

## Free-range, organic, locally-sourced satire: Juvenal goes global

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The swelling of the Roman satiric corpus is coextensive – perhaps I should say coexpansive – with the spread of the Roman empire. In some ways, the one enables the other. Our pitched camp defending ‘Romanitas’ takes root, no coincidence, when Hellenisation is well under way (Ennius with Cato and Scipio), runs through the kickback against the influx of slaves taking our jobs (Lucilius with the Gracchi), and comes of age as the great spoils of a tributary empire come home to Rome ever thicker and faster (Horace and the rise of all-conquering Octavian, Persius under Graeculus Princeps #1 Nero, Juvenal under Graeculus Princeps #2 Hadrian). Roman satire may be famous for its self-consciously doomed attempts to police an obsolescent, ‘pure’ space for the Roman self (*tota nostra*, as usual),<sup>1</sup> and it does tend to stick determinedly to the *Vrbs* – but it is precisely this avowed solipsism which makes it interesting for the complex tale of imagining imperial space. For by Juvenal’s time, that expanse of empire presses, encroaches, consumes, penetrates, interpolates, interpellates – and makes it difficult (not) to write satire at all.

Most satire is deeply invested in producing space in some way, shape, or form. It thrives on articulating relative position: insides, outsides, boundaries, connection, separation, overlap. It often works to erect garden fences between the identity compartments of self and other, but just as often rubs the boundary line away, trampling on the very viability of landscaping such tidy sides into a disconcertingly networked world. The bumps, grinds, and flow of satiric form are a good way to capture the disobedient hyper-connectedness of empire, from hectic comings and goings (*discursus* Juvenal Satire 1.86) to messy mash (*farrago* 1.86). And yet boundaries must be made first to be broken later.

Juvenal leaps out as a particularly capacious case study when it comes to the

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<sup>1</sup> Quintilian 10.1.93 (and it wouldn’t be a piece on Roman satire without this universal paragraph 1 fixture would it?).

sometime retracing, sometime cancellation, of bounded spaces.<sup>2</sup> He produced his later satires at a time when ‘Rome’ was well and truly floated on the global market. The empire was at its height, and Greco-Roman cultural capital was in wide circulation; Hadrian, grand philhellene and ‘restless emperor’, was pinballing back and forth over the Roman territories like a right cosmopolitan executive.<sup>3</sup> As James Uden has recently shown, the satires internalise this telescopic logic of ‘Rome is the world and the world is Rome’ (if only to spew it back up again).<sup>4</sup> With the free-flowing movement of goods and peoples now humming along at unprecedented levels, the inscription of an impermeable *pomerium* around Rome became increasingly unworkable – but that didn’t mean you couldn’t have a good time trying/an even better time failing.<sup>5</sup>

In this chapter, I shall contend that Juvenal mimics the economic elasticity of imperial space by shrinking the perimeter of the ‘domestic’ until, at the end of his corpus, it dissolves into a meaningless concept. I’ll measure in particular the strange movements of the last two poems of the last two books (Satires 11/12, and 15/16), which have taken place largely outside the mainstream critical frame.<sup>6</sup> The first of these responsive closural pairs is fully dedicated to the shoring up of the domestic, private, individual, and parochial amid the overwhelming tide of ‘imperial’ space flooding the market.<sup>7</sup> In Satire 11, The Persian One (Persicus) is invited over to Juvenal’s for a locally-sourced organic

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<sup>2</sup> On the bumpy space and boundary-haunting of Juvenalian satire, see particularly Larmour 2007; for a wide-ranging study of Juvenalian spatial poetics, see Umurhan 2008. While many of his insights about dynamics of expansion and containment feed into this paper, I hope to push them further, and into less charted territory (his thesis clusters heavily around the opening books, whereas this article will keep obstinately to the closing ones).

<sup>3</sup> Birley 1997 makes travel Hadrian’s hallmark: ‘The Restless Emperor’. Cf. Birley 1997: 173, and *Vita Hadriani* 17.8.

<sup>4</sup> Uden 2015: 203-15.

<sup>5</sup> See Uden 2015: 208 on this intensification of separation discourse; cf. Koenig and Whitmarsh 2007: 12 ‘The concept of the local only becomes operative when globalisation is already at work’. For Hadrian’s reinscription of the *pomerium*, see Birley 1997: 112; and on the vexed question of how the *pomerium* relates to a vision of Rome’s imperial boundaries, see Umurhan 2008: 17. The relationship of imperial expansion to small-scale enclosure is a big theme of Rimell 2015 (e.g. 31) – I owe this brilliant book and its author’s keen editorial eye big time, even if she might cringe at the resulting displacement of her ideas.

<sup>6</sup> Work on these later satires is now becoming a gentle avalanche, thanks to Keane 2007, 2015 and Uden 2015.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. Larmour 2007: 210 on the attempt of 11 and 12 to secure a ‘fixed and comforting space’. On satire’s general tendency to flee indoors, see Rimell 2015: 4. Cf. also Rimell 2015: 84 on empire’s knack at generating fantasies of retirement (in Horace, with whom Juvenal 11 and 12 have traditionally been lumped).

banquet that does its darndest to keep empire-wide goods out of the picture; in Satire 12, Juvenal spruces up his own house again by discarding the expensive imports of his merchant friend Catullus, and flushing out the worst domestic contaminants of all, the legacy hunters. At the same time, both satires display a parallel anxiety about grooming *bodily* space:<sup>8</sup> integrity and fixity is offset by partitioning and fluidity.

In the diptych of 11 and 12, Juvenal's polished facade tries to post up a studied indifference to the outside world. But the second closural pair (15 and 16) shows just how futile this attempt at full lock-out can look within the supple connective tissue of empire. Satire 15 gives us a domestic feud turned cannibalistic fiesta at the periphery, the implications of which have to be owned by the self-centre: that is, the satirist follows the law of cannibalism to such an extent that inside and outside space are forced to cohabit.<sup>9</sup> As the emerging markets are consolidated into empire, there is truly nowhere left to run. Satire 16 spells the consequences of that congestion out for us: what happens in Egypt no longer stays in Egypt, but travels back to Rome, which is now the site for the smash-up and lock-out of regular civilians at the fisted hands of that greatest of body corporates, the Roman army. Interestingly, this satire draws curtains on the careful construction of Juvenal's private estate in 11 and 12, both of which poems it dispatches in quick succession: the neighbour takes Juvenal's modest patch (last seen in Satire 11), and the soldier-son renegotiates the terms of inheritance by paradoxically turning his father into a legacy hunter (last seen in Satire 12). If Satire 15 destroys the Roman city by swamping it in an incorrigible empire, Satire 16 destroys the Roman home by miring it in the firing line of that empire's faceless engine (the army). Either way, the domestic self of book 4 dissipates into a bustling cosmopolis that no longer brooks segregation.<sup>10</sup> And so satire takes the redundancy package at its peak, in its purest form: when there are no walls left to man. We are one – and it is horrible.

Permit me one last bit on how this argument plays out at a theoretical level. The story

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<sup>8</sup> Many of my reflexes about open/closed bodies in Juvenal can be traced to Braund and Gold's groundbreaker (1998), within which see especially Gold 1998. Umurhan 2008 is sharp on the flow between bodily and territorial space (see especially Chapter 3, 91-157); cf. also Larmour 2007. The gendering of open/closed bodies is well-worn territory here: see for example Miller 1998 and Reckford 1998.

<sup>9</sup> For good theoretical unpacking of cannibalism, see Kilgour 1990. It keeps coming up in satire: Clark 1991: 132-8.

<sup>10</sup> On the inter-bleeding of private and imperial space, see Kirichenko in this volume 1-5.

told and conclusions made herein might sound (predictably) deconstructive: boundaries are set up to be knocked down, and a teleology of the Juvenalian career is harnessed to make these boundaries look ultimately illusory, provisional, and unsustainable. That line takes its cue from the tradition of self-directed/self-inclusive satire criticism, which holds that there can be no space between satirist and world, that satirist's voice is part of the vice, and that satire works precisely through the spectacle of audience catching the performer red-handed.<sup>11</sup> But I would stake out my own critical position to lie both inside and outside this tradition. While I clap the revolution that was persona criticism, I am also cautious of the corners it backs us into, especially when dealing with late Juvenal. The reception of Satire 11 is a nice example of applying an influential paradigm, only to see the poem stutter by standards it never really asked for in the first place. The 'Horatian' texture of Satire 11 has led some to squeeze hard for a kind of bumbling moralist figure; certain critics have wanted, oh, how they have wanted, to catch Juvenal out in the same way that Kirk Freudenburg might have nabbed Horace back in '93.<sup>12</sup> In my view, however, this satire operates just as much by dragging us into the usual act of scrutinising the satirist, while at the same time denying us any real way to turn up dirt on him. The satire jabs at the puffed-up detective of a reader (smug scholar like you and me) who thinks there are always holes to dig, and tunnels between satiric self and target to root out. I suspect the unconvincing results generated by foisting a persona-directed approach on 11, not to mention other late Juvenal, has a part to play in the fact of these poems still struggling 'outside' the critical Rehabilitation Centre. Juvenal is usually more than 'takes one to know one' – and he deserves better.

So while this paper eventually comes down on the side of 'self-inclusive' satire, I don't want this to be taken as a prescriptive statement about how satire 'must' (always) work – or a dogma that good satire is necessarily self-inclusive. My reading of the arc of late Juvenal implies that it is difficult for *imperial* satire to act otherwise, due to the overpowering syntax of integrated space; and that Juvenal draws attention to empire as a force railroading satire in a certain direction. But that is a claim designed not to crowd out other satiric modes along the way. If satirists often try to make difference, but fail

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<sup>11</sup> Classic examples: Anderson 1982, Braund 1988.

<sup>12</sup> Freudenburg 1993. For underwhelming attempts to read Satire 11 as tripped up discourse of a self-deflating moraliser, see Walker 2006: 81-95 (and cf. Weisinger 1972, Plaza 2006: 242).

under the vigilant close reading of critics hell-bent on breaking that difference, I would like us to remember that this isn't the only pattern possible (and if it were, satire would be a vapid affair indeed). Sometimes our attempts to burst the boundaries of inside and outside bring us into the fray, and bite us in the backside, just when we thought we had it all worked out.

### **Painting The Picket Fence White I: Satire 11**

Juvenal's fourth book opens with a long philosophical gaze poring over the globe (*omnibus in terris*, 10.1). Our satirist here combs through a ton of exempla from many different corners of space and time.<sup>13</sup> And then, come Satire 11, the scope suddenly narrows. Juvenal writes up his house for us via a dinner invitation to the dodgily-named Persicus,<sup>14</sup> but the inventory of furniture is very spare indeed. The Latin invitation poem sometimes liked to whet the invitee's appetite only to leave him salivating, by focussing on what he would *not* be served that evening.<sup>15</sup> But Juvenal takes this dummy step to the next level. The poem spends precious little time setting out the actual menu and entertainment, and much more detailing the items which will be denied entry. This is a monumental effort of tight-lipped domestic control, and the stretches and strains towards sumptuary regulation make fascinating patterns when combined with key themes of this chapter: space, movement, the body, and the oscillations between the outside and the inside, the global and the local.

The poem gets going with a roundabout injunction to good fiscal discipline. Self-knowledge is converted into a working knowledge of your bank balance (*noscenda est mensura* 35). Lines 1-55 give us very little warning that Juvenal will be making an example of himself and Persicus via a long invitation in the rest of the poem.<sup>16</sup> But this

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<sup>13</sup> Uden 2015, 146.

<sup>14</sup> 'The Persian One' sets off alarm bells in a satire devoted to resisting foreign imports.

<sup>15</sup> On the simultaneous disgust and relish over what shouldn't be invited to dinner, morally speaking, cf. Gowers 1993: 255. Satire 11 both does and doesn't belong to the dinner-invitation genre 'proper': see Adamietz 1972: 118-21, 159, Edmunds 1982: 185; Facchini-Tosi 1979: 180-88 is also good on the poem's genre play.

<sup>16</sup> This structural problem has been a traditional sticking point for critics: see Adamietz 1972: 122, Jones 1990: 163, Facchini Tosi 1979: 189, Weisinger 1972: 228-9, Elwitschger 1992: 23.

prologue usefully earmarks some of the spatial concerns of the invitation letter itself. The satire's brow is furrowed over the membrane that separates public from private: how and when that membrane is breached, and how it might be reinforced and conserved against the odds. Talk of the poor wastrel Rutilus' spending habits spills out across the gossipy spaces of Rome as soon as he's mentioned:

omnis  
conuictus, thermae, stationes, omne theatrum  
de Rutilo. (11.3-5)

Rutilus is the talk of every dinner party, every bathhouse, every piazza, every theatre.<sup>18</sup>

The town is always full of talk re: (guys like) Rutilus, because these gourmet types are framed by the leaky houses and bodies which (fail to) store them. They spill money, they swallow down food; but they also let the light in so we can see them at it, and the talk out so we can hear what they're up to. Their porous shells let everything (including information) in and out. Note the remarkable stress on entrance, exit, and exposure in this opening section:

multos porro uides, quos saepe elusus ad ipsum  
creditor introitum solet expectare macelli,  
et quibus in solo uiuendi causa palato est.  
egregius cenat meliusque miserrimus horum  
et cito casurus iam perlucente ruina. (9-13)

You can see many like him, of course. Their only reason for living lies in gourmandise. Their creditors, to whom they've often given the slip, always lie in wait for them at the entrance to the meat market. The one with the choicest and richest dinner is the most doomed, facing imminent disaster, with the cracks in his

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<sup>18</sup> Translations are from Braund 2004.

façade already letting in the light.

The moneylender lurks in wait for our Rutilus figure at the door of the meat market, and that *macellus* will come back shortly as the emblem of ‘unnatural’, commercial distribution networks in Rome enmeshing the *domus* too deeply in the comings and goings of empire. But equally striking is the fusion of market, body, and house through the common image of the orifice: the *introitus* becomes the *palatum*, the roof of the mouth, the gourmand’s sole reason for living, which then becomes a kind of hole-ridden building letting the light through the cracks (*perlucente ruina*). The bodies and buildings tied to these luxury types lose their integrity through the merciless eroding power of transactive traffic flow, in and out, back and forth.

Two versions of bodily/domestic space – what we might call bounded and unbounded – keep popping up in various forms throughout the preface (and then the invitation proper). Juvenal tells you, his unnamed addressee, to lodge the divine directive γνῶθι σεαυτόν safe within your preserving breast (*memori...pectore* 28); make sure you know your limits, call yourself as you are, a serious orator or the puffed-up cheeks (*buccae*) of a Curtius or a Matho (33-4); watch out for the end awaiting you, with your ever-increasing appetite (*gula*) and stomach (*ventrem*) gulping down all your property (38-40). The fates of good man versus gourmand are written into the respective stability/instability, or closure/openness, of their bodies. The binary is drawn particularly sharply when the indebted bon viveur is finally chased out of Rome:

talibus a dominis post cuncta nouissimus exit  
anulus, et digito mendicat Pollio nudo.  
non praematuri cineres nec funus acerbum  
luxuriae sed morte magis metuenda senectus.  
hi plerumque gradus: conducta pecunia Romae  
et coram dominis consumitur; inde, ubi paulum  
nescio quid superest et pallet feneratoris auctor,  
qui uertere solum, Baias et ad ostrea currunt.  
cedere namque foro iam non est deterius quam

Esquilias a feruenti migrare Subura.  
ille dolor solus patriam fugientibus, illa  
maestitia est, caruisse anno circensibus uno.  
sanguinis in facie non haeret gutta, morantur  
pauci ridiculum et fugientem ex urbe pudorem. (42-55)

In the case of lords like these, the last thing to go is the little ring – and Pollio goes begging with his finger bare. It is not a premature demise or an early funeral that should strike dread into the extravagant – worse than death is old age. The usual stages are these. Money is borrowed at Rome and squandered right in front of the lenders. Then, when some tiny amount is left, they're racing off to Baiae and its oysters. These days, you know, it's no worse to be declared bankrupt than to move to the Esquiline from the seething Subura. The only grief, the only regret these fugitives experience is missing the Circus races for a year. Not a drop of blood lingers in their faces: Shame is mocked and, as she rushes out of Rome, there are few who detain her.

Here the perimeters all seem to fade. The equestrian ring, symbol of boundedness and solidity, drops off, leaving Pollio with an exposed finger; money is swallowed up at Rome, and when all is lost, the debtors rush off to Baiae and its posh shells, a movement beyond Rome explicitly compared to a movement within it; all they miss as they flee is the bounded space of the Circus (cf. below); and as they go, the blood drains from their face, just as Shame herself is drained from Rome. The accounts, body, and household of the bankrupt are riddled with holes: entrances and exits which lubricate and liberalise the flash-trading transactions of imperial Rome. These doors (floodgates) are swung wide open.

Yet when Juvenal shockingly gives us a peep inside his own doors,<sup>19</sup> we (don't) see an interior kept in pristine order. The food is exclusively local, untainted by the

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<sup>19</sup> For the first and only time in the corpus – a big moment, for which we are nicely underprepared.

commerce of the meatmarket (*fercula...nullis ornata macellis* 64).<sup>20</sup> Juvenal's robust little kid will come from his nearby Tiburtine farm – its 'local' label is authenticated by the fact that it's too young even to roam the grass yet (66-8). The asparagus has zero food miles as well, picked by the bailiff's wife when she's done with her spinning (68-9). Eggs, grapes, pears, apples arrive by the basketload, all of them crisp, fresh, nursed nicely in their organic packages (70-76). In fact, if we pay attention to the geometric colour of this section, we see a predominance of soft round shapes: ovals, spheres, and circles, pictograms of wholeness and boundedness the likes of which our bankrupts could only warp, deform, and puncture. Indeed, the link between ring-fenced, local produce and circular spaces is particularly potent throughout the satire (cf. below). When Juvenal sets off early Roman satisfaction against boundless modern appetite, he sets a tortoiseshell (another arched shape!) bedpost, drawn from Ocean's waves and bound for the 'Trojan-born' aristocracy (93-5), against a more balanced form of decoration:

sed nudo latere et paruis frons aerea lectis  
uile coronati caput ostendebat aselli,  
ad quod lasciui ludebant ruris alumni. (96-8)

Instead, their couches were modest with undecorated sides, the bronze front displaying a donkey's head garlanded with a vine – and around this the naughty country children would play.

That bronze front piece depicts a donkey's head wrapped in a garland, and the image seems to unleash a host of enclosures and vessels. Plundered Greek goblets are broken up and remelted into helmets, spherical containers for the head (100-103). Once upon a time, rustic Romans served cereal from Tuscan bowls (109). Table timber used to come

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<sup>20</sup> For the market motif, cf. Martial *Ep.* 5.78, and Gowers 1993: 250. Rimell *per litteras* sagely counsels we shouldn't take the label at face value (so warn Martial *Ep.* 7.31, 10.37, 10.94). But *Sat.* 11 teases the suspicious reader (*nec metuenda tibi!*) by waving her the great epistemological bind: we have no way of 'checking' the source/truth of these claims, as Juvenal promises Persicus a verification of his words in his deeds only when he comes to dinner (56-59) – and that is never gonna happen. The poem gets us by deferring the certification *and* undermining of the free-range label – forever!

from a local nut tree that happened to collapse (117-9) – a tree, that is, whose fruit wraps up a hard nugget of self-sufficiency at its core. Juvenal’s wait-staff slave only knows how to steal tiny meatballs (144) – perhaps of similar dimensions to his prepubescent testicles (156-7). This young fella is local too, just like the wine which he pours – bottled in the very same mountains from which he came (159-60). And remember: the drink will be served in normal cups purchased for a few tiny metallic circles (*assibus* 145). With these plentiful snippets of well-roundedness, compare what happens when the circles get too big:

at nunc diuitibus cenandi nulla uoluptas,  
nil rhombus, nil damma sapit, putere uidentur  
unguenta atque rosae, latos nisi sustinet orbis  
grande ebur et magno sublimis pardus hiatu  
dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes  
et Mauri celeres et Mauro obscurior Indus,  
et quos deposuit Nabataeo belua saltu  
iam nimios capitique graues. hinc surgit orexis,  
hinc stomacho uires; nam pes argenteus illis,  
anulus in digito quod ferreus. (120-9)

But these days, the rich get no pleasure from dining, the turbot and venison have no taste, the fragrances and roses seem rotten, unless the enormous round tabletop rests on a massive piece of ivory, a rampant snarling leopard made from tusks imported from the gate of Syene and the speedy Moors and from the Indian who is darker still, the tusks dropped by the beast in the Nabataean grove when they’ve become too large and heavy for its head. This is the source of rising appetite, this gives the stomach strength. To these people, a table leg made of silver is the equivalent of an iron ring on their finger.

The *rhombus* in Satire 4 (re-served here) famously failed to fit on its first circular dish

(*patina* 4.72),<sup>21</sup> so Montanus proposed a much bigger dish to accommodate its wide arc (*orbem* 4.132).<sup>22</sup> Now the round world of a tabletop is the focal point of the rich man's meal, carved from the extreme fruit of empire (ivory, cf. below), too big for the elephant's head. And so the stomach gets bigger, and the ring (this time a more modest one) falls off again. The huge circles and spheres of the imperial economy distend the inflatable stomach, and the concentric ripples of flatulence never end.

This space of the expanding *orbis/orexis* broadens into the section on the dinner party entertainment. As mentioned above, the body of Juvenal's slave is a rare picture of wholeness in a corpus full of distortion;<sup>23</sup> the body keeps its appendages and fluids under wraps, just as the local wine stays firmly in its place. This whole young virgin is all ripe for Persicus' plucking. Juvenal next tells us he'll have no Spanish (another import) dancing girls, because they elicit an explosion of the male body's off-putting stock of bottled-up liquids:

inritamentum ueneris languentis et acres  
diuitis urticae [maior tamen ista uoluptas  
alterius sexus]; magis ille extenditur, et mox  
auribus atque oculis concepta urina mouetur. (167-70)

It provokes jaded desire and sharply goads the swollen cock vein. [yet greater is that pleasure experienced by the other sex] Its tension rises more and more and the next thing is that the sights and sounds make the pent-up liquid flow.

Such ejaculate directly responds to the table slave's ingenuous genitals, which, we remember, are incapable of blasting off such a surprise (155-6). Equivalent to this spurt is the jet of wine, which spills from the vulgar diner's mouth onto the imported marble floor:

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<sup>21</sup> See Umurhan 2008: 118-19 for the global fallout of this spillage.

<sup>22</sup> For the pun on *orbis* = world here, see Umurhan 2008: 134-5, and Ferguson ad loc. Cf. the *orbis* weighing on the praetor's neck in 10.40, another similar pun (see Uden 2015: 163), and the other cases below. See also Umurhan 2008: 49.

<sup>23</sup> Perhaps the closest thing we get to an ideal male body in Juvenal (Gold 1998: 371-2) – and it's really saying something that such a body is palmed off onto a slave.

audiat ille  
testarum crepitus cum uerbis, nudum olido stans  
fornice mancipium quibus abstinet, ille fruatur  
uocibus obscenis omnique libidinis arte,  
qui Lacedaemonium pytismate lubricat orbem; (171-5)

The cracking sound of castanets along with words too obscene for the naked slave standing for sale in the stinking brothel, enjoyment of disgusting language and all the pornographic arts – they are for the man who lubricates his patterned floor of Spartan marble with his spat wine.

Another *orbis* which is too big for its own good alongside another body which can't hold its own boundaries. By contrast, the ethereal stuff emerging from the mouth at Juvenal's party will be straight down the line, and above the belt: selections from Homer and Virgil, the conservative classics of the Greco-Roman tradition uttered in who cares what voice (180-2). The sensory element of poetic performance is stripped back to the text itself (*versus*): pure, original, authentic, consistent. Juvenal expels the dodgy elements from his domestic space (*non capit...domus* 171), disinfects all rooms and mouths in the area. No liquids leave the body through the urethra or the lips; no obscenity enters the ears. Instead, Juvenal shuts up shop with only the driest words of the driest poets in the droniest of tones.

So Juvenal runs a tight ship of hardcore self-sufficiency. I could, should, will, and have been accused of straight reading here: sucked in, you stooge! Don't you know you can never take a satirist at his word? Satire 101, duh! Such suspicion is native to us who live in the slipstream of persona, and I am doing my best – against the grain – to resist it. The point I want to make instead is that Juvenal flags how difficult it is to get him on this traditional front. By removing the clue of authorial presence, i.e. giving us no voice, no tone, no body to hold on to, no stage directions, no 'telling the truth with a smile', Juvenal rips the rug we rely on to ground our 'ironic' readings right out from underneath us. *Quid refert, tales versus qua voce legantur?* (182). Well, it matters a lot; you might

say it's everything. And we have no idea what that crucial tone would sound like to give away the game. The satirist is protected in the silence of the text; he denies us the tools of his unmaking, and we go insane at feeling pushed into – please, no, Oh god, anything but this! – taking him at face value.

One chink in the armour buffering Juvenal from the critic and the world could be this: that as soon as you write the invitation, you open the door to a foreign element. And this Persian one is not to be trusted. His house, as Juvenal betrays at the end,<sup>24</sup> is very much the kind of dripping vessel from which the satirist has spent the poem sealing himself off:

non feneratoris ulla  
mentio nec, prima si luce egressa reueri  
nocte solet, tacito bilem tibi contrahat uxor  
umida suspectis referens multicia rugis  
uexatasque comas et uultum auremque calentem.  
protinus ante meum quidquid dolet exue limen,  
pone domum et seruos et quidquid frangitur illis  
aut perit, ingratos ante omnia pone sodalis. (185-92)

There'll be no mention of interest due, and don't let your wife intensify your silent rage if she makes a habit of going out at dawn and coming back at night with her gauze dress damp and suspiciously wrinkled, her hair disheveled, and her face and ears flushed. Strip off anything that annoys you right in front of my doorstep.

Leave behind your household and your slaves and whatever they've broken or lost.

Persicus' place spews complete disorder: his wife goes out all day and returns with her see-through dress all damp and ruffled, her hair messed up, her face flushed – a scandalous domestic crack over which Juvenal tells Persicus not to 'bring up bile'. Instead, Persicus should take his filthy shoes off at the doorstep. This final push to quarantine (and humiliate) Persicus is complemented by a remarkable 'opting out' on

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<sup>24</sup> On the spilling of 'private' information about Persicus here, cf. Jones 1990.

Juvenal's part at the end of the poem. Rocking in his armchair, shotgun in hand, he spurns the roars of the Circus, which contains everyone in Rome but him; a gigantic circle fencing in everything (*capit* 197) which he has thrust out of his own *domus* (*non capit* 171).<sup>25</sup>

When we finally get a rare glimpse of the Juvenalian body that inhabits this fortified space, it is fitting that it is only the skin that we see, the membrane clearly demarcating the self from the world.<sup>26</sup> It is wrinkled (*contracta* 203), but also compressed, restricted, restrained, locked up (contrast *bilem...contrahat* of Persicus, 187). While Juvenal stays at home and sunbathes *sans* toga, Persicus is allowed to head to the baths early without a crease of a worry (*salva / fronte* 204-5). Anything more than that, and people will start talking; and those baths will soon be full of idle chatter *de Persico*, from which gossip, we presume, Juvenal will eventually get his incriminating evidence.<sup>27</sup> This last scene, then, is a nice microcosm of the spatial separation in which one branch of satire flourishes: while the satirist digs in his heels, puts fences and moats around the house, his targets leave themselves open to attack, for they are always going out, always being seen in public. Their houses let foreign bodies in and out through revolving doors; their bodies ejaculate, spit, and sweat it all into the open. They shed property, fluids, and the information that they're doing just that. But our satirist stays safely inside the impenetrable nugget of his unknown self: always and ever, only (just a little) skin deep.

## Painting the Picket Fence White II: Satire 12

If Satire 11 goes off grid in a hyper-connected empire, Satire 12 continues to board up the doors – but it also gives an interesting sideways glance at the lines of production and consumption wiring the capital to its provinces. Here again we have an attempt to establish a home built on opposition to the forces of mercantile exchange knock-knock-knocking away, and Juvenal's domestic sanitation is again nothing short of asphyxiating.

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<sup>25</sup> Keane 2015: 160 claims that Juvenal is still connected to the Circus through eavesdropping on it: one last inclusive performance of exclusion?

<sup>26</sup> Plaza 2006: 242 reads this flash of skin as Horatian self-exposure – but there are no real clues to irony here.

<sup>27</sup> For this last act of indulgence as coded flaying of Persicus, cf. Jones 1983: 106.

But this time the DIY kit home is balanced with a grand scale *nostos* (in a minor key): we see a merchant ‘friend’ surviving a shipwreck and safely docking in Ostia, a ktistic act aligned with Aeneas’ first step ashore (30-82).<sup>28</sup> The pictures of the fixed and closed home (Juvenal’s spruced pad, Aeneas’ ‘foundation’) are then offset by the negative version of the household: monied, open to commercial traversing of imperial space, and so porous that any old legacy hunter can gain admission with a sizeable entrance fee. So the contrast is projected yet again onto two different versions of the house (and the body, as we shall see): solid, static, impenetrable vs. fluid, mobile, open. Witness Juvenal continue to rock in his armchair, brandish his shotgun, and stay put.

The poem starts by itemising the thanksgiving sacrifices Juvenal will perform for the safe return of his friend Catullus, who has just escaped death at sea. As with the dinner party in 11, so with the ritual here: not only are the deities emphatically local (you couldn’t get closer or more ‘Roman’ than the Capitoline triad),<sup>29</sup> the victims themselves also come from just down the road.

niueam reginae ducimus agnam,  
par uellus dabitur pugnanti Gorgone Maura;  
sed procul extensum petulans quatit hostia funem  
Tarpeio seruata Ioui frontemque coruscat,  
quippe ferox uitulus templis maturus et arae  
spargendusque mero, quem iam pudet ubera matris  
ducere, qui uexat nascenti robora cornu.  
si res ampla domi similisque adfectibus esset,  
pinguior Hispulla traheretur taurus et ipsa  
mole piger, nec finitima nutritus in herba,  
laeta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis  
et grandi ceruix iret ferienda ministro

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<sup>28</sup> On the poem’s interesting love affair with the *Aeneid* see Adkin 2008: 131-5; and with Augustan poetry (Horace in particular) as reflex of Hadrian’s Augustanising ‘renewal’, see Uden 2015: 176-202. More generally, see Rimell 2015: 32’s sharp remarks on the Roman obsession with ‘foundation’ betraying an abiding anxiety about displacement and insecurity.

<sup>29</sup> Though local could be made global: cf. Ferguson ad loc.: ‘similar temples were found all over the empire’.

ob reditum trepidantis adhuc horrendaque passi  
nuper et incolumem sese mirantis amici. (12.3-16)

For the queen of the gods we are bringing a snow-white lamb. An identical fleece will be offered to the goddess who fights armed with her Moroccan Gorgon. But the victim reserved for Tarpeian Jupiter is playfully tugging and shaking the lengthy rope and tossing his head. He's a spirited calf, you see, the right age for temple and altar, ready for sprinkling with unmixed wine. He's now embarrassed to pull at his mother's teats and he butts the oak trees with his budding horns. If my personal resources were ample, as ample as my feelings, a bull fatter than Hispulla would be dragged along, his very bulk making him slow, not one raised on local pastures, but with his blood attesting the fertile fields of Clitumnus, and his neck would advance for the blow from the tall attendant. This is for the return of my friend, still shaking from his recent ordeal and amazed that he survived.

In this satire on the mechanisms of trade and exchange, we might pay good notice to the origins of things. Jupiter comes from around the corner (*Tarpeio*; cf. *nostrum Iovem* 89 below), while the *uitulus* pledged to him has no doubt grown up in the same place. Even when Juvenal expresses a desire for something fancier, his eye only creeps as far as neighbouring Clitumnus (*finitima...herba*) for the plumpest bull he can drum up. This is the way to pay for divine services rendered: local products to local gods, unlike those painters who earn their keep by selling shipwreck paintings eventually offered to weird Egyptian deities (*pictores quis nescit ab Iside pasci?* 28).

When the storm takes over the poem's steering, and Catullus is forced to perform his own perverse kind of sacrifice by emptying his goods into the sea, we see a very different spatial scope at play. Catullus decides to make like a beaver and swap his family jewels for his safety. Ironically, castor oil from the edges of empire would have been exactly the type of product a merchant would trade in;<sup>30</sup> such a conversion of miner into mined resource through simile is typical of the poem's unnerving poetics of

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<sup>30</sup> See the brilliant Devecka 2013.

exchange and substitution. The objects Catullus ‘pours out’<sup>31</sup> produce a neat cross-section of a luxury consumer empire:

“fundite quae mea sunt” dicebat “cuncta” Catullus  
praecipitare uolens etiam pulcherrima, uestem  
purpuream teneris quoque Maecenatibus aptam,  
atque alias quarum generosi graminis ipsum  
infecit natura pecus, sed et egregius fons  
uiribus occultis et Baeticus adiuuat aer.  
ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances  
Parthenio factas, urnae cratera capacem  
et dignum sitiante Pholo uel coniuge Fusci;  
adde et bascaudas et mille escaria, multum  
caelati, biberat quo callidus emptor Olynthi.  
sed quis nunc alius, qua mundi parte quis audet  
argento praeferre caput rebusque salutem? (37-49)

“Ditch my things,” Catullus kept saying, “the whole lot!” He was willing to throw overboard even his finest possessions: purple clothes fit even for delicate Maecenases, and other fabrics from flocks actually dyed by the nature of superior grass, with additional assistance from the excellent water with its hidden properties and from the climate of Baetica. He had no hesitation about jettisoning silver plate, dishes made for Parthenius, a three-gallon mixing bowl big enough for thirsty Pholus or even Fuscus’ wife, plus baskets and a thousand plates and many engraved goblets from which the canny purchaser of Olynthus had drunk. Who else is there, anywhere in the world, who would have the nerve to prefer his life to his money, his survival to his property?

The flocks concerned here come from much further away than Clitumnus, and some of

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<sup>31</sup> *Fundite* (37) dovetails nicely with *Sat.* 11’s images of ejaculation and outpouring, as well as the all-important beaver simile: ejaculation and self-castration are two sides of the same genitalia?

the finery has even touched the lips of a previous conquerer-through-mercenariness (Philip II, *emptor Olynthi*). When Juvenal dispatches with the fabrics, note how he seizes on the size and number of the vessels, which hold consumables as the ship's hold holds them (barely). Indeed, if we took our cue from the anthropomorphosis of the ship,<sup>32</sup> and the metaphorical cargo which ships in poetry often carry,<sup>33</sup> we could draw a strong connection between the oversize vessels of the rich, their bloated bodies, the ship so full it's about to sink, and the Roman empire (ship of state), terminally swollen to bursting point with its traffic in luxury commodities. When the ship's mast is cut (a kind of shaft-castration parallel to the beaver's self-sacrifice),<sup>34</sup> Juvenal makes a point of the expansive/contractive tension:

mox cum reticulis et pane et uentre lagonae  
accipe sumendas in tempestate secures. (60-1)

Just remember in future that along with your nets of bread and round-bellied flagons you'll need axes – for use in a storm.

So while you should bring along sustenance for the voyage (note the container/stomach pun again in *uentre*), you should also beware that safety can lie with cutting and reduction (*secures* puns on *securi*, 82). As much as this story is about a desperate merchant slashing his stock at the end of his tether, it is also an allegory about cutting empire down to size so that Rome can stay afloat.<sup>35</sup>

When the ship catches sight of the shore, the inglorious homecoming is conflated with the very first arrival/homecoming/import in Roman history: the Trojans landing in Latium. The desire to reset the clock is thus expressed literally: we return to a time when there was no such thing as a capital of empire on this spot, but only a white sow suckling her young, and an audience of amazed refugees (72-4). Yet the difference between now

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<sup>32</sup> Noted by Uden 2015: 189.

<sup>33</sup> Horace *Odes* 1.14 is the *locus classicus*: allegorising readings of which were raging even/especially in antiquity (Quintilian 8.6.44).

<sup>34</sup> Cf. Larmour 2005: 155.

<sup>35</sup> Cf. Larmour 2005: 141, who also catalogues the 'ship-of-state' load here.

and then could barely be starker:

tandem intrat positas inclusa per aequora moles  
Tyrrhenamque pharon porrectaque bracchia rursus  
quae pelago occurrunt medio longeque relincunt  
Italiam; non sic igitur mirabere portus  
quos natura dedit. sed trunca puppe magister  
interiora petit Baianae peruia cumbae  
tuti stagna sinus, gaudent ubi uertice raso  
garrula securi narrare pericula nautae. (75-82)

Finally it enters the breakwaters built out through the water they enclose, and passes the Tuscan lighthouse and the arms which stretch back out and meet in mid-sea, leaving Italy far behind. You'll not be so impressed by ancient harbours created by nature. To resume, with his crippled ship the captain heads for the inner basin in the sheltered bay, which a Baian boat could cross, where the sailors, with their heads shaved, enjoy telling in safety the long-winded stories of their dangers.

The landscape itself has been augmented by imperial construction, to the point that the ship arrives into the arms of empire. Here we have yet another embracing space which, I think, clues us towards the logic of incorporation we shall see hardening into the unarguable come Satires 15 and 16. For this safe harbour, which almost replicates the luxury conditions of a Baiae pleasure cruise, is an ominous hug back into the fold of an empire which – so say its long arms, its infinite reach – cannot be avoided. Even if you throw the container commodities overboard, shrink the ship itself, dress it up in rags (*uestibus extentis* 68), you will still be accepted into imperial space with open arms, for it is now much bigger than the ship synecdoche into which it was once so easily jammed. That is precisely the point of imagining and constructing empire as space in the first place: that way, there is no way to wriggle out of the clasping bosom.<sup>36</sup> Sit back, relax, and enjoy the claustrophobia.

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<sup>36</sup> Cf. Umurhan 2008:141 on Rome becoming Domitian's personal *piscina/vivarium* in *Sat.* 4.

That doesn't stop Juvenal (bloody-minded to the end) from trying to extricate himself. At exactly the moment when the ship docks and order is restored, he himself promises to come home and polish off the rest of the ceremony. Again, we scrutinise his house only to find a remarkably closed shop:

ite igitur, pueri, linguis animisque fauentes  
sertaque delubris et farra inponite cultris  
ac mollis ornatu focus glebamque uirentem.  
iam sequar et sacro, quod praestat, rite peracto  
inde domum repetam, graciles ubi parua coronas  
accipiunt fragili simulacra nitentia cera.  
hic nostrum placabo Iouem Laribusque paternis  
tura dabo atque omnis uiolae iactabo colores.  
cuncta nitent, longos erexit ianua ramos  
et matutinis operatur festa lucernis. (83-92)

Off you go then, boys! With tongues and minds well-behaved, put garlands on the shrines and grain on the knives, and decorate the soft hearths and green turf. I'll be right behind you, and once I've performed the major rite properly I'll come back home. There the little images, gleaming with fragile wax, are receiving their slender crowns. Here I shall propitiate my own Jupiter, offering incense to my paternal house gods and scattering the multi-coloured pansies. Everything is gleaming. The door has put up its long branches and joins in the festive celebration with its morning lamps.

Juvenal tells his slaves to control their tongues and minds (and slave tongues were the organs of household leaks in Satire 9.115-21). Again we have an upswing in fixed and bounded space: garlands on the shrines, crowns on the little statues. The house has no foreign elements introduced. Just as the sacrifice is completed with salt of the earth (*farra*, *glebam* etc.), so Juvenal's place is basically autochthonous: local flowers are scattered, and the door (portal to the outside noticeably shut, of course) almost grows its

own branches, boarded up for extra reinforcement round its roots. Our satirist dedicates to gods which are emphatically *his*, stationed deep within the house: *nostrum* Iovem, and the *Lares* have importantly belonged here for generations (contrast the *Lares* of the legacy-hunting victims below). That *paternis* carries a huge amount of weight in a poem so concerned with masculinity, fertility, continuity (and their opposites).<sup>37</sup> It allows Juvenal to circumscribe his space not only spatially (horizontally) but also temporally (vertically). This down-to-earth hearth has a perfect ring around its lineage, as well as a robust door letting nothing and nobody through.

The satire's coda has let down many a scholar's structure fetish,<sup>38</sup> but if we read the poem as a meditation on how difficult it is to maintain a pure house in an empire on the move, the stress on *captatio* might make even more sense.<sup>39</sup> For legacy-hunting is nothing less than the successful penetration and contamination of the household. The message might be formulated thus: if you allow the wealth of empire in the door, it's sure to flow out through another window. Commerce ports about loss as well as gain. After Juvenal deflects the charge of legacy-hunting from his own sacrifice to Catullus (93-95), he gives a flip-side account of the depths those *captatores* will plumb to secure a maximum return. First they will do the impossible, and tap Caesar's private farm of noble elephants; the ivory from far-flung places is back from 11, but this time it is used as an investment for an even bigger return, and not frittered on a tabletop. This sterile<sup>40</sup> ivory falls before the *Lares* of Gallita: a rich woman whose name, punning on the castrated *Galli* (remember that beaver), reminds us that these household gods are emphatically not *paterni*. After the elephants, the legacy hunter Pacuvius Hister would even sacrifice his slaves, or an Iphigeneia of marriageable age if he happened to have one at home (*domi* 119). Perhaps this Iphigeneia means his daughter; but it could also be his

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<sup>37</sup> For the many repeated forms of beaver castration throughout the poem, and its significance for thinking Roman masculinity, see Larmour 2005. On the poem's forms of sterility, see Larmour 2005: 165.

<sup>38</sup> As with *Sat.* 11, a traditional problem: see Smith 1989, Helmbold 1956, Adamietz 1983, Henke 2000. Uden 2015: 176 lights on the problem, and castrates it nicely.

<sup>39</sup> The sudden jolt in subject at 93 has been the big challenge: as above, Uden 2015: 176 is the most recent to smooth it over via the governing refrain of 'sacrifice' (cf. Ronnick 1993: 10). My thematic unity, insofar as I want to flog it, might lie rather in the idea of 'the household'.

<sup>40</sup> *nec Latio aut usquam sub nostro sidere talis / belua concipitur* (103-4), yet another twist on the satire's obsession with sterility.

treasured household prostitute, his ironically named 'strong-born' girl whom he would give up at the drop of a hat to be written into that will. At any rate, she is the last person/thing in the satire to be named by a spatial substitution, defined after her place of origin:

ergo uides quam  
grande operae pretium faciat iugulata Mycenis. (126-7)

So you see how very worthwhile it was to murder that girl from Mycenae.

So this luxury human product, stripped from her own household, shipped over from prestige Mycenae, will be thrown into the fire so that Pacuvius can get his paycheck from his poor prey, himself now shut in the prison of a trap (yet another image of enclosure to close). Human trafficking works at empire and household level such that, no matter which way you look, the security of the *domus* is compromised. That is the cost of commerce; that is the transaction fee.

We have seen how loud is the buzz of imperial connectivity in Satire 12: even when you tap out of the economy by throwing the luxury goods overboard, you will still have to dock in its sweet embrace of a sheltered harbour. And if you embrace it with open arms – as do our legacy hunters – you don't even need to go very far anymore: the elephants are in the emperor's backyard. With the world whizzing around him, dissolving houses, reducing ships, castrating bodies, Juvenal puts up a spirited defence. The blinds and shutters are down, and 'everything shines' (*cuncta nitent* 91). But in the end, the space of empire will swallow him too. Batten down the hatches all you want: the corrupting sea will get in, every which way.

### **Send in the Bulldozers I: Satire 15**

We saw book 4's global economy whirling along with at least one tough nut holding out against its enticements. Satires 11 and 12 let off an indefatigable steam of separation: on the one hand people, places, houses, bodies, goods are constantly colliding, but on the

other hand we run into the satirist, solitary, self-sufficient, locked down, holed up in his immaculate house, an impermeable membrane tucked away from the all-embracing Circus, or Trajan's harbouring arms. This is the last thin line of defence dividing self from other. But come book 5, the barbarians are at the gate (15), and they have invaded not only Rome, but Juvenal's estate too (16). If a dividing line within *satire* can be drawn in terms of 'exclusive' ('object-oriented', Self vs. Other) and inclusive (self-and-object oriented, or self as part of other),<sup>41</sup> nowhere do we get a clearer view on which wins out in the end. Empire precludes exclusive reclusivity: it is the consummate all-included cruise package.

Of course, the deconstructive paradox will immediately spring back to haunt me:<sup>42</sup> satire cannot exist without the outside, without the Other kept inside as endlessly renewable fuel. We might say Satires 11 and 12 are kept going precisely by what they strive to keep at bay. So perhaps we could redraw the dividing line: we might claim that the difference lies in the balance of energy dedicated to preserving 'self-sufficiency' (however futile that enterprise may be), and energy earmarked for embracing the implosion of that self-sufficiency. I would wager that those two forces – always in tension, one sometimes predominating over the other – switch roles when we move from 11/12 to 15/16. And it is empire tipping (smashing) the balance.

This section will return to the same keywords of closed/open space (body, house, empire) which we have already treated in depth, and we shall see how the hands banging on the door in Satires 11 and 12 eventually prise their way in over the course of 15 and 16. But let's open with a couple of remarks on Satire 14 to frame the debate and set the rhythm. I have no space to probe it properly, but this poem looks like a neat bridging move from the domestic space of book 4 to the crumpling of that space in book 5. The theme is father-son corruption, and how avarice in particular slips seamlessly between the generations. The poem could be seen as a complement to 11 and 12, in that it moves from Juvenal's house to the average Roman *domus*, in a plea to fathers to keep the space

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<sup>41</sup> Cf. Plaza 2006's threefold division between 'object-oriented humour', 'humour directed at the persona', and 'non-aligned humour'.

<sup>42</sup> For a powerful statement of that case *qua* space, see Rimell 2015's introduction (and on the idea of all enclosed spaces being flooded by what they seek to keep out – the deconstructive shorthand for *Sat.* 11 – see Rimell 2015: 9.).

clean so the kids won't pick up bad habits.<sup>43</sup> It reprises the same notes of infinitely expanding greed for territory we saw in Satires 11 and 12: villas and estates are swallowed up (e.g. 86-95, 135-88), everyone takes to the sea trying to make some quick cash (275-303), and we even have another shipwreck (295-7). The difference here is that the hermetic ethical seal is transferred from Juvenal's place to the average house of the greedy father. Juvenal washed his hands of other houses in 11 and 12 (Persicus' and Gallitta's were both out of bounds), but he could at least magically 'access' them;<sup>44</sup> in this poem he shouts directly at the house, only to find it completely closed to his satiric overtures.<sup>45</sup> Fuscinus (the dark one) is a perfect addressee for a poem that definitively shuts the satirist out: unlike Persicus, he disappears indoors as quickly as he's invoked. There is no way to control the satiric object in Satire 14, for both father and son form a closed universe impervious to outside influences (yet inviting monetary income to come right in). Ultimately, Juvenal has to backpedal: he asks if he has 'shut you in' (*cludere* 322) with examples that regulate too harshly, and he must slide back up the salary scale to find an acceptable level of wealth for his unresponsive addressee to sign off on (322-31). Our uncompromising satirist is bent by the world he had withdrawn from; he has come outside, and immediately the space has crushed him beyond all recognition into *one of them*.

This dual symbolic movement – first being shut outside, then 'expanding' to fill the space – leads us directly to Satire 15. This titanic satiric swansong nicely ties up our themes in its flagship move of 'incorporation'. Once loosed from the earplugged Roman home of 14, the voice of 15 booms out into the wilderness at the furthest reaches of the empire. For the first time in his corpus, Juvenal takes on a 'foreigner' based outside Rome as the central target, and he doesn't beat about the bush: he makes straight for a squalid brawl between Ombi and Tentyra in upper Egypt, which flares into a repulsive act of communal cannibalism. The body of an unlucky Tentyran (though it could have gone the other way) is chopped into mince meat and gobbled up raw by the Ombite team on the spot (78-81). Juvenal predictably rails against the unconscionable act, and puts it in a class of its own, separate from any comparable case you could cite from the annals

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<sup>43</sup> Moral cleanliness vs. superficial cleanliness: 14.59-69.

<sup>44</sup> Cf. Braund and Raschke 2009: 506-7: seeing into private space is a satiric prerogative.

<sup>45</sup> See Geue forthcoming.

of myth-history. But the devastating thing about this satire is that, as soon as we sense we have a confident voice of civilisation sounding off its own superiority, Juvenal shifts the blame to the *whole* human race (*homini* 165, after *humano generi* 132). The ingestive fusion of self and other, figured beautifully in the metaphor of cannibalism,<sup>46</sup> effaces all meaningful difference, sacks all the forts of identity.<sup>47</sup> This satire follows the law of Hadrianic imperial space to the letter: now that inside and outside are no more, everyone must own the crime of everyone else.

The satirist's opening question rings out across the empire to Bithynicus, and the triangle this sets up between 'acceptable empire' (us, we Romans, including Volusius Bithynicus – in Bithynia?) and unacceptable empire (rough Egyptians) is a clean version of a relationship covered in soot by the poem's end. As mentioned, the example which shows Egypt's demented religious customs is a drunken fight between the peoples of two small settlements, Ombi and Tentyra. Juvenal's eye is quick to slice the communities in two, even though he also strives to show the perverse etymological 'togetherness' in the word used to describe their rivalry: *simultas* (33). The level of detail in this sordid little epic is impressive: while it is difficult to chart precisely who is doing what to whom (and that is part of the point),<sup>48</sup> at another level Juvenal can pare his factions down to the very last body part: after the man is devoured down to his bones (80), the climactic image is of an Ombite running his finger through the dirt to lick up the leftover blood (89-92). But Juvenal can see further than the tiniest detail in furthest Egypt. He can also pick through the space and time of imperial history. To contextualise the Egyptian cannibalism, he brings up the case of the besieged Vascones (93-109, more palatable according to him), and Zacynthos; he compares the altar at Maeotis favourably (115-6 – there's our Iphigeneia again); and he swears that the worst of the worst/furthest of the furthest, namely those barbarous Cimbrians, Britons, Sauromatians and Agathyrsians, never perpetrated anything as bad as this soft and useless lot (*inbelle et inutile volgus* 124). But this ability to speak for all, this territorial mapping of empire through accumulation and

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<sup>46</sup> For suggestive, comparable ingestions: go for Rimell 2002: 159-75 on the phenomenon in Petronius.

<sup>47</sup> Cf. Keane 2006: 68-71 (putting to good use Bogel 2001 on 'making difference'); see also Uden 2015: 203-15; cf. Umurhan 2008: 86.

<sup>48</sup> Well-acknowledged: Singleton 1983: 203-4, Tennant 1995: 125, Vincent 2004: 86.

redistribution of its component peoples, is a sign of something more dangerous. As Juvenal himself packages in an apparently innocent aside, the whole world is now, for better or worse, ‘Greco-Roman’:

(nunc totus Graias nostrasque habet orbis Athenas,  
Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos,  
de conducendo loquitur iam rhetore Thyle.) (110-12)

(Nowadays the whole world has its Greek and Roman Athens. Eloquent Gaul has been teaching the lawyers of Britain. Thule is already talking about hiring a professor of rhetoric.)

And since the *orbis*<sup>49</sup> has expanded to include everyone and everything, it is understandable that attempts to rule out dead-zones and amputate limbs may run into trouble. And this is exactly what happens to Egypt: like a tender human being disappearing down another one’s gullet, outside is brought in, self becomes other/other becomes self, and the space between is outed as no more than wishful thinking.

A key to this incorporative logic arrives in the part which has made readers the most queasy.<sup>50</sup> Lines 131-57 seem suddenly to abandon the satire’s abject pessimism for a rosier story: love and sympathy are the hallmarks of the human race; that’s what separates us from the animals; look how we evolved into civilised communities through altruistic collaboration! The passage may grate and gurgle in the reader’s stomach as the recent cannibalism bubbles away. But in fact, it can be read as a preface to that cannibalism, and a prehistory that foreshadows and explains the inevitable terminus of anthropophagy:

mundi  
principio indulsit communis conditor illis  
tantum animas, nobis animum quoque, mutuus ut nos

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<sup>49</sup> Yet another *orbis* to add to the collection; the last and biggest yet.

<sup>50</sup> Cf. Powell 1979: 189.

adfectus petere auxilium et praestare iuberet,  
dispersos trahere in populum, migrare uetusto  
de nemore et proauis habitatas linquere siluas,  
aedificare domos, laribus coniungere nostris  
tectum aliud, tutos uicino limine somnos  
ut conlata daret fiducia, protegere armis  
lapsum aut ingenti nutantem uolnere ciuem,  
communi dare signa tuba, defendier isdem  
turribus atque una portarum claue teneri. (147-58)

To them, at the beginning of the world, our common creator granted only the breath of life. To us he gave souls as well. His intention? So our mutual feeling would urge us to seek and offer help, to draw together scattered individuals into communities, to migrate from the ancient woodland and leave the forests inhabited by our ancestors, to construct homes, with another house adjacent to our own hearths, so that combined confidence would make our sleep secure, thanks to a neighbour's threshold, to protect with our weapons a fellow citizen who has fallen or who is reeling from a mighty wound, to give the signals on the community's bugle, to be defended by the same towers, and to be contained by the single key of the gates.

Here we see the history of civilisation as a progressive expansion of enclosed space, as individuals lump into gangs, build houses (the *domus* again), join these houses with other household gods (*nostris Laribus*; cf. the *Lares* in 12 above), collaborate with their neighbours, protect their fellow citizens, and enjoy as one the safe embrace of the walls, the impenetrable fortress whose gates are locked (and there is only one key). But the wound of the citizen reminds us that these clusters are not in fact self-contained:<sup>51</sup> they form merely a single circle within other hostile circles. What this little Lucretian masterpiece tells us is that, for all the fantasy of shutting the outside out, it will always somehow make its way in; always somehow pierce the body you are fooling yourself

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<sup>51</sup> Cf. Geue forthcoming.

into fancying whole. This is a microcosmic inflection of a Roman empire trumpeting a wider-than-ever perimeter, but at the same time trying to pitch down and defend itself from outsiders. The anxiety, and the truth, is that there will always be a breach in the defences: whether that be the body's shell, the house walls, the early village's fortifications, Rome's *pomerium*, the Servian boundary, Hadrian's villa, Hadrian's wall. The bigger those walls are, the harder it is to people them – and so, the harder they fall.

Satire 15's final question to Pythagoras encapsulates this bind superbly. As the consummate traveller in time and space (he was famous for espousing reincarnation as well as bilocation),<sup>52</sup> he is the best witness to this horror-fest, because he is used to being everywhere at once. Juvenal's despairing question runs:

quid diceret ergo  
uel quo non fugeret, si nunc haec monstra uideret  
Pythagoras, cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui  
tamquam homine et uentri indulsit non omne legumen? (171-4)

What, then, would Pythagoras say? Wouldn't he run off, anywhere, if he now saw these horrors? Pythagoras was the one who abstained from eating all living things as if they were human and who didn't treat his belly to every kind of bean.

To which we could well retort: but where *could* he flee?<sup>53</sup> Now that the cannibalism of some marginal towns leads to an infection and condemnation of all mankind, thanks largely to the connectedness of imperial space, we could safely say that there is nowhere left to take shelter. The man who routinely tramples on boundaries of time and space will just have to stomach that empire has destroyed them better than he ever could.

## Send in the Bulldozers II: Satire 16

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<sup>52</sup> Pythagoras' bilocation: Diels-Kranz 14.7.

<sup>53</sup> We might compare the earlier motion of *Sat.* 2: speaker wishes to get outside the hotbed of corruption at Rome, but there is no 'outside' left, for Rome imports innocent young provincials and sends them back all corrupted (163-70); cf. Umbricius' naïve desire to get outside in *Sat.* 3. On the connection between the sanctuary urges of 3 and 15, see Richlin 2009: 326. Pythagoras is an interesting stand-in for the satirist here: cf. Singleton 1983: 206, Adamietz 1972: 42.



recommendation to Mars from Venus or from his mother, who loves the sands of Samos.

The soldiers turn out to be the ideal cooperative unit, the likes of which we only glimpsed in the small communities of Satire 15. But their members are invincible. Some advantages they enjoy in common (*commoda...communia* 7): they beat up a citizen and get off scot free, for they have their own law, which keeps them inside the rampart at all times (7-17). If the citizen appeals, he meets a terrifying union of bodies and minds, an engorged monster of multi-limbed movement:

tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipuli  
consensu magno efficiunt curabilis ut sit  
uindicta et grauior quam iniuria. (20-22)

But the entire cohort is hostile, and all the units act with one mind to ensure that your redress needs medical attention and that it's worse than your original injury.

Good luck finding a faithful friend to venture so far from Rome, beyond its pitiful natural defences (*molem aggeris ultra* 26). The soldiers can beat you up on your home turf, but you have no way of getting into theirs, for they retreat into their hobnailed boots (14, 24-5) and hide behind their palisades. It is now fellow Romans making sorties over the *pomerium*, no more than a dotted line – and there is absolutely nothing you can do about it.

The exposed space of Rome importantly leaves the satirist himself with nowhere to go, and this is articulated in a remarkable moment of self-reference. Throughout the satires, Juvenal has never come forward himself as a victim of the crimes he checks off so thoroughly.<sup>55</sup> But all of a sudden, a mere matter of lines before the end of his corpus, he is suddenly on the receiving end of theft and fraud alike:

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<sup>55</sup> Apart from the famous moment of piping up in the recitation room (1.1-18), Juvenal rarely puts himself squarely in the victim's shoes.

conuallem ruris auiti  
improbis aut campum *mihi* si uicinus ademit  
et sacrum effodit medio de limite saxum,  
quod *mea* cum patulo coluit puls annua libo,  
debitor aut sumptos pergit non reddere nummos  
uana superuacui dicens chirographa ligni,  
expectandus erit qui lites inchoet annus  
totius populi. (36-43)

Suppose some scoundrel of a neighbour has taken from me a glen or a field from my ancestral estate, digging up from the middle of the boundary a sacred stone that I have honoured with my yearly offering of polenta and the flat sacrificial cake. Or suppose a debtor persists in not paying back the money he's received, declaring the signature false and the entire document worthless. I'll have to wait for the time of year which sees the start of lawsuits brought by the entire populace.

He is no longer a man apart, but must tarry in the legal waiting room like the rest of us dejected comrades (*totius populi*). The guarantor of the self in Satire 11, the small parcel of nearby property which furnished his plain banquet, is suddenly threatened by a neighbour<sup>56</sup> – and shrunk by digging up and fiddling with the boundary stone (worshipped with cake at the *Terminalia* no less!).<sup>57</sup> We are a long way from the collaborative world of early civilisation in 15, where *uicini* protect each other. Here Juvenal's *uicinus* makes a land-grab as soon as he's not looking; it is as if the loose cohesion within the Egyptian towns has fragmented even further, so that we are reduced to all out turf wars between individual *neighbours*. And Juvenal's land is not the only thing contracting: his bank balance is looking unhealthy too, as the debtor refuses to

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<sup>56</sup> Juvenal perhaps plays out scenes only hinted in his predecessors' neighbourly encounters: the greedy man's lust for his neighbour's corner in Horace *Sat.* 2.6.8-9, and Persius' indifference to his wealthier neighbour's corner in *Sat.* 6.14-5 (on both of which, see Rimell 2015: 102-4).

<sup>57</sup> The lord of boundaries is a perfect totem for the satirist, and a good one to invoke just before the end of his own extant corpus: coincidence? Hadrian upped the punishment for moving boundary stones (see Courtney ad loc.); the King of Lines thus even sought to fix space at the micro-level.

return what he owes. Has our satirist dived so far that he has become one of those despicable creditors hanging at the entrance of the market in 11? The outside comes in, and eats into his farm; and the inside goes out, in terms of funds flying and never coming back. What the hell has happened here?!

The difference is written on the body, as by now we might expect. Assume Juvenal *ciues* does get a date in court.<sup>58</sup> He'll then have to put up with delay after delay. His lawyers open their bodies up by taking off their cloak and pissing respectively; and as soon as they get going, they wind up the day:

totiens subsellia tantum  
sternuntur, iam facundo ponente lacernas  
Caedicio et Fusco iam micturiente parati  
digredimur, lentaque fori pugnamus harena. (44-7)

Often, the benches are just being set out and eloquent Caedicius is now taking off his cloak and Fuscus is now taking a leak – and though we are all ready, we disperse. That's how we battle it out in the sticky arena of the forum.

These open bodies come together only for a brief moment, and then, immediately they part ways (*digredimur*). Juvenal's legal representatives expose themselves in public; and the satirist himself is bound up in the random motion of the forum, the very kind of open space he avoided in 11 and 12. The soldiers, by contrast, have their bodies heavily armoured, and that way they keep everything intact:

ast illis quos arma tegunt et balteus ambit  
quod placitum est ipsis praestatur tempus agendi,  
nec res atteritur longo sufflamine litis. (48-50)

But the men protected by armour and circled by a sword belt have the times of

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<sup>58</sup> Keane 2007b: 49-50 sees a sympathy shortage between satirist and citizen here – but these first-person pronouns militate against that claim.

cases set at their own convenience. Their resources are not frittered away by the long drag of a lawsuit.

Nothing is rubbed away from their property; their *res* stays put, pristine and protected, just like their fortified bodies.

Civilians (Juvenal himself now included), on the other hand, can't help haemorrhaging property, cash, and piss. It is only fitting that 16 ends with another prising open of domestic space, both that of the house and that of the body. When Juvenal moves right along to discuss the freakish *peculium castrense*, the state of financial independence awarded to soldiers,<sup>59</sup> the legacy hunting theme of 12 returns in concert with the father-son plot of 14:

solis praeterea testandi militibus ius  
uiuo patre datur. nam quae sunt parta labore  
militiae placuit non esse in corpore census,  
omne tenet cuius regimen pater. ergo Coranum  
signorum comitem castrorumque aera merentem  
quamuis iam tremulus captat pater; hunc fauor aequus  
prouehit et pulchro reddit sua dona labori.  
ipsius certe ducis hoc referre uidetur  
ut, qui fortis erit, sit felicissimus idem,  
ut laeti phaleris omnes et torquibus, omnes... (51-60)

Besides, it's only soldiers who have the right to make a will while their fathers are still alive. You see, it's been decreed that wealth acquired in military service should not form part of the assets controlled entirely by the father. And so while Coranus follows the standards and earns a soldier's pay, he is courted by his own father, though he's already doddering. The son is promoted by the advancement which is his due and gets the rewards for his fine efforts. Without a doubt, it seems to be important to the general that a man who is brave should be the most

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<sup>59</sup> On Hadrian's enactments here, see Stramaglia 2008 ad 51.

successful, that all those who delight in medals and decorations...

The passage manages to undo and outdo both its Juvenalian parents. While the threat of *captatio* came from the outside in 12, here it comes from within (as in 14, but from the wrong direction – father hunts son!). We also see that the laws of generational continuity – immutable as gravity in 14 – here finally break down. It is no longer a case of keeping the outside at arm's length: this time, the son himself leaks out the door. The father has absolute control no more. His body of wealth (NB *corpus*) sheds its most vital component, the son. And when stripped of that, there is nothing left but a doddering old man. What's more, the wedge between father and son, the final crack in the traditional core of the Roman *domus*, is the emperor himself. The son is now on the ultimate *pater's* payroll, which means he can wriggle out of his biological father's pocket. We sense that at this rate – hanging on a tottering column, its key assets crumbling away – this *domus*, any *domus*, won't be standing much longer. Empire means bulldozers, with the emperor himself behind the wheel. Open house: everybody out! And take your satire with you.

### **Home is where the heart isn't**

Juvenal's later satires have proved rich cultures for thinking the grand tale of fusion and encroachment that is imperial space. Penned at a time when Rome's figurehead was largely absent from the capital, and when the borders of empire were becoming nightmarish to police even as the effort of policing was seriously stepped up, these poems are constantly put to work in defence and surrender of their own flimsy boundaries. We saw in 11 and 12 how the lockdown of the self, house and garden, was still possible against a backdrop of giddy circuitry. The overpowering connective forces threading through the empire got in and out of every house but Juvenal's; yet it was only a matter of time before the speaker's home was wrecked as well. Satire 15 sends the shockwaves of a disgusting crime on the edge of empire right back to Rome, such that Roman and Egyptian are now all subsumed under a universally bankrupt humanity (we are what we eat, and we sure do love Egyptian grain). Satire 16 shows how the violence rebounds in Rome. But this time Juvenal himself is caught in a neighbour's greedy maw

and paws, and there is nothing he can do about it. He looks on as funds and lands, the small house that satire built, dribble away; and the father of the kind of house the satirist was excluded from in 14 watches blankly as the son walks right out on his watch. No matter how many times Hadrian inks up the *pomerium*, empire (and satire) will cross the line indifferently – and there could be no better way to show this than the satirist’s own hallowed walls falling down around him.

Satire is a genre full of space. Rhetorical topoi jostle for slots in directionless pieces, which always plot questions such as: how much is enough? What are the limits? Who and what are outside? Who and what are inside? Juvenal’s late satire is an ideal test case for tracking two different forms of satire, which are divided, we might say, according to their investment in division itself.<sup>60</sup> Juvenal parades the victory of one over the other: a satire which flags under the mania of self-exclusion capitulates to one which relishes self-inclusion in the extreme. Empire means the dexterous mental geography to make position irrelevant: everyone touches everyone else, I contaminate you rub off on me. We’re going down, and we’re doing it together.

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<sup>60</sup> The issue of self-other proximity is bottomless in satire criticism: see for example Bogel 2001: 41-83, Garber 1984.

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