

Editorial

Enthusiasm is not exactly easy of access in late February. Long gone are the festivities of Christmas and New Year, with even the minor triumphs of the January Sales fast fading from memory. A so far mild winter (at least for us lucky Southerners) may yet quickly transform itself into something totally different. It is far too soon for any sensible citizen to put away the shovel and the moon-boots. Easter is still far away, despite the year-round efforts of the chocolate egg industry. (Pause for a wild idea: chocolate battery hens at full production?) Several weeks of potentially cold, grey and gloomy conditions await us, not much enlivened by the annual outburst of grumbling about teachers' salaries and status; there is a substantial risk that this depressing external landscape may also be mirrored by the inner perspectives, the whole merging into one boundless expanse of dinginess.

What is on offer in the meantime by way of good cheer and inspiration? Certainly Red Nose Day is hard to avoid: highly-organised rituals of lunacy on the grand scale, with the leading entertainers of the day scrambling to take part; outrageous humour with a serious moral subtext from its constant focus on human tragedy at home and abroad. In the weeks to come, some utterly unexpected people, along with the rest, will be observed in a condition describable as ithyrrhnic, in a way which owes nothing to this year's variation on an influenza theme. I reflect that the Athenians held their Dionysia at roughly the same time of year; are the Comic Relief activities a latter-day Dionysia for Cool Britons?

Back to enthusiasm, only a short (dance) step from Dionysus, after all. We at ARLT have very little patience with 'cool' in any other context

than a thermometer; for us enthusiasm is axiomatic. Were it otherwise, we should long since have abandoned our efforts and diversified into the teaching of other languages and/or Humanities subjects, if indeed remaining within education at all. We might at most gather on rare occasions in small, furtive groups with a catacomb mindset to read, discuss and enjoy our ancient authors, rather as others in this dumbed-down world meet to practise string quartets for pleasure. But without any doubt, gatherings are sources of energy: Canterbury is our Summer School location this year, under a banner proclaiming 'Classics Makes a Difference'. Unlike most slogans, this one has the full force of conviction; how different would be 'ARLT: Caring for Classics'! The prospect of an enlightening and entertaining week at Summer School can be highly recommended as an antidote to any seasonal monochrome mood; further details appear inside for any gentle reader who has not yet applied for further details or even sent in a registration form.

The articles in this issue all reflect their authors' enthusiasms for historical research, favourite literary traditions, and, importantly, for the pleasures of teaching and learning. There is one group of enthusiasts, however, who seem strangely reluctant to declare themselves: so many Spoken Latin events staged during the past year, yet no consumer reports from any British participants. Can it be that we Britons (cool or otherwise) are insular in more senses than one? Reports would be very much appreciated, especially in Latin itself; this is one instance in which your editor would be delighted to be proved wrong. I live in hope ...

Angela Felgate

Deadlines & Instructions for Sending Copy

- ◆ *Features & Letters to the Editor* – should be sent to *Joint Features Editor (AUTUMN)*, Mr Alan Beale, c/o JACT Office, Senate House, London WC1E 7HU by the deadline of 1 August 1999.
- ◆ *Book Reviews* – should be sent to *Book Reviews Editor*, Mr David Standen, c/o JACT Office, Senate House, London WC1E 7HU by the deadline stated on the review request, and certainly by 1 August 1999.
- ◆ We appreciate any material that can be sent to the Editors on disk (preferably in RTF or ASCII format) or sent by e-mail. Our e-mail address is :- jact@sas.ac.uk All computer discs will be returned to contributors.

Thank you!

ORATORY MATTERS

Ronald Darroch

In the early sixties a group of Oxford Colleges set in their Scholarship Classical General Paper this question: 'For us the supreme master of Greek Prose is Plato, but the ancients considered Demosthenes his equal. How do you account for this?' Very simply. The kind of person who nowadays bothers to learn enough Greek to read both is more likely, even if highly athletic, to be at eighteen a bookish philosopher or someone who enjoys Socrates' demolition of distinguished opponents than a future criminal QC good at the despatch box and on the hustings. Hence a natural preference for Plato. That would be even truer of the don who set and marked a question which reverses the values of antiquity. Oratory was as much the top grade of Prose as Epic was top in Poetry. Philosophy came lower down the scale, probably below History. In a free state, Athens or Rome, oratory counted and forensic oratory served as a practical

apprenticeship for politics. Senior rivals could lose their status to juniors who prosecuted them successfully. People bought and studied not only the handbooks but the speeches which had won cases or at least applause. They knew their orators as we no longer know them. Only by chance did I pick up a Loeb of Aeschines and read the first speech *Against Timarchus* and discover how much light it throws on Cicero's Second Philippic. If Aeschines can prove that Timarchus has been a paid catamite and wasted his inheritance, then the court must adjudge Timarchus unfit to take part in politics. Demosthenes *Against Leptines* tells us the traditional honours for tyrannicides, including tax-exemptions. I suspect that the market at which published speeches were aimed knew things like that either from the handbooks or from study of earlier speeches and that it was normal for people prominent in public life to read and enjoy oratory. At last with

Lacey's commentary on Cicero we have a commentator who does not read the speech as Mods. preparation for, or part of, Greats like Denniston. Lacey, Tripos to the core, as lecturer with fire and sparkle and as commentator, likes Cicero and understands the violence, passion and excitement of the Late Republic. Oxford in the twenties when Denniston published did not love Cicero. All Cicero, Demosthenes, Homer and Vergil were set for Mods., and then Greats could begin with orators as minor figures in History.

Publishers still put out books of material originally spoken. So a market must exist. Some courses of lectures or sermons are delivered under trusts which stipulate publication before payment, such as the Gifford or Hulsean or Bampton or Sather Lectures. Apart from such trusts, political speeches, sermons and monologues can make money for publishers.

No matter what parrots may tell us about the death of oratory a speaker helps with the sale of tickets for any fund raising dinner. People continue to enjoy the sound of a person who can talk well. Comedians raise laughs with mimicry of speakers. That laughter comes only if the style and content of the mimicked speaker is well known. Or consider Maureen Lipman's portrayal of Joyce Grenfell, one performer who made an act from someone she admired

There are some parts of some speeches which are frequently heard: the Abdication Broadcast of Edward VIII, portions of Churchill, Wilson's 'pound in your pocket'. The sound of these voices rings in the ear, just like the sound of a Joyce Grenfell or Stanley Holloway recording. Some of the very oldest recordings in existence are Tennyson reading his poetry. So we can tell what Tennyson considered an appropriate delivery. The Churchill recordings are not Churchill but Norman Shelley. After one of his speeches Churchill was asked by the American Ambassador for a recording to despatch across the Atlantic and raise morale. Churchill replied that he was a bit busy and suggested an actor be employed, but that he would need to hear the result. His comment on Norman Shelley: 'He's even got my teece.' Let us stick with Churchill and his adversary. On both sides of the North Sea, patriots wanted to hear the voice that moved them. Free French with not a word of English listened to the BBC to hear the old bulldog growling, and ran the risk of being shot by the Gestapo for listening. They did not know what he growled, but they knew they were with him. Dietrich Bonhöffer, a member of the July Plot, could be moved to shout 'Sieg Heil!' at a Hitler rally.

If we read the written words of a speaker we have heard, as when we read a letter from a friend or relative, we hear the voice and see the face. Especially with speakers who use either jokes or convoluted sentences or with speakers who build up an argument to kill it in a phrase, someone who has heard the voice can catch the drift by memory of the voice. Lacey's edition of Cicero Philippic II in places sounds like Lacey the lecturer. D.L. Page did not print his coughs and throat-clearings, but a reader can put them in. Bishop Jenkins can in speech make an argument crystal clear; in print his prose presents great difficulty until the reader mimics the voice. Then the sentences analyse themselves into asides and main points.

What has this all to do with our reading of oratory from other ages? St. Paul would have answered: 'Much in every way.'

The people who first bought Demosthenes or Cicero knew the men by sight and sound, just like the people who bought Churchill during the war, or like people who read a musical score or a play to experience a performance inside their heads. That second comparison goes only so far; in antiquity reading meant reading aloud. Alexander, Caesar and Ambrose read in silence; that gives a rate of roughly one person in three centuries and these men were remarked for so idiosyncratic a habit. Augustine went into Ambrose's study, saw he was reading and commented that although no sound came from his mouth his lips moved. Even this silent reader read at speaking speed, that is to say he heard with the mind's ear.

I am suggesting that the text of a speech needs an approach similar to that we try to adopt when we read a play. The play is a script for a

performance. We recognise the point when we buy Joyce Grenfell or Stanley Holloway monologues in print. A speech is the same, a script for performance or a reminder of a past performance. How many people can read 'A handbag?' without hearing Dame Edith Evans? Even in his lifetime guides took visitors round Bosworth Field to shew the spot where Burbage said: 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.'

Oh but it is all so long-winded. Perhaps we are simply not good enough at Latin and Greek to read it faster. One other comment which applies to the reading of drama also. What the hearer does not grasp first time round the hearer does not grasp at all. So speakers use signposts, like the old Theological College tricks in sermon-preparation: tell them what you are going to tell them, tell them, tell them what you have told them. Make sure that the beginning and the end are memorable. Paint pictures with words. Abstract ideas need concrete expression. Put out an idea and drop it to pick it up later. The hearers do not know you have done it, but they are ready for the idea when the time comes. Shops play the same subliminal trick too. Advertisements for washing-powder or shoe-polish on display indicate which product currently most clutters the stock-room. Customers unaware they have seen the advertisement pick up or ask for the product by name. Supermarkets play French or German music to clear the wine-racks. Or think of Mozart. Along comes an idea; he plays with it and twists it around till he is ready to bring it back again. To sound natural and to flow sentences need composition with the ear, tongue and breath, not the eye. (Why are *The Just So Stories* or Saki or Leacock so easy to read aloud?)

Demosthenes thought the three most important features of oratory were gesture, gesture and gesture, so we are told. Use the salt-cellar and compare Garrick's conversation with a parson who wondered why people flocked to hear Garrick but not him. 'I deliver nonsense as if it mattered, you deliver what matters as if it were nonsense.' My quotation is inaccurate. John Mortimer QC, creator of Rumpole, tells in his Autobiography of a taxi-driver who recognised him and had sat on one of his juries. The taxi-driver remembered particularly that Mortimer had said 'Good morning' to the jury every day and the Counsel for the Crown had not. Curious accessory cause for acquittal, but the anecdote is in print and has been read aloud on the wireless by the autobiographer. Lysias once wrote a speech for a client who returned a few days later to complain that the first time he read the speech he thought it brilliant, the second time dull and the third time bad. 'You forget,' replied Lysias, 'that the jury will hear it only once.' Most speeches even by the masters Demosthenes and Cicero never were published. Each that survives is, or can be a Tardis and much bigger on the inside. Is Lady Bracknell coming back to tell us never to speak disrespectfully of oratory; only people who cannot get into it do that?

The Revd. Ronald Darroch, now out to grass, used to be Head of Classics at Old Swinford Hospital.

A LEVEL OVID: PREPARING FOR THE UNSEEN

Michael Northey

It has become the kind custom in recent years for OCEAC (OCR) to inform us that the Paper 2 Unseen question at A level will be taken from the works of one prose and one verse author: generally Caesar or Livy, and Ovid. In theory, therefore, we can read the whole lot in Latin, and Caesar's your uncle!

Then one sees the vast corpus of the works, especially Ovid. These chaps certainly knew how to write – a lot. This paper will concentrate on Ovid, as being so prolific. I believe, however, the general principles will apply to any author any Board may select.

We are invited to prepare candidates for an Unseen which can come from any of the works of Ovid. In its *clementia*, the Board tells us whether it will be in hexameters or elegiacs. For 1999 and 2000 it is hexameters (OCR), but the future could be different.

Here are nine principles which may help (*Northey's Nine Principles or Nine Against the Examiners*).

The first principle is to list all our Author's works, using a good Classical Dictionary. Include even dubious attributions. For Ovid the choice seems to be:

Elegiacs:

Amores – 3 books

Heroides – 21 Letters

Medicamina faciei femineae – a fragment, on cosmetics

Ars Amatoria – 3 books

Remedia Amoris – 1 book

Fasti – 6 books

Tristia – 5 books

Epistulae ex Ponto – 4 books

Ibis – a curse!

Nux – the allegorical lament of a nut tree!

Hexameters:

Metamorphoses – 15 books

Halieutica – a fragment, on fishes

The ideal would be to read it all in Latin in advance. One wonders how many professional scholars have done as much.

The second principle would be to read it all in advance in a good translation. This is astonishingly useful. Why is that? It gives people a road map. If you know the story, just a few Latin pointers will set you going. You will probably offer a reasonable version, even on quite limited knowledge of language. The candidate is protected from the wildest nonsense. At GCSE, how useful the introductory blurb is – if we know that a piece is about anorexic chickens being thrown into the sea by impatient consuls, then a candidate is already given say a 20% start. There will be less invention for example about horses (*mare*). At A level, candidates will be generally stronger, and if they know the basic story, their version will naturally be a great deal more faithful to the Latin. In any event, candidates should be strongly encouraged to stay in tune with the English introduction.

Translations include:

Literary

- Ed. by Michael Hofmann and James Lasdun: *After Ovid, New Metamorphoses* (London: Faber and Faber, 1994) selections from *Metamorphoses* by some 40 poets, including Ted Hughes
- Ted Hughes, *Tales from Ovid* (London: Faber and Faber, 1997), the famous Whitbread winner. The Creation part is taken from the earlier

book – perhaps Hughes was inspired to finish the rest!

Academic and practical —

perhaps needing some modernisation in language – the whole Loeb range on Ovid.

Modern and very helpful —

the Penguin translations, of which I have seen *Poems from Exile*, *The Erotic Poems*, *Heroides*, and of course *Metamorphoses*.

In a hexameter year, one should insist on candidates reading the whole Penguin *Metamorphoses*. For elegiacs, the Penguin translations of *Poems from Exile*, the *Erotic Poems*, the *Heroides*, with some reading from the Loeb *Fasti*, would be invaluable. For Caesar, candidates should aim to read both of his great commentaries in the Penguin – this is not too much. As for Livy – well, (and who was the professor who confessed he felt that we had *quite* enough, and how merciful that most of Livy had not survived?) something from the early books and something on Hannibal would be well in order, again in the Penguin.

The third principle is to cover the various moods and themes of Ovid. Thus, in English, exile poems, love poetry and 'art of love' poetry, religious and archaic themes, mythology, heroines.

The fourth principle is to read as much Latin as possible. Here again, the mood should vary. Thus, not ten poems from the *Heroides* and nothing else: but rather, something however skimpy of the *Heroides*, some *Tristia* or *Epistulae ex Ponto*, some *Fasti* (essential), some *Ars Amatoria*, *Remedia Amoris*, *Amores*. This of course is in an elegiac year; for Hexameters, one should vary the sections of the *Metamorphoses*. Caveat: do read something of other Latin authors too. This lateral help is valuable out of all proportion. It helps general language confidence, and illuminates the set authors' particular idiom more clearly.

It is true that once you have read a certain amount of Ovid, his particular style, idiom, difficulties, material all become much more familiar. It is in the first several hundred lines of Ovid reading that the real breakthrough comes!

STRONGLY RECOMMENDED is M.P.O. Morford: *Latin Unprepared Translation* at Advanced Level (London: Longmans, 1960). The Introduction, though very short, 3 pages, is invaluable. He includes among many authors 16 passages of Ovid, of about 20 lines each, including 6 pieces from *Metamorphoses*, one from *Amores*, 3 from *Ars Amatoria*, 3 from *Fasti*, one from *Heroides*, 2 from *Tristia*.

These cover most of the main difficulties, as far as I can see, and this little (!) course in the essentials of Ovid seems to me to be essential, but also yielding benefit out of all proportion to the time spent. It is the first thing I do when doing work for the Ovid Unseen.

We should add: it is very useful for candidates to know the basic biography and character of Ovid. Kennedy and Davis: *Two Centuries of Roman Poetry* is good for this; also any Classical Dictionary or a Penguin introduction.

The fifth principle is to know as much mythology as possible: the Glossary at the end of the Penguin *The Poems of Exile* is useful, and even better is Appendix 1: Principal Characters at the end of the Penguin *Heroides*.

The sixth principle is chiefly applicable to a poet. SCANSION is utterly essential. Surprisingly often the meaning depends on the length of a

syllable especially of course *-a* (nom or abl singular ?), but this is not the only use. Only by accurate scansion can construing take place at all, quite often. Morford quotes: *ferrea sanguinea bella movere manu. Sanguinea* (long *a*) cannot go with *ferrea bellā* (shorts). Scansion should become second nature, not just an exercise once done for GCSE.

The seventh principle is to know the basics. It is amazing how many problems disappear if a candidate has an absolutely secure knowledge of syntax and grammar! All those endings should be regularly practised, like a musician's scales.

The eighth principle is vocabulary. It is a sine qua non to have as extensive a knowledge of vocabulary as possible. Examiners have been known to pass comments on unnecessary problems caused by simply not knowing enough words, accurately.

The ninth principle is to examine and be ready for each author's characteristic difficulties. For Ovid, here is a suggested list. Some of them are based on Morford, with other findings of my own. These are not exhaustive. Colleagues will find other items; but we hope that these ones will be thoroughly useful. The point is that we do well to familiarise our candidates with as many of the features of an author's idiom as possible. Problems include:

1. Greek endings and Greek names: *Memnona*, etc; especially the Greek accusative, or a nominative ending in *-os*
2. Similar looking Latin words: *rogo* I ask, *rogo* on the pyre; *lēvis* and *lēvis*, short or long, light and smooth; *mālus* bad, *mālus* mast, *mālum* apple, watch the longs and shorts; *pāres* you obey *pāres* nom plural of *par* equal, *pāres* 2nd sing pres subj of *parare* to prepare; *aures* ears nom or acc, and *auras* breezes acc, which in the Midas story Ovid had within two lines of each other. Note (suitable for Midas) *aurum*, gold; *aurea*, fem of adjective *aureus*, golden; *aurium*, of ears; *auribus*, dat and abl plural of *auris*, ear; but *aurīs*, dat and abl plural from *aura*, breeze. An Ovidian favourite is: *suīs*; - *suīs*, of a pig, is from *sūs*; it is not -*suīs*, dat or abl plural from *suus*, his, her, their. There are other examples, nearly all of which are solved by being forewarned and by secure knowledge of case endings. Note the frequent need for scansion here.
3. Anything to do with the verb *eo* and its compounds. *I, eat, it*, and similar look very strange to the English-speaking reader, as the English meaning of those letters gets in the way!
4. Watch for any form of compression, especially of verbs.
5. Really tricky is anything ending in *-ere*. It could be (and scansion is vital, again):

VERB:

- a) *-ēre* present infinitive (e.g. *regēre*) -*ēre* (e.g. *monēre*)
- b) *-ēre* present imperative of a passive or deponent verb, 2nd person sing (e.g. *regēre*, be ruled, *sequere*, follow)
- c) *-ēre* present subjunctive passive, 2nd person sing, 1st conj, e.g. *amēre*, may you be loved
- d) *-ēre* 2nd person sing future passive of 3rd and 4th conj (e.g. *regēre*, you will be ruled: *audiēre*, you will be heard)
- e) *-ere* 3rd person plural perfect indicative active, contraction for *-erunt* (see point 4)

NOUN:

a word ending in *-ere* could of course be an ablative singular, e.g. *foedere*, by treaty: *opere*, with work: *latere* (Cicero has *ab alicuius latere*, from someone's side - context helps here, so watch for a helpful preposition): *verbere*, with a blow, with a scourging: not quite the same as the verb *verberare*, to beat, or the noun *verbero*, *-onis*, a scoundrel: and certainly different from *verbum*, a word. In general distinguishing similar-looking words is quite easy, with care.

6. Subjunctives without an introductory *ut, utrum*, etc. What sort of clause is it?
7. Abstract maxims, especially if in the impersonal third person : *male creditur hosti* (Fasti ii 225); *fraude perit virtus* (Fasti ii 227)

8. A third person passive may seem strange; *inde cito passus* *Lucretia* (Fasti ii 741)

9. Apostrophe, direct speaking to someone or something in the directly by the poet; *quo ruitis, generosa domus* (Fasti ii 225), *nobilitas*, next line, especially hard as also being abstract for address group of people. (Lines 225 to 227 are gems!)

10. Idiom and vocabulary; *dubiaeque ... lucis*, half-light? *ferve undis*, boiling water, *tangunt*, affect *et est vitae nescius ipse suae*, *animo desunt, iam loca vulneribus desunt*, and lots more. Even if whole sentence has been translated word by word, it may still look e.g. *inque vices fuerat captatus anhelitus oris* (from Pyramus and Thisbe in *Metamorphoses* IV, 72), literally, 'into turns the panting of the mouth had been snatched at' - that is, 'they each in turn listened anxiously to the sound of the other's breathing', etc.

11. Love of contrast/paradox;

... *fervent examina putri*
de bove; mille animas una necata dedit

una dies Fabios ad bellum miserat omnes;
ad bellum missos perdidit una dies.

12. Various trappings of myth are sometimes unfamiliar.
13. *sunt ... qui* appears to be quite common.

This general method can be applied to any author. Thus Caesar is always being 'made more certain'; he is full of ablative absolutes; he has many long sentences with several clauses; he uses a surprising number of abstract nouns. Teachers will doubtless spend many enjoyable hours researching such features.

Here is a summary:

- 1) List the author's works.
- 2) Read all/most in English.
- 3) Somehow cover the author's various moods/styles.
- 4) Read as much as possible of the author in Latin: read some other Latin authors as well.
- 5) Know as much background mythology/history as possible.
- 6) Scansion is essential.
- 7) Secure knowledge of syntax and grammar is vital.
- 8) A wide knowledge of vocabulary is most important.
- 9) Prepare each author's characteristic idiom and difficulties.

This may sound like a counsel of perfection, for time is so limited. So how do we cut corners? For me, the most vital principles are 2,4,8 and 9. If you really had to choose only two, I would stick with 8 and 9. What do you think?

Very Select Bibliography:

1. The relevant Penguin translation of the Latin author's work.
2. M.P.O. Morford, *Latin Unprepared Translation at Advanced Level* (London: Longmans, 1960)
3. *Two Centuries of Roman Poetry*, ed. by E. C. Kennedy and A.R. Davison (London: Macmillan, 1964)

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VIRGIL'S EXPERIENCE OF WORKS OF ART

Jean Mingay

At the age of sixteen, probably in the autumn of 54 BC, Virgil went to Rome to study public speaking, with a view to public life. There are no records of his progress there, but we know it was punctuated by military service in 49-48 BC, which may have been the cause of his ill-health, and his single appearance as a pleader was counted a failure. In 45 BC he retired to Naples and joined a large group of Epicurean friends there. Cicero, in the same year wrote (*De Fin.* 1.65) 'at vero Epicurus una in domo ... quam magnos quantaque amoris conspiratione consentientes tenuit amicorum greges; quod fit etiam nunc ab Epicureis.' Till his death in 19 BC Naples was Virgil's home, but he owned property in Rome and must have visited it occasionally. (See NW DeWitt, *Virgil's Biographia Litteraria*.) It was therefore Rome and the Naples area that gave him his aesthetic education, unless there was also an unrecorded visit to Greece, but the tradition is strong that when he died at Brundisium he was on his way back home from Megara, after falling ill there on his first journey to Greece.

The late Republican Rome that he knew as a student held many treasures of art in private hands, and ornate private houses were being built. Pliny (*Natural History* 36.2.5-6) records that M.Scaurus had numerous 38-foot marble columns placed in his house after their use in a temporary theatre. These were then returned to theatrical use when Augustus made them the centrepiece of the scaena in the Theatre of Marcellus. However '*publica magnificentia*' was only just emerging. Individuals had begun to see the advantages to their reputation that splendid public buildings erected in their name might provide; the Domitii, for instance, are associated with the shrine of Neptune in the Circus Flaminius, built in the late second century, restored in Virgil's lifetime, and adorned by Gn.Domitius Ahenobarbus (consul 32 B.C. and Antony's admiral) with the great group by Scopas of Neptune, Thetis and the Nereids which sent Pliny the Elder into raptures: 'The whole by the same hand, a wondrous work, even if it were that of a lifetime.' (*N.H.* 36.4.26) Pliny conveys for once not just that the sculptures were there, but his own excitement in identifying them all: 'Neptune himself with Thetis and Achilles, Nereids riding on dolphins and sea monsters or on sea-horses, Tritons and the train of Phorkos, with sea beasts and a tumult of other creatures of the deep.' Is Pliny consciously quoting Virgil's '*Nereidum Phorcique chorus*' from *Aeneid* 5.240? Perhaps not, but Virgil in another passage, describing Neptune calming a storm, is clearly exulting in a list of melodious sea-nymph names, and must be subconsciously present in Pliny's list:

'... immania cete
et senior Glauci chorus Inousque Palaemon
Tritones citi Phorcique exercitus omnis
laeva tenent Thetis et Melite Panopaeaque virgo
Nisaeae Spioque Thaliaque Thymodoceque ...' (*Aen.* 5.822-6)

And was Virgil in his turn here only playing with words and sound, or was he stimulated visually? 'There on the left was Thetis' does seem as close as we are likely to get to proof that Virgil actually examined the Scopas group, and saw it in his mind's eye when writing these lines.

Another equally famous sculpture group evidently made a lesser impact on Pliny's sensibilities, as the same chapter shows: 'It is likewise uncertain whether Scopas or Praxiteles made the Dying Children of Niobe in the temple of Apollo of Sosius.' Recently this group has been backdated and associated with an Amazonomachy in Rome, plundered from Greece (perhaps from Eretria) and dated at about 440-430 B.C. This earlier estimate on stylistic grounds is enough to account for Pliny's uncertainty. Three of the figures were found in the Gardens of Sallust and are now in the Terme Museum, Rome, and in Copenhagen. The Amazonomachy has been reassembled from figures excavated 1937-1940 which have since languished in Roman museum basements. Was this Amazon group placed in the pediment of the

Sosianus temple, with the Niobids disposed inside it, surplus to requirements because Roman temples, unlike Greek examples, have only one entrance, and therefore only one pediment to be filled? The Apollo Sosianus temple would have interested Virgil whatever were its contents in his time; it was the latest rebuilding (c.30-25 B.C.) of an ancient shrine (431 B.C.) to Apollo Medicus/Alexikakos, Apollo in his benign healing aspect, and the only temple to Apollo in Rome until Virgil's own time. C.Sosius, after fighting for Antony at Actium, changing sides and gaining Augustus' pardon, rebuilt it out of the proceeds of his Judaeian triumph of 34 B.C., but tactfully celebrated Augustus' triumph of 29 B.C., not his own, in a frieze added to the decor. However, the temple was henceforth known as Apollo Sosianus. Its remains still stand near to the theatre of Marcellus. It thus represents a curious bridge between private and public memorialisation and forms part of Augustus' programme of temple-building to which Virgil himself made a lavish imaginary contribution in *Georgics* 3.13-39.

The greatest example of a temple dedicated by Augustus to his patron Apollo (on October 8, 28 B.C.) had however already crowned the Palatine with unexampled magnificence, and must a few years later have formed an interesting pair with the smaller but intricately carved Apollo Sosianus.

Both, it now seems, used relocated Greek classical sculptures, Sosius (in his anxiety for rehabilitation after Actium) perhaps rather hastily following Augustus' austere classical tastes. Pliny, in attesting that the Apollo of Scopas, the Artemis of Timotheos and the Leto of Kephisodotos (son of Praxiteles) formed the cult group of Apollo Palatinus (*N.H.* 36.4.24,25,32) establishes this as the earliest re-use of classical Greek originals in Rome. The sculptures had to compete with a setting more exotic than themselves; the Roman poets reached for their superlatives to describe Apollo Palatinus, and Virgil even puts it into the decoration of the Shield of Aeneas: '*niveo candentis limine Phoebi*' (*Aen.* 8.720). This brilliant Carrara marble contrasted, Propertius tells us, with 'coloured African marble columns', the 'golden portico' and doors which were 'a famed piece of African ivory' (2.31, 3.1 and 12). These doors are ornamented with carvings representing the Deaths of Niobe and her Children (*funera Tantalidos*) and the Gauls driven from Delphi, to stress Apollo's wrath at impiety, but here also is the cult statue of Apollo the Citharode, Apollo in his persona as god of music:

'*hic equidem Phoebus visus mihi pulchrior ipso
marmoreus tacita carmen hiare lyra*' (2.31, 12-14, cf 2.31, 5-6 and 4.6.31-43).

Even Horace in the *Carmen Saeculare*, written for the Secular Games of 17 B.C., invokes Apollo's protection for Rome by explicitly reminding him of his new temple: '*si Palatinas videt aequus aras*' (1.65). Ovid too joins in later, on his walk imagined in exile:

'*cur tamen opposita velatur ianua lauro,
cingit et augustas arbor opaca fores?*' (*Tristia* 3.1, 31-42)

No vestige of this splendour remains, but close to its most probable site is the so-called House of Livia, now identified with Augustus' modest dwelling; if so, he lived for more than forty years as close neighbour to his patron god, and in seemly contrast to his style. (Suetonius, *Div.Aug.* 73.1). The temple, however, had porticoes and libraries in which business was done, and Augustus gradually bought up neighbouring aristocratic houses and extended the official capacity of his private house, so that eventually the Palatine summit was entirely owned by the Imperial family and many times rebuilt; Virgil must have been an occasional eyewitness to the early stages of this process.

Perhaps Rome was not the only city where Virgil may have seen temples

Rome, which Augustus used as a retreat, (Div.Aug. 72.2), was Italy's largest sanctuary. Second World War bombing has removed medieval buildings and revealed the vast extent of this second century B.C. shrine to Fortuna Primigenia, which climbs a steep hillside in a series of ramps and terraces, and once incorporated an entire medieval town. The mystery of the drawing of lots and pronouncement of fates in these echoing vistas: '*porticibus longis ... et vacua atria*' (Aen.2.528 as setting for the slaughter of Polites) must have been unforgettable:

*'quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum
unde riuunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllae.'* (Aen.6.43-4)

The relaxed hedonism of the huge mosaic of the Nile flood, in what is now the Museo Archeologico at the highest level, would be a welcome antidote. Sulla presented this mosaic to his favourite goddess on rebuilding the shrine in the 80s B.C., when mosaics were a novelty in Italy.

In Rome the impact of the Augustan building programme was already tremendous even in the 20s. Augustus was replacing brick with marble by commissioning many types of buildings other than the eighty-two temples which he finally claimed to have restored (R.G.20.4), alongside the new ones so enthusiastically described in the literature. His Mausoleum, for instance was providently completed by the semi-invalid Augustus in time, by tragic irony, for the untimely death of his nephew Marcellus in 23 B.C. This was a vast conception worthy of the Hellenistic kings, out of scale with much else on the flat ground of the Campus Martius, (as its diminished remains still strike the viewer today) and baroque in its amassing together of every element of the funerary theme: the huge tumulus on the Etruscan pattern, with space for many tombs within it, and covered with evergreen trees to the summit, where stood a colossal bronze statue of Augustus. The high base of white marble supported a surrounding wall, reminiscent of the well-known surviving tomb of Caecilia Metella on the Via Appia, but many times larger, and the whole was encircled by a park open to the public. (Strabo, Geography 5.3.8-9 and Suet. Div. Aug.100.4) In similar haste Augustus had completed the Forum Iulium and the Basilica Iulia consecrated (unfinished) by Julius Caesar in 46 B.C., and in 29 B.C. he dedicated a temple to Divus Iulius, entirely of Carrara marble, on the spot in the Forum Romanum where Caesar's body had been cremated. Nearby were the Rostra Iulia, a speakers' platform standing on a high podium to which the beaks of ships captured at Actium were attached; was Virgil remembering this monument when he mentioned the ships' beaks attached to the doorposts of Latinus' temple-palace, '*erepta(que) rostra carinis*' (Aen. 7.185)?

Pressure of business and growth of population were such, Suetonius tells us (Div.Aug.28.3), that another Forum was necessary, and Augustus built his own, flanked by the temple of Mars Ultor which took so long to complete. The whole Forum area, giving such prominence to the death of Julius Caesar, heavily underlined by the theme of revenge for it in the Mars temple, suggests that Augustus approved of the blending of himself into the personality of Aeneas which was emerging in the Aeneid, and wanted to assert in every way his pietas towards his own father-figure Julius. His own claim to political legitimacy was involved with this. Somehow Julius had found time to pay 'the highest public tribute to painting' (Pliny, N.H.35.9.26) by adorning the temple to Venus Genetrix in his Forum with paintings of Ajax and of Medea, and with a masterpiece by Arcesilaos (fl. mid first century B.C., cf. N.H.35.45.155) as its cult-statue; Augustus then imitated this, setting up two notable paintings in his own Forum (N.H.35.10.27), and he created several porticoes (covered double colonnades) in which works of art could be displayed, or public libraries attached. Cf Servius' commentary on Aen.8.721. 'for Augustus made a portico in which he assembled images representing the different peoples, on which account it is called the Porticus ad Nationes.' This was close to Pompey's theatre where Caesar was murdered. His sister Octavia attached libraries to her own honorific Porticus Octaviae, in memory of her son Marcellus. Close to this was also the Theatre of Marcellus, built by Augustus on a very grand scale, consequently not dedicated until ten years after Marcellus' death and six years after Virgil's, as if to be worthy of the lines forming the emotional high point of Aeneid 6:

*'tu Marcellus eris manibus date lilia plenis ...
... et fungar inani/munere.'* (883ff.)

Among the more exotic artistic objects were the obelisks which were brought from Egypt and set about the city, two at the Mausoleum and two still to be seen in the Monte Citorio and the Piazza del Popolo. Rome too was responsive to the mysterious fascination of Egypt: 'The Nile flows in every line of his great body, opening his robes and with every fold beckoning his defeated people into his grey-blue breast and the sea into his river.' (Aen.8.711-713). This description surely suggests a statue more effectively than the river itself, which presumably Virgil never saw. In order to expedite this transformation of homely, brick-built Rome into the city of art and architecture it has been ever since (Cf Aen.8.34-35):

*'hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit
aurea nunc, olim silvestribus horrida dumis.'*

(Rome would take the place of Troy as the wealthiest city in the world. The waste and ruin of Aeneid 2 would be restored), Augustus urged his friends: 'He often urged other leading men to adorn the city according to his means, with either new or restored and magnificent monuments.' (Div.Aug.29.4). Asinius Pollio, statesman and historian, was no urging; he had already set up the Atrium Libertatis on the Palatine, primarily a library, but as Pliny says (N.H.4.33) 'with his characteristic enterprise he was eager that his galleries should attract attention.' The contents which follows in Pliny is enough to show us that Pollio was an outstanding collector, and his protégé and friend Virgil will have seen Pollio's marbles from the previous three centuries, and in various styles: 'Centaur's Carrying off Nymphs' and 'Nymphs of the Appian Waters' so called because they resembled nymphs of the Appian aqueduct. The Forum Iulium) sound Rococo, a style to which Virgil was not a stranger, as instanced by his description of Ascanius at Aen. 1.693-4: 'And holding in the warmth of her breast, (the goddess) lifted him into the high Idalian air where the soft amaracus breathed its fragrant shade and twined its arms around him.'

Suetonius lists several other sponsors besides Pollio; naturally Augustus outdoes the rest; he built 'very many splendid things.' (Div.Aug.28.3). According to Pliny: 'There exists a ... magnificent oration by Agrippa, the greatest of citizens on the subject of making all statues and public property, which would have been a more satisfactory solution than banishing them as exiles to country villas.' (N.H.35.8.26) Some niches, frieze and marbles of his Baths of 25 B.C. are still in situ, behind Hadrian's Pantheon which is a rebuilding of Agrippa's, also dating from 25 B.C. Indeed the superscription is still misleadingly Agrippa's; the memory of the colonnaded portico imposed a similar conventional portico awkwardly on Hadrian's state-of-the-art rotunda. But, says Pliny (N.H.36.4.38) the Caryatids of the temple columns (i.e. Agrippa's) are in the very first place. These were by Diogenes of Athens, and whether Pliny means that they were supportive columns as in the Erechtheum, or whether they resemble Caryatids of Praxiteles in Pollio's gallery (N.H.36.4.23), they testify to the presence in Rome of statuary from, or influenced by, the classical period. The classical style seems to have become more to Augustus' taste than the Hellenistic baroque flavour which dominates in Virgil's references to works of art. There is a powerful case for Augustus' conscious self-promotion as a devotee of simplicity, even austerity, in his religious views and artistic tastes. Apollo was his patron, just as Antony saw himself as Dionysus in the dichotomy of temperaments which Nietzsche later developed as the source of poetical inspiration. Cleopatra was wafted up the River Cydnus in the guise of Venus, with Antony as her Bacchus, giving their worshippers freedom, good fellowship, good luck, salvation: 'The nobleness of life is to share thus.' (Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I, Sc.1, cf Plutarch, *Antony* & 71). Aeneas at first succumbed to this hedonistic lifestyle: '*oblitos famulorum melioris amantes*' (Aen.4.221) echoed by the second-century historian Florus when describing Antony as '*patriae, nominis, togae, fascium oblitus*'.

On the other hand, many images from coins, statuary, architectural decor, give Augustus a self-suppressing, grave and pious image; he discouraged offerings to himself alone, and insisted on his name being invariably coupled with that of Rome in dedications. (Div.Aug. 52) Nonetheless, florid Hellenistic taste appealed not only to the general public but to refined spirits like Virgil's; it persists alongside the classical and causes some unease and sense of dislocation in certain monuments. Examples are the Mausoleum, the Apollo Palatinus and even the Forum Augusti, where the aim and spirit of the designs are not clear-cut. In this of course they resembled Augustus' ambiguous political dispositions, with which they were meant to harmonise.

Gardens diversified the new Rome, and Agrippa made a contribution here too with the Campus Agrippae beyond his Baths, complete with a large pool, the Stagnum (Tacitus, Ann. 15.37), and the Euripus, an outlet-canal to the Tiber. Caesar-like, he left the complex to the citizens of Rome in his will. The memory of Caesar's bequest of his gardens 'on this side Tiber' would certainly resonate and be much to the liking of Augustus. Zanker (in 'The Power of Images in the Age of Augustus', Ann Arbor, 1988) believes that only a few 'significant gestures' like this would be necessary to make the people believe they really did own the gardens, parks and works of art therein, donated by Augustus' henchmen. A few such 'gestures' would conceal that 'There was of course no question of a systematic appropriation of art works in private hands' (op.cit.)

Maecenas too in 25 B.C. created splendid gardens at his villa on the Esquiline, and presented Virgil with a villa of his own nearby. In the Palazzo dei Conservatori today there can be seen a collection of sculptural and architectural items excavated in the Orti Mecenaziani. We are coming very close to Virgil's own artistic encounters here, even allowing for the fact that Maecenas outlived Virgil by eleven years. There is an idealised head of Augustus which nonetheless betrays his invalidism, an alluring Aphrodite, a swirling Maenad, an Amazon head, all in very fine Roman copies of fifth-century Greek originals, and a copy of the Herakles of Lysippos, a popular Hellenistic type with its small neat head and less massive frame. Herakles here is shown less as the bruiser and butcher than as the benefactor of mankind: 'Call upon the god who is a god for all of us, and offer him wine with willing hearts.' (Aen.8.275)

Just as Virgil's poetry, when describing works of art, reveals a world abounding in representation of myth, history and nature on every available surface, so the above catalogue of works of art he is likely to have seen reveals very precise documentation. Every building is appropriately adorned with identifiable images, so there is no doubt of the subject of every sculpture or painting. The impulse to commemorate every event and above all to preserve the individuality of every person is very strong at Rome; portraiture is Rome's distinctive contribution to art. Pliny expresses real gratitude to the encyclopaedist Varro for having found a method of reproducing portraits in his works: 'Varro who by a most benign invention was able to insert into the fertile output of his volumes seven hundred portraits of people who were in some way illustrious, thereby not allowing human appearances to be forgotten or the dust of ages to prevail against men.' (N.H.35.2.11) Even though Pliny could not identify the sculptor of the 'Cupid holding a lightning bolt in the Curia Octavia' (N.H.36.4.28), he seems to take comfort from the thought that 'one thing at least can be affirmed with certainty ... that it represents Alcibiades, who was the best-looking person of that age.' Virgil sums it up at Georgics 3.34: '*spirantia signa*'.

Virgil's settled home, however, for a quarter of a century, was just north of Naples, by tradition on the cliff edge at Posilipo, Sans Souci, where no traces remain. Naples itself preserves little of its classical past, but the nearby remains of Pompeii and other cities overwhelmed by Vesuvius in A.D. 79 give us an insight into another, less realistic strand in Roman artistic expression. Dr. John Ward-Perkins believed that but for this eruption we should know little of an interior decoration style found widely in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. (See his lecture given at the Classical Association AGM of 1979.) The eruption preserved as well as destroying the prosperous way of life there, which was coming to an end as economic growth shifted to some of the more advanced provinces, and trade went direct to Ostia, no

longer to Puteoli close by on the Bay of Naples. When we look at Ostia at the end of the first century A.D., we find that wall-painting is out of fashion and has been replaced by marble and mosaic, which would probably have happened around the bay of Naples too, had those cities not been conveniently placed in a time-warp. As it is, the wealth of wall-painting is so great that Prof. August Mau's 1882 classification into four styles, with subdivisions, has since remained unchallenged. Isolated examples of all four have been found at Rome and elsewhere, showing how eagerly the bourgeoisie of the buried cities kept up with the fashions of the seriously wealthy.

For our purposes the Second Style, from 90/80 B.C. to about 15 B.C., is crucial, since it encompasses Virgil's lifetime. After the First Style had underlined that a wall is a wall, by covering it with painted marble slabs, the Second style surprises by 'opening up the wall'. The skilled interior decorator rather wittily painted on the real wall a lower wall, up to two-thirds of the real wall's height, often with painted columns in front of it which apparently make it recede a few steps from the surface. (See Roger Ling 'How to Decorate a Roman House', *Omnibus*, Jan.1992.) Theatrical masks peer over it and further planes are opened up beyond, as in one of the earliest examples at Boscoreale, the Villa of P.Fabius Synistor dating from the middle years of the first century B.C., or further buildings rise above the wall, for instance the tholos (circular tomb) in the House of the Labyrinth in Pompeii. The buildings depicted are not impossible architecturally, as they later become in the Third Style, but they are unlikely, opening up the wall into infinitely receding distances. Even if the motive for this was originally to let a sense of space into claustrophobically small rooms, the effect is that Romans who could afford this expensive decor were under the day-by-day influence of a more imaginative, open-ended style of art than the commemorative realism of their public surroundings.

Vitruvius sensed this and fulminated against it, thinking mainly of the Third Style (De Arch. 7.5.4): 'Such things do not exist, nor could they exist, nor have they ever existed.' He also however revealed that Second Style buildings are a dangerous illusion: 'For the latter (i.e. buildings with columns and elaborate gables) stand upon floors, not above the roof-tiles. If therefore we approve in pictures what cannot justify itself in reality, we . . . are added to those cities which are esteemed slow-witted.' (De Arch. 7.5.6) But Vitruvius could not resist the charm of the landscapes which also often appear in these wall-paintings. He justified them as 'finding subjects in the characteristics of particular places; for they paint harbours, headlands, shores, rivers, springs ... further, the battles of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses over the countryside, with other subjects taken in a like manner from Nature.' (De Arch. 7.5.2) Pliny unequivocally loves these scenes (N.H. 35.37.116-117), and is anxious for one Studius or Ludius (alias perhaps Spurius Tadius) to get the credit he deserves for originating them. He enjoys what Vitruvius ignores, that these landscapes are peopled, and everyday pursuits are going on which Pliny could identify, just as he enjoyed identifying individuals portrayed in public art. By a witty transition, the painter could also use the far from everyday scenes of 'the battles of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses' to animate his landscapes, which were often quite impressionistically treated. (See Aen.1.456-493, cf N.H. 35.40.144) Finally the most natural extension to any room, the garden, is a frequent subject, from the best-known example in Livia's villa at Prima Porta north of Rome, to the House of Venus Marina at Pompeii. In these the dreaminess induced by the sketchy brushwork and the blue-green colour scheme is offset by the exact observation of plants, birds and insects. Both strands in the artistic achievements of Virgil's lifetime are represented here, and both must have had their influence upon him.

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GARUM: THE TRUTH BEHIND THE FOUL RUMOUR

Sally Grainger

There is a great deal of myth surrounding this strange fish sauce so popular in the ancient world. It was said that it smelt disgusting but this is not quite true. Its production generated such a foul smell that people were often outlawed from making it in their own homes but once made and kept in sealed amphorae or bottles it had quite a pleasant aroma. If garum smelt bad in its container it was old and leaking!

It is said that garum was a fish paste not unlike anchovy but this is patently wrong. All the many recipes that survive for the different types of fish sauce require that the finished sauce be strained of any fish pieces. When people attempt to re-create ancient recipes with anchovy paste the resulting food is quite disgusting and to be avoided!

Pliny the Elder tells us that it actually looked like aged honey wine and was often mixed with wine to drink. He says that fish, fish intestines and salt are mixed together and allowed to ferment in sealed containers. Martial, writing in the same century, however, tells us that garum was made from the blood of a still breathing mackerel! There is some poetic licence here; the fish was dead but we can say that the sauce was made from freshly killed fish and not fish that has gone off. Does he mean that the sauce was made only from the blood or the whole fish? Pliny seems to think not. We shall see.

There is also much confusion about the various types of fish sauce. Fish sauce could be called garum, liquamen or muria and there was a further product called allec which was a paste. These sauces are all by-products of the basic process of preserving fish with salt. If the mixture is left for long enough, the salt draws out the water from the fish, fermentation takes place and the solids break down into liquids. This is not bacterial action that results in decay or putrefaction but a process involving enzymes and the more active enzymes are in the gut and blood of the fish. There is sufficient salt for the resulting sauce to be safe and even sterile. Pliny also tells us that the allec, the paste that forms at the bottom of the barrel, was used to heal burns but he also says that it only works if the patient does not know what is being used!

Fish sauce could be made from one type of fish only like mackerel. This was considered by Martial to be the best kind of garum. He also tells us that tuna fish sauce, which he calls muria, was of second quality. It could also be made from any old rubbish at the bottom of the net and this is clearly the third quality.

Different ratios of salt to fish flesh made a difference to the outcome of the sauce and the time of fermentation often varied. Some recipes also call for herbs to be added at the beginning. It is not possible to match the different types of fish sauce described with the names mentioned above with any confidence or agreement amongst food historians. However I believe that for most people in the Greek/Roman world, using fish sauce was exactly like adding pure salt to food today; it was a very basic ordinary product that everyone used. The distinction between the cheapest fish sauce and one made with a particular type of fish was, I believe, largely in the mind of the purchaser. The product was a salty pungent brine that enhanced the flavour of the other ingredients in a dish: no more, no less. The degree of pungency is the distinction that matters in defining the various sauces and that was determined by the amount of blood and intestines that were added as well as the fish used.

Martial has given us a hint that a sauce may have been made entirely of fish blood and intestines. There is further evidence that this may be possible from a 1st century poem called *Astronomica* by Manilius (5.664-681).

The meaning of such a poem as this is often ambiguous and difficult to decipher. He is describing a beach scene when the fishermen have landed their catch. He is obviously talking about fish sauce but he does not

name the various types. Fish are brought on to the beach whole and up. The precious fluid, literally 'flower of the gore', is saved and mixed with salt. He does not say that fermentation takes place but it surely does before the finished product 'soothes the sense of taste'. The mention of fish meat or flesh being added at this time and he also indicates that blood alone is meant when he says: 'From the one put two different purposes ... one kind is better with its juices drawn out, another with them kept in'.

He then says that a separate mass of dead fish, presumably mixed with salt and fermented, sinks to the bottom and dissolves to provide a complement to foods'. He appears to be talking about the fish paste which was hardly ever added to food during cooking but served separately. There would have been a liquid brine at the top of this paste which itself a fish sauce of some kind.

We then hear about another kind of process where vast numbers of small fish are dredged up in a net and turned into large wine jars called dolia. We have to assume that salt is added and fermentation takes place before the costly fluid slowly flows out of the fish and they are left to drain down into liquid gore. This is referring back to the process where the fish sauce is better if the juices are kept in and they are allowed to drain slowly into liquid form. This process appears to have no extra ingredients added, though just because the poet does not say so, how sure are we that we can take the poet literally? This is the problem: can we believe that this is the way that one of the sauces was made? It may be so in the 1st century AD but we do not find detailed recipes until very much later. The most detailed recipe dates from the 10th century AD and uses fish flesh and extra blood and calls the sauce liquamen.

There was a strong 'snob' factor in relation to food in Roman society just as in today's attitudes to food: in the case of garum it was the type of fish that was used that mattered, not its strength. Apicius, for instance, considered the best garum to be made from mullet; he then recommends that another mullet should then be cooked in this sauce of its own companions! At the other end of the scale of quality, we hear that in the new province of Judaea an ordinary fish sauce was available that was kosher, i.e. it was made without shell fish which the Jewish community could not eat. The implication here is that most ordinary fish sauces contained just about anything that was caught in the net!

We will now look at the origins of these sauces. The Romans did not invent garum but, as with most things of quality, they took them from the Greeks. The original motive for its production is probably to do with the preservation of vast quantities of small fish that were too small for consumption but too numerous to be wasted. The Greeks developed a sauce for this sauce, which they called garos and used it as a salt substitute to give a distinctive flavour to their food. It may have originally been made from a local fish called garos or from all manner of different fish. We do not know if the Greeks made their original sauce differently from the Romans. All our information dates from the 1st century AD and beyond and so we cannot know more about its origins.

We are told, through numerous references to garum in literature, that fish sauce was very popular in Roman society but this is not truly brought home until we read the recipes in the 'De Re Coquinaria' - the cookbook attributed to Apicius that dates from the mid 4th century AD. It is possible to count on one hand the number of recipes that do not have some form of fish sauce in them. This, of course, is not surprising as salt was crucial to enhance the flavour of cooked food. The problem is that garum as a term is not used in Apicius. Liquamen is the term used and is also the term found in later recipes for fish sauce.

It is vital for me that the definition of garum and liquamen is settled

Most of the recipes that I deal with come from the Apician recipe book and if there is a major difference between the original garum and liquamen then I need to know. Liquamen appears nowhere in 1st century AD literature as a term for fish sauce. It arrives in the Apician text and appears afterwards more frequently. There are late Latin/early medieval references which actually tell us that garum and liquamen are the same thing. What is not understood is why the name liquamen is unknown in the early period.

It is always expected that a paper like this should have an opinion on the issue under discussion and not sit on the fence. I therefore offer the following possible explanation:

At one stage a sauce made entirely from fish guts was called garum/os. In this form it may have been Greek in origin. In order not to waste the vast quantities of very small fish that are always caught, they are added to the mixture and a separate sauce is developed. Both arrive in Rome along with the slave cooks and recipes. When Rome becomes enthusiastic about these sauces the concept of varying the type of fish is introduced, which had not been the issue before. Gradually the sauce made entirely from intestines is abandoned. If a sauce is to be made from one particular fish then it is sensible to use the whole fish: it is the flesh surely that would have any distinctive contribution to make. The name 'garum' is retained for the quality product now made from mackerel and fish blood to distinguish it from one made with tuna called 'muria'.

The name 'liquamen' was given to the cheap everyday variety of fish sauce, which may have originally only contained small fish, to distinguish

it from the other sauces. The absence of literary evidence is explained by the fact that liquamen was a cheap everyday sauce and not worthy of note by the food writers of the 1st century AD, who were without exception wealthy enough to aspire to the quality products. As the empire expanded fish sauce was standardised and exported to every frontier. The market for a fish sauce with a specific breed of fish fades. A sauce made from both blood and fish flesh became the standard recipe and the term garum faded into disuse.

Enough about the definition of the stuff: what does it taste like? Well, you can find a very similar product in a Chinese supermarket. It is called Nuc Nam or Nam Pla and appears to have a very similar method of production.. However (and it is a big however) it does not have any extra fish intestines added, only those present in the fish anyway. You may think this is quite a good thing but of course it does mean that the pungency is greatly reduced. It is our only substitute and will serve. If my theory is correct, and I make no claim that it is, then at one time a fish sauce just like the Vietnamese Nuc Nam did exist in the Roman world.

Roman food is quite distinctive and very reliant on fish sauce for its success. Wine, honey, vinegar, oil and fish sauce combine to create a balance of sweet-sour-salt that is quite unique and well worth trying. I have conducted experiments with recipes using salt instead of fish sauce and found the result to be far less appetising.

I hope I have not put you off the idea of trying Roman food; it really is very good!

Sally Grainger

FROM 'IGNORANCE AND DISSATISFACTION' Dorothy L. Sayers

Miss Sayers, as creator of Lord Peter Wimsey and translator of Dante, needs no introduction. Her last and unfinished Wimsey novel, 'Thrones, Dominations', was completed by Jill Paton Walsh for publication last year. The following extracts from a vintage ARLT Summer School lecture help to explain Miss Sayers' lifelong passion for Latin, and throw some light on her choice of this language as medium for Lord Peter's unforgettable proposal to Harriet Vane ...

I was born at Oxford, in the fourth year before Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. My father was at that time Headmaster of the Cathedral Choir School, where it was part of his duty to instruct small demons with angel-voices in the elements of the ancient Roman tongue. When I was four and a half years old, he was presented with the living of Bluntisham-cum-Earith, in Huntingdonshire – an isolated country parish, which was one of the ancient ports or bridges to the Isle of Ely, and which contains to this day the bulwarks of a Roman camp. I recollect very well my first arrival at the Rectory, wearing a brown pelisse and bonnet trimmed with feathers, and accompanied by my nurse and my maiden aunt, who carried a parrot in a cage. It was January, and the winter must have been mild that year, for the drive near the gate was already bright yellow with winter aconites – a plant which is said never to grow except where the soil has been watered by Roman blood. For all I know, this is true; for they grow thickly in my present garden in Essex, which lies along the road by which the Emperor Claudius marched upon Colchester.

I do not know whether my father missed his small choristers amid the new duties of a country parish, or whether he was actuated only by a sense of the fitness of things and a regard for his daughter's intellectual welfare. I know only that I was rising seven when he appeared one morning in the nursery, holding in his hand a shabby black book, which had already seen some service, and addressed to me the following memorable words:

"I think, my dear, that you are now old enough to begin to learn Latin."

I was by no means unwilling, because it seemed to me that it would be a very fine thing to learn Latin, and would place me in a position of superiority to my mother, my aunt, and my nurse though not to my paternal grandmother, who was an old lady of parts, and had at least a nodding acquaintance with the language. My father sat down in the big chair, put his arm round me to restrain me from wriggling and, opening the book, confronted me with the mysterious formula:-

<i>mensa</i> :	a table
<i>mensa</i> :	O table!
<i>mensam</i> :	a table
<i>mensae</i> :	of a table
<i>mensae</i> :	to or for a table
<i>mensa</i> ˘ :	by, with, or from a table

Presumably at this point he explained that the ancient Romans had had the un-English habit of altering the endings of their nouns according as the case was altered. I have no recollection of finding anything particularly odd about this: I was far too young. Life was full of odd things, which one accepted without protest, as simple facts. A dog had four legs, a beetle six, a spider eight: why not? I do remember wondering why anybody should ever want to say "O table"; and I also remember finding it, at some later point, entertaining that a sailor, a poet, or a husbandman should have feminine endings. However, the first three sentences of Exercise I raised none of those social problems, consisting as they did of the simple statements, *Filia currit, Filiae currunt, Puellae rosas habent*. The book has now vanished into Limbo along with many other familiar objects of my childhood; but I think that in the course of that first morning's work we arrived at a slightly more complicated and romantic situation, in which

Poeta puellae rosas dat. The exercise had an English counterpart, which began, I think, for a change, "The woman runs." I do not, by the way, altogether believe the report of a friend who in later life assured me that the Latin Grammar on which she had been brought up contained the assertion, "The King's daughters wash the sailor with their right hands." It certainly is not in Dr. William Smith, all of whose examples were characterised by the strictest propriety.

When we had rendered Exercise I, Part 2, into Latin, my father rose up and went away, leaving the book with me, and recommending that I should commit the declension of *mensa* to memory. This I immediately did, being at that time of life when the committing to memory of meaningless syllables and inconsequent lists of things is as easy as "Hey-diddle-diddle." I chanted the rigmarole aloud until I was familiar with it, and hastened away to show off my prowess in the kitchen.

From that time on, the Latin lesson became a daily event. I will not pretend that the first fine careless rapture of achievement endured for ever. *Dominus*, I seem to remember, was well received, though slightly complicated by neuters; and a new and highly satisfactory chant was soon added to the repertory, which went with a noble swing:-

bonus, bona, bonum
bonum, bonam, bonum
boni, bonae, boni

and so forth, reaching a fine galumphing crescendo in

bonorum, bonarum, bonorum,

before declining into a softly reiterated burden of *bonis, bonis, bonis.*

With the Third Declension, the high and austere order of Imperial Rome seemed to lose grip a little. Irregularities set in: there were nouns like *rex*, and *mus*, and *caput*, whose nominatives seemed to have lost their roots, and there was a tiresome difference of opinion between noun and adjective about the correct termination of the ablative singular. On the whole, however, the lack of symmetry was atoned for by a certain whimsicality and coloratura. The Fourth and Fifth Declensions remained rather exotic: one never got sufficient opportunities for using those fascinating terminations in *-uum, -ubus*, and *-erum*; on the other hand, there was always the perilous but exciting adventure of the double-barrelled declensions of *respublica* and, later on, of *jusjurandum*, where, alas! pride in the two-handed engine nearly always betrayed one into saying *juremjurandum*, and being scolded for *not thinking*.

And here, in passing, let us pray tribute to the memory of A. D. Godley, Public Orator in Oxford University, when I was an undergraduate, and to that noble poem which begins:-

What is it that roareth thus?
Can it be a motor-bus?
Yes! the reek and hideous hum
Indicant motorem bum.

But the motor-bus was still in the future when I was trudging my way through the conjugations: the Active Voice, always friendly except for a tendency to confusion between the Future Indicative and Present Subjunctive of the Third and Fourth Conjugations (the rot always seemed to set in at the Third Anything); the Passive Voice always lumbering and hostile; the Deponents lurking meanly about, hoping to delude one into construing them as Passives; verbs like *fero*, so triumphantly irregular as to be permanently unforgettable; verbs with reduplicated perfects of a giggling absurdity – *peperi* was always good for a hearty Victorian pun – and defectives, which were simply a mess. It is a nostalgic memory that I could at one time recite the whole table of irregulars without more than an occasional side-slip; and I still remember that *utor, fruor, vescor, fungor* are followed by the ablative, when many more generally useful fragments of knowledge have slipped into Lethe and vanished.

By this time, of course, the girls, the poets and the roses had slipped into

the background. We marched with Caesar; built walls with Cornelia, who brought up her children in order that they might be good citizens. The mighty forest of its glades to exploration, adorned with its three monumental tenses, Accusative and Infinitive, the graceful Ablative Absolute, and the proliferating Ut and the Subjunctive. Beneath their roots a scrubby tangle of words beginning with u, q and n, and a nastiness of prepositions. There was also a horrid region, beset with pitfalls, called *Oratio Obliqua*, into which one never entered without a trap, and where, starting off from a simple Accusative and Infinitive, one fell over sprawling dependent clauses and bogged one's self in a consecution of tenses, till one fell over a steep precipice into a Latin junctive, and was seen no more.

I do not know why the recollection of all this is pleasant to me. For example, did I in those days greatly prefer Latin to the French, or did I become a master? I do not think my father was a particularly imaginative man; his methods would now be called unimaginative and old-fashioned. One reason may, I fancy, have been that the pronunciation of Latin, footedly English, gave me no trouble; another, that the complexity of Latin morphology and syntax released in me some kind of low cunning. I find day finds expression in the solving of crossword puzzles.

By the time I was thirteen, the French had hauled up hand over hand the Latin, and overtaken it. I had a French governess with whom I read Molière and *The Three Musketeers*. I was not trained in Latin, and the Augustan age produced no Dumas. This was, I

I was, indeed, introduced to the Latin authors. The day arrived when, toiling very slowly with a vocabulary, I began to work my way through the episode of Pyramus and Thisbe from the *Metamorphoses*, which we embarked, at the same snail's pace, upon the second *Aeneid*.

My father's way with the involutions of the classic hexameter was calculated to lighten the labour of the student, though I am not sure whether it was the best approach to the literary beauties of Virgil. Having explained the construction of the verse and brought me to the point of at least grasping the rhythm of the concluding dactyl and spondee, he would then kindle a brief daily portion, tear it word from word, and rearrange the *disjunctives* in the order in which Virgil would have written them had he been writing simply English prose for use in lower forms. The consequence is that to-day I find it very difficult to assemble the clauses in any classic verse, to decide which adjective belongs to which noun, or to see what principle governs the order of the words in line. In the end, of course, these props and crutches were taken away from me, and I was left to grope my way about the Latin myself; but it never seemed more than a kind of jig-saw. I cannot remember what prose passages I read, if any, with my father. Memory throws the name of Cornelius Nepos, but with nothing attached to it. The great trouble I am sure, was the appalling slowness with which I proceeded. The shaft of a thing as a story or a poem was lost in the slow grubbing over the ground; I could not then, much less since, ever read any passage of classic literature swiftly, or by the eye; although in my early teens I could read and write almost as quickly and correctly as English; and was not far behind in the

[*Miss Sayers lost more than she gained at school, largely owing to the confusion caused in her mind by a change of pronunciation.*]

As soon as I took up residence in Oxford, I was sent to a warrior's school. Mr. Herbert May, with instructions that I was to be crammed through the Latin, Mr. May lived in a narrow, semi-detached house in the gloomier part of Oxford, in a perpetual atmosphere of snuff. With this he refreshed himself through his coachings; and I would not grudge him a single pinch of it, for his life must have been a hard one. So far as I know, he spent all his time with people like me. He was the indefatigable seagull, forever winging his way through the clashing rocks of Latin Prose and Greek Unseens with a firm and dismal and inexperienced Argonauts thrashing the seas at his tail. A kinder and more imperturbable man I never met. In two terms he accomplished what my school-teachers had not ventured to undertake in four years. We passed our way through the *Hecuba* and the *Alcestis*; we coped with the Aorian

mowed down under our feet that weedy growth of repulsive particles with which the Greek language is infested. Oddly enough, I cannot recall what the Latin set books were, if any; but from the fact that I still remember a few lines of the Sixth *Aeneid*, I am inclined to think that we may have had to tackle it. My only distinct recollection is of making my way through a series of Latin Proses, and of Mr. May, choking with laughter and snuff over some more than usually preposterous howler, recovering himself to say encouragingly: "Well, Miss Sayers, you do make the most elementary errors, but I will say for you that what you write is Latin." By which I took him to mean that I did instinctively frame the sentence after the high Roman fashion, collecting everything into a vast articulated complex of clauses and sub-clauses before proceeding to adorn the structure with passive deponents and the non-existent parts of defective verbs. And I conclude from this that it was not my linguistic sense that was at fault, but that with more imaginative teaching I might have made as good a job of Latin as of German or French.

I got through Responsions, and that was the end of that. The Degree course allowed me to do my Mods. in Modern Languages. The Latin I no longer required began to slip away through the sieve of pre-occupation. The Greek lingered only long enough to steer me through a couple of Testaments for the now obsolete Divinity Mods., and then followed the Latin down the drain.

Two contacts only remained. I was reading French, and the Old French required for the Language Papers demanded a minimum acquaintance with the Latin roots, morphology and syntax. And as a member of the Bach Choir I learned to sing the Latin Mass and a number of mediaeval hymns and carols. This added yet another pronunciation to my collection – the ecclesiastical. I had been brought up to say "Pleeni sunt caeli"; school had commanded me to say "Playnee soont koilee"; I now sang "Playnee soont chaylee". I had never, and I have never, been able to dissociate the written word from the spoken sound; if I cannot pronounce I cannot read. With the fragmentation of the sounds the disintegration of control followed so fast that at this stage in my career I could scarcely have read ten consecutive Latin words aloud in a consistent pronunciation and without false quantities, or construed ten consecutive lines. Yet I believe that it was about this time that a dim glamour which had haunted me all my childhood, and haunts me to this day, began to shine into my mind like the sun rising through a mist – the shimmering, spell-binding magic of the mediaeval Latin.

Everybody is, I suppose, either Classic or Gothic by nature. Either you feel in your bones that buildings should be rectangular boxes with lids to them, or you are moved to the marrow by walls that climb and branch, and break into a inflorescence of pinnacles. And however successfully you educate yourself to a just appreciation of the other kind, it will never have the same power to capture your soul and body in your unguarded moments.

In the same way, you either have the austere taste which delights in the delicate interplay of stress and quantity in the hexameter – only you must remember that nobody had ever once thought of showing me how that worked – or you have the more (if you like) twopence-coloured taste that reacts powerfully to :-

*Tuba mirum spargens sonum
per sepulchra regionum
coget omnes ante tronum.*

Augustine was moved to tears by the sorrows and death of Dido, and with good reason:-

*illa, graves oculos conata attollere, rursus
deficit; infixum stridet sub pectore volnus.
ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa levavit :
ter revoluta toro est, oculisque errantibus alto
quaesivit caelo lucem, ingemitque reperta.*

A more plangent and piercing cry goes up from the foot of the Cross:-

Pro peccatis sui gentis

*vidit Jesum in tormentis
et flagellis subditum;
vidit suum dulcem natum
moriendo desolatum
dum emisit spiritum.*

But I want to come back to this later. For the moment I will only leave on record that my Latin education ended upon this note.

It ended, I say, there, leaving me, after close on twenty years' teaching, unable to read a single Latin author with ease or fluency, unable to write a line of Latin without gross error, unfamiliar with the style and scope of any Latin author, except as I had taken refuge in English translations, and stammering of speech because by this time all three pronunciations were equally alien and uncertain. And this was a thing that never ought to have happened to me, because I was born with the gift of tongues.

I call this a very lamentable history. Yet there are two things I feel bound to say with all the emphasis I can command. Firstly: if you set aside Classical specialists and the product of those Public Schools which still cling to the great tradition, I, mute and inglorious as I am, and having forgotten nearly all I ever learned, still know more Latin than most young people with whom I come in contact. Secondly: that if I were asked what, of all the things I was ever taught, has been of the greatest practical use to me, I should have to answer: the Latin Grammar.

As to the first point, I can only say that I do not blame the modern methods of teaching Latin: I do not know what they are. The trouble is that the allegedly literate and educated population of this country is no longer composed of public schoolboys and parsons' daughters, but of a vast mass of young persons who have been turned loose on the world at the age of sixteen, and very many of whom have learnt no Latin at all. And that most of them, and of their parents, and apparently of the persons who decide what educational fodder shall be sponsored by the State, and quite certainly of those who provide the popular literature and journalism which influences their thinking, are under the impression that Latin is a bit of antiquated upper class trimming, of no practical value to anyone.

I am convinced that the age at which I began was the right one. An acquaintance of mine whose boy is just starting life at a Grammar School tells me that the boys there do not begin Latin till they are eleven. I am sure that this is too late. In acquiring the Accidence, everything depends upon getting declensions and conjugations firmly fixed in the memory during the years when the mere learning of anything by rote is a delight rather than a burden. The jingle of "*mensa, mensa, mensam*" or "*amo, amas, amat*" belongs properly to the same mental age as "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo," or "This is the house that Jack built." By the time that the reasoning and arguing faculty is awake, the capacity for assembling sounds by aural memory is weakening, and by the age of puberty it is practically lost. One can, of course, learn by heart at all ages if one earnestly puts one's mind to it – in the sense that one can memorise a thing *ad hoc*, as an actor memorises a part. But the thing learnt at a later age does not abide graven upon the very foundations of the memory like the thing learnt in childhood. And the more rational one becomes, the more tedious and difficult it is to learn strings of sounds which are not logically associated.

Abstract nouns in -io call
Feminina one and all;
Masculine will only be
Things that you can touch or see,
As curculio, vespertilio,
Pugio, scipio, and papilio,
With the nouns that number show,
Such as *ternio, senio.*

The first four lines of that mnemonic make sense, and so do the last two; if I had not known them from the cradle, I could learn them to-morrow. But the fifth and sixth lines are different. If I had to learn them fresh to-day, I should have forgotten them by to-morrow, because they make no connected

sense. But I remember them now, although I have not the faintest recollection of what any one of the words mean; except *papilio*. I could not possibly forget them, any more than I could forget *hic, haec hoc*. And it is all nonsense to pretend that small children hate and are bored by learning things by heart. They like it. They have a passion for it. If they are given no outlet for this passion in school, they will devote themselves to memorising number-plates or cricket averages. The love of memorising for memorising's sake is the hallmark of the sub-rational intellect, and it is simply silly not to take advantage of it while the going's good. What is, I am sure, a strain and vexation to the young mind is to be compelled to *reason* before the time; just as it is a strain and vexation to have to memorise after the best time for that kind of thing is past. It is (as Wordsworth rightly pointed out) extremely unwise to keep bothering a young child with "Why, Edward, tell me why?" Wait till Edward asks "Why?" before burdening his mind with reasons. And meanwhile let him chant "*mensa, mensa, mensam*" at the top of his voice. His grown-ups will get tired of it before he does. But do not on any account *waste* those precious years when declension and conjugation can be learned without difficulty and without boredom.

Let me end with the famous heart-cry from Augustine – him who wept for Dido:-

*Cur ergo Graecam etiam grammaticam oderam talia cantantem
Homerus peritus texere tales fabulas, et dulcissime vanus est,
amarus erat puero.*

*Credo etiam Graecis pueris Virgilius ita sit, cum eum
coguntur, ut ego illum. Videlicet difficultas, difficultas omni
peregrinae linguae, quasi felle aspergebat omnes suavitate
fabularum narrationum. Nulla enim verba illa noverant
terroribus ac poenis ut nossem instabatur mihi vehementer.*

(We have abolished the cruel threats and punishments, but quite as frustrating.) *Nam et Latina aliquando infans nulla tamen advertendo didici sine ullo metu et cruciatu, blandimenta nutricum et joca ardentium et laetitias alludentium.*

Didici vero illa sine poenali onere urgentium cum meum ad parienda concepta sua, quae non possem, nisi a didicissem, non a docentibus sed a loquentibus, in quorum et parturiebam quidquid sentiebam. Hinc satis elucet majorem habenda ista liberam curiositatem, quam meticulosam necessitas.

Dorothy

ARLT SUMMER SCHOOL 1998 Deborah Chorlton & Wilf O'Neill

EXPERIENCES OF A FIRST-TIMER

I hadn't taught Latin for 30 years, until 1998 when the small country comprehensive that my daughter goes to began an enrichment programme, which included the offer of Latin to be taught by me. After such a long interval I found the many-roomed mansion of my knowledge of Latin had eroded to a few grass-covered mounds. At school, in the book-swamp under the stage, I dug up a variety of classics books, many of them going back to the days of the ancient grammar school that predated the comprehensive. The newest were a partial set of first-edition Cambridge Latin Course pamphlets. We started with these, once a week for 40 minutes at lunch time.

My hope in coming to the ARLT summer school in York was to find out what relation if any our activities had to normal Latin teaching today, and to try to bring them into line – and also to rediscover some of the Latin I seemed to remember once knowing and loving. Both hopes were fulfilled, and I had a very happy and stimulating time as well. I found it thrilling to be able to devote whole days to thinking about Latin and related topics, and talking to other people who were thinking about them too. (The exquisite pleasure and indulgence of this may not be so striking to members of hard-working classics departments.) My fear was that I should be obviously incompetent and out of it after such a long interval, but the kindness and tact of everyone I met made it possible to forget that side of things fairly soon.

For my purposes, the combination of practical teaching advice (how to handle museum visits, how best to exploit the overhead projector) with opportunities to read and consider texts, and to listen to scholarly speakers was ideal. I would certainly urge other returners to profit by the support and encouragement offered by the summer school, which came as much in the form of friendly conversational responses to my muddled queries and vague anxieties as in the organised sessions.

Unlike most of the other members of the summer school, I did not live in the college in York where the course was held. Instead we combined it with a family holiday, settling all of us, grownups and children, for a week in a pair of forest lodges at Wath. The others walked and visited round about, and we met a couple of times to explore York together. It worked very well, and I got the impression that my daily absence contributed considerably to the smooth running and relaxed mood for the rest of my family. Driving back to Wath in the moonlight past medieval abbey ruins after an evening lecture,

or Latin-speaking efforts at the Anniversary Dinner, or singing plus the last-night entertainment, I felt I had got what I came for.

Deborah Chorlton, Beaminstree

ORATIO VALEDICTORIA MCMXCVIII

Amici Societatis Arelatinae! hac hebdomade celebravimus quinque lustrum ludorum aestivorum. sed iam paene – miserrime dictu! – sine finem colloquii nostri et me oportet, priusquam vos valedico, committere ut mos est directoris, ea quae sunt peracta. sermones disseminari non audivimus et colloquiis ac circulis interfuimus. ille Andreius¹ moris antiquis peritissimus nos docuit de Eboraci cloacis et rebus eiusmodi actores illi Dionysiaci² fabulis Graecis nos oblectaverunt. postero die Marcus noster Loidensis qui de loco virgultis obsito appellatur³ de Romanitatem clari illius poetae Graeci; Ioannis noster⁴ de fabulis antiquis est elocutus; et archaeologus ipse de lustrarum via nominatus edocuit de Eboraco et eis quae sunt ibi inventa. tertia die postea Apicianas exquisitissimas⁶ illa "candida" vel siviis "divina" et "mollior" "tranquilla" (aliter Martia)⁷ nos delectavit sermone de fabulis Ciceronis. postremo professores illi emeriti, alter qui de robure aquilae appellatur Occidens⁹, de ingenio poetae Menandri et de satura Aeneidos nos informiter edocuerunt. interim idem Andreius (alias "os"¹¹) nos excepit in illud celebrato (vel fortasse Arca?)¹⁰ priusquam anniversarium congressuum celebravimus epula splendida et amoena. et nunc ad praesens sumus. gratias maximas ago omnibus qui hunc ludum aequo bonum atque fortunatum fecerunt et spero vos omnes domos tutos regere ferias laetissimas et otiosas esse acturos.

Arelates, valet!

Wilf O'Neill, D

ARLT Summer School, York

- 1 Andrew "Bone" Jones *Water Quality and Waste Disposal in Roman York*
- 2 Actors of Dionysus who gave a presentation
- 3 Malcolm Heath *Was Homer a Roman?*
- 4 John Randall *Old Myths, New Ideas*
- 5 Patrick Ottaway *Roman York*
- 6 at the Roman Bath Inn
- 7 Jenny March *Greek Myths: Images and Inspiration*
- 8 Geoffrey Arnott *Humour in Menander*
- 9 David West *The Aeneid as Satire*
- 10 The ARC (Archaeological Resource Centre)