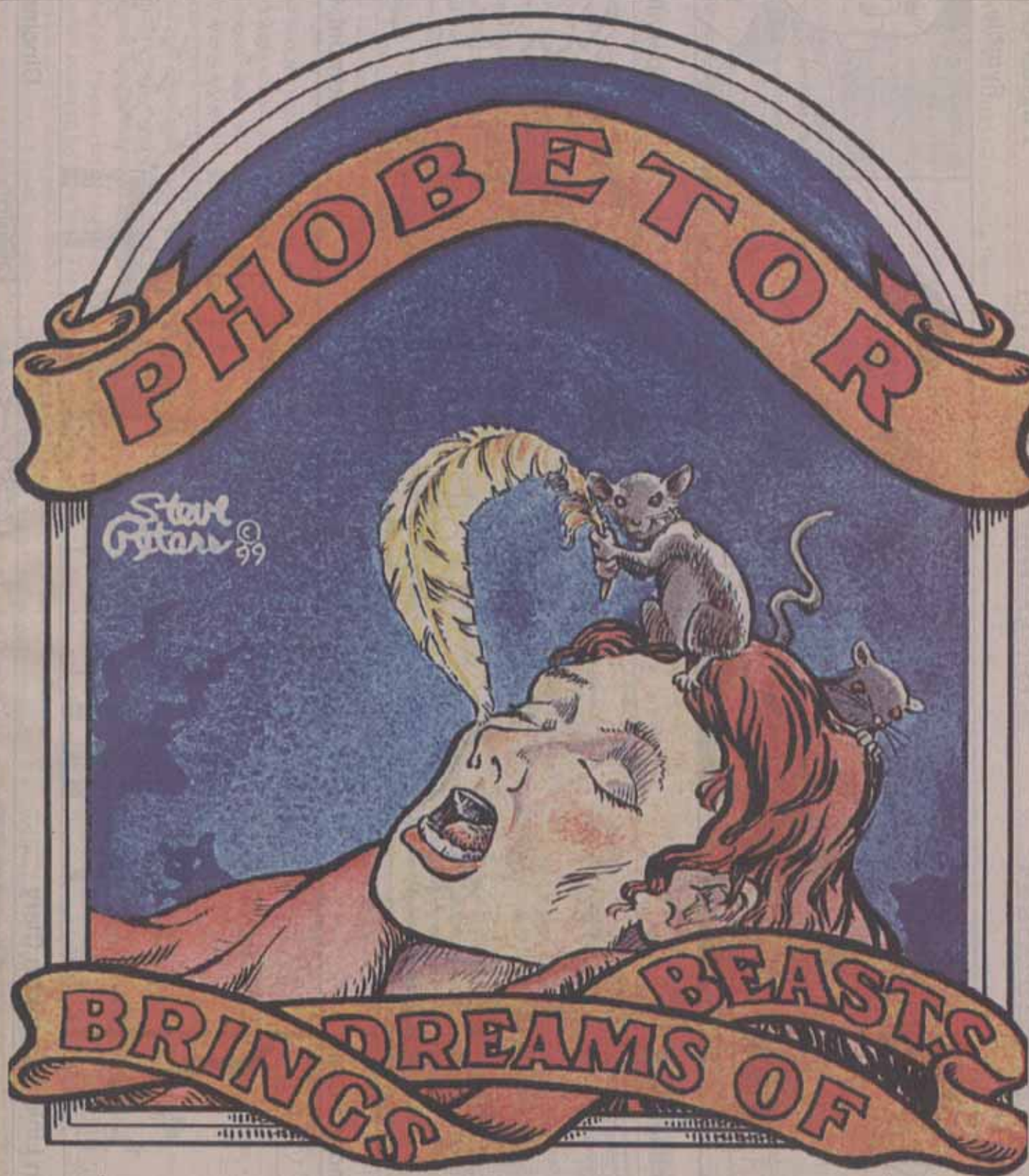


POMPEIANA

NEWSLETTER

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FEB. A. D. MCMXCIX



Iohannes C. Mellencasta: Pictor, Scriptor, Musicus Saxosus!

A.D. MCMXCVIII, Lunae Die, a.d. XIX Kal. Ian., Iohannes C. Mellencasta in tabernā librariā sedebat nomen suum libris suis notans. Quamquam ibi solam unam horam sedebat, haec erat occasio praestantissima. Musici saxosi libros raro scribunt, picturas raro pingunt et in tabernis librariis rarissimo sedent nomina sua libris suis notantes.

Post XVIII dies, pridie Kal. Ian., spectatores singuli CCL. dollarii pependerunt ut Iohannem in scenā cantantem viderent. In hac tabernā librariā, Bloomingtonensi in Indianā, autem, spectatores qui librum eius emerant poterant in lineā stare et Iohannem gratis videre et spectare eum libro suo nomen suum notantem. Ut starent in hac lineā, autem, numeri huius spectatores sortis ducendo obtinendi erant.

Huius libri ab Iohanne scripti titulus est *Mellencasta: Picturae et Cogitationes*. Hic liber XL dollarii constat et lucra ex eius venditione adhibebantur ut studentes instrumenta musica et copias artifices in scholis habere possint.

Iohannes XXV annos carmina scripsit et cantavit. Initio in tabernis cantabat et numquam ominabatur se talem futurum esse qualis nunc admiratoribus suis videtur. Iohannae uxor est Elena Irvin, pulchritudinis exemplar. Iohannes et Elena V liberos habent.

Iohannes plus quam XL annos habet sed etiam nunc excitatur loquens de spectaculis futuris et itineribus musicis. Hoc mense, Februario, in Australia fortasse cantabit.



Mense Novembre, A.D. MCMXCVIII, Iohannes habebat haec XV carmina apud "Optima M Carmina Saxosa Ex Omnibus Temporibus":

"Nox Fera," "Casae Paniceae," "Decorrere," "Missile Dirumpens Similis Ceraso," "Oppidum Parvum," "Scrutare Id," "Solitaria Nox Vetus," "Salute Nudi," "S.A.X.U.M.," "Iterum Haec Nocte," "Tam Bene Dolet," "Amante Ego," "Nunc Plus Quam Umquam," "Formido Cornicibus," "Iacobus et Diana."

Iohannae carmen cui titulus est "Oppidum Parvum" est carmen principale in nova pictura moventi cui titulus est *Puer Aquarius*.

Multos annos postquam Iohannes felix musicus saxosus factus erat, non erat vir humanus. Crudelis erat apud spectatores et dicebat quidquid esset in mente sua – etiam alios offendeat. Tum cor ei condoluit et pacem mortuus est. Iohannes post cordis sui dolorem humanior est. Nunc non facile irascitur. Nunc cogitat priusquam loquitur et non iam musicus saxosus molestus est.

Quamquam Iohannes est felicissimus et divitissimus musicus saxosus, etiam nunc in Indianā habitat. Officina musica eius in casā parvā Bellmonti est. Domus eius Bloomingtoniensis est III milia passuum ab Universitate Indianensi. Iohannes et Elena in animo habebant novam domum perfectam suam aedificare sed conductor quem conduxerant furti accusatus est. Elena dixit, "Somnia nostrum de domo nova nunc est somnium tumultuosum."

In Indianā autem remanebunt. Iohannes ipse dixit, "Omnia quorum ego habeo pro me. In Indianā possum invenire mundi optimum et pessimum in eodem loco – honestatem, integritatem, benevolentiam, amicitias distinas – omnia quae in vitā magni momenti sunt." Iohannes hoc semper credebat: "Si hic remanserō, omnia bona mihi venient."

Et Iohannes non erravit. In Indianā remansit et fama, divitiae, successus ei venerunt.

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The Board of Directors of Pompeiana, Inc., has set a goal of having a \$500,000 Endowment in place by the year 2003 to enable Pompeiana, Inc., to continue to serve as a National Center for the Promotion of Latin into the Twenty-first Century.

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Io, Lupercalia!

Shoshana Greenberg and Katie Weiss, Latin II students of Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin High School, Fort Washington, Pennsylvania



(L-R) Rachel Kahn, Shoshana Greenberg and Katie Weiss portray the Three Fates

Lupercalia was the Roman festival of fertility. Young Roman men dressed up in goatskins and ran through the streets and gently tapped the outstretched hands of women with whips made from the fresh skins of sacrificial goats.

At Upper Dublin High School, students commemorate Lupercalia with a costume party during which all the Latin students dress as their favorite characters from Roman mythology and history. The celebration, however, is not limited to the Latin students. Spanish, French, and German students are also invited to join the fun with Carnival or Mardi Gras costumes of their own. During each period, a boy and a girl from each

class are chosen to represent their language in an intense competition for the title of Best Costume.

In 1998 many Latin students from Upper Dublin High School's five Latin classes returned victorious. As Mark Antony, Brian McCabe (Latin I) beat students from the other languages. Amy Ferrell (Latin II) won as the goddess Ceres, and Harold Huang (Latin II) defeated the others as the murdered Julius Caesar. Katie Woolbert (Latin III) also won as Ceres. Other costumes included the Three Fates who spun and cut the human thread of life, Cupid the god of love, Argus with his many eyes, Vulcan, Jocasta the mother and wife of Oedipus, and the rainbow goddess Iris.

The Story of the Quirinal

By Frank J. Korn, Seton Hall University, South Orange, New Jersey

From the historian Livy we learn the exact point at which the Quirinal Hill became part of the core of Rome. In 578 B.C., a census ordered by King Servius Tullius showed that the population of Rome had reached eighty thousand.

Livy writes: *Ad eam multitudinem urbs quoque amplificanda visa est. Addit duos colles. Quirinalem Viminalemque.* "To meet the wants of this population it was apparent that the city must be expanded. He (the king) added two hills, the Quirinal and the Viminal." For some previous centuries a tribe called the Sabines had occupied the Quirinal, worshipping there a war

god, Quirinus. This divinity was eventually assumed into the Roman pantheon and the deified Romulus was often identified with him.

Every year, usually in March, the onset of the campaigning season, the *Salii*, a Roman college of priests in the service of both Mars and Quirinus, performed war dances here. During these mysterious rites they beat holy shields with their spears. They canted the *Carmen Saliare*, a hymn incomprehensible to the priests themselves because it was written in a primitive, pre-Latin language.

(Continued in Pagina Septimā)

Fascinating Finds in Latin Literature

Ovid's Fasti

By Donna Wright, Lawrence North High School,
Indianapolis, Indiana

Ovid, the prolific poet of the Golden Age, was the author of the *Fasti*. This chronologically arranged calendar of Roman religious festivals was perhaps an attempt to assuage the Emperor Augustus' contempt for Ovid's other works. The *Fasti* fit in well with Augustus' desire to revive respect for the ancient Roman past, particularly in religious matters. Yet the *Fasti* still retain Ovid's characteristic romantic tone. The stories are full of elaboration on various mythological tales and their connections with religious festivals.

There are many interesting vignettes which could be used to enhance or embellish a variety of subjects studied in the students' Latin curriculum. Some of the delightful stories included in the *Fasti* concern: the god Janus in book I; festival of Lupercalia, II.267 ff.; Romulus and Remus, II.381 ff.; the birth of Jove, IV.199 ff.; the bird-watching contest of Romulus and Remus, IV.811 ff.; a story of Mars the Avenger (to whom Augustus had a temple built in his forum), V.575 ff.; how to choose a wedding date (since Ovid would need to do so for his daughter soon), VI.219 ff.; and, a description of the area of the Roman forum in early times, VI.401 ff.

The writing itself is appropriate for advanced students who have had some experience with Golden Age Poetry. The meter is elegiac distich. The selection offered here is from Book V, beginning with line 207. The subject is the pleasantness of springtime and, of course, *amor*.

*Vere fruor semper; semper nitidissimus annus:
Arbor habet frondes, pabula semper humus.
Est mihi fecundus dotalibus hortus in agris;
Aura fovet, liquidae fonte rigatur aquae.
Hunc meus implevit generoso flore maritus,
Atque ait, "Arbitrium tu, dea, floris habe."
Saepe ego digestos volui numerare colores,
Nec potui; numero copia maior erat.
Rosida cum primum foliis excussa pruina est,
Et variae radiis intepere comae.
Conveniunt pictis incinctae vestibus Horae,
Inque leves calathos munera nostra legunt.
Protinus accedunt Charites, nectuntque coronas,
Sertaque caelestes implicatura comas.*

Happy Valentine's Day!

By Amanda D'Avolos, Latin student of Nancy Tigert,
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Cupido
Pulcher, secretus
Somnia, cupiens, sciens
Amor omnia vincit.
Eros.

I, Pandora

By Mary T. Voter, 7th grade student of Tina Moller,
Sandy Run Middle School, Dresher, Pennsylvania

Mortals gained the forces of fire
Through Prometheus' deceit.
Zeus countered their new power
With a woman of conceit.
Hephaestus sent me to the earth
As Epimetheus' wife.
He accepted me, despite the warnings
That gifts from Zeus would cause him strife.
I was sent from the heavens
With a locked-up jar and a key.
I'd been warned never to touch it,
But my greed took hold of me.
Certain the jar concealed treasures and jewels,
I could not resist the temptation.
I tore open the lid, and, much to my dismay,
Out sprang the horrors of creation.
I clamped down the lid before hope could escape
Amidst all the hatred and sorrow.
Pandora's my name, and you have me to thank
For the fact that there's always tomorrow.

A Pompeian Love Story for Valentine's Day

Based on a submission by Carla Gonzales, Latin II
student of Shelly McCormick-Lane,
Bel Air Senior High School, El Paso, Texas

Melissa. My mother told me my name meant that I was a sweet as honey. A sweet slave. But I was perfectly content with my life—until I met Fabulus—Fabulus, who now lies dying two feet away from me on the other side of a door neither of us can open.

I had met Fabulus when my master Caecilius had taken me along with him on a day trip to visit a business associate of his in Herculaneum. When we arrived at his associate's house, I was told to go down to the wine cellar to help prepare some wine to serve. When I got down to the wine cellar, and my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I saw that I was being helped by a young man so handsome that I thought he must surely be the son of my master's business associate. When he finally spoke and asked me to hold the pitcher, his voice took my breath away. I could barely breathe, much less answer. I couldn't keep my eyes off of him. He was tall and tanned, his skin glistened, he had brown hair down to his ears and enchanting hazel green eyes. He finally said, "My name's Fabulus. What's yours?"

I whispered, "Melissa, Domine."

"Domine?" he said. "I wish! No, I'm a humble slave just like you." As he carefully poured wine into the pitcher I was holding, I could feel his eyes watching me. I looked up, and he looked away. I looked down at the pitcher. Then we both looked up, and our eyes locked. The only thing that took me out of his spell was the sound of the pitcher overflowing and the feel of the cool wine on my hands. He grabbed a rag, knelt down and wiped the wine off my fingers. Still holding my hands he slowly stood up and gently kissed me. We could have stayed there in that moment forever, but Fabulus' master had sent the *atriensis* to fetch us.

Before we left, I managed to find a moment to be alone with Fabulus again to give him a warm hug and a kiss. I began to cry, and Fabulus said that he would find a way to come and visit me in Pompeii in thirty days. As he gently brushed away my tears, I smiled and kissed him again. He whispered, "Te amo, Melissa, te amo."

Back home I counted the days awaiting his arrival. Twenty-nine days later I was happy, smiling, singing and dancing my way through my usual chores. That night, Caecilius was having a small dinner party. He

(Continued in *Pagina Decima*)

The Serious Student

Carmina Burana

An English translation by Camilla Anthony, Latin IV
student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School,
Cincinnati, Ohio

I, a depraved scholar
a son of suffering
since my birth
into the tortures of poverty
My thin texture garments
often leave me shivering
left in the cold
I find warmth in my studies
I wish to study the books
but poverty my barrier
the only limitation
that stops me

[Editor's note: During the 12th and 13th centuries, groups of students wandered through Europe under the pretense of studying at various universities. They justified their wayward life style (which included more partying than studying) by saying they were following an Order established by a mythical Bishop Goliard. Thus, they were called the Goliards. While their irreverence led them to compose and publish many political and religious satires, they are perhaps best remembered for their raucous Latin drinking songs, a collection of which was later published under the title *Carmina Burana*.]

Psyche, In Medias Res

By Shala Delaney, student of Betty Whittaker, Carmel
Jr. High School, Carmel, Indiana

But her curiosity was too great
She lit the candle while he was sleeping
Unaware of what would be her fate
The newlywed husband awoke, pecking
When he realized what she had done
He spread his wings and flew away
The princess hated to lose this one
And didn't want to live to see another day
But the gods refused to kill such beauty
So she dragged herself to Venus
And was given three tasks: her duty
For the Goddess thought she couldn't do this
With Cupid's help she reached the Olympic portal,
And Ambrosia was given to Psyche
So that she could become immortal
And happily ever after they could be

The Myth of Cupid and Psyche

By Emily Wilson, Latin V student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Much has been made of "Cupid and Psyche," Lucius Apuleius' tale of the love between the son of Venus and a mortal girl with whom he falls in love. Because Psyche is a divinely beautiful princess who evokes Venus' jealousy, she commands her son Cupid to cause Psyche to fall in love with the basest of men. Instead, Cupid himself falls in love with Psyche and places her in a remote palace where he can visit her secretly under one condition: she must never see him.

Because Psyche's sisters convince her that her husband is a hideous beast, Psyche hides a *lucerna* in their bedroom, and, one night, while Cupid is sleeping, she lights the *lucerna* and takes a forbidden glance at her husband. To her amazement she does not see a hideous beast but the beautiful god of love.

In her ecstasy, she carelessly drips a drop of hot oil on Cupid's shoulder. Cupid awakes, and, when he realizes that Psyche has broken her promise not to look at him, he punishes her by leaving.

As she wanders about the countryside looking for Cupid to apologize to him, Psyche falls into the hands of Venus who assigns her a set of difficult tasks before she will be allowed to see Cupid again. Each task is, of course, designed either to destroy Psyche's beauty or to kill her, which finally happens when Psyche is tricked into exposing herself to death contained in a box she receives from Persephone.

Cupid finds Psyche's body, and, touched by her devotion, rescues her and convinces Venus to allow Psyche to become an immortal, thereby removing her as a mortal competitor to his mother's beauty. Cupid and Psyche are then married by Jupiter.

Although the story is dismissed by some as simply an entertaining myth, it is more frequently viewed as an allegorical tale of the effects of love on the soul. Cupid, of course, represents love, and Psyche symbolizes the soul, as that is the English translation of the Greek word *Ψυχη*. Psyche is delivered to Venus by Habot, whose servants are Trouble and Sorrow. As an allegory, the story teaches the need of the female soul to meet with a divine love in man, the progress of the soul guided by love.

Throughout the years, the story of Cupid and Psyche has been incorporated into many epics, poems, dramas, song lyrics, and paintings. It was imitated by the English author C.S. Lewis in the novel *Till We Have Faces: A Myth Retold*. English poets who dealt with the myth include William Morris in "Cupid and Psyche" which was included in *The Earthly Paradise*, S. Marmion in the "Legend of Cupid and Psyche," T. Moore in "Cupid and Psyche," R. Bridges in "Eros and Psyche," S. K. Wiley in "Psyche and Eros," J. Anderson in "Legend of Eros and Psyche," E. Huntington in "Psyche in Cupid's Palace," A. Vickridge in "The Prayer of Psyche," I. Rosenberg in "Psyche's Lament," and J. Kennedy in "Psyche and Eros." The Italian writer Giovanni Boccaccio imitated it in *The Decameron*. The Spanish writer Miguel de Cervantes made reference to the myth in *Don Quixote*. The French writer Alain René LeSage was also influenced by the story of Cupid and Psyche when he wrote *Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane*.

All these and more have been influenced by what may well be one of the most well known of all Greek and Roman mythological stories.

Interlinear Love

Based on a submission by Megan Burel & Emilia Rothger, Latin II students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

Hold your racing horses just one minute.

Tene celeres tuos modo unam minutam.

A funny feeling's coming over me.

Affectus insuetus me occupat.

I'm hearing violins and Tony Bennett.

Audio lyras et Antonium Bennetum.

Boy, if this is love then I'm in it.

Edepol, si hic est amor tunc adamo.

It was a triple-digit summer.

Triplix numerus aestas erat.

I thought I'd let you share my ice-cream cone.

Putavi me tecum sorbitionem gelidam partitum esse.

We took a walk going nowhere,

Sine ratione ambulavimus.

But I was already gone.

Ego autem iam aberam.

That train of love is rolling and I'm on it.

Ille amoris hamaxostichus volvitur et in eo vehor.

Destination end of the line.

Destinationis locus: lineae finis.

Every star I see I wish upon it.

Voveo quodcumque stellam video.

Boy, if this is love well then I want it.

Edepol, si hic est amor, amorem cupio.

It was a triple-digit summer

Triplix numerus aestas erat.

I thought I'd let you share my ice-cream cone.

Putavi me tecum sorbitionem gelidam partitum esse.

We took a walk going nowhere,

Sine ratione ambulavimus.

But I was already gone.

Ego autem iam aberam.

It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be now was it?

Nunc, num erat tam malum quam futurum putavi?

Simple as a dimple in your smile!

Tam simplex quam gelatinus in subrisu tuo!

I just can't resist kissin' and huggin'

Osculando et amplectendo resistere non possum.

Boy, if this is love then I love it

Edepol, si hic est amor, adamo.

Boy, if this is love

Edepol, si hic est amor

Boy, if this is love

Edepol, sic hic est amor

Boy, if this is love I sure love it

Edepol, si hic est amor, vere eum amo.

Winter Wonderland

By Zeph Halsey, Latin I student of Linda Fabrizio, Niskayuna High School, Niskayuna, New York

Nix

frigida, alba,

cadit, flat, liquefacit.

Est bella.

Nix.

Alcyone and Ceyx

By Marian E. Altos, Latin III student of Maureen O'Donnell, Mount de Sales Academy, Baltimore, Maryland

True love rarely finds root

As in the lovers, two,

Alcyone and Ceyx vowed,

Each one forever true.

Yet one day came when Ceyx

Sought the Oracle,

Reluctantly leaving his love

For a damp, unpleasant hull.

Wild storms arose the night

The crew set out to sail,

All perished in Neptune's depths,

Their bodies limp and pale.

Alcyone worked, safe at home,

Awaiting her lover's return

Until Morpheus, via dreams,

Told her of fate's cruel turn.

She found Ceyx by the sea.

Every god could hear her mourn,

But two hearts dead began to fly

As the bird, Halcyon, was born.

The Three Fates

By Shoshana Greenberg, Latin II student of Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin High School, Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania

The goddesses of human destiny.

They spun and cut the human thread of life,

Daughters of Zeus and Themis,

Leading each mortal through happiness and strife.

Clotho was the spinner, who wove the thread of life.

Lachesis, the arranger, determined the life's length.

Atropos, the cutter, cut the life short with her shears.

At birth they gave man good, evil, and strength,

Decided one's life from birth to death

Determining the thread's course.

Cutting the thread whenever they pleased

They were life and death's decisive force.

World's Greatest
Conversational
Springboard!

Did Somebody Say, "Martial"?

Based on a submission by Laz Morrison, Latin IV student of Pauline Demetri, Cambridge Rindge and Latin School, Cambridge, Massachusetts

The party's a bust. Nobody's talking. Everyone's slouched down wishing they had brought their own CD's. The pizza has sardines—and it's cold.

Then it happens. Someone tries to make small talk.

"So, like, where do you go to school?"

"Cambridge Rindge."

"Cambridge what?"

"You know. Cambridge Rindge and Latin School."

"Latin? Yuck. Now there's a pointless five hours a week. They don't actually make you study Latin there do they?"

"Nobody makes me study anything! I study Latin 'cuz I like it."

"Yeh, but isn't it, like, impossible? And it's dead, you know."

"Dead" is a linguistic term. It just means it's not a spoken language used by any current culture. It doesn't mean that it has nothing to offer."

"Yeh, right! Name one thing it has to offer."

By now the room is absolutely silent. The CD player has stopped playing, and everyone is just sort of listening to the only conversation going on in the room.

"I could name a hundred things, but right now I'm sort of fascinated by Martial."

"Martial who?"

That's when the room came alive.

Someone else answered, "Martial. He wrote Latin epigrams."

A third person chimed in, "Yeah, you know. Those poems that kind of kick you in the gut when you're not looking."

A fourth person broke in: "What's your favorite epigram?"

Now there was some electricity in the air. People were sitting upright and even leaning forward to follow the conversation better. The answer came with no hesitation.

"My favorite epigram by Martial is the one about Vacerra. It goes something like this in English:

You admire only the old poets, Vacerra

nor do you praise them unless they are dead.

We ask for forgiveness, Vacerra:

It is not worth dying in order to please you.

"I like it because I agree with Martial's tone when he speaks of this person. It's done with a hint of mocking. You know, that 'kick in the gut' someone just mentioned. Martial lets everyone know what a ridiculous viewpoint the man has, and I happen to agree with Martial on this particular issue."

"It really ticks me off when really neat people, who are pretty much ignored while they're alive, suddenly get recognized as soon as they die. I guess Martial noticed the same thing. The art, poetry, music, and overall work of people does not change when they die, so why is their work suddenly revered just because they're dead?"

Inquiring Minds
Want To Know

Dear Editor,

In the game section of the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER (Vol. XXII, No. 3, Pagina Septima), there was a game entitled "Roman Numeral Matching." When I tried to find the match for the number 45, I wondered why the only match provided was XLV. Why wouldn't the Romans have used VL. My Latin teacher and I both don't understand this. We students get to use back issues in class when we finish our work, and I just happened to come across this game. It would be nice to receive a response to this letter.

Steven Rogers, Latin I

Whitfield School

St. Louis, Missouri

Salve, Stephane,

The use of Roman numerals has varied greatly over the centuries, and the Romans themselves would probably not agree with some of the conventions currently being used.

Consider the Roman numerals used on the following Roman milestone which dates to approximately 132 B.C. It is from the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* (I.2.638)

VIAM·FECIT·AB·REGIO·AD·CAPVAM·ET
IN·EA·VIA·PONTEIS·DHNEIS·MILARIOS
TABELARIOSQVE·POSEIVEI·HINCE·SUNT
NOVERIAM·MEILIA·II·CAPVAM·XXCIII
MVRANVM·LXXXIII·COSENTIAM·CXXIII
VALENTIAM·CLXXX·REGIVM·CCXXXVII
SVMA·AF·CAPVA·REGIVM·MEILIA·CCC
ET·EIDEM·PRAETOR·IN·LXXL
SICILIA·FVGITEIVOS·ITALICORVM
CONQVAEISIVEI·REBIDEIQVE
HOMINES·BCCCCXVII·EIDEMQVE
PRIMVS·FECIT·VT·DE·AGRO·POPLKO
ARATORIBVS·CEDEANT·PRAESTORES
FORVM·AEDISQVE·POPLKAS·NEQ·FECIT

One of the biggest differences between modern and ancient usage is the fact that the ancient Romans wrote 9 as follows: VIII, whereas modern usage prefers IX. Also, ancient Romans used CCCC for 400 while modern usage prefers CD. They also used L for 50 and D for 1000.

To address your question directly, modern usage never places a V in front of any number larger than X to indicate —5. Usage dictates the addition of the V after the smaller number already formed, i.e. XL +5 (XLV), rather than L —5 (VL).

If you study a chart of Roman numerals such as can be found in the appendices of most Latin text books or dictionaries, you will see a pattern of modern usage which seems to be based on the following rule:

"With the exception of an I before a V or an X, and a V before an X, no Roman numeral smaller than an X is ever placed before a larger Roman numeral to indicate subtraction."

Dr. B. F. Barcio, L.H.D.

"I mean, people like James Dean, Marilyn Monroe, John F. Kennedy, Wolfgang Mozart, Vincent Van Gogh, Herman Melville, and thousands of others, all achieved most of their fame after their deaths. Their work and lives did not improve after death, but it seems that they became immortalized only after they were dead and no longer posed any threat to other living people."

"And what about those two rappers who were recently killed? Biggie Smalls and Tupac Shakur are both recognized now as something they never were during their lifetime. People praise Biggie as being the 'greatest rapper ever,' even though, while he was alive, he had few big hits and an inconsistent fan following. In my opinion, he's no great rapper, but all his work is revered as being more meaningful now that he's dead. And just a few years ago Tupac Shakur was convicted of rape and wife-beating, but now that he's dead his 'heartfelt' songs about caring for the earth's women are on radios across the country, and the number of his fans has at least quintupled."

"As far as I'm concerned, Martial is right-on with our so-called modern times."

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

Using the Pompeiana
NEWSLETTER in
the Latin Classroom

Video Contests

Each issue of the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER contains a playlet, an imaginary interview or a script for a mini-movie.

For a fun, rewarding and educationally enriching experience have a group of students from each Latin class (or perhaps even different groups from the same class) pick one of the playlets, interviews or movie scripts published so far this year and produce a video using classmates as costumed actors.

Students who enjoy cooking could produce a creative video showing the shopping, preparation and serving of one of the Roman menus featured in each issue of the NEWSLETTER. Such a video could be shot either in modern times or by creating market, *culina* and *triclinium* sets with all participants in costume.

If the students don't have video-recording equipment at their disposal, arrangements can usually be made with the school's A.V. department for equipment use and instruction.

Pick a target date in the spring by which all the videos must be ready for viewing. As the videos are viewed by all the Latin students (either in class or during a special after school Latin Club event), students should vote on the ones they find most interesting.

The teacher should then award the winning group with a prize or special recognition. If the event becomes an annual competition, a permanent plaque could be created and displayed in the classroom on which the names of each year's winning group could be engraved. A classroom library of all videos produced should also be started so that students in subsequent years can learn from, and build on, previous productions.

Such video-competitions have been sponsored at the secondary school level in the past, and all involved have been absolutely amazed at the cleverness and creativity exhibited by today's students who are definitely members of a video-generation.

A Unique Twin

By Zeph Halsey, Latin I student of Linda Fabrizio,
Niskayuna High School, Niskayuna, New York

Romulus
potens, vilis,
necat, ducit, adificat.
Primus rex Romae.
Quirinus.

Lost Paradise

Based on a submission by Zachery Morter,
Latin II student of Mary L. Carroll,
Northeastern H. S., Elizabeth City, North Carolina

Thanks for bringing me to Pompeii
where, at noon, the grass is - rather ash-grey?
Here may I fall in love
or fly like that - fallen dove?
If I hurry maybe I can get a boat
and find a place a bit more remote.
Yes, I'm leaving, if I may,
this dusty city of Pompeii.
I really don't like *lapilli*, so
I think I really ought to go.
Sorry I can't stay and bunk here.
Pompeii, it seems, is rather sunk, dear.
I've changed my mind - don't like Pompeii
where at noon the grass is rather ash-grey.

Aeneas

Based on a submission by Tina Campbell, Latin IV
student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Pater, maritus, filius, miles, nauta,
Gentis Romanae conditor.
Viros duris temporibus perduxit,
Caput meum sublime tenens,
Dolores mei non monstrabantur.
In multas terras novas pervenimus.
Compluribus animalibus monstribusque occurrimus.
Hoc iter erat difficile factu,
Præcipue deis adversis.
"Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem."

Snakes Alive

By Nimrit Patel, Latin III Honors student of Dr. Marianne Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

FADE IN:

INT. - PALACE WAITING ROOM - DAY

The sound of a LYRE is heard. A ROYAL SERVANT enters.

ROYAL SERVANT

King Polydectes will see you now. Bring the girl and her child.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

A throne room with KING POLYDECTES seated on his throne. Two guards stand behind him, a scribe sits at his left foot and a servant girl sits at his right foot. He addresses only Danae.

KING POLYDECTES

I have heard your sad tale and have agreed to allow you to stay in the palace as one of my personal servants. Your child will be raised here and schooled by the palace staff.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. - PALACE THRONE ROOM - DAY

Twenty years have passed and Perseus has grown into a strong young man. His mother Danae is at the pinnacle of her mature beauty. Danae and Perseus stand before King Polydectes.

KING POLYDECTES

Danae, I have summoned you and your son here to let you know that your status in the palace will soon be changing. I would like you to sit beside me on my throne as my Queen.

DANAË

I don't know. I should like to think it over.

PERSEUS

No Mother! I shall never let you marry such a strange man in a foreign land!

DANAË

Perseus! How dare you speak like that in front of the King. I will have you know, son, that I shall marry the King, after all.

PERSEUS

But, Mother, what about my dream of returning...

DANAË

Perseus, I have forbidden you ever to talk about that!

PERSEUS

Fine! Will you at least wait until I can arrange to find you a present that will be fitting for your new husband?

KING POLYDECTES

An excellent idea, Perseus. And I have just the gift that would be worthy for the occasion. But wait - you are too young for such a challenge!

PERSEUS

I'm not too young! Name your gift and you shall have it!

KING POLYDECTES

Why don't you try to bring me the head of the Gorgon Medusa?

PERSEUS

Consider it done.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. - A COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Birds are CHIRPING. Perseus is walking along the road looking confused when, suddenly, HERMES appears before him.

PERSEUS

To what do I owe this appearance?

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

INT. - STONE CHAMBER - DAY

DANAË, CRYING UNCONTROLLABLY, is seen sitting as a prisoner in the chamber. Suddenly, a showering beam of gold dust enters through the window of the chamber and spotlights Danae. She clutches her midsection as it begins to glow with a golden light from within. The golden beam fades and Danae sits wrapping her arms around her midsection which has now stopped glowing.

DANAË

In my imprisonment I have conceived a son by Father Zeus. I shall name him Perseus.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. - A SMALL WOODEN CHEST

Danae, holding a baby, sits huddled in the cramped chest as she tries to keep from bouncing against the sides and top of the chest as it rises and falls.

EXT. - SEA - DAY

The sounds of WAVES and SEAGULLS are heard as the chest is seen floating away in the sea.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. - SEA SHORE - DAY

TWO FISHERMEN sit on the sides of their beached boats repairing their nets. The FIRST FISHERMAN looks up from his work to wipe the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand and glances out over the sea. He stares intently off into the distance, then, setting his net aside, stands, holding his hand over his brow to eliminate the glare of the bright sun.

FIRST FISHERMAN

What in the world is that?

The SECOND FISHERMAN lays his net aside and stands to get a better look.

SECOND FISHERMAN

Looks to be some sort of a chest.

FIRST FISHERMAN

Let's put a boat out and bring it in.

The fishermen launch one of the boats and row out to the chest. Not being able to lift the chest into the boat, they tie a line to it and begin towing it to shore.

When they get to the shore, they pull the chest to shore and begin prying open the top with their knives. They remove the top and look inside.

Danae, holding a baby, huddles in the box and looks fearfully up at the fishermen.

FIRST FISHERMAN

Well, now! What have we here? How did you get stuck in a chest in the middle of the sea?

SECOND FISHERMAN

With a baby!

DANAË

My father threw us into the sea because he was afraid that a grandson would threaten his own power. If it were the will of the gods, he hoped that we would both drown.

FIRST FISHERMAN

And who might your father be?

DANAË

Acisius.

The Second Fisherman pulls the First Fisherman aside to talk privately.

FIRST FISHERMAN

I think we might be able to get a little something out of this if we take them to the palace.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Snakes Alive (Continued a Pagina Quarta)

HERMES

The gods have decided to help you. I have brought some things that will be useful in your quest.

Hermes produces a sack and begins to remove items and offer them to Perseus.

HERMES (Cont.)

Here are winged sandals. They will help you get to Medusa's home quicker. Here is the cap of Hades. As long as you wear this cap, you will be invisible to all mortals. Here is a special *cibisis*. You shall put the head of Medusa into this sack after you have slain her. Here is a polished shield. You must look at Medusa through this shield to kill her. You must not look directly at Medusa, otherwise you will be turned into stone. Lastly, here is your weapon, half sickle, half sword. You shall slay Medusa with this weapon. Use these tools wisely. Now, be on your way.

PERSEUS

Thank you Hermes!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. - THE SKY - DAY

The sound of a large bird flying is heard as Perseus flies swiftly into view. He flies along scanning the sea below for the island home of the Gorgons. He spots an island in the distance and heads straight for it.

Perseus lands at the mouth of the cave. He gives a final polish to his shield and tests it to see if he can clearly see things behind him. Then he unsheathes his sword and tests its edge with his finger. He then carefully places his special cap on his head. Perseus now appears as a nearly invisible, transparent person. Walking backwards and using his shield as a mirror, he cautiously enters the cave and EERIE-SOUNDING MUSIC begins to play.

Two GORGONS lie sleeping on the floor of the cave near a fire. The third Gorgon, MEDUSA, a beautiful woman except for the deadly snakes entwining her head, sits tending the fire with a stick. The EERIE-SOUNDING MUSIC grows louder as Perseus approaches her from behind, being careful not to make a sound. When he gets close enough, Perseus strikes with his sword. This action awakes the other two

Gorgons who pierce the air with BLOOD-CURLING SCREECHES as the EERIE-SOUNDING MUSIC reaches a crescendo. Continuing to look only in the mirror-surface of his shield, Perseus quickly picks up Medusa's severed head and places it into the *cibisis*.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. - SKY - DAY

The sound of a LARGE BIRD FLYING is heard as Perseus flies swiftly into view. Music of the "RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES" begins to play in the background.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. - THE PALACE - DAY

The palace is decorated for a wedding feast and the sound of LIVELY DANCE MUSIC is heard.

Danaë, dressed as a bride, is sitting next to the King's throne. King Polydectes rises, holding a cup in his hand as he prepares to make a toast. The music stops and the room grows quiet. All of a sudden, Perseus barges in.

PERSEUS

Polydectes, I have returned! Mother! Shut your eyes and look not on the gift I am about to offer!

Perseus removes Medusa's severed head from the *cibisis* and holds it high for all but his mother to look at. As the King and his guests look at Medusa's head they are transformed into stone statues. Perseus returns the severed head to the *cibisis* and walks over to his mother. He helps her to stand.

PERSEUS (Cont.)

Everything's fine now, Mother. I'm ready to take you back home.

Perseus and Danaë walk through the room filled with people-turned-into-statues and approach a large double door. As they near the doors, they swing open by themselves and a golden beam of light shines down from the sky and spotlights them.

The music of "IN THE HOUSE OF STONE AND LIGHT" begins to play and continues as Perseus and Danaë exit the palace.

FADE OUT:

THE END.

Daedalus and Icarus Revisited

By Aaron Schwartz, Latin student of Stergios Lazos, Hawken School, Gates Mills, Ohio

"He's passed on. I'm sorry."

Strewn on the ground lay the mangled body of James, a seventeen year old boy, his prom not but two hours finished. Dismayed, his mother, Kathy, looks on, stunned that such a thing could happen. "It was alcohol, Ma'am. He was drunk." The car is destroyed, encircling a tree. On the front seat lies a bottle of wine, *Lons-Le-Saurer Blanc*, conceived in the vineyard in which Kathy labors. "Kids experiment. They just fly too high, Ma'am." The deep anguish grows within Kathy. She cannot bring herself to look upon her son: The one she loved, the one she helped to destroy. Her pain is immense. Like Daedalus of old, she crumples to the ground.

Love Transformed

Based on a submission by Christy Munding and David Botos, Latin IV students of Anne Patemoster, Lenape High School, Medford, New Jersey

Cupido in Apollonem sagittam auream immisit, sed in Daphnen sagittam plumbeam immisit. Apollo Daphnes amorem petivit, sed cum non amabat et ab eo fugivit. Quando Daphnen excepit, in laurum mutata erat. Nunc igitur Apollo gerit in capite... laurocolam.

Northern Comfort

By Samantha Krawitzky, Latin I student of Linda Fabrizio, Niskayuna High School, Niskayuna, New York

Sol
clarus, calidus,
lucis, elucit, calefacit.
sol est laetus,
Spes.

A Poe-Catullan Echo

A Dinner Invitation

By Isaiah Mullis, Latin II student of Jo Stuckey, Bedford-North Lawrence H. S., Bedford, Indiana

Friend, I ask you to my dinner.
Sadly, I am growing thinner
over many a meager morsel
stolen from the local store.
But bring the women and the liquor
for my gut is getting sicker
and my wallet could be thicker,
thicker than it was before.
Quoth my stomach, "Give me more!"
If you do, I'll give you lovin'
for some meatloaf in my oven
and my lady's fragrance,
also stolen from the local store.
A Liz Taylor imitator.
You will ask the gods to cater
and to make your nostrils greater,
greater than they were before.
Read this poem "Nevermore."

Sororal Sentiment

By Zeph Halsey, Latin I student of Linda Fabrizio, Niskayuna High School, Niskayuna, New York

Mea soror
magna, benigna,
vexat, loquitur, edit.
Est strenua.
Auriana.

Martial? (Continued a Pagina Tertia)

By now, splinter conversations had started up all over the room as people began defending their own post-mortem heroes and arguing the pros and cons of their own points of view.

As it turned out, the father of the student hosting the party was a professor of classical studies at a local university. He called the student over who had originally brought Martial into the conversation. Sitting at the dining island in the kitchen, the discussion intensified, moving now to the grammar in Martial's Vacerra poem. When the student realized that he was now talking with someone with whom he could share some of the finer points of Martial's genius, he continued.

"The set up of the Vacerra poem sort of reminds me of most of Martial's other epigrams. It contains four lines, each with a regular pattern of syllables. I think it's neat that each line in this epigram has eleven syllables. You know, if you compare it to English, it's kind of like an iambic pentameter with one extra syllable. It doesn't rhyme, but like most of his epigrams, it drives home a satirical point, that 'kick in the gut' that was mentioned in there before. You do know the poem, don't you?"

"Yes, I know exactly what poem you're talking about:

*Miraris veteres, Vacerra, solos
nec laudas nisi mortuos poetas.
ignoscas petimus, Vacerra: tanti
non est, ut placeam tibi, perire."*

"Finally, someone who's on the same page as I am! Well, in the third line, Martial shortened *petimus* ut nobis *ignoscas* to the shorter version *ignoscas petimus*. Don't you think he just did that to shorten the number of syllables in the line so it would scan properly?"

"Well, of course! That's part of what made him great."

"I think it's neat that it's easy to figure out what he meant even though his Latin left a little to be desired."

"Well, all Latin writers sort of had their own Latin grammar, anyway. It was part of what made each of them special. Thank goodness they didn't all write like Cicero!"

"Wow, I've never had a teacher admit that to me before! You know, I don't know if Martial's habit of putting the adjective of the direct object somewhere near the beginning of the poem, while putting the direct object at the end, is unique to him, but he does seem to do this in almost all his poems including this one. I think it must have helped to keep the interest and suspense of the listener by first describing the object, then letting people know what it was. I think it helped listeners think more carefully about the thing being described because they had to go back and replay the first part of the line in their heads to understand it fully. Of course, by the time they got the hang of it, they had increased their personal involvement, and their interest in Martial."

By now some really cool music was playing in the other room, and everyone was out of their chairs and jammin' and having fun. Just then the doorbell rang. It was the pizza boy with hot pizza, *sine sardines*.

As fascinated as the classics professor was by the conversation he had been having with this very unusual student, he knew when to call it quits.

"You're a pretty special kid, and I've enjoyed talking with you. But now that things have livened up out there, why don't you go back in and have some pizza. And don't say, 'Martial' again unless the party really needs another shot in the arm!"

"Say, you wouldn't happen to know a Dr. Fell, would you?"

"I know of him, but he's been dead for a few years now. Go. Enjoy yourself. And keep up the good work!"



Cara Matrona,

I just got back from the Grove of Terminus where I go every year on a.d. VII Kal. Mart. to watch the celebration of Terminalia. The procession is very impressive with all the pontifices and their camilli although I always cry when they kill the little agnus that they bring with them. After the ceremonies were over this year, one of the camilli came up to me and told me not to cry for the agnus. He said the agnus was very happy to have given his life in honor of the great Protector of our Boundaries, Terminus. I thanked him, and said that I wished that I knew as much as he did about things. All I had were questions. That's when he told me about you and said that I should write to you anytime I want to learn about something important.

Matrona, I hope you will agree that I am important enough to write to and that my question is worth an answer from you. My mater tells me that I must be important or else our Patronus, Marcus Aurelius Cotta Maximus would not have ordered my pater to keep me after I was born and would not have helped him support me all these years.

Well, here goes. My question is about an old ficus that grows near our praesepae boarium. My pater always touches its branches when he walks by it and says, "Ave, Rumina." Every morning after our servus milks our two vaccae, he is supposed to pass by the ficus, stick his right hand into the milk bucket and sprinkle a little fresh milk on the ficus while he also says "Ave, Rumina." When I asked my mater about the ficus, she said that it had been planted by the avus of our

Patronus who had once lived here before our Patronus gave our villa rustica to my pater. It was our Patronus who told my pater that this was how the ficus needed to be treated or else any vinuli that our vaccae gave birth to would die.

Matrona, can you please explain what is so special about our ficus?

Aurelia
M. A. Zozini filia
ad Militarium Sextum
in Via Laurentia

Cara Aurelia,

Rumina! Now there's a name I haven't heard for a long time!

Let me say, first of all, that your pater is very lucky to have such a generous and caring Patronus. Your Patronus must have realized that your pater was not well-off enough to even think about keeping all the children that your mater presented him with, so he not only encouraged your pater not to expose his children, but he even provided funds to help your pater raise you. You are right to consider yourself important, and I am pleased to be able to help you with your question.

What you have next to your praesepae boarium is a Rumina ficus, much like the one near the Lupercal on the Collis Palatinus here in Roma. In honor of Romulus et Remus, our founders, this tree is kept as a symbol of the nurturing goddess, Rumina, who helps animals nurse their young. Tradition has it that Rumina helped the lupa care for Romulus et Remus before they were found by the shepherd Faustulus. The very first inhabitants of this area in Italia considered Rumina to be the pastoral dea who protected agni et vitulae while they were still being fed with their mother's milk. The usual offering to Rumina was milk, which is why your servus always greets your ficus and sprinkles some fresh milk on it with his right hand.

In the old days, many pastores and armentarii used to plant a Rumina ficus near their praesepia so that their nursing agni et vitulae could be protected by this dea. Your Patronus no doubt just passed on the traditional ways of showing respect to your Rumina ficus that his avus had shown him.

This next time you pass by your ficus, touch one of its branches while you say, Ave, Rumina, for me.

A Symbol of Love

A Modern Myth by Zoe Bradford and Flavia
Fujikawa, Latin I students of Nancy Tigert,
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

A very long time ago, in a far away land called Amoris Terra, a half-god named Demetrius lived. Demetrius was a gardener and he grew very lovely flowers and plants. Often, he gave some of his beautiful flowers to the goddess of love and beauty, Venus. Venus and Demetrius had strong feelings of love for each other, or so Venus thought. Demetrius' heart, however, belonged to Rosalina.

Rosalina was a beautiful maiden who also lived in Amoris Terra. She was a seamstress, and she often made clothes for Demetrius. Soon, Demetrius and Rosalina fell in love, hoping to live the rest of their lives together. Of course, Venus was enraged that Demetrius no longer loved her.

One sunny afternoon, Rosalina was walking through a grassy field where dozens of daisies were growing. All of a sudden, a flash of light came upon Rosalina and she fell to the ground, lifeless. Venus laughed with evil delight, knowing she had gotten her revenge.

Shortly thereafter, Demetrius came along and spotted Rosalina on the ground. He dropped to his knees in utter shock as he came to the realization that his love was dead. He whispered in her ear, "Oh lovely Rosalina, let this be a symbol of my love for you. A beautiful flower that will lie where your body is now, representing our everlasting love and affection."

With a wave of Demetrius' hand, a bush grew sprouting beautiful flowers as red as Rosalina's lips and as perfect as their love for one another, the rose.



Found Poems on Greek Gods

(Poems relating characteristics and stories of the gods)

Submitted by Latin I students of Alexis DuBrul,
University of Denver High School,
Denver, Colorado

A rmor
T he daughter of Zeus
H ead-originating
E lusive
N ew justice
A thena

Emily Terhune

H onest
E loquent
R eady helper
M escenger
E scort of dead souls
S on of Zeus

Charlie Kashiwa

P arnassus
O rion
S ca
E arth
I mperium
D city
O cean
N eptune

Andrew Korsan

A blaze
P robity
O bssive
L uminous
L egendary
O racle

Giovanna Giomo

ABC's of Mythology

By Sarah VanderLaan, Latin III student of Susan J.
Miller, Catholic Central, Grand Rapids, Michigan

A is for Aurora, the goddess of dawn,
B is for Bacchus, who drinks wine all day long.
C is for Cupid, the god of love,
D is for Diana who protects fawns from above.
E is for Echo who speaks to repeat.
F is for Furies who revenge a killed heartbeat.
G is for the Gorgons, horrible monsters times three,
H is for Hera who from jealousy is never free.
I is for Icarus, the poor boy who dies in the sea,
J is for Janus bringing the new, causing the old to flee.
K is for Kallipygo, with charms she's the best,
L is for Lemures, the spirits who never give rest.
M is for Midas who hates the taste of wealth.
N is for Narcissus who loves only himself.
O is for Orpheus whose retro-glance makes him mope.
P is for Pandora who redeems her error with hope.
Q is for Quirinus, the name of Romulus made a god,
R is for Rhea sometimes called the goddess of sod.
S is for Sisyphus whose rock-rolling days will never set.
T is for Tantalus who sees what he can never get.
U is for Uranus, the god of the sky,
V is for Venus who makes us all sigh.
W is for the Wooden Horse causing the fall of Troy.
X is for Xanthus, the river Hector swims as a boy,
Y appears in Syrinx who played Pan for a fool.
Z is for Zeus who over all the above does rule.

Terminalia

By Abby Fulton, 8th grade Latin student of Judy
Hanna, Central Middle School, Findlay, Ohio

One stone dividing us...
Your property and mine.
Two altars adorned
With flowers and wine.

Three times, corn is
Thrown into the fire.
A solemn ceremony
Is our desire.

A honeycomb and
Wine goblets are within our sight
As we stand separated,
Dressed all in white.

O, Terminus,
Boundaries were so sacred to you.
We sprinkle ours with blood
And sing a song or two.

We celebrate with a
Special feast and wine.
One sacred stone dividing us...
Your property and mine.



Latin students at Carmel H.S., Carmel, Indiana, commemorate Terminalia by decorating a school fence.

The Quirinal (Continued a Pagina Prima)

With its soft air and cool breezes, the Quirinal developed into a popular residential quarter among the city's well-to-do. Millionaire descendants of Rome's earliest aristocracy built elegant mansions and laid out lush gardens. Cicero's wealthy friend Atticus resided here.

Martial tells us that he, too, lived on this hill, on Pear Street (*ad pirum*), in a third floor apartment. Eventually, he acquired a rather fine private house in this district.

Toward the end of the first century A.D., the Emperor Domitian erected a majestic temple to the tutelary deity of his clan (*Templum Gentis Flaviae*) over the site of his ancestral home on the Quirinal. To keep at bay the malign spirits aroused by the great fire of Nero and to placate the perennial wrath of the gods, Domitian set up a permanent altar here, on which sacrifices of atonement were offered up in annual rites each August. The baroque church of *Sant'Andrea al Quirinale* now occupies the site.

At the beginning of the next century, Trajan's engineers cut a hundred foot high slice off the western side of the hill to accommodate the vast hemicycle of his state-of-the-art shopping mall.

The Quirinal's prestige steadily increased under later rulers. Aurelian (A.D. 270-275) raised a Temple of the Sun, leading up to which was a magnificent flight of a hundred and twenty four marble steps. These now serve as the ceremonial approach of the church of *Santa Maria in Ara Coeli* on the Capitoline, having been transferred there in 1348. (cf. *Pompeiana NEWSLETTER*, December, 1998, pp. 1 & 7.)

During his reign, Constantine established the most up-to-date baths in Rome which covered most of the Quirinal's plateau and were a showpiece of art and architecture. With the demise of the Empire, the *Thermae Constantinianae* fell into decay, and in the 1600's Cardinal Scipio Borghese fashioned a modest summer dwelling out of the baths' fragmented marble.

As the Middle Ages trudged on, the Romans lost the memory of the former splendor and importance of the Quirinal Hill. Its landscape was now a sorry one of dark, cavernous shells of ancient buildings. Out of the rubble of Constantine's proud baths the heads of two colossal marble horses protruded, giving the hill the nickname, *Monte Cavallo*.

As so often happened with abandoned sections of old Rome, however, the Quirinal made a comeback under the Renaissance popes. In 1585 Gregory XIII had Ottavio Mascherino design a *palazzo* for him on the summit. Since the Vatican palace had a predominantly religious character to it, Gregory felt a need for a residence that would suggest the popes' jurisdiction over secular Rome and the Papal States.

Later pontiffs enlarged and embellished Gregory's *Palazzo Quirinale*. After restoring the old aqueduct that served this zone in imperial times, Sixtus V beautified the area in front of the *Palazzo* with an obelisk. This once stood before the mausoleum of Augustus. Sixtus then had the two horse heads of Constantine's *thermae* completely unearthed, revealing two gigantic statues of Castor and Pollux reining in their steeds. These he positioned at the foot of the obelisk and had a powerful fountain installed in their midst. This massive column of water—even in our time—rises and crumbles all day long, perpetually spraying the two toiling muscular horse tamers.

Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Quirinal Palace was the setting for countless state dinners and diplomatic receptions. Several conclaves were also held here. From the Quirinal, the newly elected pope would ride in state over to the Lateran quarter to claim his cathedral, *San Giovanni in Laterano*.

In the 1880's, however, the papal hold on the Quirinal Palace was loosened. Pius VII was arrested here by Napoleon's guards. After the Italian Revolution later in that century, the building was declared the royal residence of King Victor Emmanuel. Since 1946 it has been the official home of the president of the Republic of Italy.

There is much history upon the Quirinal, traces of it still visible. In the course of some nineteenth century construction projects, even some fragmentary remains of the fifth century B.C. Servian Wall were brought to light here.

Moretum

An Ancient Cheese Ball

Try this recipe and experience a kaleidoscope of ancient flavors designed to transport you back to the little hut described, supposedly, by Vergil himself, in a poem entitled "Moretum."

In this 124 line poem (all dactylic hexameters), the author describes in careful detail a typical daily routine of a poor farmer, from the time he wakes up in the morning to his preparation of a small ball of *moretum* which will be his daily meal.

The cheese ball is named in the lines 116-129 of the poem:

*Tum demum digitis mortaria tota duobus
circuit inque globum distantia contrahit unum,
constat ut effect species nomenque moreti.*

"Then he takes up all the ground-together ingredients in his two hands and shapes the protruding pieces into a ball, so the *moretum* will be complete in both appearance and name."

Res Commiscendae:

Part I

- 2 leaves of romaine lettuce
- 1/2 tsp savory
- 2 tsp mint
- 2 tsp chopped, fresh rue
- 2 tsps chopped fresh coriander

The Blue-Eyed Warrior

By Marissa Collins, 8th grade student of Tina Moller,
Sandy Run Middle School, Dresher, Pennsylvania

There have been warriors throughout history,
But none as great as the goddess Minerva.
Wisdom and skill were the weapons she used,
And any sweetness was just a ruse.

For although Mars in all of his bloody glory
Could win a battle with swords and knives,
Used her wits and plans, Minerva designed,
And soon her enemies were undermined.

So although her expression may have seemed nice,
And her harmless-looking face inviting,
Remember...that was only a disguise;
There was a warrior-goddess behind those blue eyes!

Other current Quirinal attractions for today's tourist or pilgrim are three outstanding churches.

San Bernardo is a rotunda built into a circular tower of the walls that once enclosed Diocletian's Baths, even though most of that complex stood on the adjacent Viminal Hill.

Santa Maria della Vittoria is renowned for Bernini's



- 2 Tbs chopped fresh parsley
- 4 green onions, chopped
- 1/2 tsp thyme

Part II

- 3/4 cup crumbled feta cheese
- 1/4 tsp ground pepper
- 1/4 cup wine vinegar
- 1/4 cup olive oil

Part III

- 3/4 cup chopped walnuts

Modus Parandi:

Place all Part I ingredients into a blender and blend well. Transfer to a mixing bowl and mix in the ingredients from Part II. Shape into a ball and apply the chopped walnuts (Part III) to the outer surface.

The complete text of the poem entitled "Moretum" can be found in the *Appendix Vergiliana sive Carmina Minora Vergilio Adtributa*, published by the Oxford University Press, 1957.

Dopey Dactyls

By Ashley Artis, 6th grade student of Sara Solberg,
Rutgers Preparatory School, Somerset, New Jersey

Down by the dock where the old men are fishing
The fish are not biting today
These fish are smarter than regular fishes
When they see a hook -- "Stay away!"
Old men are grumbling, their bellies are rumbling,
And still they do not have a bite.
Wives are all waiting; they still are debating
If they're having dinner tonight!

[Editor's note: in English, a dactyl is an accent or stress pattern in which the first syllable is accented and the following two are not. In Latin the pattern is indicated with one long and two short syllables. Dactyls were used by many Latin and Greek poets. Each dactyl is called a poetic foot. In the poem above, dactyls are used in all but the final foot of each couplet. This final foot has a "stressed, non-stressed, non-stressed, stressed" pattern which was called a choriambus by later Roman writers.]

statue of "Saint Theresa in Ecstasy."

Santa Susanna, which dates to early Christian times, serves as the American Catholics' parish church in Rome. Just across the piazza is the interesting and impressive Fountain of Moses.

A visit here is also rewarded with a stunning view out across the rooftops toward the dome of St. Peter's.



The Quirinal Palace and the Fountain of the Horse Tamers

CARMINA OPTIMA ET EORUM AUCTORES



I. EGO SUM ANGELUS TUUS, R. Kellius et
Celina Dionus

68.

II. NEMO HIC ESSE DEBET, Debora Cox

III. ITERUM, PUPULA, Britnea Hastae

IV. NUPER, Divinus

V. AMOR SIMILIS HUIC, Fides Evani

VI. VALE, Condimenti Puellae

VII. SERVA HANC NOCTEM, Aquilae Oculus
Cerasum

VIII. HOC OSCULUM, Fidei Collis

IX. MANUS, Gemma

X. LALLUM, Shauna Mullines

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nitaL delbmarcS

Submitted by Phil Johnson and Chris Ross, Latin I
students of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School,
Cincinnati, Ohio

69.

Match each unscrambled Latin word with its English.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1. Ally | G. tafmu |
| 2. I worship | H. boom |
| 3. White | I. torcarem |
| 4. Friendship | J. srom |
| 5. Soul | K. caio |
| 6. I struggle | L. susico |
| 7. Author | M. rerionif |
| 8. I know | N. rgoc |
| 9. Foreign | O. tarooi |
| 10. Pleasing | P. oput |
| 11. Fate | Q. snom |
| 12. I wear | R. sabbarur |
| 13. Man | S. niama |
| 14. I hurl | T. sonco |
| 15. Enemy | U. dippumo |
| 16. Lower | V. darca |
| 17. Death | W. ticmaia |
| 18. Merchant | X. busla |
| 19. Mountain | |
| 20. Town | |
| 21. Speech | |
| 22. I think | |
| 23. Carriage | |
| 24. Respect | |
| A. notedonc | |
| B. targus | |
| C. roado | |
| D. micsunil | |
| E. treniaveer | |
| F. raucto | |

Hercules à la Disney

Submitted by the Latin III and Latin IV classes of Kathi Laurence, South Western H. S., Hanover, Pennsylvania

70.

ACROSS

5. Instructed Hercules to be a hero in the Disney film
8. Slayer of the Gorgon Medusa
9. She unleashed all evils on the world when she opened a box
10. A big, chubby guy who's half-goat, half-man
13. Greek name for the god Vulcan
15. Greek god who carries a trident
16. Greek name for the Underworld
19. Greek god of war
20. Found his way from the Labyrinth with a ball of thread
22. Greek goddess of wisdom
23. Was infatuated with himself
25. Searched for the Golden Fleece
27. According to the movie, this Greek hero had the Trojan horse built
28. Male deity present at the beginning of all things

DOWN

1. Greek goddess of love
2. Hercules' first wife
3. Guard dog at the gate of the Underworld
4. Mountain home of the gods
6. He provided the blood that poisoned Hercules

7. Zeus' immortal wife
8. Winged horse
11. Nine inspirational handmaidens of Apollo
12. Race of gigantic beings who were the ancestors of the Olympians
14. Half-bull/half-man
17. Transports souls across the River Styx
18. An oracle said this man would marry his mom
19. Female warriors
21. Greek god of love
24. These three control the thread of life
26. Ship of the Argonauts



Top 10 Comedies

Submitted by D. Gray, C. Petry and K. Krahe, Latin II
students of Jodie Gill, Hawken Sch., Gates Mills, Ohio

I. PUER AQUARIUS

71.

II. THOMASINUS PUER

III. GUILHELMULUS MADIDES

IV. VITAE THOLUS

V. ANIMALIUM DOMUS

VI. ORBIS TERRARUM HISTORIA, PARS I

VII. EST ALIQUID DE MARIA

VIII. QUI APUD NUPTIAS CANTAT

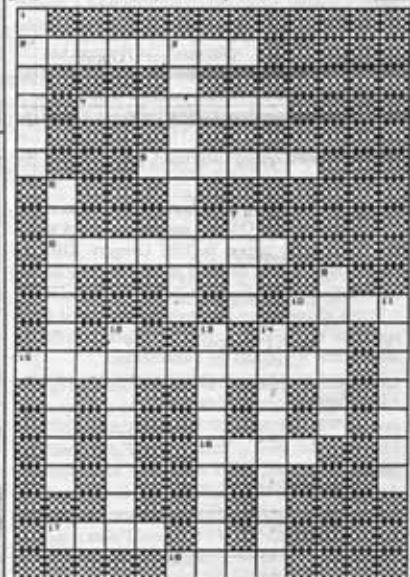
IX. AUSTINUS POTESTATES

X. STULTUS STULTIORQUE

Persephone

By Jeffrey Edmonson, Classical Mythology student of
Dr. Robert Sutton, Indiana University-Purdue
University, Indianapolis, Indiana

72.



ACROSS

2. Man of Power in Eleusis
4. Vehicle used to kidnap Persephone
5. First to tell Demeter that Persephone had been kidnapped
8. Food of the gods
10. Only part of the food Persephone ate in Hades
15. Name of the fruit Persephone ate in Hades
16. Messenger sent by Zeus to summon Demeter
17. Number of days Demeter wandered the earth before talking to Hecate
18. Persephone's father

DOWN

1. Sent by Zeus to take Persephone back to her mother
3. Daughter of Demeter
6. Appearance Demeter assumed when visiting Eleusis
7. Number of children of Cereus
9. Demeter's male employer
11. Lasher of horses
12. Child that Demeter put into the flames
13. Oldest sister of Demophon
14. Flower sent by Hades to attract Persephone

A Pompeian Love Story (Continued a Pagina Secunda)

looked at me and said that if I wanted to sing and dance so much, I should dress nicely and entertain during his dinner party. I was more than willing to do so, and I brought out my small harp and played as if Fabulus were there listening to me. My heart sang a thousand songs and my singing kept the party going all night long. I felt intensely jubilant and was laughing along with Caecilius' guests. I wondered if it was morning yet and tried to come close to the window. It was daybreak, and I could smell the warm air that precedes a sunny day. For the first time in my life I felt as if I could fly. I twirled in a circle with my arms out and I heard Caecilius' guests laughing all around me. I felt because I felt as if the ground were shaking below me. I thought it was because I was spinning, but while I was lying on the floor laughing, I realized that the ground actually was shaking. Everyone's laughter faded and all of us grew silent with nothing but fearful glances displaying our worries. What broke the silence was the sound of what sounded like thunder. But the sun was shining! It made my heart skip a beat and filled my eyes with sheer terror. Caecilius told his guests not to worry and hurried outside to see what could have caused such a frightful sound. As he left, Caecilius signaled to me to keep singing, and I tried, but my voice cracked with fear. I saw that Caecilius' guests were chattering amongst themselves. I stopped singing and sat on the floor. The day of Fabulus' visit had finally come, and something was very, very wrong.

I was shaking with fright when Caecilius returned and told everyone that it probably would be wise for them to find their way home as quickly as possible. He explained that something strange was happening on Mt. Vesuvius, and they might want to be with their families. As the guests were leaving, I watched the door open and shut, hoping that Fabulus would appear.

When everyone had left, I went to my room and tried to sleep a little before beginning my day's tasks. The next thing I knew it was early afternoon, and it sounded like hail was falling on the roof. I could hear men shouting and parents calling out children's names. I jumped up and ran to join the family to see what was going on. When I reached the atrium, I saw Caecilius and his family crying in each others' arms. He looked at me and told me to gather his wife's jewels and return as soon as possible. When I got back and gave the jewelry box to *Matrona*, she said, "The gods are angry with us, Melissa. We're not sure what's going to happen. If you would feel safer somewhere else, *Dominus* and I have decided that you are free to leave with the other *servi*. Do whatever you think is best."

I looked at the door, hoping beyond hope that Fabulus would walk in and take me somewhere safe.

I thought for a moment and finally realized that Fabulus probably would not be coming. No doubt he had stayed in Herculaneum to help his own master. I replied sadly, "Why free me when I have nothing to be free for. I shall stay and wait with you."

"All right, then," said Caecilius, "let's all go down into the wine cellar where we'll be safe." The room was dark and it was getting hard to breathe because of all the dust in the air. When we got to the wine cellar and lit a *lucerna*, I half-expected to see Fabulus standing there smiling at me. The door was bolted, and we all found a place to sit comfortably. I kept myself occupied with my own thoughts until the heat and smell of what seemed to be rotten eggs from Grumo's *culina* was making me sick to my stomach.

In my mind I kept reliving my last meeting with Fabulus. The imagined sound of his voice made me feel a little better. I could even hear him calling my name. "Melissa, Melissa, where are you?" I looked up with a start. "Melissa, Melissa, where are you?" It was Fabulus' voice, and it wasn't in my head. Was my mind playing tricks on me?

Then there was a pounding on the door of the wine cellar, and we all got up and rushed to the door. Fabulus was on the other side calling my name.

At first Caecilius refused to open the door, but my tears and Fabulus' constant knocking and calling finally made him change his mind. My joy quickly faded, however, when the door refused to open. He pushed while Fabulus pulled desperately from the other side.

"What's blocking it?" yelled Caecilius.

Fabulus, now coughing uncontrollably, replied "I'm trying to open it, but the ash on the floor is two or three feet deep."

I pushed my way up to the tiny crack that they had managed to open in the doorjamb, hoping that I could catch a glance at Fabulus. I had just begun to stick my fingers through the crack in the hopes that Fabulus' hand would find mine, when Caecilius pushed me back and said, "It's no use. We have to re-bar the door. Too much dust is coming in."

I pressed my ear to the door and could hear Fabulus trying to clear the ash away. He was now coughing uncontrollably. Then, nothing. Silence.

I screamed, "Fabulus, what happened? Answer me! Don't do this to me. Please tell me you're okay!" I knelt by the door, crying in despair.

I don't know whether it came from the other side of the door or from my head, but I heard Fabulus whisper, "Te amo, Melissa, te amo."

"Te amo, mi Fabule." I replied out loud. Caecilius

picked me up and moved me back away from the door. He gave me a pat on the head for comfort. No one talked. After a while the *lucerna* went out, and I guess I fell asleep. I woke up coughing. It was very difficult to breathe. I crawled over to the door and rested my head against it. I covered my stinging eyes with my tunic and tried to visualize the time Fabulus and I had spent together in his wine cellar in Herculaneum. I wanted these to be the last thoughts I would ever have.

Horace Takes a Snow Day

By Tim Wolfer, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

You see that Soracte is bright with deep snow.
The struggling forest can not hold up the snow's weight
and the river is frozen with sharp ice.
Place firewood on the hearth and make the cold go away,
and get us some wine, Thaliarce.
Let the gods take care of everything else.
Once they have calmed the sea's winds, neither
the mountain ash, nor the cypress moves.

How Well Did You Read?

79.

- Whom did Martial accuse of respecting only dead poets?
- In which book and lines of Ovid's *Fasti* can a description of the festival of Lupercalia be found?
- Quis in laurum mutata erat?*
- How is the *Palazzo Quirinale* used today?
- Quid est nomen Iohannis Mellencastrum uxori?*
- What were the travelling students called who made up the raucous Latin songs later entitled *Carmine Burana*?
- At Upper Dublin H.S. how are modern language students drawn into the *Lupercalia* celebration?
- Who was the Roman goddess that helped animals nurse their young?
- Who was the son of Morpheus that brought dreams of beasts?
- With whom was Melissa in love?

Nuntia Utilia Eis Qui Emptitetur

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Special thanks to Jim Stebbins, J. W. Riley H.S., South Bend, Indiana, for sharing this information with our readers. (jstebbins@ns1.absc.k12.in.us)

Pecuniae

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Dawn Lau

Pymble, Australia



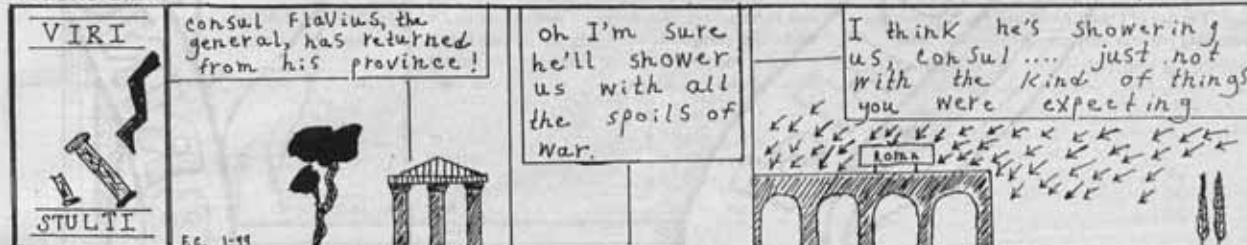
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68.

Carmina Optima

- I. I'M YOUR ANGEL, R. Kelly and Celine Dion
- II. NOBODY'S SUPPOSED TO BE HERE, Deborah Cox
- III. BABY ONE MORE TIME, Britney Spears
- IV. LATELY, Divine
- V. LOVE LIKE THIS, Faith Evans
- VI. GOODBYE, Spice Girls
- VII. SAVE THIS NIGHT, Eagle-Eye Cherry
- VIII. THIS KISS, Faith Hill
- IX. HANDS, Jewel
- X. LULLABY, Shawn Mullins

69.

delbmarcS

1. L, socius
2. C, adoro
3. X, albus
4. W, amicitia
5. S, anima
6. A, contendo
7. F, auctor
8. T, nosco
9. R, barbarus
10. B, gratus
11. G, fatum
12. N, gero
13. H, homo
14. K, iacio
15. D, inimicus
16. M, inferior
17. J, mors
18. I, mercator
19. Q, mona
20. U, oppidum
21. O, oratio
22. P, puto
23. V, raeda
24. E, reverentia



75.

Quis Est? Quid Est?

- A. Iulius Caesar
- B. Mount Vesuvius



71.

Picturae Moventes

- I. WATERBOY
- II. TOMMY BOY
- III. BILLY MADISON
- IV. BIO-DOME
- V. ANIMAL HOUSE
- VI. HISTORY OF THE WORLD, PART I
- VII. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY
- VIII. THE WEDDING SINGER
- IX. AUSTIN POWERS
- X. DUMB AND DUMBER

73.



Calendar

76.

1. N
2. I
3. L
4. C
5. H
6. J
7. A
8. D
9. G
10. E



78.

John C. Mellencamp: Artist, Writer, Rock Musician!

Roman History

1. Etruscans
2. Cloelia
3. Hannibal
4. Marius
5. Sulla
6. Crassus
7. Brutus
8. Cleopatra
9. Augustus
10. Livia
11. Antoninus Pius
12. Titus
13. Actium
14. Barca
15. Celtae
16. Delphi
17. Formiae
18. Horatius
19. Coriolanus
20. Bibulus

On Monday, December 14, 1998, John C. Mellencamp sat in a bookstore signing his own books. Although he only sat there for one hour, this was a very exceptional occasion. Rock musicians rarely write books, rarely paint pictures and very rarely sit in bookstores signing their own books.

Eighteen days later, on New Year's Eve, spectators paid two hundred and fifty dollars each to see John perform on stage. In this bookstore, in Bloomington, Indiana, however, spectators who had bought his book could stand in line to see John for free and watch him sign his book. In order to stand in line, however, these spectators had to have a number drawn in a raffle.

The title of this book written by John is *Mellencamp: Paintings and Reflections*. This book costs forty dollars and the profits from its sale will be used so that students can have musical instruments and art supplies in the schools.

John has composed songs and performed for twenty-five years. In the beginning, he sang in bars and never predicted that he would be the kind of person he now appears to be to his fans. John's wife is Elaine Irwin, a model. John and Elaine have five children.

John is more than forty years old, but even now he gets excited talking about future shows and musical tours. This month, February, he may be singing in Australia.

In November, 1998, John had these fifteen songs among "The 1000 Best Rock Songs of All Time:"

"Wild Night," "Pink Houses," "Crumblin' Down," "Cherry Bombs," "Small Town," "Check It Out," "Lonely Ol' Night," "Dance Naked," "R.O.C.K."

74.

Poemata Poetaeque

1. D, The Raven
2. J, Anyone Lived in a Pretty How Town
3. B, Narrow Fellow in the Grass
4. K, To My Dear and Loving Husband
5. F, We Wear the Mask
6. M, To a Waterfall
7. H, War is Kind
8. A, After Apple-Picking
9. N, Grass
10. E, The Tide Rises, The Tide Falls
11. E, A Psalm of Life
12. L, The Explorer
13. C, Losses
14. I, Poem
15. G, The Snowstorm

77.

Libri Optimi

- I. THE GREATEST GENERATION, Tom Brokaw
- II. WHAT SHOULD I WEAR? DRESSING FOR OCCASIONS, Kim Johnson Gross
- III. THE TESTAMENT, John Grisham
- IV. TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE: AN OLD MAN, A YOUNG MAN, AND THE LAST GREAT LESSON, Mitch Albom
- V. A MAN IN FULL, Tom Wolfe
- VI. MAKING FACES, Kevyn Aucoin, Gena Rowlands
- VII. WHERE THE HEART IS, Billie Letts
- VIII. THE CENTURY, Peter Jennings
- IX. SOUTHERN CROSS, Patricia Daniels Cornwell
- X. SEAT OF THE SOUL, Gary Zukav

79.

How Well Did You Read?

1. Vacerra
2. Book II, lines 267 and following
3. Daphne
4. As the official home of the President of the Republic of Italy
5. Elena (Elaine) Ervin (Ervin)
6. The Goliards
7. They are invited to dress in Mardi Gras costumes and compete for Best Costume awards.
8. Rumina
9. Phobator
10. Fabulus

"Again Tonight," "Hurts So Good," "I Need A Lover," "Now More Than Ever," "Scarecrow," "Jack & Diane."

John's song entitled "Small Town" is the feature song in the movie *Waterboy*.

For many years after John became a successful rock musician, he was not a sensitive person. He was crude among his spectators and said whatever was on his mind – even if it offended others. Then he had a heart attack and almost died. After his heart attack, he is more considerate. Now he does not anger easily. Now he thinks before he speaks and no longer is an offensive rock musician.

Although John is a very successful and wealthy rock musician, he continues to live in Indiana. His recording studio is in a small house in Belmont. His home in Bloomington is three miles from Indiana University. John and Elaine were intending to build their dream home, but their contractor was charged with theft. Elaine said, "Our dream for a new home is now a nightmare!"

They will, however, remain in Indiana. John himself has said, "I have all I need right in front of me. In Indiana I can find the best and worst of the world all in the same place – honesty, integrity, goodwill, long-standing friendships – everything important in life." John always believed this: "If I stay here, everything good will come to me."

And John wasn't wrong. He stayed in Indiana, and fame, wealth and success came to him.