

## Classics of the Alcohol Literature

### A Specimen of the Sixteenth-Century German Drink Literature—Obsopocus' *Art of Drinking*

A HISTORY of inebriety as a mass phenomenon is as indispensable for the understanding of the etiology of inebriety as are complete and well conceived individual psychiatric case histories.\* There are numerous books which deal with drinking customs of the past, but there has been no attempt to trace the rises and recessions of excessive drinking in relation to the cultural history of a nation and to social, political and economic changes within it.

The writing of such a history is a task of great magnitude; of such magnitude, indeed, that one may question the justification of such an undertaking. Because of his special interest, the student of alcohol problems might attribute exaggerated significance to it and invest in labor entirely out of proportion to the possible gain. At least one historian, however, not interested in the alcohol problem *per se*, was of the opinion that the study of the uses of alcoholic beverages through the ages was one of the most promising methods of exploring cultural history in general. This idea was proposed by G. G. Gervinus in 1836.† Prolific as Gervinus was, he did not proceed with his plans.

In publishing the *Classics of the Alcohol Literature* in this JOURNAL the main object is to furnish source material and to smooth the path for the historical work. The editorial policy has been to provide, in the *Classics*, as large a variety as possible, but it is intended now to concentrate largely on the German drink literature and the tavern lore and law of the sixteenth century and, to a smaller extent, of earlier centuries. One of the pertinent major writings of the Reformation period, Sebastian Franck's *On the Horrible Vice of Drunkenness*, has been presented in these pages in brief excerpts.‡ As a second document

\*JELLINEK, E. M. *An outline of basic policies for a research program on problems of alcohol.* Quart. J. Stud. Alc. 3: 103-24, 1942.

†DORFEL, J. *Gervinus als historischer Denker.* Gotha, 1904.

‡A document of the Reformation period on inebriety: Sebastian Franck's "On the Horrible Vice of Drunkenness," etc. (Classics of the Alcohol Literature.) Quart. J. Stud. Alc. 2: 391-5, 1941. The reprinting of Franck's book (in English translation) is planned for a later date.

of that period the present issue contains Vincentius Obsopoeus'\* *Ars Bibendi*, which was first published in 1536.

The reason for concentrating in the *Classics* on sixteenth-century Germany is that this period constitutes one of the most significant phases in the history of inebriety. Beginning with the *De generibus ebriosorum* of anonymous authorship,† in 1516, and Schwarzenberg's attack on the custom of pledging health,‡ published in the same year, a practically monographic literature on drinking developed which flourished throughout the sixteenth century and declined in the first decade of the seventeenth century. This literature gives evidence of a fantastic excess hardly ever approached at any other time or by any other nation. It may be called Germany's era of guzzling, to use an English word which in the sixteenth century took on the meaning of drinking to excess.§ The wild drinking is the most dramatic expression of the unbridled pleasure seeking, the coarseness and savagery of a period of transition which also witnessed one of the greatest intellectual efforts of man, the Reformation.

Neither the gross inebriety nor the drink literature started abruptly in the sixteenth century, and there is evidence of increasingly greater incidence of uncontrolled drinking throughout the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The bacchantic excess in sixteenth-century Germany was only the climax of a development.

As to the literature, even before the sixteenth century, poets, scholars and priests occasionally raised their voices against the vice of drunkenness, but alcoholic excess was a minor topic within the frame of didactic poems or other writings which dealt with all follies and immoral behaviors. It was left to the sixteenth century to produce entire books devoted exclusively to the subject of drinking.

\*Other spellings are Obsopöus, Opsopeus and Opsopaeus.

†STRAUCH (*Zwei fliegende Blätter von Caspar Scheit*. Vjschr. Litgesch. 1: 64-98, 1888) believed that it originated in the humanistic circle of Erfurt, but HAUFFEN (*Die Trinklitteratur in Deutschland*. Vjschr. Litgesch. 2: 481-516, 1889, p. 492; hereafter cited as HAUFFEN, *Trinklitt.*) thought that Eobanus Hessus, professor at Erfurt University, if not the sole author, had at least a hand in the publication of this work.

‡Johann von Schwarzenberg's booklet of 1516 was entitled *Der Zutrinker und Prasser Gesetze, Ordnung und Instruction*. It was republished in 1534 under the title, *Ain Büchle wider das zuetrinken mit sunderen Vorreden, figuren und Reymen*.

§England, too, showed increasing inebriety in the sixteenth century, but nothing approaching the general drunkenness in Germany. Compare: *The observations of the Elizabethan writer Thomas Nash on drunkenness*. Quart. J. Stud. Alc. 4: 462-9, 1943.

As a general introduction to forthcoming "Classics" I shall enlarge somewhat on the two preceding paragraphs without pretense to anything but just the briefest sketch.

The Germans have been frequently accused in history of being drunkards and more than one outstanding German has admitted the justification of the reproach. The first and best known accusation, that by Tacitus, was probably not quite deserved. In the time of Tacitus the culture of the Germans was on a level which may be called semi-barbaric. In such cultures individual drunkenness is largely unknown. Drinking at that stage is usually a communal matter. Drinking bouts are for the whole tribe or for the clan. Outside of those more or less ceremonial bouts drinking hardly occurs. That the Romans thought of the Germans as drunkards was due mainly to their contempt of beer and to the fact that beer was imbibed in much larger quantities than wine. That the larger quantities may have been related to a much lower alcohol content of beer was not known to the Romans. Tacitus called beer a beverage from cereal, corrupted to the semblance of wine.\* Julian the Apostate spoke of beer with contempt; in one of his epigrams he exclaimed that it could not be Dionysos who made it. "You should be called Demetrios not Dionysos—or Bromos but not Bromios."† Bromios, the noisy one, was an epithet of Bacchus, but bromos means stench. This illustrates the Roman's contempt for the German national beverage which, although taken in large quantities, was not taken frequently, surely not daily, as its production was difficult and not organized and it could not be well preserved. Actually the more common family drink was honey mead.

Against wine there was first some resistance among Germans. Caesar said that they prohibited the importation of wine fearing that it would make the men effeminate.‡ Heyne was probably right in assuming that the reason for the prohibition was not the fear of softening the men but the fear that it might lead to selling a drunken man into slavery.§ At the end of the second century, however, wine began to be used by

\*" . . . potui humor ex hordeo aut frumento, in quendam similitudinem vini corruptus." TACITUS, *Germ.* 23.

†*L'empereur Julien, Oeuvres Complètes*, ed. J. BIDEZ. Paris, 1924; vol. 1, p. 216.

‡"Vinum ad se omnino importari non patiuntur, quod ea re ad laborem ferendum remollescere homines atque effeminari arbitrantur." CAESAR, *Bell. Gall.* 4.2.

§HEYNE, M. *Das deutsche Nahrungswesen von den ältesten geschichtlichen Zeiten bis zum 16. Jahrhundert*. Leipzig, 1901; p. 358.

the wealthy nobles, and in the later Middle Ages Ulm became an important wine market.\* With the development of the city and the village there came also a development of brewing technique, and beer became so common that the nobles eschewed it.

Distilled spirits played a small role until the end of the sixteenth century, although there is some evidence that now and then they were used as a beverage in some places in Germany during the fourteenth century. Particularly, some legislation of that century indicates that brandy was used in the "adulteration of wines."† Generally, however, the various brandies were used as medicines. There was quite a medical literature on the fabulous properties of "burnt water" or the "water of life."

By the ninth century wine had replaced beer and mead among the nobility, and wealthy merchants and peasants tended to imitate the nobles. Fischer‡ was in error, however, when he stated that beer had disappeared from Germany for centuries. Its use became restricted to certain classes and localities. Many writers on the subject of drinking have made the mistake of extending generalizations based on the habits of a given social class to the entire German nation. But the ideals of knightly life kept the use of wine, in the higher classes, at least, well within the limits of great moderation throughout the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. There may have been some drunkenness among the lower classes, but not conspicuously so. These centuries, while by no means without wars, were nevertheless periods of settled internal conditions. The foundations for this were laid by the unification of the German tribes under Charlemagne in the first decade of the ninth century. The universal acceptance of Christianity, after initial resistance, also became a source of solidarity. The feudalism of those centuries was paternalistic in the best sense of the word. The feudal lord lived up to his great social responsibility, and there was generally a feeling of security in all layers of German society. Life at the courts was on a high spiritual level and served as an admirable example. Religion was not merely "good form" but a true religious temperament prevailed. The influence of religious devotion was manifest in all phases of life.

\*FISCHER, H. *Deutsche Altertumskunde*. Leipzig, 1917.

†RAU, E. J. *Aerztliche Gutachten und Polizeiverordnungen im Mittelalter*. Leipzig Diss., 1914; p. 8.

‡*Op. cit.*

The amenities of the court were not compatible with coarse and drunken behavior. Women were always present at the gatherings and their presence determined the social forms. Wine played a part in the social life, but rather on a ceremonial level; through its symbolic value wine added to the grace of life rather than to disgrace it through excess. Women, too, partook in the cup, and the "night cap" was brought to the bedchamber of knights and ladies alike. No better understanding of this knightly culture can be obtained than through the reading of the autobiographic poem *Frouendienst* by Ulrich von Lichtenstein\* (died 1275 or 1276). Lichtenstein was a minor poet but his works are the richest source for the social history of his period. He was one of the last of the minnesingers and toward the end of his life he had to watch the deterioration of knightly life. He lamented that wine was taking the place of woman.†

The jealousies between the feudal lords and the prelates were the first signs of the unmaking of the settled conditions. This strife led to impairment of the royal power in the second quarter of the twelfth century. This process was curbed by Emperor Frederic Barbarossa (crowned 1152) but became pronounced again in the risings of 1191 under Henry VI. Although Rudolf of Hapsburg, between 1273 and 1291, was able to save the situation temporarily, the era of strife that culminated in the chaos of the sixteenth century was on its way.

The deterioration of the relations between the central power and the lords brought with it a loosening of the relations between the lords and the minor nobility. From gentle devotion to idealized woman the knights who used to break a lance in tournaments for nothing more than their ladies' ribbons turned to gambling and fighting for money prizes. Lord fought lord and the knights turned into highway robbers. The knight was no longer the protector of the weak but the scourge of the defenseless. Safety of life and property ceased. Insecurity, gloom, antagonism and stubbornness arose, and with them came a seeking of consolation in earthly pleasures. The harassed city dwellers took to the tavern. Drinking seemed to have been on the increase, for there came the warnings against drunkenness by the preacher Berthold von Regensburg between 1250 and 1272, followed by the warnings

\*ULRICH VON LICHTENSTEIN. *Frouendienst*, ed. R. BECHSTEIN. Leipzig, 1888.

†. . . "si hânt wî liep für wip." In *Der vrouwen buoch*, ed. K. LACHMANN. Leipzig, 1841; p. 635.

of Hugo von Trimberg between 1300 and 1313. But also defenses of drinking were voiced. Two writings of the second half of the thirteenth century, the *Weinschwelg* and the *Wiener Meerfahrt*, are descriptions of tavern scenes and drinking bouts which extol the pleasures of drinking. These writings may represent the stubborn self-assertion of the city dweller against the knightly clans.

Drunkenness spread also among the nobility; among the lesser knights first, and later among the lords. The knightly ideals did not vanish at one stroke. At some princely courts the old mode of life was maintained and there were attempts to restore it to full bloom up to the times of Emperor Maximilian (1459-1519), "the last of the knights." The end of the thirteenth century was the beginning of a transition, and in all such processes the old and the new exist for a considerable time side by side. It was a transition from an ideate culture to a sensate pattern of living. The knightly culture, while symbolized by the idealization of woman, was not an effeminate culture. The knight was very much of a man; so much of a man, indeed, that he did not have to emphasize his manliness. But when he was deprived of the security of his prestige, the knight had to compensate by becoming a "he man." Ruthlessness, recklessness, force, became the earmarks of virility, and drinking prowess attained the significance of manly prestige. At the same time, unavoidably, intoxication served also to mitigate the pains of frustration and to restore at least in an illusion those privileges which were irretrievably lost. Drunkenness, however, was still not a problem of national magnitude.

The disruption of German society which came about in these struggles was enhanced by the great plague of 1349. Authority became looser. The "great dying," in which everyone was thinking of himself, weakened respect for privileges among the lower classes on the one hand, and on the other hand increased the urge of the nobles to maintain their dominance. A virulent competition developed between the nobles and the city dwellers, the city dwellers and the peasants, and the nobles and the peasants. Nor could the nobles forget their differences with the princes of the church and with the royal power. The struggle for supremacy was general. The devastations of the plague and the struggles of the social classes brought with them also a fear that the end of the world was near, and an urge to grab all earthly goods and pleasures that one could lay hands on. There was wild

spending. Luxury and pomp were sought in all spheres of living soon after the middle of the fourteenth century. The luxury and the indecency of dress that began to develop at the same time are reflected in local laws regulating the expenditure on clothing. These laws became more stringent in the fifteenth century.\* Gluttonous feasts and excessive drinking were part of this striving for pleasure.

The possession of elaborate clothing and luxurious ways of living were means by which people expressed the opinion that their alleged superiors were no better than they. By 1494 Sebastian Brant could write that the merchant wanted to be a knight, the knight a baron, the count a prince; and that the peasants were clothed in silk and wore golden chains.† None of these social groups would be outdone by the others in drinking, either. In the fifteenth century drunkenness had reached considerable proportions and had become definitely a characteristic element of the cultural pattern. Brant described the drinking conditions of his century in a powerful satire.‡

Ugly as these struggles and their social repercussions may have been, they were only manifestations of a period which was groping its way toward new ideals. It is a curse that such striving is probably always accompanied by the crudest and bloodiest activities of man. The true character of the transition is seen in the religious upheavals of the period. The Hussite uprising of 1410 was the first powerful chord in this symphony of religion. The religious strife came to a crisis under the reign of Charles V. The Reformation could not but evoke resistance and in its turn offer counterpressure. Out of the gigantic spiritual effort arose more political and social struggle. The bitter peasant wars beginning in 1522 and the hysterical outbreak of the Anabaptists were outgrowths of this period of contrasts.

Hand in hand with the political and social chaos which surrounded the Reformation went a brutalizing of manners and of self-express-

\*SCHNEEGANS, L. *Die Kurze schandbare Tracht des fünfzehnten Jahrhunderts zu Strassburg und im Elsass*. Z. dtsh. Kulturgesch., pp. 359-84, 1857.

†"Der vor ein burger, kouffman was, | Will edel sin und ritter gnass, | Der edelman gert sin ein fri, | Der groff, dass er gefürstet si, | Der fürst die kron des künigs gert, | Vil werden ritter, die kein schwert | Dunt bruchen fur gerechtigkeit. | Die buren Tragen siden kleit | Und gulden ketten an dem lib." SEBASTIAN BRANT. *Das Narrenschiff*. Basel, 1494; ch. 82, lines 32-40. (Quoted from F. ROBERTAG's ed., Berlin and Stuttgart, n.d.)

‡*Op. cit.*, ch. 17.

sion. Torn between old and new loyalties, moved by insights and doubts, driven by the insecurity of livelihood and unable to see the way out of all the groping, wavering between hope and despair, more and more men and women abandoned themselves to the anesthesia of alcoholic intoxication. In Schertlin's *Die vol Bruderschaft* of 1543 Bacchus says that priests, pretty maidens, knights, scholars, physicians and the common man all recognize him as their god.\* Drinking had become bacchantic, even savage. Drinkers picked drinking vessels up with their teeth, or they balanced a glass on their forehead, letting the wine trickle down over their nose into their mouth. It was a matter of pride to be able to perform such tricks and to outdo each other in using buckets, riding boots and kettles as drinking vessels. German drunkenness became proverbial. Scheit, in the dedication of his translation of Dedekind's *Grobianus*, said: "*Porco tedesco, inebriaco, Aleman yvronge*, and other pretty titles have been acquired by us."† Luther severally alluded to the bad reputation of the Germans as drunkards.

The worst of all customs which made for drunkenness was the pledging of health, which was practically compulsory. It was all but unthinkable to refuse the cup when the toasts made their endless rounds. Refusal would lead to gross insult and even bodily injury. Men of low alcohol tolerance sometimes declined to accept an invitation to a princely court unless they were given a document exempting them from the obligations of pledging the health. This abuse took on such proportions that in some principalities, at least, statutes were enacted against it. The laws of the sixteenth century generally give evidence of the extent of drunkenness. Until then the laws were largely limited to price, quality and good measure.‡ There were also the interesting licensing laws which restricted some taverns to the service of knights, others to the service of certain guilds, etc. The social significance of this discriminative licensing merits further attention. There seemed to have been some desire of groups not to be observed

\*"Der geistliche Hauf veracht mich nit, | Die schönen Fräulein auch damit, | Der Adel hoch und nieder Stands, | Mein Register ist noch nit ganz, | Die Hochgelerten all mit Macht, | Doctores, Magistri und auch | Studenten, Schreiber, der gemein Mann, | Nehmen mich all zu ihrem Gott an . . ."

†Quoted by JANSSEN, J. *Geschichte des deutschen Volkes*. Freiburg, 1888; vol. 6, p. 400.

‡MÜLLER, J. *Ueber Trinkstuben*. Z. dtsch. Kulturgesch., pp. 239-66, 619-42, 777-805, 1857.



in their drinking behavior by other groups.\* A similar tendency may have existed also in some Greek societies where wine was served by youths of free birth, and slaves were not present at the symposia.†

The laws of the sixteenth century were expressis verbis against drunkenness. Some of them show that drunkenness was common among women.‡ But the greatest evidence is the blooming of the drink literature in the sixteenth century. There were overt as well as covert defenders of unlimited drinking, and some who have kept their readers guessing for the past four and a half centuries. There were protagonists of moderation of all hues and shades who used a variety of techniques for imparting their views, and there were the "thunderers." But even the latter stopped short of prohibition, or of advocating total abstinence. It was incompatible with theological ideas to demand total abstinence, for that would have implied a censure of one of God's creations, as which wine was regarded. Such was the standpoint of the early Christian church and there was no departure from this attitude in the sixteenth-century Reformation. The early church regarded sects which condemned wine *per se*, e.g., the Gnostics, as heretics.§ The churches of the Reformation branded as heretics the Anabaptists who eschewed wine. Getting drunk was the best way to refute the accusation of being an Anabaptist.|| Little wonder, thus, that a religious writer such as Sebastian Franck, vehemently opposed as he was to drunkenness, should have said that a little drinking is healthy and that flowers are not poison because of the poison spiders make out of them.|| And Jörg Wickram's warning not to talk with contempt of wine which God himself had made,\*\* is typical of the practically obligatory statement in the drink literature.

\*MÜLLER, J. *Op. cit.*

†KIRCHER, K. *Die sakrale Bedeutung des Weines im Altertum*. Giessen, 1910; pp. 55-6.

‡MÜLLER, J. *Zur Sittengeschichte der Pfalzgrafen*. Z. dtsh. Kulturgesch., p. 537, 1858.

§RAYMOND, I. W. *The Teaching of the Early Church on the Use of Wine and Strong Drink*. Columbia Univ. Press, 1927.

||BAINTON, ROLAND H. [Unpublished ms.]

||A document of the Reformation period. *Quart. J. Stud. Alc.* 2: 395, 1941.

\*\*" . . . Bruder, biss mit rhu! | Den wein nit also gar veracht, | Dieweil in gott selb hat gemacht." (*Ein schöner und nützlicher Dialogus in welchem angezogen wirt das mechtig hauptlaster der trunkenheit*; lines 226-228.) *Georg Wickram's Werke*, ed. J. BOLTE. Tübingen, 1903; vol. 4, p. 105.

Franck came as near to being a teetotaler as any of his contemporaries. He had tolerance only for a practically medicinal use of wine. While Franck had a strict standard for the use of wine, he did not negate the justification of pleasure. Mattheus Friedrich (1551) and Georg Nigrinus (1559), however, displayed an ascetic attitude toward all forms of pleasure, and Moys von Assmannshausen approached that attitude.

Hans Sachs, the wise Meistersinger, may be regarded as a true moderationist. In one of his dialogues on drunkenness, in the year 1536, Bacchus and Neptune each claims greater virtues and reviles the other's vices. Jupiter resolves the debate by pronouncing that within limits each has his utility, but beyond these limits both bode evil.\*

Obsopoeus (1536), whose work is reproduced in this issue, called himself a moderationist but, actually, he was an exuberant drinker who thought that one could stay just this side of the borderline. Of the same ilk was his translator Gregorius Wickram† (1537), and Leonhard Schertlin who, inspired by the *Ars Bibendi* of Obsopoeus, wrote his *Künstlich Trinken* in 1538. Schertlin went farther than Obsopoeus, for at the end of his work, in which a moderationist and a toper try to convince each other, the defender of moderation acknowledges defeat and becomes the servant of Bacchus.‡ That he closed his work with moral warnings is not in conflict with this view. Such warnings on the part of the protagonists of unlimited drinking were just as obligatory as the theological reservations were for the extreme antagonists. Furthermore, even the inebriate recognizes the dangers of excessive drinking and may wish to guard himself and others against these dangers.

Of some of the sixteenth-century writers it is difficult to say on which side of the fence they stood. Many of them used the "disputation" between "wets" and "drys" as a vehicle for conveying their own views. All too frequently arguments of the "wets" had the edge over those of the "drys." At least it would seem that the writers put more

\*Hans Sachs, ed. A. VON KELLER. Stuttgart, 1874; vol. 4, pp. 247-54.

†Gregorius Wickram (also Wickgram) was a second cousin of Jörg Wickram whose *Dialogus* is mentioned above. Gervinus thought that the two Wickrams were one and the same person (*Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung*. Leipzig, 1853; 5th ed., vol. 3, p. 167) but this assumption has not been accepted by others.

‡Re Schertlin see HAUFFEN, *Trinklitt.*, p. 497.

animus into the answers of the "wets." Thus in Jörg Wickram's *Dialogus* which, in a dream, takes place between Wickram himself and a hermit, the latter says that in Adam's time there was no wine and the earth was peaceful, but as soon as the world began using wine murder and all other evils arose. Wickram laughs and asks, If Adam and his children did not taste wine, how did it come about that Cain killed Abel?\*

One is often at a loss to decide whether the semblance of greater conviction in the wet argument is fortuitous or intentional. It is safe, however, to interpret this as a manifestation of strong ambivalence. There were, however, writers who left no doubt about their dry or moderate stand by making the arguments of the wets sound silly. Thus Gerardus Bugoldianus lets the exponent of drunkenness say that the evil doings of drunkards should not be blamed on inebriety, for how much evil is perpetrated by sober people, yet sobriety is not held responsible for the crimes!†

More confusing are the satirical praises of drinking. The form of the *encomium* became most popular after the appearance of the *Praise of Folly* by Erasmus Rotterdamus. In 1519, Christoph Hegendorfer published his *Encomium Ebrietatis* in which wine was praised as the source of joy and the banisher of sorrow. This encomium did not give the impression of satire, but a year later he published his *Encomium Sobrietatis*. The *Apologia Bacchi* of the Frenchman Andreas Arnaudus is, to say the least, a most disingenuous piece of writing. With few exceptions the encomia remind one of the man of whom it was said: "He lied so that one could not even believe the opposite." How confusing these satirical praises were can be seen by comparing the interpretations of the *Weinschwelg* (thirteenth century) by Gervinus and Hauffen.‡

Even the most sincere satirical praises had an effect contrary to the intentions of their writers. Hauffen as well as others believed that the

\*"Bald ich die wort vom bruder hoer, | thet ich von hertzen lachen sehr | und sagt:  
'Gut bruder, du irst dich. | Dann du erst hast berichtet mich, | Adam der hab nie  
truncken wein, | Darzu alle die kinder sein. | Wie kam dann Caim in unfug, | Das er  
Abel sein bruder schlug, | Dieweil er doch nit truncken wass?' "—GEORG WICKRAM.  
*Op. cit.* (lines 165–173), p. 103.

†Quoted by HAUFFEN, A. *Zur Litteratur der ironischen Enkomien*. Vjschr. Lit-  
gesch. 6: 161–85, 1893; p. 176. (Cited hereafter as HAUFFEN, *Enkomien*.)

‡GERVINUS. *Op. cit.*, vol. 3, p. 317; and HAUFFEN, *Trinklitt.*, p. 486.

form of satirical praise was chosen because thundering attacks caused antagonism. But from the observations of a contemporary it appears that the choice was not a felicitous one. The preacher Beinhaus, who lived in the second half of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century, said that the detailed descriptions of "this greatest German vice" served rather as entertainment of toppers than as discouraging examples. When guzzling men and women, young and old, came together they would say, "Don't you have one of these new pamphlets on guzzling?" Toppers seemed to gloat over these writings.\*

Much more unequivocal are the writings which were clad in the form of statutes or the by-laws of an order of knights; thus, Hieronymus Bock's *Der vollen brüder orden* of 1545, in which the "Fool" receives drinkers into Bacchus' guild and shows them the mirror image of their behavior. A similar work is Caspar Scheit's (also spelled Scheid and Scheidt) *Volle Bruderschaft* of the late 1540's.† The work of von Schwarzenberg, referred to previously, also belongs in this group. But it took Johann Fischart's genius to make this form of attack truly effective through grotesque pomposity and a perfect control over the language of satire.‡

Nearly every writing of this period on drinking took a stand against the compulsion to pledge health in countless goblets. In this even some guzzling authors were sincere. Some of the writings were specifically devoted to this one aspect of excessive drinking, e.g., the anonymous *Vom Zutrincken, Neun laster unnd missbrauch*, 1523.

A most common subject in the drink literature is the metamorphosis of drinkers into animals. This is an interesting feature which will be dealt with in detail in one of the forthcoming *Classics*. The exploitation of passages from the Bible in favor or disfavor of drinking is likewise a common trait of these sixteenth-century writings. But the descriptions of the tippling habits and the controversy between wets and dries are the truly important features of this literature.

With one exception§ all the writings refer to winedrinking. In view

\*Quoted by JANSSEN, J. *Geschichte des deutschen Volkes*. Freiburg, 1888; vol. 6, p. 399.

†HAUFFEN, *Trinklitt.*, pp. 497-8.

‡Reference is made here to Fischart's *Litany of Drunkards* contained in his *Gargantua* of 1575.

§Abraham Werner's *Oratio de confectione eius potus qui . . . cerevisia vocatur*. See HAUFFEN, *Enkomien*, p. 176.

of what has been seen about the history of alcoholic beverages in Germany, this does not seem strange. While some inebriety may have occurred among those who could not afford anything else but beer, the sixteenth-century alcoholics were the wine-drinkers, as the drinkers of distilled spirits are largely the alcoholics of present times.

Among these writings the *Ars Bibendi* of Obsopoeus occupies a unique place, not so much as a valuable historical document of the period, nor as a literary production, but rather because of the character of this poem. Here is a work which, without beating around the bush, takes a stand for what its author believes to be virile but not harmful drinking. Little is known of this lustily drinking author. His birthdate is not known, and the date of his death is uncertain, although some believe that he died in 1549. It is known that the two Wickrams, referred to above, were his cousins, and that he was a friend of the wealthy Pirkheimer, but no documents speak of a wife or children. He was a philologist who translated many Greek authors into Latin, and in 1548 he became the head of the "Gymnasium" in Ansbach.

The *Ars Bibendi*, which was first published in 1536 and translated into German in 1537, seems to have enjoyed some popularity, as it was reprinted severally, even in the early seventeenth century. Obsopoeus undertook a task as hopeful as the quest for the fountain of youth. He gave what he thought to be the means to drink all a man could want without becoming an habitual inebriate. That he thought of himself as a moderationist is understandable, but it is curious that historians of literature refer to him as an exponent of moderation.

What Obsopoeus meant by "art" of drinking is to avoid becoming a sot. In the first book of the *Ars Bibendi* the author promises: "I will give you fixed bonds for drinking so that mind and feet may perform their duty." What these bonds are, remained rather vague. The nearest he came to any rule is: "Don't get intoxicated or do so to the extent that drives away your cares. The amount that lies between these limits is harmful." Occasional gross intoxication did not seem to him to be dangerous: "Let a fault which occurs rarely be excusable. I revile daily intoxication."

The most important measure for achieving this goal seems to have been, in the view of our lusty philologist, to avoid situations in which a man may be forced to drink beyond his limits. In order to avoid such

situations Obsopoeus advised that scholars should drink with scholars, merchants with merchants, carpenters with carpenters. This is reminiscent of the class discrimination in early tavern licensing. It would appear that less forcing occurred when there was no occasion for maintaining class or occupational prestige in terms of drinking prowess.

There is also a warning to keep away from gambling while drinking. The gambling situation seemed to the author a source of danger, perhaps because recourse might be taken to more drinking in order to tolerate losses better or in order to get up more courage for the risks of the game.

In choosing his company the drinker should not only seek men of similar educational and social level, but should avoid men of certain personality types. Obsopoeus seems to have sensed one type of alcohol addict, the type sometimes referred to nowadays as the "conflict drinker." He warned against the "difficult" man with abrupt manners. "They are not suited to joy or to pleasant feasts. They are gloomy, untamed people without love. . . ."

There are many references to the pledging of health. He did not think that one should avoid it entirely. "Be an agreeable pledger of healths, and in turn return again the cups to another toaster." How this can be reconciled with "Drink what is sufficient, a limit must always be set," he did not say.

In the second book Obsopoeus dwells largely on descriptions of the evils of excess. There are many passages which are illustrative of the mores of his times and the study of that book is well worth the reader's time.

In the third book there is more advice on how to keep within reasonable limits and how to avoid intoxication. The drinker should eat well before drinking, he should eat bitter almonds, radishes, wild cabbage and chives. He returns again to pledging the health and forced drinking and he is not averse to cheating. "To cheat cheaters is usually no shame." "Bribe the servant to mix yours freely with water."

It would not seem that Obsopoeus found the answer to the quest of the alcoholic, namely, to drink as much as he wishes without harm. Nothing is known of the death of Obsopoeus, but it would not be surprising to find that he died of chronic alcoholism. The good Landgrave Moriz of Hessen, a patron of an Order of Temperance which

limited drinking to seven beakers of wine with each meal, died of chronic alcoholism in spite of his "great moderation."\*

The following English prose translation of Obsopoeus' Latin distichs is the work of Miss Helen F. Simpson. This first translation was prepared for the QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF STUDIES ON ALCOHOL from the 1582 edition of the *Ars Bibendi*. The first edition was not accessible to us.

E. M. JELLINEK

\*MÜLLER, J. *Zur Sittengeschichte der Pfalzgrafen*. Z. dtsh. Kulturgesch., p. 536, 1858.

DE ARTE  
BIBENDI LI-  
BRI TRES, AVTORE

*Vincentio Obsopæo  
Germano.*

Quibus adiunximus

DE ARTE IO-  
CANDI LIBROS QVATVOR,  
Matthæi Delij Hamburgensis, cum  
luculenta in eisdem Præ-  
fatione.

**D. SEBASTIANI HAMAVRGI**  
*apud Fontes salutare Frumentato-  
ris, Hexastichon.*

Naso quidem pulchrè leges præscribit amandi,  
Vt certa insanus cùrreret arte furor.  
Pulchrius at multò tradit Vincentius artem  
Potandi, quo sit certus vbiq; modus.  
Vt sit amare nephas, tamen est potare voluptas,  
Ex qua virtutem, regula iuncta facit.

*Cum Privileg. Imper.*

Frankoforti ad Mœnum. 1582.



# The Art of Drinking

THREE BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR

VINCENTIUS OBSOPOEUS THE GERMAN

*Translated from the Latin by*

Helen F. Simpson

## BOOK I

If any of you in this city are ignorant of the art of drinking, read me, and drink more wisely for this garnered skill. The Colossi were raised to the stars by the skill of Hercules, the endurer of toil. The sailor runs through resounding billows by his skill. The Cretan, Daedalus, flew by means of his presumptuous skill: There is no task which skill does not conquer. And we must cultivate Bacchus with skill in order not to drink the pleasant wine crudely at feasts. Unless Bacchus is worshiped with particular skill, as is proper, the worshipper will see the god angered. For he is as unappeasable as he is naturally peaceful, when he is approached unworthily, his divine power scorned. Wine is harmful to the drinker, if you drink uninstructed, but a good, if wisely you drink the sweet wine. To succeed, therefore, a tested "Art of Drinking" is necessary. You who desire this, learn from my text! The weight of experience gives this warning: Obey the skilled teacher. This is no mistaken effort arising from vain knowledge; this "Art" produced with a good deal of sweat for the thirsty school I present to you, O youth, unchanged. O Bacchus the father of seers, Bacchus most sweet of the gods, move my heart with nectared wine. I don't seek to crown the head of the inspired poet with wreaths of mingled ivy and laurel. Such rewards those grandiloquent poets assume who sing fierce wars in exalted poetry. Rather, ring my temples with twined vine shoots, for bacchic wreaths become the poet of Bacchus. Cause a fortunate vintage to foam from my full lips: Fill up a jug as large as you please with grapes. May the begetting joys of the vine provide such a large harvest that the very pruner of the vines is amazed at his own crops. My breast does not swell as I write more greatly with Pierian ardor than if you will give me new wine. I don't violently demand Castalian waves. I don't thirst excessively for the waters of Aonia. Wash my dry gullet with dew flowing from the vine if, father, you wish your mysteries to be extolled in song. My spirit doesn't burn at all to write of a crowd of gluttons, who wickedly squander your riches night and day. I sing of the lawful banquet and permissible drinking. There'll be no bibulous glutton in my song. I don't unseemly dine in frequent drunkenness with disreputable people of a type thoroughly hateful to you, who are not ashamed of their behavior, their faces, or breaths, who pass all bounds in their drinking, who take thought for nothing, who despise all honesty.

These I banish forthwith from my "Art." I don't really consider them men, but dirty pigs, or whatever can be dirtier than a pig. My songs speak to those whom the standards of morality affect, whom honor leads and good repute influences, with whom modest matrons will dare to drink, and girls of chaste, not ruined, modesty. And, to prevent a long beginning from overpowering a short book, here my horse starts from the first barrier.

First, to be sure, we drink with tripled moderation and wisdom, whether a solitary cup in our own home or we associate with some drinking companions and go out someplace or other or if, a happy crowd at a public banquet, we drink pure wine with the assembling people. We are often invited by acquaintances, often also by friends, and often we invite others to the joys of our own betrothal. How we may drink the wine proffered at these feasts will be the threefold subject of this song. Now, let whoever wishes to use wine pleasantly and desires to live delightfully, live at home. A friendly house is imagined, the best of homes: nowhere can you live with more convenience and freedom. Particularly if you have a beloved wife lying with you lawfully on the nuptial bed. Perform the rites to gentle Bacchus\* at home, in her presence. She alone will be sweet sufficiency of companionship. What comrades can you prefer to a loyal wife? What brothers do you wish to place before her? A wife is truer than comrades; she is more loyal than a brother, and, as a fair bride she surpassed the promise of her mother. Trustworthiness in friends is uncommon; a wife is always most faithful. To her bosom you will dare to confide anything. She is distressed and eaten with your gnawing cares. She sustains the whole home by her efforts. She has worries equal to yours; she meets the flames in your heart with like love. She serves you, her lord and husband, eagerly. She keeps and cherishes you with her heart, mind, and bosom. She cheers you when sad; she soothes you when depressed with sorrow. She is always an equal partner in your work. She delights you with the chaste gifts of Venus; she makes you the happy father of frequent new offspring. You will dare anything at home: *you* are the master of the house. No one whom you could hurt drinks with you. By your side, only your wife, who now is accustomed to suiting herself to your manners, enjoys the sweetness of pure wine with you. She knows your ways and is expert at putting up with you. She is obedient to your word and well taught. You will gain with greater complaisance the utter love of your wife if she drinks the household wine with you. You will receive greater pleasure from one ladle at home than if you drained full jugs elsewhere. In this way she will not feel herself a cheap Chara to her husband, but that she is deeply loved by you. And she won't suppose that you enjoy a pleasant life alone while she thirsts by herself at home before an empty hearth. You can rejoice from the heart; you can laugh freely; you may say wholly whatever's on your tongue. Drinking at home in this way you'll avoid not a little bitterness which you must endure if you drink outside your own doors—hidden malicious attacks, facetious words, sarcasm awry, the frequent jeers of an evil tongue, mocking grimaces, the lifted nose, giggles, and the trifling jests of a scurrilous garrulity, besides unseemly brawls with disgraceful struggles which often arise for a petty cause. Come, tell me, aren't you sorry

\*Lyaeus, the Deliverer.

that you went daily to a stranger's wine, that you have deserted your own home? Or that you endured the bitter-tongued quarrelers and other occurrences not truly worthy of a gentleman? The tranquil home prevents worse things than these which often assail in an incessant whirlwind the man who drinks elsewhere. No one will be eager to hunt down your words with hostile ears, to spread them abroad to the greedy. This often happens when there rashly falls from your mouth in public a speech which will return to the throat that produced it.

My Muse has already narrated in a short poem the gifts harmless wine and a pleasant household may give you. But who can realize all the advantages of a home—in which peace and love reign, and deep tranquillity? There can be no better or safer retreat for a man whom the invisible storm hurries with its swollen winds. The man whose estate's roof smiles on him as he drinks has no need of the skill which I teach. I haven't decided to make rule or pattern for his drinking, whose right it is to live after his own fashion. His cups by no means come under our laws, but let him drink when he will, at his own pleasure. And may the master and ruler of the home under his sovereignty use the logic of his own life. Yet he should beware of his mouth becoming too insolent and of talking more freely than is proper, uttering things which are a cause of offense to young ears—or that which will be a source of harm to you if the maid betrays it. For you have as many enemies as you have servants, and the loyalty of servants and enemies is equally weak. They repeat anything heard once as soon as they leave the house of their ill-used former master. To avoid such dangers, take care that you are zealous to be more sparing of your tongue or that the honesty and loyalty of your servants are well known to you through many indications. For we often pour forth with secure mouth many words at home when a slippery tongue swims in a drunken mouth which when made public produce contention, law suits, disgrace, hatred, quarrels, war, and threats. To withstand these you must always drink decorously, and consume wine in moderation at home. Anyone who is usually moderate in his own house, will easily be so in public. Particularly must a master, a father, zealously set rules of character for his own household. For it is equally proper to remember dignity at home and abroad, and a sober life is becoming in one's own home and out of it. Let these brief words of our rule be for the married who enjoy a drink quietly apart from clamor. If these precepts are followed in no trifling spirit, I don't doubt at all that they will drink more wisely for my "Art."

Come, Bacchus, with pure wine to drive on the hurrying poet. You can never have a braver spur than this. And, although I don't run slowly of myself, still, if you are wise, give that added prick to the runner. You inspire me; you give strength to my songs; you move cold hearts with heavenly warmth. You, better than the Muses, greater than Apollo, I know that you alone are the father of wise poets.

Now new aspects, new occasions for drinking arise, you see I have need of fresh strength. For one may wish to go abroad: it is pleasing to leave one's own roof and to taste cups lifted elsewhere. One delights in having invited charming companions when one goes out. A crowd of comrades has a great deal of joy. To be sure, a home may be always friendly, always best, but by no means every-

one has a friendly wife at home. There are those to whom their wives at home are peevish and quarrelsome as that Xanthippe was to Socrates. It is milder by far to live with a black devil than always to endure such a beast. Let the slow tortoise always live in its own halls, and the old woman mutter before the burning hearth. It is unbecoming for men worthy the world to be the watchmen of their houses, to be the equals of the common shellfish. And who can undergo constant toil? Who can always be intent on exertion? The cares and sorrows of the mind must be lightened. Solace must be sought with an easy mind. The body's wearied limbs also must be warmed. The holidays must be celebrated with their own vintage. It is no shame for you, Tibullus, to be drunk on a festive day—it would be no shame for me to be drunk on a holiday. Besides, the man who, having shut out everyone, lurks continually in his home, forgets the duties of human life and gradually becomes brutish, sluggish, peevish. He seems silly. He is stunned by the sight of light. He shuns the feasts of men; he flees despised, keeping this sole expression ever in his remembering mouth—"I am pleased by no one; no one is a dear friend to me. Life is sweet to me only with no one." You who wish therefore to leave your house and drink with me, to consume the blithe day with joyful expressions and to follow good wine and affable feasts, despising the custom of the misanthrope Timon, I think it of utmost importance that you are about to worship Bacchus by drinking wine with whom you wish. Seek whom you wish to be your drinking companions, to be your comrades, then those who are graced with particular characteristics. For truly it is clear that everyone is by no means suited to everyone else unless they are equals in intellect, character, and craft. Harmony is scarce among the unlike. It withdraws from the unequal throng at a crowded club. Let the sailor drink with sailors; the soldier with a soldier. Let the man who is skilled in pasturing sheep drink with the shepherd. Let the doctor drink with the doctor; the husbandman with the tiller of country fields. Let the lazy cobbler tend his cups with a shoemaker, a monk with a monk. Let Polynctor spurt wine with the corpsebearer, the fawning harlot with the prostitute. Let a reader pledge a reader's health, the writer pledge health to a writer, the glutton to the glutton, the muleteer to the driver of mules. Let coachman associate with coachman. Let the slave seek his companion Syrus in servile circumstances. Finally, let each man look for and join an equal tippler who will be suited to himself and his manners. Companions like and equal by nature in occupation, character, skill, and circumstances ally with no difficulty at all. Be provident, however, so as not to be deceived in your choice. Often those resembling you are not sufficiently similar. For a resemblance in a friend does not always please a man if his friend is dissimilar in character.

If you would err less on this point it is proper to listen to the teacher, and lay up my advice in a calm mind. Choose agreeable comrades with unspoiled minds, merry, companionable, upright with dignity, serious with piety, and loving religious ceremony, whom yet no empty superstition clutches. Choose those who are moderate in expression, modest in word and deed, whom wise Minerva cherishes in her chaste bosom, whom the Muses and the Graces, the Cyllenian Mercury, the fierce and bowed Delian Apollo adorn each with his own gift:

with the merit of eloquence, with the lyre, and soft songs, with obliging spirits, pleasant talents, wide education, frankness, modesty, wit, with an easy approach, good esteem, love, and loyalty. Choose those who are learned in the Greek\* tongue, skilled in the Latin, who combine modern knowledge with that of antiquity, whom virtue leads, love of honor touches, and no vicious desire entices to vice, whose worth and loyalty, often put to test, have already been for a long time apparent through many indications. Such men will never force you to drink. These companions will never lead you into drunkenness, but will more earnestly furnish you with many examples of excellent worth to be followed with temperance. When you are habitually temperate you will beware of depraved society if you are eager to introduce yourself to good men. With these men you will consider that you are entering a happy banquet. Try to settle in a home neighboring theirs. Truly, you learn good from the good; you hasten to corrupt your mind if you cultivate an evil friendship. Therefore live with the good! You will bear witness in time that I have taken good care of my pupils. For you will commonly be thought such as those in whose company you raise your cup. The public's opinion of you arises from your friends. A good reputation dies in bad company. Associate therefore with serious men, associate with the modest if you love the reputation of bright excellence. In this way you'll have no need of any other art of drinking than to guide yourself by the measure of your integrity. Indeed, if you can ally the powerful with yourself, be eager as far as you can to associate with leading men. They will be models for you of smooth affability of manner and easy symmetry in your life. With compliance and reverence, then bowing with expressed respect, fasten yourself on whatever name you can. Drinking often with these men you bind to yourself fast friends who can be of aid to a man overwhelmed with serious affairs. You may seek the high summits of important things as you are meeting with fortune, with preferment through them. Pursue by preference those comrades who can be of use to you, from whom repute and advantage will accrue to you. The man who thinks the grape must be worshiped with anyone he pleases is not stirred greatly by the general opinion of men concerning himself. No published praise of his life pours forth, but his buried life lies hidden in a murky place. His word is not esteemed; his name slides off without weight. He does not shine in public; his charm is not known to the worthy. He is vile who celebrates the rites of Bacchus with the base. How can a cheap slave assist you? You will be famous among the renowned; you will be thought great if you live among the great. Therefore try to be more circumspect.

Avoid, first, all who are difficult, who have abrupt manners. They carry iron hearts in their breasts; they are not born of human stock but whelped by a tiger, these people whom the savage lioness nourished with her own milk. They are void of human sensations; they despise everything. Bitterness inhabits their hard hearts. They are not suited to joy or to pleasant feasts. They are gloomy, untamed people, without love, who, gnawing their mad hearts with quiet irritation, bark words at everything like dangerous dogs. Who now, please, can

\*The Greek tongue is here referred to as Cecropian, after Cecrops the founder of the Citadel of Athens.

satisfy him whom nothing satisfies, who approves no action unless performed by himself alone? Don't admit such to the springs of Bacchus whenever you want to live with an unnumbered brow. And beware and flee from quarrelsome comrades. They have no better nature than the first. Discordant dissensions with bloody fights delight them, and wars hostile to the peace of others. This clan is more suited for following the camp of Mars and waging dread battles with a bold hand than for disordering the happy banquets of modest Bacchus with their accusations and quarrels. This race is always uncultured, always savage with its weapons. Its wild life lacks all proportion.

To these add haughty Thrasos\* with proud spirits, a race profane, detested by all, noisy and garrulous. Nothing anywhere can be more vainglorious, nothing on earth more meaningless than this tribe. A ridiculous love of self blinds and prevents them from ever being able at all to know themselves truly. The cups of Thrasos are bitter at a banquet though wine flows like liquid nectar. Their bragging is their ruin; it gives rise to many annoyances; it brings great boredom with them. They mock anyone. They know how to yield to no one. They despise the learned; they despise the good. And although they shine neither in excellence of character nor with the refinement of any skill, but are crude in every way, still these good critics of too little worth wish to be distinguished in every field. A story is related; they are seers and poets. A song is sung; they surpass Hermogenes with their voices. There is some conversation about battles; then let Achilles be invincible—Thraso tells of combats never seen. The arts are praised; he will praise the arts and produce some verses and songs himself. Finally, whatever subject is mentioned, Thraso has there a subject for prattling.

In particular I order you to avoid most as comrades those who resign the infamous hood and escape, abandon their cells. This whole newly begun race is black. They can lay aside the blackness of their clothing but the darkness of their disposition can in no way be taken off. They surpass the dusky crows in blackness of soul. They surpass, believe me, black pitch in darkness. A usual hypocrisy attends them, and the monsters which the lying monk has long cherished. They are a race cunning in flattery, well versed in deceit, experienced in deceiving the intelligent, experienced in deceiving the untaught. They creep into every breast with cunning and flattery. They sincerely love and respect nothing. And who will give us worse busybodies? I think that under this name alone one ought to beware of these monsters. Still, I haven't wished to reprimand everyone by these verses. Good men have abandoned even these nests. There are those who, nourished on the bosom of Athene with her milk, excel in scholarship and have strength of character. But they're rare birds to find. Therefore if you can with equanimity abstain from drinking with these persons, do so. The cups of the convent smell of marshy, moulding Lerna. I'll suppress further information and hide it from my song.

Flee, as from these men, from blasphemers and enemies of the great divine power, Tartarean pestilences, by whatever means you can. These men savagely wound Christ's body with its thrice venerated blood by their obscene impiety. Greater blasphemy was never heard; greater crime was never heard in the

\*Thraso: a braggart in the *Eunuchus* of Terence.

speaking world. No plague has ever injured mortal men so much. No pestilence will ever be so harmful to the earth. How much harm have sacrilegious leaders done who strive to prevent Christ's ruling his own kingdom! How many wretched souls have they plunged into the Pit while they teach that the sacrament is mere matter! Flee, therefore, from these ulcers, these furies, these fire-brands, these plagues, if you wish to be wise in your way of life.

You ask if you may not drink with any Papist—and must you drink with the cap-wearing crowd. If you down your cups with Turks and with Jews, who's to prevent you from taking wine with Papists? I have found almost more friendliness, more frankness, more love, more courtesy in some Papist of affable disposition than often in numberless others of, frequently, pious affectations. If Papists are not blasphemous while drinking, why may I not tend the merry vine with them? Furthermore, a man who is as full of chinks as Parmenus will nowhere drink among loyal friends. He blabs freely of other drinkers. He is untrustworthy and garrulous and can keep back nothing. Should the Pythagorean be willing to drink with him he would listen, as dumb as Amyclae.\*

Add to the list those who make a business of picking at others' reputations and gnaw like a dog at the name of an absent man. Your drinking needs a frank and upright tongue. May someone else's wine, when you drink it, be without defect. This is said to be the most certain sign of an impure heart and the mark of a corrupt mind: don't repeat freely the irregularities and faults of a neighbor or roll his honor in a dirty mouth! As you know that you must flee from the thresholds of the black Pit, so consider that these men also must be avoided whose voice is not in harmony with their heart, whose left hand brings bread while their right carries a stone. I consider them fawning flatterers, and at the same time two-tongued, foxlike, deceitful, untrustworthy. Add speakers spewing empty lies. They bore everyone to death with their immoderate garrulity. The conversation must be sustained by turns and a role yielded to another's speech. No informer will dry the cups with you, no brawler, no evil parasite. And if you recognize any others as being foul with bearing the slightest fault or crime—beware!

I have told you which companions are to be pursued and which avoided. Hold them in your memory and your heart! It remains that you eagerly desire to be in character like those with whom you endeavor to associate yourself. Be of orderly life, merit, integrity, sincerity of character, honesty, loyalty, and other marks of honored worth if you wish to drink pure wine not without praise. It would be infamous for you to desire comrades of distinguished merit while swarming yourself with every fault. Therefore, frequent the happy banquets prepared accordingly, doing entirely that which the occasion demands. The occasion by no means calls for stony-browed Catos or the stern eyebrows of the Curialii,† believe me, nor the stiff querulous masters of feigned wisdom, nor Numas‡ gloomy with fictitious religious scruples. The occasion won't tolerate

\*Amyclae: a town conquered because it was unfortunately forbidden for anyone to announce the approach of the enemy.

†Curialii: an Albanian gens transplanted to Rome.

‡Numa: high priest of Rome under N. Pompilius, the second king of Rome.

the unbending; it won't sustain those who are sad because of a funeral or those whom anxiety or hidden sorrow overwhelms, whether it be worry at a secret wound or a misfortune that lurks in a silent, heavy heart. Merry, friendly, agreeable and willing, refined, courteous hearts free from fear are wanted. Come to a banquet, then, with calm brow. Show no clouds on your face. If by chance some private care disturbs you—you are gloomy—lay down your cross forthwith on the first doorstep or, since you have taken it up, set Bacchus in motion as quickly as possible. There is no more certain remedy for cares than pure wine. When your worries are dissipated, un wrinkle your resisting forehead. Sad hearts do not properly sit with the joyful or the drunken man with the sober or the dry man with the intoxicated among the full cups. You ought to suit your expression to the expressions of others and do as that ancient law commands—"Let not a perplexed brow disturb a happy party, but banish the cloud; let your brow be calm."

These rules first are proper for you when you're drinking so that you may appear modest in word and deed. Be affable, courteous, calm, agreeable, charming, pleasing in the complaisance and convenience of your manners. Not that I'd bid you discharge the office of a flatterer. The honest crowd doesn't seek that duty from you. But I charge you to humor the desires of the drinkers, and whatever pleases them, let it be pleasing to you. Let no transformed desire, no delight which you seek unfairly, force the unwilling to follow. Follow the wishes of the crowd yourself; give yourself to your comrade. In this way you're able to escape the injuries involved in being an antagonist. Don't struggle to place yourself before anyone, although you may be superior, if you don't want to be annoying to your guests. In this way your wine of Terentian stock will find praise without envy and that Pamphilus\* equal comrades. If a serious disagreement arises, don't wish to be stubborn in your own opinion. It is completely stupid to have an inflexible heart. A wise man would yield by no means violently to good men. Moreover, don't yourself, when you have drunk the nectared wine, bring any earnest matters up for discussion by the company. Let the man who wants to be wise visit the barren houses of sages. There let him be exceedingly sober and wordy of mouth. Bacchus doesn't want the too great wisdom and words which the Stoic school hands out to its disciples. The price of good living is always to remember propriety and to know precisely the amenities of every situation. Whenever wise men fight stolidly over their cups, then I am wretched, I wish that I had died. Don't try to introduce any books at banquets. Don't read anything serious here where drinking is in order. Wisdom in the presence of wine is pure ostentation. If you are wise, and in the place for it, then be weighty or I'll say you have for once completely lost your savour. Those to whom good wine is nothing are as wise as fools. Don't have a mouth impudent with hurt for anyone drinking wine with you. To delight in jokes, let them be without teeth. If you wish to be polished, if you wish to be thought jovial and you delight in wit, let your wit be without gall. Produce your humor harmlessly in innocuous conversation. See that your feigned taunts attack no one. Do you prefer cleverness in speech to keeping an old friend? What clown could be more

\*Pamphilus = Bacchus.



vainglorious! The man who impudently throws unjust bon-mots at everyone doesn't know how to feel any greater shame than an unblushing forehead. Moreover, never use jeering words. Great love is often estranged by them. For if you attack someone by chance, he'll attack you in turn and make you a laughing stock with equal taunts. From this wrath arises; from this hate arises. For this reason old friends are lost who were preferred to all the wealth of a Midas. There are many subjects for a man trying to sport with witty words in which there is both more charm and no offense. For what does it profit when this man and that laugh in scorn while another is grieved, touched at heart by the taunt? There are humorous stories; there are the sweet songs of the poets—judge these, then, suitable for recitation at banquets. Take your wit from these; be eager to be considered witty on this point. No one can complain, I think, that you have wounded him with such wit. Add from this store Nepenthe poured out with the wine like a divine drug for wretched sorrows. A man who wants to play festively with polished words should steep himself in Attic wit. If for this purpose your wit is without skill, you'd be better praised if you were silent as you drink. The foolishness of a silly mind is betrayed more readily by the loquaciousness of a light tongue than by any other means. Many get a reputation for wisdom by silence and lose it through their own worthlessness.

While you are avoiding these things with proper consideration for dignity, don't betray anything disgraceful by saying with your mouth, corrupt and insolent words, obscene names and manners which are usually injurious to tender ears. Serving boys of slender years surround you. Why do you wish willingly to be any hindrance to them?

I wouldn't want you readily to be the author of gaming. Gambling has destroyed many friendships. Anger springs up, disgusting mischief, avarice—these would cause me to wish to conquer my own father. Drink is pleasing to me nowhere where gambling is and where the deceitful dice are thrown. Dicing was thought infamous by the ancients. Among us it is the one glory, care, labor of priests. It is the school, study, books, nights and days which they learn to roll continuously with their hands.

Beware with especial skill of those for whom a derisive gesture makes hateful sport. This spirit excites many provoking grimaces which are far from suited to the peaceful wine. Serious men often err childishly in this respect and display themselves in unsightly manner. Shame then covers them. Not everyone will endure practical jokes and sniggles. What attraction has this sport, I ask, besides laughter? Further, quarrels arise, occasioned by the succession of wine, when the banquet is drawn out more abundantly than is proper. Gamble, to avoid cups of unnecessary wine, and if you win no prizes, still play! It's better to have disposed of a little property than to have burdened your limbs with ruinous measures of wine. Be forbearing, see that you make no one a butt, an object of laughter, but hold everyone in respect. Wine should always be drunk with an inoffensive companion. In this way you'll truly be offensive to no one. Avoid absurd gestures, unseemly giggles and laughter, belching. Flee all shameful things. Don't be by any means a juicy spitter, or a hawker, so that you won't be a source of nausea to your companions.

If anyone invites you to sing and asks that you cheer the sweet wine with your song, don't be difficult, as is the custom of singers, when you are asked, but sing freely if a musical throng surrounds you. You shouldn't prefer gambling. Music alone should hold sway at banquets after Bacchus. Music gladdens sorrowing hearts with song. Music has equal power with Bacchus. Bacchus rouses and delights the mournful with nectar; she the melancholy, the sad hearted, with song. He fills with warmth; she moves the heart; and tones in harmony with wine enter the whole body. The man who knows how to produce skilful melody from his mouth is highly praised for his sweet song. Phemius, the harper of great Homer, is an example. Though he sang lovely songs for the ungrateful suitors, he alone, distinguished in the art of the peaceful lyre, escaped cruel fate and the hands of Ulysses. Demodocus, too, whom the wondering Phaeatian earth fostered, the great glory of his king, is an example. Shaggy-maned Iopas sounded the gilded cithara, stroking it and singing of the wandering Phoenicians and the Aeneades. The praise due you who follow them should resemble the praise which they received when you skilfully, wisely strike Apollo's lyre. Then let someone else run over the sweet-sounding strings with his thumb, the strings which the hollow tortoise, if it be brought, has. The pan pipes which tell of ancient loves should not be absent. And may the woodland shepherd's pipe sound its rustic song. Display freely all the charming delights which the benign Muse gave you. Let this, which the poet Naso gives to his lover, be the sum, in brief, of my precepts: If you have a voice, sing; if soft arms, dance. With whatever talent you can entertain, do so! It's necessary, however, to know an end to put to the song, since music by no means pleases everybody. Don't, as singers do, belabor your lips, dry with thirst, with everlasting bellowing. Desire for sleep, for dancing, song and love—all can be sated. No weariness should be carried to an excessive degree. Be an agreeable pledger of healths, and without complaint in turn return again the cups to another toaster. Decline politely with gentle words whatever is excessive. If he's wise, he'll urge you no longer. I don't want to roughly gulp down a ladle unwillingly. Forced wine doesn't agree with my stomach. It's as great a fault to force a man unwilling to drink as to drive a thirsty man away from cool water. Friends are formed by wine; friends are lost by wine. Let no one be forced to drink by your order. Drink what is sufficient; a limit must always be set.

Everything is bounded by restraining limits. And what Naso, of whom I spoke just now, taught his lover, that too you'll want to lay up in your memory. I will give you fixed bounds for drinking so that mind and feet may perform their duty. I'll not hold you to such a strict law that I'll soon wish you struck dead as you sin. Let a fault which occurs rarely be excusable. I revile daily intoxication. The author Plato must sometimes drink with us; permissible intoxication can be no crime. It is a delight at a festive season to indulge freely in wine and in your rites, O sacred Bacchus. Such heavenly gifts as you gave to us should be brought to your altars. It may be permitted to use wine more copiously in the presence of guests and to enjoy a freer life. A throng of suitors followed the Carthaginian Bitias who washed herself in abundant gold. Carthaginian and Greek redoubled their applause and followed. Who wants to prevent me from expressing my

approbation? Achilles, the greatest of the sons of Aeacus, wanted the wine to be purer when he entertained the ambassadors in his camp and he ordered a larger mixing bowl and his own cups for each of the guests. Ulysses took up his preface to placating him with wine. He could have made no better beginning at all, and he would have persuaded him if Achilles had drunk well. There was no draught large enough for the grandson of Aeacus. Farewell, great-hearted Achilles, bravest of heroes! In this conversation he excelled to advantage, in others, unfortunately. Indeed, we lack by no means the feasts of the merry table; you need no more the aid of any Argive. Thus, hurried eloquence was a misfortune for the Greeks. Bacchus must be loved more leisurely, stupid fellows.

There is a time and place least damaging for wine which chances to flow in a richer river. The worth and excellence of the drinkers excuse much, therefore drink frequently with the great. But try, nevertheless, always to remember your dignity, and don't, since it's not becoming, be a silly drinker! Live, drinking as I have prescribed in my hasty song! Not to drink pure wine, but to waste it, is a sin. Limits exist; there are also fixed boundaries to drinking. If you are wise you'll never consciously exceed them, so that reason submerged or covered with a lot of wine won't waver shipwrecked in the midst of the wine jars. Either don't get intoxicated or do so to the extent that snatches away your cares. The amount that lies between these limits is harmful. For this very reason is Bacchus called the Deliverer—that he makes sad hearts free from cares. Those things to which I said one must pay heed among pleasant companions must be the more restrained with your wife, so that whenever you are invited to the wedding torches, to the wedding breakfast, you won't go as a tyro, not well prepared, and, overcome with wine, make many impudent errors and become a laughing stock to everybody and in this way incur the contempt and hatred of good men, which you'll lose with difficulty finally after you've lived a good deal longer. You must always have better state of character, greater sobriety, and greater shame here, and you must speak more chastely with a reverent mouth because of the modesty of women and girls, because of your companions, venerable in age and dignity, who mark your manners, bearing, and your words. Therefore, particularly when dining and drinking privately, you must avoid drunkenness. We approve no drunkenness with intelligence. A sober life alone becomes a youth.

The next book shows portraits and vices, songs written by me of old. There, as in a mirror, look upon a most foul sight which is steeped in drunkenness and avarice! When you have seen this, avoid a life despised by everyone if you love the praise of true sobriety. I have finished the first part of the work I have undertaken. When I have assauged my thirst I'll raise my sails again.

## BOOK II

Be present, Bacchus, father, sower of the joyous grape, and pour for us with your hand the hastening wine. Great beakers drip with nectared liquor; Frankish wine flows in a continual stream. Wash the vine-bearing hills with a heavenly flood and think them worthy to perform the work of your father. Still, O Bacchus, sprinkle us with your abundant dew as the Hister carries swift waters to the sea, so that my parched throat and mouth may not appear to the

delayed drink, when my energies are exhausted by thirst, as the green crops which perish in the raging heat when the impetuous Syrian burns the dry fields. Don't weary of performing the duty of the beautiful Ganymede; this occasion has his example. How many times have Vulcan and Hebe placed nectar and ambrosia before the Gods and Heroes? Since you are more able than Vulcan, more handsome than Hebe, and if I think you more suitable than the Phrygian Ganymede, why do you not wish to be a Vulcan or a Hebe for us, and pour Ganymedean wine with your hand? May there be, then, full goblets, bowls and jugs. May there be full ladles, cups full of pure wine, and may the saucers overflow with wine if I have taught first the correct use of your gift, O Bacchus, if, albeit unlearnedly, I honor your divine power in verse, if I zealously and eagerly observe your rites, if I raise the name of Bacchus, which no age can forget, to the bright stars with everlasting praises. No better god than you who make men rich, handsome, and free, has been made divine. You cause hearts to be bold. You make the tamed\* fierce. Pentheus and gloomy Lycurgus† knew this; the latter because he interrupted the orgy begun by the storm-tossed Acoetis, because his hostile strength opposed you when he cruelly terrified your Nymphs on the summit of Mysa‡ and Thetis helped you in your fright. The Indian sailors, savage and malicious, know this, whom only the Carpathian sea protects through whirlpools. You rouse the despairing with hope, exhausted limbs with strength. You move the dispirited to willing effort. You, O Bacchus, make a man, however misshapen, agreeable to girls. You soften harsh wounds however troubled one may be. With your liquor you restore mothers mourning the funerals of their children and, O Bacchus, you stop their tears with wine. You make the heavy burden of poverty bearable; you build a glorious mansion in the place of an humble hut. You teach the arts. You produce many learned words for the mute tongue from the full jugs. You send sweet sleep with your gift. Your liquor refreshes weary bodies. You prolong the delightful season of desired youth; you don't allow the old to be decrepit. You can assign the span of a long life; you can hold back the flying days. You frequently cause the senile crowd to dance and even bring bent matrons to disport themselves. You make friendships fast; you unite bacchic comrades; your warmth kindles cold hearts. You alone can cheer the gods in great Olympus; you alone can cheer man. Finally, may I die if you can't enliven the bodies of the dead with the liquor that flows from the vine. He's a man of iron whom the utility of these great advantages, whom the bacchic gifts do not move at heart. My breast is certainly not so stiffened with inflexible iron that your great merit doesn't move me. Come, then, dear parent, the large bowl has been filled. Satisfy me with wine to be drunk not without haste. He gives twice who gives quickly. Twice as much gratitude is to be felt for some small thing which is given on request. When you see that the bowl is empty and the wine drunk up, pour a second from the wreathed jug so that I may have the strength to surmount the remaining section of my work and bring

\*I.e., women.

†Pentheus was torn to pieces by a group of Maenads which included his mother. Lycurgus was a son of Dryas, king of the Edones, who prohibited the worship of Bacchus among his subjects.

‡Mysa is a city in India on Mt. Menos, the birthplace of Bacchus.

to a close the books I have undertaken. Drink, novice, and store up my words with the aged Falernian wine. Prick up, if you please, your ears more soberly so that you may see what a disgraceful, what an ugly pleasure drunkenness is and that a sober life is becoming.

There are Appellean panels among the ancient monuments which wise Greece praises in her own literature. A talented hand left an uncommon panel depicting Venus in either guise—Venus as she emerged naked from the watery waves; Venus as she was surely caught by the Coans.\* I shall refer to a picture the excellent qualities of which surpass my song, the rich skill of which excels my verses.

There is a broad field scattered with green grass. There is an arbor in the middle, planted with trees, which he has fortified as it shines with flowers here and there through the surrounding cultivated fields of well-watered soil. On that side there is abundance of various spring flowers which lovingly color at random the fertile soil. On that side are lilies; there the delicate marjoram and white flowering privet with crimson roses and dusky violets with the scarlet rosebeds. Need I say more? The whole picture shines with spring colors. Panchaia† does not breathe such fresh incense; fertile Hybla does not blossom with such perfumed roses. The beauty common to these varies the field and arbor as the blooming fields are usually varied when the spring is young. The arbor, particularly, he has graced with viniculture and the new grapes among the fecund vines. A single large gate on the right side gives open entrance, a gate which entices those who enter to the planted section. The exit with a narrow threshold stands on the left, a path, trodden by an infrequent foot, which stretches out covered with briars, prickles, and sharp thorns and rendered completely difficult with horrid brambles. The path at the right, since it extends along a beautiful turf and through delicate roses, is polished by many feet. On this road there is a great concourse of people toward the luxuriant arbor. Youths and decrepit ancients run along it. Tents of snowy canvas stand before the gates, leafy seats and grassy couches on which the crowd reclining by the festive tables in a row set with a feast lies at ease. The banqueters, encircling their temples with wreathed roses, drink cups of pure wine with merry expressions. He has added Nymphs of suitable age beside the seats, who seem to me to be pouring the wine from jars and serving it in cups to the seated throng and delighting the people in various ways. Sophrosyne, the foremost of them in beauty and modest splendor, was there as one of that place. Calm upon her throne, she hails those who have arrived. Euphrosyne sits upon the other throne—Euphrosyne, lovely of cheek, her serene forehead shining, the donor of applause and joy. The other Graces enchant the guests on the soft meadows with their great skill as servants and seem to invite them courteously to drink as they carry golden bowls in their hands. The pleasant picture of people drinking on couches, made joyous in many ways, is seen. Part of them struggle, wrestling in the verdant ring; some play at quoits; some dance. There are some who seem to be

\*This picture by Appelles the Coan is referred to in Cicero, Or. 2, 5.

†Πανχαία is a fabulous island east of Arabia, in the Erythrean sea, rich in precious stones, incense, myrrh, etc.

carrying on a conversation among themselves and some who have united their voices in song. Why, musical instruments lie at hand—flutes with the zither, pan pipes, lutes and lyres. What more? There in a happy throng, lively delights, sport, joking, song, and love. All the glorious niceties of provident luxury which great leaders ought not to avoid. Some have remained at home, their hearts expanded by the magnanimous gift of Bacchus and the meal they have eaten. They are at ease; they show their pleasure in their happy faces; they pay their respects to Sophrosyne as she presides. Some not yet sated with wine have walked toward the arbor, spurning indeed the protection of Sophrosyne. At the arbor's entrance stands a woman with ruddy cheeks and a skin described as fat with intoxication. She calls the crowd to her with her head and twin hands, obligingly pointing out the open doors. Listen for a short while to these brief verses so that you may notice the particolored appearance of the whole arbor. In its midst there commands a woman in regal clothing, drunk and surrounded by a retinue of women. Her combed hair is adorned with interwoven vines and she holds a flask in her hands as if about to drink. At her side servants carrying bowls and goblets bring wine to be drunk to the entering crowd. The first of these servants seems to me to be called Dementia by her bearing and appearance, the next Extravagance. The third, Forgetfulness, born under Lethean waves, sits on the ground like one thunder-struck, with the fourth, who seems to me to be Sloth, daughter of Weakness, holding, half asleep, a dripping cup. The fourth, proverbially associated with furious quarrels, is placed behind and next to the third. Foolish Insanity occupies the last place, with Frenzy and his brother Madness beside her. Bears, calves and hounds surround them, and an Arcadian horse with long ears, and bleating sheep, he-goats and tailed monkeys, and wolves and oxen and bristly hogs. They were transformed from their human appearances into the forms of savage animals after they drank wine from a womanly hand. Men with human faces entered; they remained with human faces then for a while. But when the drink was tasted they vanished into the bodies of wild beasts. No one retained his former appearance. They appeared quickly in their new shapes as though they had drained cups of Circean liquor. I thought at first that such a Circe stood on display as queen in their midst but it was not she, but Drunkenness labeled in Greek letters "The Royal Drink of All Winebibbers." But why the ugly disorder of so many wild animals? What was the appearance of their inner lives? For all of them seem to yell confusedly at once with open mouths and a discordant noise. But on that side sheep throw up wine from their gullets, a sign of drunken simplicity. Dogs soon reswallow the same bits which they have disgorged, while pigs roll their backs in the filth and they vomit horrible snakes and green lizards. May I die, if I am joking with you in my song! You would have seen cows and calves vomit frogs and tree crickets, and goats eight-footed things. Moreover, asses vomited books; bears, swords and clubs; wolves, mice and tomcats. The unsightly tailed monkeys leapt about carrying for the most part flowery wreaths. Not far off, bears mangled each other with their teeth and the wolves raged with a good deal of brawling. Madness and frenzy impelled them to mutual wounds like the twin battle lines in a savage war. But on the left, where the exit of the arbor is seen and the path, not worn

truly smooth, through the small gate, the foul bodies of various animate things lie strewn in a disordered stupor in the dirt, in the vomit—partly because of their wounds, partly also ill with wine, as though it were a dead gathering of the slain. Some of them rise weakly when sleep has been dispelled and with swift foot seek their former debauchery. Some, who have obtained human faces but are covered with an animal's hide, look for the insignificant gate when they become sober and leave the arbor, unsteady of foot and uncertain of gait, a crowd deprived of their limbs. The appearance of this half-savage departing throng was like that of the mountain-dwelling Centaurs. Little old women carrying halters and chains meet those who emerge and lay hold of their captives. They punish the easily conquered with rough whips, and continually tame with clubs those who struggle. Among these there is none more savage in the group than one whose own joints are weakened, who is partly pale, partly flushed with fiery complexion—and unless I am wholly deceived, she is Fever. And Dropsy, a single fat old woman with swelling limbs, the color of sulphur, rages against many. Scabies, for that matter, with her mangy body, raves against not a few, striking these men, pulling those by their filthy hair. But one, placed in front of the others, wearing countless rags, scourges completely nude bodies with lashes. She seems to those who see her to be squalid Poverty, looking like a beggar, dirty, and lean with hunger. Old Age rides with Death in a chariot which flies with the wind. He crushes youths; he crushes old men under the wheels and he drags many others whose names I don't know as captives under a harsh yoke.\*

Such is the picture on the distinguished Appellean panel and the sight painted by the brush of the ancient which I have described for you without the proper skill, since its ingenuity surpasses my rhymes. Now it remains for me to discuss in a short poem my opinion of the subjects depicted.

You see beneath the surface of this picture two ways of life and a mirror of dry happiness and liquorous joy. The home of happiness is outside; that of drunkenness, within the flowery hedged site of the vineyard. But the road through the field which tends strongly toward the arbor and the numberless crowd of people upon it—this means that everyone pursues jollity and is seduced to pleasure by his mind and heart. But even so, some observe moderation, and when they have enjoyed Bacchus they go with unimpaired intellects to their homes. Those others do not know that there are bounds and occasions for enjoyment, and accordingly pursue their daily debauchery in the hedged arbor. You have seen those who drank until reason was completely lost degenerate into brutish cattle. No sooner do they intelligently leave their abandoned excesses, than a harsher illness caused thereby discomfits them or Poverty drives them naked and half savage to yield to terrible hunger. This is Drunkenness. These gifts are her recompense to her worshippers: gifts hardly fit to give one's enemy.

Drunkenness is a furious evil, alluring poison, honeyed ruin, sweet bitterness. Drunkenness is a misshapen vice, a foul pleasure. Flee it as though it were a plague on body and mind. Youths and old men, fools far from banished Sobriety, worship her everywhere now. There is no more present evil with which

\*This refers to the ancient Roman ritual of enslaving captives.

you can quicker ruin body and intellect. Don't let the example of any prominent man induce you, under his influence, to follow his leadership to an ugly ruin. No other vice now so possesses great halls, though the court at this period abounds in all vices, as Drunkenness, which has seized the highest strongholds. Courtly life is merely continual intoxication. The puffed-up court has neither pleasant nor fairly sober servants—neither quaestors, knights, consuls, mule drivers, scribes, nor cooks. You know that winebibbers rule far and wide. The leading men drip with constant drunkenness. If you, my good novice, can drink as much as an elephant, you'll take worthy prizes as a courtier from the court. The patrician rank is now occupied by no other business. Each man wants to be famous for the wine he can hold. I ask you, what other folly now makes fools of the citizenry? Drunkenness reigns, powerful in every city. The Spartans used to show their sons drunken slaves as a holiday exhibit. Youths learned in this way to detest this fault of character, considering it ugly and disgraceful. Now the fathers themselves follow the example of the slaves and lead their own sons to intoxication. And what do the common people pursue but bacchanalia? The sottish mob loves full cups. In short, Drunkenness does not cease upon the whole globe; every land far and wide is full of bibulous men. This path which all men wish to walk along constantly is the most well-worn path on the wide road of life. A frugal life is despised. An unnatural desire for drink holds complete sway. Drunkenness is paraded as the greatest virtue. No one will think the man who reviles it speaks with a dry mouth. All those now famous seek glory from it; everyone seeks a reputation, charm, fame, favor. No one is a good fellow now or is considered vigorous unless when he drinks he can make away with a lot of wine. You'll be nobody if your powers are inactive in this battle; if you don't dry many cups you'll be nobody. For this reason crowds strain their eyes to see the man who wants to be deceived by this bad example. He would not forsake the lotus once tasted with its sweet drug as you, O Ulysses, the protector of your comrade. The soothing Siren furnishes you no example if you wish to sail from the wine with your boat intact.

I ask you, my good boy, to look at the hideous habits and imagine the infamous things which you will see drinkers who have lost their common sense do. No hell is uglier than this sight. You will say that to turn men into horrible monstrous animals is the work of Circean magic. At the sight of a drinking party you'd be forced to raise a shout and give vent to your emotions in a grim voice. O you who are fond of drink, what life do you lead other than that of a brute? What furies, please, agitate your hearts? This is not rejoicing for drinkers but raving. This indeed is to squander wine, not to drink it. The most corrupt life is a pleasure to some who think true virtue an empty word and, making a cheap pretence at having a better reputation, they pursue the foul debauchery of their own herd. The man who can bear leading such a life, who has lost his moral sense, has stripped himself of his manhood. No brute, no beast drinks thus: for every animal holds to some rule of drinking. Does man alone, then, dirtier than any brute, know no limit to his drinking?—man, whom God formed after his own image and adorned with the excellent qualities of understanding? He should blush to excel all wild beasts, all animals, in foul, bestial, base gluttony.



But he who sowed the merry vine over the earth did not scatter for this purpose the kindly gift of peaceful wine. He did not order us to abuse excellent articles rashly; wine was provided only to quench thirst. He did not prohibit the proper enjoyment of winedrinking. He did not teach us to wage war with our appetites. It goes hardly with those swimming in zealous drunkenness. Uninterrupted intoxication is considered a fault but Bacchus doesn't run hurriedly to arms as often as you thirstily drain a glass with a friend. It's rather that a man can be so made captive by the sweetness of Bacchus that the treacherous wine tricks his mind. You have erred imprudently; he makes this an offense easily atoned for. A frequent fault is worthy of reproach; an infrequent one is without blame. Repeated failings merit pain and punishment; therefore habitual intoxication must be punished.

We now engage in banquets of a sort in which Drunkenness sits in the highest seat. There no one contentedly, no one temperately cherishes the cups of Bacchus in a permissible manner. Look at the banqueters who have been invited, as it may happen, by a friend. You will surely discover that I speak the truth. No one, prolix with wine, his cares far away, tries to lighten hearts with merry jokes. No one thinks temperate Sophrosyne worthy of any esteem. No one has any consideration for sobriety. One can hardly see anyone in the whole world now who is not hastening at an even speed toward that arbor. But now regard the fair banquets of our fatherland! Why should you, O reader and friend, hunt up an example from a distant land? At these feasts the host is zealous, he exerts himself in every way so as to send his friends home sodden. Straightway they endeavor to struggle with winedrinking, first one, soon two, then three goblets. The cups are dried, the ladles are passed in the circle, wine is drunk with a noise that shakes the house. Old and new wine is poured in different mixing bowls. One man carouses with old wine, another with new. From others they pass to a wine of ruddy color which is to be drunk in a clear glass. Who at this point examines concocted or exotic wines? The maw swallows up deep cups in any event. Cups are brought of flowing beer mingled with wine. They were not, I believe, invented by equal gods. Soon the sideboards drip with wine and the benches are laved with it. The flooded ground absorbs a good deal of wine. Growing streams in rivers run from the tables. Jars are seen not infrequently floating, such excess is present, such is the profusion of wine, so many full cups flow submersed in wine. This most loathesome scene doesn't excite anyone. The good Germans say, "Sit here! Sit here!"

But after the invincible wine has conquered men's hearts and their slippery tongues swim in a moist mouth, then, I ask, what smut, what obscenity does not this drunken crowd bring forth without shame! Here there is no modesty in conversation, nor regard for hospitality. Here there is no respect for chaste shame. Here the tender ears of boys are nowhere spared. Words harmful to an upright life are spoken. Milesian\* stories are poured forth by an obscene tongue, effeminate narratives, a sly and ugly Venus. Priapian plums are tossed to a drunken mouth. The filthy battles of the Cyprian goddess† are related. The dirty songs of a silly muse are sung, and afterward the whole table vomits poison.

\*Milesian, i.e. obscene.

†Venus.

Look, here are your pigs full of snakes and lizards! They vomit serpent venom from their mouths. Yet no extant viper or salamander has such poison, nor any snake, any dipsas,\* any toad, any lizard, any dragon. The gaze of the deadly basilisk is not so noxious; pale aconite is not that harmful. I don't think the sleepless ass has such powers or the unclean newt such venom as their most foul hospitality has poison and as their damned tongues do damage. Anyone at all educated is eager to be thought witty and each man wishes here to surpass the other in dirtiness. As they vied at winebibbing so now they struggle more disgracefully with obscene mouths at uttering shameful words.

Besides, innumerable gluttons disclose secrets which they previously concealed in silent hearts. They bring into the open subjects previously covered with pretence when they have made their own tongues too heavy with wine for deceit. What more? That the perverse speeches which pass the unbridled lips of a sot will be forced back through his own gullet. A true though excessively publicized proverb is commonly quoted—"Untempered wine needs a rudder." Believe me, your mind and tongue are weakened when you exceed your limit of wine. The matters which a sober man secretly suppresses in a hushed mind, an intoxicated fellow blurts out whole from his stupid mouth. For the drunken tongue proclaims the matters which lie hidden in the sober heart and makes public all buried subjects. He discloses to all his own disgrace, his own sore spots, which previously he could hide, well dissimulated. They are betrayed and defamed at their own signal, and for that reason they foully vomit mice from their mouths.

There are those who are foolishly accustomed to discuss theology once they are drunk. They explore all the sacred mystery of the divine; of what advantage is religious faith, how grace is excellent, and what a man might do of his own free will when divine law ruled him.—Who, of all the world, God foreknew had eternal life, and whom dire punishment awaited under the god of the underworld! Here, indeed, discord arises, and having arisen, produces a serious brawl among the bibulous crowd. How often when a question of theology is mentioned does everyone refuse to withdraw from his own opinion! They vie in being able to know all the profundities whatsoever of divine law as they know their own fingers. In this way they place their own bellies before the mysteries of Christ which at least ought to be thought on by sober men. O foul herd of sots, how often your quarrels have ruined a pleasant joke for me! For when you debauchees struggle in a silly fight, whether good deeds are still necessary or not, I know of no praiseworthy action at all performed by you through a need for pure goodness except that you are loyal enough (if God wills it) to your friends while your gathering devours its wretched cups. You nod affably so that a man near one of you drinkers may drink fresh goblets with speed. All the strife of your battle hangs at its crisis because your friend hasn't been ordered to fight with enervating hunger. The drinkers strengthen these arguments without many words; they test them more strongly with deeds. When they have been invited, they never fast and are not eager to tame their stomachs of their own accord, to live with a belly valued and hungry. They, rather, always refill

\*The dipsas is a fabulous snake whose bite causes excessive thirst.

it with gluttony, are given over to wine and to perpetual appetites and, what particularly surprises many, no hunger, no thirst presses them and the less that thirst troubles these dainty livers the more abundantly ever do they drink like barrels. There are casks, I believe, in a vast Grecian throng, solicitous in case anyone pours forth escaping waters. For thereby they pour more wine into their hollow gullets, and seek more and more frequent cups. Too much wine makes these dirty pigs from the Epicurean sty pious to that extent. Who wonders, then, that the crude asses who never read those books (of Epicurus) vomit on the tables. Meanwhile the season of a quiet easy life grows to a close and the despised wrath of a God, not judiciously spurned, greater. No sot seeks the Lord of the heavens. No one fears the great name of the angered God. "The gods are fables; the Stygian Shadows are fables; the deep Pit of sottish men is a fable." The voice and stern threat\* of Paul does not move them. He, indeed, can remember how all yielded themselves disgracefully here where they soon glowed with huge jugs. I might more readily tell how many monsters abound in the world or how many various beasts the African earth nourishes or the number of the reechoing waves which strike Ionian shores when savage Boreas moves the deep with his blasts, or how many mussels are born in the Red Sea, or the number of the scented roses which bloom on Hybla—I would run over more quickly the execrable vices of Papistry which no one could write in long Iliad.—For the Pope deceived the whole world by his laws, perverting all the words of Christ the Lord. That impostor, using all sorts of trickery and art, heaped up the stolen treasures of the whole world. How many souls has he sent to Orcus† by his bulls, that Roman high priest, that sacred little father!

There are some who cry when they are sodden with wine, and some who set no limit to their laughter. One boasts of his wealth; another vaunts the beauty of his lovely wife and the pledges of love at home.‡ A third is a needy Irus§ who, although quite wealthy, mourns the many losses of his poverty. A soldier carries bold spirits among his cups; when sober, he flees at the sight of the enemy close at hand. The wisdom of many grows as the wine is exhausted. A man may be suddenly a Solon who was previously a Midas.|| This man rages; that one bellows; another defecates; another drinks and then vomits disgracefully what he drank. He hastens to refill his stomach, incommoded by vomiting, and soon orders the servants to pour wine again. Often, O infamous people, they even eat again whatever they vomit, as a dog collects voided food in his mouth; or strong men devour in their drunkenness something foul and unripe which another man would vomit. Glass dishes, empty air, the singing birds in their nests are not safe from their bites. One man reports without doubt that the Cynics dance with naked genitals; another does something worse. A fifth gets into a fight and battles with bitter tongue, dashing the broken cups to the sodden ground. This fellow belches disgracefully; that one lies in a deep sleep, snoring, replete with filth and vomiting. Quite a few look for lost clothing in the mud

\*Paul refused heavenly domain to the sottish.

†Orcus = hell.

‡i.e., children.

§A proverbial beggar.

||King Midas had ass's ears, not to mention his well-known display of foolishness.

and go home, hideous, late at night. Many are carried like leaden burdens to their houses. A third, made a lazy lover, sings before the gates. You would say, believe me, that a pack of wolves stricken with rabies howled like that. This is the ugly comedy of a bibulous life. Theatres full of men may be seen playing it everywhere. It remains for me to close it with a final act so that the whole tale is consistent in its sections.

In this play no onlooker permits himself to be thought idle but everyone wants to be an ardent actor. Here the cheap character of Dromo\* does not depress leading men; here it does not shame great actors to be leaders. What may the people do with the soiled garland of the nobles? The limbs are emulous of the head. No one as yet seeks to leave this theatre with a firm foot, without praise for his role. Nevertheless no one takes care to serve the stage properly. Not one of the winebibbers is eager to please the audience. They frequently furnish ugly spectacles to the wise and they are often accustomed to provoking the laughter of boys, either when the crowd weighted excessively with wine walks with staggering steps through the middle of the streets, or when the struggles at nocturnal orgies, recounted early throughout the senseless marketplace, are published abroad, or when drunkards boast with pompous voices how many cups they downed the night before. One man boasts of the number of times he alone has compelled his friends, conquered by their leader, Bacchus, to surrender their bodies to deep sleep; another, because he passed without sleep nights prolonged by his cups with wine constantly moistening his lips. Yet another swears in a laughing tone that he hasn't had a sober head now for many days, and another boasts of the many nights when he lost his senses by drinking and snored, abandoned by chance, in a foul pigsty. There is a man who glories in a defeated host and a house completely overwhelmed with drinking. One may not hear of other triumphs from sots; they bear with praise the immovable trophies of the wine they have drunk. Furthermore, what other disgrace do these beasts signify (if we wish to consider the subject logically) than that once the sense of intelligence is lost, all winebibbers degenerate into a brutish herd? No one of sound mind will hope to receive honorable glory from disgraceful events. And I don't believe that anyone (unless he is accursed and stupid) is perversely pleased by a corrupt vice. Is anything more dirty, more corrupt than drunkenness, which makes anyone forget himself, which creates the barefaced and forces hearts forgetting shame to commit every ridiculous impropriety, which casts down any powerful man when its own judgment is endured, making the weak and unwarlike his equals with the result, O reader, that the staggering foot, the mind and tongue can no longer perform their duties? Dignified wisdom is overpowered by intemperate wine; strong hearts are smashed by heavy drinking. Insane Maenads attend an unskilful Bacchus. Consider them, if not gluttons, drunken monsters. Bacchus removes all distinctions and straightway a man is not allowed to act in a manly fashion. But still the prizes of bright fame are sold here and the brilliance of a reputation sought from drunkenness fascinates drunkards. An invincible drinker is considered to be more highly praised than the emulator of Hector's daring. Men hasten greedily to attain this glory of universal praise

\*Dromo: a slave in one of Terence's comedies.

and rejoice at having snatched it from others. If a worthy name arises from a black reputation, if pure fame is born of evil vices, if an infamy to be fled from produces eternal praise, if foul debauchery is responsible for everlasting glory, who would not hope, sweet Bacchus, that your disreputable sots might be drunk forever!

But honor does not arise from an infamous reputation; no glory comes from ugly habits. The path to virtue is narrow and rocky; this difficult journey bristles with harsh thorns. Here that man attains the recommendation of an illustrious reputation who endures through his love of praise great misfortunes. Worth is not produced by wine, it must be created by sweat. Splendor of reputation increases with application. But what, finally, are the proclamations of your fame, O drinker, or what is your share in good repute? If the foul foolishness of your hard-drinking circle is praised, it is disparaged by sane men. Of course a bright and praiseworthy reputation arises from this—that you abound in company in flasks full of wine, or if no one, as a winedrinker, can enter battle on equal terms with your vast gullet. That would be to wish to excel the Pit, monstrous Charybdis, or the thirsty rainbow in its thirst! You strip off human moral sense and are transformed into a beast and perform any disgraceful act in order to please a few men. That man receives preference among the winy herd and is the first and chief renown of the bibulous group whom all pimps and harlots, drunkards, innkeepers, actors, all bathhouses, cooks, gamblers, dandies, procuresses, decrepit fellows, parasites, hangers-on, slaves, dirty brothels, rakes know, besides dancing girls, barbers—besides Gnathos and the rest of the herd of excess and idleness. Indeed, you obtain distinguished praise and ample reward if that evil crowd praises your gluttony. While you are foolishly attempting to make yourself pleasantly acceptable to such a man, you are called infamous, damned, prodigal. And when you yield to them, life seems cheap to you and you fling it away as though its fruits were rotten and you corruptly abuse your body seriously, O glutton soon to die an overhasty death! For while you, prodigal, lust after more wine than there are vines to produce, you assuredly become your own savage murderer.

Jupiter stifles the fields with intemperate floods, yet moderate rain nourishes dry fields. A great deal of wine is harmful; more moderate use of it is beneficial. One man loves it wisely, another insanely. A Sybaritic life hastens many illnesses; it submits to diseases and manifold tortures. Limbs weakened by wine lose their swift strength; the whole body is in pain from evil fluxes. From this cause arises the horrible dizziness of a trembling head; that pallor occupies the complexion, hands become tremulous, fingers twisted with stiffness when the cruel gout overcomes the supple joints. For this reason tendons, often lying without sensation, become numb, and gout binds the uncertain feet; eyes become running and inflamed, always bloodshot; and the stomach, badly misused, colicky. This causes the strident ringing which sounds with every breeze like hoarse cicadas singing in stony brambles. This is the reason also for the manifold fevers which come in close array—mange, scabies, horrible dropsy, intestate old age, corpses found early in the morning in a bed still warm, that furious sleep at night time, rest restless with a host of shadows, the bad breath of a rank mouth

than which a filthy sewer would stink less, and finally the ensuing corruption of the whole body which menaces men many times with destruction. If your green youth doesn't feel these things, you must endure them more heavily as an old man, if the unrestrained drunkenness of full casks doesn't plunge you into a bitter grave before that day. An unhealthy old age predisposed to innumerable ills always follows a bibulous youth. This stupid folly has always its concomitant punishment. Diseases are the rewards of unbridled excess. And these ills meet too late those who travel in this direction; as old men they remain bibulous and gluttonous. We see that it is consistent that the mind of a worthy man is altered by this from which rabies and madness and many losses of afflicted lives, ruin and suffering with no healing hand, are wont to come. Afterward, when the body has already been too corrupted by Bacchus, the gifts of your mind perish. Forgetfulness of everything overwhelms drunkards; many drinks have destroyed their memory just as previous life is washed from the memoried heart by the Lethean billow of the river Styx.

I need not add witnesses to obvious facts in order to still brawls, lawsuits, wrangling, manifold murders caused by the influence of intoxication, but still I want to bring up a few from the many that exist. And why should I look abroad for foreign examples? Come, tell me, what recently damned the farmers? Drunken civil strife devastated house and field with fire, rage, hands, blood, slaughter, murder. Solitary cups of Campanian luxury rendered the invincible Hannibal vincible by a greater leader. Great Alexander, maddened with wine, stained the table with your blood, friend Clyteus. By what imperial crime did Vitellius fall, dragged to the Tiber by a hook? A life of voluptuousness, blood, lust, wine, no other life destroyed cursed Nero who followed your customs, O Sardanapalus.

Why should I mention the numerous chiefs struck from their thrones and empires by the ancestral vice of drunkenness? Inspect the Roman annals; inspect ours, if you wish to know such things more precisely! If the fables of the early poets have any truth, the Lapiths\* succumbed to too much wine. If you had not, O Polyphemus, drunk those Dulichian wineskins you would thus have preserved your eye. Judith slew Holofernes as he lay overwhelmed in drunkenness, as the sacred Books teach the reader. Gomorrah lies overthrown with Sodom by drunkenness which draws with it every sort of nefarious crime. How many youths in our time, of fair enough character, go to ruin through the vices of intoxication! The drunkenness of Croesus and Crassus devoured treasures—drunkenness through which property, through which the resources of one's native land, are squandered. Thatch-covered poverty comes as the companion of drunkenness; black robbery as the companion of want. She urges you to wrongdoing after you are destitute, so that an evil skill produces equally worthy coin. You will come by a disgraceful death with such mischievous skills. This, finally, will be the end of drunkenness. For a stomach empty of its usual food wants always to be filled out, always to have holidays. The stomach loves pleasures, it wants cups on a full table, it desires voluptuousness, extravagance,

\*The Lapiths were mountaineers of Thessaly who fought and lost to the Centaurs on the occasion of the wedding of Pirithous, king of the Lapiths.

magnificence. For unless the riches of a Lydus or the opulence of Crassus is present, you cannot pursue lazy pleasantries. There are no riches for the slothful. Sloth lazily squanders whatever wealth application has produced. And still a great desire to drink enough grows on its own account by incessant habit which you can never break uninjured. Never, O tyro, can you abandon wine once tasted. The treacherous bait of evil pleasure is not properly tasted, believe me, by a tender palate, since once tasted it is by no means easy to leave. A dog is not readily chased from a fat skin. Ulysses, the Ithacan, was able only with difficulty to tear his comrades away from the lotus which they had hardly first modestly touched with their lips. The lotus is the sweet flattering poison of pleasure which no one can relinquish when it has been sampled. Meanwhile there will be no one whom domestic worries or a wife and children trouble, a wife who, while you drink, while you down merry cups, while you, a full sponge, yield to your inclinations, laments, sitting bereft in the deserted house, and wretchedly grows very hungry before the empty hearth. Or if she sells her modesty—this poverty compels—and your weeping wife prostitutes herself, you also then blaze by chance with a strange passion, an adulterer, as ugly lust is ever a companion to Bacchus. Thus you compel your hungry wife to break the holy faith, pledged by marriage, of a virtuous bed, or a very tough dinner is prepared for her and she goes to an unpleasant bed having dined with a cudgel. No one's intoxication is a cause of good—not if it were defended by Cicero as its patron under Bacchus as judge.

Drunkenness is accompanied by a wandering mind, a life too little honorable, an impudent mouth, a petty spirit and slippery tongue, scorn of superiors, evil worries over property, ruin of reputation, the corrupt misuse of wealth, a headlong inclination toward evil and those feet ever swift to accomplish every vice. Therefore, since strong drink is a pleasure so ugly and noxious, giving rise to plagues and dark decay in the bibulous, how does it gratify friends to waste the talents of youth with wine? How, please, does it help you to destroy your body wantonly with wine? How does it delight you to have withered the flower of tender youth with wine—youth which is on its own account wavering, perishable, short enough? Rather, good sir, protect your youth with an improved way of life even while you are young, with wisdom. Studying eagerly, unroll and read learned books, and acquire the noble glory of languages for yourself. The Attic Muse which honors our regions has already poured these forth in plenty from a full horn for you. This so learned age can call you back to a temperate mode of living although you have been corrupted. For now the very Muse already flowers with her own poetry and you perceive everywhere on earth famous men. Take such comrades to yourself for the ensuing credit; beware of raising turbid goblets with the fowl. For no one emerges from cups and wine, as nothing flutters through the lips of learned men after they have been burnt to ashes.

Finally, you by no means wish to pass in this way, wantonly without harvest, the yielded years of precious time, and you are deceiving your fearful parents, with their hesitant minds at home, since you are unacquainted with the time and money they have spent. Don't wish to add fire to fire, flames to the flames; sober clear water can temper the untamed wine. This manner of drinking is

demonstrated by the origin of Bacchus from a mother burned by a thunderbolt. He was fiery; he threw burning flames on his breast and kept adding winy torches to the pure wine. If you shouldn't want this or, once you are warmed, to be consumed with flame, cold waves will dilute the heated jars. The Nymphs saved Bacchus, aflame with a fire-spitting thunderbolt, with flowing water (he would have died of the fire). For this reason the union of the Nymphs with Bacchus is pleasant. Unless you pursue it, what you drink will be fire.

### BOOK III

So far I have spoken of the temperate cups of an honored life and your praises, O Sobriety. I have added the most foul monsters, dirty sots, and the numberless evils of ruinous liquor. Now I shall sing, O Bacchus, if you will give strength to my song, your battles fought through with wine flowing freely, the unconquerable battle line, and the breast that doesn't know how to yield, howsoever weakened by immoderate jars. Send the center there, father, and turn aside the calmed wings, and give fair wind to my spirit. First give the noble wine to the thirsty muses; after a drink a thousand songs flow better. Take arms from my hand, enter the battle boldly with manly spirit, a novice unexperienced in war, under my leadership. Crown your head with delicate roses as a helmet. Let your head drip with the dew of their fragrant perfume. Let a cask be your breastplate, a vast bowl your shield, a crystal goblet your stiff sword. Take up the ladle, a graceful thyrse instead of a spear. Let dry bottles replace the trumpet. The soldier of Mars makes ready Vulcan's weapons; such weapons as these are suitable for the militia of Bacchus. In this way is it pleasing and helpful to enter the battle of wine and to bear bright trophies from the poured forth wine. The East and India were conquered by no other weapons. Bacchus subdues all kingdoms with no others. Therefore let whoever has courage and a ready soul in his breast, if wine pleases him and the heat of thirst burns him, come and raise the cups with swift hands. Worthy prizes await the victor in this fight. No one wants to sweat with me in such a wrestling match who doesn't wish to die drinking. I don't avoid anyone, not even a very Bonosus,\* believe me, or a Firmus,† although Caesar was both. If anyone should receive us at least kindly with food and wine, I would kill many cups. What carnage of wine, what slaughter might you see, if anyone should call us, drinkers, to such arms! If I were provoked I might even invite Bacchus to the fray. (Spare me, father thrice venerable!) I dare pugnaciously to fight with the drunken Como. I don't fear gods; I don't fear men. If you don't know, I am that memorable Philaenus to whom all Parthia gave the palm of wine. That new Tricongius himself, the everlasting fame and glory of his native Insubria, yielded to me. Wine herself, fleeing and fearing, was amazed when I drank; Silenus and the Maenads and Satyrs loved me.

You who wish to subdue anyone else by drinking, learn the art of drinking, therefore, with me as your teacher! O Phoenix,‡ companion of Peleus' son, I

\*Bonosus = abounding in good.

†Firmus = strong.

‡Phoenix is the son of Amytor who was given by Peleus to his son Achilles as a companion in the Trojan war.



crowd with the first jugs? As often as you have been thrown as a guest on distant shores or have gone abroad, sent to far places, more often have we been ordered to drink unwillingly by some chance. We are unwillingly forced to endure many such events. There is a struggle in wine at every table and everywhere, here and there wine provokes many battles. For what dinner lacks such; what meal lacks brawls? What table (I ask) is free from the drinking of pure wine? Every inn grows heated with unnecessary drinking. All are sodden with the winy flood. No age has been more drunken in many centuries. You are great now if you can be sober. One man empties a ladle for you to Friendship; another wishes to gain fame as a drinker with you. A third—"Hey there, you can't refuse a single glass, it would be impolite. Drink freely!" he says. A fourth speaks likewise; a fifth also will have a reason which you can't refuse in any way. Unless you honor them, knocking cup to cup respectfully, you would consider, and rightly, that this was a disgrace to you. And such are the preludes of just quarrels. This wine would have to be endured in some manner. Look, the first man drinking begins the second round. This makes the pleasant token of ancient hospitality. The second wishes the better to strengthen his fame and accordingly drinks frequent goblets to you. Of course those following him won't allow themselves to be refused by a stony brow, for, tell me, I ask, for what reason? A certain necklaced fellow sits at the same table with many jewels flashing brightly on his fingers. He has a shaved head, slashed clothes, many scars, and a forehead bristling with goatish hairs. If you have any intention of refusing his proffered wine, he'll smash the spurned cup against your head. If once and again you respond, your eagerness provokes him: poor fellow, you have a wolf by the ear. Do you wish to avoid others, do you wish to live alone when the public roof warms you with the rest? You'll eat at greater expense, and a host is always harder upon all pretentious diners. Why don't you think that there is a need of very skilful art to avoid defeat in such a battle? If you crudely take wine indiscriminately from all, you'll be a brave man if you keep a sober heart. Shall the man who teaches you these things not be called a master? Or does he propose the stupid assistance of a futile art? Many have procured this skill only at great cost, for it's an unusual school that teaches the art of drinking. You may have known the precepts of a teacher too little trustworthy, precepts which affected you like a desire to drink. Though you may never use them, still what's the harm in having prepared weapons? Or how is it hurtful to possess arms in readiness? A time will come which requires the weapons of wine—what will you unsheath if there is no sword at your thigh? You have noticed how a soldier always depends upon stout weapons; and yet the man who has weapons doesn't always use them. Accordingly, you who wish indeed to be given the name of our militia must apply docile minds.

First, whether chance draws you to feasts, or logic, subject to fixed plans, whether you must go and drink on behalf of an ancient law or you must pass the night in winebibbing, or a banquet must be held on a certain day with flowing wine, if you are wise, try particularly to be prudent! You will always have to fight ambiguous battles with two drinkers as you struggle with the mingled

wine. The first one will be he who drinks foaming wine to you; the second he to whom you shall return dried cups. The first will bear arms against you as he drinks; the second will see the weapons which you repel as he drinks. Don't hope that many take up the Falernian battle with you. May you sustain yourself with a bold hand. Hercules, grandson of Alceus, did not wish to try the strength of two men at once. Don't wish to be stronger in might than Jupiter. Choose for yourself some one distinguished person from the whole crowd, a stern man whom all your darts pierce through. Attack him with the Bacchic weapons which full jugs furnish in plenty as he fights with an Achillean gullet. You will strike at this one, this sole enemy, and he alone will receive your blows. You have fought with great skill, a praiseworthy man, if your right hand can fell such a man. The most valiant Hector gave more praise to Achilles than the remaining thousand slain Trojans gave him. Belligerent Hector kept his horses ever intent upon bold Patrocles, despising Thersites. You must not hope to be able to surpass everyone. The fight of a single hand is not very powerful. Strength scattered against many becomes weak. Collected strength is never crippled in its force. If you drink to many your cups fill no one, but many cups will fill you quickly. So make your cups storm one height only. When it is taken, you can approach the fierce mob. Or, if you fall, overwhelmed by the struggle, it is glorious to have succumbed to the hand of a great Aeneas. Nevertheless, come, drinking in this way so that the desired victory may happily grace you with praise, you'll be the victor. Remember what you may praise in each man, what you may toast so that a like answer returns to you from a ready mouth. Don't keep your ladles secret; don't spare your comrade. Demand the required wine with many prayers. It is not skill to be able to empty capacious bowls; to be able to drink down full jugs is not skill. Skill is not necessary to drain repeated flasks and to be unafraid of vast casks of wine, not though you could equal the Roman Bonosus in drinking, not if you could be firmer than Firmus. Art, the greatest excellence of drinking, will be needed in this case: to see that your fellow drinker drinks to you in turn every time. Here you should have an eager heart as you drink; here it is excellent to have the many eyes of Argus.

Pay attention to whom you drink, and how many cups you drink to each man, and let your companion advance on the same path that you walk. I speak from experience. No one is faithful in drinking unless you are always on your guard to beguile him. You'll be able to see snowy ravens, winged tortoises, black-downed swans sooner than a comrade trustworthy in drinking (believe me, I know), who'll drink the due amounts without trickery. Not only the liar should have a memory; far more ought the drinker have a good memory. Let, therefore, no forgetfulness obscure your mind. Toast in ostentatious Falernian wine with an unquiet hand. Compel your comrade with your words to answer, calling more often, "Hey, it's your turn. Hey, drink to me in exchange. These cups remain to be dried. Why is this glass delayed, I ask, or that goblet?" Pluck the ear of the loiterer more often to response. Keep, yourself, in mind the amount of the wine. For why do you often challenge others to a full punch bowl? Why do you drink many cups with a greedy gullet if you don't take care that he whom you wish to overwhelm with the bestowed wine drinks in turn the wine that you

prince of drinking for me. The man who consigns his cups to swift oblivion but looks for an answer with wine goes away the victor. I know the thirsty duels; I have seen many drinkers who had not their equals in courage. Why were they satisfied with wine and drinking before others? They paid no attention to the wine which had been drunk, while I, observing this rule and manner and practice, more often carried off booty from the fallen enemy. Respect it, and when you drink you'll go off the victor and you'll say my art has worth.

First, take care that you don't want to be emulous of stupid Protesilaus\* before the other Greeks, but hasten slowly to drink the foaming wine. While you are fresh, choose the tired; go forth most unwearied into battle: anyone can overcome the tired. Believe me, the duels of Bacchus must not be hurried but fought gradually with lazy wine. Don't you see how rapidly fierce youths of ardent spirit lie with the fire of their hearts quenched when they hasten the wine that must not be hurried and constantly heap drink upon new drink? As though all victory lay in swift drinking, through which you yourself are vanquished, not others! Haste is often an advantage in bloody wars. By this tactic a general destroys unwary men and overthrows the unsuspecting by an unforeseen battle. But in a battle of wine, only slow delay succeeds. The man who guzzles rapid goblets with eager mouth wants to be first a laughingstock to everybody in the place. By drinking more slowly therefore for my warning, you yourself'll say my songs have merit. Give the man you see hurrying frequent servings of wine; he'll be twice as easy to conquer with quick wine. It's no work at all to overwhelm such men with drink. They drown themselves with their own zeal just as an unskilful soldier runs rashly against the enemy and without the assistance of any support attacks someone and, lightly armed with a bare sword, inglorious with a white shield, he falls conquered by the enemy through his own fault. To prevent this from happening to you, you must speed slowly and lave your lips cautiously with wine, and don't devour wine, or greedily force your drinking, or pour forth wine in more and more frequent draughts. Drunkenness will speedily overthrow the man who drinks in that fashion, and he makes himself ugly and ridiculous by vomiting. Empty great beakers bit by bit with tiny sips. Let the bold consume wine passionately. Concede those first triumphs willingly; they carry the hearts of Celts in the first battle. Let the final praise be yours; let victory be yours! Take up the fight thus prudently, with an invincible hand!

Don't dine badly and bring a hungry tongue to your cups or drink wine on a growling empty stomach. Unless you avoid this, you'll more quickly be replete than he whom you were trying to surpass in wine. See that you load your stomach first with the pleasant ballast of a feast and lay first a foundation for your cups. Indulge in banquets; if one man or another hurries you, say "I'm not yet fully sated with food." He doesn't brook delay or allow the eater leisurely dinners but is seeking the man to whom he shall bring the first cups. Meanwhile a pleasant desire to drink will come to you if before drinking you have dined well.

\*Protesilaus, the leader of the Thessalians, had the dubious honor of being the first man killed at Troy.

Then fall upon the imprudent fellow with raised goblets. He'll drink sweet flattery in return. And if you find him willing and courteous at winebibbing, go farther as the road leads. Always going ahead, allow no retreat by which he may draw you from your course. Goblets replace goblets, beakers ladles, and a great bowl advances into the place of the jug. No delay, no respite! Pour forth many cups, like an abundant shower, with a speedy hand. You hold a Proteus now; bind him with tenacious chains. You may not have opportunity to rest. See to it that after this no one's voice challenges you; bear down with full jugs where you see these signs: when a man already shrinks; when he abhors wine and a great blush suddenly glows upon his face; when he inveighs against the waiters, the servants, in a savage voice because he drinks richer cups than everyone else; if, already stuttering, he utters confused words; if he's often ill and seeks the aid of the waitresses; if he frequently fondles his cup; if he spits wine and if he spurts wine frequently from his moist mouth; if he secretly or openly cunningly pours out his wine. These are surely the marks of a subdued drinker. Already his ardor, its flames previously snuffed out, has subsided. Press him with wine; he'll yield you hands conquered already.

Or if, anticipating you, someone assails and presses you, and is already fortified by a blockade of wine as he heaps ladle on ladle, then increasing draught upon draught and doubling them with fresh wine until no power to breathe is left you, or any means of struggling given you, here's the plan, here's the work of disturbing the course of a fierce enemy and turning his sails from the obvious course, and to rob the victor of the desired palm of wine or at least to go home with a tie! Bring it about, then, that every time you've engaged in a losing battle many cups stand before your place. Answer slowly and don't refuse the wine that is brought. Believe me, the bold fellow will fail through his own strength. Meanwhile you might demand a large mixing bowl from the servant, which your opponent will drink in turn with you. If he rejects the wine you offer with a peevish expression and says openly that you have many cups yourself, and the obligation of that wine must be discharged first if he is to toast you more heartily—"Look, I have accepted so many full cups beyond you and I have drunk busily with willing mouth. But you are annoyed by this single, the first, bowl which the greatest modesty ordered me to offer you. If I were not honored by your company, I would be adamant, cruder than the Scythians, more barbarous than the Thracian Getae. The cups which as yet remain for me to drink apart from you, I'll drink with no other zeal." He'll not be so ungentlemanly or so uncultured and boorish as to refuse wine when you have promised this. When he has taken the wine, he is soon struck down from his path and a favorable wind diverted from his course. Here you have prepared a time and occasion for discharging the obligation which he burns to have discharged in his favor. There is no fear that the quick decanter will throw you headlong and incommode you with swift wine. He must drink up two cups the sooner because he took up the first: then, indeed, because he wishes to toast you. Meanwhile some easy chance will give you the opportunity to drink and guard your first place. In this way you may soon add others to the first thrust, and soon another opportunity will add a third cup to these. By this other method you show yourself not over-

whelmed by Bacchus, if you diligently practice it; these rules will present you with the palm of winebibbing. They caused me to have the name of victor.\*

Oh would that Jupiter would return the past years to me! What a youth I was, devouring casks of wine while steadfast power remained in a youthful body and my strength was not weakened by time; when I was of green age, more enduring of wine, bringing home many a trophy from the vine. Instructed in such rules, skill, by such a teacher, I would have overthrown everyone in the drinking of wine. No one should have brought himself into my path with impunity, whether he were a noble or a commoner. I would have drunk whole oceans, I would have dried swamps of wine and vast pools of proffered wine, as formerly I was acknowledged bold in Scythian territory when I first hastened to arms as a soldier of Bacchus, when Cypellomachus, the chief of the Parthians, raging with wild spirit, took up arms against the bibulous Scythians. Their king, holding their royal authority, had wounded by chance Chandopotes our leader with an insolent speech. The Parthian king had sent Oenopta demanding that Chandopotes return the yearly cups which were due him. But he being drunk already among the flowing vines said rightly: "Your king is my debtor now. He owes me just as many fresh cups as I have pledged to him. Let him bring me the yearly gifts by drying them. He demands tribute unjustly. Let him first respond as is right with ten fresh cups to me, as our laws and treaties say. Let him abide by these or know that war awaits him."

Oenopta reported the words of the drunken king. These harsh words provoked the displeasure of Cypellomachus. Just as, often, savage wars arise from trifling causes, so this strife had its origin in a slight pretext. Without delay he soon collected the strength of his kingdom and allied the Thracians, and the Getae, who worship Bacchus, with himself, and the Leontini also. He called to friendly arms the bibulous Franks, then as companion he joined them. Entering the borders of Scythia with his soldiers in this formation, he plundered the barbarous kingdoms with hostile hand. Everywhere war was waged with huge cups; everything was deeply drained with repeated drinking, and when the enemy refused to meet us in battle and would not compare banners and infantry, having devastated the territory of the Scythians all around, we circled Oenopolis with a heavy siege. Cypellomachus had not well fortified his tents by digging ditches or his camp by constructing a rampart. Chandopotes burst forth in battle array from the opened gates and overwhelmed the unwary Getae with swift skill. Here the camp was filled with unforeseen confusion while soldiers rushed to arms without order. Cups, bowls, goblets were broken. Each man waged war for himself and drank what he could. But the field roared with the rattling, the clattering, and clamor and noise of drinkers, and applause and mingled voices. No one heard the voice and words of another as he spoke, no one heard his own noise well in his ears. Billowing streams of wine flowed through the camp; the moist earth was filthy with bones and spines.

Who can tell the story of that day's slaughter of the cups? Who would be able to report in words the wine? You would have seen no one fight with half pints or flasks. This battle was fought with great amounts! We fought an even

\*I.e., Vincentius.

battle for a long time. Both leaders roused up their bold men. Finally Zoropotes broke through the line and with fearless foot made an attack upon Ignigena and first slew Epachtes with a huge bowl—the hard, fretful, difficult Scythian. Paraspondus rouses up Amictus, the avenger of Epachtes, like him in life, manners, talent. But not with impunity! For he flies to meet him with a crystal tun holding more than 27 gallons of wine. Zoropotes overthrows Paraspondus, conquers Amictus, Lathrophagus, and Lichnus, Daethrus and Oenochous. The carnage wrought by Zoropotes kindles other lazy fellows: the greatest battle arises from the other jugs.

Tell me, O Muses (not everyone can do all things!), how each man fell conquered by the enemy wine! For you, O Muses, remember and you can recount it; you saw our battles, O sober goddesses. Apsicorus silenced beaten Alazona with seven ladles apiece, then Phorticus Apsicorus. Lerus overthrew Nephona with Nestereus Cypellus; he overthrew Phylarus and Lalus with Epulon. Abrobius conquered Oenophlyga, Abrodiaetus Metadorpion, the Greek Choa both Autorophes. Methion rendered Dipsaleus mute with a great beaker, and sleep overwhelmed his wearied eyes. Syssitus, whose brother was a parasite, buried Gastroborus with wine and Aoenus with new wine. Homositus their father begat them by the mother Methyson along with a Getan younger brother, Metroditus. He threw a stone at the parasite Symposiarchos as he refused to drink, bedewed with a lot of wine. Compodes vomits a large flood in vain in the middle of a table soiled with wine from a belching gullet. Trygobius renders many, whom an obscure reputation hides, forgotten and forgetful of themselves. But Exoenus, though he drank purer wine, forced him to swift flight with Comedon. Lurco did not endure this; he overwhelmed Exoenus and his brother Paeroenus drinking Corsican wine in small measures. Lazy Dysoenus saw his brother slain and groaned. "O Lurco," he said, "I come as an avenger with revenging wine." With these words he struck him and the foaming Monopus, hoping for trophies for himself from the conquered enemy. Lurco laughed, as he drank, at these futile attempts and said, "You will fall prey to my right hand, O Dysoenus," and attacked the poor man with full flagon. Three times Lurco drank this; three times he refilled. "You have conquered me, Lurco. Yours is a Lavinian wife. I don't wish to fight with wine further, please." Dysoenus, wounded, spoke these words with a stammering tongue and fell into the foul wine which he vomited from his mouth. The Lesbian Tragus, with his bearded mouth, shore the unshaven Ampelon, born of a Nymph and a Satyr. Creurgus avenged Ampelon not by wine but by his sword. Tragus was sacrificed as an acceptable offering to Bacchus. Abstemijs, who can't endure wine, flees to the cool waves; sober Hydrochaeres follows him. Asymbolus flees also when the spear of Ripsaspis is thrown. But neither did Thrymbrophagus bear the forceful wine, and frugal Adipsus did not endure the importunate Asotus and, deserting the battle, he took flight. But on the other side Philoxenus and Triphetes, the latter distinguished by the neck of an ox, the former of a crane, and Gluto and Cothon and Gurges with the gullet of a horse, and Bibo thrice and Nepos similarly striving to excel Progastora with frequent cups (whose stomach was a vast Charybdis) yielded the relinquished palm to the unbeaten

enemy. They were shaken by their own strength and hands. Procastora would have wrought great havoc among our soldiers if slow duties had not lamed his lazy foot. His stomach which had to be carried by a running wagon stood in the way; the drivers failed the poor man in their duty. Oenobares, while he pressed Agroecus harder with wine and constantly demanded that he answer him, unwittingly called the rude hornets of wrath down upon himself, and the sleeping dogs which were better left so, to his own ruin. Indeed, Agroecus seized the man by his hair and threw him to the ground (while drunken he guards less against the enemy) and struck the prostrate man with a heavy bowl which grew bloody as it beat both his cheeks and knocked out his teeth. Agroecus insulted the wretched fellow and mocked him with bitter words: "Have I paid you back in full now? O Oenobares with the heart of a deer and the eyes of a dog! That's not enough, drink! I'll drink more." Look, Philoscomma, child of Gram and Philopaegmon, follows the drunken camp of Chandopotes. Although distinguished by no merit or weapons, he still laughs with as witty a mouth as you please, and meanwhile he vomits here and there things worthy and not worthy of mention and asperses our cups with trifling jests. A great jar is brought up to meet this Manducus, the sort that is said to lie in the storehouse of Erpachius. With three draughts from it he restrains stupid Achius, who ever after never loquaciously loosed his mouth. And he overthrew Bomolochus, and Acritomythus, Aptolemus, your herd, O Philoscomma.

After these men were vanquished in this way, the enemy seemed to retreat with the battle favoring our troops. Chandopotes also, having been attacked ten times with cool water, was going to turn his back, conquered (indeed, Cypellomachus did not want to cool off from so much drinking and to fight with scanty cups) if bold Aplestes had not revived the battle, that Aplestes born in Leontine territory, a man of unconquerable heart, untamable by anyone, who had now three stomachs and three gullets. He must be overcome three times with wine, three cups had to be drunk or the work begun was of no effect at all. The battle and a tun of wine enveloped Pentaplous—I saw that not a few wondered at the man. First, he drank as much as three elephants, if you believe me, wouldn't they have drained with their trunks, and had already slaughtered Sthenelus, Thamyris, Polus and Lanus and Lagus and Demodus the Getan, Chlorea, Sabarist Dareta, Thersilochus and many whom it would take long to mention. Then he stretched out my brother, who conquered Philopaegmon, Opsophorus: he was younger in years than I. At this point I, moved by the sorrow and misfortune of my fallen brother, prepared my weapons vigorously against him. Euenus and Ilapinastis joined us and fierce Hellvo brought his aid. "O stuffed up Aplestes! how do you frighten me with your most savage brother, how do you threaten me with your weapons? Away with your threats; I come about to vomit and then I bring you as my first gift: then my gift will be to destroy you. I shan't let my brother lie here unavenged in this way; thus I, thus this fellow, a man of iron, repay you. If the father of wine will bring it so to pass, you, holy Bacchus, must begin to engage in the battle with me. O dirty worshipper and shrewmouse in smoky kitchen, soon I'll give you as a companion to your brother, O deserter of  
"I'll drink to the man who boasts such things three wineskins each in three

swallows. I add to these three large flasks and I add at the same time as many capacious bowls, triple cups always for three gullets." He drank up boldly three skins in three swallows; he failed to dry the flasks and bowls. Falling, therefore, he soils his beard and hair with vomit. He soils his own breechcloth through. Comrades snatch him as he lies there breathless and carry him in a high litter beneath the soft walls of a sorrowful city. Servants carry off as much dung as is collected from stables or when Syphorbus cleans filthy sties. But what filth, what rivers, what overflowing swamps which rush forth from the three gullets! The Nile with seven mouths with difficulty washes so much water into the vast Ocean. You would have seen many goblets floating, whole wagons, and full carts snatched up by the force of the vomiting. The Persian Eunuch, dear and loved by his king, would have perished overwhelmed by these winy waters. Three Pygmies, caught by the nose in such a whirlpool, would have unfortunately perished in death if Asotus had not seized them by their hair and saved them. He wears a civic crown for having saved them.\*

After Aplestes' fall a disgraceful flight through the field took place. There was no one who would any longer fiercely raise his weapons or who would fight close at hand with a lengthened spear—such great fear had struck the hearts of all. For this reason Cypellomachus demanded the trophy of the routed king and he bestowed gifts upon his own men. Heaping on me a necklace and ten talents each of gold and silver, the king gave me equestrian rank saying that whenever I had a horse to carry me I should always be an equestrian but, failing that, an infantryman. But at a better time I'll relate the Scythian triumphs. That's not the work of this song. Now I'll lead my sails back to the point at which I digressed and I'll return from the wandering path to the direct road.

Be zealous in remembering my earlier rules! When they're remembered they can bring you assistance. The soldier is always armed with shield and sword; you also should be armed with a shield and sword with which you can ward off the sudden blows of wine, and are prepared to scatter hostile weapons with your hand. A huge bowl will always watch before your soaked doors. (Don't have a table harshly deficient.) Let this take the place of a shield which you don't use particularly while you are duelling constantly with two people, but if anyone besides challenges you to battle—go on, repel those who assail the wine with pure wine. Take wine to the man who hurries his wine; strike the man who wishes to strike you straightway at the same time with drawn sword. Thus you will deter him; thus sword will restrain sword; thus you'll drive one nail out with another.† This rule also (for it will have no light weight) will be particularly easy to memorize! You want to accept no wine outside the count, or that which comes by chance in an indirect manner. No one is really able to wage two wars and no one properly drinks wine both at home and abroad. Say many others here at hand are your comrades and that you cannot repay all of them in succession. You feel that the others wish to wage war on you by a treaty struck secretly and with plotted wine. No wine is accepted before you rend in

\*A crown of oak leaves, the second highest distinction, presented for saving the life of a fellow citizen and inscribed "Ob civem servatum."

†This is proverbial.



the witty way of friendship the hostile pact which has been made in order that you alone, heavy with drunkenness, shall occasion laughter. For this reason, you say, you ought to destroy the treaty. You may say, "I see that you have conspired against me with wine, but I deny that I am equal to your strength. I refuse to take up the battle alone against you; an arrant fool only wages war against many. But let us drink in the Greek manner in a continuous circle if you will. I'll drink on no other condition." Drinking by this method, under a treaty pledged by all, you'll defend your place with no trouble. In this way everyone is weighted down by one and an equal task; in this way all are forced to carry an equal load of wine. And now this man won't disturb you and then that one at a different time; you won't receive all the spears on your shield. For if you were set up as a mark for all you could not, alone, yield to the vine. But if you seek to delay the second course, if you try to lame the circling cups, you will hurl the cup and the wine meeting the jugs previously sent up, on the opposite side of the circle.

Finally, as often as you wish to fight with a fair Bacchus, these rules must always be kept by you. No wine is drunk out of turn, but all in the circle. Let the passing cups not cross each other. By Hercules, I know of no more amiable style of drinking than this, nor any wine more shining! Courteous friends use this method when they drink; the good race of intoxicated Saxons use it when they drink brewed grain and heavy liquids. Ah me, why doesn't that region have the vine?—a race worthy of wine, a race worthy of the wine of the gods, a race which tends watery cups so affectionately!

This is a secret, although it is by no means one of great weight, I can't pretend it isn't. As you may take nothing from a son-in-law, take, while I advise you, just as much wine from any blood relation!—not if he begs you, not if he accuses you of rudeness and says that you have a heart of flint. And because banquets condemn quarrelsome cases and there is no place for a forum among unrestrained wine, when strife arises among quarrelers, beware of being a rash mediator because of dubious wine! Don't let anyone be accused, a defendant, by your testimony. You'll never give wine to anyone in the name of another, for such offerings always bring worthy gifts in return which earlier wine weighs down with a certain burden.

We have given some, too little strong, rules of drinking but nevertheless at the same time they have no trifling strength. You must establish them through constant practice, without which no doctrine can do anything. Practice is always more powerful in the excellent arts than rules, and schools aid you by their usefulness. Skills grow by employment; practice makes men masters. Anyone who has experience has a great assistance. Any art becomes more perfect by its use. Who can extol it sufficiently with deserved praise? Unless you have properly prepared a skill, strengthened by it, you'll soon lie drunk on the dirty ground, just as I have lain not rarely in dung and mud (destitute, alas, of any skill). It was the cause of my fall, since practice was failed me and naturally I was too little trained with pure art. Therefore, you who wish to be helped by my precepts, take constant cups in your hands and accustom yourself to carry the wine you have drunk more capaciously, so that three cups won't quickly bowl

you over. Learn by my warning to drink wine gradually: six cups today, ten cups tomorrow. Only carry a calf, soon you'll be able to carry a young ox if your strength is developed by set stages. Pass your novitate not with fleeting Falernian wine, not with diluted wine. Drink strong wine. If you can stand this, you'll be able to endure the watered wine which grows and is prepared on your banks, O Neckar.\* And drink while immovable strength flourishes in a youthful body and while you have stout knees. Don't put off your battles through the slow moving years. The older you become the lazier a soldier do you become also. And nevertheless, you won't disgrace this art soon, and him who willingly gave you these rules. You'll be conquered many times in the battle of wine; you can't come off the victor every time. For the dice of Bacchus waver as do the dice of Mars. Wine, too, sports with capricious favor. Hannibal does not always, though he is experienced in arms and war, carry off the weapons of his slain enemy. The Carthaginian has not everywhere crushed the Italian leaders against the glassy waves of Lake Trasumene. You can't hope, be you ever so well polished with our skill, to be always and everywhere the victor.

Further, where you perceive that your skill has lost its strength, you must aid the weakness of art by trickery, although I praise less deceit practiced in wine-bibbing. Anyone who cheats with wine, fails also in loyalty. Nevertheless, if you see others struggling by treachery and wile, erect ambushes in drinking wine! The laws of Bacchus permit one to repel trickery with trickery, as the laws of Caesar permit one to repel force with force. To cheat the cheaters is usually no shame; the Cretan† liar must be attacked with lies. What prevents you from wild Lapithae in cunning and conquering the fierce Centaurs with the treachery of wine? Alexander despised the award of a stolen palm; he was unwilling to rout hostile troops at night. You will praise the words of the Trojan Chorebus more highly. Consider it great glory to have stolen the palm. Deceive men with wine! What have craft or courage to do with an enemy? You can have a thousand ways of cheating. First, the servant must be bribed with a little silver, or secretly enticed with promises, to mix for others the strongest wine but for you alone to serve cups sobered with added water. Let him furnish you with wine of gently moderated strength; let the rest of the crowd drink aged pure wine. Leave wine bearing age to the fierce; drink eagerly new fresh wine if it is at hand. If sweet wine is provided, do you use the sweet more frequently! Believe me, sweet wine makes a breast less drunken. If, nevertheless, new wine pleases the other drinkers, secretly pour old wine into the cup with the new. If the error is detected, it will be easily pardoned; the hand of a butler makes many such errors. Go outside to urinate often; you'll gain the time which the due wine is deprived of inside, or else the wine is forgotten and your enemy finally overlooks it, without answering thus: "I have drunk much."

I omit at this time other tricks, ambushes, wiles which can be laid with skill by every drinker. If, nevertheless, you want to deceive your guests politely as soon as they cross the threshold of the banquet, refusing all the cups which are offered, say that your strength is not really equal to drinking. Pretend to have a body sick with feigned disorders. You ought to fashion diseases with lying inten-

\*A German river.

†Cretans are proverbially liars.

tions: All gifts of wine would be most pleasing to you except that but a little earlier you have regained health after a serious illness and therefore you must drink wine in accordance with a prescribed dietary if you don't wish to relapse. No one will force you to drink after these excuses, unless he's a rude-mannered Polyphemus. Afterward, when the guests first grow warm with Bacchus, drink the kindly wine but without haste! "So that you, O guests, won't think me rude, although my health is really not at all good, nonetheless I'll drink this cup full of the salty Falernian wine as a pledge of love to my neighbor." You are admitted with hidden fire finally to the common cup under such an agreement by the weary. By this trick you can also avoid wine completely when it is displeasing to your soul. This trick is of great advantage to me. I use it whenever I have drunk so far more often. I seem often to wish to yield completely and to have limbs burdened with many ladles and all my strength is numbed, consumed in drinking, and no further hope of any aid is given me, I secretly leave the sodden arena staggering, and I flee from the burning wine with a roving foot. I often withdraw myself in this fashion without yet having received a mortal wound, half dead, from certain slaughter, and at the same time I rob the drinker against me of the hoped-for palm which he would have taken if I had not left first. No teacher forbids your imitating this example, or wishes you to be ashamed of secret flight. Don't you know what the most famous speaker of Pallas Athene did—and the deed was not without praise? He was not ashamed to be called craven. Indeed, a fleeing man can wage Bacchic wars again. And go away before you do anything foolish and become a witty story for the bibulous chorus. Accordingly, when all your power to conquer has been destroyed, wine may begin to restore a weary foot. No one will hurl your wound at you; no one will call out that you have yielded, conquered by wine.

But why do I batter your ears with these childish affairs, with seeking various aids to sobriety? Why do I not produce the summary of my precepts?—That you always tend your cups with invincible spirit. Indeed I shall speak and I won't keep you, whoever drinks by a safe method, in suspense, O brother. There is said to be a stone of purple appearance, of great worth among the jewels of the Orient. This, driving away strong drink and being a drug to counteract nausea, has a famous reputation because of its merits. The tribes of Italy call it the amethyst, as do the Greeks. It is to be preferred to the jewels of Gyges.\* Buy that jewel at whatever price you find it! Let that ring circle your knuckle. It will be, if nature doesn't lie, an amethyst† indeed for a drinker (such power lies in it). It is considered the guardian of constant sobriety and, if sobriety is not to be pursued, a jewel hostile to wine. The kings of the Ethiopians and India delight in it and, completely untroubled because of its power, they worship wine constantly. The man to whom a scarcity of money denies this jewel should seek drugs of other properties. We have many incentives for the drinker; a table gives you many which put strong drink to flight. Radishes are a medicine pro-

\*A king of Lydia famous for the possession of a ring with which he could render himself invisible.

†I.e., ἀμέθυστον = a remedy for drunkenness.

curable for a modest sum. Eaten before wine, they weaken strong liquor. Wild cabbage, hostile to marjoram and not advantageous to plants of inferior aroma, prevents an excess of wine. Chives also dissipate excess for those who taste them. Onions, when eaten, ward off wine from the hungry. Almonds are not praised to you for their taste without reason. Let them not be sweet, but bitter in flavor. The roasted lung of a nimble cow is not unfortunately consumed. Believe that hazelnuts are as powerful! And dry figs can defend the sober, but figs not well parched excite thirst. It is useful to remember that the blooming saffron prevents these evils whenever it is drunk in the proper manner. There are some who don't hesitate even to taste hemlock before wine—the stuff is too treacherous. Such drugs affect our enemies; it is profitable to use simpler ones by far. Remember also to interpose with burning Bacchus an already advisable drink of cool water. If you have reached any stage of drunkenness this will dissipate it for you. The fiery warmth is subdued by the coolness of water. And why need I mention to you the drugs of swallow's beak? If you eat them, no intoxication will harm you. Don't accustom yourself to placing seeds of the tree purslane under your tongue or drink waves from the Clotorian fountain. And remember, tyro, to eat a well-prepared dinner on a different couch with an unavid hand. If spices give strength to weak wine, how much heat do they give to strong wine? Although a crowd of doctors contradicts me, I distribute this truth which I speak from experience—it is too much! Experience influences me more than doctors because it alone, in truth, produces good doctors.

Add also this precept, finally, to the previous ones—you must never exceed it when you drink. You shall never take up the battle of wine with a woman; you shall never meet with a bibulous old woman. For Maenads are found with wonderful gullets who scorn the god himself with their winebibbing. You might properly be able to compare them with Amazonian women who dare to hold out against any man whatsoever. Although you conquer them with wine, the victory will be considered one of no worth or, truly, too little. Indeed, no unwarlike woman, conquered with a great deal of wine, will give you a great and memorable reputation. But if you're conquered, you'll become a laughing-stock to everybody because you are a man conquered by an unwarlike hand.—Just as the virgin Amazon Penthesilea gave not much praise to the victorious Achilles, son of Peleus, or, more rightly, Aeneas unwilling to cut ruined Helen's throat, who was the cause of a country's destruction. In such a battle the Cytherean hero\* must be followed by the tyro rather than the savage Achilles, grandson of Aeacus. Is it, besides, your intention to avoid many causes for laughter, and must misfortunes often be endured by a drunken man? See to it that you don't leave your own roof, drunken with bed and sleep, before the wine has worn off. These, boy, are the first elements of drinking for you; if you know them I'll soon give you more which you can't bear now. Bacchus also forbids the rest to be told to a boy. They must be said to old men. I, acting like a youth, have sung these in foolish verses. What you see written here, collect in your mind also!

\*Aeneas, whose mother was Venus, one of whose sites is at Cytherea, is meant.

How it pleased me now to jest with an idle mind, provided that you also shall perceive that my songs are a joke. And, therefore, I hope I need not fear Tomis\* or the harsh cold of the Euxine strait. I have not taught by what tricks girls are to be deceived or by what wile another's wife may be taken. My art does not echo the cursed crimes of the violated bed or sing the sly disgraces of Venus. It teaches no kisses except those which a calm, modest mouth fastens on jugs full of wine. No passion, no debauchery is in my song; my Muse has no shocking wicked deed to tell. I have pointed out the temperate feasts of a lawful Bacchus, and sometimes the jesting battles of permissible wine. For that reason I am not to be condemned by hostile judges. I don't approve of the transgressions of strong drink, nor evil debauches. Don't consider me drunken with my song of wine. My Muse is drunken, but my life is sober. Who, please, wants to make it a fault on my part that I drink wine more willingly than cool water?—Except you, who maliciously do not abhor picking at my art and gnawing at the god with a crooked tooth. I don't call down on you any ill luck or misfortunes worse than those which the poet Naso mentions in his "Ibis." As long as the dire power of Bacchus never desires to look favorably on you so that you once drink good wine, may your wine be joyless; may the wine which you drink with filthy obscene mouth lack sweetness, my friends! May no draught of nectar quench your thirst. May you not drink pure wine slowly, or Falernian wine pleasantly. May you drink doubtful wine; may you drink mouldy wine! Lastly, when you see charming companions drink and pass a joyous day with shining foreheads, may you sit alone despised and snarl sadly, while thirst torments your envious lips! May Maenads and Satyrs at last (as the Theban matrons did Pentheus) attack and cruelly destroy you and may your scattered bones be left unburied because you have abused pleasant jokes with a rabid mouth. The game has an end, youths. Give wine to the teacher. For I seek no other reward from you, and while you practice my art with full ladles, I entreat you, O pupils, remember me!

\*Tomis is the town on the Pontus Euxinus to which Ovid was banished.