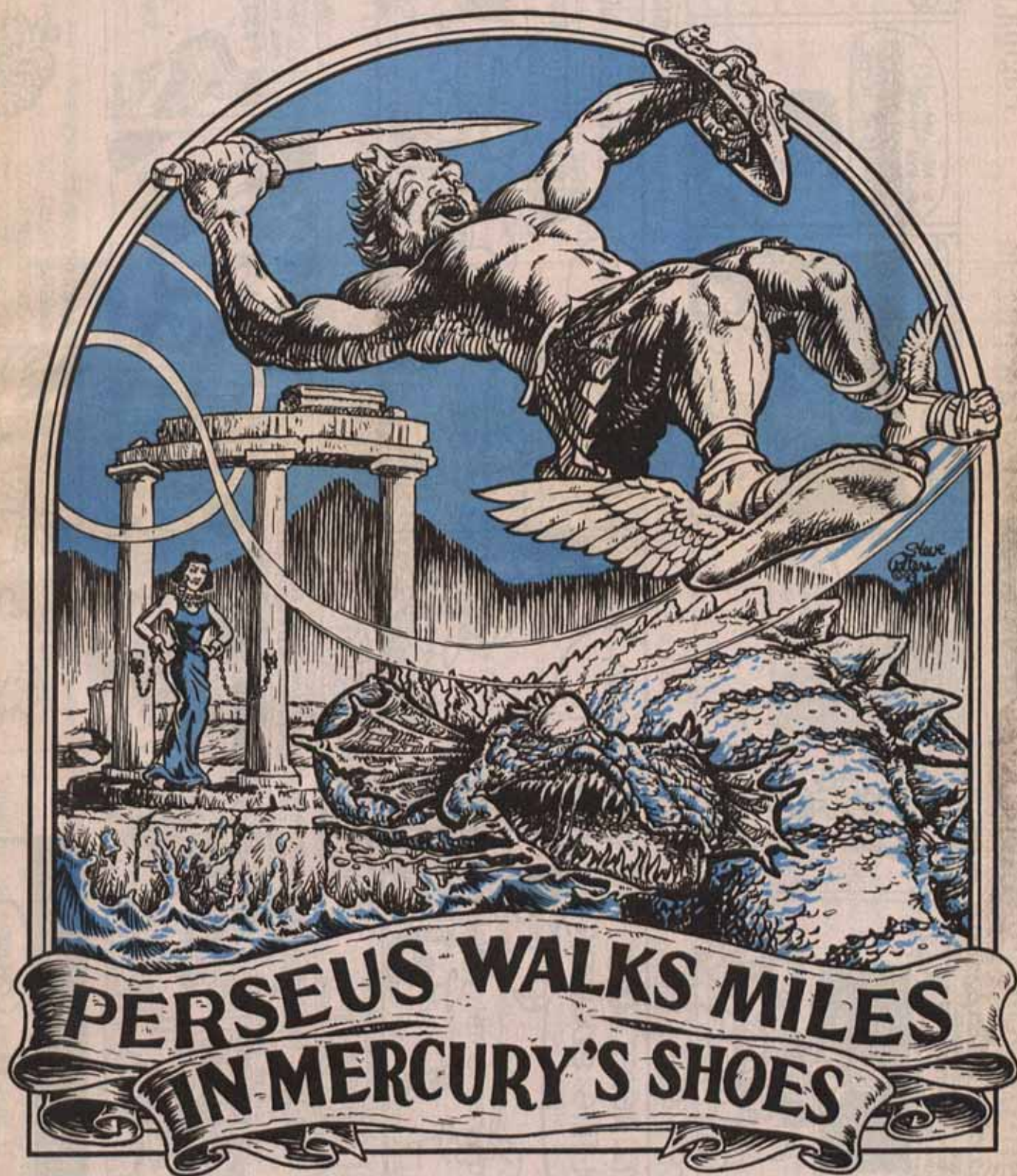


POMPEIIANA

NEWSLETTER

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PARADISUS IURASSICUS



Certissime haec fuit Dinosaurorum Aestas. Omnes de his monstris loquuntur propter duos homines: Michaellem Crichtonensem et Stephanum Spielbergum.

Pueri puellaeque semper dinosauros prius amaverunt. Dinosauri liberis non minantur. Certe dinosauri sunt maximi et gravissimi, sed extincti sunt! Ergo usque adhuc dinosauri fuerunt animalia amicissima, praesertim Barneus qui habet spectaculum suum in televisione.

Nunc autem dinosauri non iam innocentes sunt. In hac pictura movente dinosauri sunt ferocissimi. Liberos necare possunt. Et, horribile dictu, non iam sunt extincti. Vivunt in insula quae est prope Costam Ricam.

In hac fabula dinosauri recreantur ex sanguine qui repertus est in culice. Hic culix suxerat sanguinem ex dinosauro decies centena milia annorum abhinc et tunc inclusus est in succino.

Iohannes Hammondus, qui habet quam maximas pecunias, dedit pecuniam eis qui scientia recente docti sunt ut recrearent dinosaurorum DNA ex hoc sanguine.

Postquam dinosaurus vivus recreatus est ex hoc sanguine, ponitur in parva insula prope Costam Ricam cui nomen est Insula Nublara.

Post paucos annos Hammondus habet multa dinosaurorum genera in hac insula. In hac insula quoque construxit paradisum cui nomen est Paradisus Iurassicus. In hoc paradiso peregrinatores poterunt tute spectare dinosauros qui vivunt post saepimenta electrica.

Quando Paradisus Iurassicus paene completus est, Hammondus cupit demonstrare dinosauros suos eis qui de dinosauris docti sunt. Ergo Doctus Alanus Concessio, qui studet rebus paleontologicis, et Docta Eleanora Sattleris, quae studet rebus paleobiologicis, vehuntur ad insulam.

Cum Hammondus in insula sunt nepotes sui, Timotheus qui habet IX annos et Alexis quae habet XII annos, Robertus Muldoonus qui est dinosaurorum custos princeps quoque in insula habitat. Dionysus Nedreus quoque in insula est. Hic vir est malus. Propter Dionysi pecuniae studium, confusio et perturbatio fiunt in Paradiso Iurassico.

Infelicitate, dinosauri in Paradiso Iurassico non sunt amici, et saepimenta electrica non potest conservare illos qui dinosauros spectant.

Multi spectatores amant hanc picturam moventem quia fabula et dinosauri ipsi veritatem maxime imitantur. Fortasse, post paucos annos viri docti poterunt recuperare dinosaurorum DNA ex sanguine antiquo. Mirabile dictu, sed hoc fieri possit!

Reflections of an Empress

By Rebecca F. Greene, Latin II Student of Mrs. Carolyn White, Columbus School for Girls, Columbus, Ohio

The afternoon sunlight streams in through a small, barred window in my dimly lit chamber. Its radiance illuminates the tablet upon which I write periodical accounts of the day's happenings. Every afternoon, after the rush of morning formalities, I retire to my chamber. In my lonely and subservient world, a journal is my sole companion. The Emperor has little association with me, except when there is a palace function or some other social engagement. For long hours, he and his governmental officials make proposals and execute laws for the Empire's general prosperity and welfare. Having neither authority nor jurisdiction in the government, I oversee the running of our quarters and the managing of the domestics. I am the ancillary of Rome's greatest man, the mere fringe on an ornate, golden tapestry. Yearning to have my superior's power and faculty, I aspire for his ability to command and be heard. Alas, I am a woman, with few tangible rights and little influence.

Outside the palace gates, I hear shouting and commotion. Distractedly, I etch my name into the wax with my stylus, *Cornelia Lucia Lucunda*. My gaze wanders upward toward the window, where I see the stars in the night sky. They twinkle and glimmer like the most magnificent of the Emperor's medallions. Like the stars in the sky, women of aristocracy are insignificant nothings, mere puppets in the show of marriage. The extensive sky overpowers and rules over them, controlling almost every aspect of their being. But if I were the ruler of Rome, I muse, life in this empire would be very different under my domain. Men and women would be equals in my empire, ruling and living side by side. No longer would women simply exist under men's repressive shadows.

Philosophers suggest that humankind was created equal by the gods, but men have usurped all the power. It is terribly demeaning, in a society so sophisticated, that women only fulfill social purposes. A woman may have command of the social life, but cannot participate at all in the public one.

It would be unthinkable for me to become involved in politics, despite the fact that I am the Emperor's wife. In other societies and cultures, women are respected and valued as equal members of the society. If I were the ruler, I would initiate these positive ways of

(Continued in Pagina Quarta)

Hail The Conquerors Of Latin

Based on an article by John A. Harnes, Press Coastal Monmouth Bureau. Special thanks to Charles Tichenor, Township of Ocean Intermediate School, Ocean, New Jersey, for submitting this article.

OCEAN TOWNSHIP - The standards of the legions stood as silent witnesses yesterday to gladiators and charioteers competing for glory under the watchful eyes of their Emperor.

On the playing fields of Ocean Township Intermediate School, the ancient language of the Roman Empire was spoken. Pupils in the Intermediate School's seventh and eighth grade Latin classes were joined by sixth graders and high school students for a celebration of *Ludi Romani X*, the Latin games.

The festivities included the spectacle of *Eruptio Vesuvi*, a 6-foot-tall volcano that students had built for the festival. The youngsters saw the volcano spark to life, sputter, smoke, give off small explosions and, finally, burn to the ground.

It was then time for *Pugna Gladiatorum* - the gladiators' fight.

"Ave Caesar, morantur te salutamus" (Hail Caesar, we who are about to die salute you)," the gladiators cried, raising their homemade swords, tridents, shields and nets in honor of their Emperor - seventh grade pupil Dennis Ferri.

The young gladiators, armed with stuffed bags, then tried to knock each other off a balance beam, placed low to the ground.

Eighth grader Seth Levin was among the gladiators.

"We put a lot of hard work into making this work, and it's worth it," said Levin, who added that the games are a way of celebrating what the pupils have learned in their Latin classes.

"It's cool," Ferri said of his selection as Emperor of the games. He said he enjoys studying Latin because the history of Rome fascinates him.

In the *Curriculum*, or chariot races, Ferri supported the seventh grade's *Legio VI*. The team wore green and had, as its symbol, Medusa.

"I kind of like the Medusa," Emperor Ferri said.

As was often the case in ancient Rome, the Emperor's favorite team won the chariot race.

"It was a lot of fun, and I'm thrilled that I didn't fall off," said *Legio VI* winning charioteer Nicole Kruman. "I'm really proud of my horses," said Kruman. The team of "horses" consisted of other students.

In the eighth grade chariot race, victory went to *Legio III*, whose color was red and whose symbol was Mars, the Roman god of war.

(Continued in Pagina Tertia)

Pompeiana Annual Meeting

All Adult Members (Regular or Contributing), who find it convenient to do so, are invited to attend a

Business Meeting for Members
in the Community Room, Broad Ripple Public Library
1550 Broad Ripple Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana
from 10:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m., Sat., Sept. 26, 1993.

This is the annual meeting which is to be held on the 4th Saturday of September in accordance with the By-Laws of Pompeiana, Inc. and the new Indiana Not-for-Profit Corporation Act of 1991 (Article 17 of Title 23 of the Indiana Code).

Psychoanalysis of the Man who Loved Lesbia

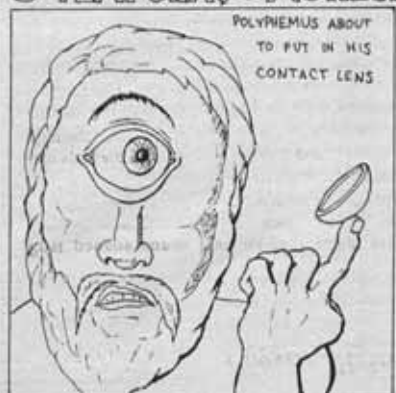
By Robby Puro, Latin III Student of Annette Kapan, Crossroads School, Santa Monica, California

I had just spent the entire weekend analyzing the poetry of my love-sick patient, *Gaius Valerius Catullus*, a 22 year old poet I perceived at first glance to be just like any other young man his age, a novice in the experiences of life and love. But I was wrong, at least about the love part; for he had been seeing a married woman, who just happened to be the wife of a consul and the sister of a gangster. He conveyed to me that her name was *Lesbia*, or, at least, that was his pseudonym for her as I would later discover.

He informed me about the very first time he

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

NATT COOM'S
O TEMPORA, O MORES!



ROGA ME
ALIQUID

Cara Matrona,

I have recently been given an unusual assignment by my *mater*. I want to do well with it so I thought I would write to ask for your advice before beginning.

It has been just a year since the rainbow goddess *Iris* and *Mercurius* escorted my late *pater* to a better life in the Elysian Fields. My *pater* was a very successful business man here in Pompeii, but he was very conservative. He liked to keep his house simple and his *hortus* unpretentious.

My *mater* had asked him repeatedly to convert our simple *hortus* into a *peristylum* decorated with statuary and beautiful plantings, but he had always refused. Now *mater* has proclaimed that I am the master of the house, and that my first task, to prove my manhood, so to speak, will be to convert our *hortus* into a beautiful *peristylum*.

We do have a young slave named *Philippus* who could be trained to maintain a *peristylum* once it is built. What I am hoping to get from you, *Matrona*, are a few suggestions on how I should get started, and on how to satisfy the wishes of my *mater* without offending the spirit of my *pater*.

Polybius, Pompeii

Care Polybi,

What a fine opportunity you have had handed to you! I'm sorry that your *pater* is no longer with you, but you must now accept your new role and try to fulfill your *mater's* wishes.

I have visited your little bayside town twice in the past: once in the early years of *Principes* and again during the years when *Imperator Tiberius* was in residence on Capri. I couldn't believe the transformations that had taken place between my two visits. My first visit took place before the aqueduct to Pompeii was approved by *Principes*, and, of course, by the time I visited a second time the aqueduct had been completed and was up and running. How the homeowners have taken advantage of the aqueduct in designing their *Peristyla* is absolutely impressive.

I would say that the first thing you must do as you plan to convert your *hortus* into a *peristylum* is to decide on how you will capitalize on the water supply available to you. You could, of course, go a step farther and construct an underground cistern before you even begin to plan the rest of the surface design. Once you decide to make your *peristylum* dependent on an abundant supply of water, it would be wise to have your own backup supply hidden away.

You will have to decide about how radically you wish to depart from the ways of your *pater* while satisfying the desires of your *mater*. You could, of course, go all out and install fountains and fish tanks. On the other hand, you might prefer to make just a few changes. You could opt for decorative flower plantings, or stick to a few choice trees, especially fruit trees, which would be close to your *pater's* practical preferences. Cherry, pear and apple trees would do well. If your *pater* did not have a fig tree in his *hortus* already, I would suggest that you plant one or two of them. As your trees mature and begin to bear fruit, prune the branches high so that there will be room beneath them for some of the decorative plantings your *mater* is anxious to have. By keeping a simple ladder handy in your *peristylum*, your *servus* should have no trouble harvesting the fruit without harming the decorative plantings below. For a touch of the exotic, you could place some pot-planted lemon trees close to the outer walls so their branches can be decoratively spread out and fastened to the walls.

Below the trees you should probably consider planting some basic evergreens, ivy and myrtle are conservative yet attractive. If your *mater* wants some accents of color, roses, lilies and violets are most frequently planted. Poppies can also be added to your garden, but they are a little flashy. If you plan to have a pet in your *peristylum* such as a cat or a turtle, I would recommend that you not plant oleander. If oleander leaves fall into standing water, they can make the water poisonous.

To give your new *peristylum* the finished look that will please your *mater*, hire a wall painter, preferably one who has studied the style of the great master of garden wall painting, *Spurius Studdius*, to add scenes that will enrich and enlarge your planting area. If one of the walls of your *peristylum* is visible from the entrance of your home, make sure that this wall receives special treatment. That way as soon as anyone enters your home, they will be attracted to your garden area.

I wish you luck with your assignment, *Polybi*. Make sure that your slave *Philippus* acquires the skill to maintain the *peristylum* you install. After all, if he's a very good slave, it just might be possible that it could be his some day.

The Sound of the Seashells

By Jeremy Grossman, Latin II Student of Sharon Gibson, Brownsburg HS, Brownsburg, Indiana

There was once a tiny crab who lived in the sea under the great Neptune's reign. This particular crab was very unhappy for he had no private home. His previous coral home had been destroyed by a mean gang of sharks who had crushed it. The tiny crab then tried to build himself a sand castle to live in, but it was washed away with the tide. The little crab began to wander the sea aimlessly in search of a home. He tried many places: a bed of seaweed, a cluster of rocks, and a sunken boat. But all were already occupied and just not for him.

Neptune had been watching the crab and took pity on him. One day he invited the tiny one to his palace and asked him about the type of house he would like to live in. The little crab replied, "It must be strong and protective, yet comfortable." Neptune nodded his head, waved his mighty trident, and summoned up the sands of the ocean floor. The tiny crab watched in awe as the sands formed a shell.

Neptune said in a deep voice, "For you." The little crab was filled with joy and over a period of time became a favorite of Neptune, coming to the palace frequently. But one day, when the little crab was on his way to the palace, the same gang of sharks who had destroyed his first home spotted him and swam toward him quickly. The little crab crawled into his shell and waited in terror. The sharks picked up the shell, and with mighty jaws they crushed the shell and the tiny creature with it. Neptune saw this, and in a rage he destroyed the sharks with the sweep of his trident. He then sadly gathered up the remains of his dear little friend's shell. Holding it close to his face he released a mighty moan of grief. After a while Neptune set the crushed shell down. Summoning his terrific powers, he turned each piece into a complete new seashell. Then, he multiplied each shell tens of thousands of times. Each shell echoed the dull moan of Neptune's grief. He scattered the empty shells throughout the ocean to be used as homes for whatever homeless creatures might have a need for them. That is why, even today, the moan of the sea can still be heard in large shells found along the coast.

The Minoan Civilization

By Latin students of Mrs. Hilary Sikes, Indianola Jr. High School, Indianola, Mississippi

Audacious, belligerent, feral, intimidating, vivacious Cousin of Cybele's kinfolk,
 Lover of boisterous, Bacchanalian banquets and bull-dancing,
 Who feels indomitable, insuperable, invincible,
 Who needs no protective wall around his kingdom,
 Who worships the Lady of the Wild Creatures,
 Who gives equal rights to the feminine sex,
 Who fears earthquakes and Greek invaders from the Peloponnesus,
 Who would like to "Make It Last Forever,"
 Resident of Knossos, Crete - Never Satisfied,
 Whose goal is Control.

Psychoanalysis (Continued a Pagina Prima)

encountered *Lesbia* at the amphitheater; he explained that it was love at first sight. She was unlike any other woman he had ever come across in his life; he described her as a stunningly attractive older woman, imperious and capricious, contradicting all well-known beliefs about the female species; for most married women chose to be faithful to their husbands and abide by all the laws of matrimony. *Lesbia* was definitely unconventional.

An Echo of Sappho

As I sauntered to my upstairs office in the early hours of the morning, I was shocked to see that *Catullus* had already arrived for our 9:00 a.m. appointment. None of my patients had ever been this eager to talk. We pleasantly exchanged greetings, and he got right to the point.

"Have you read through my poetry, Doctor?"

"Your poetry . . . Ah yes, most of it for that matter. Make yourself comfortable. Sit anywhere you like, and we'll begin with the first poem which I've analyzed." I hastily snagged a manila folder out of my briefcase with a phosphorescent green label, marked *Poetry of Catullus*. I proceeded to pull out a poem titled, "An Echo of Sappho."

"From reading this poem I can perceive that you are extremely jealous of another man you have seen with *Lesbia*. Quite normal, if I may say so myself. I also feel it is particularly interesting how you set up the first line of the poem. The words, *ille mi par esse deo videtur*, show that you used assonance to indicate rhythm, and, hyperbolically, power, since you yourself feel that when you are with *Lesbia*, you are superior to the gods. You also used juxtaposition with the words *spectat et audit*. This suggests sentiments of internal jealousy; for you see the man inducing *Lesbia's* sweet, docile laughter, and you feel that you are being wronged since you should be the only one able to make her laugh. Am I right *Catulle*?"

"Yes! Quite precise and well done, Doctor. It seems I am quite jealous and envious of any man who goes near *Lesbia*. After all, she is my shining sweetheart, or at least she was. Well, anyway, tell me more."

"You used hyperbole a second time, but this time it coincided with an ellipsis. When you say, 'it's driving me crazy,' this, in my opinion, emphasizes an even deeper love for *Lesbia* and an equally deep feeling of jealousy toward the man beside her. In that sentence you conceive of your rival as an 'it,' indicating irreverence and grave resentment."

"You also convey your love for *Lesbia* through references to your physical well being. You claim, for example, that at the very sight of *Lesbia* there is no sound left in your mouth, indicating to me your inability to tell *Lesbia* that you love her. You say that your ears ring with their own sound, suggesting that when you are with *Lesbia*, you hear the sweet music of love."

"Then, in the last line of the poem which reads, *gemina teguntur lumina nocte*, you use the word *gemina*, which proves by meter to be an ablative with *nocte*, as a transferred epithet belonging in meaning with *lumina*. This, of course, emphasizes that 'both your eyes become enveloped in darkness' as you receive a premonition from the gods that your relationship has been doomed from the start. In your case, love has blinded you from the reality that this relationship has no future, whatsoever."

"Well, that's all the time I have left today, but I'll be happy to meet with you as often as you like to discuss your other poems, beginning, if you like, with your second poem, 'Vivamus, Mea *Lesbia*.'"

"Thank you for your intuitive and insightful analysis of my poetry. Farewell, Doctor."

"Miser *Catulle*"

Many months passed, and many sessions were held before my final meeting with my unusual patient. On that last day, I entered my office at 9:00 a.m. on the dot. *Catullus* was not there, nor had he been there. It was amazing. For the first time, he was not early. When he finally did arrive, he looked happier than I had ever seen him. The hair stood up on my neck. I had helped someone. He addressed me in an upbeat tone.

(Continued in Pagina Nona)

Mystical Highland

By Rebecca F. Greene, Latin II Student of Carolyn White, Columbus School for Girls, Columbus, Ohio

O, mystical,
enigmatic highland,
you flew up valiantly,
towards the heavens,
your summit challenging
the apex of the universe.
A timeless relic,
cherished by mankind
since the dawn of time,
your form, an antithesis.
You are the bearer of life,
and yet its extinguisher.

The inhabitants of Pompeii,
that condemned city,
witnessed your fortuitous fury.
Intensified by the sun,
projected against the clouds,
you had lain dormant for decades,
appearing at first glance,
as one with the earth and all its denizens.

A brooding moonscape.
Then, as the world began to quake,
your veiled rifts and crevices issued
an explosion of molten fire.
Thundering, smothering, consuming,
the earth, with your crimson blood,
you consigned to nameless death,
your victims.

Your destruction
left the once monumental city in ruins –
a necropolis of buried hopes,
an ash-encompassed sarcophagus.

Your torrid embers will
burn forever, in the hearts
of those you left untouched.
For within your deep, cavernous depressions,
lurks the wrathful spirit of Vulcan, God of Fire.
The volition of time cannot be overcome
by man or beast;
omnipresent,
It is the devourer of all things.

Romans Coy About
A Private Function

By Andy Coghlan

(Special thanks to Larry Marcus, Indianapolis, Indiana, for bringing this article, which appeared on p. 4 of *New Scientist*, May 1, 1993, to our attention.)

Most homes in the ancient Roman cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii had their own toilets, destroying the myth that Romans generally answered calls of nature in communal lavatories.

Gemma Jansen of the Catholic University of Nijmegen in the Netherlands led an expedition to the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, where she made the first in-depth study of Roman toilets. "Virtually all the houses in both cities had remains of toilets," she says.

The best known Roman sanitary facilities are the large public toilets in Rome and in the harbour town of Ostia. "The prevailing opinion is that all Roman toilets are common ones, but our research shows that this is not true," says Jansen.

Most private toilets were small rooms in the kitchen, in the garden or in a nook under the stairs, screened by a wall, but with no door. The stone pan, supported on a stone column, protruded from a wall.

The column was open at the front so that people could clean themselves, usually with a sponge fixed to a stick. They would then wash the sponge in a special basin.

At the base of the column was a hole which led to a cesspit or sewer. Workers would empty cesspits for a price. Jansen found one inscription in Herculaneum reading "cesspit emptied at a cost of 11 asses," an "as" being the smallest Roman coin.

Many of the lavatories were plastered in white, with large floor tiles. The bottom of the pan was painted black with red or yellow dots to disguise stains. Jansen was surprised by bright paintings of flowers, drinking horns or seahorses on the walls of some of the lavatories. Notably absent were images of Fortuna, the goddess of luck. "The Goddess Fortuna is always painted in public toilets to protect users. I think that's because people felt quite vulnerable in public."

From My Side of the Desk



It's August once again: another school year is about to begin.

I am starting year number fifteen in this school system. This seems like a milestone and a fitting time to share my thoughts.

As the days grow noticeably shorter, as the calendar moves rapidly ahead, I wonder if the new semester will bring bright, eager faces or more worries about Latin remaining an essential part of the curriculum. I wonder if there will be more new "buzz" words or if the ninth grade will be moved to the high school. What will the '93-'94 school year bring?

Will my new first year Latin class have those same curious questions?

"Why does anyone study a dead language?"

"It's not dead. Just wait. You'll be speaking it very soon."

Will these students be taking Latin for those same predictable reasons?

"My mother took it, and she liked it;" "I plan to be a doctor;" "I heard you can raise your SAT scores."

Why doesn't anyone ever say, "I heard this is a terrific class?"

Do these people know that they will soon be part of the educational elite in this country? Do they know that this class can even help with computer and math skills?

My classes use names from the Trojan War as class names because the text is Jenny's First Year Latin. Who will be Aeneas? Who will be Dido? Will there be another in-class romance? Last year Aeneas went to the Ninth Grade Dance with Venus: we had many laughs about that arrangement!

What new vocabulary words will appear this year? Will there be any new variations such as *sumbam*, *essebo* or *agricolest*? I should have kept a list all these years!

I hope I can do better this year with the concept of not putting two verbs in one sentence.

Cooperative Learning and teaming were the "buzzwords" during the '92-'93 school year. Won't it be great if this year's "watch words" are Accountability and Responsibility, accompanied by a sincere work ethic on the part of each and every student and teacher? Then I could be sure that Room 212 would be an exciting place, and that I could get through *hic*, *haec*, *hoc* and relative pronouns all in one year.

As August days dwindle, my mind begins to fill with room arrangements, wall decorations, seating charts, lesson plans and cafeteria duty. Will there be 180 class days, or will there be the standard interruptions for class meetings, pep sessions, counselors, and state-wide testing? Will I be able to motivate other students to study Latin as I did with Lea Ann and Ellen who are now teachers of Latin with more classes than I have? Will the National Latin Exam actually make it into the hands of the exam administrator this year or once again get lost somewhere in the building after being delivered by UPS, as it did last year? Will another Gold Medal go unearned?

On that first day, I'll see all those faces and forget all the questions. I'll remember that they know so little about any foreign language. I'll hope that in just a few short weeks they'll be able to translate simple sentences, respond to basic commands and begin to enjoy their own relationship with that language we call Latin.

Hoc novo anno vobis bonam fortunam...

Ave atque Vale,
Magistra

Conquerors (Continued a Pagina Prima)

For 10 years, Latin teacher Charles Tichenor's classes have held the festival at the Intermediate School. There are 96 pupils in the school studying Latin and, Tichenor said, he is glad to see so many students interested in the language.

In addition to the athletic competitions, the youngsters demonstrated their knowledge of Latin in events such as poetry reading and learning games. An example was *Iter Periculosum* (Dangerous Journey), a game in which the students used their knowledge of Latin to advance the Greek hero Ulysses back to his home on the island of Ithaca.

Diary of Stalenus

By John Pope, Latin III Student of Marianne Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

Two days before the Ides of August – Today I was called for jury duty in Rome; what a bore. It is about some rich man from Larinum named Oppianicus, who had committed various crimes including the attempted murder of his son-in-law. Seems like an open and shut case.

The day before the Ides of August – This Oppianicus is a wily old fellow. He seems to be down on my level. He offered me 5,000 gold coins for my persuasive assistance in his trial. Anyhow, maybe the trial may be a little more interesting than expected.

Ides of August – I pocketed his contribution to me after I agreed to his terms. The other citizens in the jury with me are mostly my friends, some of whom are very upstanding. Others I do not know. The preliminary hearings of his crime were today, and I have determined that Oppianicus is underhanded – but not any more than any of us on the jury today.

Sixteen days before the Kalends of September – More testimony. Oppianicus may be sneakier than I thought, but not as bad as I. I think I will buy a house in Capri with my new wealth.

Fifteen days before the Kalends of September – This Oppianicus is a very sly man. He is very intelligent and brooding. I could learn some new tricks from this clever man.

Fourteen days before the Kalends of September – I beginning to be disgusted with the underhanded tricks of Oppianicus, but I am bound to vote to acquit him since he has helped me with a donation to my vacation fund.

Thirteen days before the Kalends of September – I have made my decision about the whole thing. Today, allegations were made showing that he probably murdered two of his children just so he could marry a widow, Sassia, whose husband was murdered by my benefactor. It is my duty as a Roman to get rid of this fiend.

Twelve days before the Kalends of September – I used my influence to get all my friends to vote against Oppianicus. He was found guilty, mostly by my influence. As he was dragged out by the guards, he screamed that he was double-crossed by me.

Eleven days before the Kalends of September – I had to give up my villa on Capri for my "duty as a Roman." I guess I should have kept my big mouth shut.



Reflections (Continued a Pagina Prima)

thinking into Roman society.

Woman and freed persons would receive equal rights in my utopia; the right of the vote, the right to sit on a jury and to own property. If it is the woman's duty to manage property, she should have the right of owning the property as well. Institutions of higher learning for women would be formed, so that all women could have equal opportunities for intellectual betterment. Occupational horizons for women would be broadened, to include political and business vocations. If I were in charge, I would pass a law that would give women the right to hold office.

We women must strive for equality and respect, and the right to hold a political office should not be an impossible goal. Freed persons should also receive equal rights; once they are liberated, they should enjoy the same protections and privileges as other citizens.

In my empire, I would require that masters pay their slaves for performed services. I do not agree with the idea of one person owning another; I probably should not overlook, however, that this system of slavery does eradicate homelessness. The slaves receive more benefits from the system than they would if they were, indeed, homeless. Besides, if there were no slaves, no one would be left to perform everyday menial tasks. Paying slaves for their good work, in money or goods, would allow them to become independent members of society. Although some masters are cruel, the majority do value their slaves, considering them an integral part of their families and occupations. Here at the palace, the Emperor treats his slaves poorly, often issuing severe punishments for trifling mistakes. I try to intervene, but his word, not mine, is the law.

Like many rulers before my husband, I would be compassionate and thoroughly dedicated to the governing of my empire and its people. Appropriate punishments for crimes must be warranted, but no cruel or unusual ones. Recently, my husband sentenced a man to ten years in jail for failing to pay his taxes. Oftentimes, I feel he too often ignores the appeals of the people and rules more like a dictator. His court and palace remain closed to public assessment. An optimum Emperor should listen to and consider his subjects' proposals.

The shouting and disturbances I had heard before are growing louder. A woman is screaming. I recognize her voice, and I recall that she is the *ancilla* who cleans the Emperor's suite of rooms. Soon her cries are muffled as I hear the guards dragging her back into the palace. Once again, the courtyard is silent, and I tremble at the thought of my husband's brutality.

Perhaps someday, in generations to come, there will be an emperor, who embodies all of these superlative attributes. Perhaps this quintessential emperor will assemble an administration which will respect and involve women in politics. I dream of a future where women and freed persons will finally emerge the triumphant victors in the political game, a future where the people's opinions will be taken into account before significant decisions are made, and a future where workers are paid not owned. This empire would be the most powerful of all empires in history, having the support and confidence of all its subjects. Although it may take hundreds of years, I dream that women will attain equal rights and head legal systems throughout the world.

Yet this is a dream. After all, I am the Emperor's wife. I must get ready for this evening's events. "*Venia, Veni huc!*"

Hades

By Tony Rotoli, Latin I Student of Margaret M. Curran, Orchard Park HS, Orchard Park, New York

There once was a place called Hades
Which gave no preference to men or ladies.

It had Cerberus as its guard—

Those who did not belong he barred.
Cerberus, monster, three-headed beast—
Frightening, ugly, ferocious, to say the least—
Experienced many adventures in the world
of the dead.

For his master, Hades, he was always alert
and never went to bed.

De Re Coquinaria



There is no better way to become familiar with Roman tastes and the food they enjoyed than to prepare and serve some of the recipes that were recorded in the only authentic cookbook to have survived from ancient times. The recipes were either recorded by or for a gastronome whose *cognomen* was definitely *Apicius*—there are conflicting opinions about his *praenomen* and his *nomen* and even about the century in which he lived. Most people, however, even Late Roman Empire authors, believe that the *Apicius* of *De Re Coquinaria* lived in the 1st century A.D.

The majority of the recipes recorded by or for *Apicius* deal with nine major categories of foods. Each issue of the 1993-1994 Pompeiiana NEWSLETTER will feature two different Apician recipes for the food category highlighted that month.

Readers are encouraged to try at least one of the recipes each month in order to get an authentic taste of Roman living.

Nine Major Categories of Roman Foods

- I. Eggs (*ova*)
- II. Vegetables (*holera*)
- III. Legumes (*legumina*)
- IV. Inland Water Fish (*pisces*)
- V. Seafood Dishes (*fercula marina*)
- VI. Quadrupeds (*quadrupes*)
- VII. Domestic and Wild Fowl (*aves feri et domestici*)
- VIII. Cheese (*caseus*)
- IX. Fruit (*fructus arboreus*)

POACHED EGGS ROMAN STYLE

Pour one cup of water into a small pan. Add two cups of chopped onions, one cup of red wine, 1/4 cup of oregano, 1/2 teaspoon of celery seed, one thinly sliced

clove of garlic and a little salt and pepper. Bring this mixture to a low boil. Break a fresh egg into a small dish and then carefully pour it into the boiling mixture. Watch that the mixture does not boil over—lower the heat if necessary. When the egg is fairly solid, gently remove it from the boiling mixture with a straining ladle. Leaving the egg in the ladle, rest the bottom of the ladle on a paper towel to drain off the excess water, then place the egg in a serving dish. Repeat with as many eggs as needed to serve your guests.

SCRAMBLED EGGS ROMAN STYLE

In a cup mash together one sardine or anchovy, 1/2 teaspoon of black pepper, 1/2 teaspoon of celery seed, one tablespoon of finely chopped pine nuts, 1 teaspoon of honey and 1/2 cup of warm water into which one mashed chicken bouillon cube has been dissolved. Pour this mixture into a small sauce pan, bring it to a boil and then let it simmer so that it thickens a little.

While the sauce is simmering, heat a small frying pan on the stove. While the pan is heating, scramble three eggs in a small dish. Add 1/4 cup of sliced mushrooms and two heaping tablespoons of shredded Mozzarella cheese to the eggs while scrambling them. Put two tablespoons of olive oil into the hot frying pan and add the scrambled eggs. Lower the heat and cover the frying pan so that the eggs cook into a slightly solid pie. In a few minutes try to turn this pie over without ruining its shape. Re-cover the frying pan and let the eggs cook for a few more minutes. When the eggs are done, gently place them on a serving dish and pour the sauce over them.

Remember: Roman food tastes best when its flavors have been anticipated by the one preparing it.

Crossing the River Styx

By Sarah K. Braz, Grade 8 Latin Student of Mr. William Callahan, Centennial Junior HS, Casper, Wyoming

He breathes his last breath, his head falls to his chest. Life slowly leaves his body and soon he hangs dead. His corpse remains on the cross to show all that the great unconquerable Spartacus had indeed been defeated, to show all that Rome and its armies had triumphed again.

"Hello, Spartacus," a voice says. The voice sounds conceited, almost cocky, but yet, it has an air of sadness in it, perhaps even pity.

Spartacus opens his eyes to find, much to his surprise, that he is no longer in pain, and is no longer hanging on the cross. He lifts his head to see Hermes looking down on him, a smile on his face. In his hand he holds a golden staff of two intertwining snakes staring blindly at a pair of wings. The same wings were on Hermes' sandals and hat. He has come to complete his mission by guiding Spartacus to Charon on the River Styx.

"It's time, isn't it?" Spartacus inquires, then answers his own question. "Yes, you're real. You really exist. All this time I thought..." Spartacus stutters. "Now you're here, and you've come to take me away to Tartarus." Spartacus shudders.

"They were right," Hermes states, still grinning, "you are brilliant."

Spartacus snorts sarcastically, "That's what I thought."

"Come," Hermes orders. "Charon is waiting."

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

Lost in Time

By Ben Faber, Latin Student of Patricia Geraci, Pittsford Middle School, Pittsford, NY

Dear Mom and Dad,

I'm in ancient Rome, so don't hold dinner or wait up for me (knowing the mail service though, I'd say that point is passed). I was auctioned off as a slave when I arrived. This wasn't a pleasant experience and showed me how animals must surely feel as they are rounded up and driven to market to be sold. As I stood on the turning stand and was auctioned off by the *mangones*, I felt like a caged animal at the zoo. I heard bids no different from those heard at the auctioning of a dead man's property. I began to feel like I was an object, not a person. I was bought by *Gaius Augustus Calvus*, the owner of a large farm. *Augustus* owns a few animals and has many fields filled with assorted fruits and vegetables.

His family includes his 15 year old son, *Claudius*, his daughter of 12, *Augusta*, and his wife, *Antonia*. In the *familia* there are 112 slaves including myself. I have been given the job of caring for the animals because I have some knowledge of their treatment and because I enjoy working with them.

By the way, if you want to understand better where I'm living and what it's like, my Latin book is in my locker in school. In the book there is a character named *Davus* who was in a position similar to my own. Just as he did, I have become almost a friend to the family. *Augustus* will probably even free me in 20 or 30 years at which point I may be able to return home.

Love,

Your wonderful son lost in time,
Ben

Crossing (Continued a Pagina Quarta)

"This must be Spartacus," Charon announces to himself. "Not what I expected, not what I expected at all."

Spartacus looks down at himself. Wearing a simple tunic tied with a rope, no shoes and a two-day beard, he looked like he always had. He looked like a slave. Spartacus hops into the boat as Charon starts to paddle down the river.

Eager to break the silence, Charon sighs. "They say you were a great man with remarkable leadership, a kind heart and a genuine soul." Charon exhales noisily. "I watched you in the gladiator ring against the trident," he declares. Your stubby sword flew from your hand and hit the ground, just out of your reach. You should've died there on that day, but you didn't. You lived." Charon's words flood past the ears of Spartacus.

Deep in thought, Spartacus speaks. "When I was a gladiator, I was taught to survive. I was treated like an animal, but I was kept alive by the two things: Varinia and the overwhelming desire to be free." A single tear is trickling down Spartacus' cheek in remembrance of his wife and son.

Charon remarks, "You came so far. Your army was made up of nothing but slaves. You beat Marcus; you shamed him. Your soldiers looted his camp and set his tents afire." An almost prideful look crosses Charon's face.

"That was not a victory for us, but merely a loss for Marcus." Spartacus mutters.

"How so?" interrogates Charon.

"Marcus did not properly set up his camp. He did not put up barricades to secure it. It was a fault on his part, that we won." Spartacus reveals.

"Don't be so modest, Spartacus. Your army had something Rome's did not—slave brotherhood. When the Roman officers asked for Spartacus to identify himself, at least one-hundred other slaves stood up to proclaim that he was Spartacus." Charon pauses thoughtfully. "Antonius also had a strong love for you. When you and he were forced to fight against one another in a gladiator battle, you were told the winner would be crucified. Antonius tried to kill you so that he would win and be crucified and you would not suffer." Charon gazes off into the distance as if imagining a love so great.

"Antonius didn't stand a chance!" Spartacus thunders. "He was a songboy not a gladiator." Spartacus then softens. "He had a beautiful voice. At night we would sit around the fire, blazing embers glowing, warming our bodies. Antonius would sing and perform magic. His words inspired all to win the battle. At first our expectations were higher than the sun, the stars." Spartacus' eyes glaze over with infuriating memories. His voice becomes deep and gruff. "Then the Roman soldiers marched over the hill. Their ranks and formation were superb. The uniforms folded in and out of blocks with such ease. We had no ranks, no formation. We had only courage. We just stood wherever we wanted, all jumbled into one rioting mob of slaves; but, for that moment at least, we were free." Tears were welling in his eyes.

Struggling for something to say, Charon mumbles, "You tried. The weapons of the Roman soldiers were more powerful, their actions and decorations more professional. They had poles covered with golden ornaments, uniforms and helmets newly issued. They also had fear. They feared you, Spartacus." A shadow of confusion and disbelief spreads across Spartacus' face.

"I had a dream," he murmurs. "We had a dream. A dream that our son would be born free."

"But you saw your son. He was free."

"I know. Varinia visited me as I hung on the cross." After this, he stops. They finish the ride in silence.

"Here we are," Charon proclaims.

"Thanks" is all Spartacus can manage. His mind is clouded by fond memories of the past and gripping fears of the future. He takes a deep breath and steps out of the boat, past snarling Cerberus and into the cascading darkness, through the gates of the underworld.

For Romulus To Justifying His Murder of Remus

By Soozhmy Panzai, Latin III Student of Mrs. Nilsen, St. John Vianney HS, Holmdel, New Jersey

- I. **Exordium:** For how long will Romulus, the son of Rhea Silva and Mars, be condemned for his twin brother's murder? Why can't the citizens of our great land look beyond this fact and consider the greatness of the city's founder? So great was he that, willingly, he sacrificed his beloved, yet jealous and dangerous, brother for the future of his people. Was it not he who was chosen by the gods to build his city on the Palatine hill? One chosen by the divine should be accepted by the mortal! Was it not he who worked to please the gods by offering sacrifices and gifts on behalf of all his people? Personal gains were not what he sought. Was it not he who, with a white cow and bull harnessed to a plow, personally traced a furrow where his city walls would rise? Was it not he who welcomed all, from slaves to criminals, into his city, without discrimination? Was it not he who provided wives for all the bachelor inhabitants of his city? And was it not he who set up the Senate—the council of elders who now condemn him? I ask you to reconsider your censures, and take Rome's first king for a savior, not a murderer!
- II. **Narratio:** Romulus is accused of murdering his brother? But it was to be for the good of the whole! He had to build strong walls for his city; through his prayers and powers he had put a spell on the furrows where the walls were to rise in order to prevent enemy infiltration. But it was jealousy in the form of his brother Remus, that crossed the trenches and cancelled the magic. Romulus had to replace the lost magic somehow, and there was only one possible way: the sacrifice of a man! By killing Remus, the king not only fulfilled this requirement, but he prevented possible future acts of aggression by his brother.
- III. **Partitio:** Yes, Romulus had to take direct action for the protection of his city; it was his duty as king. And yes, he had the sole right to be king; for he selected the location of his city. And finally, yes, his location was the one approved by the gods.
- IV. **Confirmatio:** And can any mortal dare to argue with the choice of the divine? And would any mortal defy heavenly truths through lies? The facts are plain and simple: the brothers, finding life tedious in their birthplace, *Alba Longa*, wanted to build their own city on the east bank of the Tiber. But, as all humans are different, the sites chosen by each were different. After referring to the wisdom of their grandfather, Numitor, they each stood on their selected sites: Remus on the Aventine hill, Romulus on the Palatine. Both awaited a sign from the gods. Perhaps Remus did see six vultures fly above his head, a possible communication from the heavens.

But if we consider this, we must also take Romulus' sighting of twelve vultures as an even stronger sign—a sign of definite favor.

And once again, tell me, who would challenge the choice of the divine? As it is often said, "Finders, keepers...." Romulus was the founder of the site for this city, so he naturally had the right to rule—to be the first king. And is it not the duty of a king to promote the peace, the harmony, and the safety of his kingdom? I'm sure you all agree, and now see that the killing of his beloved, yet threatening brother was not only necessary, but proper.

- V. **Refutatio:** And again I ask, would anyone dare to lie about the divine truth? Yes, perhaps Remus did see a sign from the gods first. But we must consider the superiority of the sign given to Romulus: twelve vultures as opposed to six. That's six more vultures! Why that's twice the original favor! Romulus could not lie about this, for many others who were present on that day could bear witness to the fact.

Would Romulus have the heart to lie about his vision to the faces of his dear brother, friends, and future citizens? Would he have the gall to lie, knowing that the gods were looking on and would be ready to punish such evil? No signs of punishment from the gods were seen in his kingdom, which flourished under his rule. Thus we can definitely hold Romulus as an upright individual.

The murder of his brother, which caused great grief for Romulus, must not be compared to a bloody, selfish killing. Remus' murder was, rather, an act of altruism. It was for the protection of the citizens of his city that Romulus had to remove this one prominent threat: his brother. Also, by killing Remus with his own loving hands, Romulus actually prevented the murder of his brother by someone else who would have been motivated by hate and not love. Only true love could have avoided such an eventuality.

- VI. **Conclusio:** So I ask, is it right to blame such a generous man for taking necessary action? For if he had let Remus live, the two would have been engaged in constant fights. One would have eventually been killed as a hated enemy. By taking the initiative, Romulus not only prevented this but he also insured the harmony of his city. He kept alive the love bond between brothers. And on this note I ask that Romulus' intentions be considered: I ask that his many achievements, and not just this one act be considered: I ask that love be considered as the main motive, not hatred. Finally, I ask how can these actions, motivated by love, ever be considered criminal?

A Poem for All Seasons

By Jaime Oldham, Latin student of Ms. J. Campbell, Central Jr. H.S., Findlay, Ohio

Autumnus
alacer, aureus
deflorescere, mori, decidere.
Autumnus est tempus quando folia cadunt.
Autumnus.

Hiems
frigidus, albus
ningere, gelare, flare.
Hiems facit albam terram mirabilem.
Hiems

Tempus Vernum
splendidum, viridans
crescere, plure, lucere.
Tempus Vernum est tempus vivendum.
Tempus Vernum

Aestas
calidus, apricius
natare, currere, gaudere.
Aestas est tempus calidum.
Aestas

Cerberus

By Bill Bell, Grade 8 Latin Student of Bette Bradley, Central Middle School, Waukesha, Wisconsin

Cerberus is mean, ugly and bad.
You had better move when he gets mad
because when he bites it surely hurts,
and when you smell his doggy breath,
You'll offer him three Certs.

UNTOLD MYTH & HISTORY PANDORA AS A CHILD.





1. I. ALAPA! (IBI EST), Caterna Tangens
II. NUPER, Iodeci
III. SIC EST AMOR, Ioanella Iacobides
IV. ALIQUID ACCIDIT, V.N.V.
V. DIES BONUS FUT, Cubus Glacialis
VI. NUPER TIBI NARRAVI? Rodericus Stuartus
VII. TUUS SUM, Shae
VIII. QUID ACCIDIT? IV Quae Non Sunt Flavac
IX. PUERI MALI, Circulus Interior
X. SI NULLAM PRAEDAM HABEREM, Antonius! Antonii Sonus

Latin Verb Jumble

By Zach Schwartz, Grade 8 Latin student of Judy Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

Pick one answer from each column to form the verb requested. Each letter will be used once. Place the letters representing your choices in the blanks before each verb; e.g., "we see" would be c, k, p.

A.	B.	C.
a. port	g. a	m. is
b. duc	h. ab	n. tis
c. vid	i. av	o. ero
d. am	j. era	p. mus
e. aud	k. e	q. bat
f. rog	L. iv	r. erunt

1. _____ we are asking
2. _____ they have heard
3. _____ You (sing.) will love
4. _____ I shall have carried
5. _____ you (pl.) had seen
6. _____ he was leading

Looking for the Rainbow

Submitted by Wendy Lynn Parist, Latin I student of Kevin Finnigan, Fairport High School, Fairport, N.Y.

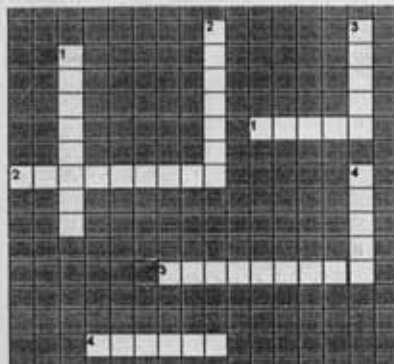
Unless otherwise indicated, write the masculine form of the Latin adjectives for these colors.

DOWN

1. pink
2. green
3. black
4. white

ACROSS

1. red
2. blue
3. purple (F.)
4. yellow



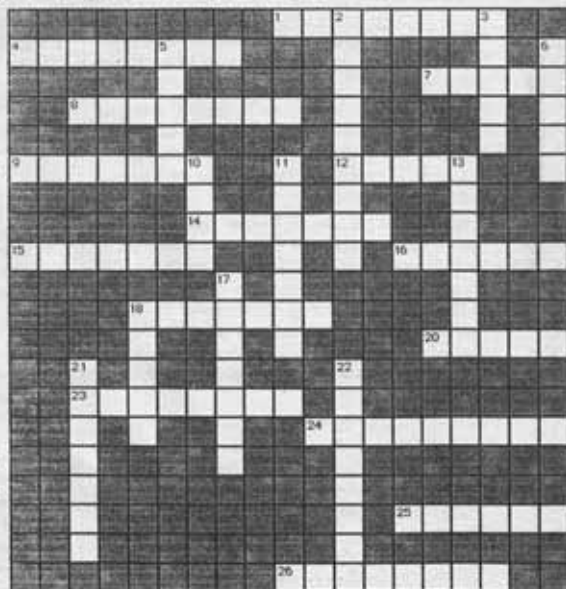
The Seven Kings

By the Latin II class of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

(Kings are referred to by their cognomina)

- Across
1. Last of the seven kings
4. Pompilius was the most
7. Tullius built a shrine to her
8. First of the seven hills
9. Priscus made a temple to him
12. Tullius signed a major treaty with the league
14. Circus
15. Pompilius had the first priestly
16. Made for criminals
18. First king of Rome
20. This joined both sides of the Tiber River
23. This was the 5th of the 7 hills of Rome
24. How Hostilius might have been killed
25. This hill was added by Hostilius
26. Romulus gave Rome its first lunar
Down
2. The second king of Rome
3. What Tullius was before he was king
5. What gave Tullius the idea of becoming king
6. Pompilius dedicated a temple to this goddess
10. Where the seven kings ruled
11. The fifth king of Rome
13. Grandfather of Romulus
17. The third king of Rome
18. The twin brother of Romulus
19. Pompilius was dedicated to this

21. The fourth king of Rome
22. Hill added by Tullius



Symbolic Search

By Monica DeBoer, Latin student of Darrel Huiskens, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Match the symbols with the Latin deities.

- a. anvil, forge
b. trident, dolphin, horses
c. doves, sparrows
d. sword, shield, dogs, vultures
e. chariot, Cerberus, scepter, Underworld key
f. pomegranate, peacock, cuckoo
g. hearth fire
h. winged cap, winged sandals, caduceus
i. crescent, stag, arrows
j. Aegis, owl, olive tree, shield
k. eagle, thunderbolts, oak leaves
l. lyre, arrows, sun chariot
m. sheaf of wheat, poppies, cornucopia

1. _____ Pluto, Dis
2. _____ Neptune
3. _____ Vesta
4. _____ Minerva
5. _____ Diana
6. _____ Apollo
7. _____ Venus
8. _____ Jupiter, Jove
9. _____ Ceres
10. _____ Juno
11. _____ Vulcan
12. _____ Mars
13. _____ Mercury

Latin Scrambler Match

Submitted by Carri Sheil, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Unscramble the Latin words. Then match column B with column A

A	B
1. lamiaf	A. parent
2. afenim	B. boy
3. plulse	C. man
4. erpu	D. daughter
5. rvi	E. family
6. rtema	F. grandchild
7. srtro	G. girl
8. rtrafe	H. woman
9. iilsfu	I. father
10. laifi	J. mother
11. cribul	K. brother
12. nserpa	L. children
13. terpa	M. son
14. sopen	N. sister

Constantine Scramble

Submitted by Angie Serio, Latin III student of Joyce Capertino, North High School, Waukesha, Wis.

Unscramble these English words describing people, places or ideas associated with Constantine:

1. Orme
2. ngetrioi
3. Ncntiaconst
4. miraes
5. spmeorer
6. Usfaat
7. Hcantsiri
8. Cniotileda
9. Nexisutma



8.

- I. CORPORATUM
II. PARADISUS IURASSICUS
III. IN TELORUM CONIECTU
IV. INSOMNIS SEATTLensi
V. HUIUS ANNI TIRO
VI. NIVEA
VII. DIONYSUS MINATIO ILLE
VIII. GENER
IX. HEBDOMADIS DIES ULTIMI APUD BERNARDUM, II
X. QUID EO AMOR INTEREST?

Submit

Fill in the

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.
16.

11.

1. Fro
2. 1th
3. He
4. The
5. Wh
6. I ca

Easy Nouns

Submitted by Stephen Wayland, Latin IV student of Mrs. Carol Berardelli, North Penn High School, Lansdale, Penn.

Write the meanings of these common first and second declension nouns and then circle them in the word search.

- | | |
|--------------|---------|
| 1. hora | h _____ |
| 2. aqua | w _____ |
| 3. cena | d _____ |
| 4. luna | m _____ |
| 5. ira | a _____ |
| 6. fortuna | o _____ |
| 7. praeda | l _____ |
| 8. vita | l _____ |
| 9. ripa | s _____ |
| 10. statua | _____ e |
| 11. via | r _____ |
| 12. unda | w _____ |
| 13. incola | _____ a |
| 14. poema | _____ t |
| 15. scientia | _____ w |
| 16. vicus | _____ l |
| 17. ventus | w _____ |
| 18. socius | a _____ |
| 19. digitus | f _____ |
| 20. animus | m _____ |
| 21. gladius | s _____ |
| 22. oculus | e _____ |
| 23. modus | _____ a |
| 24. carrus | w _____ |
| 25. equus | h _____ |

9.

noomannerpictut
owardnimocpafra
gdrowsickunail
avillagenidbneg
veviaomiyasagud
lrsfnostowwbete
eolenhersoryral
vhaemnangerbatw
asveueubrfrvnso
wrntyehwqipuhtn
otruesrohtlmfr
foobahomolasoic
fhouroboatsntbt
slaveplowingtua
lrennidnngwenz
yllaowaterbwae

26. servus l _____
27. tribunus b _____
28. annus y _____
29. silva f _____
30. taberna s _____

Quis Aut Quid Est?

mitted by Andria Dyess, Andrea Johnson, Bert Emerson, and Gurret Prestwood, Latin II, III, and IV students of Teresa Casey, The Montgomery Academy, Montgomery, Ala.

in the blanks from the clues given. The letters inside the squares will reveal the famous first words of *The Aeneid*.

- 10.

CLUES

1. Trojan king killed by Pyrrhus.
2. Mother of the legendary founder of Rome.
3. The "citadel" of Troy.
4. Gave golden apple to Venus.
5. Princess whom Aeneas married in Italy.
6. Queen of Carthage who fell in love with Aeneas.
7. Legendary founder of Rome.
8. Roman patron goddess of Carthage.
9. Aeneas' men gathered together on this mountain outside Troy.
10. Greeks used this animal to trick the Trojans.
11. Paris chose this Roman goddess as the most beautiful.
13. Trojan priest who, with his sons, was devoured by snakes.
14. Wife Aeneas left behind in Troy.
15. Greek queen who was taken to Troy.
16. Roman name for the king of Ithaca immortalized by Homer.

Ancient Precepts

¹¹ Submitted by Lisa Webster, Eighth grade Latin student of Miss Diggins, Tower Hill School, Wilmington, Del.

From the English clues, fill in the blanks with the Latin phrases. Then match the letter in each square to its corresponding line number to discover an additional phrase.

- From eggs to apples
I think therefore I am
He himself said it
The die is cast
While I breathe, I hope
I came, I saw, I conquered

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 7. In this sign, you will conquer | 13. Peace be with you |
| 8. I found it | 14. To err is human |
| 9. In wine there is truth | 15. Experience teaches |
| 10. Time flies | 16. The clothes make the man |
| 11. Art for the sake of art | 17. Seize the day |
| 12. To the stars through difficulties | 18. Into the middle of things |

-



12

- I. CURATOR NOCTURNUS, Iohannes ille Carrus
- II. FACTUM CONFIRMARE, Scotus Turous
- III. CRUELIS ET INSOLITUS, Patricia D. Cornubia
- IV. SICUT CHOCOLATO AQUA, Laura Esquivela
- V. SCORPIONIS SPECIES, Robertus Ludlumus
- VI. GRATIAE DIES, Arthurus Cinis et Arnoldus Rampersadus
- VII. ANNI QUINQUAGENARII, David Halberstamus
- VIII. LUCE AMPLEXUS, Elisabetha J. Eadiacum Curtio Textore
- IX. CORPORATUM REMACHINARI, Michael Malleus et Iacobus Castrensis
- X. MONUMENTUM FUNEBRIS, P.M. Carolides

Where's the Latin?

Submitted by Indira Prunpat and Saughar Samali, Latin students of Mrs. Gebbie, Franklin Jr. High, Nutley, N.J.

13

Find and circle the Latin for each clue

- | | |
|------------|---------------------|
| 1. head | 11. I fly |
| 2. river | 12. glad |
| 3. brother | 13. shepherd |
| 4. name | 14. I drive |
| 5. sister | 15. I dare |
| 6. wife | 16. new |
| 7. maiden | 17. I address, call |
| 8. year | 18. meadow |
| 9. mother | 19. frog |
| 10. father | 20. cow |

FGPASTORTCDAQVSI TV
RCWCWJKPZWXPLLWQIB
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Ten Roman Emperors and Their Connections With Christianity

By Dr. Andrew Adams, Foreign Language Department, North Central College, Naperville, Illinois

Christianity originated in the southeastern portion of the Roman Empire, in an area that had been under Roman control only since 63 B.C.

The Romans made very little effort to export their religion to their conquered territories, or to impose it on new subjects. On the contrary, they were curious about other beliefs and on the whole were tolerant of foreign practices, even in their capital city. Cults from Egypt, Asia Minor, and Persia were active in Rome, which also had a Jewish community as early as the second century B.C. Typical of Roman tolerance, the Emperor Augustus excused the Jews from emperor-worship rather than provoke civil disturbances. Still the official state religion was a very prestigious institution in Rome, and some emperors, including Augustus and Decius, sincerely believed that future prosperity depended on preserving this ancient and formal religion.

Starting with Augustus, emperor-worship became an institution. After his death Augustus was deified (officially considered a god) by the Roman Senate, and some later emperors even demanded worship as a god in their lifetimes. In most cases, though, emperor-worship was really an act of political loyalty, much like pledging allegiance to a flag today. It was a symbolic way of stressing the unity of the Empire, giving everyone, even a provincial two thousand miles from Rome, a father figure who had his welfare in mind. Some groups, however, especially the Christians, viewed emperor-worship as a religious act of idolatry, and hence an abomination. This led to severe misunderstandings as Christian refusal to acknowledge the emperor's divinity could be taken as disloyalty at best, treason at worst.

The enforcement of emperor-worship, like the persecutions themselves, varied widely from place to place and from time to time. It is commonly believed that the Roman government engaged in a constant battle to eradicate Christianity. This is not true, nor was the Roman government ever formally committed to an on-going program of eliminating this new religion. As a matter of fact, the majority of emperors had no policies whatsoever regarding the Christians.

This series of articles covers ten Roman emperors who had important dealings of some sort with the Christian community. All dates are A.D.

1. NERO (Nero Claudius Caesar), emperor 54-68

Nero was the last emperor related by blood to Julius and Augustus Caesar. He was in fact the great-great-grandson of Augustus, the ruler mentioned in the story of the nativity (Luke 2:1). After Nero's death all subsequent emperors continued to call themselves "Caesar," but it now was used simply as a title.

Nero was certainly unfit to sit on the throne. He was only sixteen years old when his mother had his adoptive father, the emperor Claudius, poisoned. This made Nero emperor, but for the first half of his reign he was content to let his mother and advisors act as regents while he pursued his own interests.

The performing arts were Nero's real passion. He played the lyre, sang, wrote poetry, and entered musical contests. He gave concerts in Naples, Rome, and toured Greece as well. Nero appears to have had some real talent, but in his own mind he was an unequalled virtuoso.

During the second half of his reign, Nero evolved into a tyrant, and made a name for himself as the first Roman emperor to persecute the Christians. Tiring of his mother, he had her clubbed to death, changed advisors, and embarked on a ruthless course of intimidation and judicial murder for the purpose of eliminating supposed traitors and for confiscating the estates of wealthy citizens.

In the year 64 Rome's famous fire occurred. More than half of the city of one million people was destroyed in a blaze that lasted six days. Over the ruins of a slum district Nero put up his "Golden House," perhaps the grandest estate any ruler has ever occupied. But, more importantly, he needed to find a scapegoat for the conflagration, especially since there were rumors circulating that the emperor himself had ordered the fire set to enable him to embark on his new building program.

The Roman historian Tacitus (*Annals* 15.44, translated by the author) gives the following vivid description of Nero's actions:

"The story that the fire had a human cause would not go away, despite the Emperor's political influence, his generous charitable efforts, and his religious sincerity. Therefore to suppress this rumor Nero framed a group of people hated for their obnoxious behavior, the ones commonly called Christians. Cruel and unusual punishments were to be their fate.

"They get their name from a certain Christ, who was punished by our procurator [— more correctly, praetor —] Pontius Pilatus during the reign of Tiberius. This destructive superstition was thus temporarily stopped, but it surfaced again not only in Judaea, the source of the evil, but also in Rome, the city that acts as a magnet and showcase for everything rotten and disgusting.

"At first professing, Christians were arrested, and with their co-operation a huge number was convicted, not so much for criminal arson as for their hatred of humanity [— shown, perhaps, by their refusal to attend Rome's public entertainments]. Their deaths were made into sport as some Christians were dressed up in animal skins and torn apart by dogs. Others were crucified, while still others were burned at night as if to make them human street lights."

Nero's last four years in office were a nightmare. Friends abandoned him, there were conspiracies against him, and his behavior became outrageous and unpredictable. In 68, when several generals refused to renew their annual oaths of loyalty to the emperor, Nero's power base quickly eroded and the usually timid Senate called for his death. Nero's last words before his suicide were, appropriately, "What an artist the world is losing!"

Nero has another Christian connection in a different dimension. He is probably the "beast" mentioned in the last book of the Bible: "Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred threescore and six." (*Revelation* 13:18) This is the so-called Anti-Christ. Many interpretations of this verse are possible, and numerous people—including several popes—have at various times been designated as the beast by their enemies. Nevertheless, for complicated reasons I won't go into, Nero remains the best candidate, in my opinion.

A Long, Lonely Fall

By Ray Gallenberg, Grade 8 Latin Student of Bette Bradley, Central Middle School, Waukesha, Wis.

From the thick, dark, red blood —
Almost as thick as mud —
Sprang a beautiful white horse
Which was Bellerophon's main source
Of help for killing the Chimaera.

Then Bellerophon said to the gods, "I want a place on your mountain."

Pegasus bucked — Bellerophon landed like a statue-type fountain.

Pegasus was welcomed, Bellerophon, forgotten.
Pegasus was put with the stars.
Bellerophon died alone.

It's a little Known Fact

When It Came to Getting Burned, Turnabout Was Definitely Fair Play

The phrase *being branded as a criminal* once had a very literal meaning in Ancient Rome. Perhaps most well known by Latin students is the custom of branding a large F on the forehead of re-captured slaves so that all could quickly recognize their propensity for running away.

Less well-known, however, are some of the other legal applications of this stigma. One was the right of a wrongfully accused person to have the letter K branded on the forehead of his false accuser so that all could see that this person was guilty of slander, i.e. *calumnia*, or, in its more ancient spelling, *kalumnia*.

Pictogram

The Eye of the Beholder

Submitted by Tom Mahoney as a Latin I student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, N.Y.



Greece

Known by All, Understood by Few



There are perhaps more travel articles written by people who have just "done" Greece than there are about any other country in the Western World. In fact, it's hard to find an airline magazine that doesn't contain a lavishly photographed article entitled "The Kingdom by the Sea" or "The Glory of Greece" or any of a thousand other predictable titles.

From all this it would appear that Greece is a country as obvious as an open book.

It is my opinion, however, that the obviousness of Greece is very deceiving. It's sort of like an old relative that's always been around, someone that everyone talks about in the family. Someone whose every secret has been revealed, whose every accomplishment has

been discussed, whose every thought or opinion can be anticipated. Such a person is usually one that very few people know. Few relatives are ready to admit that this old familiar member of the family has a life of his or her own worth considering. Few would admit that this relative is capable of new, exciting or different ideas. For most members of the family this relative serves only one function—to be there at family activities because s/he has always been there.

Now, simply extend the analogy to Greece.

In Greece everything is open and visible. There are no secrets. The locals live in a fishbowl, inhabiting a land that the rest of the world thinks belongs to them

(Continued in Pagina Nona)

Psychoanalysis (Continued a Pagina Secunda)

"How are you, Doctor?"

"Very good, thanks, how about yourself?"

"I'm feeling just fine, and I am eager to hear your interpretations of my latest poem 'Miser Catulle.'"

"Let's begin! The first thing that caught my eye was in line 2 when you say to yourself, 'give up what you see is lost,' showing that you have finally realized that your relationship with *Lesbia* has been terminated. I can also infer from these words that this is your first time experiencing what it feels like to lose someone very dear to you. Is this true?"

"Yes! I had never lost anyone or anything dear to me in my entire life before now."

"May I continue?"

"You may continue, Doctor."

"Well, I noticed that you are beginning to have many flashbacks of your relationship in the next few lines. In the third line you metaphorically talk of the good old days when *Lesbia* loved you as much as you loved her when you say, 'the suns once shined bright for you.' You also say, hyperbolically, that no one will ever love a girl that much, thereby embellishing even further the love you once shared with *Lesbia*. In the next line you again use assonance with the words, *illa, multa*, and *locosa* to stress the fun you once had in your relationship with *Lesbia*. Then, you use juxtaposition in *volebat* and *nolebat*, which indicates the ambivalence in your relationship with *Lesbia*.

"I noticed that you attempt to salvage your pride and build up your self-esteem by saying to yourself, 'Don't chase what runs from you, don't live for sorrow.' You try to make yourself feel better by saying you are psychologically firm and aren't going to beg *Lesbia* to come back to you anymore. You use rhetorical questions in a last attempt to try and coerce *Lesbia* into coming back to you, but then you abruptly exclaim in the last line of the poem that you must forget the relationship and move on."

"Impressive! Your analysis of 'Miser Catulle' is brilliant."

"Thank you, *Catulle*. Your compliment means a lot to me, and before we conclude this session I would like to tell you that you have made good progress. In our first few meetings you seemed to be in denial; you would come to my office in dirty tunics, smelling like yesterday's garbage, but now that I have helped you understand your feelings, you have come to my office looking neat. It's been great working with you, and I look forward to seeing you again after your vacation to *Concra*."

"Thank you! You are a fine man, Doctor! I look forward to seeing you after my vacation to talk about my next poem which I plan to title 'Catullus LXXVI.'"

"Vale, *Catulle*! Have a wonderful time!"

"Ave atque Vale!"

What's in a Name?

By Valerie Deming, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

- A b dea inimica de itinere iactus est.
E st pius.
N atus deae, Veneris.
E ffligit e Troia cum sociis.
A cepit munera ab Hectore de Danaum reditu.
S perat munire novam Troiam.
S uperavit consensum Troianorum.
I llatus est a Dardaniis pastoribus ad Priamum.
N on acceptus est ab aliquo.
O bscurat Danaos in equo.
N on narrat veritatem.
P ugnare non potest propter senectutem.
R ogat familiam ut secum maneat.
I n Troia rex est.
A Pyrrho occisus est.
M ori vult cum honore.
D edit Aeneae amorem suum.
I n regiam Troianos accepit.
D istribuit leges populo suo.
O ccisus est maritus a Pygmalione.

Greece (Continued a Pagina Octava)

because they have studied almost everything about it in their schools and in their textbooks. To these tourists, Greece is a great open-air museum. It is ancient history, 5th century B.C. art, ancient scandals, mythology, artifacts, archaeological sites, ancient languages, philosophy, democracy, free thought, early literature, theater. To these tourists Greece is also fussy images of locals always visible in the background of the ruins, locals who provide the services necessary for tourists to "come home" to this land that they may never have visited before and yet somehow believe to be their safe haven. After all, the Western World is taught to think of Greece as its cradle.

Greece, however, like that omnipresent, comfortable relative at family gatherings, is really something quite different from what you personally might want it to be. For, as it turns out, Greece does not belong to the tourists and the classical scholars of the world. The locals own it. If you try to get too possessive, it shouldn't take you too long to pick up on their spoken and unspoken objections:

"You can look, but you can't live here. You can visit, but you can't stay. You can study our land and our ancestors, but in the end, Greece is not yours, it's ours. It's where we live. It has meaning to us, not because of what we have studied in our textbooks but because it is the setting for our lives—our modern day lives, lived in a modern day world which we are trying to incorporate into a country that the rest of the world wants to preserve as a static museum. When tourists leave, they somehow want Greece to be locked up and cared for by us locals so that when and if they return, it will be exactly as they left it. Yes, they want it to be the same for their children and their great-grandchildren. It's as though the tourists and the

classical scholars of the world are saying that it's all right for us locals to live here and provide services for them and help them with their excavations, but we should be careful not to touch anything while they're gone.

"Don't think we haven't noticed that tourists and visiting scholars don't want us to change ourselves very much either. We know that they would like their great-grandchildren to have the same shadowy locals in the backgrounds of their camera shots as they did.

"We know it bothers them when they realize that people are no longer fiddling with worrybeads as they enjoy their morning coffee, but instead are fingering the keys to their automobiles. We know the tourists miss seeing poor peasants wandering about in long black dresses on hot summer days. We know that tourists are disconcerted that it is almost impossible to tell us locals from the rest of the visiting world by the way we dress.

"Please remember when you visit our country that it is, after all, our country. We are not here just to facilitate your visit. We are living modern lives just as you are. We are trying to build our gross national product just as you are. We don't mind if you visit our museums and archaeological sites, but please remember, we are the present.

"Do not expect us to be shadowy complements to your imaginative voyage back in time. Greece is not a giant amusement park where everyone is paid to maintain a sense of unreality. Don't be shocked that we are living our own lives and following our own dreams and aspirations, which more than likely will not correspond to your personal reasons for visiting our country."

A Boy Named Caeruleus

By Monina Pascus, Latin III Student of Sr. Celeste, Nazareth Academy HS, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How many times have Latin students read myths about the nature and evolution of things. The story of Clytie, for example, tells why the sunflower will ever follow its sun god, and the myth about Arachne and how she continues to spin her spider's web. Many myths attempt to explain the otherwise unexplainable and in the process create the enchanting stories of love, fantasy, and creation.

It is not uncommon to hear little children ask questions about unexplainable truths. Children will continually ask the incessant "Why?" Most of their questions can be answered with a little creativity.

Here, however, is a handy explanation for all those who have struggled with the never ending question, "Why is the sky blue?"

Once upon a time, Jupiter had many mistresses besides his wife Juno. One mistress unfamiliar to many Latin students was Pigmenta. Pigmenta was one of the latest young women to incur the wrath of Juno.

Juno, however, found that despite her anger over Jupiter's infidelity, she was actually fond of Pigmenta. Pigmenta, therefore, was permitted to live within the realm of Jupiter and Juno on Mount Olympus. There she created beautiful paintings of their magnificent abode and of all the wondrous creations that could be found in it. Her works of art were so glorious that no mortal could behold the sight of them without being blinded by their brilliant colors.

Jupiter continued his affair with Pigmenta who soon bore him a son named Caeruleus. Jupiter then placed Pigmenta in charge of coloring the earth because, at that time, it resembled a large white ball. She accepted her task with great eagerness and toiled endlessly at her job without letting out one sigh. Pigmenta painted the grass a fresh shade of green. She could not decide which color to paint the flowers so she made them all different colors.

Pigmenta became so preoccupied with her work that she rarely had time to play with her son. By this time Caeruleus was almost three years old, but he was so much younger than all the other children of the Upper World that they would always tell him that he just could not do the things they did. No doubt, Caeruleus felt left out of everything. To avoid being depressed, he always reminded himself that he was the child of the great

Jupiter and was really just as important as anyone else.

One day Caeruleus, who was an active young boy who needed to be constantly occupied, pleaded with his mother to let him help her paint. In one of her chests she happened to come upon an old painting set. She handed it to Caeruleus and commanded him to be good while she was working. Caeruleus was overjoyed at the sight of the set and as soon as it was within his grasp he mimicked his mother's every motion with the brush. Caeruleus painted and painted until he used up every drop of one color at a time. He practically smeared the paint all over everything including himself.

Caeruleus, however, had saved his favorite color for last—it was blue! As he searched for a spot to use this color, Caeruleus found that he had colored almost every single space. Just then his mother happened to glance up and notice the mess that her son had made with the painting set she had given him. Pigmenta had no choice but to try and clean up the mess her son had made.

As Pigmenta was concentrating on this big cleanup job, Caeruleus continued looking around for an empty space to use his last color. He suddenly noticed that everything above them was still white. He immediately went to work with his wonderful blue color! When his mother finally looked up from her own work, she could only stare at the sight of blue above the world. Of course, Caeruleus was no artist, so here and there he had left white spots which are today referred to as "clouds." Although Pigmenta was not in the least bit pleased, she could not help but notice that Caeruleus had definitely inherited her own love of color and painting.

Caeruleus' work did not escape the notice of Juno. On days when she feels particularly upset with Jupiter, she tries to make these blue skies gray and to overshadow all the beautiful colors of the world. Of course, Jupiter doesn't let her get away with this unchallenged. He always gets out his thunderbolts and drives away the gray from the skies so that Pigmenta's and Caeruleus' work can once again be enjoyed by the inhabitants of earth.

So, the next time a child asks, "Why is the sky blue?" just share with him or her this story about a little boy named Caeruleus who needed something to do.

It's a little Known Fact**Watch Out for That Bolt!**

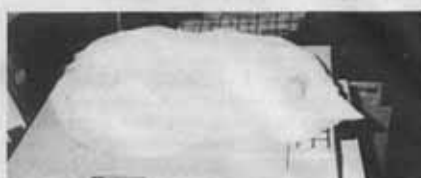
Any Roman who wanted to have a socially acceptable cremation when s/he died, had to be extra careful not to be killed by lightning.

It seems that Roman custom forbid the cremation of those struck by lightning—such unfortunate people, specially selected by Jupiter for this spectacular means of execution, were supposed to be buried in the ground on the spot. Since this spot was then considered taboo, short walls were often built around such a burial location to prevent people from accidentally walking over it and incurring residual bad luck.

Such a belief that lightning was a special punishment sent down from the skies persisted as late as the 1700's A.D. In fact, when good ol' Ben Franklin was trying to sell people on the idea of putting up lightning rods on their buildings to avoid their being destroyed during an electrical storm, he was condemned by many sincerely religious people who thought that Ben was working with the Devil to help people avoid just punishment being sent down from above.

14. How Well Did You Read?

1. According to Andy Coghlan, how much did it cost to have a cesspit emptied at Herculaneum?
2. Who was the millionaire who supposedly built Jurassic Park?
3. Who was the woman who bore Spartacus' son?
4. According to Dr. Adams, what were Nero's last words before he committed suicide?
5. Which of the nine major categories of Roman foods is featured this month?
6. According to the poem by Valerie Deming, who doesn't tell the truth?
7. What is the name of Polybius' gardener who will care for his peristyle once it is built?
8. According to Ben who was "Lost in Time," by whom was he purchased?
9. Who were Caerules' parents?
10. Whom is Soozhmy Panzai attempting to get acquitted by the Roman senate?

**Feles**

By Rosanne Nicastro, Latin III student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, N.Y.

parvi, amici
murmurationes, salientes, dormientes
Mirabiles, deliciae
Feles

Dear Diary

By Maggie Craycraft, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

"Last night, as I was leading my family out through the streets of Troy, I lost my beloved wife Creusa. You see, when my family and I were nearing the gates of the city, my poor blind father announced that the Greeks were coming. Unfortunately, I panicked and set out among the city's back streets, cutting this way and that way in an effort to avoid an encounter with the enemy while I had my family with me. When I finally regained my composure, I turned around to find that my lovely wife had not been able to keep up. Frantic, I immediately began searching for her, retracing my every footstep. I searched those places to which I thought she might return, including our house, the city gate, etc. I couldn't find her anywhere. I was getting extremely frustrated when suddenly Creusa appeared to me in a vision. I had never seen her look so beautiful. She was dressed in a flowing gown with her hair streaming about her. I had never wanted to embrace her as much as I did at that moment. But it was no use. She simply told me to forget about her and to carry on with my duty of taking my people and finding a new land for them. She then vanished as quickly as she had appeared, leaving me all alone and in a state of immense grief. However long I live, I don't think I'll ever be able to love anyone more than I loved her for she meant the world to me. I know that no day will pass that I will not think of her and all the fine things that she instilled in me. But for now I know that I must put aside my feelings, quit worrying about my son's future without a mother, and go and fulfill my destiny of finding a land for my people—a fate which again was confirmed for me by my wife Creusa."

User-Friendly Latin for Beginners**Rex Midas et Tactus Aureus**

Based on a translation prepared by the Latin IV students of Michael Lambert, Massachusetts Regional H.S., Holden, Mass.

Rex Midas aurum amat. In lecto aureo dormit. Avem caeruleam in cavea aurea servat.

Omni mane avis caerulea canit et cum excitat.

Omni mane rex sumit suum diadematem aureum. Considet et ientaculum edit cum filia sua, Leela.

Post ientaculum, rex ambulat et suos aurifices regiones videt. Aurifices ei faciunt solaria aurea et mensas aureas.

Uno die rex in suo peristyle est. Sonum audit. Circumspicit. Insolitum virum parvum videt. "Quomodo huc venisti?" rogat.

"Facile! Aliquid facere possum," vir parvus dicit. "Possum tibi optata tua dare. Quid plurimum cupis?"

"Quid plurimum cupio? Aurum, certe!" rex dicit. "Cupio omnia quae tangam fieri aurea."

"Illud optatum amplissimum est," vir parvus dicit. "Aurum viris felicitatem non dat. Sed si illud est quod cupis..."

Rex Midas per sua castella currit. Ianuam in aurum convertit. Sellam in aurum convertit. Suam umbrellam in aurum convertit.

Tum in hortum currit. Ranam in aurum convertit.

Rosas rubras tangit. Omnia in aurum convertit. "Ecce!" Filiam suam vocat. "Vide quod facere possum!"

Sed Leela non respondet. Modo roseas aureas spectat. Durae et frigidae sunt. Etiam non olent.

Tum rex et filia ambulant ad regiam et prandium edunt. Rex Midas felicissimus est.

In triclinio, autem, Midas edere vel bibere non potest. Simulatque Midas cibum vel vinum tangit, hi sunt aurum.

Midas ad suum cubiculum aureum ambulat et lacrimat.

Filia regis Leela suum patrem audit et in eius cubiculum ambulat.

"Pater miser," inquit Leela. "Noli lacrimare!" Ad suum patrem currit et sua brachia porrigit. Rex Midas quoque brachia porrigit, et suam puellam parvam tangit. Leela statua aurea subito est.

Tum uno die vir parvus revenit. Videt regem miserum et dicit, "Si vis amittere tuum tactum aureum, lava manus tuas in illo flumine. Vale!"

CAVEANT EMPTOR VENDORQUE**Cupio Aurigam Conducere**

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Students submitting work should include the name of their Latin teacher and the name and address of the school they attend.

What may be submitted

1. Original poems/articles in English or Latin (+ Eng. trans.)
2. Special interest photos or news reports of Latin activities.
3. Latin reviews of Movies or Movie Stars, Musical, Sports, or Political Figures. (English translations required for proofing.)
4. Summaries or reviews of articles published elsewhere, complete with references to original author, title of publication, date, and page numbers.
5. Learning games and puzzles, complete with solutions.
6. 300—400 word, cleverly written essays about anything Roman. These may be serious or tongue-in-cheek parodies.

Pompeiana attempts to publish as much submitted work as possible. It does not pay spontaneous contributors.

AUXILIA MAGISTRIS

(These solutions are mailed with each bulk Classroom Order sent in care of a teacher member. Copies are also sent to all Adult and Contributing members.)

1. Carmina Optima

- I. WHOOMP! (THERE IT IS), Tag Team
- II. LATELY, Jodeci
- III. THAT'S THE WAY LOVE GOES, Janet Jackson
- IV. SOMETHING'S GOIN' ON, U.N.V.
- V. IT WAS A GOOD DAY, Ice Cube
- VI. HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY? Rod Stewart
- VII. I'M YOURS, Shai
- VIII. WHAT'S UP? 4 Non-Blondes
- IX. BAD BOYS, Inner Circle
- X. IF I HAD NO LOOT, Tony! Toni! Tone

Latin Verb Jumble

1. F A P
2. E L R
3. D H M
4. A I O
5. C J N
6. B K Q



4.



5.

Symbolic Search

- | | |
|------|-------|
| 1. E | 8. K |
| 2. B | 9. M |
| 3. G | 10. F |
| 4. J | 11. A |
| 5. I | 12. D |
| 6. L | 13. H |
| 7. C | |

6.

Latin Scrambler Match

- | | |
|------------|---|
| 1. familia | E |
| 2. femina | H |
| 3. puella | G |
| 4. puer | B |
| 5. vir | C |
| 6. mater | J |
| 7. soror | N |
| 8. frater | K |
| 9. filius | M |
| 10. filia | D |
| 11. liberi | L |
| 12. parens | A |
| 13. pater | I |
| 14. nepos | F |

7.

Constantine Scramble

1. Rome
2. religion
3. Constantine
4. armies
5. emperors
6. Fausta
7. Christian
8. Diocletian
9. Maxentius

8.

Picturae Moventes

- I. THE FIRM
- II. JURASSIC PARK
- III. IN THE LINE OF FIRE
- IV. SLEEPLESS IN SEATTLE
- V. ROOKIE OF THE YEAR
- VI. SNOW WHITE
- VII. DENNIS THE MENACE
- VIII. SON-IN-LAW
- IX. WEEKEND AT BERNIE'S 2
- X. WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT?

Jurassic Park

This was most certainly the summer of dinosaurs. Everyone is talking about these monsters because of two men: Michael Crichton and Stephen Spielberg.

Before this boys and girls always loved dinosaurs. Dinosaurs present no threat to children. Sure dinosaurs are huge and impressive, but they're extinct! Therefore, up until now dinosaurs have been very friendly animals, especially Barney who has his own show on television.

Now, however, dinosaurs are no longer harmless. In this moving picture, dinosaurs are very ferocious. They can kill children. And, something that's very scary to say, they are no longer extinct. They live on an island near Costa Rica.

In this story dinosaurs have been recreated from blood that was found in a mosquito. This mosquito had sucked the blood from a dinosaur millions of years ago and then was trapped in amber.

John Hammond, who is a millionaire, paid modern scientists to recreate dinosaur DNA from this blood.

After a living dinosaur was recreated from this blood, it is placed on a small island near Costa Rica called Isla Nublar.

After a few years Hammond has many species of dinosaurs on the island. On the island he has also constructed a park called Jurassic Park. In this park tourists will safely be able to observe the dinosaurs who will live behind electric fences.

When Jurassic Park is almost finished, Hammond wants to show his dinosaurs to some dinosaur experts. Therefore Doctor Alan Grant, a paleontologist, and Doctor Ellie Sattler, a paleobiologist, are brought to the island.

With Hammond on the island are his grandchildren, nine year old Tim and twelve year old Alexis. Robert Muldoon who is the game warden of the dinosaurs also lives on the island. Dennis Nedry is also on the island. This man is bad. Because of the greed of Dennis, chaos occurs in Jurassic Park.

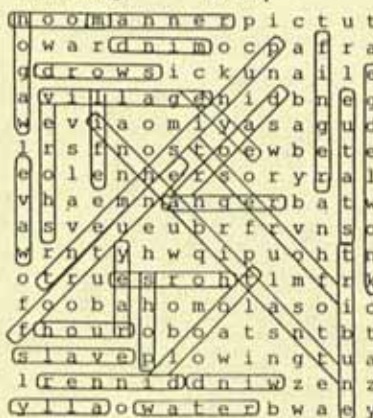
Unfortunately, the dinosaurs aren't friendly, and the electric fences aren't able to protect those who observe the dinosaurs.

Many moviegoers like this picture because the story and the dinosaurs are very believable. Maybe after a few years scientists will be able to retrieve Dinosaur DNA from ancient blood. It's an awesome thing to say, but it could happen!

Easy Nouns

- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| 1. hour | 16. village |
| 2. water | 17. wind |
| 3. dinner | 18. ally |
| 4. moon | 19. finger |
| 5. anger | 20. mind |
| 6. fortune | 21. sword |
| 7. loot | 22. eye |
| 8. life | 23. manner |
| 9. shore | 24. wagon |
| 10. statue | 25. horse |
| 11. road | 26. slave |
| 12. wave | 27. tribune |
| 13. inhabitant | 28. year |
| 14. punishment | 29. forest |
| 15. knowledge | 30. shop |

9.



10.

Quis Aut Quid Est?

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. PRIAM | 9. MONSIEUR |
| 2. RHEA SILVIA | 10. EQUUS |
| 3. PERGAMUM | 11. VENUS |
| 4. PARIS | 12. AENEAS |
| 5. LAVINIA | 13. LAOCOON |
| 6. DIDO | 14. CREUSA |
| 7. ROMULUS | 15. HELEN |
| 8. JUNO | 16. ODYSSEUS |

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO

How Well Did You Read?

1. 11 asses
2. John Hammond
3. Varinia
4. "What an artist the world is losing."
5. Eggs
6. Sinon
7. Philippus
8. Gaius Augustus Calvus
9. Jupiter and Pigmenta
10. Romulus

14.

11.

Ancient Precepts

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Ab ovo usque ad mala | 10. tempus fugit |
| 2. cogito ergo sum | 11. ars gratia artis |
| 3. ipse dixit | 12. ad Astra per aspera |
| 4. iacta alea est | 13. pax voliscum |
| 5. dum spiro spero | 14. erRare est humanum |
| 6. veNi, vidi, vici | 15. experientia docet |
| 7. in hoc siGno vinces | 16. vestis Virum facit |
| 8. eureka | 17. carpe diem |
| 9. in Vino veritas | 18. in medias res |

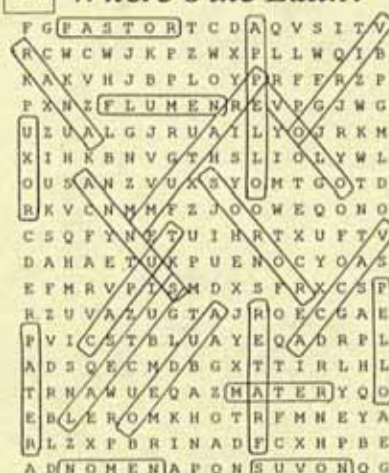
ARS LONGA VITA BREVIS

12.

Libri Optimi

- I. NIGHT MANAGER, John le Carre
- II. PLEADING GUILTY, Scott Turow
- III. CRUEL AND UNUSUAL, Patricia D. Cornwell
- IV. LIKE WATER FOR CHOCOLATE, Laura Esquivel
- V. THE SCORPION ILLUSION, Robert Ludlum
- VI. DAYS OF GRACE, Arthur Ashe and Arnold Rampersad
- VII. THE FIFTIES, David Halberstam
- VIII. EMBRACED BY THE LIGHT, Betty J. Eadie with Curtis Taylor
- IX. REENGINEERING THE CORPORATION, Michael Hammer and James Campy
- X. GRAVESTONE, P.M. Carlson

13. Where's the Latin?



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