**Week 1**: Extra Reading

**1. Ovid, *The Art of Love*, Book 1 (for men)**

[I] Should anyone here not know the art of love,

read this, and learn by reading how to love.

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[II] The hunter knows where to spread nets for the stag,

he knows what valleys hide the angry boar:

the wild-fowler knows the woods: the fisherman

knows the waters where the most fish spawn:

You too, who search for the essence of lasting love,

must be taught the places that the girls frequent.

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[IV] But hunt for them, especially, at the tiered theatre:

that place is the most fruitful for your needs.

There you’ll find one to love, or one you can play with,

one to be with just once, or one you might wish to keep.

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[IX] Secret love’s just as pleasing to women as men.

Men pretend badly: she hides her desire.

If it was proper for men not to be the first to ask,

woman’s role would be to take the part of the asker.

**2. Ovid, *The Art of Love*, Book 3 (for women)**

[I] I’ve given the Greeks arms, against Amazons: arms remain,

to give to you Penthesilea, and your Amazon troop.

Go equal to the fight: let them win, those who are favoured

by Venus, and her Boy, who flies through all the world.

It’s not fair for armed men to battle with naked girls:

that would be shameful, men, even if you win.

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[XV] I nearly forgot the skilful ways by which you can

elude a husband, or a vigilant guardian.

let the bride fear her husband: to guard a wife is right:

it’s fitting, it’s decreed by law, the courts, and modesty.

But for you too be guarded, scarcely released from prison,

who could bear it? Adhere to my religion, and deceive!

**Question**

**1.** How might Ovid’s poetry on **love** and **the art of love** have been problematic in a medieval, Christian society?

***The Romance of the Rose*, Chapter VI: The Figure of Beauty**

Now to my theme I shall return,
Of the noble folk you must learn,
All their manners in the dances,
Their aspects and countenances.
The God of Love was in company

With a lady of rare nobility,
And she danced beside him ably,
And her name, it too was Beauty;

 Like that one of the five shafts she

Owned many a goodly quality.

Not black-haired, nor dark-eyed,
She was fair as the moon, beside

**Chapter II: Avarice**

Avarice was she named, and she Was ill-formed, all foul and ugly, An image of leanness, yet alive; Though she was green as any chive, For so unhealthy was her colour, She appeared half-dead of languor, A thing reduced to skin and bone, As if she’d lived on bread alone

**Hatred**

Frowning and sullen was her face, The nose squat; all without grace, Wrapped in a foul cloth was she, That clung to her most hideously.

**Age**

Her beauty wasted and, in its fall,

A thing of ugliness shed become, Worn and lined, scarred and numb. Her hair was now as white, I’d say,

As if it had been decked with may.

Which the distant stars that tremble

Seem each like a little candle;
Her flesh was tender as the dew;

As innocent as a bride and true,

White as a lily-flower was she;
Her face it was clear, elegantly

Smooth, and straight, and thin,
No rouge or painting did it dim;

Of adornment she’d no need,
No decoration there, indeed;
Her tresses blonde, and so long
They fell her dancing feet among.

Nose, eyes, mouth all made with art;

Great sweetness doth touch my heart,

God save me, when I remember
The fashion of her every member,

And none in all the world so fair;

Young and blonde and, I declare,

Neat and graceful, frank and teasing,

Slender but firm, noble yet pleasing.

**Questions**

**2.** Highlight the adjectives used to described Beauty. How does this **personification of beauty** compare with depictions of beauty elsewhere that you’re familiar with?

**3.** Compare the description of Beauty with Avarice, Hatred & Age. What do you find interesting about the differences?