



# MAPPOLA

MAPPING OUT THE POETIC LANDSCAPE(S) OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

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at the University of Vienna

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## The Poetics of Displacement: Migration and Multiculturalism in the Roman Verse Inscriptions

– Texts for Discussion –

### (i) Seneca, *De Consolatione ad Helviam* 6.2–3 (transl. D. Noy, adapted)

From their *municipia* and *coloniae*, from the whole world they have congregated here. Ambition has brought some; the requirement of public office (*necessitas officii publici*) has brought others. For some, it was an embassy imposed on them; for others, it was luxury, seeking a convenient and wealthy setting for its vices. Eagerness for liberal studies (*liberalium studiorum cupiditas*) brought some, the shows (*spectacula*) brought others. Some were led by friendship, others by industry taking the ample opportunity for showing virtue. Some have brought beauty for sale, some have brought eloquence for sale. Every race of humans has flowed together into the city which offers great rewards for both virtues and vices.

### (ii) *IGUR 1222*

To the Spirits of the Departed.

I, Zenon, have most blessed Aphrodisias as my fatherland, but – having gone through many cities, with faith in my skills, having erected a tomb for Zenon jr., who died ahead of time as a young child – I myself have sculpted a stele and likenesses, having crafted with my very own hands this work of renown. Then I created a grave for Clytine, my dear spouse, for our child, and for our friends, having lived seven times ten cycles of the year. Here we lie now, silently, rid of our souls: the child and the spouse and I, myself, renowned for my craft during my lifetime.

### (iii) *IGUR 1204* (transl. H. Arroyo Quirce)

Dwelling in Termessos amongst the glorious Solymi, I came to Rome the third of my townsmen, persuaded in the heart; yet having perished in the prime of youth, I next waited inside the Hades for my fellow-traveller, the one who left the fatherland at the same time. Our bones lie together having suffered from sicknesses, of [...], the son of Orthagoras, and the solemn Hermaios. In your company, oh child of Orthagoras, who

advanced duly into the houses of Hades, I come, an unmarried man, Hermaios, son of Arteimas, also from the Solymian land. The fire feasted on our flesh and the all-feeding soil already covers our bones, but both our souls sent by the gods have departed on common paths below the earth with the same daimon. Konon, son of Hermaios, to his friends, in memory.

**(iv) SEG 65.899**

(A poem by) Biesius (?).

I was Pompeiane, a name dear to those who have got to know me. I brought with me famous Assyria's lineage of Antiochia: born in imperial Rome, the mother of all, I lived forty days beyond five years, then I put my body to rest here: thus the Fates decreed. May you greet me, whoever you are to have read this – and may you keep me in your memory.

**(v) SGO 04/16/01**

I, Paiplos, left behind this hometown of mine, Couara (that, for me, used to be the udder of the ley), as well as my brethren and my good parents. I came to the meads of Rome, to the imperial court: I completed the eighteenth year and two months.

**(vi) ICUR VIII 21610 = ILCV 419 (add.) = CLE 674**

... this burial, consider ... snatched away ... from a very young age ... the sound of his speech ... he came to the Roman ... approved (?) ... he found not what he had hoped ... to restore his body to earth ... he was the hope ... times nine he completed ... rein in the tears ... whom earth ...

... buried ... of August taken to Milan.

For Honorius, the most noble boy, and Flavius Euodius  
Of Leo.

**(vii) CIL VI 32808 (cf. p. 3385) = CLE 474; [EDR116404](#) (with photo)**

Behold as you pass by, traveller, the offerings made by a cousin's dutifulness. Under tears I erected what you see placed here as an offering. Pannonian land begot, Italian land buries him at the age of 26. To acquire the honour of having served the army for himself, he endured great pain over a long time. Later, when he hoped to have escaped that unspeakable pain, Pluto plunged him into the underworld before his time was up. But had the Fates allowed him to see the light, he himself, filled with pain, would have preceded me in the duty – an unrewarding duty, too! – to erect such (a memorial). Now this soil spreads out his bones instead. You, traveller, wish him, in your dutifulness, soil that is light, (wish) us a blessed fate, so that you may safely relinquish your offspring after you died yourself.

Valerius Antoninus and Aurelius Victorinus, the heirs, had this set up for Ulpian Quintianus, imperial horse guard, who deserved it well.

**(viii) IGUR 1311**

I lie here, the spouse of my dear Arrius, the illustrious late consul, united in love with him alone. But I also I held my ancestors' name Publinae (for they were Scipiads, shining in their noble lineage). I remained a widow ever after, consumed by mourning

for my children who departed in an early death. With suffering I bore many hardships in life, enchanted in my mind by the arts alone.

**(ix) IGUR 1326** (transl. [BM catalogue](#), with photo)

Marcus Sempronius Nicocrates.

I was once a cultured man. A poet and a lyre-player, and indeed a member of a festival troupe. Exhausted from many voyages, resting from my days on the road, I became, friends, a procurer of beautiful women. Fate came from the heavens, taking my spirit. My time was up and I rendered my accounts. And after death the Muses keep charge of my body.

**(x) CIL VI 28228** (cf. p. 3535) = **CLE 1054**; [EDR120413](#) (with photo)

Valeria Lycisca, freedwoman of a woman, aged 12. I came to Rome, that granted me the right of citizenship, and also gave me, when I was still alive, a place, where I could be buried, now that I am reduced to a handful of ashes.

**(xi) CIL VI 3452** = **CLE 476**; [EDR165001](#)

To the Spirits of the Departed.

Paterna is buried here, after 9 and 20 years of life, of pure and chaste devotion, leaving behind undoubted pledges of love. She first gave her husband a son as a memory of their union. Because of her compliance in love, she deserved to receive, as a tribute, a grave worthy of her conduct by her loving husband, as well as an inscription recording her name. The German earth gave birth to me, poor, who now here the Fabian earth buries. Now I ask you, if you worship the Spirits of the Departed, that you all only wish that the earth might be light on my name. May the Gods, willingly and with their holy authority, provide you with a happy and always honourable destiny; thank to this act may you, once dead, leave your children without regrets.

Marcus Aurelius Diascentus, veteran of the imperial horse guard, set up this monument with his son Marcus Aurelius Antiochianus to his unparalleled wife, who deserved it well.

Some further reading:

I. Haynes, *Blood of the Provinces. The Roman Auxilia and the making of Provincial Society from Augustus to the Severans*, Oxford 2013

L. de Ligt – L. E. Tacoma (eds.), *Migration and Mobility in the Early Roman Empire*, Leiden –Boston, MA 2016.

E. Lo Cascio – L. E. Tacoma (eds.), *The Impact of Mobility and Migration in the Roman Empire. Proceedings of the Twelfth Workshop of the International Network Impact of Empire (Rome, June 17–19, 2015)* (Impact of Empire 22), Leiden –Boston, MA 2016.

D. Noy, *Foreigners at Rome: citizens and strangers*, London 2000.

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