

POMPEIIANA NEWSLETTER

VOL. XIII, NO.4 DEC. A. D. MCMLXXXVI



DONVM MAGORVM

Olim erant maritus iuuenis et uxor iuuenis qui habebant maximam amorem in matrimonio suo sed pecuniam paucissimam. Habebant tabulatum sordidum in insula urbana. Marito nomen erat Iacobus Dillinghamus iuuenis, uxori Della.

Pridie Saturnalia erat et alius volebat alio aliquid magni valoris emere, sed, ut antea scripsi, non pecuniam habebant. Quisque autem habebat unam rem maximi valoris. Iacobus habebat horologium pretiosum sine catena quod fuerat patri

et avo eius. Della habebat crines longissimos--pulcherrimos et pretiosos. Della autem nullo pectine habebat.

Quia Della Iacobum quam maxime amabat, cupiebat ei catenam emere de qua horologium dependere posset. Quamquam Della non habebat pecuniam, habebat tamen crines pretiosos quos magno pretio vendere poterat. Ergo Della properabat ad tonsorem crines vinditum. Tonsor crines longos recidebat et Della XX HS dedit. Della nunc erat beatissima. E tonstrina cucurrit catenam venditum. Postea Della catenam vindiderat, domum properabat ut crines breves suos in cincinnos disponeret. Cincinnata Della parabat domum et maritum expectabat.

Vespere Iacobus domum revenit. Ianua aperuit et--horribile visu--uorem suam vidit. Obstipuit! Nihil dixit. Crines cincinnatos Della diu spectabat. Della tandem inquit, "Iacobe, noli hoc modo me spectare! Crines mei recidebantur ut donum tibi emerem. Iterum recrescent. Dic 'Io Saturnalia,' Iacobe, et es beatus!"

Iacobus inquit, "reccidistine crines tuos? Ubi sunt crines tui?"

"Eos vendidi," Della inquit. "Noli maerere! Saturnalia sunt!"

Iacobus tandem Dellam amplexu tenebat. Diutissimum. Tunc Iacobus donum Della dedit--pectines pulcherrimos qui erant gemati et ostreati. Della beatissima erat. Tunc Iacobe dedit catenam et dixit: "De hac catena tum horologium depende."

Iacobus inquit, "Non possum. Horologium meum vendidi ut pectines tibi emerem. Sed nobis non interest. Seponamus dona nostra et cenam edamus. Io Saturnalia!"

Ut scitis, Magi erant viri sapientissimi qui dona ad Bethleem portaverunt. Iacobus et Della autem erant sapientiores. Alius dimittebat aliquid quod sibi erat pretiosum ut alio donum emeret. Omnes qui hoc faciunt sapientissimi sunt. Ubique sapientissimi sunt. Magi sunt.



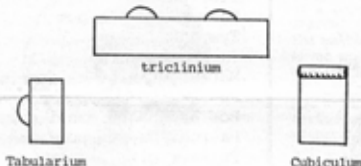
IO SATVRNALIA!

An original one act play by B. F. Barcio based on characters met in LINGUA LATINA by Hans H. Oerberg.

PERSONAE DRAMATIS

Iulius, a disillusioned Pater Familiae
Spiritus, the ghost of Saturnalia
Quintus, Iulius' son
Iulia, Iulius' daughter
Aemilia, Iulius' wife
Syra, a slave with a big nose

SCAENA



Scaena Prima

(Iulius is sitting at his desk in the tabularium going over his financial records when Syra approaches cautiously.)

Syra: Salve, Magister. I hope I'm not interrupting you.

Iulius: Is there no place in this villa that a man can work without being constantly interrupted? If you've come to ask for money to get your nose fixed, the answer is still "no." "No."

Syra: No, magister, I've resigned myself to living with my nose. After all, it's what the gods have given me. I really don't mind following it around any more.

Iulius: Well, then say what you want and leave, before I lose my Roman temper.

Syra: Magister, tomorrow is the first day of Saturnalia, and the other household slaves and I, well, we were wondering...

Iulius: Yes, I know, you were wondering if you could have the next ten days off for your mid-winter revel. Now Pagan!

Syra: But, magister, Saturnalia is supposed to be a happy time, a time of gift giving, a time of...

Iulius: GIFT GIVING! Don't think you're going to get gifts from me when you and the rest of the slaves are cutting out for ten days to goof off. Who's supposed to do the cooking around here? Who's going to change the water in the impluvium?

Syra: I'm sorry, magister. Thank you for the days off, and Io Saturnalia!

Iulius: Just get out of here with your Io Saturnalia. IURNUC!

Syra: Vale!

(Exit Syra. Enter Aemilia.)

Aemilia: Was that Syra behind that nose that just left?

Iulius: I'm so sick of her and her Io Saturnalia.

Aemilia: Now, now, dear. It's only once a year. And don't forget who gave that wretched slave to us.

Iulius: Hmbug! ...and leave my mother out of this.

Aemilia: Well, I didn't come to argue about Syra. Quintus and Iulia were wondering if we would have the villa decorated with evergreens this year.

Iulius: MI-NI-ME! No evergreens, no pomegranates, no gifts, NO SATURNALIA! I thought we settled this last year.

Aemilia: (hangs her head low and acts very humbled) Yes, dear. You're right, dear. I'll remind the children.

Iulius: Yah, you do that.

Aemilia: Good night, Jules.

Iulius: Yah, yah, yah.

(Exit Aemilia. Iulius picks up his lucerna and goes into the cubiculum. He reclines on his lectulus and blows out the lucerna. Enter the ghost of Saturnalia.)

Spiritus: I-u-l-i.

Iulius: Heu! Quis est? Is that you, Aemilia?

Spiritus: I-u-l-i... wake up.

Iulius: Great gods, it's a ghost! Who are you? Am I dead? What do you want?

Spiritus: I am the ghost of Saturnalia.

Iulius: Hmbug. I don't believe in Saturnalia or Saturn or any of the gods, for that matter. It's all a bunch of emotional drivel thought up by shopkeepers to make a quick sestertius.

Spiritus: Come with me, Iuli.

(Ghost takes Iulius' hand and leads him toward the triclinium.)

Iulius: Where are we going?

Spiritus: We're going to look into tomorrow.

Iulius: Tomorrow? Tomorrow's a total loss. It's the beginning of Saturnalia.

Spiritus: No, Iuli. It isn't. Not at your villa anyway. Ecce, Duo liberi miseri!

(Quintus and Iulia are sitting around a bare table crying inconsolably, but quietly. Their heads are buried in their arms.)

Iulius: My children! What have you done to them? Why are they crying?

Spiritus: I didn't do anything to them, Iuli. You're the one who doesn't believe in Saturnalia.

Iulius: Of course I don't. Saturn is a myth. I've never seen him. In fact, nobody I know has seen him. He doesn't exist.

Spiritus: You mean you don't believe in what you can't see?

Iulius: You'd better believe it.

Spiritus: Iuli... Iuli... Do you love your children?

Iulius: Of course I love my children. Isn't the emperor Roman?

Spiritus: You're lying. Love doesn't exist.

Iulius: Let's just cut this foolishness. Of course love exists. I love my kids, don't I?

Spiritus: Did you ever see love, Iuli?

Iulius: (thinks quietly for a few seconds) No, I've never seen love, but I've seen the results of love.

(Concluded in Pagina Quarta)



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- I. AMANDA
Bostoniensis
- II. MIHI NON ERAT IN ANIMO
TE EXCITARE
Robertus Palmifer
- III. COLORES VERI
Cynthia Laupera
- IV. HUMANUS
Foedus Humanum
- V. CAERULEUM SINCERUM
Mea Domina
- VI. HAC NOCTE DUC ME DOMUM
Eduardus Pecunia
- VII. DAS MIHI NOMEN MALUM
Bonus Iuppiter
- VIII. MASCVLUS TYPICVS
Minima Vertrix
- IX. VERBUM SURSUM
Camacus
- X. PLUVIUM
Oranus "Sucus" Iones

THE BEST OF THE BEATLES

(Submitted by Meloh Suggs, a 2nd year Latin student of Susan Hoyle Reilly at the Westminster School Jr. High, in Atlanta, Georgia.)

- I. Heri
II. Dies in Vita
III. Salve Jude
IV. Sum Malrus
V. Via Sestertiorum
VI. Ea Aeat Te
VII. Lucia in Caelo
cum Admantibus
VIII. Vir a Nusquam
IX. Nox Diei Dari
X. Cum Auxilio Parvo
ab Amicis Meis
XI. Anorem Meum Cernem
XII. Homo Stultus in Colle
XIII. Ana Me Fac
XIV. Place Place, Mihi
XV. A Me Ad Te
XVI. Manum Tuam Tenere Volo
XVII. Non Potes Emere Mihi Anorem
XVIII. Et Aeo Eam
XIX. Octo Dies Quisque
Septem Dies
XX. Da Mihi Auxilium!
XXI. Necesse Est Abdere
Anorem Tuam
XXII. Micella
XXIII. In Vita Mea
XXIV. Puella
XXV. Eleanora Rigbia
XXVI. Agri Fragrorum Semper

ROMAN
PULCHRAM, MAGNAM
SPECTATE, LAUDATE, AMATE
EST MAXIMA
ITALIA

(By John Perry, Exploratory Latin student of Mrs. Whittaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, IN.)

CRYPTOGRAMMATIC ENGLISH
TRANSLATIONS OF FAMOUS
LATIN QUOTATIONS

(By Sara Ashby, Latin II student of Mrs. Sharon Gibson, Brownsburg H.S., Indiana.)

CLUE: i = i

- no tibod aeigo emm tibod fpiqvaz.
- amo loda youckz rny gjtoy id kosgz.
- kookd jna enykz.
- amo dojgao gjk amo concso nr ymao.
- eo qgjina gas kn oboyzamipt.
- amos eooy egboyijt loaseoj.
- uoj pdpgasz loslobo eiseijtez emga amoz egja an.
- ohcoyoiojgo id amo loda aogpmoy.
- amoyo id kgjtoy ij kosgz.
- i qguo i dge i qnjfpoyok.

WORD LADDER

(By Heather Eelman, Latin I student of Mrs. Lynn Bear, Deland H.S., Florida.)

Arrange the Latin words below in such a way that their translations will each result in an English word that has just one letter different from the English word above it; e.g., send to sent

Latin	English
_____	back
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	send

ARENA
MANUS RIPAE
MITTO TERGUM

TRANSLATION WORD SEARCH

(By John Turtkoff, an Eighth Grade Latin II student of Susan Hoyle Reilly, Westminster School Jr. H., Atlanta, GA.)

DIRECTIONS: Using the context, translate the underlined word(s) into Latin. Then find the Latin translation in the word-search puzzle.

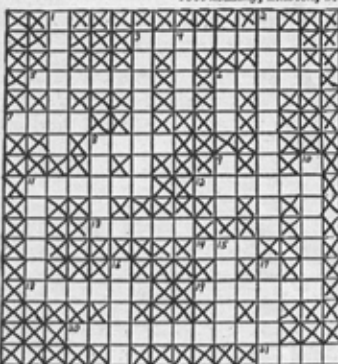
N P C H O G Y D E D E R U N T
S E U T I T S N O C E W H E U
S I F S X E O K B U B L X H S
U N T A M E N I S I D E D A U
N U M I U B T U T U E A C B
A P Q D B E I N A R D I N S I
B O U I T E M A N M I L O I T
E A Q S C D D D A M X C Z T N
P H M E G S W I I J U B U S E
M A N A T N R L S U M I Q I T
U O E R E U S I A B H V V O
R U M P I M U S E H O N E A P
I L H X R A N M P Y T R F G N
P A T U P H O L E T C G R O U
R U N P I E B A N T I S O R A

- YOU (pl.) WILL BLOCKADE the enemy troops.
- The NETS are tight.

- I enjoy war, HOWEVER peace is better.
- WE WERE BREAKING the bridge.
- FORMERLY the Roman empire was great.
- They had to go an extra mile to avoid the CARTRIDGE.
- The man dedicated the sacrifice to the POWERFUL gods.
- The children GAVE the money to the teacher.
- WE BREAK DOWN the bridge only as a distraction.
- We OFTEN go for walks in the field.
- The GOOD man offered us a place to rest.
- YOU (sing.) WILL DECIDE to conquer the land or leave it alone.
- I STOOD on the street.
- YOU (pl.) ASKED which way to turn.
- The nets of the SHIPS are delicate.

MYTH X-WORD

(By Sam Rogers, student of Mary Sutton, Wendell Rar-yett Academy, Kingston, N.C.)



ACROSS

- Son of Peleus, killed Hector
- eldest son of Priam
- the floating island
- goddess of the Rainbow
- a muse, patroness of history
- father of Theseus
- changed into a laurel tree
- daughter of Tantalus
- Roman name of 21 Across
- rock facing Charybdis
- goddess of Dawn
- queen of the Underworld
- wife and sister of Cronos



DOWN

- Rose from its ashes
- Slew the Chimera
- King of Argos; father of Danae
- Wife of Hercules on Olympus
- Another name for the god Hades
- King of Thebes
- Greek god of Nature
- Roman goddess of War, wife of Mars
- Youth beloved by Venus
- Roman name of 6 Down
- Goddess of flowers and spring
- Wrote the Iliad

SING

ALONG

WITH

SEMPRONIA



LITTLE DRUMMER BOY

(From the Gertrude Ewing Professional Library)

Veni, dixerunt,
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Natus Rex quem videas!
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Optima ferimus,
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Pro Regem posita!
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Rum-pa-pum-pum,
Rum-pa-pum-pum,
Uti colamus
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Cum venimus.

Infans Jesu
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Sum mendicis
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Non do aucti donum
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Quod regi dignum est
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Rum-pa-pum-pum,
Rum-pa-pum-pum,
Tibi pulsabo
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Tympanum?

Maria nutavit
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Bos asinusque mensi sunt
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Pulsavi ei tympanum
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Pulsavi optime ei
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Rum-pa-pum-pum,
Rum-pa-pum-pum,
Tum ad me risit
Pa-rum, pa-pum-pum
Me tympanum.

(Mrs. Dorothy L. Green, Rollinsford, N.H., has advised Pompeiana that the "anonymous" songs printed in the Sept. & Oct. NEWSLETTERS were in fact written by Miss Ruth W. Slater, a Latin teacher at Dowser Seminary in Milwaukee.)



PECUNIA
BONA, MAXIMA
LABORAT, DONAT, FUGIT
EST MAXIMA
PECUNIA

(By Chad Streeter, Exploratory Latin student of Mrs. Whittaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, IN.)

CLASSIFIED ADS

AD LATINAM PROMOVENDAM

MIRABILE DICTUM! The CAMS Committee for the Promotion of Latin now has available both a special handbook and a packet of promotional pamphlets which can be used in a variety of settings. Enclosed are the most requested facts and statistics on the study of Latin in our nation's schools. Both items are being distributed by the ACL Service Bureau, Miami University, Oxford, OH 45056.

HORREAREO OPUS EST

A grain warehouse manager is needed immediately for the Horrea Galbana located near the Porticus Aemelia across the Tiber from the Horti Caesari. Professional horrearei or third year apprentices only please.

VILLAM VENALEM HABEO

Must sell my private villa and move to Libya for health reasons. This beautiful 100 acre villa is located one mile beyond the Porta Aurelia and has a legal tap into the waters of the Aqua Alsietina. Orchards include pira, mala and armeniaca. Ask to see the praepositus in situ. Price negotiable.

LIBRI DE STUDIIS ANTIQUIS

John Hopkins Press, 701 W. 40th St., Suite 275 Baltimore, Maryland 21211, has a special 20% off offer in its most recent catalog of BOOKS IN ANCIENT STUDIES.

HODIE STRUCTORES CONDOCIMUS

Masons needed immediately to work on the Maus Aureliani. Report to the conductor at the Porta Metrovla at dawn daily.

LIBER NOVUS LINGUAE LATINAE MAGISTRIS

For those who are familiar with Cambridge University Press' READING GREEK text, the news that a companion series entitled READING LATIN has now been produced will be most welcome. The reader features Plautus, Cicero and poetry and political selections from Caesar to Augustus. A second book contains the grammar, vocabulary and exercises. Cambridge University Press, 32 E. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Believe It Or Not



SIR JOHN SUCKLING
(1609-1642)
THE ENGLISH POET
COULD SPEAK
LATIN
FLUENTLY
AT THE AGE OF 5

FIRST ACT OF SUBMARINE WARFARE
WAS PERFORMED 2,450 YEARS AGO
BY A WOMAN

CYNA, A GREEK GIRL, DIVED INTO THE SEA WHEN PERSEAN KING XERXES I BURNED HER COUNTRY—SHE CUT THE CABLES OF THE ENEMY SHIPS—CAUSING MANY TO founder ON THE REEFS



JOHN STUART MILL
ENGLISH ECONOMIST
AND PHILOSOPHER,
LEARNED GREEK AT
THE AGE OF 3—
STUDIED PLATO'S
DIALOGUES AT 7—
AND TAUGHT HIS
SISTER LATIN WHEN
HE WAS 8



King PERSEUS
WHO RULED MACEDONIA
FROM 178 TO 160 B.C.
WAS EXECUTED BY
HIS ROMAN CAPTORS
BY KEEPING HIM
AWAKE UNTIL HE
DIED OF EXHAUSTION



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(A special "gratias ago tibi" to
Mrs. Betty Kainer, Indyln., IN.)

myth of the month Cupid and Psyche

A mini-series by
Sr. Michael Louise, Sisters of
St. Francis, Oldenburg, Ind.



(Illustration by Brian Sewell, A BOX OF NOTES.)

Once, once upon a time there lived a certain king who had three beautiful daughters, but Psyche, the youngest princess, was the most beautiful of all. So beautiful was she that no longer did people worship Venus, the goddess of Love and beauty, but, on the contrary, all eyes were directed toward Psyche. Naturally this could not last for long before Venus would take drastic action. All the honors that had been lavished upon her had now been given to a mere girl destined some day to die.

Accordingly she summoned her son Cupid, the beautiful winged youth, whose modern art associates so closely with St. Valentine's Day, to use his skill in piercing her heart with one of his arrows to make this hated princess fall in love with the most horrible wretch. But here Venus made a terrible mistake in showing Psyche to her son, for unknown to his mother, he immediately fell in love with her. Strange to say the arrow failed to do its work. Psyche did not fall in love with a horrible wretch. No, she did not fall in love at all. It seemed Psyche was only admired, no one wanted her.

By this time her parents, not only disappointed but also humiliated, since their elder daughters had already married well, sought in their distress the help of Apollo at his shrine in Delphi. The oracle left this message—that Psyche dressed in deepest mourning must be abandoned on the summit of a rocky hill to await her destined husband, a fearful winged serpent. Imagine how miserable the maiden felt, but she did not lose courage. After some time Zephyr, the very gentle wind, carried her down to a beautiful meadow where she fell asleep to awaken later near a splendid palace. Not a soul in sight, it seemed so quiet and deserted until she heard voices bidding her to enter without fear. This was her home and they were her servants ready to fulfill her every wish.

Refreshed with a delightful bath followed by a most delicious dinner, and enjoying beautiful singing without seeing the singers, she wondered if she would ever behold her husband. That became a wonderful reality that very evening when she heard his soothing voice in her ears without seeing him. Although this half-and-half companionship was not fully rewarding, yet she was happy and the time passed quickly.

One night he warned her of great danger in the shape of her two sisters who were near. Cupid, against his better judgment, finally yielded to her entreaties to allow her to see them again. Seeing the magnificence and riches in and around the mansion, they were blinded with jealousy and envious rage. Soon they came again, this time plotting Psyche's ruin. Her husband must be that terrible monster who would some night devour her. They even had some good advice for her—how to slay the monster. That night she ignored his emphatic statement that she should never try to see his countenance, on pain of being separated from him forever. When he was sleeping quietly, she lit the lamp and tiptoed to his bed to stand there enraptured

by the beauty of this godlike creature. As she knelt there, some drops of the burning oil fell from the lamp upon his shoulder and awakened him. He recognized Psyche's infidelity and, without a word, fled from her. At this tense moment of farewell, his voice revealed who he was—the god of Love. How wretched and despicable she felt herself to be. She resolved to spend the rest of her life searching for him.

Where had Cupid gone? To his mother to have the burning wound in his shoulder cared for. But, when she learned it had been done by Psyche, she simply ignored Cupid in his pain in order to seek the girl and punish her. To Psyche's piteous pleas for help no one answered, for no one wanted to incur the displeasure of Venus. So she bravely determined to meet Venus face to face as a

humble suppliant.

How merciless and eager the goddess was to humiliate her! She had no pity for the dejected figure before her, but demanded of her an impossible task before nightfall, namely to sort out types of very small seeds from a mixed pile of wheat, poppy, millet and others. As she stared hopelessly, an army of little ants began separating the seeds until all was accomplished. Of course, Venus was not pleased, but invented a very difficult second task for her. It was to bring back an armful of shining wool, namely fleeces of gold from some very fierce sheep. Psyche reached the river bank. When she saw the sheep, she realized she couldn't do it, but a friendly voice told her not to be afraid, but to wait until sunset when she could gather the golden wool entangled in the thorny bushes. Still not satisfied, Venus demanded a third and a fourth task from her. From a waterfall she was to fill a flask with this black water, but how could she reach this spot? Again, something came to her rescue; an eagle seized the flask with his beak and returned it to her, filled with the black water.

The last task seemed the worst and most difficult of all—to carry a box to the underworld for Proserpina to fill for Venus, who claimed she was worn-out from nursing her sick son. Psyche happily conquered all the usual dangers and returned to the upper world. Then the thought came to her exhausted mind, "Why can't I use some of the beauty to make myself more lovely for Cupid?" She opened what seemed an empty box and immediately fell asleep. At this point the god of Love appeared on the scene. Although imprisoned behind locked doors, Cupid could easily fly out the window and begin searching for his lost wife. He awakened her from sleep by wiping the sleep from her eyes and restoring it to the box. While she obeyed his direction to return to his mother, he flew to Mount Olympus to ask Jupiter to approve of his union with Psyche.

In the presence of the gods, Jupiter bestowed upon Psyche the gift of immortality. Venus could not now object to having a goddess for a daughter-in-law, one who no longer threatened her worship and popularity. Cupid and Psyche, that is, the god of Love and the Soul (for that is what Psyche means), were bound together in an unending union.

"No problem," says Foster. Take "microchip." There are those, he says, who might take the English word and try to make it sound like Latin. But that's not good enough for Foster, who believes that importing foreign words is no solution at all. His solution for "microchip" is assula minutula electrica, which means, he says, "a tiny little amber wood chip."

Other modern terms translated into Latin by Foster are:

space shuttle	reciprocans liter siderea
automobile	autoaeroda
jazz	dissonantia absurda
rock-n-roll	musica titubantium
fast food	victus acceleratus
capitalism	capitalismus
communism	aegatio bonorum

Proof Positive for Latin

According to H. John Weatherford ("Personal Benefits of Foreign Language Study," ERIC DIGEST, Oct. '86), the study of Latin has been cited as a major reason successful authors can write beautiful, clear idiomatic English. What's more, it can now be proved that the very study of a second language, such as Latin, aids and accelerates the cognitive development of the brain. Second-language students have greater mental flexibility and can more effectively solve social problems because they are aware of a wider set of options.

In Latin, Omnia Quae Fieri Possunt

(Based on a New York Times Service article by E.J. Dion, Jr., International Herald Tribune, July 23, 1986, p. 14.)

Don't talk about dead languages with the Reverend Reginald Foster. Foster, who hails from Milwaukee, is one of the Vatican's top Latin specialists.

For Foster, if it cannot be said in Latin, it's not worth saying. "Latin does not allow you to drift on meaninglessly. Either you say something and move on with concrete language, or you stop."

Take the phrase that a friend asked him to translate recently: "The entire gamut of existential options." "Latin would demolish you there," he says, savoring the linguistic wrecking job. "This is meaningless jargon, babbling nonsense." Foster's solution was elegant: "Omnia quae fieri possunt," which means "All things which can be done."

The first sign that a language is dying is its inability to adapt to the times. Given that Latin is a language of pagans who lived 2,000 years ago (it was subsequently picked up by Christians), how can it cope with modern-day science?

Roga Me Aliquid



Cara Matrona,
S.V.S.E.E. My name is Caesia, daughter of Lollus Victor Praetorius the praetor. I am soon to be led in marriage by Lucius Bassus. I am still living with my family, but in three days I will be saying my "Ubi tu es Gaius ego Gaia" vows.

Before Lucius could consider leading me into marriage, his father and mine spent a great deal of time and expense with professional consultants determining a "proper" date for the wedding. This was a very difficult task. The date could not be an "unlucky" one. I was told that we could not, therefore, have the ceremony on the Kalends, the Nones or the Ides of any month, as well as on the day following any of these days. The whole month of May was entirely out of the question and even the first half of June. The professional consultants also warned our pater about any day between the Ides of February and a.d. IX Kal. Mart. They said a.d. IX Kal. Sept. was equally unlucky as are a.d. III Non. Oct. and a.d. VI Id. Nov. Our pater finally told us that the best day for the ceremony would be a.d. XV Kal. Feb.

Matrona, why can't a husband lead his wife-to-be into matrimony when he wants to? Who decided that certain dates and certain months are lucky or unlucky? Although I'm glad I'm being led into matrimony during the month of June (the god of happy beginnings), I would really have preferred a day in early June when the weather will be more pleasant. Can you offer any explanations?
D. a.d. VI Kal. Dec. Romae.

Cara Caesia,
S.V.S.E.E. What a pleasure to receive a letter from someone who still knows and uses polite salutations and a proper closing. Your mother has obviously taught you well.

Be grateful that your pater and Lucius' pater spent the time and expense necessary to determine a fortuitous date for the wedding ceremony. I know this seems to be an unnecessary restriction at times, but, believe me, it pays off. I receive many letters from people who were married on "unlucky" days and lived their lives regretting it.

To determine "lucky" dates properly one must be versed in *ASTRALOGIA* or hire one who is. This is a very old and very complicated science that dates back to a caste of special fatesmen in Mesopotamia. The science passed through the hands of scholars in Greece and Egypt and came to Rome. If you want to learn a little about *ASTRALOGIA*, see if you can obtain a copy of the poem by Manilius that was written during the reigns of our first two emperors, Divus Augustus and Tiberius. The poem won't make you an expert, but it will help you respect the intricacy of this old and noble science. Di Bene Vortant!

(Letter to Matrona based on original writing of Carey Sarno, an Exploratory Latin student of Mrs. Whittaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, IN.)

IO SATVRNALIA!

(Continued a Pagina Prima.)

Spiritus: Well, you stultus, it's the same with Saturnalia. You'll never see Saturn, but you can see the results of Saturnalia...the evergreens, the gifts, the pomegranates, the love.

(Quintus and Iulia get up slowly and tip toe toward the door and exit.)

Iulius: Where are my children going?

Spiritus: They're leaving, Iuli. They're running away to Africa. They want some warmth in their lives. They can't stand your cold, unbelieving attitudes.

Iulius: Wait, let's talk about it. Maybe we can work something out.

(Ghost exits quickly and quietly, unnoticed by Iulius.)

Iulius: Quinte, Iulia, come back! Ammelia, stop them! Syra! Servi! Servae! Somebody help!

(Aemelia enters with a lucerna in her hand.)

Aemelia: Iuli, what's the matter? For the sake of Olympus, why aren't you in bed sleeping like everyone else?

Iulius: It's the children! Quintus and Iulia have run away from home. We've got to stop them!

Aemelia: Boy, you are really a stultus. They haven't run away from home. They're both sound asleep in their cubacula. I just looked in on them when I heard you yelling.

Iulius: If one more person calls me stultus, I'm going to hit them with my baculus.

Aemelia: You've just been dreaming. It's probably that new wine you've been drinking lately. I thought it didn't smell right.

Iulius: You're probably right. I think I will go back to bed.

Aemelia: Good night, Jules.

Iulius: Emgy, can I talk to you for just a minute?

Aemelia: Not tonight, dear, I have a splitting headache.

Iulius: You misunderstand me. It's about tomorrow.

Aemelia: Don't even mention it. The kids were crushed when I told them. Now, good night.

Iulius: Wait, I've changed my mind. I want to decorate the house. I want to go shopping in the morning for some presents. I want to have the biggest pomegranate on the street. I want to celebrate Saturnalia like we've never celebrated it before.

Aemelia: It won't work, so forget it.

Iulius: IO SATVRNALIA!

Aemelia: Iuli the children are sleeping.

Cooking With Claudia



LOCUSTA ASSA

For Saturnalia this year let me suggest a fine delicacy, baked lobster!

Pliny has pointed out that in winter lobsters seek out sunny coasts and come in from the deep sea where they have been seeking shade during the hot summer months, so they are available in the market. Lobsters still have what Pliny calls their "autumn fat" so they are quite juicy at this time.

Since this is Saturnalia, I suggest that you go all out and prepare your lobster in two sauces!

Rx: 24-3 lb lobster

PEPPER SAUCE

1 T mild fish-pickle to each generous dash pepper

CORIANDER SAUCE

1 t. coriander
pinch of aniseed
1/4 t. oregano
1/4 t. ground pepper
1 t. honey
1/4 c. white wine
3/4 c. lobster stock
2 t. olive oil
1 t. white vinegar

Plunge the lobster in boiling water for 3 minutes, then split the lobster in two along its length. Season, to taste, with the pepper sauce, and then the coriander sauce below, and bake.

For the coriander sauce, grind together coriander, aniseed, oregano, and pepper. Combine with honey, wine, fish stock, olive oil and vinegar. Beat to a froth, then simmer slowly for 5 minutes.

After seasoning the lobster with this sauce, bake for 25-30 minutes in a 325° oven or over coals, basting with olive oil. Add more olive oil as required to avoid drying out the flesh of the lobster. Serve. Io Saturnalia!

Iulius: I-O S-A-T-U-R-N-A-L-I-A!!!

Aemelia: Iuli TACE!

(enter Quintus and Iulia, very sleepy)

Quintus: What's all the noise?

Iulia: Is papa drunk again, mama?

Iulius: IO SATVRNALIA!

Aemelia: Iuli, the neighbors!

Iulius: Children, I'm a changed man. I believe! I believe in Saturnalia. In fact, we're going to have the best Saturnalia we've ever had. All of you come here and give me your hands. You, too, Aemelia.

(They all join hands and form a circle.)

Iulius: Now, let's all say it together.

ONES: IO SATVRNALIA!

BUDDING GENIUS

HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

- From which Latin word is the word "quilt" derived?
- Who commanded Nero's Praetorian Guard?
- Which month was originally called Quintilis?
- Near which Aegean island was Aphrodite said to have been born from the sea?
- Where were Naumachiae held in Rome?
- What is the Latin term for "maid of honor"?
- In which part of the Roman house were the imagines stored?
- How often were Censors elected in Republican Rome?
- What does the Latin abbreviation q.s. stand for in English and in Latin?
- What is the term for the nearest equivalent for a Forum in a Greek city?
- Who was devoured by his own hunting dogs?
- What is hendiadys?
- How many quaestors served at once in Ancient Rome?

- What is VICTUS ACCELERATUS?
- In the play IO SATVRNALIA what physical deformity does Syra have?
- Which musical group wrote the song VIR A NUSQUAM?
- What is the Latin word for lobster?
- Name the "very gentle wind" mentioned in the Cupid and Psyche story.
- During which month is Caesia to be married?
- How old was Sir John Suckling when he learned to speak Latin fluently?
- What has been cited as the reason successful authors can write beautiful, clear idiomatic English?
- How many sestertii did the barber give Della?
- What is the ranking of this month's rock song WORD UP?
- In Mr. Barcio's one act play who doesn't believe in Saturnalia?
- Where should masons report at dawn for work?

(These answers & solutions are mailed with each bulk subscription sent in care of a teacher. Copies also sent to adult or contributing memberships on request. Under no circumstances are copies sent to individual students.)

1. CULCITA-feather
bed
2. Burrus
3. July
4. Cythera
5. Colosseum
6. Pronuba
7. alae
8. Every 5 years
9. Quantum
Sufficit/
As much as is
needed
10. Agora
11. Actaeon
12. Use of 2 connected
nouns instead of
a noun & adjective
13. 20

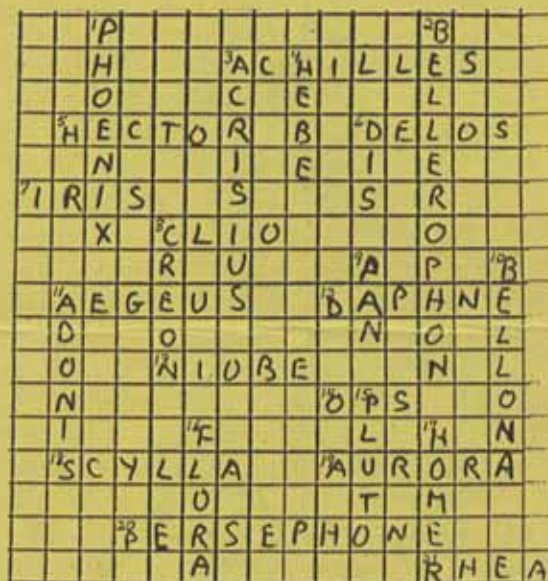
1. fast food
2. large nose
3. Beattles
4. locusta
5. Zephyr
6. January
7. 5
8. Latin study
9. 20
10. 9th
11. Julius
12. Porta Metrovia

1. Yesterday
2. A Day in the Life
3. Hey Jude
4. I am the Walrus
5. Penny Lane
6. She Loves You
7. Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds
8. Nowhere Man
9. A Hard Day's Night
10. With a Little Help from my Friends
11. All my Loving
12. Fool on the Hill
13. Love Me Do
14. Please Please Me
15. From Me to You
16. I Want to Hold Your Hand
17. Can't Buy Me Love
18. And I Love Her
19. Eight Days a Week
20. Help!
21. You've Got to Hide Your Love Away
22. Michelle
23. In My Life
24. Girl
25. Eleanor Rigby
26. Strawberry Fields Forever

N P C H O G Y D E D E R U N T
 S E U T I T S N O C E W H E U
 S I F S X E O K B U B L X H S
 U W T A M E N T S I D E D A U
 M U M I U B T U T U E R A C B
 A P Q D E F I N A R D I N S I
 B G U I T E M A N M I L O I T
 E A Q S C D D A M X C Z T N
 P H M E G S W I L J U B U S E
 M A N A T N R L S U M I O I T
 U O E R E U S I A B H B V V O
 R U M P I M U S E H O N E A P
 I L H X R A N M P Y T R F G N
 P A T U P H O L E T C G R O U
 R U M P I E B A N T I S O R A

1. *Amanda* - Boston (MCA)
2. *I Didn't Mean to Turn You On* - Robert Palmer (Island)
3. *True Colors* - Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
4. *Human* - The Human League (A&M)
5. *True Blue* - Madonna (Sire)
6. *Take Me Home Tonight* - Eddie Money (Columbia)
7. *You Give Love a Bad Name* - Bon Jovi (Mercury)
8. *Typical Male* - Tina Turner (Capitol)
9. *Word Up* - Cameo (Atlanta Artists)
10. *The Rain* - Oran "Juice" Jones (DEF Jam-Columbia)

1. Back
2. Bank
3. Band
4. Sand
5. Send



1. He gives twice who gives quickly.
2. The best remedy for anger is delay.
3. Deeds not words
4. The Senate and the people of Rome
5. We cannot all do everything.
6. They were wavering between.
7. Men usually believe willingly what they want
8. Experience is the best teacher.
9. There is danger in delay.
10. I came, I saw, I conquered.