic concerns. The moral, self-righteous aspect is what always gets satirists into trouble. As Trebatius says at lines 21–23, a poet would be better off writing mediocre epic than attacking local miscreants with invective (*tristi . . . uersu*) for their petty vices, because this just makes everyone afraid of satirists (*sibi quisque timet*). They end up hating the satirist even when they are actually themselves unharmed by his attacks: *quamquam est intactus, et odit* (23). In a perfect world, Horace implies, only the satirist's target would legitimately hate and fear him; the problem is that satire makes everyone edgy, and everyone assumes that the poet is a threat regardless of whether or not they deserve censure. For Horace, then, as for most satirists, satire is always a thankless job.

So why, then, does Horace – or any satirist for that matter – write? This is the question that Horace takes up in the rest of the poem, as he argues against Trebatius' recommendation to give up writing satire altogether for his own safety. Horace offers a succinct explanation in lines 27–29:

quot capitum uiuunt, totidem studiorum  
milia: me pedibus delectat claudere uerba  
Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.

as many people as are alive, so many thousands of interests  
there are: my pleasure lies in putting words to meter  
in the manner of Lucilius, a man better than both of us.

Horace writes, he tells us, because the pleasure (*delectat*) he gets from writing Lucilian (*Lucili ritu*) poetry compels him to. These lines describe, in other words, that point where aesthetics collide and fuse with moral pretenses. Horace told us in Book 1 that his father had taught him to recognize vice in others, but should we really believe that this alone drives him to write poetry attacking such behavior? Juvenal, too, elicits the same question in his programmatic opening satire, when, after listing various examples of bad behavior in contemporary Rome, he concludes, *difficile est saturam non scribere* (1.30); and after another even longer litany of bad behavior, he famously exclaims that if his natural talent as a poet fails him, moral indignation itself will produce his poetry (*si natura negat, facit indignatio uersum*, 1.79). Yet the same poem

opens with what seems to be his overarching complaint: he is surrounded by bad poets and is constantly forced to be a mere listener (*semper ego auditor tantum?*, 1.1) rather than himself a producer of verse. His desire, he tells us, is identical to Horace's in the passage quoted above, namely to try his hand at poetry in the style of Lucilius: "Nevertheless, why I'd rather rush across the same plain through which the great native son of Aurunca [= Lucilius, referring to his birthplace, Suessa Aurunca] steered his horses . . . I will explain" (*cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo, | per quem magnus equos Auruncae flexit alumnus | . . . edam*, 1.19–21). We note, then, that both Juvenal and Horace never actually say that they are driven to poetry because they have a burning desire to engage in public moral censure. Rather, it is the other way around: both are poets first, portraying themselves as casting about for the right style, and both end up settling on poetry *Lucili ritu* because there is plenty of material available and still room for new contributors. Other genres of poetry are either well represented already (Horace, *Sat.* 1.10.40–45 praises Fundanius, Pollio and Virgil for their work in comic drama, tragedy, and epic, respectively) or overworked and poorly executed (Horace, *Sat.* 1.10.36–38, a side-swipe at an epic poet named Furius; and Juvenal 1.1–18, a rant against the lengthy poetic recitations of his day). By contrast, as both Horace and Juvenal imply, satire can never really become an overcrowded or overworked field, since the scope of its subject matter – contemporary human affairs – is vast and its details continually changing.

This tension between the satirist's typical *claim* that he is driven to compose by an almost impulsive reaction to the world's iniquities and the fact that he is also a poet in search of material is highlighted a few lines later in 2.1, where Horace says that his poetry is only defensive, to protect himself if anyone attacks him (39–46):

sed hic stilus haud petet ultro  
quemquam animantem et me ueluti custodiet ensis  
uagina tectus; quem cur destringere coner  
tutus ab infestis latronibus? o pater et rex  
Iuppiter, ut pereat positum robigine telum,  
nec quisquam noceat cupido mihi pacis! at ille,  
qui me commorit (melius non tangere, clamo),  
flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

But this pen will not of its own accord  
attack any person who's alive, and it will protect me like a sword  
kept in its sheath; I mean, why should I try to draw it out  
as long as I'm safe from dangerous bandits? O Jupiter,  
father and king, may my weapon, set aside, rot with rust,  
and may no one harm me, who desire peace. But that one

who stirs me up (I shout out, it's better not to lay a hand on me!)  
will weep and will be sung about, an infamous figure, through all of Rome.

How do we square this attitude with the notion that the satirist thinks he should proactively rant about the world? This was, after all, what Horace imagined Lucilius was up to in his work, and what he said in 1.10 was what he wanted to replicate in his own satire. Is it not a paradox for Horace to say that he just “wants peace” (*cupido mihi pacis*) when a few lines earlier he admitted that, as a poet, what he *really* loves (*delectat*) is to compose Lucilian verse? How, after all, would he be able to write Lucilian satire if he really was able to live in peace, his pen lying idle like a sword rusting away from disuse? Horace's claim in 44–45 that he only composes satire when he is provoked by someone else first, runs directly counter to his earlier claim that he writes for the pure pleasure of composing aggressive verse – for a quiet life with no interpersonal conflict means no material for satire, so no ability to satisfy his desire to write satire. What is more, Horace's repeated claims in Book 1 that he is really only interested in writing verse for a small group of appreciative and sophisticated friends begins to seem thoroughly disingenuous in light of line 46, above, where he threatens anyone who aggravates him with widespread public censure: “he will weep and will be sung about *throughout all of Rome*” (*flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe*).

All these paradoxes and ironic *jeux* highlight perhaps the most fundamental conundrum for nearly all satirists, namely, whom to consider their proper “audience.” Is the point of satire, in fact, to persuade its targets, through shame or humiliation, to change their behavior, or is it to play to the aesthetic tastes of people who implicitly align themselves with the poet and take more pleasure in the performance of comic *Schadenfreude* than in its moral substance? To some degree, all the Roman satirists were self-conscious about this issue, although none quite so much as Horace, who recognized keenly just how fraught a satirist's relationship with an audience can be. This topic in fact occupies the last third of *Satire* 2.1, lines 60–86, where Horace responds to Trebatius' warning (60–62) that Horace might well alienate one of his powerful friends if he insists on writing Lucilian satire (“I fear for your life, my boy, and that one of those important friends of yours might strike you with a chill”). Horace once again counters with the example of Lucilius (62–79):

quid? cum est Lucilius ausus  
primus **in hunc operis** componere carmina **morem**,  
detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora  
cederet, introrsum turpis, num Laelius aut qui  
duxit ab oppressa meritum Karthagine nomen  
**ingenio** offensi aut laeso doluere Metello

famosisque Lupo **cooperto** uersibus? atqui  
 primores populi arripuit populumque tributim,  
 scilicet uni aequus Virtuti atque eius amicis.  
 quin ubi se a uolgo et scaena in secreta remorant  
 uirtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli,  
 nugari cum illo et discincti ludere, donec  
 decoqueretur holus, soliti. quidquid sum ego, quamuis  
 infra Lucili censum ingeniumque, tamen me  
 cum magnis uixisse inuita fatebitur usque  
 inuidia, et fragili quaerens inlidere dentem  
 offendet solido, nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,  
 dissentis.

What? When Lucilius first dared to compose poems in this style of work, and to strip off the skin in which each would walk so slickly around in public, while inside they're corrupt, did Laelius or the one who took his well-deserved name from the overthrow of Carthage take offense at his [vituperative] nature, or were they upset when Metellus was attacked, or Lupus was overwhelmed by his slanderous poems? Yet he attacked the most famous among people, and the people tribe by tribe, remaining patient, to be sure, only with Virtue and with her friends. In fact, when the righteous Scipio and the kindly, wise Laelius used to take themselves away from the crowd and retire to a private place, they would joke around with him and, dressed casually, would play, while the vegetables were cooking. Whatever I am, though inferior to Lucilius' stature and talent, nevertheless, Envy will reluctantly concede that I have lived with great men all the while, and seeking to sink her tooth into something breakable, will hit something hard – unless you have some other opinion, learned Trebatius.

Lucilian satire is here predictably characterized as violent and moralistic. He “strips the skin” off his targets (*destrahere . . . pellem*), exposes them as glib hypocrites who are foul at the core, and “overwhelms” (*cooperto*) them with his verses. He spares neither leaders (*primores*) nor the people themselves (*populum*). Horace wonders whether Lucilius' high-placed friends, such as Laelius and Scipio Aemilianus, might have found such harsh satire directed at others to be offensive – but evidently they did not, and Horace wants us to believe that this was because Laelius and Scipio knew that Lucilius had justice on his side (70; see Muecke (1993) 110–12). Horace, too, aims to please an inner circle of important people, and even though he knows that this is a risky business, he invokes as a kind of precedent contemporary anecdotes about how Lucilius used to joke and play around with Laelius and Scipio when they were

out of the public eye (71–74). The logic behind Horace’s train of thought here is somewhat opaque: at first glance, it seems that he brings up the image of Lucilius hanging loose with famous men simply to illustrate that they had no problem with Lucilius’ satire of people they knew. But the vocabulary of foolery and play (*nugari, ludere*, 73) suggests an association in Horace’s mind between Lucilius’ satire and its purely comic goals, as if to say, “Laelius and Scipio were fine with Lucilian ridicule; and in fact (*quin*, 71), the three of them used to joke around among themselves and it was all in good fun.” Horace may even imagine here that all three of them used to mock *each other*, while they waited for the vegetables to cook (73–74), and that none of them took it very seriously because everyone understood the occasion as ludic.

The Lucilian model here is crucial for Horace, since ultimately he brings it up as a defense of his own activity as a satirist. In a classic posture blending self-effacement and self-aggrandizement, he concedes his inferiority to the great Lucilius, but boasts that he too has consorted with the great (*me cum magnis iuxisse*). His real audience, then – the one he needs to be most concerned about – is a small circle of “great men,” analogous to Laelius and Scipio. They will understand what satire is, they will have virtue on their side, and they will have no problem with Horace’s public abuse of people who deserve it. Their response – the proper one – will be laughter and admiration at his poetic *ingenium*, as much as, if not more than, the self-righteousness that is put forward as the point of satire. This much is clear from the final lines of the poem, where Horace says to Trebatius that a satirist only has to worry if his verses are “bad” (*mala*, 83). What happens, he asks, if the poet composes “good” (*bona*, 83) ones, and “if someone barks out at someone who deserves censure, but is himself virtuous”? (*si quis | opprobriis dignum latrauerit integer ipse?*, 84–85)? Trebatius’ answer is revealing: the case against the satirist “will be dropped, with laughter” (*soluentur risu tabulae, tu missus abibis*, 86). “Good” satirical poetry, in other words, will always be recognized for what it is: playful, ironic, disingenuously serious (see further Freudenburg (2001) 105–9).

### 1.3 Conclusion: Lucilian *libertas* into the Empire

By the end of *Sat.* 2.1, then, Horace has articulated with almost textbook clarity not only the poetic principles that “ought” to govern Roman satire, but also the anxieties that these principles invariably call forth in its practitioners. Time and again in this volume, we will see Persius and Juvenal thematizing a similar roster of issues, and crafting their response in accordance with the exigencies of their own historical moment – balancing, for example, the drive to censure with the aesthetics of poetic form, remaining aware that attacking people is always a risky business (and exaggerating the risk, even, as a literary

conceit), tempering a personal voice of beleaguerment and self-righteousness with enough comic irony to keep things always a little off-balance. (We will also see later readers, including translators, editors, schoolteachers, and students, struggling with, or delighting in, these tensions.) Governing all such concerns for all the Roman satirists is, once again, the pervasive question of *libertas*. How much, in other words, can the satirist actually get away with saying? When will the trope of transgression – generically indicated and sought after by a knowing audience of satire – become *actual* transgression? Horace, as we have seen, can joke about being hauled into court by angry victims of his attacks, and he defends himself with feigned anxiety by claiming that he only attacks people who deserve it. He seems to admire the vigorous satire of the Greek comic models that informed Lucilius’ satire, but finds a more moderate style better suited to his own temperament. Any constraints on *libertas* that Horace might have experienced, in short, were largely self-imposed and more for aesthetic than political reasons.

Contrast Juvenal’s struggle with the limits of his own *libertas* in *Satire* 1 (165–71); the verses begin here with an imagined interlocutor offering advice to Juvenal:

“ense uelut stricto quotiens Lucilius ardens  
infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est  
criminibus, tacita sudant praecordia culpa.  
inde ira et lacrimae. tecum prius ergo uoluta  
haec animo ante tubas: galeatum sero duelli  
paenitet.” experiar quid concedatur in illos  
quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.

“as often as blazing Lucilius roars as if with drawn sword,  
the listener whose mind is cold with his crimes grows red,  
and his heart sweats with silent guilt. Then come anger and tears.  
And so, turn these things over in your mind before the trumpets call:  
once your helmet’s on it’s too late for second thoughts about fighting.”  
I will try, then, what may be allowable against those  
whose ashes are buried along the Flaminian and Latin roads.

Juvenal’s metaphor of the drawn sword easily calls to mind Horace’s similar characterization of Lucilian satire in his *Satire* 2.1, but Juvenal’s fears are now different. Whereas Horace merely worried that people (not only his targets, but those he regarded as his audience) would misunderstand what he regarded as well-deserved attacks against bad people, Juvenal is quite simply afraid of his targets. Exercising the full force of satirical *libertas* could for him, he claims, have dire consequences – the guilty feel anger (*ira*), but it is the satirist who will suffer (*lacrimae*) for it. The final lines of the poem (170–71) famously state

(not altogether accurately, as is often pointed out) that as a result Juvenal will only write about the dead, who in theory anyway would pose no threat to him. Such is the lot of the poet who writes satire under the Empire. Like Horace, Juvenal feels compelled to satirize (cf. Juv. 1.30, and above) and he is likewise drawn to Lucilius as a model (1.20), but now, as we will hear often in this volume, it is less clear that any of the powerful men touched by the satirist's sword, or any of their friends and associates in high places all the way up to the emperor himself, can, as we might say, take a joke.

### FURTHER READING

For general literary and theoretical discussion of satire, see Kernan (1959), Elliot (1960), Highet (1962), D. Griffin (1994), Hutcheon (1994), Connery and Combe (1995), and Bogel (2001). Useful overviews of Roman satire specifically within the history of theorizing satire can be found in Freudenburg's introductory essay in *The Cambridge Companion to Roman Satire* (2005) and Hooley (2007b) 1–12.

A reliable history of Roman satire is still Coffey (1976). On Ennius and Lucilius, see Muecke (2005), which contains most of the important bibliography. For the text and English translation of Lucilius, still standard is Warmington (1938). On Horace and his relationship with Lucilius, see LaFleur (1981), Freudenburg (1993) and subsequently, from a more political perspective Freudenburg (2001). See also, Cucchiarelli (2001), which also explores Horace's self-fashioning in the light of Lucilius. More comprehensive, still essential, studies of Horace's *Satires* are Rudd (1966) and Anderson (1982).