

FORUM ROMANUM: SHOW #22

De Disciplina Puerili

Martio, XC A.D.

(mense Martio, nonagesimo anno Domini)

DCCCXLIII A.V.C.

(anno octingentesimo quadragésimo tertio ab urbe condita)

I. Salutatio

Favonius: Salvete, omnes! Mihi nomen est Marcus Favonius et hoc est Forum Romanum! Quid novi est hodie? Summatim praedicam: Hodie tractabimus disciplinam puerilem aut educationem liberorum. Nostra Iulia Pauli loquetur cum quodam ludi magistro et posthac Aulus Serenus de tempestate hodierna eloquetur. Deinde, his dictis, a Scirto Agitatore audiemus de ludis. Omnia haec—plus etiam—agentur hac editione Fori Romani. Ante omnia, autem, ecce Dictum Hodiernum!

Concerning Childhood Education

March, 90 A.D.

843 A.U.C.

(843 after the founding of Rome)

I. Greeting

Favonius: Hello, everyone! My name is Marcus Favonius and this is Forum Romanum! What's new today? I'll give an overview: Today we'll discuss childhood education, or the education of children. Our Julia Pauli will speak with a certain school teacher and afterward Aulus Serenus will tell us about today's weather. Then, after we've discussed these things, we'll hear from Scirtus Agitator about sports. All these things - and more - will happen on this edition of Forum Romanum. Before all that, though, here is the

II. Dictum Hodiernum

Lector: Hoc est dictum hodiernum: Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.

III. Quid novi?

Favonius: Verba notanda. Et nunc videamus quid novi sit. Quinquatrus, dies festi Minervae, finitae sunt. Heri, ut omnes sciunt, erat dies ultimus Quinquatruum, qua de causa collegia fullonum et fabrorum quam festivissime sollemnitates agebant. Atque hodie, Quinquatribus finitis, liberi honesti totam per Romam ad ludos magistrorum grammaticorumque multo mane iverunt. Prima luce, aut re vera ante lucem ipsam, licet videre paedagogos barbatos liberos semisomnos ducentes per vicos Urbis. Ut plus videamus de his rebus, eamus nunc ad Iuliam Pauli quae est in

saying of the day!

II. Saying of the Day

Reader: This is the saying of the day: Whoever is not prepared today, will be less prepared tomorrow.

III. What's new?

Favonius: Words to remember. And now let's see what's new. The Quinquatrus, a holiday dedicated to Minerva, is over. Yesterday, as all know, was the last day of Quinquatrus, wherefore the unions of the fullers and craftsmen were celebrating as festively as possible. And today, with the Quinquatrus over, through all of Rome early in the morning noble children have gone to the schools of their upper and lower school teachers. At first light, or in truth before the light itself, you can see the foreign-born tutors leading half-awake children through the streets of the City. To see more about these things, let's go

Foro.

IV. Persona Notanda

Julia: Gratias, Favoni. Adsum in Foro apud tabernas. Hodie visitabimus quendam ludum magistri ubi nunc liberi egregii disciplinis optimis student. Agite, venite mecum!

Magister: Ergo, omnes uno ore versum conficite: “Arma virumque cano...”

Discipuli: “...Troiae qui primus ab oris”

Magister: Musa, mihi causas memora...”

Discipuli: “...quo numine laeso”

Magister: Quinte, tu solus, “quidve dolens regina deum...”

Quintus: “...tot volvere casus”

now to Julia Pauli who is in the Forum.

IV. A Famous Person

Julia: Thanks, Favonius! I'm here in the Forum at the shops. Today we'll visit a certain teacher's school where now the exceptional students are studying the best subjects. Come on, come with me!

Teacher: Therefore, all together finish the line: I sing of arms and a man...

Students: ... who first from the shores of Troy...

Teacher: Muse, remind me of the reasons...

Students: ...with what divine being harmed...

Teacher: Quintus, you alone: ...or suffering what pain did the queen of the gods...

Quintus: ... [drive him] to to experience so many

Magister: Bene. Perge nunc, Marce. “insignem pietate virum...”

Marcus: “...tot adire labores”

Magister: Recte dixisti, Marce. Et nunc, “Urbs antiqua fuit...” Hortensia?

Hortensia: “...Tyrii tenuere coloni”

Magister: Satis bene, omnes. Et nunc, exerceamus paulisper Graece.

Quintus: Vae nobis...

Magister: St! Sequimini me dicentem: *exo* – habeo. Marce?

Marcus: *exeis*– habes, *exei* – habet, *exousi* – habemus

misfortunes...

Teacher: Good. Go on now, Marcus: ... a man known for his virtue...

Marcus: ... to go through so many labors...

Teacher: Correct, Marcus. And now: ... There was an ancient city... Hortensia?

Hortensia: ...Tyrian colonists held it...

Teacher: Good enough, everyone. And now, let's practice Greek for a bit.

Quintus: Sucks for us...

Teacher: Shush! Follow what I'm saying: *exo* - habeo.

Marcus: *exeis*– habes, *exei* – habet, *exousi* – habemus.

Magister: *exousi* – habemus? *exousi* Esne tu certus?

Marcus: Mane, sis. Nunc memini. *exomen* – habemus.

Magister: Constat. Perge, quaeso.

Marcus: *exete* – habetis, *exousi* – habent.

Magister: Multo melius. Et nunc uno ore omnes reddite Latine: “*Gnothi seauton*”

Discipuli: “Nosce te ipsum!”

Magister: “*Meden agan*”

Discipuli: “Ne quid nimis!”

Magister: Bene. Et nunc exerceamus vocabulis

Teacher: *exousi* – habemus? *exousi* Are you sure?

Marcus: Wait a minute, please. Now I remember, *exomen* – habemus.

Teacher: Yes. Go on, please.

Marcus: *exete* – habetis, *exousi* – habent.

Teacher: Much better. And now all of you together translate into Latin: “*Gnothi seauton*”

Students: “Nosce te ipsum!” ["Know yourself!"]

Teacher: “*Meden agan*”

Students: “Ne quid nimis!” ["Nothing in excess!"]

Teacher: Good. And now let's practice Homeric

Homericis. Incipiamus: *anthropos*

Discipuli: homo!

Magister: *demos*

Discipuli: populus!

Magister: *Helios*

Discipuli: Sol!

Magister: *oikos*

Discipuli: domus!

Magister: *ophthalmos*

Discipuli: oculus!

Magister: *hydor*

vocabulary: *anthropos*

Students: homo! ['man']

Teacher: *demos*

Students: populus! ["the people"]

Teacher: *Helios*

Students: Sol! ["sun"]

Teacher: *oikos*

Students: domus! ["home"]

Teacher: *ophthalmos*

Students: oculus! ["eye"]

Teacher: *hydor*

Discipuli: aqua!

Magister: *hypnos*

Discipuli: somnus!

Marcus: Somnus me mox capiet.

Magister: Tace! Si tanta est tibi voluntas loquendi, Marce, eloquere clara voce versum primum *Odysseae* Homeri.

Marcus: Me paenitet, magister, sed nescio.

Magister: “Nescio”? Cur nescis?

Marcus: Nescio cur nesciam. Hoc tantum scio: nescio.

Magister: Ne sis tam molestus, Marce. Aut fortasse velis me suscipere ferulam?

Students: aqua! ["water"]

Teacher: *hypnos*

Students: somnus! ["sleep"]

Marcus: Sleep will soon take me!

Teacher: Be quiet! If you want to talk so much, Marcus, say the first line of Homer's *Odyssey* with a clear voice.

Marcus: I'm sorry, teacher, but I don't know it.

Teacher: “I don't know”? Why don't you know?

Marcus: I don't know why I don't know. I only know this: I don't know.

Teacher: Don't be so annoying, Marcus. Or perhaps you want me to grab my paddle?

Marcus: Certe nolo, magister. Modo est lapsus memoriae. Nonne “aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus?”

Magister: Tibi dico, Marce: Hic est locus discendi, non ridendi. “Aut disce aut discede.” Tenesne quid dicam?

Marcus: Teneo. Fortius conabor, magister.

Magister: Fac ut ita agas. Sed tamen, quis vult mihi responsum dare? Hortensia?

Hortensia: “*Andra moi ennepe, Mousa, polytropon, hos mala polla plangthe*”

Magister: Optime, Hortensia. Gaudeo unam e discipulis meis *iam* fortius conari!

Marcus: I certainly don't, teacher. It's just a memory lapse. Isn't it true that "sometimes good Homer nods?"

Teacher: I say to you, Marcus: This is a place of learning, not of laughing. "Either learn or get out." Do you understand what I'm saying?

Marcus: I understand. I'll try harder, teacher.

Teacher: Do just that. So, who does want to give me a response? Hortensia?

Hortensia: “*Andra moi ennepe, Mousa, polytropon, hos mala polla plangthe*” ["Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell the story, of that man skilled in all ways of contending..."]

Teacher: Excellent, Hortensia! I'm happy that one of my students is already trying "harder"!

Marcus: Quid refert? Modo puella haec est, ergo quid opus est litteris? Numquam orator aut praetor aut, re vera, consul haec erit!

Magister: Melius docta mulier quam consul stultus, Marce. Si quando tu velis esse consulem, discas nunc litteras et omnes alias artes bonas. Memoria teneto: "Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit." Nunc tace aut vapulabis usque.

Marcus: Taceo etiam. Sed avus dixit oportere puellas *domi*, non foris, disciplinam accipere; atque disciplinam idoneam puellis non esse litteras bonas sed fidibus canere.

Magister: Hortensia adest quod pater vult. Tene tuas tibi, Marce. Et nunc, responde mihi, Quinte. Quis optime emendateque reddidit Odysseam Homeri Latine?

Marcus: What does it matter? She's just a girl, so why does she need letters? She'll never be a lawyer or a praetor or, in truth, a consul!

Teacher: A learned woman is better than a stupid consul, Marcus. If you ever want to be consul, you should now learn letters and all the good arts. Remember: "Whoever is not ready today, will be less ready tomorrow." Now be quiet or you'll get a beating.

Marcus: OK I'm being quiet. But my grandpa said that girls should get their education at home, not out of the house; and that not good literature, but playing the lyre is a suitable education for girls.

Teacher: Hortensia is here because her father wants it. Mind your own business, Marcus. And now, answer me, Quintus. Who translated Homer's Odyssey into Latin excellently and without mistake?

Quintus: Livius Andronicus.

Magister: Recte respondisti, Quinte. At vero, iam satis est. At tamen, eundum est. Valete, omnes!

Discipuli: Vale, magister!

Julia: Magister, licetne mihi rogare pauca?

Magister: Licet. Sed brevissime, si potes. Etiam mihi est prandium!

Julia: Ita vero. Breviter loquar. Unde venisti et quam diu ludi magister fuisti?

Magister: E Graecia venio. Athenis. Ludi magister et grammaticus fui iam decem annos. Prius paedagogus eram quinque annos.

Julia: Tu ergo multos annos iam versatus es in

Quintus: Livius Andronicus.

Teacher: You answered correctly, Quintus. But, now that's enough. It's time to go. Good-bye, everyone!

Students: Goodbye, teacher!

Julia: Teacher, can I ask a few questions?

Teacher: You can. But very briefly, please. It's also my lunch time.

Julia: Yes. I'll speak briefly. Where did you come from and for how long have you been a schoolteacher?

Teacher: I come from Greece. Athens. I've been an upper and lower-school teacher now for ten years. Before that I was a tutor for five years.

Julia: So, you've been serving in the field of

puerili disciplina?

Magister: Recte dicis. Multi viri egregii—senatores etiam—filios mihi erudiendos in disciplinam tradiderunt.

Julia: Constat. At vero, nil temporis relictum est. Gratias tibi ago, magister, et cura ut valeas. Totum est, Favoni, rursus ad te!

V. Tempestas Hodierna

Favonius: Tempus est audire de tempestate hodierna. Itaque, ecce Aulus Serenus!

Serenus: Gratias tibi ago, Favoni. Bene memini, cum adhuc essem servus, aliquando paedagogus vetulus—patrono insciente—aliquid disciplinae mihi tradidit. Itaque cum filiis domini didici et geographiam et elementa astrologiae, cuius disciplinae nunc peritus sum. Etiam, sicut omnes pueri illis diebus, didici a memoria Duodecim Tabulas, tametsi mihi servo nil opus erat legibus.

education for many years, now?

Teacher: Yes. Many respected men - even senators - have given me their children to educate.

Julia: It appears so. But now there is no time left. Thank you, teacher, and take care of yourself. That's all, Favonius, back to you!

V. Today's Weather

Favonius: It's time to hear about today's weather. And so, here is Aulus Serenus!

Serenus: Thank you, Favonius. I remember well when I was still a servant, sometimes a little old tutor - with his patron unaware - gave something of an education to me. So with the sons of the master I learned both geography and astronomy, a discipline at which I am now skilled. Also, just as all the children in those days, I learned the Twelve Law Tablets by heart, even though there

Sed tamen, videamus quanam sit tempestas hodie. Hodie Romae Iuppiter pluit aliquando et aliquando Apollo currum agit manifeste per caelum. In aliis partibus Maris Nostri (aut Maris Interni—ecce quam bene didici geographiam meam!), Iuppiter pluit plerumque—in Hispania et Africa et Aegypto et Asia. In Graecia, quo iter fecit filius domini mei ut philosophiae rhetoricaeque studeret, etiam pluit. In Gallia et Germania Britanniaque, nec mirum, pluit usque. Sed tamen, iam satis est. Aulus Serenus sum atque spero caela sint vobis valde serena!

VI. De Ludis

Favonius: Multas gratias, Serene. Et nunc, ut de ludis audiamus, praesto est Scirtus Agitator!

Scirtus: Avete omnes! Scirtus Agitator nominor

was no need for laws for me as a slave. But nevertheless, let's see what the weather is like today. Today in Rome Jupiter is raining at times and at times Apollo drives his chariot clearly through the sky. In other parts of the Mediterranean (or of the "Inner Sea" - look at how well I learned my geography!), Jupiter is raining especially hard - in Spain and in Africa and in Egypt and in Asia. In Greece, where the son of my master made a journey to study philosophy and rhetoric, it's also raining. In Gaul and in Germany and in Britain, not surprisingly, it continues to rain. But, now that's enough. I'm Aulus Serenus and I hope that your skies are always clear!

VI. Sports

Favonius: Thanks a lot, Serenus. And now, so that we can hear more about sports, here is Scirtus Agitator!

Scirtus: Greetings, everyone! I'm Scirtus

itaque eamus ad ludos! Sed prius, volo haec dicere: Me puero, nihil paedagogi aut ludi magistri aut grammatici aderat. Non opus erat—et scilicet non *opes* erant. Eruditionem aut disciplinam mihi accepi in triviis et angiporis Suburanis atque apud Campum et Forum et sane Circum! Nec Platonem vertere nec aliquid e Ciceronis libris excerpere didici. Immo etiam, pugnare, certare, laborare, nil desperare—omnia haec mea studia erant. Nil mea refert latinitatem meam esse pro luto aut bis bina quot sint non didicisse! Et nunc, de ludis: Factio Albata septem cursus vicit. Factio Prasina sex cursus vicit, Russata etiam sex et Veneta quinque. Unus auriga, lapsus e curru et habenis implicatus, usque ad mortem tractus est. At vero, haec est vita aurigae, ut ego bene novi. At tamen, ut dicunt in ludis scaenicis “Acta est fabula!” Itaque, spectator bone, vive valeque et otiosus esto!

Agitator, so let's get to the sports. But first, I want to say these things: When I was a boy, there was no tutor or highschool or elementary schoolteacher around. There was no need - and of course there were no resources. I got my learnin' or education in the streets and alleys of the Getto and in the Campus Martius and Forum and of course the Circus Maximus! I didn't learn to translate Plato or to quote anything from Cicero's books. On the contrary, fighting, competing, struggling, never giving up - all of these were my studies. It doesn't matter at all that my Latin is garbage or that I never learned how much two times two is! And now, sports: The White Team won seven races. The Green Team won six races, the Red also won six and the Blue won five. One charioteer, having slipped from the chariot and getting entangled in the reins, was dragged to his death. But, this is the life of a charioteer, as I know well. But nevertheless, as they say in showbusiness, "That's a wrap!" So, dear viewer, live and be well and take it easy!

VII. Valedictio

Favonius: Sed tamen, ut repetamus nuntios principales: Hodie, Quinquatribus Minervae celebratis, multi pueri et nonnullae puellae totam per Urbem ad ludos litterarum et scholas redierunt. Totum ergo est ad hanc editionem Fori Romani. Gratias summas agimus et vobis feliciter eveniat. Valet omnes!

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VII. Farewell

Favonius: But nevertheless, to review the main news: Today, after the celebration of Minerva's Quinquatrus, many boys and a few girls throughout the city returned to their elementary and upper schools. So that's all for this edition of Forum Romanum. We thank you very much and may things go well for you. Good-bye, everyone!

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