



UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

CLASSICAL TRIPOS Part IA
Paper 8

MODERN AND MEDIEVAL LANGUAGES TRIPOS Part IA
Paper GL 10

Thursday 14 June 2007 9 to 12

LATIN PROSE AND VERSE COMPOSITION

Candidates should attempt one section only.

Section B may be attempted **only** by candidates who have offered **Paper 4.**
Alternative Latin Translation.

Write your **number** (not your name) on the cover sheet of the booklet.

Candidates who do not write legibly may find themselves at a grave disadvantage.

STATIONERY REQUIREMENTS

20 Page Booklet x 1
Rough Work Pad x 1

SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS

None

**You may not start to read the questions
printed on the subsequent pages of this
question paper until instructed that you
may do so by the Invigilator**

SECTION A

Translate:

Either (a) *for* LATIN PROSE:

So I preferred to wait. On this point as on many others, I conformed as much to my natural bent (that hardly pushes me in general to rush matters or to run ahead of schedule) as to what could be called a feature of my upbringing: in my family, the duty of memory, that is to say the recourse to recollection as a source of renewed life, was accompanied by the privilege accorded to waiting. Waiting conceived of not as a renunciation of action but as an act: an act of complicity with the way of the world. Whence the pleasure I derived from a remark like this one of Buffon's on genius, which 'is but a greater aptitude for patience.' I had adapted it to my own as: not writing is also an act, an action, a deed, sometimes even a good deed.

MARCEL BÉNABOU *Why I Have Not Written Any of My Books*

Or (b) *for* LATIN PROSE:

It is said that there are various kinds of orators as there are of poets. But the fact is otherwise, for poetry takes many forms. ... The orator I do not divide into types, for I am looking for the perfect example. There is only one kind of perfect orator: those who do not belong to this group do not differ in genre as Terence differs from Accius, but though classified with him do not equal him in attainments. The supreme orator, then, is the one whose speech instructs, delights and moves the minds of his audience. The orator is in duty bound to instruct; giving pleasure is a free gift to the audience, to move them is indispensable. We must grant that one does it better than another, but the difference is in degree, not in kind. There is one best, and the next best is that which resembles it most. It is plain from this that what is most unlike the best is the worst.

CICERO *The Best Kind of Orator* 1, 3–4 (tr. H. M. Hubbell)

Or (c) *for* LATIN PROSE:

Evidence was then heard. The brutality of the prosecution aroused compassion – which was only equalled by the indignation felt against one of the witnesses, Publius Egnatius Celer. He was a dependant of Soranus bribed to ruin his friend. Professing the Stoic creed, he was nevertheless crafty and deceitful at heart, concealing his greed and viciousness behind a practised demeanour of rectitude. But money removed the mask. Egnatius became a standard warning that notorious depravity or obvious deceit are no worse than hypocritical pseudo-philosophers and treacherous friends. However, the same day provided a model of integrity – Cassius Asclepiodotus, the richest man in Bithynia. Having honoured Soranus when he prospered, he would not desert him in his fall. So he was deprived of his whole fortune and exiled – thus demonstrating heaven's impartiality between good and evil.

TACITUS *Annals* XVI 32–33 (tr. Michael Grant)

Or (d) for LATIN HEXAMETERS:

Then, bestriding Turnus from above, Aeneas speaks from serene lips: "What was this vast madness that ripened in your mind, offspring of Daunus, so that you futilely presumed to drive out of Italy, and of the dwellings that were their due, the Trojans who had journeyed here at the behest of the gods above and at the command of the Thunderer on high? Learn to honor Jove and to fulfill the dictates of the gods. Anger grips even mighty Jove and retribution stirs the gods who remember evil-doings. See, now at last the end is at hand of your wild madness through which, affronting proper right and trust, you brought trouble on the Trojan race by breaking the treaty.

MAFFEO VEGIO *Aeneid* XIII 23–32 (tr. Michael Putnam)

Or (e) for LATIN ELEGIACS:

You wiser men despise me not,
 Whose love-sick fancy raves
 On shades of souls, and heav'n knows what;
 Short ages live in graves.

Whene'er those wounding eyes, so full
 Of sweetness, you did see,
 Had you not been profoundly dull,
 You had gone mad like me.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
 My best belov'd and me
 Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
 You think we disagree.

Alas! 'tis sacred jealousy,
 Love rais'd to an extreme,
 The only proof, 'twixt them and me,
 We love, and do not dream.

Fantastic fancies fondly move,
 And in frail joys believe,
 Taking false pleasure for true love;
 But pain can ne'er deceive.

Kind jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
 And anxious cares, when past,
 Prove our hearts treasure fix'd and dear,
 And make us blest at last.

LORD ROCHESTER *The Mistress*

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SECTION B

Only candidates who have offered Paper 4, Alternative Latin Translation, may attempt this section.

For LATIN PROSE:

There were some who said that Catiline had been driven into exile by the consul. He would indeed have driven him forth if he had been able to accomplish it. For who was there who did not regard him and his companions as most dangerous enemies? Why do they say that he drove those most daring men into exile, when they were of themselves preparing to set out for the camp? Those who had collected arms and military standards would not hesitate to declare war against the Roman people. When the consul had summoned the senate he disclosed in what way Catiline had marked out the plan of the whole war.

KEEN *Catilinarian Exercises XIX*

SECTION C

Translate:

Both (a) *for* LATIN HEXAMETERS

Then, bestriding Turnus from above, Aeneas speaks from serene lips: "What was this vast madness that ripened in your mind, offspring of Daunus, so that you futilely presumed to drive out of Italy, and of the dwellings that were their due, the Trojans who had journeyed here at the behest of the gods above and at the command of the Thunderer on high?"

MAFFEO VEGIO *Aeneid XIII* 23–27 (tr. Michael Putnam)

And (b) *for* LATIN ELEGIACS:

You wiser men despise me not,
Whose love-sick fancy raves
On shades of souls, and heav'n knows what;
Short ages live in graves.

Whene'er those wounding eyes, so full
Of sweetness, you did see,
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
My best belov'd and me
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
You think we disagree.

LORD ROCHESTER *The Mistress*

END OF PAPER