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Everyone knows about the emperor Nero. He is one of the most infamous Roman emperors, held responsible for the great fire of Rome and for persecuting Christians. The emperor Caligula, too, is widely known for his insanity; he apparently even tried to make his horse consul. Classical historians often mentioned the emperor Lucius Aurelius Commodus alongside those ‘mad emperors’. According to them Commodus was a good-for-nothing, a cruel madman, and generally the worst thing that could have happened to the Roman Empire. In this he was the complete opposite of his father, the emperor Marcus Aurelius, who was the perfect example of what a good emperor should be like.

So what made Commodus such a bad emperor? Historians like Cassius Dio and Herodian went to great length to describe his cruelties: how he cut a fat man open down the middle of his belly, how he enjoyed killing prominent men, and even how he ‘often mixed human excrement with the most expensive food’. They also tell us how he ‘murdered many others in many places, some because they came to him in the costume of barbarians, others because they were noble and handsome’ and how he even ‘aped a surgeon, going so far as to bleed men to death with scalpels’.

Commodus in Tony Harrison’s play The Kaisers of Carnuntum was dressed up both in women’s ‘drag’ and with the club and lion skin of Hercules.
He even banished and killed his wife Crispina, whom he had married when he was only 16 years old, because he believed she too was involved in a plan to kill him. Some said the only reason Commodus killed people at all was that he wanted to take their money.

**Hercules rules the Commodians**

And Commodus needed a lot of money. He paid for gigantic gladiatorial games, and imported expensive animals that could be killed in the arena. He also wanted statues of himself everywhere in the city and even altered the colossal statue of the Sun god that stood in front of the Colosseum. That statue had been set up by Nero and looked like him, but Commodus changed that. ‘Indeed, he actually cut off the head of the Colossus, and substituted for it a likeness of his own head; then he gave it a club and placed a bronze lion at its feet, so as to cause it to look like Hercules.’

For by the time this happened, Commodus had started to believe he was the semi-god Hercules, who was the son of the supreme god Jupiter. Hercules had fought against monsters all his life, and was allowed to become a god after he had died. He was one of the most popular gods in the Roman world, maybe because he had once been mortal, and could understand humans better than the other gods. Commodus believed that, like Hercules before him, he too could become a god. He even named a month after Hercules. He also named a month after himself. Hercules was famous as a founder of many cities. Commodus re-founded Rome as ‘the colony of Commodus’. The people living there were given the name Commodians, as were the legions, the Senate, and the fleet. Furthermore, Commodus fought in the arena as a gladiator, and often dressed up as Hercules when he did this. In this way he pretended that he too, like Hercules, killed monsters. He even ‘once got together all the men in the city who had lost their feet as the result of disease or some accident, and then, after attaching images of serpents to their legs, and giving them cushions to throw instead of stones, killed them with blows of a club, pretending that they were giants’. By now he called himself the ‘Roman Hercules’.

We know of all of this from several sources. The senator Cassius Dio describes Commodus’ reign in detail in his *Roman History*, as does Herodian in his *Histories of the Empire*. But that is not all. Several of the statues of the emperor wearing Hercules’ lion-skin and club have survived, as have many coins which mention the HERCULES COMMODIANUS. Some coins even name Rome the ‘colony of Commodus’. Inscriptions mentioning offerings made on behalf of the emperor and papyri in which people make requests to him describe Commodus as the ‘divine Commodus Hercules’. Finally, the inscriptions on the pedestals of Commodus’ statues regularly name him ‘gladiator’. There seems to be no doubt whatsoever that Commodus really presented himself as a divine gladiator-emperor.

**Strangled by Narcissus**

So his reign could not last. But how it would end was not at all clear. The senators and noblemen, who had most to gain by Commodus’ death, were too afraid to try to kill him. The people were perhaps fearful of Commodus’ cruelty, but they loved the spectacular games he held and the generous gifts he distributed to keep them happy. They did not want to kill him. So the conspiracy in which he would eventually die had to come from an unexpected corner. And it did.

After Commodus had killed his wife Crispina, he had several mistresses. But one of them was his absolute favourite. He treated her as his wife, and gave her most of the privileges an empress would have. She was a freed slave called Marcia. Another person Commodus put his trust in was his chamberlain Eclectus. The guard prefect Laetus, responsible for the emperor’s personal safety, was equally important to him. And these three, of all people, conspired to bring about Commodus’ death.

Commodus was murdered on New Year’s night A.D. 192. The story goes that he had planned to dress up as a gladiator the next day and so ‘open’ the year, walking around accompanied by gladiators. Apparently Laetus and Eclectus complained, telling Commodus to dress in imperial purple, as was usual and, they may have added, more dignified. Marcia supported their idea. Commodus was furious. He retreated into his bedroom and wrote down an order for their execution, as well as that of many more people.

This message was found by a small boy of whom Commodus was particularly fond and who played freely anywhere in the palace. The boy took Commodus’ notebook to play with it, and walked along the corridor. By coincidence the boy happened to meet Marcia, who was also very fond of him. She gave him a hug and a kiss, and then took the tablet from him because she was afraid that he might destroy something important by mistake while innocently playing with it. But when she realized that it was Commodus’ writing she became curious to have a look at the contents. Finding that it was a death-warrant, and that she was going to be first to be executed, with Laetus and Eclectus next, and similar deaths awaiting the others, she let out a scream.

Marcia talked to Laetus and Eclectus, and together they decided to kill Commodus before he could execute them. As Marcia always prepared Commodus’ drinks, poisoning seemed to be the easiest option. So they poisoned his wine. The emperor drank it without suspecting anything. But Commodus was so drunk that he threw up. Maybe that is why the poison did not work properly: it only made Commodus very sleepy So the murderers sent in a powerful athlete, Narcissus, who strangled the emperor while he was still unconscious from wine and poison. Commodus died when he was thirty one years old. He had been sole emperor for thirteen years.
Letting Commodus off the hook?

If anyone was overjoyed by Commodus’ death, it was the members of the senate. According to the Augustan History, Lives of the Later Caesars, they chanted acclamations, applauding the emperor’s end and damning his memory. For an emperor like Commodus, it said, a proper burial was too good. Dragging him by a hook down to the Tiber, as happened to common criminals, was a better way of getting rid of his body.

From him who was a foe of his fatherland let his honours be taken away; let the honours of the murderer be taken away; let the murderer be dragged in the dust... He is foe to the gods, slayer of the senate, foe to the gods, murderer of the senate, foe of the gods, foe of the senate... He who slew the senate, let him be dragged by a hook; he who slew the guiltless, let him be dragged by a hook – a foe a murderer, verily, verily... More savage than Domitian, more foul than Nero. As he did unto others, let it be done unto him... He who slew all men, let him be dragged by a hook. He who slew young and old, let him be dragged by a hook. He who slew man and woman, let him be dragged by a hook. He who spared not his own blood, let him be dragged by a hook... He who sold the senate, let him be dragged by a hook... The murderer dug up the buried; let the body of the murderer be dragged in the dust.

The extreme reaction of the senate once again draws attention to the relationship between the senators and the emperor. It is when that relationship broke down that problems arose. For most of the people who wrote the histories that we now use as sources were senators or associated with them. So the people who wrote Commodus’ biography were senators, and senators did not like Commodus. It is not strange, then, that the story they wrote was a negative one.

But that story might not be the entire truth. Though few people nowadays would argue that Commodus was ‘a nice man’, he may not have been the monster he has been made out to be. There were more people in the Roman empire than just the senators. And those other people may well have liked an emperor who gave money and games, built beautiful statues, and even fought himself in the Romans’ favourite pastime, the gladiatorial games. Indeed, one of Commodus’ successors even called himself the ‘brother of the divine Commodus’; and many sarcophagi and mosaics show pictures of a Hercules who looks remarkably like the Hercules on the statues and coins of Commodus that have survived. At least two centurions kept a shrine for Commodus after the emperor’s death; and an obscure poem of the 6th century A.D. describes Commodus as a good and pious man. Just because the people who liked or even worshipped the emperor Commodus–Hercules did not write history does not mean that such people did not exist.

Olivier Hekster has studied Ancient History at the universities of Nijmegen (The Netherlands), Rome, Nottingham, and Oxford. His main interests are Hercules and mad emperors, who he believes were often nice people who were just misunderstood.