

AVE

Second Philippic

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

Plain English Translation

MOUSEIA

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Translated by Michael Berardi

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THIS EDITION

Complete machine-assisted Plain English translation made independently and directly from the Latin in separate source-only tasks, not from the Musean edition or a historical English translation; all 46 chapters and 119 sections retained. Latin transcription: Perseus Project, Tufts University, CC BY-SA 4.0; this adaptation uses the same license.

TRANSLATOR

Michael Berardi

THE WORK

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SOURCE

Original text from the Perseus Digital Library.

GAPS AND UNCERTAINTIES

The pinned Perseus TEI omits the section 119 anchor within its final section 118; the anchor is restored before *quin etiam corpus* as independently attested by The Latin Library. Clark's Latin wording is unchanged.

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Chapter 1

- ¹ Senators, what twist of fate explains this? For twenty years, every enemy of the republic has also declared war on me. I don't need to name anyone. You can remember them yourselves. They've paid for attacking me more heavily than I'd wanted. Antony, you copy what they did. I'm surprised their endings don't terrify you. The others surprised me less. None chose to become my enemy without a reason. I challenged them all for the republic's sake. But I hadn't said one word against you. You attacked me with insults on your own initiative. You wanted to seem bolder than Catiline, crazier than Clodius. You thought breaking with me would win you support among disloyal citizens.
- ² What should I think? Did he look down on me? I don't see what Antony could despise. My life? My standing? My achievements? Even my modest ability? Or did he think the Senate was the easiest place to tear me down? This body has honored many outstanding citizens for serving the republic well. It has honored only me for saving it. Or did he want a speaking contest against me? That really is a favor. What could give me more to say? What richer subject than defending myself and attacking Antony? Here's the real answer. He thought people like him wouldn't accept him as the country's enemy unless he was also mine.

Chapter 2

- ³ Before answering his other charges, I'll discuss friendship briefly. He accuses me of breaking ours. I consider that a very serious charge.

He complained that I once opposed his interests. Shouldn't I have opposed an outsider for a close, dear friend? Shouldn't I have opposed influence built on youthful looks, not on any promise of character? Shouldn't I have opposed the injustice he secured? A thoroughly unfair man intervened for him. It wasn't a lawful ruling by the praetor. But I think you mentioned this to win over the lowest social class. Everyone would remember you'd been a freedman's son-in-law. Your children had been grandchildren of Quintus Fadius, a freedman. "But I'd placed myself under your instruction"—those were your words. You claimed you'd often visited my house. If you had, you'd have taken better care of your reputation and sexual decency. But you didn't. Even if you'd wanted to, Gaius Curio wouldn't have let you.

- ⁴ You said you'd stood aside for my election as augur. What unbelievable nerve! What shamelessness to boast about! The whole college wanted me as an augur. Gnaeus Pompey and Quintus Hortensius nominated me. No more than two men could nominate someone. At that time, you couldn't pay your debts. You thought only overthrowing the republic could save you. Could you have run for augur then, when Curio wasn't in Italy? And when you did get elected, could you have won a single tribe without him? Even his friends were convicted of violence because they'd supported you too eagerly.

Chapter 3

- ⁵ You say I received a favor from you. What favor? I've always openly acknowledged the very thing you mention. I'd rather admit I owed you something than seem ungrateful to someone less discerning. But what was the favor? That you didn't kill me at Brundisium? The victor himself wanted me safe and ordered me into Italy. He'd made you leader of his gang of robbers. You used to boast about that yourself. Would you have killed someone he'd spared? Let's suppose you could have. Senators, what favor can robbers offer except this? They can claim they gave life to people they didn't kill. But suppose that counted as a

favor. The men who killed their own savior would never have won such glory. You yourself regularly call them outstanding men. And what sort of favor is avoiding a wicked crime? Your not killing me should have brought me less pleasure than your power to do it unpunished brought distress.

- ⁶ Still, let's call it a favor. No one could receive a greater one from a robber. How can you say I've been ungrateful for it? Should I have kept quiet about the republic's destruction, just to avoid seeming ungrateful to you? My complaint was sad and full of grief. But the Senate and Roman people had put me in this position. I had to make it. What did I say that was insulting? What wasn't restrained? What wasn't friendly? Think how much self-control that took. I was complaining about Marcus Antony without using insults. You'd scattered what remained of the republic. Everything was for sale in your house, in a disgraceful market. You admitted that laws had been passed by you and about you without ever being published as proposals. You were an augur, yet you'd abolished the taking of auspices. You were consul, yet you'd abolished the tribunes' veto. Armed men crowded around you in the most disgraceful way. Every day you did every filthy thing in your shameless house, worn out by drink and brothels.

Chapter 4

- ⁷ I acted as though my opponent were Marcus Crassus, not some utterly rotten gladiator. Crassus and I had clashed often and seriously. I made serious complaints about the republic, but said nothing about you personally. Today I'll make him understand what a favor I did him then. He also read out a letter he said I'd sent him. The man has no manners and knows nothing about ordinary social life. Has anyone with even a little experience of decent society ever done that? A friend sends you letters. Then something goes wrong between you. Who brings those letters out and reads them publicly? Doesn't that strip life of

companionship? Doesn't it end conversations between friends who are apart? Letters often contain jokes that would seem silly in public. They also contain plenty of serious things that must never be shared.

- 8 Leave aside his lack of manners. Look at his unbelievable stupidity. What can you use against me, you great speaker? At least Seius Mustela and Numisius Tiro think you're great. They're standing right now with swords, in full view of the Senate. Show me how you'll defend them on murder charges, and I'll think you're a great speaker too. But what could you use against me if I denied ever sending that letter? What witness could prove me wrong? The handwriting? You've made money from your expertise in that. But how could it help you here? A secretary wrote it. Now I envy your teacher. He gets paid an enormous sum—I'll tell you how much shortly—to teach you to know nothing.
- 9 What could be less fitting for a speaker—or even a person? You accuse your opponent of something he only needs to deny. Then you can't take the charge any further. But I don't deny it. The letter itself proves not just your lack of manners, but your madness. What word in it doesn't show courtesy, consideration, and goodwill? Your whole charge is that I don't speak badly of you there. I write as though addressing a fellow citizen, a decent man, not a criminal and robber. But I won't produce your letter. Your attack gave me every right to do so. In it, you ask me to let you bring someone back from exile. You swear you won't do it against my wishes. And I grant your request. Why should I have stood in the way of your recklessness? This body's authority couldn't control it. Neither could the Roman people's opinion or any laws.

Chapter 5

- 10 But really, why ask me at all? Hadn't Caesar's law already recalled the man you were asking about? Apparently, he wanted it treated as a favor from me. Yet once the law passed, it couldn't even be a favor from him.

Senators, I have some things to say for myself, and much against Marcus Antony. I ask one thing of you. Please give me a friendly hearing when I defend myself. I'll take care of the other thing myself: you'll listen closely when I attack him. I also ask you this. You know the restraint and moderation I've shown throughout my life, including in my speeches. Today I'll answer the challenge he gave me. Don't think I've forgotten who I am. I won't treat him as a consul. He didn't treat me as a former consul. Anyway, he isn't a consul in any real sense. His way of life rules that out. So does his handling of the republic. So does the way he got the office. There's no dispute that I'm a former consul.

¹¹ He wanted you to understand what kind of consul he claimed to be. So he attacked my consulship. Senators, it was mine in name, but yours in practice. What did I decide, carry out, or accomplish without this body's advice, authority, and judgment? You're supposedly wise as well as eloquent. Did you dare criticize those actions before the very men whose advice and wisdom guided them? Who besides you and Publius Clodius has ever attacked my consulship? His fate is waiting for you, just as it did for Gaius Curio. You have the same thing at home that doomed them both.

¹² Marcus Antony doesn't approve of my consulship. But Publius Servilius did. I'll name him first among that period's former consuls, since he died most recently. Quintus Catulus approved. His authority will always live on in this republic. Both Luculluses approved, as did Marcus Crassus, Quintus Hortensius, Gaius Curio, Gaius Piso, Manius Glabrio, Manius Lepidus, Lucius Volcatius, and Gaius Figulus. So did Decimus Silanus and Lucius Murena, the consuls-elect then. Marcus Cato agreed with those former consuls. He showed foresight in many ways as he left life. Above all, he never saw you as consul. Gnaeus Pompey approved of my consulship most strongly of all. When he first saw me on his return from Syria, he hugged and congratulated me. He said he'd see his country thanks to me. But why name people one by one? A packed Senate approved so strongly that every member thanked me like a father. Every member credited me with saving his life, property, children, and the republic.

Chapter 6

- ¹³ But the republic has lost all those outstanding men I've named. Let's turn to the living. Two of that group of former consuls remain. Lucius Cotta has outstanding ability and judgment. He proposed a public thanksgiving for the very actions you attack, using the highest terms of praise. The former consuls I just named agreed with him. So did the entire Senate. Since this city's founding, no man in a civilian toga had received that honor before me.
- ¹⁴ Your uncle Lucius Caesar gave his verdict against his sister's husband, your stepfather. What a speech he gave! What firmness! What seriousness! He should have been your guide and teacher in every decision, throughout your life. You preferred to take after your stepfather, not your uncle. I wasn't related to him, but I followed his advice as consul. You're his sister's son. Did you ever ask him about the republic? But who does he consult? Immortal gods! Why, the men whose birthdays we even have to hear about! Antony hasn't come down today.

Chapter 7

- ¹⁵ Why? He's giving a birthday dinner in his gardens. For whom? I won't name anyone. Think of some Phormio, some Gnatho, even some Ballio. What filthy, disgraceful behavior! What shamelessness, wickedness, and unbearable lust! A leading senator is your close relative, an outstanding citizen. Yet you never ask his advice about public affairs. Instead, you ask men who have nothing themselves. They're draining everything you have. Your consulship saves the country, apparently. Mine ruins it. Have you lost your shame along with your sexual decency? How could you dare say that in that temple? There I consulted the Senate, which once flourished and governed the world. There you stationed the worst criminals with swords.

- ¹⁶ You even dared say something else—but what wouldn't you dare? You said the Capitoline slope was full of armed slaves during my consulship. Apparently I was forcing the Senate to pass those wicked decrees! You miserable man! Perhaps you don't know what happened. You know nothing good, after all. Or perhaps you do know. Either way, how can you speak so shamelessly before these men? What Roman knight wasn't on the Capitoline slope? What young nobleman, apart from you? What man of any rank who remembered his citizenship? The Senate was meeting in this temple. Who wasn't there? Who didn't put his name down? In fact, there weren't enough clerks for the job. The lists couldn't hold all their names.
- ¹⁷ Those criminals admitted they'd plotted to murder their country. Their accomplices' evidence and their own handwriting forced their confession. Their letters almost spoke aloud against them. They'd agreed to burn the city and slaughter its citizens. They'd agreed to wreck Italy and destroy the republic. Who wouldn't have rushed to protect everyone's safety? Besides, the Senate and Roman people had a leader. If they had someone like him now, you'd have met the same fate as those men. He says I wouldn't release his stepfather's body for burial. Even Publius Clodius never said that. I had good reason to be Clodius's enemy. Still, I'm sorry you've now outdone him in every vice.

Chapter 8

- ¹⁸ Why did you think of reminding us of that? You grew up in Publius Lentulus's house. Were you afraid we'd think nature alone could make you this wicked? Did we need to know you'd had training too? You were so mindless that you contradicted yourself throughout your speech. Your statements didn't just fail to fit together. They were completely opposed and directly contradictory. Your quarrel with yourself was bigger than your quarrel with me. You admitted your stepfather's part in that terrible crime. Then you complained that he was punished. So you praised the part that was mine alone. You criticized the part that

belonged entirely to the Senate. I arrested the guilty men. The Senate imposed their punishment. This gifted speaker doesn't understand what he's doing. He's praising the man he's speaking against. He's insulting the men he's speaking before.

¹⁹ Then there's your mention of the Capitoline slope. What does that show? Not boldness, though you want to seem bold. It shows stupidity, where you beat everyone—something you don't want. Armed men are moving among our benches right now. Immortal gods! Here in Concord's very sanctuary, men stand posted with swords. Here, during my consulship, senators gave the advice that saved us. We've survived to this day because of it. Accuse the Senate. Accuse the knights, who joined the Senate then. Accuse every rank, every citizen. Just admit that Ituraeans surround this body right now. Your boldness doesn't explain these shameless statements. You simply can't see how completely the situations clash. You really have no sense. What could be crazier? You've taken up weapons to destroy the republic. Yet you attack someone else for weapons that saved it.

²⁰ At one point, you even tried to be funny. Good gods, how badly that suited you! You deserve some blame for that too. You could've picked up some wit from your mime-actress wife. "Let weapons give way to the toga." Well? Didn't they give way then? Later, though, the toga gave way to your weapons. So let's ask which was better. Was it better for criminals' weapons to yield to the Roman people's freedom? Or for our freedom to yield to your weapons? I won't give you a longer answer about my verses. I'll just say this briefly. You don't understand them, or any literature at all. I've never let down the republic or my friends. Still, I've used my spare working hours for writing of every kind. My late nights and my books have achieved something. They've helped young people and brought honor to Rome's name. But this isn't the time for that. Let's look at bigger matters.

Chapter 9

- ²¹ You said Publius Clodius was killed on my advice. What would people think if he'd been killed that day? You chased him with a sword through the Forum. The Roman people watched. You would've finished him off, but he escaped up a bookseller's stairs. He blocked them and stopped your attack. I admit I supported what you were doing. Even you don't say I suggested it. But I couldn't even support Milo beforehand. He finished the business before anyone suspected he would do it. Yet I advised him, you say. Apparently Milo lacked the spirit to help the republic without someone prompting him! But I was glad, you say. Well, then? The whole city was celebrating. Was I alone supposed to be sad?
- ²² There was, after all, an inquiry into Clodius's death. It wasn't set up very sensibly. Why investigate a killing under a new law? Existing laws already provided for an inquiry. Still, there was an inquiry. No one brought this charge against me during the hearing. Now, after all these years, you've turned up to do it?

Chapter 10

- ²³ You also dared make another claim, at great length. You said I broke up Pompey's friendship with Caesar. That made the civil war my fault, you said. Your mistake wasn't about the whole story. But you got the most important thing wrong: the timing. During Marcus Bibulus's consulship—he was an outstanding citizen—I left nothing untried. I did everything I could to pull Pompey away from his alliance with Caesar. Caesar had more success. He himself broke up Pompey's friendship with me. But once Pompey had given himself completely to Caesar, why would I try to separate them? Hoping for that would've been foolish. Urging it would've been shameless.

- ²⁴ Still, there were two occasions when I advised Pompey against Caesar. Criticize those, if you can. First, I told him not to extend Caesar's command for five years. Second, I told him not to let a proposal pass allowing Caesar to stand for office while away. If I'd persuaded him on either point, we'd never have fallen into this misery. Later, Pompey handed Caesar all his own power and the Roman people's too. He began, too late, to understand what I'd foreseen long before. I saw a wicked war being brought against our country. Even then, I kept urging peace, agreement, and a settlement. Many people know what I said: "Gnaeus Pompey, I wish you'd either never joined Caesar or never broken with him!" Staying apart would've shown your firmness. Staying together would've shown your good judgment. Antony, that was always my advice about Pompey and the republic. If it had prevailed, the republic would still stand. You would've collapsed under your own disgraceful behavior, poverty, and shame.

Chapter 11

- ²⁵ But that's old history. Here's something recent: Caesar was killed on my advice. Senators, I'm beginning to fear something deeply shameful. People may think I've planted a prosecutor secretly working for me. He doesn't just decorate me with credit for my own achievements. He piles other people's achievements onto me too. Who ever heard my name among the partners in that glorious deed? And whose name, among those involved, was kept hidden? Kept hidden? Whose name wasn't immediately spread everywhere? I'd sooner say some people boasted about involvement although they hadn't been in on it. That's more likely than anyone involved wanting to stay hidden.
- ²⁶ Besides, how could my name possibly have stayed hidden? There were so many people involved. Some were little known, some were young. None kept anyone's identity secret. Did those who acted need someone to urge them to free their country? Would I have had to push the two Brutuses? Both saw Lucius Brutus's portrait every day. One saw Ahala's too. With ancestors like those,

would they look to outsiders for advice rather than their own family? Would they look outside rather than at home? And what about Gaius Cassius? His family couldn't tolerate anyone's tyranny, or even anyone's excessive power. Apparently he needed me to prompt him! He would've done the job without these distinguished men. He would've done it in Cilicia, at the Cydnus River's mouth. But Caesar landed on the opposite bank, not the one he'd planned to use.

- 27 What stirred Gnaeus Domitius to recover freedom? Wasn't it the loss of his father, that outstanding man? Wasn't it his uncle's death? Wasn't it being stripped of his standing? Or was my influence what moved him? Or did I persuade Gaius Trebonius? I wouldn't even have dared suggest it to him. The republic owes him all the more thanks for that. He put the Roman people's freedom before one man's friendship. He chose to drive tyranny out rather than share it. Or did Lucius Tillius Cimber follow my lead? I was more surprised that he'd done it than convinced beforehand that he would. Here's why I was surprised: he'd forgotten the favors he'd received and remembered his country. And the two Serviliuses—should I call them Cascas or Ahalas? Do you think my influence moved them too, rather than love for the republic? Listing the others would take too long. There were so many of them. That was splendid for the republic, and glorious for them.

Chapter 12

- 28 Now remember how this sharp-minded man proved his case against me. He said, "Right after Caesar was killed, Brutus raised his bloody dagger high. He called out Cicero's name and congratulated him on freedom's recovery." Why single me out? Because I knew? Consider another reason why he called my name. He'd done something like what I'd done myself. He called on me above all as his witness: he'd matched the deeds that brought me honor.

- 29 You're the stupidest man alive. Can't you understand this? You accuse me of wanting Caesar killed. If that's a crime, being glad he died is a crime too. What's the difference between urging a deed and approving it? What difference does it make whether I wanted it done or am glad it happened? So who didn't want it to happen? Who disapproved once it was done? Only those who were happy to have him as king. Everyone else is guilty, then. Every decent man killed Caesar, as far as he could. Some lacked a plan, others courage, others the chance. No one lacked the wish.
- 30 But notice this man's stupidity—or should I say this animal's? Here's what he said: "Brutus, whom I name with respect, held a bloody dagger and called out Cicero's name. That must mean Cicero knew about the plot." So you call me a criminal? You only suspect that I suspected something. But the man who carried a dripping dagger out in front of him—you name him with respect? All right. Let that stupidity in your words pass. How much greater is your stupidity in actions and judgments? Make up your mind at last, consul. Decide how you want to judge the two Brutuses, Gaius Cassius, Gnaeus Domitius, Gaius Trebonius, and the rest. Sleep off your hangover, I tell you. Breathe out those wine fumes. Must we bring torches close to wake you? You're sleeping through a case this important. Will you never understand that you have to decide? Are the men who did this murderers, or did they defend freedom?

Chapter 13

- 31 Pay attention for a moment. Try thinking like a sober man, just briefly. I admit I'm their friend. You accuse me of being their partner. And I say there's no middle ground. Unless they freed the Roman people and saved the republic, they're worse than assassins. They're worse than murderers, even worse than men who kill their fathers. That's if killing your country's father is worse than killing your own. You're such a wise, thoughtful man. What's your answer? If you call them father-killers, why have you always spoken of them with honor?

You've done that here in the Senate and before the Roman people. Why did you propose exempting Marcus Brutus from the laws if he stayed outside Rome for over ten days? Why were the Games of Apollo held with such extraordinary honors for Marcus Brutus? Why did Brutus and Cassius get provinces? Why were they given quaestors? Why were their staffs of deputies increased? You brought all this about. So they're not murderers. That means you judge them to be liberators. There's no third choice.

32 What's wrong? Am I confusing you? Perhaps you don't quite understand arguments that set out separate alternatives. Still, here's what my argument comes down to. You cleared them of a crime. You also judged them worthy of the greatest rewards. So now I'll take back my earlier words. I'll write to them about your accusation against me. If anyone asks whether it's true, they shouldn't deny it. I'm afraid it would reflect badly on them to have kept me in the dark. And I'd be utterly ashamed to have turned down an invitation. Holy Jupiter! What greater deed has ever been done, not just in this city, but anywhere on earth? What deed was more glorious? What deed has a better claim to be remembered forever? Are you putting me inside this plot with its leading men, as though inside the Trojan horse?

33 I don't object. I even thank you, whatever your purpose is. The deed is so great that the hatred you want to stir up against me counts for nothing beside the praise. Who could be happier than these men? You boast that you drove them out and banished them. But what place is so empty or uncivilized that it wouldn't seem to greet them and reach out as they approached? What people are so uncultured that seeing them wouldn't seem life's greatest reward? What future generations could be so forgetful? What histories could be so ungrateful that they wouldn't keep their glory alive forever? Go ahead and put me among men like that.

Chapter 14

- ³⁴ But there's one thing I'm afraid you won't like. If I'd been involved, I'd have removed more than the king from the republic. I'd have ended the kingship too. If I'd written that script, as people say, believe me, I wouldn't have finished just one act. I'd have finished the whole play. Still, suppose wanting Caesar killed is a crime. Please consider what that means for you, Antony. Everyone knows you discussed this plan with Gaius Trebonius at Narbo. And because you shared in that plan, we saw Trebonius call you aside while Caesar was being killed. Now see how little hostility I'm showing you. I praise you for once having a good idea. I thank you for not exposing it. I forgive you for not carrying it out.
- ³⁵ That business needed a man. But suppose someone brings you to trial. Suppose he asks that old question of Cassius's: "Who benefited?" Please make sure you won't be stuck for an answer. True, as you said, it benefited everyone who didn't want to be a slave. But it benefited you most of all. You're not just free from slavery. You're ruling. You freed yourself from enormous debts at the Temple of Ops. Through those same accounts, you squandered vast amounts of money. So much was brought to you from Caesar's house. Your home runs a hugely profitable workshop for forged records and handwritten documents. It's a thoroughly disgraceful marketplace for land, towns, tax exemptions, and tax revenues.
- ³⁶ What besides Caesar's death could have relieved your poverty and debts? You seem a little upset. Are you afraid people might think this accusation applies to you? I'll put your fears to rest. Nobody will ever believe it. Doing the republic a good turn isn't your way. The republic has outstanding men to thank for that splendid deed. I'm only saying you're glad it happened. I'm not accusing you of doing it. I've answered the most serious charges. Now I must answer the rest.

Chapter 15

- ³⁷ You attacked me over Pompey's camp and that whole period. As I've said, if my advice and influence had prevailed then, you'd be broke today. We'd be free. The republic wouldn't have lost so many commanders and armies. I admit I saw what was coming. That made me deeply unhappy, as it would have made every other good citizen who foresaw it. I grieved, I grieved, senators. Your decisions and mine had once saved the republic. Now it would soon be destroyed. I wasn't so ignorant or so clueless about events that wanting to stay alive broke my spirit. Staying alive would wear me down with grief. Letting life go would free me from every trouble. I wanted those outstanding men to live, those shining lights of the republic. So many former consuls, so many former praetors, so many highly respected senators! And all the finest nobles and young men, along with armies of excellent citizens! Had they lived, we'd still control the republic today, however unfair the peace terms. To me, any peace with fellow citizens seemed better than civil war.
- ³⁸ Suppose my view had prevailed. Suppose the very men whose lives I was trying to save hadn't opposed me, carried away by hopes of victory. Leave everything else aside. You certainly wouldn't have stayed in this Senate—or rather, in this city. But you say my speeches turned Pompey against me. Did he love anyone more? Did he talk with anyone or share his plans more often? That really was something: we disagreed over the republic's most important issue, yet kept the same close friendship. I understood what he thought and aimed at. He understood the same about me. I put citizens' safety first, so we could protect their standing afterward. He cared more about protecting their standing right then. Each of us had a goal he was pursuing. That made our disagreement easier to bear.

Chapter 16

³⁹ That remarkable, almost godlike man had his own opinion of me. The men who followed him to Paphos after his flight from Pharsalus know it. He never mentioned me without respect. He always spoke with the deepest longing for a close friend. He admitted I'd seen further ahead, while he'd hoped for better things. Yet you dare use his name to attack me? You must admit I was his friend. You bought up his auctioned property. But let's leave that war aside. You had far too much luck in it. I won't even answer your claims about my jokes in camp. That camp certainly had plenty of worries. Still, even in troubled times, people sometimes relax—if they're human at all.

⁴⁰ The same man attacks both my sadness and my jokes. That's strong evidence I went too far in neither.

You said I don't receive inheritances. I wish that accusation of yours were true! More of my friends and loved ones would still be alive. But how did that idea enter your head? I've recorded more than twenty million sesterces received through inheritances. Still, I admit you've had better luck here. Only friends have made me their heir. So any gain I got came with some grief. But Lucius Rubrius of Casinum made you his heir. You'd never even seen him.

⁴¹ And just look how much he loved you! You don't even know whether he was light or dark. He passed over his brother's son. He didn't even mention the son of Quintus Fufius, a highly respected Roman knight and his very close friend. He'd always publicly named that son as his heir. Instead, he made you his heir. He'd never seen you, or certainly never greeted you. Please tell me, if you don't mind: what did Lucius Turselius look like? How tall was he? What town was he from? What voting tribe? "I know nothing," you'll say, "except which estates he owned." So he disinherited his brother to make you his heir. This man also seized many fortunes belonging to complete strangers. The rightful heirs were driven out by force. He took over as though he were the heir.

Chapter 17

⁴² Still, what surprised me most was your daring to mention inheritances. You didn't even accept your own father's estate.

You complete madman! Did you spend all those days practicing speeches in someone else's country house just to put this together? Your closest friends keep saying why you practice. It's to blow off wine fumes, not sharpen your mind. Still, you bring in a teacher for laughs. He's a public-speaking teacher because you and your drinking buddies say so. You've let him say whatever he likes about you. He's certainly witty. But you and your friends make easy targets for jokes. Now look at the difference between you and your grandfather. He spoke slowly and helped his case. You race through things that have nothing to do with yours.

⁴³ But what a fee that teacher got! Listen, listen, senators! See how the republic has been wounded. You gave Sextus Clodius, the public-speaking teacher, two thousand iugera on the plain of Leontini. And you made them tax-free. The Roman people paid all that for you to learn to be a fool. Is this also in Caesar's records, you utterly shameless man? I'll discuss the land at Leontini elsewhere, along with the land in Campania. This man stole those lands from the republic. He polluted them with the most disgraceful occupants. I've now answered his accusations well enough. It's time to say something about this man who's correcting and reforming us. I won't pour everything out. If we have to fight again—as we will—I'll always come with something fresh. His countless faults and misdeeds give me that freedom.

Chapter 18

- ⁴⁴ So, shall we look at you from boyhood? I think so. Let's start at the beginning. Do you remember going bankrupt in your boyhood toga? "That was my father's fault," you'll say. Fair enough. That's certainly a loving son's defense. But you were responsible for daring to sit in the fourteen rows. The Roscian law set aside a particular place for bankrupts. That applied even when bad luck caused their bankruptcy, not their own fault. You put on a man's toga. You immediately turned it into a woman's toga. At first, you were a common whore. Your disgraceful services had a set price, and no small one. But Curio soon stepped in. He took you away from earning money through prostitution. As though he'd given you a married woman's dress, he settled you in a lasting, dependable marriage.
- ⁴⁵ No boy bought for sex was ever so completely under his owner's control as you were under Curio's. How often did his father throw you out of his house? How often did he post guards to keep you from crossing the threshold? Yet you still let yourself down through the roof tiles. Night was your accomplice. Lust urged you on. Your fee left you no choice. That house couldn't put up with your disgraceful acts any longer. Do you know I'm talking about things I know very well? Remember when Curio's father lay grieving on his bed. His son threw himself at my feet in tears. He begged me to look after you. He asked me to defend him against his father if his father demanded six million sesterces. He said he'd guaranteed that much for you. He was burning with love. He insisted he'd go into exile, because he couldn't bear the pain of being parted from you.
- ⁴⁶ What terrible troubles I calmed in that thriving family then—or rather, removed altogether! I persuaded the father to pay his son's debts. He should use the family's resources to buy back that young man, whose character and talent showed such promise. He should use his authority and power as a father to

stop more than your close friendship. He should prevent you from even meeting. You remembered that I'd done all this. Without your faith in those swords we can see, you'd never have dared to provoke me with insults.

Chapter 19

⁴⁷ But let's leave the sex scandals and disgrace behind. Some things I can't say without losing my decency. That gives you more freedom. You've done things a decent enemy couldn't mention. Now look at the rest of his life. I'll go through it quickly. I want to reach his actions in the civil war, during the republic's worst suffering. And I want to reach what he does every day. You know these things far better than I do. Still, please keep listening closely, as you're doing now. With things like these, knowledge alone should stir us. Remembering them should stir us too. But let's cut out the middle, I think. Otherwise we'll reach the end too late.

⁴⁸ This man keeps mentioning his favors to me. Yet he was Clodius's closest friend during Clodius's tribunate. He lit the torch for every fire Clodius started. Even then, he tried something in Clodius's own house. He knows perfectly well what I mean. Then came his trip to Alexandria. It defied the senate, the republic, and religious rules. But Gabinius was his commander. With him, anything he did would surely be right! And how did he return from there? What route did he take? From Egypt, he reached the farthest part of Gaul before going home. But what home? Everyone still held their own home then. You didn't have one anywhere. Why say "home"? Where on earth could you set foot on anything you owned? There was just one place at Misenum. You held that with partners, like the mines at Sisapo.

Chapter 20

- ⁴⁹ You came back from Gaul to run for quaestor. Dare to say you visited your mother before me! Caesar had already written to me. He asked me to accept your apology. So I didn't even let you discuss making peace. After that, you treated me with respect. I supported you during your campaign for quaestor. During that time, you tried to kill Publius Clodius in the forum. The Roman people approved. You tried it on your own, without my urging. Still, you kept telling people this: you could never make up for your wrongs against me unless you killed him. So why claim I pushed Milo to do it? That really puzzles me. You offered to do the same thing yourself. I never encouraged you. Still, if you'd kept at it, I'd have preferred it to count as your achievement, not a favor to me.

Chapter 21

- ⁵⁰ You became quaestor. Then you immediately rushed off to Caesar. You had no senate decree, no assignment by lot, no law. Your life was wrecked by poverty, debt, and bad behavior. You thought Caesar was your one refuge on earth. There you filled your pockets with his gifts and your own thefts. If you can call it filling your pockets, when you stole only to pour it straight out! Then you came flying back, broke, to seek the tribunate. In that office, you hoped to resemble your husband, if you could.
- Now please listen to what he did next. I don't mean his filthy, reckless attacks on himself and his family's good name. I mean his godless crimes against us and our property—against the whole republic, in other words. You'll find that his crime started all our troubles.

- 51 It was January 1, when Lucius Lentulus and Gaius Marcellus were consuls. You wanted to prop up the republic. It was slipping and almost falling. You also wanted to help Caesar himself, if he was in his right mind. Then this man blocked your plans with his tribunate. He'd sold that office and signed it away. He put his own neck under the ax. Many had died under it for smaller offenses. Antony, the senate passed a decree against you. The senate was still intact then. So many of its leading lights hadn't yet gone out. Following our ancestors' practice, it passed the decree used against an enemy who was still a citizen. And you dared attack me before the senators? This body had judged me the republic's savior. It had judged you its enemy. People stopped bringing up that crime of yours. They haven't forgotten it. As long as human beings exist, as long as the Roman people's name survives, people will mention that disastrous veto of yours. And that name will last forever, if you'll let it.
- 52 What selfish or reckless thing was the senate doing? You, one young man, stopped the whole body from deciding how to save the republic. You did it not once, but repeatedly. You wouldn't even discuss the senate's authority with anyone. What were they asking of you? Only that you stop trying to destroy the republic and tear it down completely. The state's leading men pleaded with you. Older men warned you. A crowded senate pressed you. None could shift the position you'd sold and handed over. They tried many other things first. Then they had to inflict that wound on you. Few before you had suffered it. Not one had come through unharmed:

Chapter 22

- 53 Then this body gave the consuls weapons against you. It gave them to the other military commanders and public officials too. You wouldn't have escaped those weapons without joining Caesar's army. You, you, Antony—I mean you—first gave Caesar his excuse to wage war on his country. He wanted to throw everything into chaos. What else did he say? What reason did he give for his utterly

insane plan and actions? Only that Antony's veto had been ignored, his rights as tribune abolished, and the senate had restricted his powers. I'll leave aside how false and flimsy these claims were. Above all, nobody can ever have a good reason to take up arms against their country. But no more about Caesar. You, at least, must admit this: you yourself supplied the excuse for that devastating war.

- 54 You're miserable if you understand all this. You're more miserable if you don't. It's being written down. It's being passed on to memory. No future generation, in any age, will ever forget it. The consuls were driven out of Italy. Pompey went with them, the glory and shining light of Roman power. Every former consul whose health allowed it joined that disaster and flight. So did praetors, former praetors, and the people's tribunes. So did a large part of the senate and the whole rising generation of young men. In short, the republic itself was driven out and uprooted from its home!
- 55 Seeds produce trees and plants. You were the seed that produced this most sorrowful war. You grieve for three Roman armies destroyed. Antony destroyed them. You miss our most distinguished citizens. Antony took them from you too. This body's authority has been crushed. Antony crushed it. Think it through properly. We'll charge Antony alone with everything we've seen since. And what evil haven't we seen? Helen caused the Trojans' war. This man caused our republic's war, its ruin, its destruction. The rest of his tribunate matched its beginning. The senate had kept those things from happening while the republic was safe. He brought them all about. But look at this further crime within his crimes.

Chapter 23

- ⁵⁶ He restored the rights of many convicted men. There was no mention of his uncle among them. If he was strict, why not with everyone? If he was merciful, why not with his family? But I'll leave the others aside. He restored his gambling partner, Licinius Lenticula, who'd been convicted of gambling. As though playing with a convicted man were forbidden! No, he used the law to pay off his gambling losses. What reason did you give the Roman people for restoring him? I suppose he'd been charged while he was away? His case had been decided without hearing his defense? There'd been no trial under the gambling law? Violence and weapons had crushed him? Or finally, had bribes corrupted the trial, as people said about your uncle's? None of those things. But he was a good man, worthy of the republic. That's beside the point. Still, since a conviction counts for nothing, I'd forgive it if that were true. Here was the worst of men. He wouldn't hesitate to gamble even in the forum. He'd been convicted under the law against gambling. Doesn't the man who fully restored his rights openly declare his own taste for gambling?
- ⁵⁷ During that same tribunate, Caesar set off for Spain. He left Italy to this man to trample on. What a trip he made along the roads! What a tour of the towns! I know everyone has talked about these things. Everyone who was in Italy then knows more than I do about what I'm saying and will say. I wasn't here. Still, I'll mention each thing, though nothing I say can match your knowledge. Has anyone ever heard of such an outrage anywhere on earth? Such filth? Such disgrace?

Chapter 24

- ⁵⁸ The people's tribune rode in a chariot. His lictors went ahead, decorated with laurel. Among them, a mime actress traveled in an open litter. Respectable townsmen had to come out to meet them. They greeted her, not by her familiar stage name, but as Volumnia. A carriage full of pimps followed. What worthless companions! His mother had been pushed to the rear. She followed her filthy son's mistress as though this were her daughter-in-law. Poor woman! Having children brought her such misery! He stamped the tracks of these scandals on every town, prefecture, and colony—in short, on all Italy.
- ⁵⁹ Senators, criticizing his other actions is certainly difficult and tricky. He took part in the war. He gorged on the blood of citizens nothing like himself. He was successful, if there can be success in crime. But we want the veterans' interests protected. Their case is very different from yours. They followed a leader. You went looking for one. Still, I won't discuss the kind of war it was. I don't want you stirring up their hatred against me. You returned victorious from Thessaly to Brundisium with your legions. You didn't kill me there. What a great favor! I admit you could have. Yet everyone who was with you then thought I should be spared.
- ⁶⁰ People love their country so much that even your legions treated me as untouchable. They remembered that I'd saved it. But let's say you gave me what you didn't take away. Let's say I owe you my life because you didn't take it. Did your insults let me keep honoring this favor as I had before? Especially when you knew you'd hear all this?

Chapter 25

- ⁶¹ You came to Brundisium, straight into your little mime actress's lap and arms. Well? Am I lying? What a miserable position! You can't deny something that's utterly shameful to admit. Maybe you felt no shame before the towns. But didn't you feel any before that veteran army? Which soldier at Brundisium hadn't seen her? Which didn't know she'd traveled so many days to congratulate you? Which didn't grieve at learning so late what a worthless man he'd followed?
- ⁶² He raced across Italy again, with the same actress. Soldiers were settled in the towns. It was cruel and pitiful. In Rome, he shamelessly looted gold, silver, and especially wine. On top of that, Caesar's friends did him a favor. They got him made master of the cavalry. Caesar was in Alexandria and knew nothing about it. Antony then thought he had every right to live with Hippias. He could give Sergius the mime the horses used to raise revenue, too. Back then, he chose Marcus Piso's house to live in. It wasn't the house he now struggles to hold on to. Why list his decrees? Why his robberies? Why the inherited estates he handed out? Why those he took away? Poverty drove him. He had nowhere to turn. He hadn't yet received that great inheritance from Lucius Rubrius, or the one from Lucius Turselius. He hadn't yet stepped in as sudden heir to Gnaeus Pompey and many other men who were away. He had to live like a bandit. He could only have as much as he could steal.
- ⁶³ But let's skip these more hard-edged crimes. Let's talk instead about the worst sort of reckless foolishness. You have that throat and those sides. Your whole body is as solid as a gladiator's. Yet you drained so much wine at Hippias's wedding that you had to vomit the next day, before the Roman people. What a horrible thing to see, and even to hear about! Suppose it had happened at dinner, over those enormous cups of yours. Who wouldn't have called it disgraceful? But you were master of the cavalry, doing public business before the assembled

Roman people. Even burping would have been shameful for you. Instead, you vomited food chunks that reeked of wine. You filled your lap and the whole platform with them. But he himself admits these belong among his dirty deeds. Let's move on to the bright spots.

Chapter 26

- ⁶⁴ Caesar returned from Alexandria. He thought he was fortunate. But I don't think anyone can be fortunate if he brings disaster on the republic. They set up an auction spear outside Jupiter Stator's temple. They offered Gnaeus Pompey's property for sale—how it hurts me! I've used up all my tears. But the pain still sticks deep inside me. Gnaeus Pompey the Great's property, I mean. The auctioneer's terribly cruel voice called out its sale. At that one event, Rome forgot its slavery and groaned. People's spirits were enslaved. Fear held everything in its grip. Yet the Roman people's groan was free. Everyone waited to see who would dare buy that confiscated property. Who could be so godless, so mad, so hostile to gods and humans? Nobody came forward except Antony. Plenty of people stood around that auction spear. They'd have dared anything else. But only one man dared this. Even the most reckless people had shrunk from it in fear.

Chapter 27

- ⁶⁵ Has such complete stupidity overwhelmed you? Or, more accurately, such complete madness? You come from a family like yours, yet you buy confiscated property. And you buy Pompey's property, at that. Don't you know the Roman people curse and detest you? Don't you know every god and human hates you now and will hate you afterward? That glutton immediately pounced on the man's wealth with such arrogance! That man's courage had made for-

eign nations fear the Roman people more. His fairness had made them love the Roman people more. Antony suddenly gorged himself on that man's riches. Then he jumped for joy, like someone in a comic play. A moment ago he'd been poor. Suddenly he was rich. But some poet or other says, "Wrongly gained wealth gets badly squandered."

⁶⁶ It's unbelievable, almost a freak of nature. How did he pour away so much in so little time? I'm not talking about months, but days. There was an enormous supply of wine. There was a huge weight of the finest silver. There were expensive clothes and lots of fine furniture, magnificent furnishings spread among many places. These weren't the belongings of a man given to luxury. But they were a wealthy man's belongings. Within a few days, none of them remained. Could any Charybdis swallow that much?

⁶⁷ Why am I talking about Charybdis? If she existed, she was just one creature. Even the Ocean, I swear, could hardly have swallowed so much so fast. The things were so scattered, in places so far apart. Nothing was locked up, sealed, or listed. Whole storerooms were given away to complete scoundrels. Actors snatched some things; actresses snatched others. The house was packed with gamblers and full of drunks. People drank all day, in several places at once. They often had to cover gambling losses, too. His luck wasn't always good. You could see beds in the slaves' rooms covered with Gnaeus Pompey's bedspreads, dyed purple from shellfish. So stop wondering how everything disappeared so quickly. Such wicked behavior could soon have swallowed more than one man's fortune, however large—and that one was large. It could have swallowed cities and kingdoms. And this same man had the house and gardens, too.

Chapter 28

- ⁶⁸ What monstrous nerve! You dared go into that house? You crossed that most sacred doorstep? You showed your filthy face to that home's household gods? For a time, nobody could look at that house. Nobody could pass it without tears. Aren't you ashamed to have stayed there so long? As stupid as you are, nothing there can please you. When you saw those ships' prows in the entrance, did you think you were entering your own home? That's impossible. You have no brain or feelings, yes. But you still know yourself, your belongings, and your people. I don't believe your mind can ever rest, awake or asleep. You're violent and mad, yes. But when that extraordinary man's image appears before you, you must wake up terrified. You must often go mad even while awake.
- ⁶⁹ I feel sorry for the walls and roof themselves. What had that house ever seen but decent behavior? What had it seen but the best traditions and the strictest moral standards? Senators, you know what sort of man he was. He won fame abroad and admiration at home. His home life deserved just as much praise as his achievements abroad. Now his bedrooms are stables. His private rooms are taverns. Though Antony denies that now. Don't ask questions. He's become respectable. He told that woman of his to keep her belongings. He took away her keys under the Twelve Tables and threw her out. What a respected citizen! What a fine reputation! In his whole life, his most honorable act was divorcing an actress.
- ⁷⁰ But how often he says, "I'm a consul, and I'm an Antony!" That means, "I'm a consul, and I'm utterly shameless!" Or, "I'm a consul, and I'm a complete scoundrel!" What else does "Antony" mean? Suppose the name stood for distinction. Your grandfather would surely have said at some point, "I'm a consul, and I'm an Antony." He never did. My fellow consul, your uncle, would have said it too. Unless, of course, you're the only Antony. But I'll leave aside those

offenses. They aren't specific to the political side you used to batter the republic. I'll return to your side itself. I mean the civil war. Your work gave it birth, fanned it, and set it going.

Chapter 29

- ⁷¹ You failed to do your part in that war. Both cowardice and your sexual appetites kept you away. You'd tasted your fellow citizens' blood—or rather, gulped it down. You'd fought on the front line at Pharsalus. You'd killed Lucius Domitius, a man of the highest standing and birth. You'd also hunted down and brutally butchered many men who escaped the battle. Caesar might have spared them, as he spared some others. After so many great deeds of that sort, why didn't you follow Caesar to Africa? So much of the war still remained. Then where did you stand with Caesar after he returned from Africa? How much did you count? You served as his quaestor when he commanded the army. As dictator, he'd had you as master of the cavalry. You'd led the push for war, urged cruelty, and shared the plunder. You even claimed he'd named you his son in his will. Yet he demanded the money you owed for the house, gardens, and confiscated property.
- ⁷² At first, you answered with outright defiance. And I don't want everything I say to go against you. Your arguments were almost fair and reasonable. "Gaius Caesar wants money from me? Why not me from him instead? Did he win without me? He couldn't possibly have done it. I gave him his reason for civil war. I proposed the destructive laws. I took up arms against the consuls and the Roman people's commanders. I fought the Senate and the Roman people. I fought our ancestral gods, our altars and hearths. I fought our country. Did he win just for himself? If people share the crime, why shouldn't they share the loot?" Your demand was fair. But what good did that do?

- 73 He had more power. So he brushed aside what you said. He sent soldiers to you and your guarantors. Suddenly you produced that wonderful auction notice. How people laughed! What a huge list! So many properties, of so many different kinds! But the man holding the auction owned none of them, except a share at Misenum. The auction itself was a sorry sight. There weren't many clothes of Pompey's, and those were stained. Some of his silver dishes were battered. The slaves were filthy. It hurt us that any of those remnants survived for us to see.
- 74 Still, Lucius Rubrius's heirs blocked that auction under Caesar's order. That crook was stuck. He had nowhere to turn. At that very time, people were even reporting that an assassin you'd sent had been caught in Caesar's house with a dagger. Caesar complained about it in the Senate, openly attacking you. Caesar left for Spain. Because you were broke, he'd given you a few more days to pay. You didn't follow him even then. Such a good gladiator—and you take your wooden retirement sword so soon? So should anyone be scared of this man? He was so timid about his own side—his own fortunes, I mean.

Chapter 30

- 75 He finally left for Spain, at long last. But he says he couldn't get there safely. Then how did Dolabella get there? Antony, you shouldn't have taken that side at all. Or, once you took it, you should have fought for it to the end. Caesar fought his fellow citizens three times: in Thessaly, Africa, and Spain. Dolabella was at all three battles. He was even wounded in Spain. You ask what I think? I wish he hadn't done it. Still, his original choice deserves blame, but his persistence deserves praise. But what about you? Gnaeus Pompey's children were then making their first attempt to reclaim their country. All right, let's say that was a cause their whole Pompeian side shared. But they were also reclaiming their ancestral gods, altars, hearths, and their family's household god. You'd seized all of those. They were fighting to recover what belonged to them by law.

Yes, in such deeply unjust circumstances, what justice was possible? Still, who had the clearest duty to fight Gnaeus Pompey's children? Who? You, the buyer of the confiscated property.

76 Or was Dolabella supposed to fight for you in Spain so you could puke over your hosts' tables in Narbo?

And what a trip back from Narbo! He even asked why I'd suddenly turned back in the middle of my journey. Senators, I recently explained why I came back. I wanted to help the republic even before January 1, if possible. As for how I came back—you asked about that—first, I came in daylight, not darkness. Second, I wore shoes and a toga. No Gallic sandals, no traveling cloak. You're even staring at me, apparently angry. You'd make peace with me at once if you knew how ashamed I am of your disgusting behavior. You yourself aren't ashamed of it. Of all the disgraceful acts of all people, I've never seen anything uglier. I've never heard of anything uglier. You considered yourself a former master of the cavalry. You were running for consul for the following year—or rather, begging for it. Yet you raced through Gaul's towns and colonies in Gallic sandals and a traveling cloak. We used to seek the consulship from Gaul, back when people ran for it, not begged for it.

Chapter 31

77 But look how flighty this man is. He reached Saxa Rubra around the tenth daylight hour. He hid in a little tavern. He stayed hidden there and drank heavily until evening. Then a two-wheeled carriage rushed him into Rome. He came home with his head wrapped up. The doorkeeper asked, "Who are you?" "A messenger from Marcus." He was taken straight to the woman he'd come for. He handed her a letter. She read it and cried. It was a love letter. Its main point was this: he'd have nothing more to do with that actress. He'd dropped all his love for her. He'd poured it all into this woman instead. The woman started crying even harder. Our softhearted man couldn't take it. He uncovered his

head and threw his arms around her neck. What a worthless man! What else can I say? I can't find a word that fits better. So you frightened Rome that night. You kept Italy scared for days. Was it all so that woman could see you, a boy-whore, suddenly appear when she least expected you?

Chapter 32

78 At home, love was your reason. In public, you had an even uglier reason. You didn't want Lucius Plancus selling your guarantors' property. A tribune of the people brought you before a public meeting. You said you'd come to handle your own affairs. That even got the people making jokes about you. But that's too much about this nonsense. Let's move to bigger things.

You went a very long way to meet Caesar. He was coming back from Spain. You hurried out and hurried back. You wanted him to see you had energy, if not courage. Somehow you became close to him again. Caesar certainly had this habit. A man's debts had utterly ruined him. He was penniless. If Caesar knew he was also a reckless scoundrel, he was especially eager to make him a close friend.

79 All that gave you a glowing recommendation. Orders went out to declare you consul—with Caesar himself. I'm not complaining about what happened to Dolabella. He was pushed into it, led on, and tricked. Who doesn't know how badly you both betrayed Dolabella? Caesar encouraged him to run. Then he took back what he'd promised and guaranteed. He claimed the position for himself. You added your support to his betrayal. January 1 came. We were forced into a Senate meeting. Dolabella attacked you at much greater length than I'm doing now. He was much better prepared too.

80 And what did this angry man say? Good gods! First, Caesar announced his plan. Before leaving, he would order Dolabella's appointment as consul. People say Caesar wasn't a king! Yet he kept doing and saying things like that. Anyway,

when Caesar said this, our fine augur spoke up. His priestly office, he said, gave him certain powers. He could use the omens to stop an election or invalidate it. He firmly declared he would do that. First, notice the man's incredible stupidity here.

- ⁸¹ What's this? You said your priestly office let you do it. Suppose you weren't an augur, but you were consul. Would you have had any less power to do it? You might even have found it easier. We augurs can only report omens. Consuls and other officials can also watch for them. Fine: that was ignorance. We can't expect good sense from a man who's never sober. But look at his nerve. Months beforehand, he told the Senate what he'd do. He'd either use the omens to stop Dolabella's election, or do what he actually did. Can anyone predict a flaw in the omens? Only someone who's decided to watch the sky. The laws don't allow that during elections. And anyone who has watched must report beforehand, not after the election. His ignorance and shamelessness are tangled together. He doesn't know what an augur should know. He doesn't act as a decent man should.

Chapter 33

- ⁸² Now remember his consulship from that day through the Ides of March. Has any clerk ever been so servile, so groveling? He could do nothing himself. He had to ask for everything. He stuck his head into the back of his colleague's litter. He begged his colleague for favors he could sell. Now comes the day of Dolabella's election. They draw lots for the voting group that goes first. He does nothing. Its vote is announced. He says nothing. The first voting class is called. Then the votes follow their usual course. Then comes the second class. It all happened faster than I've described it.

⁸³ The business was finished. Then our fine augur—you'd think he was Gaius Laelius—said, "Another day." What unbelievable nerve! What had you seen? What had you noticed? What had you heard? You didn't claim you'd been watching the sky. You don't claim that today either. So the flaw you foresaw on January 1 turned up! You'd predicted it all that time before! By Hercules, you made up those omens. I hope the great disaster falls on you, not the republic. You bound the Roman people with a religious obligation. You, an augur, reported bad omens against an augur. You, a consul, reported them against a consul. I won't say more. I don't want to seem to undermine Dolabella's official acts. Our body of augurs must consider them eventually. But see how arrogant and overbearing this man is.

Chapter 34

⁸⁴ As long as you choose, Dolabella's consulship is invalid. Then, when you choose, his election has no fault in the omens. Suppose an augur's report means nothing when he uses your words. Then admit you weren't sober when you said, "Another day." But suppose those words have some force. What is it? I'm asking you as one augur to another.

But my speech mustn't skip the finest of Antony's many deeds. Let's come to the Lupercalia. He's not hiding it, senators. He's clearly upset. He's sweating. He's pale. He can do anything else. Just don't let him vomit like he did in the Minucian Portico. How can anyone defend something so shameful? I want to hear it. Let's see his speaking teacher's huge fee at work. Let's see the land at Leontini earn its keep.

⁸⁵ Your colleague sat on the speakers' platform. He wore a purple toga and a wreath. His chair was gold. You climbed up and went over to his chair. You were a Lupercal priest, but you should still have remembered you were consul. You held out a royal headband. Groans came from the whole Forum. Where did the headband come from? You hadn't picked it up after someone threw it

away. You'd brought it from home. You'd thought out and planned this crime. You kept putting the headband on him. The people cried out in grief. He kept refusing it, and they applauded. So you alone turned out to be willing, you criminal. You pushed for kingship. You wanted your fellow consul to be your master. You also tested what the Roman people could bear and put up with.

⁸⁶ You even tried to make people feel sorry for you. You threw yourself at his feet like a beggar. What were you asking for? To be a slave? You should have asked that just for yourself. Ever since boyhood, you'd let people do anything to you. Being a slave would come easily to you. We certainly hadn't authorized you to ask for that. Neither had the Roman people. Your speech was really brilliant, wasn't it? You addressed the crowd naked! What could be more shameful? More disgusting? More deserving of every punishment? Are you waiting for us to jab you with sharp goads? If you have any feeling at all, this speech rips into you. This speech makes you bleed. I'm afraid I may lessen those great men's glory. Still, the pain makes me say it. What could be more outrageous? The man who put the headband on Caesar still lives. Yet everyone agrees Caesar was rightly killed, though he refused it.

⁸⁷ He even ordered this entry in the calendar under the Lupercalia: "At the people's orders, Antony, the consul, offered kingship to Caesar, dictator for life. Caesar refused to accept it." Now, now I'm not surprised at all that you disrupt the peace. You hate not just Rome, but daylight itself. You drink with the worst bandits, not just during daylight but right through till morning. Where will you fit in when there's peace? What place can you have under laws and in courts? You did all you could to destroy them through royal rule. Was this why Lucius Tarquinius was driven out? Was this why Spurius Cassius, Spurius Maelius, and Marcus Manlius were killed? So Antony could put a king in Rome centuries later, against the gods' law?

Chapter 35

- ⁸⁸ But let's return to the omens. Caesar was going to raise them in the Senate on the Ides of March. I ask you: what were you going to do then? I heard you'd come prepared. You thought I'd discuss your made-up omens. We still had to obey them, though. The republic's good luck canceled that day's business. Did Caesar's death also cancel your ruling on the omens? But I've reached a time I must discuss first. It takes priority over the topics I'd begun. How you ran on that wonderful day! How scared you were! You knew your crimes and despaired of staying alive. After running away, you slipped home in secret. You owed this to the kindness of those men. They wanted you safe, provided you came to your senses.
- ⁸⁹ Oh, my predictions always came true, and always did no good! I told our liberators this on the Capitol. They wanted me to come to you. They wanted me to urge you to defend the republic. I said you'd promise anything while you were scared. Once you stopped being afraid, you'd be yourself again. The other former consuls went back and forth. I stuck to my judgment. I didn't see you that day or the next. I never believed any agreement could seal a partnership between our best citizens and their most vicious enemy. On the third day, I came to the Temple of Tellus. I came unwillingly. Armed men blocked every way in.

Chapter 36

- ⁹⁰ What a day that was for you, Antony! You suddenly turned against me. Still, I pity you for cheating yourself. Immortal gods, what a man you could have been! How great, if you'd kept that day's outlook! We'd have peace now. A noble boy secured that peace as a hostage—Marcus Bambalio's grandson. Fear

made you behave well. But fear doesn't teach duty for long. Your recklessness made you turn bad. It never leaves you when fear is gone. Even then, people thought you were doing wonderfully. I disagreed. You ran the tyrant's funeral like a criminal—if you can call that a funeral.

⁹¹ That fine funeral speech was yours. You stirred their pity. You urged them on. You, yes, you lit those torches! Some half-burned his body. Others set Lucius Bellienus's house ablaze and burned it down. You sent those gangs against our homes. They were desperate men, mostly slaves. We fought them off by force. Yet afterward, you seemed to wipe off the soot. In the following days, you secured excellent Senate decrees on the Capitol. No notice granting tax exemptions or other favors could be posted after March 15. You remember what you said about exiles. You know what you said about tax exemptions. Your best move abolished the very title of dictator forever. You seemed to hate kingship so much that you removed every fear of it. The latest dictator had caused that fear. Other people thought the republic was secure.

⁹² I didn't think so at all. With you steering, I feared shipwreck of every kind. So was I wrong? Could he keep acting unlike himself much longer? You all watched notices go up across the Capitol. Tax exemptions went on sale, not just for individuals, but for whole peoples. Citizenship wasn't handed out to individuals anymore. Entire provinces got it. Senators, these measures can't survive if the republic survives. If they stand, you've lost whole provinces. This man's private market has cut down more than our revenues. It's cut down the Roman people's power too.

Chapter 37

⁹³ Where are the 700 million sesterces recorded in the accounts at Ops's temple? Yes, that money was bloodstained. Still, it could have spared us taxes, unless we returned it to its owners. And you owed 40 million sesterces on March 15.

How had that debt vanished before April 1? Countless things were bought from your people. You knew about it. But one outstanding decree was posted on the Capitol. It concerned King Deiotarus, a very close friend of the Roman people. Once it appeared, nobody could hold back their laughter, even in their grief.

- ⁹⁴ Did Caesar hate anyone more than Deiotarus? He hated him as he hated this Senate, the knights, and the people of Massilia. He hated everyone who cared about the Roman republic. While Caesar lived, King Deiotarus got no fair or decent treatment from him. It made no difference whether he was there or away. Now Caesar's dead, and the king has his favor. Caesar had attacked his host to his face. He'd added up the money he demanded. He'd put one of his Greek companions in the king's tetrarchy. He'd taken away Armenia, which the Senate had given him. He took these things away while alive. Now he's dead, he gives them back.
- ⁹⁵ And what wording does he use? Sometimes, "It seems fair to me." Sometimes, "It doesn't seem unfair." What a wonderful choice of words! He never said any request we made for Deiotarus seemed fair. I know: I always represented Deiotarus when he was away. A contract for 10 million sesterces was drawn up through his ambassadors. They were decent men, but timid and inexperienced. Neither I nor the king's other friends were consulted. It happened in the women's quarters. Plenty of things have been sold there, and still are. I suggest you think about enforcing that contract. The king didn't wait for any notes from Caesar. As soon as he heard Caesar was dead, he acted on his own. He recovered his property through his own efforts.
- ⁹⁶ He's a sensible man. He knew the rule had always been this: when tyrants are killed, people recover what those tyrants took from them. So no legal expert will say this contract creates a debt for property recovered before the contract existed. Not even that man you use for these dealings—he's a legal expert for

you alone. The king didn't buy from you. He already held his property before you tried selling it back to him. He acted like a man. We're the contemptible ones. We hate the man responsible, but defend his acts.

Chapter 38

- ⁹⁷ Why discuss the endless notes and countless handwritten documents? They even have sales agents. They hawk them openly like ads for gladiatorial shows. The coins pile up around this man in such heaps that money is weighed now, not counted. But how blind greed is! A notice recently went up freeing Crete's richest communities from taxes. It also says Crete will stop being a province after Marcus Brutus's term as governor. Are you sane? Shouldn't you be tied up? Could Caesar's decree free Crete after Brutus left? While Caesar lived, Brutus had nothing to do with Crete. Still, don't think this sale achieved nothing. Selling that decree cost you the province of Crete. Nobody ever wanted to buy anything without finding this man ready to sell.
- ⁹⁸ And that law you posted about exiles—did Caesar introduce it? I'm not attacking anyone over their misfortune. I only have these complaints. First, you've tainted the return of men whose cases Caesar treated differently. Second, why don't you give the others the same treatment? Only three or four are left. Their misfortune is the same. Why isn't your mercy the same? Why treat them like your uncle? You refused to propose his return when you proposed the others'. You even pushed him to run for censor. Then you arranged a campaign that made people laugh and complain. But why didn't you hold that election?
- ⁹⁹ Was it because a people's tribune reported lightning on the left? When your interests are involved, omens don't exist. When your relatives' interests are involved, you get religious. And didn't you abandon that same uncle over the seven-man commission? Someone else stepped in. I suppose you feared you couldn't say no and keep your head. You piled every insult on your uncle. If

you had any family loyalty, you'd honor him like a father. You threw out his daughter, your cousin. You'd found another marriage match and already looked it over. That wasn't enough. You accused this completely faithful woman of sexual misconduct. What more could you add? Even that didn't satisfy you. On January 1, the Senate was packed, and your uncle sat there. You dared to say why you hated Dolabella: you'd learned he'd tried to seduce your cousin and wife. Who can decide which was worse? Your shamelessness in saying it in the Senate? Your malice in attacking Dolabella? Your filth in speaking before her father? Or your cruelty toward that poor woman, speaking so foully, with no family feeling?

Chapter 39

¹⁰⁰ But let's return to the handwritten documents. What did you do to check them? The Senate confirmed Caesar's acts to keep the peace. That meant things Caesar actually did—not things Antony said Caesar had done. Where are these documents pouring out from? Who vouches for them? If they're fake, why approve them? If they're real, why sell them? The agreement was that you'd review Caesar's acts with a council, starting June 1. What council was there? Whom did you ever call together? What June 1 were you waiting for? The one when you returned surrounded by armed men, after touring the veterans' colonies?

What a wonderful tour you made in April and May! That's when you even tried to settle a colony at Capua. We know how you got away from there—or rather, how you nearly didn't.

¹⁰¹ Now you're threatening that city. I wish you'd try! Then we could finally drop the "nearly." What a distinguished trip that was! Why mention your lavish lunches or your wild drunkenness? Those things hurt you. These things hurt us: you divided Campania's public land among your lunch companions and gaming partners. Even when that land stopped bringing in revenue so soldiers

could receive it, we thought the republic had suffered a serious wound. Senators, I'm talking about male and female mime actors settled on Campania's land. Why complain now about the land at Leontini? These two farming districts, Campania and Leontini, once counted among the Roman people's assets. They brought in grain and income. Three thousand iugera went to a doctor. What would he have got if he'd cured you? Two thousand went to a speech teacher. What if he'd managed to teach you to speak well?

Chapter 40

¹⁰² But let's return to your journey through Italy. You settled a colony at Casilinum, where Caesar had already settled one. You wrote asking my advice. Your question concerned Capua, admittedly, but I'd have given the same answer about Casilinum. Could you legally establish a new colony where one already existed? I said no. If a colony had been founded with the proper omens and remained intact, another couldn't legally be founded there. I wrote that new settlers could be added. But arrogance carried you away. You overturned every rule about the omens and founded a colony at Casilinum. A colony had been founded there only a few years earlier. You wanted to raise the flag and plow the boundary. Your plowshare nearly scraped Capua's gate. You were cutting into a flourishing colony's territory.

¹⁰³ After wrecking these religious rules, you swoop onto Marcus Varro's estate at Casinum. He's an exceptionally upright, honest man. What right did you have? How could you show your face? You'll say, "The same right I had to the estates of Lucius Rubrius's heirs and Lucius Turselius's heirs, and countless other properties." If they came through an auction, let the auction stand. Let the accounts stand too—but Caesar's, not yours. His showed what you owed. Yours wiped out your debt. But who says Varro's estate at Casinum was sold?

Who saw an auction spear marking that sale? Who heard the auctioneer's voice? You say you sent someone to Alexandria to buy it from Caesar. Apparently, waiting for Caesar himself was too much.

Chapter 41

- 104 Who ever heard that any of Varro's property had been confiscated? Nobody's safety mattered to more people. And what if Caesar even wrote telling you to give it back? What words could do justice to such shamelessness? Put away those swords we can see, just briefly. You'll soon understand the difference between Caesar's auction and your own brazen recklessness. The owner won't be the only one to keep you out of that house. Any friend, neighbor, guest, or agent will do it. But how many days you spent partying there so disgracefully! Drinking, gambling, and vomiting started at the third daylight hour. That poor house! What a different master it had—though how was he its master? Still, what a different man held it! Marcus Varro wanted a retreat for his studies, not for sexual pleasures.
- 105 What discussions that house once heard! What thoughts took shape there! What works were written there! They covered the Roman people's laws, records of our ancestors, and every branch of wisdom and learning. But with you as lodger—not owner—the whole place rang with drunks shouting. Wine flooded the floors and soaked the walls. Freeborn boys mixed with boys for hire. Prostitutes mingled with married women. People came from Casinum, Aquinum, and Interamna to pay their respects. Nobody got in. Quite right, too. On such a disgraceful man, the badges of official rank were losing their meaning.
- 106 He left there for Rome and approached Aquinum. It's a well-populated town, so a very large crowd came out to meet him. But they carried him through town in a covered litter, like a corpse. Foolish people of Aquinum! Still, they lived

along his route. What about the people of Anagnia? They lived off the route, but came down to greet him as though he were a consul. It's hard to believe, but everyone agreed: he didn't greet a single person back. And he even had two men from Anagnia with him, Mustela and Laco. One led the armed men; the other led the drinking.

Chapter 42

107 Why mention his threats and insults against the Sidicini? Why mention how he harassed the people of Puteoli? They'd chosen Gaius Cassius and the Brutuses as patrons. They chose with real enthusiasm, judgment, goodwill, and love. They weren't forced by armed violence, as with you, Basilus, and your kind. Nobody would want such men as clients, much less become their client. Meanwhile, what a day your fellow consul had while you were away! He tore down that funeral monument in the Forum you used to worship. The news reached you, and you collapsed. The people who were there agreed about that. I don't know what happened afterward. I suppose fear and weapons did their work. You certainly dragged your colleague down from heaven. You haven't yet made him like yourself. But you've certainly made him unlike himself.

108 And then you came back to Rome! What an upheaval you caused throughout the city! We remembered Cinna having far too much power. After him, we'd seen Sulla as our master. Recently, we'd seen Caesar ruling as king. There may have been swords, but they were hidden. And there weren't so many. But this—what tremendous savagery! Men follow you with swords in square battle formation. We see shields being carried in litters. By now, Senators, this has become an old story. We've grown numb through habit. On June 1, we wanted to enter the Senate as arranged. Instead, terror suddenly sent us running in every direction.

109 But this man didn't need a senate. He didn't miss anyone. In fact, he was delighted we'd left. He immediately pulled off those amazing crimes. He'd defended Caesar's handwritten papers for his own profit. Now he overturned Caesar's laws, excellent laws at that. He wanted to shake the republic to its foundations. He lengthened the terms of provincial commands. He was supposed to defend Caesar's acts. Instead, he canceled them in public and private matters alike. In public affairs, nothing carries more weight than law. In private affairs, nothing stands firmer than a will. He abolished some laws without public notice. For others, he announced proposals to repeal them. He invalidated a will, something always upheld even for the humblest citizens. Caesar left statues and paintings to the people, along with his gardens. This man moved some to Pompey's gardens. He moved others to Scipio's villa.

Chapter 43

110 And you take such care of Caesar's memory? You love him now he's dead? What greater honor had he ever received? He had a sacred couch, a statue, a temple-style gable, and a priest. So Antony is priest to the divine Julius? Just as Jupiter, Mars, and Quirinus have theirs? Then why are you hanging back? Why haven't you been installed? Pick a day. Find someone to perform your installation. We're fellow augurs. No one will refuse. What a disgusting man you are, whether you're a tyrant's priest or a dead man's! Now I'll ask whether you know what day today is. Don't you know yesterday was the fourth day of the Roman Games in the Circus? You yourself asked the people to add a fifth day for Caesar. Why aren't we wearing our purple-bordered togas? Why are we neglecting the honor your law gave Caesar? Or were you willing to pollute our thanksgiving rites by adding a day? But not the gods' couches? Either abolish these religious rites altogether, or keep them all.

- 111 You ask whether I approve of the sacred couch, temple-style gable, and priest. I don't approve of any of them. But you defend Caesar's acts. What reason can you give for defending some and ignoring others? Unless you're willing to admit how you measure everything. You look to your own profit, not his standing. What do you say to that, then? I'm waiting to hear your skill with words. I knew your grandfather as a truly gifted speaker. But you're even more open when you speak. He never addressed a public meeting naked. We've seen your bare chest, you straightforward fellow. Will you answer these charges? Will you even dare open your mouth? Can you find anything in my long speech you feel able to answer? But let's leave the past aside.

Chapter 44

- 112 Defend this one day, if you can. Just one, I say—this very day. This moment, as I'm talking. Why does a ring of armed men surround the Senate? Why do your henchmen listen to me with swords? Why aren't the Temple of Concord's doors open? Why do you bring Ituraeans with arrows into the Forum? They're the most savage people of all. He says he's doing it for his protection. Isn't dying a thousand times better than that? Better than needing armed guards to live in your own city? But believe me, that isn't real protection. You need your fellow citizens' love and goodwill around you, not weapons.
- 113 Rome's people will rip those weapons away from you. They'll wrench them from your hands. I hope we come through unharmed! But whatever you do to us, you can't last long. Believe me, not while you follow these plans. Your wife isn't greedy at all. I say that without any insult. She owes Rome's people a third installment. And it's far past due. Rome's people have men they can hand the state's helm to. Wherever those men are in the world, all the republic's protection is there. Better still, the republic itself is there. So far, it has only avenged itself. It hasn't won itself back. The republic certainly has young nobles ready to defend it. They can give way as much as they like for peace. The republic will

still call them back. The word “peace” sounds sweet. Peace itself brings safety. But peace and slavery are very different things. Peace means freedom without disturbance. Slavery is the worst evil of all. We must fight it off with war, even with death.

- 114 Our liberators may have removed themselves from our sight. But their deed remains an example. They did something nobody had done before. Brutus fought a war against Tarquin. Tarquin was king when Rome still allowed kings. Spurius Cassius, Spurius Maelius, and Marcus Manlius were killed on suspicion of seeking kingship. These men were the first to attack with swords, not someone seeking kingship, but someone already ruling as king. The deed itself is magnificent and godlike. And it’s there for others to copy. Besides, those men have won such glory! Heaven itself hardly seems big enough to hold it. Knowing they’d done something so wonderful was reward enough. Still, I don’t think a mortal should dismiss immortality.

Chapter 45

- 115 Remember the day you abolished the dictatorship, Antony. Picture the Senate and Rome’s people rejoicing. Compare that with the buying and selling you and your people do now. Then you’ll understand how praise differs from profit. Some people are sick, and their senses grow numb. They can’t taste how good food is. It’s the same with lustful, greedy, criminal men. They can’t taste real praise. But suppose praise can’t draw you toward doing right. Can’t fear at least turn you away from the most disgusting deeds? You aren’t afraid of trials. If that’s because you’re innocent, I applaud you. But what if you rely on force instead? Don’t you understand what that leaves you to fear?
- 116 Perhaps you don’t fear brave men and outstanding citizens. Your armed guards keep them away from you. But your own people won’t put up with you much longer. Believe me. What kind of life is that? Fearing your own men day and

night? Unless you've bound them with greater favors than Caesar gave some of his killers. Or unless you're in any way his equal. He had talent, judgment, memory, and learning. He took care, thought things through, and worked hard. He'd done great things in war, though they brought disaster to the republic. He'd spent many years planning to be king. He achieved his plan through huge effort and great risks. He won over the unthinking crowd with gladiatorial shows, monuments, cash handouts, and banquets. He tied his men to him with rewards. He tied his enemies to him by seeming merciful. Why go on? He'd already got a free state used to slavery. Fear helped, and so did tolerance.

Chapter 46

¹¹⁷ I can compare your hunger to rule with his. But otherwise, you don't compare at all. He burned so many evils into the republic. Still, this one good thing has come of it. Rome's people have learned how far to trust each man. They know whom to put themselves in the hands of. They know whom to watch out for. You don't think about these things. Don't you see that brave men only need to learn this? Killing a tyrant is a truly fine deed. It earns gratitude for the service and a glorious reputation. Or will people put up with you when they wouldn't put up with him?

¹¹⁸ Believe me, from now on men will race to do it. They won't wait for a chance that's slow in coming.

Please look at the republic sometime, Antony. Think about your ancestors, not the people you live with. Treat me however you like. Make peace with the republic again. But you must decide about yourself. I'll speak for myself. I defended the republic when I was young. I won't abandon it now I'm old. I scorned Catiline's swords. I won't be scared of yours.

119 I'd gladly offer even my own body, if my death could bring our citizens freedom now. Let the pain of Rome's people finally give birth to what it's been laboring over so long! Nearly twenty years ago, I spoke in this very temple. I said death was never premature for a former consul. How much truer that is now for an old man! Senators, I should even welcome death now. I've had my successes and carried out my work. I only have these two wishes. First, may I leave Rome's people free when I die. The immortal gods can give me no greater gift. Second, may everyone get what their conduct toward the republic deserves.