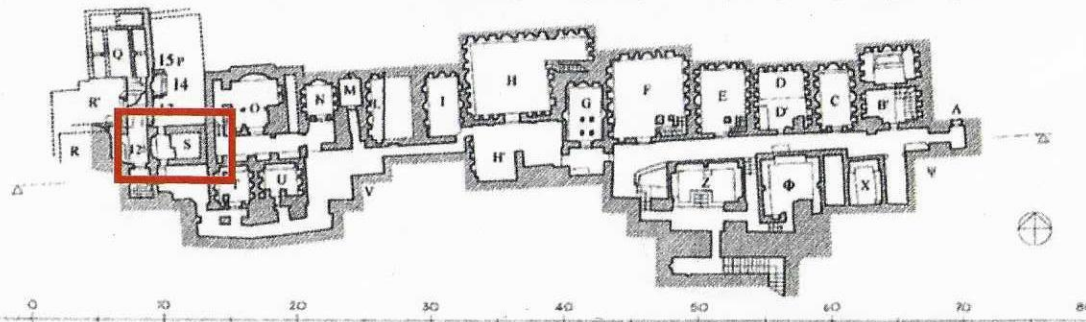
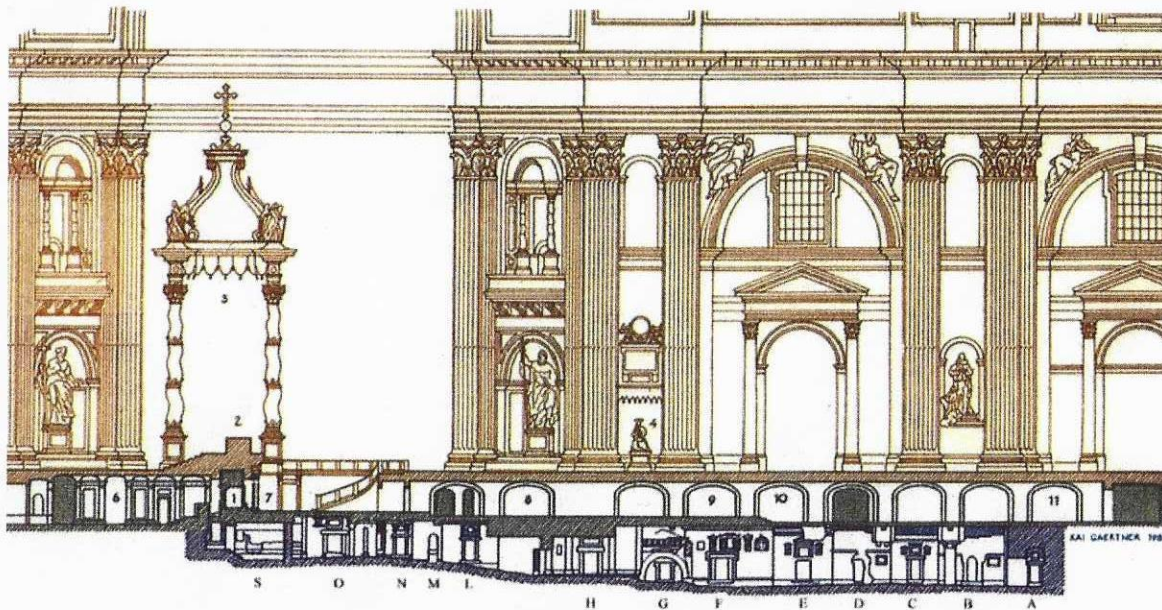


Sculpture and findspot of Flavius Agricola's funerary monument.

Indianapolis Museum of Art, Inv. 72.148



"The Wine Was Never Lacking"
A Roman Life and Death on the Margins

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Transcription and translation of monument's verse epitaph:

Tibur mihi patria, Agricola sum vocitatus
Flavius, idem ego sum discumbens, ut me videtis,
sic et apud superos annis, quibus fata dedere,
animulum colui nec defuit umqua Lyaeus.
praecessitque prior Primitiva gratissima coniuncx 5
Flavia et ipsa, cultrix deae Phariaes casta,
sedulaque et forma decore repleta,
cum qua ter denos dulcissimos egerim annos.
solaciumque sui generis Aurelium Primitivum
tradidit, qui pietate sua coleret fastigia nostra, 10
hospitiumque mihi segura servavit in aevum.
amici, qui legitis, moneo, miscete Lyaeum
et potate procul redimiti tempora flore
et venereos coitus formosis ne denegate puellis;
cetera post obitum terra consumit et ignis. 15

Tivoli was my fatherland; I am called Flavius Agricola. I am the very one reclining as you see me, just as I did all the years of my life which the fates granted me. I took care of my little soul, and the wine was never lacking. Primitiva, my most pleasant wife, passed away before me. She herself was a Flavian, a chaste worshipper of Isis, attentive to my needs, and of beautiful appearance. We spent thirty wonderful years together; as a comfort, she left me her son, Aurelius Primitivus, to tend our house/tomb dutifully; and so, herself released from care, she has kept a welcome for me forever. Friends who read this, I admonish you: mix the wine, drink deep, wreath your head with flowers, and do not deny to make love with pretty girls. After death, earth and fire devour all the rest.