

ROMAN DIVERSITY AND THE CLASSICAL ARCHIVE: 9 MUSES OF (UN)FORGETTING

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Rebecca Futo Kennedy, *Ancient Identities/Modern Politics* (forthcoming with Johns Hopkins University Press):

Race is a technology or doctrine of population management that institutionalizes prejudices, oppression, and inequality based on imaginary and changeable signifiers for human cultural and/or physical difference, signifiers that manifest differently in different times and places (i.e. it is historically contingent and fluid).

Muse #1 – Creusa (the Trojan wife Aeneas leaves behind to found Rome)

Vergil, *Aeneid* 2.735-741, 768-89, trans. Kline

hic mihi nescio quod trepido male numen amicum confusam eripuit mentem. namque avia cursu dum sequor et nota excedo regione viarum, heu misero coniunx fatone erepta Creusa substitit, erravitne via seu lapsa resedit, incertum; nec post oculis est reddita nostris. 740 nec prius amissam respexi animumue reflexi ... ausus quin etiam voces iactare per umbram implevi clamore vias, maestusque Creusam nequiquam ingeminans iterumque iterumque vocavi. 770 quaerenti et tectis urbis sine fine ruenti infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusae visa mihi ante oculos et nota maior imago. obstipui, steteruntque comae et uox faucibus haesit. tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: 775 'quid tantum insano iuvat indulgere dolori, o dulcis coniunx? non haec sine numine divum eveniunt; nec te comitem hinc portare Creusam fas, aut ille sinit superi regnator Olympi. longa tibi exsilia et vastum maris aequor arandum, 780 et terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius arva inter opima virum leni fluit agmine Thybris. illic res laetae regnumque et regia coniunx parta tibi; lacrimas dilectae pelle Creusae. non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumue superbas 785 aspiciam aut Graias servitum matribus ibo, Dardanis et divae Veneris nurus; sed me magna deum genetrix his detinet oris. iamque vale et nati serva communis amorem.'	Some hostile power, at this, scattered my muddled wits. for while I was following alleyways, and straying from the region of streets we knew, did my wife Creusa halt, snatched away from me by wretched fate? Or did she wander from the path or collapse with weariness? Who knows? She was never restored to our sight, nor did I look back for my lost one, or cast a thought behind me... Searching, and raging endlessly among the city roofs, the unhappy ghost and true shadow of Creusa appeared before my eyes, in a form greater than I'd known. I was dumbfounded, my hair stood on end, and my voice stuck in my throat. Then she spoke and with these words mitigated my distress: "Oh sweet husband, what use is it to indulge in such mad grief? This has not happened without the divine will: neither its laws nor the ruler of great Olympus let you take Creusa with you, away from here. Yours is long exile, you must plough a vast reach of sea: and you will come to Hesperia's land, where Lydian Tiber flows in gentle course among the farmers' rich fields. There, happiness, kingship and a royal wife will be yours. Banish these tears for your beloved Creusa. I, a Trojan woman, and daughter-in-law to divine Venus, shall never see the noble halls of the Dolopians, or Myrmidons, or go as slave to some Greek wife: instead the great mother of the gods keeps me on this shore. Now farewell, and preserve your love for the son we share."
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Muse #2: Lavinia, the Italian bride for whom Aeneas fights Turnus

Vergil, *Aeneid* 12.64-69 (on Lavinia), trans. Kline

accepit vocem lacrimis Lavinia matris flagrantis perfusa genas, cui plurimus ignem 65 subiecit rubor et calefacta per ora cucurrit. Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa alba rosa, talis virgo dabat ore colores.	Lavinia listened to her mother's words, her burning cheeks wet with tears, while a deep blush kindled their fire, and spread over her glowing face. Her virgin looks showed such colour as when one stains Indian ivory with crimson dye, or as white lilies redden when mixed with many a rose.
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Vergil, *Aeneid* 12.819-28 (Juno's bargain with Jupiter)

illud te, nulla fati quod lege tenetur,
pro Latio obtestor, pro maiestate tuorum: 820
cum iam conubiis pacem felicibus (esto)
component, cum iam leges et foedera iungent,
ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos
neu Troas fieri iubeas Teucrosque vocari
aut vocem mutare viros aut vertere vestem. 825
sit Latium, sint Albani per saecula reges,
sit Romana potens Itala virtute propago:
occidit, occideritque sinas cum nomine Troia.'

Yet I beg this of you, for Latium's sake, for the majesty
of your own kin: since it is not prohibited by any law of
fate:/ when they soon make peace with happy nuptials (so
be it) /when they join together soon in laws and treaties,
don't order the native Latins to change their ancient name,
to become Trojans or be called Teucrians,
or change their language, or alter their clothing.
Let Latium still exist, let there be Alban kings through the
ages,
let there be Roman offspring strong in Italian virtue:
Troy has fallen, let her stay fallen, along with her name.'

Muses #3-4: Female representations of 'foreign' places, and the real women behind them

Tacitus, *Annales* 14.35 (speech of Boudicca), trans. Church/Brodribb)

Boudicca, with her daughters before her in a chariot, went up to tribe after tribe, protesting that it was indeed usual for Britons to fight under the leadership of women. "But now," she said, "it is not as a woman descended from noble ancestry, but as one of the people that I am avenging lost freedom, my scourged body, the outraged chastity of my daughters. Roman lust has gone so far that not our very persons, nor even age or virginity, are left unpolluted. But heaven is on the side of a righteous vengeance; a legion which dared to fight has perished; the rest are hiding themselves in their camp, or are thinking anxiously of flight. They will not sustain even the din and the shout of so many thousands, much less our charge and our blows. If you weigh well the strength of the armies, and the causes of the war, you will see that in this battle you must conquer or die. This is a woman's resolve; as for men, they may live and be slaves."

Muses #5 – Implied female readers & the sexual prey of Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*

Ovid, *Ars* 3.169-192 (trans. Mozley, rev. Goold)

Quid de veste loquar? Nec vos, segmenta, requiro
Nec te, quae Tyrio murice, lana, rubes. 170
Cum tot prodierint pretio leviores colores,
Quis furor est census corpore ferre suos!
Aëris, ecce, color, tum cum sine nubibus aër,
Nec tepidus pluvias concitat auster aquas:
Ecce, tibi similis, quae quondam Phrixon et Hellen 175
Diceris Inois eripuisse dolis;
Hic undas imitatur, habet quoque nomen ab undis:
Crediderim nymphas hac ego veste tegi.
Ille crocum simulat: croceo velatur amictu,
Roscida luciferos cum dea iungit equos: 180
Hic Paphias myrtos, hic purpureas amethystos,
Albentesve rosas, Threïciamve gruem;
Nec glandes, Amarylli, tuae, nec amygdala desunt;
Et sua velleribus nomina cera dedit.
Quot nova terra parit flores, cum vere tepenti 185
Vitis agit gemmas pigraque fugit hiemps,
Lana tot aut plures sucos bibit; elige certos:
Nam non conveniens omnibus omnis erit.
Pulla decent niveas: Briseïda pulla decebant:
Cum rapta est, pulla tum quoque veste fuit. 190
Alba decent fuscas: albis, Cepheï, placebas:
Sic tibi vestitae pressa Seriphos erat.

What shall I say of clothes? Flounces, I need you not, nor you, O
wool that blush with Tyrian dye. When so many cheaper colours
walk abroad, what madness to carry whole incomes on one's body!
Lo! there is the colour of the sky, when the sky is cloudless, and
warm Auster brings no rainy showers; lo, here is one like thee, who
once art said to have rescued Phrixus and Helle from Ino's wiles;
this colour imitates water, and from water has its name: in this
raiment I could think the Nymphs were clad. That colour
counterfeits saffron: in saffron robe is the dewy goddess veiled,
when she yokes her light-bringing steeds; this has the hue of
Paphian myrtle, that, of purple amethysts, these of white roses and
of Thracian cranes; nor, Amaryllis, are thy chestnuts lacking, nor yet
almonds; and wax has given to fleeces its own name. As many as
are the flowers that the new-born earth produces, when the vine in
warm spring urges forth its buds, and sluggish winter is fled, so
many dyes and more does the wool drink up; choose those that are
sure to please, for not every one suits every woman. Snow-white
skins like dark grey colours, dark grey became Briseis; even when
she was carried off was her robe dark grey. Those dark of hue like
white; in white didst thou please, Cepheis [Andromeda]: for thee
thus clad was Seriphos oppressed.

Ovid, *Ars Amatoria* 1.53-60 (trans. Mozley, rev. Goold)

Andromedan Perseus nigris portarit ab Indis,
Raptaque sit Phrygio Graia puella viro,
Tot tibi tamque dabit formosas Roma puellas, 55
'Haec habet' ut dicas 'quicquid in orbe fuit.'
Gargara quot segetes, quot habet Methymna racemos,
Aequore quot pisces, fronde teguntur aves,
Quot caelum stellas, tot habet tua Roma puellas:
Mater in Aeneae constitit urbe sui. 60

Though Perseus brought Andromeda from the dusky Indians,
though the Phrygian lover carried off a Grecian girl, yet Rome will
give you so many maidens and so fair that, "Here," you will say, "is
all the beauty of the world." As numerous as the crops upon
Gargara, as the grape-bunches of Methymna, as the fishes that lurk
within the sea, or the birds among the leaves, as many as are the
stars of heaven, so many maidens doth thine own Rome contain:
the mother of Aeneas has settled in the city of her son.

Caroline Randall Williams, "You Want a Confederate Monument? My Body Is a Confederate Monument"

I have rape-colored skin. My light-brown-blackness is a living testament to the rules, the practices, the causes of the Old South. If there are those who want to remember the legacy of the Confederacy, if they want monuments, well, then, my body is a monument. My skin is a monument.

Muses #6: Raped Sabine Women

Ovid, *Ars Amatoria* 1.109-134

Respiciunt, oculisque notant sibi quisque puellam
Quam velit, et tacito pectore multa movent. 110
Dumque, rudem praebente modum tibicine Tusco,
Ludius aequatam ter pede pulsat humum,
In medio plausu (plausus tunc arte carebant)
Rex populo praedae signa petita dedit.
Protinus exiliunt, animum clamore fatentes, 115
Virginibus cupidas iniciuntque manus.
Ut fugiunt aquilas, timidissima turba, columbae,
Ut fugit invisos agna novella lupos:
Sic illae timuere viros sine more ruentes;
Constitit in nulla qui fuit ante color. 120
Nam timor unus erat, facies non una timoris:
Pars laniat crines, pars sine mente sedet;
Altera maesta silet, frustra vocat altera matrem:
Haec queritur, stupet haec; haec manet, illa fugit;
Ducuntur raptae, genialis praeda, puellae, 125
Et potuit multas ipse decere timor.
Siqua repugnarat nimium comitemque negabat,
Sublatam cupido vir tulit ipse sinu,
Atque ita 'quid teneros lacrimis corrumpis ocellos?
Quod matri pater est, hoc tibi' dixit 'ero.' 130
Romule, militibus scisti dare commoda solus:
Haec mihi si dederis commoda, miles ero.
Scilicet ex illo sollemnia more theatra
Nunc quoque formosis insidiosa manent.

They watched, and each with his eye observed the girl
he wanted, and trembled greatly in his silent heart.
While, to the measure of the homely Etruscan flute,
the dancer, with triple beat, struck the levelled earth,
amongst the applause (applause that was never artful then)
the king gave the watched-for signal for the rape.
They sprang up straightaway, showing their intent by shouting,
and eagerly took possession of the women.
As doves flee the eagle, in a frightened crowd,
as the new-born lamb runs from the hostile wolf:
so they fled in panic from the lawless men,
and not one showed the colour she had before.
Now they all fear as one, but not with one face of fear:
Some tear their hair: some sit there, all will lost:
one mourns silently, another cries for her mother in vain:
one moans, one faints: one stays, while that one runs:
the captive girls were led away, a joyful prize,
and many made even fear itself look fitting.
Whoever showed too much fight, and denied her lover,
he held her clasped high to his loving heart,
and said to her: 'Why mar your tender cheeks with tears?
as your father to your mother, I'll be to you.'
Romulus, alone, knew what was fitting for soldiers:
I'll be a soldier, if you give me what suits me.
From that I suppose came the theatres' usual customs:
now too they remain a snare for the beautiful.

Muse #7: Every Roman Bride

CIL 6.20905, Galleria degli Ufzi, Firenze. See discussion by Huemoeller 2020.

To the divine shades of Junia Procula, daughter of Marcus. She lived eight years, eleven months and five days. She left her wretched father and mother in grief. Marcus Junius Euphrosynus made (this) for himself and for [name erased]. Let the bones of the daughter and parents rest in one (place). Whatever you have done for us, may you hope for the same yourself. Believe me, you will be a witness to yourself.

Here are written the eternal marks of disgrace of the freedwoman Acte, sorceress, faithless, deceitful, hard-hearted. A nail and a hemp rope to hang her neck and boiling pitch to burn up her evil heart. Manumitted for free, following an adulterer, she cheated her patron and she abducted his attendants — an enslaved girl and boy — from her patron while he lay in bed, so that he, alone, despaired, an old man abandoned and despoiled. And the same curse for Hymnus and those who followed Zosimus.

Muses #8: Women in the Theater & Portico of Pompey

Catullus 55.1-12

Oramus, si forte non molestum est,
demonstres ubi sint tuae tenebrae.
te campo quaesivimus minore,
te in circo, te in omnibus libellis,
te in templo summi Iovis sacrato.
in Magni simul ambulatione
femellas omnes, amice, prendi,
quas vultu vidi tamen serenas.
† A velte sic ipse flagitabam:
“camerium mihi, pessimae puellae!” 10
quaedam inquit nudum † reduc †
“en hic in roseis latet papillis.”

We beg, if maybe it's not too much trouble, you'll show us where your haunt may be. We looked for you in the smaller Campus, for you in the Circus, for you in every bookshop, for you in Jupiter's holy temple. My friend, on Magnus' promenade I grabbed every girl I saw whose looks were unruffled, and at the same time I demanded loudly, "Give me back Camerius, you wretched girls." One of them, drawing back her naked <?> "Look! he's hiding here between my rosy-red nipples!"

- **Plutarch, *Life of Pompey* 68:** That night [before Pharsalus] Pompey dreamed that as he entered his theatre the people clapped their hands, and that he decorated a temple of Venus Victrix with many spoils. On some accounts he was encouraged, but on others depressed, by the dream; he feared lest the race of Caesar, which went back to Venus, was to receive glory and splendour through him... (trans. Perrin)
- **Suetonius, *Life of Nero* 46** [on Nero's dreams before his death]: Although he had never before been in the habit of dreaming, after he had killed his mother it seemed to him that he was steering a ship in his sleep and that the helm was wrenched from his hands; that he was dragged by his wife Octavia into thickest darkness, and that he was now covered with a swarm of winged ants, and now was surrounded by the statues of the nations which had been dedicated in Pompey's theatre and stopped in his tracks. (trans. Rolfe)

Muses #9: All the intersectional bodies f*ed over by heterotopic fantasies of diversity**

Junichiro Tanizaki, *The Tattooer* (1910), quoted without attribution by Foucault, “Le corps utopique“(1966):

The morning sun glittered on the river, setting the eight-mat studio ablaze with light. Rays reflected from the water sketched rippling golden waves on the paper sliding screens and on the face of the girl, who was fast asleep. Seikichi had closed the doors and taken up his tattooing instruments, but for a while he only sat there entranced, savoring to the full her uncanny beauty. He thought that he would never tire of contemplating her serene masklike face. Just as the ancient Egyptians had embellished their magnificent land with pyramids and sphinxes, he was about to embellish the pure skin of this girl. Presently he raised the brush which was gripped between the thumb and last two fingers of his left hand, applied its tip to the girl's back, and, with the needle which he held in his right hand, began pricking out a design. He felt his spirit dissolve into the charcoal-black ink that stained her skin. Each drop of Ryukyu cinnabar that he mixed with alcohol and thrust in was a drop of his lifeblood. He saw in his pigments the hues of his own passions. Soon it was afternoon, and then the tranquil spring day drew toward its close. But Seikichi never paused in his work, nor was the girl's sleep broken.

Guy Sorman, on a 1969 trip to Tunisia, as reported by Campbell 2021:

“Young children were running after Foucault saying ‘what about me? take me, take me,’” he recalled ... “They were eight, nine, ten years old, he was throwing money at them and would say ‘let’s meet at 10pm at the usual place.’” This, it turned out, was the local cemetery: “He would make love there on the gravestones with young boys. The question of consent wasn’t even raised.”

Sorman claimed that “Foucault would not have dared to do it in France”, comparing him to Paul Gauguin, the impressionist said to have had sex with young girls he painted in Tahiti, and Andre Gide, the novelist who preyed on boys in Africa. “There is a colonial dimension to this. A white imperialism.”

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Thanks for your time and any comments, suggestions, and questions –
 in person or by email (pandey@jhu.edu)!

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And stay tuned for a collaboratively authored, open-access education resource on Race in Antiquity!