

BOWDOIN PRIZES 2017-2018

TRANSLATIONS AND DISSERTATIONS IN GREEK AND LATIN TWO UNDERGRADUATE PRIZES

- (A) A Prize is offered for translation into Classical Greek.
 - (B) A Prize is offered for translation into Classical Latin.
- (A) A prize is offered for the best translation into **Classical Greek** of a passage from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, by Lewis Carroll.
- (B) A prize is offered for the best translation into **Classical Latin** of a passage from "The Prince on St. Patrick's Day," by Leigh Hunt.

Copies of these passages are available in the Department of the Classics, 204 Boylston Hall.

TWO GRADUATE PRIZES

- (A) A Prize is offered for an original essay in Classical Greek.
- (B) A Prize is offered for an original essay in Classical Latin.

Essays offered in competition for these prizes may be on any subject chosen by the competitor, and must contain at least 1,000 words. Parts of doctoral dissertations are eligible. Essays presented for other prizes are not admissible.

RULES

All submissions must be made under a **pseudonym** and must conform to the requirements and general rules as stipulated on the website of the Prize Office <<http://prizes.fas.harvard.edu>>. Only the pseudonym should appear on the translation. Your name should be submitted in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside.

DEADLINE

All translations and essays in Classical Greek or Classical Latin must be submitted on or before **Wednesday, April 25, at the Department of the Classics, 204 Boylston Hall, no later than 5:00 p.m.**

Further details on this and other prizes may be found on the website of the Prize Office <<http://prizes.fas.harvard.edu>>. Questions about the Bowdoin Prizes in Classical Greek and Latin may be directed to the Department of the Classics.

**BOWDOIN PRIZE FOR TRANSLATION INTO
CLASSICAL GREEK**

All translations must be submitted on or before Wednesday, April 25, at the Department of the Classics, 204 Boylston Hall, no later than 5:00 pm.

From *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, Chapter 6, by Lewis Carroll (Pan Macmillan: London, 2016, pp. 75-78)

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought: still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

'Cheshire Puss,' she began [...] 'Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?'

'That depends a good deal on where you want to get to,' said the Cat.

'I don't much care where—' said Alice.

'Then it doesn't matter which way you go,' said the Cat.

'—so long as I get *somewhere*,' Alice added as an explanation.

'Oh, you're sure to do that,' said the Cat, 'if you only walk long enough.'

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. 'What sort of people live about here?'

'In *that* direction,' the Cat said, waving its right paw round, 'lives a Hatter: and in *that* direction,' waving the other paw, 'lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad.'

'But I don't want to go among mad people,' Alice remarked.

'Oh, you can't help that,' said the Cat: 'we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.'

'How do you know I'm mad?' said Alice.

'You must be,' said the Cat, 'or you wouldn't have come here.'

Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on 'And how do you know that you're mad?'

'To begin with,' said the Cat, 'a dog's not mad. You grant that?'

'I suppose so,' said Alice.

'Well, then,' the Cat went on, 'you see, a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now *I* growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad.'

'I call it purring, not growling,' said Alice.

'Call it what you like,' said the Cat. 'Do you play croquet with the Queen today?'

'I should like it very much,' said Alice, 'but I haven't been invited yet.'

'You'll see me there,' said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so used to queer things happening. While she was looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

'By-the-bye, what became of the baby?' said the Cat. 'I'd nearly forgotten to ask.'

'It turned into a pig,' Alice quietly said, just as if it had come back in a natural way.

'I thought it would,' said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again, but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. 'I've seen hatters before,' she said to herself; 'the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps as this is May it won't be raving mad—at least not so mad as it was in March.' As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

'Did you say pig, or fig?' said the Cat.

BOWDOIN PRIZE FOR TRANSLATION INTO CLASSICAL LATIN

All translations must be submitted on or before Wednesday, April 25, at the Department of the Classics, 204 Boylston Hall, no later than 5:00 pm.

From “The Prince on St. Patrick’s Day” by Leigh Hunt (Examiner, No. 221; Sunday, Mar. 22, 1812)

And when he is reading [the *Post*], let him lament, in the midst of his laughter, that a paper, capable of such sickening adulation, should have the power of finding its way to the table of an English Prince, and of helping to endanger the country by polluting the sources of its government. The same page, which contained the specimen of contempt above-mentioned, contained also a set of wretched common-place lines in French, Italian, Spanish, and English, *literally* addressing the PRINCE REGENT in the following terms, among others: “You are the *Glory of the People* — You are the *Protector of the Arts* — You are the *Maecenas of the Age* — Wherever you appear, you *conquer all hearts*, wipe away tears, excite *desire and love*, and win *beauty* towards you — You breathe *eloquence* — You inspire the Graces — You are an *Adonis in loveliness!*”...

What person, unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine, in reading these astounding eulogies, that this *Glory of the people* was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches! That this *Protector of the Arts* had named a wretched Foreigner his Historical Painter, in disparagement or in ignorance of the merits of his own countrymen! That this *Maecenas of the Age* patronized not a single deserving writer! That this *Breather of Eloquence* could not say a few decent, extempore words, —if we are to judge, at least, from what he said to his regiment on its embarkation for Portugal! That this *Conqueror of Hearts* was the disappointer of hopes! That this ‘*Exciter of Desire*’ (bravo, Messieurs of the *Post!*), this *Adonis in loveliness*, was a corpulent gentleman of fifty! In short, that this *delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honourable, virtuous, true, and immortal* PRINCE, was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in debt and disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity!

These are hard truths; but are they *not* truths? And have we not suffered enough—are we not now suffering bitterly—from the disgusting flatteries of which the above is a repetition?... Still there is one benefit which truth may derive from adulation—one benefit, which is favourable to the former in proportion to the grossness of the latter, and of which none of his flatterers seem to be aware—the opportunity of contradicting its assertions. Let us never forget this advantage, which adulation cannot help giving us; and let such of our readers, as are inclined to deal insincerely with the Great from a false notion of policy and of knowledge of the world, take warning from what they now see of the miserable effects of courtly disguise, paltering, and profligacy.

Flattery in any shape is unworthy of a man and a gentleman; but political flattery is almost a request to be made slaves. If we would have the Great to be what they ought, we must find some means or other to speak of them as they are.