



Mujeres, Dones, Emakumeak, Mulleres de Grecia y Roma

Gynaikes, Mulieres: Mujeres, Dones, Emakumeak, Mulleres de Grecia y Roma (FCT-21-16887)	
Rome	Authorship: Pilar Pavón Torrejón
Early Roman Empire	
Field: marriage, education	
<p>Saepe iam, mater optima, impetum cepi consolandi te, saepe continui. ut auferem, multa me inpelebant: primum videbar depositurus omnia in- commoda, cum lacrimas tuas, etiam si supprimere non potuissem, interim certe abstersissem; deinde plus habiturum me auctoritatis non dubitabam ad excitandam te, si prior ipse consurrexissem; praeterea timebam, ne a me victa fortuna aliquem meorum vinceret: itaque utcumque conabar manu super plagam meam inposita ad obliganda volnera vestra reptare. hoc propositum meum erant rursus quae retardarent: dolori tuo, dum recens saeviret, sciebam occurrendum non esse, ne illum ipsa solacia irritarent et accenderent — nam in morbis quoque nihil est perniciosius quam immatura medicina — : expectabam itaque, dum ipse vires suas frangeret et ad sustinenda remedia mora mitigatus tangi se ac tractari pateretur. praeterea cum omnia clarissimorum ingeniorum monumenta ad compescendos moderandosque luctus composita evolverem, non inveniebam exemplum eius, qui consolatus suos esset, cum ipse ab illis comploraretur: ita in re nova haesitabam verebarque, ne haec non consolatio esset, sed exulceratio. quid, quod novis verbis nec ex vulgari et cotidiana sumptis adlocutione opus erat homini ad consolandos suos ex ipso rogo caput adlevanti? omnis autem magnitudo doloris modum excedentis necesse est dilectum verborum eripiat, cum saepe vocem quoque ipsam intercludat. utcumque conitar non fiducia ingenii, sed quia possum instar efficacissimae consolationis</p>	<p>Often, my best of mothers, I have felt the impulse to send you consolation, and as often I have checked it. The motives that urged me to be so bold were many. In the first place, I thought that I should lay aside all my troubles when, even though I could not stop your weeping, I had meanwhile at least wiped away your tears; again, I felt sure that I should have more power to raise you up, if I had first arisen from your own grief; besides, I was afraid that Fortune, though vanquished by me, might still vanquish someone dear to me. And so, placing my hand over my own gash, I was trying as best as I could to creep forward to bind up your wounds. On the other hand, there were reasons which made me delay as regards my purpose. I knew that I ought not to intrude upon your grief while its violence was fresh, lest my very condolences should irritate and inflame it; for in bodily ills also nothing is more harmful than an untimely use of medicine. I was waiting, therefore, until your grief should of itself subdue its violence, and its soreness, soothed by time to tolerate remedies, should submit to being touched and handled. Moreover, although I unrolled all the works that the famous writers had composed for the purpose of repressing and controlling sorrow, not one instance did I find of a man who had offered consolation to his dear ones when he himself was bewailed by them; thus, in a novel situation I flattered, and I feared that my words might supply, not consolation, but an aggravation. And besides, a man who was lifting his head from the very bier to comfort his dear ones — what need he would have of words</p>



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esse ipse consolator. cui nihil io negares, huic hoc utique te non esse negaturam, licet omnium maeror contumax sit, spero, ut desiderio tuo velis a me modum statui.

Seneca, De consolatione ad Helviam, Hermes, Emil.in aedibus B.G. Teubneri, Dialogorum, Libros XII, I. Lipsiae 1923.

that were new and not drawn from the common and everyday forms of condolence! But the very greatness of every grief that passes bounds must necessarily snatch away the power of choosing words, since often it chokes even the voice itself. Yet I shall try as best I can, not because I have confidence in my eloquence, but because the mere fact that I myself am able to act as comforter may amount to most effective comfort. You who could refuse me nothing, will surely not, I hope, refuse me – although all sorrow is stubborn – your consent to my setting bounds to your grieving.

Sen. *Helv.* 1.

Seneca. *Moral Essays, Volume II: De Consolatione ad Marciam. De Vita Beata. De Otio. De Tranquillitate Animi. De Brevitate Vitae. De Consolatione ad Polybium. De Consolatione ad Helviam.* Translated by John W. Basore. Loeb Classical Library 254. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1932.