

(vgl. "Von Romulus bis Augustus", S.6f.)

Lucius Cornelius Sulla



1 (95,5) *Sulla gentis patriciae nobilis fuit, familia prope iam*
 2 *exstincta maiorum ignavia, litteris Graecis atque Latinis iuxta*
 3 *eruditus, animo ingenti, cupidus voluptatum, sed gloriae cupidior; otio luxurioso*
 4 *esse, tamen ab negotiis numquam voluptas remorata (est), nisi quod de uxore*
 5 *potuit honestius consuli; (erat) facundus, callidus et amicitia facilis, ad simulanda*
 6 *negotia altitudo ingenī incredibilis, multarum rerum ac maxime pecuniae largitor.*
 7 *Atque illi felicissimo omnium ante civilem victoriam numquam super industriam for-*
 8 *tuna fuit multique dubitare, (utrum) fortior an felicior esset. Nam postea quae*
 9 *fecerit, incertum habeo, (utrum) pudeat an pigeat magis disserere.*

Übersetzungshilfen/Lernvokabular:

- 1 **exstinguere** 3 - auslöschen, (hier:) in Vergessenheit geraten (to extinct)
exstinguo, tinxi, tinctum
- ignavia** - 1. _____, 2. _____
- 2 **litterae, arum** f. - _____, (hier:) Schriften (letter)
- iuxta** - _____, (hier:) gleichmäßig, gleichermaßen gut
 (cf. noun: juxtaposition)
- eruditus** 3 - _____ (erudite)
animo ingenti - von ungeheurer Geisteskraft
- 3 **cupidus** 3 - _____ (cf. noun: cupidity)
voluptas, tatis f. - _____ (cf. adj.: voluptuous)
- otium** - _____
- negotium** - _____
- luxuriosus* 3 - _____, (hier:) ausschweifend (luxurious)
otio luxurioso esse - im Privatleben war er ausschweifend (esse = historischer Infinitiv)post
- 4 **numquam** - _____
- remorari* 1 - (hier:) abhalten
- nisi quod** - außer dass
- uxor, uxoris** f. - _____
- potuit* - (hier:) er hätte können

- consuli de* - (hier:) sich verhalten gegenüber
- 5 **facundus** 3 - redegewandt
- callidus** 3 - _____
- facilis, e** - _____, (hier:) geschickt, gewandt (cf. noun: facility)
- ad simulanda negotia* - um über seine Pläne hinwegzutäuschen
- altitudo ingenī* - Untergründlichkeit
- 6 **incredibilis, e** - _____ (incredible)
- largitor, oris** m. - Schenker, Geber (cf.: largesse)
- 7 **felix, icis** - _____, (hier:) erfolgreich (cf. noun: felicity)
- ante civilem victoriam* - vor seinem Sieg im Bürgerkrieg
 (Denke an die Ereignisse nach 88 v.Chr.!)
- industria** - _____ (industry)
- fortuna** - _____ (fortune)
- 8 **dubitare** 1 - _____ (to doubt)
dubitavere - (= _____)
- utrum ... an** - ob ... oder
- fortis, e** - _____, (hier:) tüchtig (cf. noun: fortitude)
- nam postea quae fecerit* - denn was er später getan hat
- 9 **(me) pudet** - es erfüllt mich mit Scham
- (me) piget** - es erfüllt mich mit Ärger/Widerwillen
- disserere** 3 - _____ (cf. noun: dissertation)

Inhalt:

- Schreibe positive und negative Eigenschaften, die Sallust Sulla zuschreibt, in einer Tabelle auf! Ziehe auch Text 96,1 hinzu!
- Vergleiche die Kurzcharakterisierung von Sulla mit der von Marius!
- Beschreibe das Verhältnis zwischen Sulla und Marius, soweit es aus den beiden Texten abzulesen ist! Informiere dich darüber hinausgehend über das Verhältnis der beiden Männer!
- Suche auch für die Figur des Sulla einen Darsteller in deinem Film (vgl. 2.1, S.15)!

Stil:

- Untersuche die beiden Textausschnitte (95,5 und 96,1) auf stilistische Auffälligkeiten!
- Untersuche die beiden Textausschnitte auf Charakterika zu Sallusts Wortwahl!

(Fortsetzung)

- 10 (96,1) *Igitur Sulla, uti supra dictum est, postquam in Africam atque in castra Marī*
Nachdem Sulla, wie oben gesagt wurde, mit der Reiterei nach Africa und in das Lager des Marius gekom-
- 11 *cum equitatu venit, rudis antea et ignarus belli, sollertissimus omnium in paucis*
men war, da wurde er, obwohl vorher noch unausgebildet und unerfahren im Kriegswesen, innerhalb kur-
- 12 *tempestatibus factus est. Ad hoc milites benigne adpellare, multis rogantibus, aliis*
zer Zeit der gewandteste von allen. Zudem sprach er die Soldaten freundlich an, erwies vielen auf ihre Bit-
- 13 *per se ipse dare beneficia, invitus accipere, sed ea properantius quam aes*
ten hin, anderen von sich aus Gefälligkeiten, nahm solche ungern selbst an, sondern gab sie rascher als
- 14 *mutuum reddere, ipse ab nullo repetere, magis id laborare, ut illi quam plurimi*
geborgtes Geld zurück, forderte sie von niemandem ein, bemühte sich vielmehr darum, dass möglichst
- 15 *deberent, ioca atque seria cum humillimis agere, in operibus, in agmine atque ad*
viele ihm verpflichtet waren, machte Späße und führte ernsthafte Unterhaltungen mit den Einfachsten, war häufig bei den Schanzarbeiten, auf dem Marsch und
- 16 *vigilias multus adesse, neque interim, quod prava ambitio solet, consulis aut*
bei Nachtwachen zugegen und verletzte unterdessen auch nicht, was falscher Ehrgeiz gewöhnlich tut, den Ruf des Consuls oder sonst
- 17 *cuiusquam boni famam laedere, tantummodo neque consilio neque manu priorem*
eines tüchtigen Mannes, nur ertrug er es nicht, dass ein anderer an Rat und Tat besser war, er übertraf die
- 18 *alium pati, plerosque antevenire. Quibus rebus et artibus brevi Mario militibusque*
meisten. Durch diese Taten und Eigenschaften wurde er in kurzer Zeit bei Marius und den Soldaten
- 19 *carissimus factus.*
überaus beliebt.

Lernvokabular:

- 1 _____ - wie oben gesagt wurde
 _____ - Reiterei
 _____ - unausgebildet
 _____ (Hintergrund: Da Sulla in größter Armut aufgewachsen war, hatte für ihn nicht die Möglichkeit bestanden, die übliche militärische Ausbildung patrizischer junger Männer zu absolvieren.)
 _____ - ohne Kriegserfahrung
sollers, ertis - geschickt

- _____ - werden, geschehen, gemacht werden

 _____ - zudem
 _____ - freundlich
 _____ - bitten, fragen
 _____ - von sich aus
 _____ - Wohltaten erweisen
 _____ - Wohltaten annehmen
 _____ - gegen den Willen, unwillig
 _____ - geborgtes Geld, Schulden
 _____ - zurückgeben
 _____ - zurückfordern
 _____ - mehr
 _____ - möglichst viele
 _____ - müssen, schulden, verdanken
 _____ - Scherz
 _____ - scherzen
 _____ - ernsthaft mit jm. reden
 _____ - einfacher Mensch
 _____ - Nachtwache
 _____ - verdorben, schlecht, falsch
 _____ - Ehrgeiz
 _____ - pflegen, gewöhnlich tun
 _____ - irgendeiner
 _____ - Ruf, Ansehen
 _____ - verletzen

 _____ - nur
 _____ - Rat, Plan
 _____ - ertragen
 _____ - vorher, früher
 _____ - ertragen
 _____ - Taten
 _____ - Soldaten

Da König Bocchus von Mauretanien, Schwiegervater und Verbündeter Jugurthas im Kampf gegen die Römer, keine Möglichkeit zu einem Sieg mehr sieht, wendet er sich an den Senat in Rom, um das alte Freundschaftsbündnis wieder aufzunehmen, das bestanden hatte, bevor Jugurtha ihn zu einem Krieg gegen Rom überredet hatte. Die Antwort des Senats lautet:

(104,5) *Senatus et populus Romanus benefici et iniuriae memor esse solet. Ceterum Boccho, quoniam paenitet, delicta gratiae facit: foedus et amicitia dabuntur, cum meruerit.*

“Ein Bündnis- und Freundschaftsvertrag wird gewährt, wenn er es verdient.” - Bocchus, ob dieser kryptischen Antwort verwirrt, lässt durch Boten Marius fragen, was gemeint sein könnte. Er bittet ihn, ihm Sulla zu schicken, damit dieser ihn beraten könne: (105,1) *Bocchus per litteras a Mario petivit, uti Sullam ad se mitteret, cuius arbitratu communibus negotiis consulereetur.*

Marius willigt ein und entsendet Sulla, nur begleitet von Reitern und balearischen Scheuderern, Bogenschützen und einer Kohorte leichtbewaffneter Truppen vom italischen Stamm der Päligner (*is missus cum praesidio equitum atque funditorum Balearium, praeterea iere sagittarii et cohors Paeligna cum velitaribus armis*, 105,2). Als Treffpunkt wird Icosium festgelegt (heute ein Teil von Algier).

(p.394f.; audio 3. 1.24-2.05)

On the shore adjacent to the town there waited perhaps a thousand Moorish Berber horse troopers, equipped as were the Numidians - no saddles, no bridles, no body armour - just a cluster of spears held in one hand, and long-swords and shields.

“Ah!” said Bogud as he and Sulla landed from the first lighter. “The King has sent his favourite son to meet you, Lucius Cornelius.”

“What’s his name?” asked Sulla.

“Volux.”

The young man rode up, armed like his men, but upon a bedizened horse bearing both saddle and bridle. Sulla found himself liking the way his hand was shaken, and liking Prince Volux’s manner; but where was the King? Nowhere could his practised eye discern the usual clutter and scurrying confusion which surrounded a king in residence.

“The King has retreated south about a hundred miles into the mountains, Lucius Cornelius,” the prince explained as they walked to a spot where Sulla could supervise the unloading of his troops and equipment.

Sulla’s skin prickled. “That was no part of the King’s bargain with Gaius Marius,” he said.

“I know,” said Volux, looking uneasy. “You see, King Jugurtha has arrived in the neighbourhood.”

Sulla froze. “Is this a trap, Prince Volux?”

“No, no!” cried the young man, both hands going out. “I swear to you by all the gods, Lucius Cornelius, that it is not a trap! But Jugur-

tha smells a dead thing, because he was given to understand that the King my father was going back to Tingis, yet still the King my father lingers here in Icosium. So Jugurtha has moved into the hills with a small army of Gaetuli - not enough man to attack him. The King my father decided to withdraw from the sea in order to make Jugurtha believe that if he expects someone from Rome, he expects his visitor to travel on the road. So Jugurtha followed him. Jugurtha knows nothing of your arrival here, we are sure. You were wise to come by sea.”

“Jugurtha will find out I’m here soon enough,” said Sulla grimly, thinking of his inadequate escort, fifteen hundred strong.

“Hopefully not, or at least, not yet,” said Volux. “I led a thousand of my troopers out of the King my father’s camp three days ago as if on manoeuvres, and came up to the coast. We are not officially at war with Numidia, so Jugurtha has little excuse to attack us, but he’s not sure what the King my father intends to do either, and he dare not risk an outright breach with us until he knows more. I do assure you that he elected to remain watching our camp in the south, and that his scouts will not get anywhere near Icosium while my troopers patrol the area.”

Sulla rolled a sceptical eye at the young man, but said nothing of his feelings. They were not a very practical lot, these Moorish royals. Fretting, too, at the painful slowness of the disembarkation - for Icosium possessed no more than twenty lighters all told, and he could see that it would be this time tomorrow before the process was complete - he sighed, shrugged. No point

in worrying; either Jugurtha knew, or did not know.

“Whereabouts is Jugurtha located?” he asked.

“About thirty miles from the sea, on a small plain in the midst of the mountains, due south of here. On the only direct path between Icosium and the King my father’s camp,” said Volux.

“Oh, that’s delightful! And how am I to get through to the King your father without fighting Jugurtha first?”

“I can lead you around him in such a way that he’ll never know,” said Volux eagerly. “Truly I can, Lucius Cornelius! The King my father trusts me - I beg that you will, too!” He thought for a moment, and added, “However, I think it would be better if you left your men here. We stand a much better chance if our party is very small.”

“Why should I trust you, Prince Volux?” Sulla asked. “I don’t know you. For that matter, I don’t really know Prince Bogud - or the King your father, either! You might have decided to got back on your word and betray me to Jugurtha - I’m quite a prize! My capture would be a grave embarrassment for Gaius Marius, as you well know.”

Bogud had said nothing, only looked grimmer and grimmer, but the young Volux was not about to give up.

“Then give me a task which will prove to you that I and the King my father are trustworthy!” he cried.

Sulla thought about that, smiling wolfishly. “All right,” he said with sudden decision. “You’ve got me by the balls anyway, so what have I got to lose?” And he stared at the Moor, his strange light eyes dancing like two fine jewels under the brim of his wide straw hat - an odd piece of headgear for a Roman soldier, but one famous these days clear from Tingis to Cyrenaica, anywhere the deeds of the Romans were told over by campfires and hearths: the albino Roman hero in his hat.

I must trust my luck, he was thinking to himself, for I feel nothing inside me that warns me my luck will not hold. This is a test, a trial of my confidence in myself, a way of showing everyone from King Bocchus and his son to the man in Cirta that I am equal to - no, superior to! - anything Fortune can toss in my way. A man cannot find out what he’s made of by running away. No, I go forward. I have the luck. For I have made my luck, and made it well.

“As soon as darkness falls this night,” he said to Volux, “you and I and a very small cavalry escort are going to ride for the King your father’s camp. My own men will stay here, which means that if Jugurtha does discover a Roman presence, he’ll naturally assume it is limited to Icosium, and that the King your father will be coming here to see us.”

“But there’s no moon tonight!” said Volux, dismayed.

“I know,” said Sulla, smiling in his nastiest manner. “That is the test, Prince Volux. We will have the light of the stars, none other. And you are going to lead me straight through the middle of Jugurtha’s camp.”

Bogud’s eyes bulged. “That’s insanity!” he gasped.

Volux’s eyes danced. “Now that’s a real challenge,” he said, and smiled with genuine pleasure.

“Are you game?” Sulla asked. “Right through the middle of Jugurtha’s camp - in one side without the watch seeing us or hearing us - down the middle on the via praetoria without disturbing one sleeping man or one dozing horse - and out the other side without the watch seeing us or hearing us. You do that, Prince Volux, and I will know I can trust you! And in turn trust the King your father.”

“I’m game,” said Volux.

“You’re both mad,” said Bogud.

Sulla decided to leave Bogud behind in Icosium, not sure that this member of the Moorish royal family was to be trusted. His detention was courteous enough, but he had been left in the charge of two military tribunes who were under orders not to let him out of sight.

Volux found the four best and surest-footed horses in Icosium, and Sulla produced his mule, still of the opinion that a mule was a better bet by far than any horse. He also packed his hat. The party had been fixed at Sulla, Volux, and three Moorish nobles, so all save Sulla were used to riding without saddles or bridles.

“Nothing metal to jingle and betray us,” said Volux.

However, Sulla elected to saddle his mule, and put a rope halter around nose and ears. “They may creak, but if I fall, I’ll make a lot more noise,” he said.

And at full darkness the five of them rode out into the stunning blackness of a moonless night. Yet, the sky glowed with light, for now wind had come up to stir the African dust (p.t.o.)

into the air; what at first glance seemed misty straggling clouds were actually vast conglomerations of stars, and the riders had no difficulty in seeing. All the animals were unshod, and pattered rather than clattered over the stony track which traversed a series of ravines in the range of hills around Icosium Bay.

"We'll have to trust to our luck that none of our mounts goes lame," said Volux after his horse stumbled, righted himself.

"You may trust to my luck at least," said Sulla.

"Don't talk," said one of the three escorts. "On windless nights like this, your voices can be heard for miles."

Thence they rode in silence, the remarkable devices of their eyes adjusted to pick up the smallest particle of light, the miles going by. So when the orange glow of dying campfires from the little basin where Jugurtha lay began to appear over the crest before them, they knew where they were. And when they looked down upon the basin, it seemed as brilliant as a city, its layout manifest.

Down from their mounts slid the five; Volux put Sulla aside, and set to work. Waiting patiently, Sulla watched as the Moors proceeded to fit specially adapted hippo shoes over every hoof; normally these had wooden soles and were used on loose ground to keep the tender underside of the hoof around the frog clear of stones, but Volux's hippo shoes had been soled with thick felt. They were held on with two supple leather straps fixed to their fronts; these crossed over, looped under a hinged metal hook at the back, and were brought forward again to buckle over the front of the hoof.

Everyone rode his mount around for a while to get it used to the hippo shoes, then Volux headed off on the last half mile between them and Jugurtha's camp. Presumably there were sentries and a mounted patrol, but the five riders saw no one wakeful, no one moving. Roman trained, naturally Jugurtha had based the construction of his camp upon the Roman pattern, but - an aspect of foreigners which fascinated Gaius Marius, Sulla knew - had not been able to summon up the patience or the willingness to reproduce the original properly. Thus, Jugurtha, well aware Marius and his army were in Cirta and Bocchus not strong enough to attempt aggression, had not bothered to entrench himself; he had merely raised a low earthen wall so easy to ride a horse up and over that Sulla suspected it was more to keep animals in than humans out. Yet, had Jugurtha been a Ro-

man, rather than Roman trained, his camp would have had its full complement of trenches, stakes, palisades, and walls, no matter how safe he felt himself.

The five riders came to the earthen wall some two hundred paces east of the main gate, which was really just a wide gap, and urged their mounts up and over it easily. On the inside, each rider turned his steed abruptly to walk parallel with the wall and hugging it; in the freshly dug soil, not a sound did they make as they headed for the main gate. Here they could discern guards, but the men faced outwards and were far enough in front of the gap not to hear the five riders wheel onto the broad avenue running down the centre of the camp, from the front gate to the back gate. Sulla and Volux and the three Moorish nobles rode all the way down the half-mile-long via praetoria at a walk, turned off it to hug the inside of the wall when they reached its far end, and then crossed to the outside of the camp and freedom as soon as they judged themselves far enough away from the back gate guard.

A mile further on, they removed the hippo shoes.

"We did it!" whispered Volux fiercely, teeth flashing at Sulla in a triumphant grin. "Do you trust me now, Lucius Cornelius?"

"I trust you, Prince Volux," said Sulla, grinning back.

They rode on at a pace between a walk and a trot, careful not to lame or exhaust their unshod beasts, and shortly after dawn found a Berber camp. The four tired horses Volux offered to trade for fresh ones were superior to any the Berbers owned, and the mule was a bit of a novelty, so five horses were forthcoming, and the ride continued remorselessly through the day. Since he had brought along his shady hat, Sulla hid beneath its brim and sweated.

Just after dark they reached the camp of King Bocchus, not unlike Jugurtha's in construction, but bigger. And here Sulla balked, reining in on his awkward halter well out of sentry distance.

"It isn't lack of trust, Prince Volux," he said, "it's more a pricking of my fingers. You're the King's son. You can ride in and out any time of day or night without question. Whereas I am obviously a foreign stranger, an unknown quantity. So I'm going to lie down here in as much comfort as I can manage, and wait until you see your father, make sure all is well, and return to fetch me."

"I wouldn't lie down," said Volux.

"Why?"

"Scorpions."

The hair stood up on Sulla's neck, he had to discipline himself not to leap instinctively; since Italy was free of all venomous insects, not a Roman or an Italian lived who did not abominate spiders and scorpions. Silently he drew breath, ignoring the beads of cold sweat on his brow, and turned a disinterested starlit face to Volux.

"Well, I'm certainly not going to stand up however many hours it's going to take for you to return, and I am not climbing back up on that animal," he said, "so I'll take my chances with the scorpions."

"Suit yourself," said Volux, who already admired Sulla to the point of hero worship, and now brimmed over with awe.

Sulla lay down amid a patch of soft and sandy earth, dug a hollow for his hip, shaped a mound for the back of his neck, said a mental prayer and promised an offering to Fortune to keep the scorpions away, closed his eyes, and fell instantly asleep. When Volux came back four hours later, he found Sulla thus, and could have killed him. Yet, Fortune belonged to Sulla in those days; Volux was a genuine friend.

The night was cold; Sulla hurt everywhere. "Oh, this creeping around like a spy is a younger man's profession!" he said, extending a hand to Volux for help in getting to his feet. Then he discerned a shadowy form behind Volux, and stiffened.

"It's all right, Lucius Cornelius, this is a friend of the King my father's. His name is Dabar," said Volux quickly.

"Another cousin of the King your father, I presume?"

"Actually, no, Dabar is a cousin of Jugurtha's, and like Jugurtha, he's the bastard of a Berber woman. That's how he came to throw in his lot with us - Jugurtha prefers to be the only royal bastard at his court."

A flask of rich sweet unwatered wine was passed over; Sulla drained it without pausing to breathe, and felt the pain lessen, the cold vanish in a huge glow. Honey cakes followed, a piece of highly spiced kid's meat, and another flask of the same wine, which seemed at that moment the best Sulla had ever tasted in all his life.

"Oh, I feel better!" he said, flexing his muscles and stretching enormously. "What's the news?"

"Your pricking fingers cautioned you well, Lucius Cornelius," said Volux. "Jugurtha got to my

father first."

"Am I betrayed?"

"No, no! But the situation has changed nonetheless. I will leave it to Dabar to explain - he was there."

Dabar squatted down on his haunches to join Sulla. "It seems Jugurtha heard of a deputation from Gaius Marius to my king," he said, low-voiced. "Of course he assumed that was why my king had not gone back to Tingis, so he decided to be close by, putting himself between my king and any embassy from Gaius Marius by road or by sea. And he sent one of his greatest barons, Aspar, to sit by my king's right hand and listen to all congress between my king and the expected Romans."

"I see," said Sulla. "What's to do, then?"

"Tomorrow Prince Volux will escort you into my king's presence as if you have ridden together from Icosium - Aspar did not see the prince come in tonight, fortunately. You will speak to my king as if you had come from Gaius Marius at the order of Gaius Marius, rather than at my king's behest. You will ask my king to abandon Jugurtha, and my king will refuse, but in a prevaricating way. He will order you to camp nearby for ten days while he thinks about what you have said. You will go to that camp and wait. However, my king will come to see you privately tomorrow night at a different place, and then you can talk together without fear." Dabar looked at Sulla keenly. "Is that satisfactory, Lucius Cornelius?"

"Entirely," said Sulla, yawning mightily. "The only problem is, where can I stay tonight, and where can I find a bath? I stink of horse, and there are things crawling in my crotch."

"Volux has had a comfortable camp pitched for you not far away," said Dabar.

"Then lead me to it," said Sulla, getting to his feet.

The next day Sulla went through his farcical interview with Bocchus. It wasn't difficult to tell which one of the nobles present was Jugurtha's spy, Aspar; he stood on the left of Bocchus's majestic chair - far more majestic than its occupant - and nobody ventured near him nor looked at him with the ease of long familiarity.

"What am I to do, Lucius Cornelius?" wailed Bocchus that night after dark, meeting Sulla undetected at a distance from both his camp and Sulla's.

"A favour for Rome," said Sulla.

"Just tell me what favour Rome wants, (p.t.o.)"

and it shall be done! Gold - jewels - land - soldiers - cavalry - wheat - only name it, Lucius Cornelius! You're a Roman, you must know what the Senate's cryptic message means! For I swear I do not!" Bocchus quivered in fear.

"Every commodity you have named, Rome can find without being cryptic, King Bocchus," said Sulla scornfully.

"Then what? Only tell me what!" pleaded Bocchus.

"I think you must already have worked it out for yourself, King Bocchus. But you won't admit that," said Sulla. "I can understand why. Jugurtha! Rome wants you to hand Jugurtha over to Rome peacefully, bloodlessly. Too much blood has already been shed in Africa, too much land torn up, too many towns and villages burned, too much wealth frittered away. Yet, while ever Jugurtha continues at large, this terrible waste will go on. Crippling Numidia, inconveniencing Rome - and crippling Mauretania, too. So give me Jugurtha, King Bocchus!"

"You ask me to betray my son-in-law, the father of my grandchildren, my kinsman through Masinissa's blood?"

"I do indeed," said Sulla.

Bocchus began to weep. "I cannot! Lucius Cornelius, I cannot! We are Berber as well as Punic, the law of the tented people binds us both. Anything, Lucius Cornelius, I will do anything to earn that treaty! Anything, that is, except betray my daughter's husband!"

"Anything else is unacceptable," said Sulla coldly.

"My people would never forgive me!"

"Rome will never forgive you. And that is worse."

"I cannot!" Bocchus wept, genuine tears wetting his face, glistening amid the strands of his elaborately curled beard. "Please, Lucius Cornelius, please! I cannot!"

Sulla turned his back contemptuously. "Then there will never be a treaty," he said.

And each day for the next eight days the farce continued, Aspar and Dabar riding back and forth between Sulla's pleasant little camp and the King's pavilion, bearing messages which bore no relation to the real issue. That remained a secret between Sulla and Bocchus, and was discussed only in the nights. However, it was plain Volux knew of the real issue, Sulla decided, for Volux now avoided him as much as possible, and whenever he did see him looked angry, hurt, baffled.

Sulla was enjoying himself, discovering that

he liked the sensation of power and majesty being Rome's envoy gave him; and more than that, enjoyed being the relentless drip of water that wore down this so-called royal stone. He, who was no king, yet had dominion over kings. He, a Roman, had the real power. And it was heady, enormously satisfying.

On the eighth night, Bocchus summoned Sulla to the secret meeting place.

"All right, Lucius Cornelius, I agree," said the King, his eyes red from weeping.

"Excellent!" said Sulla briskly.

"But how can it be done?"

"Simple," said Sulla. "You send Aspar to Jugurtha and offer to betray me to him."

"He won't believe me," said Bocchus desolately.

"Certainly he will! Take my word for it, he will. If the circumstances were different, it's precisely what you might be doing, King."

"But you're only a quaestor!"

Sulla laughed. "What? Are you trying to say that you do not think a Roman quaestor is as valuable as a Numidian king?"

"No! No, of course not!"

"Let me explain, King Bocchus," said Sulla gently. "I am a Roman quaestor, and it is true that all the title signifies in Rome is the lowest man on the senatorial ladder. However, I am also a patrician Cornelius - my family is the family of Scipio Africanus and Scipio Aemilianus, and my bloodline is far older, far nobler than either yours or Jugurtha's. If Rome was ruled by kings, those kings would probably be members of the Cornelian family. And - last but by no means least - I happen to be Gaius Marius's brother-in-law. Our children are first cousins. Does that make it more understandable?"

"Jugurtha - does Jugurtha know all this?" whispered the King of Mauretania.

"There's very little escapes Jugurtha," Sulla said, and sat back, and waited.

"Very well, Lucius Cornelius, it shall be as you say. I will send Aspar to Jugurtha and offer to betray you." The King drew himself up, dignity a little threadbare. "However, you must tell me exactly how I am to go about it."

Sulla leaned forward and spoke crisply. "You will ask for Jugurtha to come here the night after next, and promise him that you will hand over to him the Roman quaestor Lucius Cornelius Sulla. You will inform him that this quaestor is alone in your camp, endeavouring to per-

suade you to ally yourself with Gaius Marius. He knows it to be true because Aspar has been reporting to him. He also knows that there are no Roman soldiers within a hundred miles, so he won't bother to bring his army with him. And he thinks he knows you, King Bocchus. So he won't dream that it is he who will be yielded up rather than me." Sulla pretended not to see Bocchus wince. "It's not you or your army Jugurtha is afraid of. He's only afraid of Gaius Marius. Rest assured, he'll come, and he'll come believing every word Aspar tells him."

"But what will I do when Jugurtha never returns to his own camp?" asked Bocchus, shivering anew.

Sulla smiled a nasty smile. "I strongly recommend, King Bocchus, that the moment you have turned Jugurtha over to me, you strike camp and march for Tingis as fast as you can."

"But won't you need my army to keep Jugurtha prisoner?" The King stared at Sulla, palpitating; never was a man more patently terrified. "You have no men to help you take him to Icosium! And his camp is there in between."

"All I want is a good set of manacles and chains, and six of your fastest horses," said Sulla.

Sulla found himself looking forward to the confrontation, and did not experience one twinge of self-doubt or trepidation. Yes, it would be his name linked to the capture of Jugurtha for ever! Little matter that he acted under Gaius Marius's orders; it was his valour and intelligence and initiative which effected the deed, and that could not be taken away from him. Not that he thought Gaius Marius would try to take the credit. Gaius Marius wasn't greedy for glory, he knew he had more than his fair share. And he would not oppose the leaking of the story of Jugurtha's capture. For a patrician, the kind of personal fame necessary to ensure election as consul was hampered by the fact that a patrician could not be a tribune of the plebs. Therefore, a patrician had to find other ways of earning approbation, making sure the electorate knew he was a worthy scion of his family. Jugurtha had cost Rome dearly. And all of Rome would know that it was Lucius Cornelius Sulla, indefatigable quaestor, who had single-handedly achieved the capture of Jugurtha.

So when he joined Bocchus to go to the appointed place, he was confident, exhilarated, eager to get it done.

"Jugurtha isn't going to expect to see you in

chains," said Bocchus. "He's under the impression that you've asked to see him, with the intention of persuading him to surrender. And he has instructed me to bring sufficient men to make you captive, Lucius Cornelius."

"Good," said Sulla shortly.

When Bocchus rode in with Sulla beside him and a strong troop of Moorish cavalry at his back, Jugurtha was waiting, escorted only by a handful of his barons, including Aspar.

Pricking his mount, Sulla forged ahead of Bocchus and trotted straight to Jugurtha, then slid to the ground and held out his hand in the universal gesture of peace and friendship.

"King Jugurtha," he said, and waited.

Jugurtha looked down at the hand, then dismounted to take hold of it. "Lucius Cornelius."

While this was going on, the Moorish cavalry had silently formed a ring around the central participants, and while Sulla and Jugurtha stood with hands joined, the capture of Jugurtha was effected as neatly and smoothly as even Gaius Marius could have wished. The Numidian barons were overcome without a sword being drawn; Jugurtha was taken too firmly to struggle, and borne to the ground. When he was set upon his feet again, he wore heavy manacles on both wrists and ankles, all connected to chains just long enough to permit that he shuffle along bowed over in a crouch.

His eyes, Sulla noted in the torchlight, were very pale in so dark a man; he was big, too, and well preserved. But his years sat heavily upon his beaky face, so he looked much older than Gaius Marius. Sulla knew he could manage to get him as far as he had to without an escort.

"Put him up on the big bay," he instructed Bocchus's men, and stood watching closely as the chains were snapped to special loops on the modified saddle. Then he checked the girth and the locks. After that he accepted a hoist up onto another bay, and took the bridle of Jugurtha's horse, and secured it to his own saddle; if Jugurtha took it into his head to kick his mount into bolting, it would have no leeway, nor could the reins be wrested from Sulla. The four spare mounts were tethered together and tied by a fairly short line to Jugurtha's saddle. He was no doubly handicapped. And finally, to make absolutely sure, another length of chains was snapped to Jugurtha's right wrist's manacle, and its other end was fastened to a manacle on Sulla's own left wrist.

Sulla had said not a word to the Moors from the time Jugurtha was taken; now, still (p.t.o.)

silent, he kicked his horse and rode off, Jugurtha's horse following docilely enough as the reins and the chain linking him to Sulla drew taut. The four spare horses followed. And in very few moments all the mounts had disappeared into the shadows between the trees.

Bocchus wept. Volux and Dabar watched helplessly.

"Father, let me catch him!" pleaded Volux suddenly. "He can't travel fast so trammelled - I can catch him!"

"It is too late." Taking the fine handkerchief his servant gave him, King Bocchus dried his eyes and blew his nose. "He will never let himself be caught, that one. We are as helpless babes compared to Lucius Cornelius Sulla, who is a Roman. No, my son, poor Jugurtha's fate is out of our hands. We have Mauretania to think of. It's time to go home to our beloved Tingis. Perhaps we don't belong in the world of the Middle Sea."

For perhaps a mile Sulla rode without speaking or letting his pace slacken. All his jubilation, his fantastic pleasure in his own brilliance, he kept as tightly reined as he did his prisoner Jugurtha. Yes, if he did the dissemination properly, and without detracting from the achievements of Gaius Marius, the story of his capture of Jugurtha would join those other wonderful stories mothers told their children - the leap of young Marcus Curtius into the chasm of the Forum Romanum, the heroism of Horatius Cocles when he held the Wooden Bridge against Lars Porsenna of Clusium, the drawing of the circle around the King of Syria's feet by Gaius Popilius Laenas, the killing of his treasonous sons by Lucius Junius Brutus, the killing of Spurius Maelius the would-be King of Rome by Gaius Servilius Ahala - yes, the capture of Jugurtha by Lucius Cornelius Sulla would join all those and many more bedtime stories, for it had all the necessary elements, including the ride through the middle of Jugurtha's camp.

But he was not by nature a romancer, a dreamer, a builder of fantasies, so he found it easy to abandon these thoughts when it came time to halt, to dismount. Keeping well clear of Jugurtha, he went to the lead holding the four spare horses, and cut it, then set the animals careering in all directions with a shower of well-placed stones.

"I see," said Jugurtha, watching Sulla scramble astride his by grabbing at his mane. "We have to do a hundred miles on the same hor-

horses, eh? I was wondering how you were going to manage to transfer me from one beast to another." He laughed jeeringly. "My cavalry will catch you, Lucius Cornelius."

"Hopefully not," said Sulla, and jerked his prisoner's mount forward.

Instead of proceeding due north to the sea, he headed due east across a small plain, and rode for ten miles through the breathless night of early summer, his way lit up by a sliver of moon in the west. Then in the far distance reared a range of mountains, solidly black; in front of it and much closer was a huddle of gigantic round rocks piled in jumbled heaps, looming above the sparse and stunted trees.

"Right where it ought to be!" Sulla exclaimed joyously, and whistled shrilly.

His own Ligurian cavalry squadron spilled out of the shelter afforded by the boulders, each man encumbered by two spare mounts; silently they rode to meet Sulla and his prisoner, and produced two extra horses. And two mules.

"I sent them here to wait for me six days ago, King Jugurtha," Sulla said. "King Bocchus thought I came to his camp alone, but as you see, I didn't. I had Publius Vagiennius following close behind me, and sent him back to bring up his troop to wait for me here."

Freed from his encumbrances, Sulla supervised the remounting of Jugurtha, who now was chained to Publius Vagiennius. And soon they were riding away, bearing northeast to skirt Jugurtha's camp by many miles.

"I don't suppose, your royal Majesty," said Publius Vagiennius with delicate diffidence, "that you would be able to tell me whereabouts I'd find snails around Cirta? Or around anywhere else in Numidia, for that matter?"

By the end of June the war in Africa was over. For a little while Jugurtha was housed in appropriately comfortable quarters in Utica, as Marius and Sulla tidied up. And there his two sons, lampsas and Oxyntas, were brought to keep him company while his court disintegrated and the scrabbling for places of influence under the new regime began.

King Bocchus got his treaty of friendship and alliance from the Senate, and prince Gauda the Invalid became King Gauda of a considerably reduced Numidia. It was Bocchus who reaped the extra territory from a Rome too busy elsewhere to expand her African province by many hundreds of miles.

And as soon as a small fleet of good ships

and stable weather ensured a smooth passage, Marius loaded King Jugurtha and his sons on board one of these hired vessels, and sent them to Rome for safekeeping. The Numidian

threat vanished over the horizon with the passing of Jugurtha.

(from: Colleen McCullough: *The First Man in Rome*)

Inhalt:

1. Wie heißt der mauretische König?
2. Inwieweit findet Sulla eine andere Situation vor, als mit Gaius Marius besprochen worden ist?
3. Wer ist Volux? Was bietet er Sulla an?
4. Für welche beiden merkwürdig anmutenden Attribute war laut McCullough Sulla bekannt?
5. Was ist am Lager des Jugurtha typisch römisch, was nicht?
6. Inwiefern und warum verändert sich das Verhalten des Volux Sulla gegenüber?
7. Worin besteht die Farce, die Sulla vor und mit dem mauretischen König spielt?
8. Inwiefern ist Sulla nicht "nur ein einfacher Quaestor"?
9. Inwiefern hintergeht Sulla nicht nur Jugurtha, sondern auch den mauretischen König?
10. Welche Bedeutung hat der Coup der Gefangennahme für Sullas persönlichen Ehrgeiz?
11. Informiere dich über
 - a) Marcus Curtius,
 - b) Horatius Cocles und
 - c) Gaius Popilius Laenas!
12. Sallust beschreibt im vorletzten Kapitel des *Bellum Iugurthinum* die Gefangennahme des Königs wie folgt. Vergleiche beide Textauszüge in Bezug auf den Inhalt und die Darstellung!

Tamen postremo Sullam accersi iubet et ex illius sententia Numidae insidias tendit.
Dennoch lässt er schließlich Sulla herbeirufen und legt nach dessen Wunsch dem Numider einen Hinterhalt.

Deinde, ubi dies advenit et ei nuntiatum est Iugurtham haud procul abesse, cum
Sobald dann der Tag angebrochen und ihm gemeldet worden ist, dass Jugurtha nicht weit entfernt sei,

paucis amicis et quaestore nostro quasi obvius honoris causa procedit in tumulum
rückt er mit einigen Freunden und mit unserem Quaestor wie zu einer Begrüßung ehrenhalber auf den Hügel

facillimum visu insidiantibus. Eodem Numida cum plerisque necessariis suis, in-
vor, der sehr leicht für die Fallensteller zu sehen war. Ebendorthin geht der Numider mit den meisten seiner

ermis, uti dictum erat, accedit, ac statim signo dato undique simul ex insidiis inva-
Angehörigen, unbewaffnet, wie oben gesagt wurde, und sogleich wird er auf ein gegebenes Zeichen hin von allen Seiten zugleich aus dem Hinterhalt angegangen.

ditur. Ceteri obruncati, Iugurtha Sullae vincetus traditur et ab eo ad Marium deductus
Die übrigen wurden niedergemacht, Jugurtha wird in Fesseln dem Sulla übergeben und von diesem zu

est.
Marius geführt.

Marius und Sulla

Marius und Sulla sind zwei römische Feldherren und Politiker, wie sie gegensätzlicher kaum vorstellbar sind. Geprägt von ihrer Herkunft ebenso wie von ihren höchst divergenten Persönlichkeitsprofilen, sind es doch ausgerechnet diese beiden, von denen die entscheidenden Impulse zur Neugestaltung der Herrschaftsstruktur ausgingen. Und wenn es richtig ist, was Thomas Mann sagt, daß, wer dieses Jahrhundert studiert habe, in der Geschichte nicht mehr viel hinzuzulernen brauche, lohnt es sich umso mehr diese beiden faszinierenden Menschen kennenzulernen.

Der „homo novus“ – ein Vertreter des alten Rom

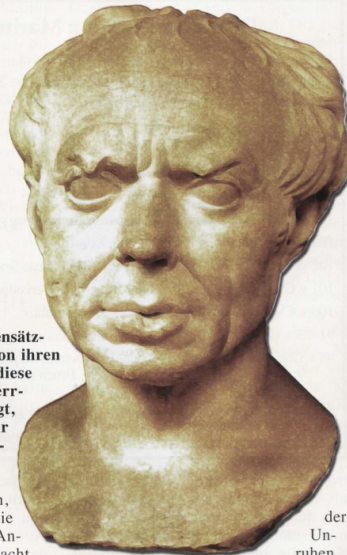
Gaius Marius wurde 156 v. Chr. in Cereatea bei Arpinum geboren. Seine Familie

Gegenpieler:
oben Gaius Marius und rechts Lucius Cornelius Sulla



gehörte dem Stand der Ritter an, jener Gesellschaftsschicht also, die in diesen Jahren begann, ihren Anspruch auf die Teilhabe an der Macht immer deutlicher zum Ausdruck zu bringen. Er war darüberhinaus kein geborener Stadtrömer – ein Unterschied, der zu dieser Zeit keine Kleinigkeit darstellte und der das Bewußtsein des Marius für die Behandlung der Menschen, die sich in verschiedenen Stadien der Zugehörigkeit zum römischen Volk befanden, geschärft haben dürfte. Marius war ein klassischer *homo novus*. Dieser interessante Begriff der römischen Oberschicht für die Newcomer, die so offensichtlich in ihre Reihen aufzusteigen beabsichtigten, kam zu ebenjener Zeit auf, in der Marius seine Karriere begann.

Der Hintergrund, vor dem sein Handeln gesehen werden muß, ist das soziale Ungleichgewicht, das in der Folge des gesellschaftlichen Umbaus zu immer neuen Unruhen führte. Der große Feind Roms, Karthago, war erobert, die Ausweitung des Imperiums in Asien, Afrika, Gallien und Germanien brachte neue Räume und scheinbar unermessliche Geldmittel. Doch es fehlte an einer Herrschaftsstruktur, die diese Vorteile zum Wohl des Reiches zu gestalten vermochte. Die geplante Landverteilung war gescheitert, und die Gesellschaft hatte sich in der Folge



der Unruhen, die nach dem Abblocken der Initiativen der Gracchen ausgebrochen waren, polarisierte.

Neue Menschen – neue Parteien

Auf der einen Seite standen die Optimaten, die sich selbst – höchst optimistisch – als die Besten ansahen. Auf der anderen gab es die Popularen, deren Namen anzeigt, daß einer in Teilen durchaus qualifizierten Minderheit eine Mehrheit des Volkes gegenüberstand, bei dem zeitweise unklar war, wer es vertreten sollte. Denn diejenigen, die schließlich die Politiker der Popularen wurden, standen buchstäblich zwischen allen Stühlen: Durch ihre finanzielle Situation in der Oberschicht zugehörig, von dieser jedoch nicht als ihresgleichen anerkannt, wurden sie beinahe zwangsläufig zu Sprachrohren derjenigen, die sich von einer Veränderung der gesellschaftlichen Verhältnisse den größten Vorteil versprachen.

Die beste Möglichkeit für einen *homo novus* aufzusteigen war der Militärdienst. Marius nutzte seine Chance, sich zu profilieren, als er 134 v. Chr. unter Scipio dem Jüngeren am Spanienfeldzug teilnahm und sich bei der Belagerung Numantias seine ersten Meriten verdiente. Einige Jahre später begann er eine durchaus klassische römische Ämterlaufbahn. 123 v. Chr. wurde er Kriegs-

Daten und Fakten: Marius

156 v. Chr.	Geburt in Cereatea bei Arpinum
134 v. Chr.	Teilnahme am Spanienkrieg unter Scipio d.J.
133 v. Chr.	Einnahme Numantias
119 v. Chr.	Volkstribun
115 v. Chr.	Prätor
114 v. Chr.	Statthalter von Hispania Ulterior
109 v. Chr.	Legat im Jugurthinischen Krieg
107 v. Chr.	Konsul; Oberbefehlshaber im Krieg gegen Jugurtha
104–100 v. Chr.	Fünfmal in Folge Konsul
102 v. Chr.	Sieg über die Teutonen bei Aquae Sextiae
101 v. Chr.	Sieg über die Kimbren bei Vercellae
100 v. Chr.	Rückzug aus der aktiven Politik
91–88 v. Chr.	Beteiligung am Bundesgenossenkrieg
88 v. Chr.	Übertragung des Oberbefehls im mithridatischen Krieg durch das Volk – Bruch mit Sulla, Ächtung und Verbannung
87 v. Chr.	Rückkehr nach Rom und Rache an den Optimaten
86 v. Chr.	Tod Marius' kurz nach seiner 7. Wahl zum Konsul

tribun und Quästor. 119 v. Chr. setzte er als Volkstribun die *lex Maria de suffragiis* durch, mit deren Hilfe er Abstimmungsmodalitäten verhinderte, die der Kontrolle und Beeinflussung der Bürger von Seiten des Senates gedient hätten. Die Verbundenheit mit seiner Herkunft wird in seinem Eintreten gegen eine weitere Verbesserung der Getreideversorgung der städtischen Bevölkerung deutlich, die zu Lasten der ländlichen Bezirke gegangen wäre. 115 v. Chr. wurde er – sehr knapp – zum Prätor gewählt und ging in der Folge

als Statthalter nach Hispania Ulterior. Ab 109 v. Chr. sehen wir ihn dann als Legaten im Jugurthinischen Krieg. Diese Auseinandersetzung muß als eine seiner militärischen wie gesellschaftspolitischen Schlüsselerfahrungen angesehen werden. Zwar lag der Oberbefehl für diesen Krieg bei dem diesjährigen Konsul Quintus Caecilius Metellus, doch die logistische Arbeit, die Neuordnung der

für einen Oberbefehl zu sein, bewarb sich um das Konsulat. In dieser Situation war es wenig förderlich, daß Metellus, der zwar als geradlinig und unbestechlich, aber eben auch als arrogant und aristokratisch galt, die Bewerbung seines besten Legaten in herabwürdigender und persönlich verletzender Weise behinderte. Die Reaktion des Marius ist kennzeichnend für die Persönlichkeit des Newcomers. Er verließ umgehend den Kriegsschauplatz und ging nach Rom, um dort einen konsequent seine eigenen Fähigkeiten hervorhebenden Wahlkampf zu führen. Er griff auf seine guten Kontakte zu den Volkstribunen zurück und verbreitete über sie, wer der wahre Urheber der Erfolge im Jugurthinischen Krieg sei. Er verwies auf seine handfeste, von soldatischen ebenso wie von bürgerlichen Tugenden genährte Kompetenz – und er hatte Erfolg. Mit überwältigender Mehrheit wurde er zum Konsul gewählt und ließ sich gegen den Widerstand des Senats durch ein Plebiszit den Oberbefehl in Numidien übertragen.

Die Reform des Heeres

An dieser Stelle setzt die Heeresreform des Marius ein, ein Meilenstein in der militärischen Entwicklung des Imperiums. Das römische Heer war bis dahin eine Bürgermiliz, die sich selbst zu bewaffnen und im Bedarfsfall in den Krieg zu ziehen hatte. Dieses Modell funktionierte gut, solange sich die Expansionsbestrebungen in Grenzen hielten und der



Kriegsfall mit dem Verteidigungsfall gleichzusetzen war. In dem Moment jedoch, wo sich abzeichnete, daß die Heereszüge sich zu einem konstituierenden Teil der Außenpolitik entwickelt hatten, wurde es unbrauchbar, da die nun quasi ständig an verschiedenen Fronten kämpfenden Soldaten keine Chance mehr hatten, ihre Felder zu bestellen oder ihrem Handwerk nachzugehen. Sie wurden also – im Dienste Roms – ihrer Existenzgrundlage beraubt und verlangten deshalb folgerichtige eine neue Perspektive für die Zeit nach ihrem Einsatz. Dadurch, daß die Nobilität die Situation über Jahre ignoriert hatte, hatte sich in Rom aus arbeitslosen Bauernsoldaten, zugezogenen Landflüchtigen und ganz allgemein Besitzlosen ebenjenes Proletariat gebildet, das als Machtfaktor ohne eigene Führungskompetenz das wurde, was Caesar später als „Körper ohne Seele“ bezeichnen würde.

Marius setzte genau hier an. Im Zuge seiner militärischen Laufbahn war ihm klargeworden, daß die Erfordernisse der Gegenwart – militärisch betrachtet – nach einer Berufsarmee verlangten. Diese Gruppe von Spezialisten, so war Marius überzeugt, mußte beweglicher sein, als die bisherige Struktur der Heeresgruppen es zuließ. Marius ordnete deshalb die Legionen neu in Gruppen aus zehn Kohorten zu je 500 und 600 Mann. Die Soldaten wurden nun für 16 Jahre verpflichtet und der Eintritt allen Einkommensgruppen ermöglicht. Sie erhielten einen Sold, als Leistungsanreiz einen Anteil an der Beute, und die Bewaffnung wurde gestellt. Im Anschluß an die 20jährige Dienstzeit wurde jedem Soldaten ein Stück Land in den Provinzen zugesagt.

Die Verschiebung des Machtgefüges

Die Reform bewirkte, daß eine Menge bis dahin arbeitsloser Proletarier eine neue berufliche Perspektive bekam. Sie machte das Heer zu einer professionellen Armee – aber auch zu einer Gefahr für die Republik. Denn die Truppen, die bis dahin aus einer Ansammlung eher unwillig angetretener Bürger bestand, wurden nun zu einer eingeschworenen Gemeinschaft, die durch das Mittel des Leistungsanreizes an ihren Feldherren gebunden war. Er war es, der sie in den Krieg führte, der dafür sorgte, daß sie reiche Beute machten, und der ihnen das Stück Land verschaffte, das ihnen versprochen war. Und er war es, den sie unterstützten, wenn er Probleme hatte, die Ansprüche seiner Soldaten im Senat durchzusetzen.

So ist es nur folgerichtig, daß Marius sich während der Kriege gegen die Kimbern und Teutonen entgegen der bis dahin geltenden Regeln fünfmal in Folge zum Konsul wählen ließ. Das Prinzip der Annuität, des jährlichen Wechsels im Amt der Konsuln, war nicht mehr zeitgemäß. Wären die Römer damals auf die Idee gekommen, ihre Konsuln länger im Amt zu belassen, etwa einen Fünfjahres-Turnus einzuführen und eine einmalige Wiederwahl zuzulassen, hätten sie sich für die Zukunft eine Menge Ärger ersparen können.

Sullas erster Auftritt

Sullas Karriere begann in dem Moment, in dem Marius seinen großen Erfolg als Konsul und Oberbefehlshaber hatte. Der aus einer verarmten und politisch einflußlosen Familie stammende Patri-

zier wurde 138 v. Chr. geboren. Er hatte eine starke Neigung zur Schauspielerei und verfügte Zeit seines Lebens über glänzende Kontakte zur Kulturszene. Sulla war ein Spieler. Ob als Kriegsführender, als Unterhändler oder später als Diktator – immer wieder spielte er perfekt die Rollen, die ihm zugeordnet wurden oder die er sich gewählt hatte.

Zunächst erhielt Sulla von Marius den Auftrag, in Latium und bei den Bundesgenossen Reiter zu mobilisieren, die diesen offenbar schwachen Zweig des Heeres verstärken sollten – eine Aufgabe, die er dank seiner gewinnenden Art und seiner Menschenkenntnis hervorragend meisterte. Im Gegensatz zu Marius, der mit seiner Mentalität die altrömischen Tugenden verkörperte, wirkte der junge Sulla wie ein Protagonist eines psychologischen Truppenführers. Er suchte den direkten Kontakt zu seinen Untergebenen, baute vielfältige persönliche Beziehungen auf und verband sich mit

Untergeben, ohne seinen Vorgesetzten gegenüber illoyal zu werden. Die persönliche Sympathie, die er genöß, schützte ihn auch dann, wenn seine Entscheidungen auf die Kritik seiner Verbände stießen.

Die Inszenierung der Macht

Marius und Sulla waren als ungewöhnliches und dynamisches Gespann so erfolgreich, daß der mauretische König Bocchus, der Schwiegervater Jugurthas, Marius um die Entsendung von Unterhändlern bat. Hier war der diplomatisch versierte, schauspielerfahrene Sulla optimal eingesetzt. Es gelang ihm, das Vertrauen des König zu gewinnen. Jugurtha einen Hinterhalt zu legen und sich ihn von Bocchus ausliefern zu lassen. Alles allein sein Erfolg. Sulla wußte das, und er nutzte es schamlos

Daten und Fakten: Sulla

138 v. Chr.	Geburt Sullas
113–101 v. Chr.	Kämpfe gegen die Kimbern und Teutonen
111–105 v. Chr.	Jugurthinischer Krieg
107 v. Chr.	Quästor unter dem Oberbefehl des Marius in Numidien
104–103 v. Chr.	Legat und Kriegstribun unter Marius
102–101 v. Chr.	Legat unter Lutatius Catulus
97 v. Chr. (?)	Prätor
96 v. Chr. (?)	Statthalter in Kilikien
88 v. Chr.	Konsul – erster Marsch auf Rom
87 v. Chr.	Landung in Griechenland
87–86 v. Chr.	Belagerung Athens und des Piräus
86 v. Chr.	Einnahme Athens, Siege bei Chaironea und Orchomenos
85 v. Chr.	Friedensschluß mit Mithridates VI. in Dardanos
84 v. Chr.	Reorganisation von Asia und Griechenland
83 v. Chr.	Landung in Brundisium
82 v. Chr.	Beginn der Proskriptionen
82–79 v. Chr.	<i>Dictator legibus scribundis et rei publicae constituendae</i> (Diktator)
79 v. Chr.	Niederlegung der Diktatur
78 v. Chr.	Tod Sullas und Staatsbegräbnis

aus: Er ließ die Szene, in der Bocchus ihm den gefangenen Jugurtha übergab, in einen Siegelring schneiden und brüskierte damit den empfindlichen Marius. Der konnte zu diesem Zeitpunkt aber noch nicht auf seinen begabten Quästor verzichten. Denn im Kampf gegen die aufständischen Germanenstämme, in dem jede bisherige Taktik römischer Kriegsführung versagte, brauchte er alle fähigen Offiziere.

Hier setzt der zweite Teil seiner Hee-

resreform an. Nach der Neustrukturierung regelte Marius nun die Ausbildungsstruktur. Er orientierte sich hierbei an den Vorbildern der Gladiatorenschulen und kümmerte sich persönlich um jedes Detail der Übungen wie auch der Ausrüstung. Der Troß wurde entscheidend reduziert, jeder Soldat erhielt nur soviel Gepäck und Waffen, wie er selbst tragen konnte.

Sulla bewährte sich auch im Krieg gegen die Kimbern und Teutonen als taktisch geschickter Verhandlungsführer. Nach Abschluß des Krieges schlug er zunächst den *cursus honorum*, die klassische Ämterlaufbahn ein. Er wurde Ädil und richtete die von ihm angesichts seiner Kontakte zur Schauspielerszene erwarteten prachtvollen Spiele aus, wurde Prätor und schließlich Statthalter von Kilikien. Hier kam er erstmals in Kontakt mit Mithridates VI. von Pontus, seinem späteren Gegner.

Schon Ennius sagte: Die Römer sind ein abergläubisches Volk

In diese Zeit fällt auch die berühmte Begegnung mit einem chaldäisch/persischen Gesandten, der Sulla weissagte, er werde der Größte unter allen werden. Sulla, der Träume und Orakel Zeit seines Lebens sehr ernst nahm, maß dieser Aussage hohe Bedeutung bei.

In den Jahren 90 und 89 v. Chr. kämpfte Sulla erfolgreich im Bundesgenossenkrieg. In den ihm übertragenen Leitungsfunktionen zeigte er sich wieder einmal als unkonventioneller Heerführer. Disziplinarische Vergehen ahndete er nicht, sondern appellierte stattdessen – erfolgreich – an den Kampfwillen der Truppe, der diese ausgleichen sollte. Nach seiner Wahl zum Konsul 89 v. Chr. wurde Sulla zunächst der Oberbefehl über die Truppen im Krieg gegen Mithridates übertragen, der für ihn eine hohe symbolische Bedeutung hatte. Die Auseinandersetzungen um die Landverteilung und die Agitationen des Volkstribunen Sulpicius führten jedoch dazu, daß ihm sein Oberbefehl aberkannt und Marius zugesprochen werden sollte. Sulla reagierte auf diese Herausforderung mit einem Marsch auf Rom.

Und hier rächte sich zum ersten Mal die Heeresreform des Marius. Da sich Sullas Truppen ihrem Heerführer verpflichtet sahen, waren sie bereit, sich notfalls auch mit Gewalt für seine und damit ihre Sache einzusetzen. Sulla blieb also Oberbefehlshaber, brach

zum Krieg gegen Mithridates auf, eroberte Griechenland und schloß schließlich Frieden mit dem pontischen König, um wieder nach Rom zurückkehren zu können.

Bürgerkrieg und Diktatur

In Rom war die Lage unterdessen gänzlich unübersichtlich geworden. Marius, der zeitweise verbannt worden war, kehrte an der Spitze eines Heeres nach Rom zurück. Nach seinem Sieg standen sich Sulla und Marius unversöhnlich gegenüber. Aus dem nun folgenden Bürgerkrieg ging Sulla als Sieger hervor und ließ sich 82 v. Chr. zum Diktator ernennen. Im Gegensatz zu der im Gesetz vorgesehenen Möglichkeit einer befristeten Diktatur waren seiner Herrschaft allerdings keine zeitlichen Grenzen gesetzt.

Die nun folgende, mit drei Jahren relativ kurze Regierungszeit Sullas ist gekennzeichnet von den sogenannten Proskriptionen und einer umfassenden Gesetzesreform. Während die ersteren – Listen, auf denen Tausende von Römern für vogelfrei erklärt, beraubt und ermordet wurden – das Zeugnis einer beispiellosen Gesetzlosigkeit und Barbarei sind, gilt letztere als effizient, wenn auch wegen ihrer einseitigen Bevorzugung des Senats als politisch rückwärtsgewandt.

Als Sulla 79 v. Chr. überraschend seine Ämter niederlegte und sich in der ihm verbleibenden – durch eine tödliche Erkrankung begrenzten – Lebenszeit wieder ganz und gar der Kultur zuwandte, hinterließ er einen zwiespältigen Eindruck. Sympathisch, eloquent, effizient, launisch, brutal und letztlich an allem uninteressiert, was er getan hat, bietet er das Bild eines wahren Schauspielers, den nur eines interessiert: das Spiel selbst. Damit ist er der denkbar größte Gegensatz zu dem wahrhaft römischen, bodenständigen, militärisch versierten, aber für das politische Tagesgeschäft wenig tauglichen Marius.

Vielleicht, ohne es zu wollen, haben beide auf ihre Weise in Kooperation wie in Konkurrenz am Anfang vom Ende der *res publica*, der römischen Republik, gearbeitet.

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