

VATES

The Journal of New Latin Poetry

Issue 3, Spring 2011

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Editorial

A third issue of **VATES**, and still the new Latin verse keeps coming, both original works on a variety of themes and translations of English poems. Most exciting of all this time – and as a direct result of Dirk Sacré’s article on the poetry of Joseph Tusiani in Issue 2 – Professor Tusiani himself has generously sent four of his as-yet-unpublished works specifically for the enjoyment of **VATES** readers. A treat indeed!

Elsewhere in this issue, Laura Gibbs describes an astonishing method of versification (*Steganometrographia*), Stephen Coombs assesses the Latin poetry of Gerald Manley Hopkins, and Barry Baldwin unearths an eighteenth-century ode to cricket, among other delights, in his regular column.

Ironically, ever since starting **VATES** I find I have less time than ever to devote to composing Latin verse. But at least I have been busy with verse in various guises: last year translating Geoffrey of Monmouth’s *Vita Merlini* into English and this year an even grander project which involves translating a substantial amount of English verse into Latin. So hopefully these endeavours will lead me back towards some original verse composition in the near future. In the meantime, please be patient if the next issue of this journal arrives a little late!

VATES needs you!

If you like what you see here please take a moment to tell people about it. But most importantly, if reading this inspires you to compose some Latin verses of your own, please don’t be shy – share them with us!

Once again, *gratias maximas* to all the contributors without whose kind and generous support this journal would not be possible.

If you missed previous issues, please visit the **VATES** webpage to download your free copies:

<http://pineapplepubs.snazzystuff.co.uk/vates.htm>

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Carmina Latina

n.b. Latin spellings follow the orthography of the *Oxford Latin Dictionary*. Only proper names are capitalised.

4 Unpublished Poems

Joseph Tusiani

Joseph Tusiani's letter to the editor: I wish to congratulate you on the brilliant idea of an online magazine wholly devoted to the composition of Latin verse. This is a most audacious enterprise that everybody should encourage, and, as you see, I immediately do so (gently spurred by my good friend Professor Dirk Sacré) with a humble submission of four still unpublished poems of mine, which I myself have hastily translated according to your demands.

In the hope that you may like them, here are the four short poems, followed by their respective translations:

(1) Gliris Somnus

*longum glis dormit somnum sub noctibus amplis,
nil nisi uenturi cupiens miracula ueris.
quantum illi inuideo! uellem uelut ille beate
dormire et lucis certus remanere diei.
humanus somnus turbatur sensibus ipsis
qui semper uigilant illumque furore flagellant.
paruule callide glis, si in somno somnia uoluis,
nil certe cernis nisi pulchrum uer rediturum
dum longam ignoras hiemem tenebrasque niuesque
mortali generi, tam longe a te, minitantes.*

*dissimilem sortem mihi Fata aliena dederunt:
paulum dormio et in somno est sol crastinus anceps.*

(2) Fabula Nota

*fabula nota mihi est quae dulci in nomine Christi
praecedens astrum in nocte canit magica.
illa nocte Puer diuus pastoribus imis
splendet, dum regum munera aperta iacent.
fabula nota, ignota mihi hac aetate uideris
isto annoque redis: credere difficile est.
sed suaue est ueterem dulcedinem eam memorari
quando mi puero uita facillima erat.*

(3) Alae

*alae, uastae alae iuuenis sublime poetae
somnia erant. hodie non est sub sole uolatus:
nunc duo crura mihi remanent infirma et inepta
quae longum reddunt de porta in portam iter omne.
hos quoque rade, senex, uersus quibus ultima gesta
tempora non possunt fieri quae prima fuere.
de terra te ipsam dele, mea uana senecta,
aut propriis alis spatium da liberum et amplum.*

(4) In Memoriam Sebastiani

*nondum te uidi in somno, defuncte sodalis,
 nec mihi dixisti quod nunc cognoscis ab alto.
 sed, mihi crede, tuam uocem imploro anxius, in te
 fraterne fidens. oh, longus transiit annus
 et tam longa fuit uana expectatio amici.
 quid cito colloquium nostrum impedit? est Deus ipse
 nil nisi uasta silens aeterna incognita moles?
 interea tempus memini tranquillum et amatum
 quando ad me prompte ueniebas uespere quoque
 ut tecum exirem ad zephyri flamen capiendum
 aut ad ludendas chartas, hostes sed amici.
 uincebas semper sed perdere erat mihi gratum.
 uincere, perdere: quid sunt haec certamina uitae
 in mortis facie? et quid mors, quid uiuere, quid nos?
 uerbum expecto tuum de caelo nunc tibi noto.*

Josephus Tusiani, Novi Eboraci, Idibus Octobris MMX

Metres: Hexameters (1, 3, 4), Elegiacs (2)

Translations:**(1) The Sleep of a Dormouse**

A dormouse sleeps his lengthy sleep through endless nights,
 desiring nothing but the wonders of forthcoming Spring.
 How I envy him! Like him, I, too, would like to sleep in bliss,
 remaining in the certainty of the light of day.
 But man's sleep is disturbed by our very senses,
 ever awake, ever ruthlessly assailing it.
 O clever little dormouse, if in your sleep you have dreams,

nothing, I'm sure, you see but the beauty of Spring that comes back,
 meanwhile ignoring long winter and darkness and snows
 threatening the human kind far away from you.
 Hostile Fate granted a diverse lot to me:
 Little I sleep, and even in my sleep the morrow's sun is uncertain.

(2) A known Fable

I know well the fable that, in Christ's sweet name announcing a star,
 sings in the magical night.
 In that very night a heavenly Babe shines before kneeling shepherds
 while gifts of kings lie open before them.
 O well-known fable, you seem unknown at my age, and unknown
 return to me this year: it is so hard to believe!
 And yet what peace to remember that ancient innocence
 when life was so easy to the child that was I.

(3) Wings

Wings, ample wings were a poet's lofty dream.
 There is no flight today beneath the sun:
 Now two sickly shaky legs remain to me,
 which make the path from door to door a lengthy trip.
 Erase, old man, these verses too, which fail to make new deeds
 the times you once called first.
 And erase yourself from earth, O futile old age,
 or give free and ample room to the wings that are yours.

(4) In Memory of Sebastian

I have not yet seen you in my dream, dear by-gone friend,
 nor have you told me of what you have learned of the world above.
 Believe me, your voice I anxiously expect with fraternal trust.
 Oh, a full long year has elapsed, and as long a friend's expectation has
 been.
 What suddenly impedes our colloquy? Is God himself
 Nothing but a silent, vast, unknown, eternal massiveness?
 In the meantime I recall the tranquil happy days
 when every evening punctually you came to my house
 and forced me to go out with you for some fresh air
 or to play cards as foes while still great friends.
 You won every time and I did not mind to lose.
 To win, to lose: in the presence of death what do such struggles mean?
 And what is death, what is life, what are we?
 I still expect a word about the place you now know well.

* * *

3 Poems

Lucius Alter

Lucius Alter writes: I am very fond of crickets and of the *Palatine Anthology*, both of which inspired the first poem. One day as I was sweeping the bricks around my fireplace, I accidentally bludgeoned an unfortunate cricket who had strayed out of the wood pile. The poem is the bugslaughter's aftermath, an elegiac *wergild* of sorts. The second poem concerns Bub, a white wolf hybrid who was very strong, but gentle and loyal. Like Mithridates, he died old. The third is dedicated to Edward, a fine, humane fellow with whom, from time to time, I have corresponded. I would not have chosen the tone and vocabulary of this piece if I didn't like and respect him, and I am certain he was no more offended by it when I sent it to him some time ago than I have been by his often frank remarks.

(1) De Morte Praematura Violentaque Achetae Domesticae

*ex pauimento te moui, mi paruule grille,
 protinus ad Ditis litora maesta dei.
 carmina per fuscis calamos industria fundis
 tristibus ad ripas has Acherontis aquae.
 stant nullo nummo manibus tendentibus umbrae
 vitis tunc raptis nunc animisque suis.
 sunt inopes, errant, et eunt in tristibus oris,
 sub terras virides, carceribusque suis.
 Cerberus, iste canis, tenet ostia ferrea dirus
 Lethes dum sperant aequora traiciant.
 grillule, tu nauis latitans conderis amictu,
 et tunc invisus mortua traicies.
 ingredieris per portas Acherontis auari
 quo domini maneat Ditis in aede sacra.*

(2) Ad Bub, Candidum Lupum-Canem Qui XV Annos Natus Amnem Traiecit

*ne iam plumbosi mingas, lupe, Ditis in atrum
cerbereumque canem triplicem qui ringitur asper.
frenduntur dentes, sequitur, seruitque seueris
diuis: purpureas subter violas Rhadamanthi
sceptrum tu teneas inter labra: prataque crure
alte sublato laetantia mox madefiant.*

(3) Hendecasyllabi ad Eduardum epistularum scriptorem

*Eduarde optime, mi sodalis Arge,
pusulas natibus meis rubellas
quare tam uehementer indolescis?
cuique spongia nonne stercoratur?*

Metres: Elegiacs (1), Hexameters (2), Hendecasyllables (3)

Translations:

(1) On the Untimely and Violent Death of Acheta Domestica

Little cricket, I swept you from my floor
Clear to the edge of Hades' sombre shore,
Where, crouched among the murky reeds, you sing
A busy tune for those mirthless souls who ring
The thick, paludal ripe of River Styx.
Destitute they stand, a pallid mix
Of outstretched arms and spent mortality.
Cast out from an arid maw of penury,
They do hard time: a hundred years they'll wait
To dare the dog and the adamantine gate.
But you, little cricket, will stow a ride
To the black River of Death's other side,
Where, in the fold of a chiton, you'll slip
Unnoticed into Hades' final keep.

(2) To Bub, a White Wolf Hybrid Who Died at Age Fifteen

Wolf, do not piss on three headed Cerberus,
the black, fierce, growling dog of leaden Dis.
Obedient, he gnashes his teeth in the service
of harsh gods: under the purple violets
may you hold in your jaws Rhadamanthus'
sceptre, and with your bent leg lifted high,
may you moisten his flowering meadows.

(3) Hendecasyllables for Edward the Letter Writer

Edward, my dear fellow, ever watchful,
why do you persist in lavishing attention
on all the red pimples that cover my ass?
Who is there whose toilet paper's not covered with shit?

* * *

In Senectute

Pete Bibby

Pete Bibby writes: I have always had a fondness for haiku and returning to my Latin studies after a brief gap of 46 years I was delighted to come across *Tonight They All Dance*. A latin haiku had to follow, so here is my first one.

in senectute,

pulchrae fiunt pulchriores;

senex maneo.

Metre: Haiku

Translation:

In old age beautiful (women) become more beautiful (but) I remain an old man.

* * *

Ex Umbris

Brad Walton

Brad Walton writes: The poet is in a deep depression. After describing his feelings in terms of total darkness, he asks the reader what he/she is looking for. Being deprived of light, he warns the reader not to expect *lumen*. Of course, *lumen* means light, but it also means a rhetorical flourish (Cicero, *Brutus* 66:20; 233:17). By punning on the word *lumen*, the poet gives the reader precisely what he tells the reader not to expect. The reader should also not expect any aphorism or tidy moral (*sententiola*). Yet this is what the reader gets in line 13: ‘Affliction dumbfounds the eloquent’. Or does the phrase mean, ‘Affliction makes the dumbfounded eloquent’? Though refusing to offer a *sententiola*, the poet gives two in one. Nor is it clear which one he really means.

*haec, qua uersificor, superat caligine sedes
 illunem noctis faciem, demersa profundis
 oceani tenebris spissas tot combibit umbras
 ut fluat obscuro digitis depressa supellex.
 nox media obcaecat uultus et uoce Quiritum
 eloquitur. par sum minimis animantibus, imo
 quae repunt pelago, madidis aut foeda cauernae
 haerent parietibus suspensaue uertice cessant.
 heu, mens cassa, manus steriles, labor inritus. exspes
 carnificis gladium maneo; gradus occupat aures.
 quid petis, o lector? quaenam tibi dona poeta
 sopitusque malis atri nebulaque uolutus
 praebeat? elinguem faciunt aduersa disertum.
 inuenies hoc tam furuo, philomuse, decoram
 nec sententiola, nitidum nec carmine lumen.*

Metre: Hexameters

Translation:

This place where I write exceeds in blackness the moonless figure of the night. Submerged in the deepest shadows of the ocean, it has absorbed so many dense shadows that the furniture, pressed with the fingers, drips with darkness. Midnight dims the faces of the inhabitants and speaks out in their voices. I am like the tiny animals that creep at the bottom of the sea, or cling, noisome, to the damp walls of a cave, or rest suspended from the ceiling. I have searched the darkness and no light has glistened for me in my misery. Alas, my mind is empty, my hands are barren, my labour is useless. I wait, hopeless, for the executioner's blow. His footsteps ring in my ears. Reader, what are you looking for? What gifts could a poet, stunned by adversity and enveloped in darkness, offer you? Affliction dumbfounds the eloquent. In this dark poem you will find, o lover of the arts, no gracious aphorism or rhetorical flourish.

* * *

Narratio Sanctae Candidae

Stephen Coombs

Stephen Coombs writes: The Galliambic metre (cf. Catullus lxiii), distinctive through what musicians might call the *hemiola* element in its rhythm, seems well suited to vivid narrative. In content this piece paraphrases English verses of mine (appended below) retelling what may have happened to the Saxon martyr Saint Wite, of whose name Candida became in time the usual Latin version. Despite the Reformation and Cromwell's Commonwealth her relics have remained uniquely in situ in her church at Whitchurch Canonicorum in West Dorset.

*etiam ossa rustica aedes tenet hic posita mea
 regione qua repleti iacuere malitia
 latebris Dani latrones equitum ut bona raperent.
 caruere forte praedis: ego uespere uenio
 pedibus uia Lymensi: capior misera cito.
 Danus 'obses,' inquit 'adstat redimenda familia.'
 'sinite ire me!' reclamo. tamen hic ego maneo.*

*'locuples quis incolarum est? ubi dic habitat erus
 populo suo fidelis, publica imperia uolens?
 ut libereris auri quantum puta numeret?
 ubi retegitur sacerdos, stipis arca beneficae,
 pretiosa uasa missae, proba textilia, libri?'
 ego tunc 'at haud necesse est scelere impetrare opes,
 prope enim reconditae sunt.' tamen hic ego maneo.*

*cata tramite antecedo uelut inde mare petam
neque me feri sequuntur sine murmure dubio.
ubi iubare sol obliquo crucem inaurat occidens
puteo casam paratam nanciscimur humilem.
precibus laboribusque et nihili datur alii
studium meum: quid optem quasi diuitis operae?
'monacham uidetis,' aio. tamen hic ego maneo.*

*modo me necant in ira: nihil aestimabile
sapiunt, nihil uerentur, potius ciet odium
fastidiosum in has res dulcedine saturas.
erit unicus erus unus Dominus mihi Sabaoth
Pater omnium Creator, Genitusque mea Salus
simul Agnus ac Sacerdos ac Pastor in ouibus,
et Spiritus Animator Paracletus ignifer
leuius meo nec est nec fieri poterit onus:
habear redempta uere. tamen hic ego maneo.*

*obeo cruore fuso sine iure, sine lucro:
maris ora sancta semper tumulique erant Deo
sine martyris tuentis super aethera itinere.
neque consecrata tractare ut ludibria licet
neque demouere: quae sunt generosa neque quatit
neque destruit perosus: uendi facile nequit
quod amas. ad aequitatem et patrimonia morior,*

uiolare quae nefas est. tamen hic ego maneo.

– *itane mihi nominastis uexilla? rideo:*

minime grauabor, etsi sat ineptus erat honor.

aliquantulum iuuari si Dorsetia potest,

patriam genusque signent. ibi me fore uoueo.

Metre: Galliambic

Translation:

A country church still holds my bones here where they were placed, in a region where Danish robbers filled with malice lay at lurch with intent to seize the possessions of those on horseback. It so happens that booty has been lacking; in the evening I come along the Lyme road on foot; to my distress I am quickly taken captive. A Dane says, 'Here we have a hostage for whose redemption her family must pay.' 'Let me go!' I loudly protest. Yet here I remain.

'Who is wealthy among the inhabitants? Tell us where a master lives that is loyal to his people and desirous of authority among them? How much gold, say, would he pay for you to be released? Where is the priest to be found, the chest with charitable donations, precious vessels for mass, fine textiles, books?' To which I reply, 'But there is no need to obtain riches through wickedness, they are hidden close by.' Yet here I remain.

Knowing what I am doing I walk in front along a track as if making for the sea, and in their savage way, not without doubtful muttering, they follow me. At a place where the setting sun gilds a cross with slanting radiance we reach a humble cabin together with its well. To prayer and work and nothing else I devote myself: what in the way of richly rewarding occupation can I wish for? 'You see before you a hermitess,' I say. Yet here I remain.

Merely out of anger they kill me; they discern nothing of value, they respect nothing, rather they are impelled by a nauseous hatred of these things saturated with sweetness. My only master shall be the one Lord of Hosts, the Father, the Creator of all things, and the Son, my Salvation, who is at once Lamb, Priest and Shepherd among His sheep, and the Spirit, the Lifegiver, the fire-bringing Comforter. There is not, nor can there come to be, any lighter burden than mine; I should be considered truly redeemed. Yet here I remain.

In unjust and profitless shedding of blood I perish; the coast was always holy, the hills belonged to God without the journey made by a martyr now looking protectively on above the sky. Hallowed things may not be treated with mockery nor be removed; the detester of noble things neither shatters nor dismantles them; what you love cannot easily be traded away. I die for justice and heritage, which it is forbidden to violate. Yet here I remain.

-- Have you really named a flag after me? I smile; I shall hardly take offence, even though the honour was silly enough. If Dorset can gain

some advantage, however little, let the flag designate our homeland and origin. I vow that there I shall be.

St. Wite tells her tale and is told about her Dorset flag

My bones stay put here in the village church,
near where some heathen Danesmen lay at lurch
one evening by the Lyme-to-Bridport way.
No man worth robbing had come riding past,
so when they saw me, 'Ah,' they thought, 'at last!
There'll be a ransom for her friends to pay.'
'Let me alone, let me alone,' I cried.
And here I bide.

'Who is your greatest neighbour?' asked a Dane.
'In what direction can we find the thane?
What would he give us not to take your life?
Where is your priest, where are the precious things
he'll use at mass, the people's offerings?'
I told them, 'Wealth need have no truck with strife!
Here close at hand is where true riches hide.'
And here I bide.

I led them down the track towards the sea.
Distrustful, muttering they followed me
to where my well was and my simple hut,
its cross lit brightly by the setting sun.
I showed them where my work and prayer were done:
no lack of richness here, indeed a glut!
I said, 'You chose an ancess for your guide.'
And here I bide.

They killed me out of anger, nothing more.
What I held dear they had no honour for,
just ignorant contempt and empty hate.
My priest is He for whom all heaven sings,
my lord is no thane but the King of Kings,
my greatest neighbour He who is Most Great.
About where value lies I hadn't lied.
And here I bide.

There's holiness about our coast and hills
older than any brigand knife that spills
martyr-blood seed for later hands to reap.
Whatever's sacred shan't be moved or mocked:
whatever's noble shan't be rent or rocked:
whatever's ours to cherish shan't go cheap.
For rights and right that can't be budged I died.
And here I bide.

-- You've named a flag for me? I nearly laughed!
Go on then, even if it does seem daft.
If it's for Dorset folk, I'm on their side.
And there I bide.

* * *

Per Nauem ad Byzantios

John Lee

John Lee writes: This is a Latin version of W.B. Yeats's poem 'Sailing to Byzantium'. There are perhaps two reasons for my choice of this poem. (1) It's a very fine poem and I hoped I might be able to convey the substance of it fittingly in elegiac metre. (2) Some time ago my elegiac version of Czeslaw Milosz's poem 'An Honest Description of Myself.....' (*Accurata descriptio mei ipsius ...*) was posted at:

<http://www.suberic.net/~marc/lyaeusepigrammata.html>

The two poems seem to me to contrast nicely: Yeats abjures the fleshpots of Ireland in his early sixties to contemplate the great works of Byzantine art, while Milosz at ninety turns for inspiration in America to the very sorts of things (and people) that Yeats has seemingly renounced. I had some difficulty with Yeats's phrase 'perne in a gyre', but I think that on balance the commentators on the poem favour the image of thread whirling on a spindle over that of a hovering bird.

*non senibus terra est quae nunc delectat amantes,
 quae iuvenes iungit pinnigeras et aves,
 qua salit et salmo rutilans et scomber abundat
 et calido laudat tempore quisque suos,
 exanimos genitosque sui qua quisque celebrat,
 qua pereunt omnes dum pereuntque canunt:
 sic animos cepit sensusque canora voluptas
 mentis ut omittant paene perennis opus.*

*nil nisi vile senex, baculum quod trita lacerna
 panniculis vestit, ni prius ipse canat.*

heus! animus plaudat, canat usque et vociferetur,

*quemque canat pannum lingua vetusta togae;
nec schola cantorum est, animus nisi quaereret aulas
quae pia splendoris sunt monumenta sui;
est mihi sed navis sanctam qua protinus urbem
Constantinopolem trans mare rite petam.*

*hic, ut in aurato muro fulgente lapillis
innumeris, divom statis in igne magi;
ignibus e sanctis mihi cantus este magistri
ut mulier fuso stamina torta plicat.
heu! moriens animal cum corde cupidine iunctum est
nec novit se cor quod regit atra venus -
arripite et medium vestrum demergite in ignem:
daedala sit divom fabrica sola domus.*

*cum moriens erit hoc tandem mihi corpus ademptum
non luteum rursus sumere tale volam,
sed veluti vitra sit quae conflant aurea Graeci
vel tenuis caute lamina tunsa fabris
ut vigilet rex quem sopitum somnia fallant
aut sedeant ramis in nitidis ut aves
omnia quae norint dominis et condita cantent:
praeterita et quod iam praeterit et quod erit.*

Metre: Elegiacs

Translation:

Sailing to Byzantium (W.B. Yeats)

That is no country for old men. The young
 In one another's arms, birds in the trees
 —Those dying generations—at their song,
 The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
 Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
 Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.
 Caught in that sensual music all neglect
 Monuments of unaging intellect.

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
 A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
 Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
 For every tatter in its mortal dress,
 Nor is there singing school but studying
 Monuments of its own magnificence;
 And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
 To the holy city of Byzantium.

O sages standing in God's holy fire
 As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
 Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
 And be the singing-masters of my soul.
 Consume my heart away; sick with desire
 And fastened to a dying animal
 It knows not what it is; and gather me
 Into the artifice of eternity.

Once out of nature I shall never take
 My bodily form from any natural thing,
 But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
 Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
 To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
 Or set upon a golden bough to sing
 To lords and ladies of Byzantium
 Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

* * *

CANTUS CANUM

Chris Kelk

Chris Kelk writes: This is an old Rugby drinking song and is sung to the tune of *The Church's One Foundation*. As a professional actor, I frequently use it as a warm-up before a performance.

*tempus erat: conuenerunt ad uina latrantes
 ut biberent hilares, curribus atque scaphis.
 intrauere domum, figentes nomina libro,
 in pariete suum quisque pependit anum.
 sedibus impletis, quidam horum sanguine mixtus,
 sordidus atque minor, nunc uocat 'ignis adest!'
 terror corda canum quatit ut sic proximum anum illi
 captent currentes; maximus inde furor
 possedit cunctos, aliena quod illa gerebant
 quae manifestabant liuida signa sibi.
 ossum igitur canis ignorat, spectans alienum
 in dorso, dicens leniter: 'isne meus?'*

Metre: Elegiacs

Translation:

The Dog Song

The dogs they had a party, they came from near and far,
 And some dogs came by aeroplane and some dogs came by car;
 They came into the court-room and signed the visitors' book,
 Then each dog took his arsehole and hung it on a hook.

Now all the dogs were seated, each mother's son and sire,
 When a dirty little mongrel got up and shouted, 'Fire!'
 The dogs were in a panic, they had no time to look –
 Each took the nearest arsehole from off the nearest hook.

The dogs were very angry because it was so sore
To wear another's arsehole they'd never worn before.
And that it is the reason why a dog will leave his bone
To sniff another's arsehole in the hope that it's his own.

* * *

6 Satirical Epigrams

Paul Murgatroyd

Paul Murgatroyd writes: These translations from Greek originals in the Palatine Anthology are an attempt to do justice to the Greek epigrammatists.

A.P. 11.68

*Leuconoe, dicunt quidam te tingere crines;
sed coma nigra tibi nempe coempta foro.*

A.P.11.80

*marmoreum grate pugiles hic ponimus Apim.
uulnera nam nobis non pugil ille dedit.*

A.P. 11.113

*quod medicis manibus statuam Iouis attigit Agis,
nunc Iouis et statuae soluimus exsequias.*

A.P.11.192

*pendenti pendens iuxta Nasta inuidet Afro
liuidulus, quod crux celsior illa sua est.*

A.P. 11.223

*Furnius an futuat ne quaeras. namque ego noui:
haudquaquam futuit Furnius, os futuit.*

A.P. 11.236

*nempe mali Cilices cuncti; Cilicum tamen unus
uir bonus est Cinyras; est Cinyrasque Cilix.*

A.P. 11.315

*tu cubital nuper cernebas, Zoile, Nattae,
nec iam Natta suum cernere quit cubital.*

Metre: Elegiacs

Translations:

A.P.11.80

We boxers here are setting up a marble statue of Apis in gratitude. For that boxer did not wound us.

A.P. 11.113

Because Agis touched a statue of Jupiter with his doctor's hands, now we are performing funeral rites for Jupiter and the statue.

A.P.11.192

Nasta, crucified nearby, envies crucified Afer, jealous because that man's cross is higher than his own.

A.P. 11.223

Don't ask if Furnius fucks. For I know: Furnius doesn't fuck at all, his mouth fucks.

A.P. 11.236

Without doubt all Cilicians are bad; but alone of the Cilicians Cinyrs is a good man; and Cinyras is a Cilician.

A.P. 11.315

Zoilus, you recently set eyes on Natta's cushion, and Natta can no longer set eyes on his cushion.

* * *

FEATURES

A Classical Cricketing Classic

Barry Baldwin on an eighteenth-century Neo-Latin ode to cricket

Albeit rating no mention in Leicester Bradner's *Musae Anglicae* (perhaps as an American he was stumped by the game), the first piece of cricket literature is a glory of Anglo-Latin poetry. Bradner, incidentally, also missed Robert Matthew's *De Collegio Wintoniensi*, an old boy's poetic account (1647) of life at Winchester College, which refers to boys playing a game with *pila* ('ball') and *bacillo* ('stick'): some interpret this as cricket, others field hockey, an old-established game.

William Goldwin (or Goldwyn) published (to give the full title) *In Certamen Pilae – Anglice, A Cricket-Match* on March 29, 1706, in *Musae Juveniles*, a 29-page chapbook edited by one A. Baldwin (from whom I can trace no descent), along with eight other Latin poems ranging from a paean to Great Britain to various necrologies to a recent great storm to Valentine's Day, this last niftily sub-titled *sive avium Copulationem*.

Goldwin (born c. 1682) is an elusive figure. We know only that he attended Eton, then went up to King's College, Cambridge, where he graduated A. B. (an achievement recorded on the frontispiece of his *libellus*), subsequently becoming Master of Bristol Grammar School and Vicar of St. Nicholas' Church in the same city until his death in 1747. Whether our poem is a schoolboy or undergraduate exercise is uncertain.

A few Googling mouse-clicks will take you to an electronic reproduction of the original published text, also to disparate other Goldwiniana, such as a poem *Great Britain, or the happy isle* (London, 1705), a *Thanksgiving Sermon* preached on December 31 at Newnham in Hertfordshire (London, 1707), and a verse description of Bristol (London, 1712).

After two centuries of slumbering in the British Museum, the cricket epic was exhumed in the 1922 issue of *Etoniana*, via a text and translation by Harold Perry, which is conveniently reproduced (complete with its smattering of misprints: *bracha* for *bracchia*, *Catus* for *catus*, *cortatores* for *certatores*, *sod* for *sed* – this last a Freudian slip?) in (ed.) Christopher Lee (not the veteran of Hammer Films' horror films), *Through The Covers: An Anthology of Cricket Writing* (Oxford UP, 1996, pb. 1997), 102-107.

This inspired another verse translation from the pen of indefatigable cricket historian Percy Francis Thomas under his customary unprepossessing *nom-de-plume* H.P.-T. in *Early Cricket: a description of the first known match: and some comments on Creag', Criquet, Crice and Shakespeare's Clue* (H. P. Richards,

Nottingham, 1923). Googling finds no trace of an electronic version of this volume, which has always eluded me, a fate possibly not unconnected with the fact that a public auction (The Guy Curry Cricket Library, May 4, 2006) of a job-lot of Thomas' books including this one realised 2400 quid, considerably above the estimated going price.

Thomas' subtitle implies the long debate over the etymology of 'cricket'. No place for that here. But it may be said that Samuel Johnson in his *Dictionary* derived it 'from *cryce*, Saxon, a stick'. Contrary to some strange on-line denials, Johnson did define Cricket: 'A sport at which the contenders drive a ball with sticks in opposition to each other.' As will be seen, there is a link here with Goldwin's poem. Whether Johnson ever read it is unknowable. He was of course both connoisseur and practitioner of Latin verse (see my edition, Duckworth, London, 1995), also well-acquainted with Bristol. With cricket, too. Late in life (1782), showing Hannah More around Pembroke College, he gesticulated, 'There we played at cricket' (Boswell, *Life* 1. 76 n.). Boswell's venerable editors (Hill-Powell) doubt that he ever actually played. I hope this biographical umpiring decision is wrong. Johnson's powerful body and limbs might well qualify him as an eighteenth-century 'Beefy' Botham, although his deficiencies of vision and hearing would surely have impeded his prowess.

In his *Rambler* essay (no. 146, August 10, 1751), Johnson exemplifies cricket matches as one of the typical London man-about-town's enthusiasms. A Latin poem *On The Gin Act*, doubtfully ascribed to him (my edition, 175-178, offers grounds for authenticity), contains (v. 6) the Horatian tag *dulce lenimen*, the very phrase used in the September 1784 Minute Book of the Hambledon Cricket Club to designate its new Ladies' Loo.

Mind you, if the Great Cham of English literature seems an unlikely flasher of willow, what about Hitler? An article by Ben MacIntyre in *The Times* (March 18, 2010 – on-line) describes Adolf's one venture to the crease in a match he fixed up against some British prisoners of war. His chief concerns were to find in cricket the key to national character and to rewrite the rules, notably advocating the abandonment of pads as 'unmanly'. These twin concerns link him both to Goldwin and (of course) to Sir Henry Newbolt's famous *Vitai Lampada*. According to MacIntyre (drawing his information from John Simpson), the scorecard for Adolf's one appearance is lost, hence any record of how he performed. But, if the British army marching song be right, Hitler will have only had one ball ...

Europeans have always struggled with the (to them) mysteries of cricket. César de Saussure's account of his visit to England (1725-1736) is typical (English tr. Van Muyden, London, 1902, repr. in Liza Picard's *Dr. Johnson's London*, Weidenfeld & Nicholson, London, 2000, 127):

'The English are very fond of a game they call cricket. For this purpose they go into a large open field and knock a small ball about with a piece of wood. I, a visiting Frenchman, will not attempt to describe this game to you, it is too complicated, but it requires agility and skill and everyone plays it, the common people and also men of rank.'

The above mention of Newbolt serves as cue to observe that Goldwin's poem (which might have helped de Saussure) unleashed an avalanche of cricket poems in English throughout the century. These are described and analysed at length in a splendid article (available on the Cricinfo website) by distinguished classicist A. R. Littlewood. Relevant here is James Love's *Cricket: an Heroic Poem. Illustrated with the Critical Observations of Scriblerus Maximus* (1744). To the blatant classical tinge in the subtitle can be added his notes, some of which in both mock and serious scholarly form trace Virgilian allusions in this effusion, e.g. 'A place there is' (bk 2 v. 47) is glossed *est in secessu* - from *Aeneid* 1. 159, *est in secessu longo locus ...* Love (real name, Dance) later (London, 1770) published his poem; modernly edited by F. S. Ashley-Cooper (C. H. Richards, Nottingham, 1923), also available in a 1995 Manchester University Press version. Sentiments and notes effect a nice convergence of Anglo-Latin and Latino-Anglo cricket literature.

Goldwin's poem is adduced by Thomas and other cricket historians such as the Rev. James Pycroft's *The Cricket Field* (Cricket Press, London, 1887; repr. Cambridge Scholars Publishing, 2009) as evidence that the earliest official code of rules promulgated in 1744 was not so much innovatory as an updated revision in more sophisticated style of a considerably earlier formulation. Of many more modern histories of the game, some electronically available, see the first volume of *A History of Cricket* by Harry. S. Altham (Allen & Unwin, London, 1962; pb.1968 with E. W. Swanton); also former Prime Minister John Major's *More Than a Game* (Harper Collins, London, 2007). As we shall see, while there is certainly something in this, one passage of Goldwin's epic suggests that things were far from fixed in his day.

Recurring (none too soon, some may mutter, but I am no enemy of diversity) to Goldwin's Latinity, since this essay is in modern cricketing terms more 20-20 than five-day test, space only for basic generality and some particularities of details. The poem comprises 95 hexameters, largely though not exclusively inspired by Virgil - no surprise there. Fluent, if sometimes a trifle monotonous, they are metrically correct. Unless I have missed something through batting fatigue, there seems only one questionable case, and that only if (a big IF, sometimes) Lewis & Short can be trusted. For a Latin equivalent of 'cricket ball', Goldwin came up with *coriaceus orbis*, thus confirming that the leather ball was now in use. Lewis & Short, however, mark this adjective's first three vowels as short, hence impossible in an hexameter. The epithet, though, is late

Latin, cited only from the prose historian Ammianus Marcellinus (24. 3. 11), hence not in the Oxford Latin Dictionary. Thus, no clear way of knowing its metrical quantities, and it would be quite justifiable to make the 'a' long: ancient as well as neo-Latin poets did so 'cheat' under scansion pressure.

As any good bowler, Goldwin does occasionally vary his pace. He once employs a spondee in the fifth foot (*interuallum*), once the rare but Virgilianly-licensed device of hypermeter (*orditur lusum; nam dum cursusque recursusque*). Both work well, the dragging-down spondaic effect suits the sense of 'interval', whilst the hypermeter neatly emphasises the repeated swift action inherent in the Latin.

Verses 1-3 set the stage:

*Vere novo, cum temperies liquidissima coeli
arridet, suadetque uirentis gratia terrae
ueloces agitare pedes super aequora campi...*

A medley of quotations, tags, and close adaptations in the usual Neo-Latin way. The opening is from Virgil, *Georgic* 1. 43-44, plus echoes of Lucretius 2. 32-33 and a fragment from Ennius' *Annales*. Virgil is an unsurprising inspiration for the rustic setting. Near the poem's end, by a kind of ring composition, Goldwin begins a verse with *feruet opus*, verbatim from *Georgic* 4. 169. Two other lines from this same poem provide the epigraph to his *Musae Juueniles*. Such an emphatically vernal exordium may suggest a season-opening match, blessed with fine weather and no danger of rain delays.

Enter the home team, *lecta cohors juuenum*. Its youthful composition, repeated near the end, is not reflected in Perry's English version. This might suggest an Etonian Eleven. But not a house match, it seems, since the opposiiton are billed simply as *manus adversaria*, without reference to age. Conceivably, it is a contest between the school and a visiting adult team, similar to the one between Rugby and the Marylebone representatives that culminates *Tom Brown's Schooldays*.

The lads march upon the pitch like a triumphant Roman general, each individual full of himself: *in campum descendit ouans; sua gloria cuique* – the latter expression, at least as old as Tibullus, is now common in manuals of Latin proverbs. This military imagery continues: *baculis armata repandis*. Goldwin's description is well-chosen. As seen, Johnson's definiiton speaks of sticks, and the oldest surviving cricket bat, belonging to John Chitty of Knaphill, Surrey, now in the Oval pavilion, dated 1729 (the very year young Sam was playing at Oxford) resembles a field hockey stick more than a modern bat.

Goldwin's are ones *quos habiles ludo manus ingeniosa poliuit*, the last words a tag also found in (e.g.) *Musae Etonienses* (ed. G. Heath, 1795). Presumably a reference to rude branches or sticks being duly cut into shape, thereby qualifying de Saussure's 'pieces of wood'; but are we also to think of them as being oiled?

Three individual players are then singled out for their bowling and fielding skills, the last receiving a complimentary tag - *quo non praestantior alter* - from Virgil (*Aen.* 6. 164), endorsed by the late (so not in the OLD) noun *libramine*.

Enter now the opposing team, with echoes of Catullus 108.1 (*cana senectus*) and Horace, Epodes 13.18 (*laetis alloquiis*), comporting one of the poem's most intriguing moments. A violent quarrel breaks out over by what rules the match is to be played: *ciuiliesque iras, quod uult imponere ludo / quisque suas leges*. It is finally settled by a grey old veteran, classicised as Nestor ('a Daniel come to judgement', as Perry niftily renders it). Unless we are to suppose mere cantankerousness, this dispute must surely suggest that the rules of the game were not so settled in Goldwin's day as after the 1744 code.

There follows a description of match preparation. Notable details include a batting wicket smoothed out in the meadow (Perry ekes this out with 'Happy chance!' - not in the Latin), tall stumps topped by a single (because only two stumps) white (*alba*) bail, and two (now replacing the previous lone official) umpires (*moderatores bini stationibus aptis*), leaning on their own bats (*fustibus innixi*, here functioning as primitive shooting-sticks), which the batsmen must touch if their runs are to count.

Then the scorers, for whom one is bound to feel compassionate admiration. Two trusty (naturally!) souls (*pectora fida*, a classical idiom) who keep the tally by notching sticks with knives. No electronic scoreboards here: how would they have coped with modern 20-20 and one-day sloggings?

A coin toss decides who bats first, the umpire gives his verbal signal ('Old Bailey stepped up, and called 'Play'' - *Tom Brown's Schooldays*), and the innings begins. Goldwin's narrative is inevitably in the manner of Latin epic martial description, in this context perhaps meant to recall how Virgil did the same with his battle of the bees in *Georgic* 4. One especially neat touch is his dubbing of the opening pair of batsmen as *duo fulmina ludi*, evoking Virgil's (*Aen.* 6.842) *duo fulmina belli*, namely the two Scipios from the Hannibalic War awaiting birth in his underworld.

The bowler begins play with a *pila lubrica*. Is it literally greased? Or made wet by his spittle? The 'expectorate' pitch, long banned from baseball, also comes to mind. However this may have been there is an attested case from 1806 of a bowler sticking on wet dirt, balls at this time were bowled fast underarm, which here does not preclude the receiving batsman from hitting what looked destined to be a towering six, something that might have comforted Greg

Chappell when he made that infamous last ball underhand decision against New Zealand in 1981.

No six, though, thanks to the skill (*catus*, modernly misprinted as a proper name *Catus*) and speed of the man in deep field (Goldwin's *explorator* is perhaps a bit desperate, but how would you or I render 'fielder?'), who catches the ball and in modern show-off style tosses it high in the air as his team-mates rush cheering towards him. Apropos noise, whilst the crowd is described in 'Barmy Army' terms, there is no sign of 'sledging' on the field, though this practice would be plausible enough for Goldwin's time.

The first inning ends with a run-out: *labitur infelix, pronus metamque sub ipsam / procumbit*, where *metam* (a term from chariot-racing) meaning 'crease' is amusingly misprinted in Perry as 'case'. The other team comes in to bat, the game is suitably won by a mighty six, and Goldwin signs off with a final epic military flourish comports an effective run of 'c' sounds suitable to his subject:

lusumque coronat;

concertata diu Victoria concrepat alis,

et complet clamore polum fremituque secundo.

I stop here as well, anticipating umpire Walker's intervention by declaring this essay closed.

* * *

Steganometrographia

Laura Gibbs describes an extraordinary method of ‘encoding’
elegiac verses

If like me you are addicted to the espionage television series *Spooks* (known as *MI-5* in the U.S.), you may be familiar with the term steganography, which refers to the hiding of secret messages in plain sight, concealed inside an innocuous image or text which does not call attention to itself as something suspicious. For example, in one episode (‘Infiltration’), a hacker, who knew his life was in danger, had to hide a message somewhere before he was killed. He hid the message in his room, but no one could find it ... until, that is, someone noticed there was something not quite right about the periodic table of elements hanging on his wall. Sure enough, the hacker had replaced some of the symbols and atomic numbers with his own letters and numbers: the message was hiding in plain sight.

There are many examples of steganography, both ancient and modern. A famous case from the ancient world is recounted in Herodotus, who tells us that the tyrant Histiaeus shaved the head of a slave, tattooed a message on the slave’s shaved head, and then waited for the hair to grow back. He then sent the slave to his ally, who shaved the slave’s head and read the message. The message was hiding in plain sight – if you knew where to look. There are contemporary examples of steganography as well. For example, modern steganography is able to use digital technology to hide messages electronically, pixel by pixel, so that if you know which pixels to extract from a digital image, a completely new image emerges. How do you get the information about which pixels to extract? That information can be conveyed in an innocuous number-dense format, such as a Sudoku puzzle!

The term steganography comes from the Greek roots *stego*, ‘cover tightly, make waterproof’ (as in *Stegosaurus*, the dinosaur who had what looked like armour plating) and *graphe*, ‘writing’. Although the roots are Greek, the term is modern, coined by Johannes Tirhemius in 1499 in a book entitled *Steganographia*. Then, in 1751, Melchias Uken coined a new term: *Steganometrographia*. Here is how the title page of the book – available at GoogleBooks – explains the term: *Steganometrographia, sive Artificium novum & inauditum*:

*quo quilibet etiam Latinae linguae & poëseos ignarus
soliusque maternae linguae beneficio instructus epistolam
Latino aut Germanico idiomate & quidem elegiaco carmine
scribere potest & secretos animi sui conceptus absenti
manifestare absque omni latentis secreti suspitione*

‘*Steganometrographia*, or a new and unheard-of Device by means of which anyone, even someone who is ignorant of the Latin language and versification, equipped with the aid of his maternal language only, can write in Latin (or German) a poem, an elegiac poem in fact, and reveal the secret thoughts of his mind to someone *in absentia* without any suspicion of a hidden secret message.’

The title page also bears an amusing motto: *VOLUNT SED NON POSSUNT*, ‘They want to, but are not able’, i.e. they want to know the secret message, but they are not able to (unless, of course, they are in possession of Uken’s book). Or, perhaps, it means that they want to write poetry in Latin, but they are not able to (unless they are lucky enough to have a copy of Uken’s book). The motto is accompanied by an emblem showing a noble-looking man, surveying a crowd of beasts – the man being possessed of intelligence, while the poor beasts are dumb. (For those whose complete lack of Latin precluded their use of the 1751 edition of *Steganometrographia*, a German edition of the book followed in 1759, entitled *Geheimschreibkunst in Versen*, and it is also available at GoogleBooks.)

Uken prefaces the book with an explanation of its strange title, *Quid hoc monstri, quid hoc nominis?*, he says, ‘What kind of marvel is this, what kind of word?’. He provides a long list of the authors who have written about steganography, but *steganometrographia*, the concealing of messages in metrical writing, is something he has invented himself. What Uken offers is a system of encoding a message in the form of a Latin elegiac poem. It is a combination of steganography with a substitution cypher – but unlike conventional substitution cyphers, Uken’s system substitutes each letter of the secret message with a chunk of metrically correct Latin so that when the chunks are assembled, the result is a Latin elegiac poem. What is even more amazing about Uken’s system is that the poem makes sense, since the chunks are not only metrically equivalent but also grammatically interchangeable.

To carry out Uken’s system you do need his book (which you can download from [GoogleBooks](#)) because the book supplies the tables used for both encoding the message and also for decoding it. Uken offers three different elegiac encoding systems, each of which yields a poem up to 22 lines in length, encoding a message of up to 44 letters (each half-line corresponds to a letter). To encode your message, you simply use the tables in order, numbered 1 to 44, choosing the chunk of Latin corresponding to the letter of your message. To give you a sense of the the resulting poetry, I have taken a little Latin message and encoded it using Uken’s system.

Version 1

In this version, the secret message is *LAURA HAEC SCRIBIT* (16 letters, yielding 8 lines of poetry in four couplets):

*promptus, amice, uelis chartae perfringere gemmam;
 e fortunatis aduenit illa locis.
 non tibi fatales narrabit epistola casus,
 mentis delicias soluat ut illa tuas.
 sat tibi nota domus, qua degit carminis author.
 semper eras Tutor; debeo cuncta tibi!
 cuique suum tribuis; multa pietate coruscas;
 es purus sceleris; non tibi fastus inest.*

'My friend, be quick to break the wax-seal of this paper; it has come from happy places. This letter will not tell you about deathly calamities to undo the delights of your mind. The house is well-known enough to you where the author of this poem resides. You were always my Protector; I owe everything to you: you give to each his own, you shine with great piety, you are pure of wrong-doing, there is no arrogance in you.'

Version 2

In this version, the secret message is *SCRIBIT LAURA HAEC*:

*ne tibi displiceat tectis admittere chartam;
 a tibi dilectis, crede, uenire plagis.
 non importunos memorabit epistola questus;
 praefica laetities non ego tollo tuas.
 arx est nota tibi qua dulcis epistola uenit.
 praesidium fueras deliciaeque meae!
 non nisi iusta facis; magna probitate coruscas;
 numine digna sapis; lactea corda geris.*

'Don't let it displease you to allow this paper into your house; know that it has come to you from beloved regions. This letter will not recall annoying complaints; I am not a paid mourner to take away your joys. The citadel is known to you whence this sweet letter comes. You were my defense and my delight: you do nothing but what is right, you shine with great honesty, you know things worthy of God, your heart is candid.'

Version 3

In this version, the secret message is *LAURA SCRIBIT HAEC*:

promptus, amice, uelis chartae perfringere gemmam;

e fortunatis aduenit illa locis.

non tibi fatales mea pandet epistola casus,

laetitiae causas nam fouet ipsa tuas.

chara tibi domus est, quae talia uidit arantem.

semper Nisus eras, quod mea Musa canet!

non nisi iusta facis; magna probitate coruscas;

numine digna sapis; lactea corda geris.

'My friend, be quick to break the wax-seal of this paper; it has come from happy places. My letter will not disclose to you deadly calamities, for it cherishes your motives for joy. The house is dear to you which sees the one cultivating such (words as these). You were always Nisus (i.e. to my Euryalus), a fact which my Muse will sing; you do nothing but what is right, you shine with great honesty, you know things worthy of God, your heart is candid.'

Notice that Version 3 opens with the same words as Version 1, because they both start with the encoded letters LAURA. Version 3 closes with the same words as Version 2, because they both end with the encoded letters HAEC. In addition to these verbatim repetitions because of the identical parts of the encoded message, you can also see the more general pattern of meaning shared by all three versions. The first couplet urges the recipient to open the letter and to be confident in its origins. The second couplet promises that the letter will bring happy tidings that will not disturb the recipient's peace of mind. The third couplet declares the the writer is someone known to the recipient, and asserts their close relationship. The fourth couplet them praises the recipient for his good moral qualities.

Yet even though the poem has the same general idea for each couplet, each version of the poem is distinctly different in some way from every other version, and the number of versions is simply staggering. Each fragment has 23 possible realizations as listed in the table (ABCDEFGHIJKLMNQRSTVWXXZ), based on the letters of the Latin alphabet, along with a W to accommodate the author's anticipation that German messages might be encoded in the Latin verses. So, that means that for each 22-line poem, which consists

of 44 different elements, each with 23 realizations, the number of poems that can be generated from the table for a single poem (and Uken offers three such sets of tables, based on three different poems) is 8×10^{59} , which is to say 8 followed by 59 zeroes. That is not just 8 billion poems (that would be a mere 8×10^9), and not just 8 trillion poems (that would be 8×10^{12}), and not even 8 billion billion (that would be 8×10^{18}), but eighty thousand billion billion billion billion billion billion poems. That is a lot of poems.

Those numbers are a bit intimidating, of course, and that is because they increase exponentially – literally! For the small eight-line poem which I have composed here, the number of versions is still astounding: the 8 lines contain a total of 16 elements, each with 23 possible realizations, which yields 6×10^{21} permutations – in other words, six thousand billion billion poems: 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. I have shown you three examples, which means you can use the tables to generate the other 5,999,999,999,999,999,999,997 eight-line poems at your leisure.

Given all the readily available forms of encryption available to us today, it is unlikely that anyone will want to use Uken's system for the sending and receiving of coded messages. What is of real value, however, is the way in which the system provides a kind of 'skeleton' of the Latin elegiac couplet so that you can see just how the metrical elements combine to create the alternating hexameter and pentameter lines of a couplet. You can play with Uken's system to create poetry not just in order to encode secret messages, but for the sheer pleasure of creating your own Latin poetry – formulaic, to be sure, but still original. With billions and billions and billions of possibilities, any poem you generate with this system is likely to be a poem no one has written or read in Latin before.

So, for example, I could choose from Uken's tables based on the phrases I like in order to create this version of the opening couplet of the poem:

ne cunctare, precor, praesentem uoluer chartam;

ex non ingratis hanc tibi mitto locis.

'I beg you, don't delay to unfold the page in front of you; I send it to you from a not unpleasant locale.'

In terms of a coded message, it is nonsense (AZZV), but it is perfectly good poetry, and I rather like it; of all the possible permutations for the first couplet (and that would be 279,841 possible permutations), I like this one the best.

If you look through the options for the second half of the first line, you can see that what is required grammatically is an infinitive verb that refers in some way to the opening or receiving of the letter: *praesentem uoluere chartam* is the option I chose. I have listed below all 23 metrically correct possibilities Uken devised for this particular half-line. As you can see, he is picking up from the second element of the third foot (either a single heavy or two light syllables), followed by the fourth foot (spondee or dactyl), and ending in the usual dactyl-spondee that is typical of the hexameter verse line. To make the metrical substitutions clear, I have divided the 23 options up into the four metrical possibilities, while also grouping them to show something of the semantic variations that Uken is playing with.

Group 1

These are the options that start with a heavy syllable followed by a spondee:

- *chartae perfringere gemmam*
- *chartae perfringere ceram*
- *chartam lustrare legendo*
- *uultum concedere chartae*
- *uultum indulgere tabellae*
- *nostram acceptare tabellam*
- *quam cernis uoluere chartam*
- *praesentem uoluere chartam*
- *praesentem euoluere chartam*
- *tectis admittere chartam*
- *lustrare hanc lumine chartam*

Group 2

These are the options that start with a heavy syllable followed by a dactyl:

- *concedere limina chartae*
- *concedere lumina chartae*
- *nostrae dare lumina chartae*
- *percurrere lumine chartam*
- *lustrare legendo tabellam*

Group 3

These are the options that start with two light syllables followed by a spondee:

- *peregrinam uoluere chartam*
- *peregrinam euoluere chartam*

Group 4

These are the options that start with two light syllables followed by a dactyl:

- *sua uincula demere chartae*
- *sua uincula soluere chartae*
- *sua uincula rumpere chartae*
- *sua uincula tollere chartae*
- *sua tollere uincla tabellae*

After studying the variations that Uken is playing with, you could create some of your own. For example, in Group 4, Uken has four different verbs that can be used for opening the letter, which he refers to each time as *charta*. In a variation, he uses *tabella* instead of *carta*, and has recourse to the apocopated form *vincla* for *vincula* to make it fit the meter: *sua vincula tollere chartae* becomes *sua tollere vincla tabellae*. He offers that variation for only the one verb, *tollere*, but of course it would work for the other three: *sua demere vincla tabellae*, *sua solvere vincla tabellae*, and *sua rumpere vincla tabellae*. So, by adding those three new variations, you have multiplied three-fold the total number of permutations possible in the system.

Look also at the variation in the first group: *praesentem uoluere chartam*. The pattern here consists of an adjective in the accusative, followed by the infinitive and accusative noun; you could create your own variations by replacing the adjective *praesentem* with any other adjective that has the same metrical properties, consisting of three heavy syllables, such as: *iucundam uoluere chartam* or *sinceram uoluere chartam*.

Then look at Group 3. There you see that you can have an adjective in first position with a different metrical pattern: *peregrinam uoluere chartam*, where the adjective consists of two lights followed by two heavys. You could create your own variations based on this pattern, such as *inopinam uoluere chartam* and *studiosam uoluere chartam* – and *studiosa* would be a fine adjective to use; it really does take some time to flip through the tables one after another encoding your message letter by letter; being a good spy can be very time-consuming!

This playful sense of substitution, based on the abstract patterns of grammatical and metrical variation, might also inspire you to modify and adapt other bits of hexametric verse. For example, you could turn the famous opening words of the *Aeneid*, *arma uirumque cano*, into a kind of verse-generating machine by creating substitutions as Uken does. Instead of *arma* for that first word, find any accusative noun with the syllabic pattern heavy-light (you'll want plural neuter nouns of the second declension to get that final light syllable in the accusative; the following consonant

means the only way to get a light syllable in that position is with a short vowel not followed by a consonant):

- *uota uirumque cano*: I sing vows and the man
- *saecla uirumque cano*: I sing ages and the man
- *tela uirumque cano*: I sing missiles and the man
- *bella uirumque cano*: I sing wars and the man

For *uirumque*, you'll want an accusative noun that goes light-heavy, and the possibility of that heavy ending opens up the whole range of bisyllabic nouns, singular and plural – the trick here is making sure the first syllable is light, and that the noun begins with a consonant to avoid elision:

- *arma focumque cano*: I sing arms and the hearth
- *uota fidemque cano*: I sing vows and a faith
- *bella rosasque cano*: I sing the wars and the roses
- *saecla uirosque cano*: I sing ages and the men

As you can see, every existing line of Latin verse can be the basis for a verse-generating machine like the one Uken constructed for his steganographic – or, more exactly, steganometrographic – purposes. There is nothing to be embarrassed about in composing verse in this way; it hearkens back to the methods of oral composition used by the earliest Homeric poets after all. (For a great introduction to 'oral formulaic composition', read the marvelous book *The Singer of Tales* by Albert Lord.)

So, if you want to see just how Latin poetry consists of the interplay between units of meter and units of meaning, take some time to explore Uken's odd little book, and then you might take a few lines from Virgil or one of your favorite elegiac couplets and see if you can turn it into a verse-generating machine of your own, using your knowledge of Latin vocabulary and Latin metre to create the necessary substitutions. Just as you can start off an English poem with 'Duh-duh are duh; Violets are blue; duh-duh is duh – and so are you,' you can do the same thing with Latin poetry, letting the interplay of sound and sense unleash your inner Muse. And, if the spies from *Spooks* (MI-5) are after you, you could also use your knowledge of Latin poetry to build your own steganometrographic encoding and decoding machine – but watch out, because quite a few of those spies did Latin in school, too!

* * *

The Latin Muse of Gerald Manley Hopkins

Stephen Coombs on the Latin works of a famously eccentric English poet

Eccentric to the point of unreadability – this was how his most characteristic poems (in English) appeared when first published. Later he came to be seen as a pioneer of modernity. But Hopkins (1844-1889) was far from being an instinctive cultural rebel; he converted to Roman Catholicism, as did many of his contemporaries, and became a submissive Jesuit and a priest. His disregard for conventionality was purely a result of an intransigent fidelity to unique insights. He was a diligent if somewhat homespun theorist of aesthetics. He developed new rhythmic principles, invented new shapes and coined new terms with which to define them. His verse was throughout the antithesis of anything free-formed or Whitmanesque.

He was also surely the last great English poet unselfconsciously to lay claim to a ‘Latin muse’¹. The standard edition² of his poetry presents 23 distinct items in Latin. All except two follow classical schemes of versification. Most are in elegiacs, but there are three in hendecasyllables and one each in hexameters, iambic distichs, First Archilochians, Fourth Archilochians and First Pythiambics. Hopkins’ readiness to turn in his maturity to the four last-named metres, associated with Horace, the most varied of classical poets, chimes well with Hopkins’ own interest in rhythmic subtleties when writing in English.

The thought of looking into the Latin poetry of such a man as Hopkins fills one with excitement mixed with a fear of imminent disappointment. A verdict like that of W. S. West³ would lead one to expect the worst: ‘As a writer of Latin verse Hopkins is unremarkable; many of his contemporaries, the product (like him) of English public schools and the ancient universities, could do much better. I doubt whether the awkwardnesses and infelicities of his Latin can reasonably be attributed to that deliberate ‘avoidance of commonplace syntax’ (1990 edition, p. vii) which characterizes his English poetry.’

In my opinion this is not entirely fair comment. We do not know whether Hopkins himself was satisfied with the piece most castigated by West, hexameters titled *Inundatio Oxoniana* (i.e. ‘An Oxford Flood’,) No. 82, in all likelihood written while he was an undergraduate. Of the elegiac pieces many were written before Hopkins was ordained priest in 1877 and appear to be at bottom the work of a scholar anxious to keep his hand in. The elegiacs taken as a whole include eulogies of saints, translations and verses written for particular occasions.

One special occasion produced an address to the Bishop of Shrewsbury, No. 102 (b), of which the opening 18 lines – the poem originally envisaged consisted of 46 – were deleted before

presentation as being unintelligible, presumably by fellow-Jesuits. However what the censors fail to be grasp must have been the relevance of the content, rather than the way it was couched in words. Before mentioning the anniversary celebrations of the intended recipient Hopkins compares – at length! – the changing year with the changing aspect of a rotating urn. Here is a sample, lines 11-18:

*indidit hoc nobis uarium qui temperat annum,
sol ubi prae cunctis igneus unus inest;
et per uersa uices series succedat ut aruis
et media his aestas ut sit aprica magis.
at si quid rerum minus ipse notauerat ordo
addita non illud signa latere sinunt.
obscuras olim tulit ambitus ille calendas
nostra sed insignes esse rubrica facit.*

‘He who for our sake established this [the revolution of the heavens] is the moderator [firstly] of the changeable year incorporating a single sun exceeding all things in fieriness: [secondly] of a successive sequence [of seasons] rotating in turn for the sake of the land we cultivate, and [thirdly] of midsummer’s provision of that land with a greater opportunity to bask. - Now if a certain matter had not been made sufficiently clear by the order of things itself, further signs have been given to ensure it shall not go unremarked. The said yearly cycle brought us a month that from the start seemed unimportant, but our heading in red ink [i.e. the dedication of the poem] has made it illustrious.’

Both thought and expression here are a little convoluted, but it is Hopkins’ way to subject material, grammar and usage to strain. Note *per uersa uices series*, where the preposition governs *uices* and *uersa* agrees with *series*: most of us who versify in Latin would not make so free with word order.

It seems to me that Hopkins’ muse is more effective when his metres are less hackneyed, even in the case of an item, No. 92, addressed to a newly appointed Jesuit provincial (in iambic distichs):

*haec te iubent saluere, quod possunt, loca
diluta nimiis imbribus,
multum, pater, saluere deserens iubet*

infecta prata foenisex.
sed candidatus quem uides nostrum chorus
ipso colore prospera
uidetur augurari et ore optat meo
et gratias et gaudia.
intonsus ergo hic cum suis pastoribus
bene vertat oro grex tuus
et quae tuae nouella cura dexterarum
remittere prouincia.

‘These tracts, washed to fragments with overmuch rain, bid you such welcome as they can: the man whose job it is to cut the hay bids much welcome, Father, as he deserts the waterlogged meadows. But a choir in shining white - ours, as you see! - appears just by its hue to foretell good fortune and wishes you from my mouth both esteem and happiness. So I pray that this your unshorn flock, together with its shepherds, may turn out to the good, as also your new responsibility, the province now being consigned to your controlling hand.’

There is humour here, irony turned upon the speaker himself and a certain jauntiness by no means out of keeping with the ethos of Horace’s epodes.

In October 1886 Hopkins was seized with a desire to Latinise several of the songs found in Shakespeare’s plays. His aim is clearly to come up with effective poetry of a classical type, often paraphrasing rather than simply transposing. When (using the First Pythiambic metre) he takes up ‘Come unto these yellow sands’ from *The Tempest*, No. 165 (a), the surreality of Shakespeare’s text seems to merge inextricably with that never quite graspable eeriness of ancient art:

ocius o flauas, has ocius o ad arenas,
manusque manibus iungite;
post salue dictum, post oscula; dum neque uenti
ferum neque obstrepat mare.
tum pede sic agiles terram pulsabitis et sic

pulsabitis terram pede.
uos, dulces nymphae, spectabitis interea; quin
plausu modos signabitis.
lasciuae latrare: ita plaudere. at hoc iuuat: ergo
et Hecuba et Hecubae nos canes
allatrent. gallus sed enim occinit. occinat: aequumst
cantare gallos temperi.

‘Oh faster toward the yellow, faster oh toward these sands! - and join hands to hands, after hello has been said, after the kisses, while neither the winds nor the wild sea roar at us. Then you will lithely stamp the earth with your feet - so! - and so! - with your feet stamp the earth. - In the meantime you, lovely nymphs, shall be spectators: indeed, you shall clap to underscore the beat: bark without constraint, and clap as you do so! Now this is delightful, so let Hecuba and Hecuba’s hounds bark at us too. - But now the cockerel is crowing. Let him crow - it is only proper that cockerels sing out on time.’

The greater an artist’s ambition may be, the more he lays himself open to criticism. The Latin of the first line would be idiomatic enough in the right classical poetic context but seems affected and over-dramatic if one takes account of the fact that Shakespeare’s opening is quite underplayed and would do equally well as prose. Here we meet in Latin the ‘O’ which the poet so often inserts into his English lines. The interjection, verbal repetition and gentle incoherence in a first line is paralleled in No. 131, a sonnet titled *Henry Purcell* and written seven years earlier. It opens thus: ‘Have fáir fállen, O fáir, fáir have fállen, so déar / To me, so arch-especial a spirit as heaves in Henry Purcell ...’

The free-standing infinitives in line 9 impose on the reader a need to decide how he will incorporate them into the general train of thought: the finite verb I would supply would have an optative or imperative turn. Similar choices confront readers of Hopkins’ poetry in English, for there also egregious densities of expression are often to be found.

The introduction in line 10 of Hecuba and her dogs provides the mythological name-dropping which teachers may encourage in pupils but seems gratuitous. It is also inappropriate for metrical reasons. The master, Horace, never breaks up the longs of both the first and second feet of an iambic line into short syllables. Moreover it is only for special effect that he in one instance does treat in such a way the first foot of an iambic dimeter line in a First Pythiambic poem (Epode 15 line 24), *ast ego uicissim risero*, ‘but then it will be my turn to laugh’. Here the unexpected variation in

rhythm sounds, with extraordinary appositeness, just like a snigger. However the singular metrical effect Hopkins has opted for is grievously at odds with the sense: a group of six short syllables might fit in with some kind of very rapid knocking or chirping but absolutely not with barking or baying.

It would be difficult not to translate Hopkins' *occino* as to crow, as I have done, but if the verb primarily means to sing inauspiciously, which is what the dictionary tells us, there is an ugly incongruence here with the immediately following *aequumst*. All these things notwithstanding the piece makes attractive, rewarding and indeed palpably Hopkinsian reading.

In his Latin version of part of 'When icicles hang by the hall' from *Love's Labour's Lost* Hopkins felicitously adopts for his wintry theme the demanding metre, the Fourth Archilochian, used by Horace for his spring musings in Odes 1, 4. Hopkins even apes Horace's memorable opening phrase *soluitur acris hiems*. Like Horace, Hopkins is painting a scene and does it vividly:

institit acris hiemps: glacies simul imbrices ad imas
promissa passim ut horret haec! Camillus
pastor, primores quotiens miser afflat ore in unguis,
ut ore, rore, uix fouet rigentes!
grandia ligna foco fert Marcipor uuidis struendo
uestigiis in atrium secutus
aut stupet, e tepido quod presserat ubere ipse, mulctris
haesisse tam liquore posse nullo.

'Keen winter has arrived. See how ice has grown here and bristles all along nethermost tiles, how poor Camillus the shepherd keeps blowing on the tips of his fingernails, how his mouth and spittle hardly do anything to mitigate the stiff cold upon them. Marcipor carries great logs to make a fire, being followed into the hall by his wet footprints - or else he finds, to his astonishment, that what he himself had pressed out of a barely warm udder has managed to get stuck to the milking pail without a drop of it remaining liquid.'

Actually *institit* in an absolute sense means not 'has come upon us', which must have been Hopkins' intention and would suit the etymology of the word, but on the contrary 'has drawn close, is threatening', i.e. 'is not yet upon us'. In the second line *ut horret haec* seems to me to jolt pointlessly. Likewise in the last line the heaping of one infinitive upon another – both having similar

endings – is detrimental not only to the working of poetic magic but also to the comfort of one’s mental tongue.

It has been suggested⁴ that a re-examination of Catullus’ hendecasyllables for some of the Shakespeare renditions may have inspired the writing of his (English) *Epithalamion*, No. 172, but I do not find real reminiscences there of Catullus’ wedding poems. Hopkins’ education had steeped him in the classical authors, but there is no sign of their having aroused in him the enthusiasm otherwise typical of his reactions to both art and nature. Perhaps we should not expect such signs, but simply take a degree of genuine appreciation for granted. Nonetheless I suspect that an extraordinarily intense experience of the potency of a particular poet or genre would have been required for Hopkins, as for any scholar of his and succeeding generations, to rid himself of the sense that writing quantitative Latin verse is actually only a sort of exercise, albeit one of an exalted kind.⁵

Such a self-restricting view does not affect Hopkins in his two Latin poems in non-classical style. Here we perceive a true naturalness and a liberation from strict norms: there is, for instance, no dutiful counting of syllables. Perhaps the frequency of rhymes between identical grammatical forms can leave a facile impression, as it can in much mediaeval Latin verse. But we also find passages which even non-Latinists could guess to be effective poetry. The following passage is from the deeply felt eucharistic hymn for Christmas, *Ad Mariam Virginem*, No. 91. A series of invocations of identical format has of course many precedents, cf. the well-known Litany of Loreto, but Hopkins’ example is very striking:

doce me gaudere

rosa, tuo uere,

uirga, tuo flore,

uellus, tuo rore,

arca, tuo lege,

thronus, tuo rege,

acies, tuo duce,

luna, tuo luce,

stella, tuo sole,

parens, tuo prole.

nam tumeo et abundo

immundo adhuc mundo ...

‘Teach me to be gladdened, in that you are a rose, by your Spring; a green twig, by your Blossom; a fleece, by your Dew; an ark, by your Law; a throne, by your King; a battle line, by your Commander; a moon, by your Light; a star, by your Sun; a parent, by your Offspring. For it is by the filthy world that I as yet am made to swell up and overflow...’

Notes:

1. 13 Oct. 1886 in a letter to Robert Bridges
2. *The Poetical Works of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, ed. Norman H. Mackenzie, Oxford 1990. I use the numbering found in this edition. The translations provided here are my own: others, insensitive and pedestrian, can be found in the 1990 edition or, for most of the pieces, in *The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, Fourth Edition, ed. W. H. Gardner and N. H. Mackenzie, Oxford 1967.
3. In the introduction to ‘Notes on the Latin Poems of Gerald Manley Hopkins’, *Translation and Literature*, Vol. 6 No. 1 (1997) pp. 83-88. The body of West’s article is not concerned with assessing the value or interest of Hopkins’ Latin poems but rather with amending the English translations of them provided in the published editions.
4. Norman White, *Hopkins A Literary Biography*, Oxford 1992, p. 428.
5. This is indeed taken as a self-evident premise in one of the very best guides to writing in the style of a Latin poet, namely Noel A. Bonavia-Hunt, *Horace the Minstrel*, Kineton, 1969.

* * *

De gustibus non est disputandum

Letters to: vates@pineapplepubs.co.uk

Some responses to the Mea Culpa article in Issue 2:

Dear **VATES**,

Your second issue raised some fascinating questions about the modern treatment of quantitative metres. When reading Renaissance poets like Pontanus, Marullus and Politianus, I often wonder what they 'heard'. As for myself, my only certainty is that what I 'hear' when I read quantitative verse remains corrupted by an ear attuned to stress. I doubt that I 'hear' anything remotely like what Pontanus or Politianus, for example, 'heard'; and, despite Sidney Allen and Sturtevant, what Ovid or Tibullus or Propertius might have 'heard' remains for me, if not lost, at least almost hopelessly enshrouded in the mists of time. I suppose that this leaves me a Doubting Thomas regarding a meaningful aural or linguistic basis for quantitative innovations (skepticism mitigated somewhat by things like *Peruigilium Veneris*, Ambrosian hymnology, and Leonine hexameters). I'll be looking forward to further discussions on this topic.

Bob Zisk

Dear **VATES**,

Non Tua Culpa Fuit, Marcel!

Forget that snotty Classics prof, Mark, he merely made a fool of himself. Ovid himself provides ample refutation in his *Epistulae ex Ponto*. There (1. 6. 26), he has one case of plain *est* at the end of a pentameter, plus 19 cases of *est* preceded by an elision: 1. 9. 4, 2. 2. 44, 2. 2. 118, 2. 4. 30, 2. 9. 54, 2. 10. 18, 3. 1. 54, 3. 1. 120, 3. 4. 48, 3. 4. 60. 3. 5. 44. 3. 9. 6, 4. 1. 14, 4. 2. 34, 4. 6. 5, 4. 9. 90, 4. 9. 98, 4. 14. 36 & 38.

Furthermore, Ovid in the same poems freely scatters other non-disyllabic endings: 2. 2. 6 - *perlegere*; 2. 2. 76 - *Dalmatiae*; 2. 3. 18 - *articulis*; 2. 5. 26 - *ingenium*; 2. 9. 20 - *Erichthonius*; 3. 1. 166 (last line of poem) - *aspiciant*; 3. 6. 46 - *videor*; 4. 2. 10 - *Alcinoo*; 4. 3. 12 - *amicitia*; 4. 8. 62 - *Oechalia*; 4. 13. 28 - *imperiii*; 4. 13. 44 - *amicitiae*; 4. 18. 26 - *auxilium*.

That settles our prof's Ovidian hash. Mark's metrical 'sin' was for the sake of emphasis to end a pentameter with *se*. So, what punishment would Prof X mete out to Martial for twice (1. 32. 2; 12. 47. 2) doing the same (for the same reason) with *te*? Martial

(surely to be accounted a classic) was equally unafraid to end pentameters with *hoc* (7. 10. 12 & 14), *das* (10. 16. 8), and *vis* (7. 75. 2).

As Mark points out, Catullus was unafraid to end one pentameter (766. 8) with *sunt*, something that attracted no comment from his top anglophone editors, Fordyce and Quinn. Propertius also ended one pentameter (1. 2. 26) with plain *est*, and quite a number (in book one alone) with *est* preceded by an elision.

Point made, I think. Prof X was not the only one who thus erred. For easy instance, A. C. Granger, 'The Final Monosyllable in Latin Prose and Poetry', *American Journal of Philology* 31. 2, 1910, 1154-174, falsely claims there are no monosyllabic endings in Catullus, Propertius, and Ovid.

As to Mark's broader question. At school, we were likewise forbidden to end a pentameter with anything but a disyllable – didn't know enough, nor would we in those Orbilian days have dared, to challenge this metric *ukase*. There is no reason why Ovid should be the unchallenged king of elegiac couplets. He became the best-known, but was only one of many practitioners. Also, Latin poetry was not static. It expanded beyond the 'classics' to the radically different structures of Comedian, rhyming Christian hymns, mediaeval student drinking songs, troubadours' jingles, and so on. Neo-Latinists surely have the right to follow any or all of these models, nor should feel debarred from further personal experimentation.

Barry Baldwin

Dear **VATES**,

Congrats on **VATES 2** – a splendid issue! Full of interesting things. I would agree with your spirited *envoi* - with the proviso that it always seems to me a worthwhile challenge to see if there is a way of conforming to the 'rules'.

Armand D'Angour

* * *

Dear **VATES**,

Where can I be taught how to write latin poetry? I have some textbooks, but no answers to the exercises. Nor can I find recordings of people actually reciting latin poetry.

Frank Watson

Issue 1 included a beginner's reading list (Ex Libris). But please send other helpful suggestions to vates@pineapplepubs.co.uk

* * *

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Barry Baldwin was born a true 'Lincolnshire Yellowbelly', but emigrated first to Australia, thence to Canada, where he is Emeritus Professor of Classics (University of Calgary) and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. He has published 12 books and c.1000 articles/reviews *apropos* Greek, Roman and Byzantine history and literature, Neo-Latin Poetry, Samuel Johnson, Modern English Literature, and the more arcane field of Albanian history, language and literature. Has also published c.70 short stories, mainly mysteries, and freelances on a farrago of subjects for various magazines. He remains a far-off fan of Lincoln City and Nottingham Forest.

Pete Bibby is newly retired and has returned to his latin studies after a brief gap of 46 years.

Stephen Coombs was born in Weymouth, read Music at Balliol College, Oxford, and has lived in Stockholm since the 1960s. Investigations into early Christian liturgy reinvigorated his interest in Latin, and on co-founding a free school in Uppsala for 13-16-year-olds he introduced a Latin-centred subject unique for this age-group in Sweden. He has recently retired from teaching.

Laura Gibbs teaches online courses in mythology and folklore at the University of Oklahoma, and she blogs at the *Bestiaria Latina*. For more information, visit www.MythFolklore.net

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John Lee read Classics in Queensland and at Oxford many years ago and later taught Philosophy in Newcastle, New South Wales. He has been retired for some time and began writing Latin verse about ten years ago.

Paul Murgatroyd is a professor in the department of Classics at McMaster University in Canada. He is the author of ten books and over 60 articles on Greek and especially Latin literature, and is at present working on a critical appreciation of Juvenal *Satire* 10. He has also published original Latin poetry and translations, a collection of which was issued by the Edwin Mellen Press in 1991 as *Neo-Latin Poetry A Collection of Translations into Latin Verse and Original Compositions*.

Joseph Tusiani was born in Italy but emigrated to the USA in 1947. Before his retirement he taught at the City University of New York (Herbert H. Lehman College), at Fordham University, and was Director of the Catholic Poetry Society of America as well as Vice President of the Poetry Society of America. His extensive list of publications includes poetry in English, Italian and Latin – he has been hailed as the greatest living neo-Latin poet.

Mark Walker is the editor of *VATES*. His latest book, an English verse translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Life of Merlin* (*Vita Merlini*), was published in April 2011. (www.pineapplepubs.co.uk)

Brad Walton lives in Toronto. He did a BA in Classics and graduate work in Theology, which seems to have been a dreadful mistake. His study of Jonathan Edwards (*Jonathan Edwards, Religious Affections, and the Puritan Analysis of True Piety, Spiritual Sensation and Heart Religion*) was published in 2002. More recently an attempt at Menippean satire, *Peripedemi Perigesis*, was serialized in *Melissa*. His day-job is in the University of Toronto Library. In his spare time he plays theorbo for the Toronto Continuo Collective, directed by Lucas Harris.

* * *

Look out for the next issue of *VATES* in Autumn/Winter(-ish!)

2011.

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