The Materiality of the Voice in Stoic Thought and Seneca's Personae of Claudius

I. Diog. Laert. 7.44

Εἶναι δὲ τῆς διαλεκτικῆς ἴδιον τόπον καὶ τὸν προειρημένον περὶ αὐτῆς τῆς φωνῆς, ἐν ὧ δείκνυται ἡ ἐγγράμματος φωνὴ καὶ τίνα τὰ τοῦ λόγου μέρη, καὶ περὶ σολοικισμοῦ καὶ βαρβαρισμοῦ καὶ ποιημάτων καὶ ἀμφιβολιῶν καὶ περὶ ἐμμελοῦς φωνῆς καὶ περὶ μουσικῆς καὶ περὶ ὄρων κατά τινας καὶ διαιρέσεων καὶ λέξεων.

A topic belonging to dialectic, and one already mentioned above, is that concerning the voice itself, in which the inscribed voice is clarified, certain parts of speech, topics concerning solecism and barbarism, poems and amphibolies, melodic voice, music, and, according to some, concerning terms, divisions, and diction.

II. Diog. Laert. 7.55-57

ἔστι δὲ φωνὴ ἀὴο πεπληγμένος ἢ τὸ ἴδιον αἰσθητὸν ἀποῆς, ὥς φησι Διογένης ὁ Βαβυλώνιος ἐν τῆ Περὶ φωνῆς τέχνῃ. ζώου μέν ἐστι φωνὴ ἀὴο ὑπὸ ὁρμῆς πεπληγμένος, ἀνθοώπου δ' ἔστιν ἔναρθρος καὶ ἀπὸ διανοίας ἐκπεμπομένη, ὡς ὁ Διογένης φησίν, ἤτις ἀπὸ δεκατεσσάρων ἐτῶν τελειοῦται. καὶ σῶμα δ' ἐστὶν ἡ φωνὴ κατὰ τοὺς Στωικούς, ὥς φησιν Ἀρχέδημός τ' ἐν τῆ Περὶ φωνῆς καὶ Διογένης καὶ Ἀντίπατρος καὶ Χρύσιππος ἐν τῆ δευτέρα τῶν Φυσικῶν. [56] πὰν γὰο τὸ ποιοῦν σῶμά ἐστι: ποιεῖ δὲ ἡ φωνὴ προσιοῦσα τοῖς ἀκούουσιν ἀπὸ τῶν φωνούντων. λέξις δέ ἐστιν, ὥς φησι Διογένης, φωνὴ ἐγγράμματος, οἶον 'ἡμέρα {ἐστί}.' λόγος δέ ἐστι φωνὴ σημαντικὴ ἀπὸ διανοίας ἐκπεμπομένη. [...] Τῆς δὲ λέξεως στοιχεῖά ἐστι τὰ εἰκοσιτέσσαρα γράμματα. τριχῶς δὲ λέγεται τὸ γράμμα, τό τε στοιχεῖον ὅ τε χαρακτὴρ τοῦ στοιχείου καὶ τὸ ὄνομα, οἶον Ἄλφα: [57] φωνήεντα δέ ἐστι τῶν στοιχείων ἐπτά, α, ε, η, ι, ο, υ, ω: ἄφωνα δὲ ἕξ, β, γ, δ, κ, π, τ. διαφέρει δὲ φωνὴ καὶ λέξις, ὅτι φωνὴ μὲν καὶ ὁ ἦχός ἐστι, λέξις δὲ τὸ ἔναρθρον μόνον. λέξις δὲ λόγου διαφέρει, ὅτι λόγος ἀεὶ σημαντικός ἐστι, λέξις δὲ καὶ ἄσημος, ὡς ἡ βλίτυρι, λόγος δὲ οὐδαμῶς. διαφέρει δὲ καὶ τὸ λέγειν τοῦ προφέρεσθαι: προφέρονται μὲν γὰρ αί φωναί, λέγεται δὲ τὰ πράγματα, ἃ δὴ καὶ λεκτὰ τυγχάνει.

III. Diog. Laert. 7.134

Δοκεῖ δ' αὐτοῖς ἀρχὰς εἶναι τῶν ὅλων δύο, τὸ ποιοῦν καὶ τὸ πάσχον. τὸ μὲν οὖν πάσχον εἶναι τὴν ἄποιον οὐσίαν τὴν ὕλην, τὸ δὲ ποιοῦν τὸν ἐν αὐτῇ λόγον τὸν θεόν: τοῦτον γὰρ ἀίδιον ὄντα διὰ πάσης αὐτῆς δημιουργεῖν ἕκαστα. [...] διαφέρειν δέ φασιν ἀρχὰς καὶ στοιχεῖα: τὰς μὲν γὰρ εἶναι ἀγενήτους <καὶ> ἀφθάρτους, τὰ δὲ στοιχεῖα κατὰ τὴν ἐκπύρωσιν φθείρεσθαι. ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀσωμάτους εἶναι τὰς ἀρχὰς καὶ ἀμόρφους, τὰ δὲ μεμορφῶσθαι.

It seems to them that there are two principles of the whole, the active and the passive. While the passive is unqualified substance or matter, the active is the reason in [matter] or God: for this, being eternal, through all matter engineers everything. [...] And they say that principles and elements differ: principles are ungenerated and indestructible, but elements are destroyed in the conflagration; also principles are bodiless (i.e., immaterial) and formless, while the elements are formed.

IV. Diog. Laert. 7.156-157

...Δοπεί δ' αὐτοίς τὴν μὲν φύσιν εἶναι πῦς τεχνιπόν, ὁδῷ βαδίζον εἰς γένεσιν, ὅπες ἐστὶ πνεῦμα πυςοειδὲς καὶ τεχνοειδές: τὴν δὲ ψυχὴν αἰσθητικὴν <φύσιν>. ταύτην δ' εἶναι τὸ συμφυὲς ἡμῖν πνεῦμα: διὸ καὶ σῶμα εἶναι καὶ μετὰ τὸν θάνατον ἐπιμένειν: φθαςτὴν δ' ὑπάςχειν, τὴν δὲ τῶν ὅλων ἄφθαςτον, ἦς μέςη εἶναι τὰς ἐν τοῖς ζῷοις.

[157] Μέρη δὲ ψυχῆς λέγουσιν ὀκτώ, τὰς πέντ' αἰσθήσεις καὶ τοὺς ἐν ἡμῖν σπερματικοὺς λόγους καὶ τὸ φωνητικὸν καὶ τὸ λογιστικόν.

...It seems to them that nature is an artful fire, proceeding on a path towards generation, that it is just as much a fiery and artful breath $[\pi v \epsilon \hat{v} \mu \alpha]$; and the soul is a perceptive nature. This soul is the breath congenital to us: therefore it is also a body and it remains after death. But the soul is still destructible, even though the soul in all things is indestructible, of which the souls in living things are parts.

They say there are eight parts of the soul: the five senses, the spermatic proportions in us, the vocal part, and the reasoning part.

V. Diog. Laert. 7.59

Αρεταί δὲ λόγου εἰσὶ πέντε, Ἑλληνισμός, σαφήνεια, συντομία, πρέπον, κατασκευή. Ἑλληνισμός μὲν οὖν ἐστι φράσις ἀδιάπτωτος ἐν τἢ τεχνικἢ καὶ μὴ εἰκαία συνηθεία: σαφήνεια δέ ἐστι λέξις γνωρίμως παριστώσα τὸ νοούμενον: συντομία δέ ἐστι λέξις αὐτὰ τὰ ἀναγκαῖα περιέχουσα πρὸς δήλωσιν τοῦ πράγματος: πρέπον δέ ἐστι λέξις οἰκεία τῷ πράγματι: κατασκευὴ δέ ἐστι λέξις ἐκπεφευγυῖα τὸν ἰδιωτισμόν. ὁ δὲ βαρβαρισμὸς ἐκ τῶν κακιῶν λέξις ἐστὶ παρὰ τὸ ἔθος τῶν εὐδοκιμούντων Ἑλλήνων, σολοικισμὸς δέ ἐστι λόγος ἀκαταλλήλως συντεταγμένος. The virtues of language are five: Hellenism, clarity, conciseness, fitness, cultivation. Hellenism is phrasing faultless with respect to technical points and not characterized by random usage; clarity is speech comprehensibly stating the thought; conciseness is speech encompassing those points which are the necessities for the presentation of the matter at hand; fitness is speech proper to the matter at hand; cultivation is speech avoiding mere commonness. Among the vices barbarism is speech beyond the usage of respectable Greeks, and solecism is language having been drawn into order incongruously.

VI. Seneca, *Ep.* 40.1

Quod frequenter mihi scribis gratias ago; nam quo uno modo potes <u>te mihi ostendis</u>. Numquam epistulam tuam accipio ut non <u>protinus una simus</u>. Si imagines nobis amicorum absentium iucundae sunt, quae memoriam renovant et desiderium [absentiae] falso atque inani solacio levant, <u>quanto iucundiores sunt litterae</u>, <u>quae vera amici absentis vestigia, veras notas afferunt</u>? Nam quod in conspectu dulcissimum est, id amici manus epistulae impressa praestat, agnoscere.

I am grateful that you write to me frequently; for in what one way you are able <u>you present yourself to me</u>. Never do I receive your letter, so that <u>we are</u> not <u>immediately together</u>. If images of our absent friends are pleasing to us, representations which renew the memory and relieve the longing of absence with a false and vain comfort, <u>by how much are letters more pleasing</u>, which, as true vestiges of an absent friend, bring forth true traces? For that which is sweetest in person, that a friend's hand impressed upon a letter provides—recognition.

VII. Seneca, Ep. 40.2

Audisse te scribis Serapionem philosophum, cum istuc applicuisset: 'solet magno cursu verba convellere, quae non effundit +ima+ sed premit et urguet; plura enim veniunt quam quibus vox una sufficiat'. Hoc non probo in philosopho, cuius pronuntiatio quoque, sicut vita, debet esse composita; nihil autem ordinatum est quod praecipitatur et properat. Itaque oratio illa apud Homerum concitata et sine intermissione in morem nivis superveniens oratori data est, lenis et melle dulcior seni profluit.

You write that you have heard the philosopher Serapio lecture, when he had arrived at your place: "He is accustomed to draw his words violently together into a great coursing [stream], which he does not pour forth but rather presses and urgues; for more words come than for which one voice is sufficient." This I do not approve in a philosopher, whose enunciation, just as his life, ought to be composed. But nothing is ordered which precipitates and hastens. Thus in Homer that speech which is excited and comes over without intermission in the manner of snow is given to the orator; slow speech, sweeter than honey, from an elder flows forth.

XIII. Seneca, Ep. 40.5

Multum praeterea habet inanitatis et vani, plus sonat quam valet.
Besides [this style] has much inanity and emptiness, it more makes sounds than it delivers sense.

IX. Seneca, *Ep.* 40.11

Quaedam tamen et nationibus puto magis aut minus convenire. In Graecis hanc licentiam tuleris: nos etiam cum scribimus interpungere assuevimus. Cicero quoque noster, a quo Romana eloquentia exsiluit, gradarius fuit. Romanus sermo magis se circumspicit et aestimat praebetque aestimandum.

Nevertheless certain styles, I think, are more or less agreeable to certain peoples. You can endure this allowance in Greek; but we, when we write, have become accustomed to employ interpuncts. Also, our Cicero, from whom Roman eloquence took its rise, was a pacer. Roman discourse examines itself more and evaluates and offers itself to be evaluated.

X. Seneca, *Ep.* 114.4-8

[4] Quomodo Maecenas vixerit notius est quam ut narrari nunc debeat quomodo ambulaverit, quam delicatus fuerit, quam cupierit videri, quam vitia sua latere noluerit. Quid ergo? non oratio eius aeque soluta est quam ipse discinctus? non tam insignita illius verba sunt quam cultus, quam comitatus, quam domus, quam uxor? Magni vir ingenii fuerat si illud egisset via rectiore, si non vitasset intellegi, si non etiam in oratione difflueret. Videbis itaque eloquentiam ebrii hominis involutam et errantem et licentiae plenam. [5] Quid turpius 'amne silvisque ripa comantibus'? Vide ut 'alveum lyntribus arent versoque vado remittant hortos'. Quid? si quis 'feminae cinno crispat et labris columbatur incipitque suspirans, ut cervice lassa fanantur nemoris tyranni'. 'Inremediabilis factio rimantur epulis lagonaque temptant domos et spe mortem exigunt.' 'Genium festo vix suo testem.' 'Tenuisve cerei fila et crepacem molam.' 'Focum mater aut uxor investiunt.' [6] Non statim cum haec legeris hoc tibi occurret, hunc esse qui solutis tunicis in urbe semper incesserit? [...] [7] Haec verba tam inprobe structa, tam neglegenter abiecta, tam contra consuetudinem omnium posita ostendunt mores quoque non minus novos et pravos et singulares fuisse. [...] Hanc ipsam laudem suam corrupit istis orationis portentosissimae delicis; [8] apparet enim mollem fuisse, non mitem. Hoc istae ambages compositionis, hoc verba transversa, hoc sensus miri, magni quidem saepe sed enervati dum exeunt, cuivis manifestum facient: motum illi felicitate nimia caput. [4] How Maecenas lived is so well-known that it need not be narrated now. How he walked, how luxurious he was, and how he desired to be seen; also, how he did not want that his vices should be hidden. What, then? Is his speech not just as loose as his garments? Are the words of that man not as accented [insignita] as his style, his entourage, his home, his wife? He would have been a man of great talent, if he had proceeded by the correct way, if he had not shunned that he might be understood, if he were not also flowing away in his speech. You will see how the eloquence of a drunken man is obscure and wandering and full of license. [5] What's more foul than "a stream and a bank with shaggy woods"? Do you see how "they plow the river-bed with skiffs and where the shallows were overturned they leave gardens"? Or if someone "shakes his feminine locks, pouts his lips, and starts sighing, as lords of the grove bow in homage their languid necks." "An irreparable faction they make raids on feasts and make trials with vessels on homes and by anticipation they exact death." "A genius could scarcely bear witness to his own feast." "Threads of slender wax and crackling meal." "Mother or wife dress up the hearth." [6] Does it not immediately occur to you upon reading these words that this man is the one who always strolled around the city with his tunic loose? [7] These words so shamelessly strewn, so carelessly cast, so placed against the custom of all show that his *mores* also were no less novel and depraved and singular. [...] The praise itself [of which he was worthy] he frustrated with those delicacies of his monstrous speech; [8] for it seems that it was soft, not ripe. This point his roundabout composition, his inverted word-order, his sense of wonder, often of something great but dissipated once they go out, all of these things make plain to anyone.

XI. Seneca, *Polyb.* 14.1-2

Hic itaque princeps, qui publicum omnium hominum solacium est, aut me omnia fallunt aut iam recreavit animum tuum et tam magno vulneri maiora adhibuit remedia. Iam te omni confirmavit modo, iam omnia exempla, quibus ad animi aequitatem compellereris, tenacissima memoria rettulit, iam omnium praecepta sapientum adsueta sibi facundia explicuit. Nullus itaque melius has adloquendi partes occupaverit: aliud

habebunt hoc dicente pondus verba velut ab oraculo missa; omnem vim doloris tui divina eius contundet auctoritas. Hunc itaque tibi puta dicere...

And so this *princeps*, who is the public consolation of all humanity, either all things deceive me or he already restored your soul and applied great remedies to your wound so great. Already he has confirmed you in every way, already all the examples, by which you would have been driven to balance in your soul, his most retentive memory has brought back, already the precepts of all the sages his customary eloquence has explicated. And so no one better could have taken up these parts of addressing you: with this man speaking these words will have will hold a certain weight, just as if the were sent by an oracle; all the strength of your pain his divine authority will subdue. Imagine this man speaks to you in this way...

XII. Seneca, Apoc. IV.2-3

Haec Apollo. At Lachesis, quae et ipsa homini formosissimo faveret, fecit illud plena manu, et Neroni multos annos de suo donat. Claudium autem iubent omnes 'χαίροντας, εὐφημοῦντας ἐκπέμπειν δόμων.' Et ille quidem animam ebulliit, et ex eo desiit vivere videri. Exspiravit autem dum comoedos audit, ut scias me non sine causa illos timere. Ultima vox eius haec inter homines audita est, cum maiorem sonitum emisisset illa parte, qua facilius loquebatur: "vae me, puto, concacavi me." Quod an fecerit, nescio: omnia certe concacavit.

Apollo said these things. But Lachesis, who also herself favored this most beautiful man, made him with a hand full of thread, and to Nero she gave many years from her supply. But as for Claudius, they ordered that everyone "rejoicing, sending up blessings, send him out from the house." And indeed he burped up his soul, and from that point he ceased to seem to live. But he expired while he was listening to comic actors, so you know that I distrust them not without cause. His last words [ultima vox] were heard among these men, although he emitted most of them from that part with which he often spoke more easily: "Oh my, I think, I've shit myself." Whether he did I don't know; he certainly shat all over everything else.

XIII. Seneca, Apoc. V.2

...respondisse nescio quid perturbato sono et voce confusa; non intellegere se linguam eius; nec Graecum esse nec Romanum nec ullius gentis notae.

...responded with a sound somehow unsettled and a confused voice; that he did not understand his language, which was neither Greek nor Roman nor that of any other known people.

XIV. Seneca, Apoc. V.3

...vocem nullius terrestris animalis sed qualis esse marinis belvis solet, raucam et implicitam...

...voice of no land animal, but similar to the beasts of the sea, harsh and inarticulate...

XV. Seneca, Apoc. VI.2

excandescit hoc loco Claudius et quanto potest murmure irascitur. quid diceret nemo intellegebat. At this point Claudius grew burning hot, and with as much a murmur as he was able to produce he showed his anger. No one was able to understand what he was saying.

XVI. Seneca, Apoc. VII.4-5

Itaque quantum intellegi potuit, haec visus est dicere: "Ego te, fortissime deorum Hercule, speravi mihi adfuturum apud alios, et si qui a me notorem petisset, te fui nominaturus, qui me optime nosti. Nam si memoria repetis, ego eram qui tibi ante templum tuum ius dicebam totis diebus mense Iulio et Augusto. Tu scis, quantum illic miseriarum contulerim, cum causidicos audirem diem et noctem, in quod si incidisses, valde fortis licet tibi videaris, maluisses cloacas Augeae purgare: multo plus ego stercoris exhausi. Sed quoniam volo..."

And so as far as he was able to be understood, he seemed to say these words: "I hoped that you, bravest of the gods, Hercules, would be with me before the rest, and if someone had requested a sponsor from me, I thought that I would name you, since you know me best of all. For if you search your memory, I was the one who was offering judgments before your temple for entire days in the months of July and August. You know how many complaints I endured in that place, when I was listening to the advocates day and night. If you had fallen into that labor, even allowing that

you seem very strong, you would have preferred to cleanse the sewers of Augeas: so much more bullshit did I drain. But because I want..."

XVII. Seneca, Polyb. 15.2

Innumerabilia undique exempla separatorum morte fratrum succurrunt, immo contra vix ulla umquam horum paria conspecta sunt una senescentia; sed contentus nostrae domus exemplis ero. Nemo enim tam expers erit sensus ac sanitatis, ut Fortunam ulli queratur luctum intulisse, quam sciet etiam Caesarum lacrimas concupisse.

From all sides innumerable examples of brothers separated by death rush upon me, indeed hardly any pair of these ever have appeared to grow old together; but I will be content with examples from my own house. For no one will be so lacking in sense and sanity, that he would complain about the mourning Fortune has brought to him, when he knows that she has desired even the tears of Ceasars.

XVIII. Seneca, Apoc. X.3

Sed quid ego de tot ac talibus viris dicam? Non vacat deflere publicas clades intuenti domestica mala. Itaque illa omittam, haec referam...

But what shall I say about so many and such men? There is no time to weep over public destructions for the man observing his own domestic evils. And so I will omit the former, and I will recall the latter instead...

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