



NOTANDA BOREA

California Classical Association—Northern Section

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California Classical Association- Northern Section

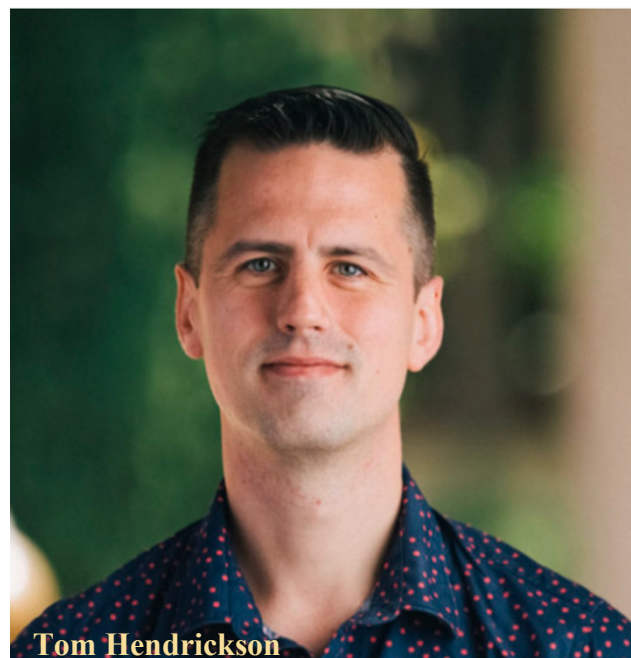
Workshop on Online Teaching

September 12, 9-10 a.m. on Zoom

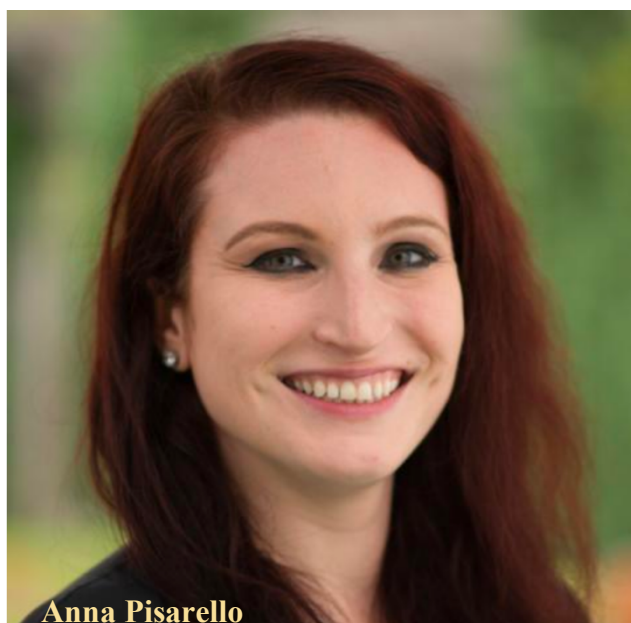
by David Jacobson, CCA-North Treasurer

For many of us, the school year has begun, and, with it, yet another awkward foray into the world of online teaching. Whether you're feeling utterly lost, completely in control, or somewhere in the middle, please join us on Saturday, September 12, from 9-10am for a meeting to share and discuss best virtual practices. This conversation will be led by Anna Pisarello and Tom Hendrickson, two premiere Latin teachers at Stanford Online High School. Anna and Tom have recently co-authored an article on creating an online classroom community ("How to Build Community in Your Online Classroom," *Eidolon*, tinyurl.com/pisarellohendrickson) and will share with us their years of experience successfully teaching online.

If you are interested in attending, RSVP to ccanorth@gmail.com. For security reasons, only those who have RSVPd will be admitted from the Zoom waiting room. A Zoom link will be sent closer to the meeting date. ☼



Tom Hendrickson



Anna Pisarello

Save the Date!

The CCA-North is planning a
virtual conference for
October 24, 2020
Details to Follow by Email



CALENDAR

September 12, 2020
CCA-North Zoom Meetup
Virtual Teaching Support
www.ccanorth.org

October 24
Virtual CCA-North Fall Conference
www.ccanorth.org

November 14
Virtual *Ludi* at Miramonte High School
www.cajcl.org

November 21, 2020
Virtual SCRAM at University High, Irvine CA
www.cajcl.org

April 9-10, 2021
CAJCL Convention at Menlo School, Atherton CA
www.cajcl.org

WHO WE ARE AND HOW TO CONTACT AND FOLLOW US

We are the regional association for Northern California classicists. We hold conferences, produce a newsletter, and maintain close relations with the California Classical Association — Southern Section, the Junior Classical League, the American Classical League, the Society for Classical Studies, the National Committee for Latin and Greek, and the Foreign Language Association of Northern California. In addition, we support the field through scholarships and grants.

website: www.ccanorth.org
Facebook: tinyurl.com/ccanorthfacebook
email: ccanorth@gmail.com
Twitter: [@ccanorth](https://twitter.com/ccanorth)



CCA—NORTH BOARD: 2017-2019

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Holly Coty (Live Oak Academy)

Contact us at our website: ccanorth.org

**California Classical Association—
Northern Section
Spring 2020 Conference That Was Not**
by Sarah Harrel, CCA—North
Vice-President

Last January and February, the CCA-North was planning a conference around an upcoming exhibit at the Legion of Honor of the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. Unfortunately, the SARS-CoV-2 virus had other plans, and we had to cancel the conference.

The exhibit was *Last Supper in Pompeii: From the Table to the Grave*, which was scheduled to open at the Legion of Honor Museum in San Francisco last spring, but which was postponed due to the pandemic. Now the Legion hopes to open the exhibition in late fall 2020, depending on the health situation at that time. The museum is committed to the health and safety of its visitors and thus has redesigned the installation for social distancing.

Visitors to “Last Supper in Pompeii” can expect to see the largest exhibition on Pompeii to travel to the US in 40 years. The exhibition contains roughly 300 objects focusing on the Romans’ love of food and drink; many of the objects have never travelled to the US before. These rarely-seen objects include frescoes that covered the wall of a summer dining room and a carbonized loaf of bread excavated from a baker’s oven. The exhibit takes the visitor on a tour of a typical Pompeiian home, focusing on the role of food and drink in all aspects of life. For example, there will be a special look at the worship of Bacchus as god of wine and fertility. A notable element in the exhibit is the “Lady of Oplontis”, the cast in wax and resin of a body of a woman who perished at Oplontis (a town near Pompeii). The exhibit promises to offer a unique perspective on life in Pompeii at the moment of its destruction.

The Legion of Honor’s presentation of this exhibit is organized by Renée Dreyfus, Curator in Charge of Ancient Art and Interpretation at the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. ✱



Fulcrum (couch end) in the shape of a horse’s head, AD 50-100. Image from Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco.

**Images from
*Last Supper in Pompeii:
From the Table to the Grave*
at the Legion of Honor, San Francisco**



Mosaic panel with a marine scene, Roman, from Pompeii, 100–1 BC. Image from Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco.

Bacchus with a panther, Roman, from Piacenza, AD 50–150
Marble. Image from Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco.

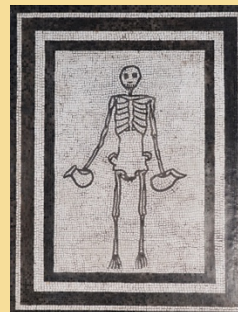
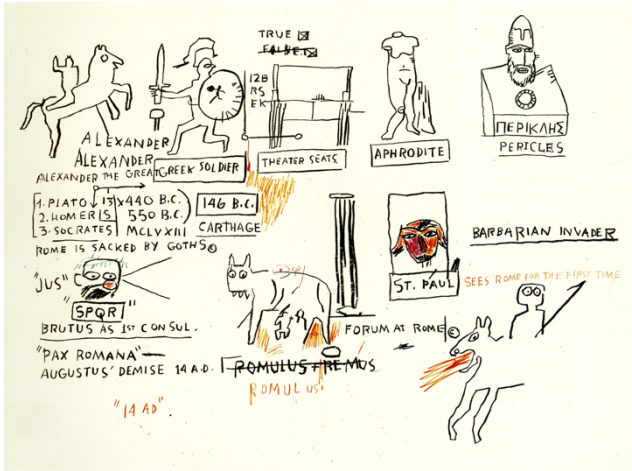


Photo by Marie-Lan Nguyen. Wikimedia Commons Image courtesy of Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco.

The SCS and ACL Release Statements against Racism as Citizens Protest Continued Violence against People of Color

by John Rundin, CCA-North Newsletter Editor

Both the Society for Classical Studies [SCS] and the American Classical League [ACL] have issued statements reacting to the massive protests against the continued victimization and slaughter of our fellow U.S. citizens who are of African descent. The CCA-North is grateful for and supportive of these statements.



Jean-Michel Basquiat, "False" (1983)

Here are excerpts from the ACL statement:

America's history of racism sets up structures that privilege whiteness while marginalizing and dehumanizing Black, Indigenous, and other People of Color. The American Classical League and all its subsidiaries acknowledge that we have been at fault; the ACL has been involved in, perpetuated, and tolerated acts of racism and intolerance within our organization and we apologize for the harm these acts have caused. We further acknowledge that we have been slow to react to calls to confront white supremacy and are thankful to the voices in our community that have called upon us to do the right thing and commit to making changes.... We oppose the misappropriation of Classics and its related disciplines to promote racist agendas, white supremacy, or oppression in any form. For too long, Classics have been used to justify a wide variety of racist practices and beliefs in our country. For too long the ACL has been complicit. It is time that the American Classical League and all its subsidiaries stand up and hold ourselves accountable to dismantling white supremacy. Part of our educational mission now has to be a commitment to anti-racist pedagogy and restorative justice that actively works to

dismantle the systemic oppression of Black, Indigenous, and other People of Color.

Read the entirety at <https://tinyurl.com/ACLantiracism>.

And here are excerpts from the SCS statement:

Police brutality and the systemic racism that underlies it are the concerns of the Society for Classical Studies for two main reasons. First, every institution and organization in this country must speak against the continuing violence against people of color. Second, the Society for Classical Studies recognizes and acknowledges the complicity of Classics as a field in constructing and participating in racist and anti-black educational structures and attitudes. SCS itself has not been immune from acts of prejudice and intolerance.



Jean-Michel Basquiat, left panel from the triptych "Speaks for itself" (1982)

On the one hand, white supremacist and nationalist groups have misappropriated Classics and other pre-modern fields for their own hateful agendas. On the other, within the discipline and profession itself scholars have perpetuated racist attitudes and ideas. These attitudes and ideas include but are not limited to the misleadingly reductive notion of a "Western Civilization" resulting from an allegedly linear transfer of knowledge from Greece to Rome to Western Europe; the whitewashing of ancient Mediterranean culture; the uncritical use of Greece and Rome as ideals that serve as the foundations of the notion of American "exceptionalism"; the inclusion in introductory Latin textbooks of stereotypes such as the "happy slave" that draw on 19th century pro-slavery arguments in the US; and

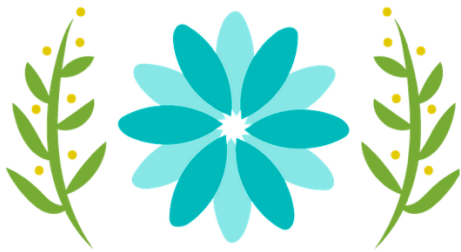
the lack of support for, acknowledgement of, and credit accorded to black scholars in the field of Classics.

Read it all at <https://tinyurl.com/scsantiracism>. ✨

The Sportula: Powerful, Vital, Socially Just Action for Minority Classics Students

by Gillian McIntosh, CCA-North President

During these intense and challenging times, it becomes critical to stop talking, start doing, and participate in lending care and encouragement, in whatever ways we are able, to people struggling due to illness, racial inequity, unemployment—the list goes on. At its last meeting, the CCA-N Board voted unanimously to take action by way of showing support to the Sportula. One part of this support is by way of a financial contribution. The other part, the more important part, is to highlight their organization in this Newsletter and to share with you the essential and vital ways that they help socially, ethnically and financially marginalized Classics students.



The Sportula: Microgrants for Classics Students

- Working Class/icist Power -

Who is the Sportula?

Graduate students and junior faculty in classics founded and comprise the Sportula. They pooled their tax refunds and established this organization, whose commitment is to provide financial support to “working-class and historically looted communities.” The organization is run by people who know lootedness because they have all had first-hand experience.

What do they do?

The Sportula provides microgrants, ranging from \$5 to \$300, to Classics undergrads who are financially marginalized. No questions asked. No explanation needed. A student need only contact them, share what monies they need. A student might need money to cover, as the Sportula says, “the work shifts we were missing by taking that class, or to bail our mom out of jail, or to buy the textbooks, or to pay our cellphone bill so

we could have access to our online course materials from home, or subway fare.” (<https://thesportula.wordpress.com>)



*Distribution of wine
from a 2nd-century mosaic found
in Dougga, Tunisia.*

Right now

The Sportula, *right now*, is offering emergency grants to people affected by the two major crises that we face: COVID-19 and the social unrest in response to the death of George Floyd. The Sportula is primarily focused on providing financial support to “Black folks who need money to pay for mental health services or other resources,” and to all those who are protesting. In addition, they are responding to students affected by COVID-19, recognizing the enormity of the pandemic and school closures, and how these affect students. (<https://thesportula.wordpress.com/contact/>)

Other initiatives

The Sportula’s website provides other initiatives that all of us who are able and willing can participate in. Such initiatives include: Free (Text)Book Exchange; flexible Fundraising – walk 5K, walk, write, etc.; Book Auction; Spreading the word about the Sportula; check in to Naked Soul (an online conference that “showcases the scholarship and artistry of working-class scholars and academics of color.” (<https://thesportula.wordpress.com/other-initiatives/>)

Close

It is our hope that, by highlighting the Sportula, you might see the important and powerful action that this organization is taking, as well as the difference they are making in the lives of marginalized Classics students. It is also our hope that you discern why the CCA-North has committed to supporting their organization, their principles, and their mission. The Sportula is about action. We are doing what we can to follow suit. ✨

Treasurer's Report

by David Jacobson, CCA-North President



For the two-month period (7 June 2020 - 15 August 2020) the total assets of CCA-North were \$12,033.04 (\$1300.13 in Wells Fargo Checking, \$5014.90 in Wells Fargo Savings, and \$4,417.88 PayPal). Gross Inflows during this period totaled \$257.14 in new or renewed Membership dues (\$57.06), two donations to the general fund (\$200, \$100 each by John Rundin and Dobbie Vasquez), and interest gain in the Savings account (\$.08). Gross Outflows during the same period totaled \$628.00 in service fees at Wells Fargo (\$28.00), a donation to The Sportula (\$500), a donation to the National Committee for Latin and Greek (\$200), and a payment to Jake Falconer for a cooking video (\$100). For this period Inflows exceeded Outflows by \$570.86. ✱

In Memoriam Stephen Weislogel: *Requiescat in Pace*

by William Bonnell, Former CCA-North Secretary and Latin Instructor at Sacred Heart Schools, Atherton; and Dobbie Vasquez, Current CCA-North Secretary

We are saddened to learn about the death of longtime CCA-North member Stephen Weislogel in Portland, Oregon, in early June, 2020. He was 79. Steve served as president of CCA and was on the Board for many years. CCA-N members will remember the several



Stephen Weislogel, Toga Day, March 31, 2006

occasions in which Steve generously hosted CCA meetings in the elegant historic Crocker Mansion on the Crystal Springs Uplands campus. He was a man of deep interest in Classics and thoughtful guidance in steering CCA during his years in California.

After graduating from Ohio State and Stanford, Steve traveled in Italy in the early '60s. He then began teaching Latin and Ancient History at The Asheville School in North Carolina before moving to The William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia where he taught Classical Studies as well. He also became Chair of the Department of Foreign Languages and spent a year at the James Gillespie High School in Edinburgh, Scotland, as a Fulbright Exchange teacher.

In 1978 Steve moved to California and began teaching English, Latin, History, Classical Studies and Photography at Crystal Springs Uplands in Hillsborough where he became the official photographer for all school publications (hence his nickname 'Flash') and once again took on the position of Chair of the Foreign Language Department for 14 of his 28 years there. This is how he once described the art of foreign language teaching:

In a general way, the foreign language teacher is something like an oculist to the young cyclops ... The teacher wants to give the student a stereoscopic vision, and the study of a foreign language is the magic lens that makes the broader vision possible. The whole enterprise, as the metaphor suggests, is divided into three parts: the students, their teachers, and the facilities ... The most important constituency in the enterprise is the student body.

The Review, Crystal Springs, 1994

Steve was a genuine Renaissance man who wanted to expose his students to as many genres and ideas as possible. He regularly took his students to places like the Getty Villa, the Huntington, the Museums of San Francisco and to any classical plays and movies in the area. He was proud of the fact that at least five of his students were published authors and would share their books with friends, colleagues, and students. An insightful, challenging teacher, he frequently pointed out Classical *facitiae* whenever he found them in the world or on the internet. One of his many interests was collecting hundreds of artistic representations of Dido and Aeneas which he generously shared with colleagues and friends. He always had a beautiful silver fountain pen with plenty of red (later green) ink that he wielded like a sharply honed sword. Françoise LeClerc, a former English student '97, commented,

He would just put a big diagonal line through whole paragraphs, noting simply in the margin "Redundant" or "Yes, and? Take this further." That is teaching: the truth, concisely put, pushing us to the limits of what we are capable.

When he announced his intention to retire from teaching after over 40 years, his students declared March 31, 2006, as "Steve Weislogel Day." Everyone at the school arrived dressed in togas and stolas, and the students dedicated an entire assembly to celebrating his multiple accomplishments and acknowledging the impact he had had on so many of them. At his official retirement party in May in Crystal's lovely

Mansion Ballroom, his colleague Wells Wadleigh, Chair of the History Department, said of him, “His *magnum opus* has been the hundreds of students he has inspired to be clearer writers, deeper thinkers, and more knowledgeable and curious citizens of the world.” Former Chair of the English Department described him as “multi-talented in the humanities and arts and generous yet humble in his efforts to impart his wisdom and expertise to the school community.” Danny Mach, Class of ‘03, called him “an intellectual perfectionist who was an indispensable influence on the education of twenty-eight years’ worth of CSUS students.” Finally, Amy Richards, Head of School, offered her perspective:

This is a man who truly ‘gets’ teaching! He understands how complicated the role and responsibilities can be ... Steve has been a guide, coach, instructor, disciplinarian, role model and mentor to generations of students.

After his retirement, Steve moved to Portland, Oregon, in order to enjoy a fuller, less expensive lifestyle. He lived there and did just that until his recent death.

Please join with us in saluting Steve for his many years of service to CCA, the classics community, and the world of education in general: “*atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.*” ❀



How we Spent the Pandemic: Part I

Quarantine and Creativity: A Celebration of Student Work in the Time of COVID

by David Jacobson, CCA-North Treasurer

One of the unexpected challenges I faced when my classroom morphed from brick-and-mortar to virtual was how to keep the students engaged and, at the same time, off Zoom as much as possible to limit screen fatigue and general irritability. One day after class, looking for something to keep myself busy, I pulled out my daughter’s LEGO bin and began constructing a rough approximation of a Roman temple— <https://tinyurl.com/legotemple> —(after reading up on Vitruvian ratios, of course). I figured that this would at worst keep me occupied for a several hours and at best give me something fun and useful to show my students when I explained Roman architecture. The project ended up taking several days, but at some point I realized that if I could be having this much fun not thinking about Zoom, so could my students.

And so I gave my students an assignment: create something based on Greece or Rome using only materials you have at home. My freshmen were required to choose a building or structure, but all other grades could interpret the assignment as freely as they liked. Every project was accompanied by a three-to-five-minute presentation. I was struck not just by the enjoyment they all said they got out of this type of project — many spent hours upon hours working on them — but by the quality of their presentations. If there

is a silver lining to all of this, it is that I will in the future devote more time to such activities across all grade levels. I was certainly not alone in giving students creative projects, and the images below represent a small sample of the work created by students taught by CCA-North teachers. Thank you to all who submitted photos.

Quarantine and Creativity: A Celebration of Student Work in the Time of COVID

Arch of Titus (cardboard core, spaghetti exterior; 1: 67)



Roman Armor (paper, marker, cardboard, very special stuffed monkey)

Friendship Bracelets Inspired by Roman Mosaics



**Drawing of
Turnus** (inspired by
the *Aeneid*)

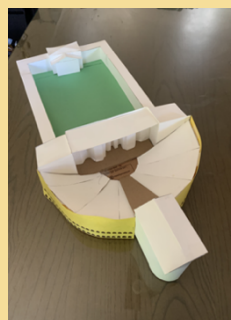


**Embroidery of
Daphne**
(Inspired by Ovid's
Metamorphoses and
Bernini. The artist refused
to render the rapist
Apollo, choosing instead
to highlight Daphne's
isolation.)

**Cardboard
Colosseum**



Cardboard Ara Pacis



Theater of Pompey
(paper and tape)

Circus Maximus
(cardboard, LEGO, random stuff. Note the use
of an egg carton for the *ova*.)



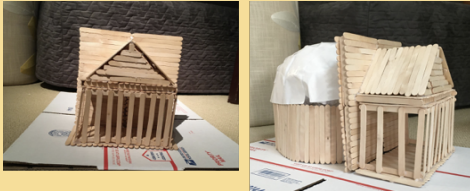
**Painting of Daphne
and Apollo**
(inspired by Roman wall
paintings and Bernini)



Pont du Gard Aqueduct (paint, canvas)



Popsicle-Stick Pantheon



And, finally...
**How to Make
 a Roman Breakfast**
 by Jake Falconer



View Jake Falconer's Video
 on making a Roman Breakfast
 at <https://tinyurl.com/romanbreakfast>



How we Spent the Pandemic: Part II

Creative Translations

by Gillian McIntosh, CCA-North President

Last semester, at San Francisco State University, I facilitated a Classics graduate seminar on "Translation and Translation Theory". As part of that course, students were tasked with producing "creative translations"; that is, translations that were not literal. The idea here was for students to connect with the texts at a deeper level, to bring themselves to the texts, and engage with the translation process in mindful ways. Here is one sample of the work by Pei Hei. I hope you enjoy it. Future issues will feature others.

Creative Translations

A Love of Reflection

by Pei He

(Translator's note: I did a creative translation of the Echo and Narcissus story from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* using Echo's voice, as she does not have a voice in Ovid. In this translation, I highlighted the similarities between Echo and Narcissus in terms of their unfulfilled love. In this sense, Narcissus becomes an "Echo" of Echo, and Echo falls in love with a reflection of herself.)

Back then I was a happy girl, a chattering one,
 Like a bird chirping with their friends in the bush,
 I chuckled and babbled with my sisters in the
 woods;

About which god is the most handsome,
 And which goddess has better looks,
 And which wilderness has the most fragrance,
 To wander leisurely and sing a song without
 concern.

My favorite place was a hidden spring,
 Silver-bright with shivering water,
 Which neither the shepherds had ever found,
 Nor the pastured sheep, the cattle
 None of the birds and beasts had ever touched,
 Nor the falling twigs from high up the tree had
 ruffled.

Around was a soft meadow,
 Nourished by the nearby fluid;
 And a lush forest, which protected the space from
 heat.

I used to lye on the ground, by the spring,
 And when the gentle sleep has left me,
 I loved to sing a song while standing,
 No creatures would be bothered by my singing,
 The trees rustled, the water gleamed,
 The valley seems to resound with my voice.
 I also loved to stare at my body in the spring,
 My golden hair, my rosy cheeks,
 My eyes shining and shimmering like the wooded
 spring.

But everything changed until that day,
 When one of my sisters fell desperately in love,
 With Jupiter; and his wife, Juno,
 Rushing down from the topmost Olympic,
 Full of rage, into our forest.
 I accosted her, said hi, and pretended that she was
 a visitor,

(continued...)

**(...continued Creative Translations:
“A Love of Reflection”)**

I tried to introduce her to the beautiful
surroundings,
The birds, the flowers, the trees,
The suns, the moons, the winds,
The days, the night, the noon,
The hills, the road, the springs.
Finally, she interrupted me, and said:
“That tongue, by which I’ve been deceived,
The power of it shall be granted to you as puny,
With the briefest ability to speak.”
From that day on, by that hateful woman,
I was silenced, but not completely,
I can still speak, but only to repeat,
Only the latest words out of many.

If the day I met Juno sets up the speed of the
turning
Of the wheel for my doom downward,
Then on a later day when I bumped into a boy,
A matured but fresh one, an immortalized image of
beauty,
That day is when the most inflexible goddess,
Cut off my portion of rope to stop spinning.
I still remember that day,
The sun was bright, the breeze was soft,
And I was wandering as usual in the woods,
Far away from my sisters and friends,
Looking for a place to rest and hide,
As I was ashamed of my awkward speech.
That boy fell upon my eye, with his full vim and
vigor,
His golden hair, his rosy cheeks,
His eyes shining and shimmering like the wooden
spring,
He was just like another me, a male one,
A prettier one, his exuberance supported by his
pride,
A carelessness that flourishes in the perfect body.
I was inflamed, I followed his steps secretly.
The more I followed, the more fiercely the fire was
burning inside me,
Just as when sulphur smearing at the top of the
torches,
Snatches the forwarding flames.
Oh, how much I wished that I could charm him
with my previous speech,
With the crystal and clear sound and complimentary
chit chatting,
But I can’t!
Those words, though rushing and gushing at my
gullet like a billowing wave,
Were smothered and stifled when they reached
above the vocal cords.

I faintly followed him, in the humble hope to look
out for sounds,
Towards which I could respond with my own
words.
Finally, the boy, apart from his companions, was
calling:
“Is anyone here?”
I eagerly replied: “Here!”
He stopped, scattered his eyesight, and shouted
out:
“Come!”
I anxiously responded, “Come!”
He looked around and saw no one, and said,
“Why are you fleeing?”
“Why are you fleeing?” I repeated.
The many times he asked, the same many words I
resounded to him.
“Here let us meet!” He said, with an enchanting
smile,
The sun shines upon his rosy cheeks, glittering like
brazing bronze,
And on his ivory neck, glistened like radiant
marble.
“Let us meet!” I shouted, never ever more
pleasingly.
I dashed out from the hidden forest,
Throwing my arms around that luring marble.
That boy, with his usual careless smile,
Fled, and in fleeing, he said,
“Take away your embracing hand,
Let me die before you have power over me!”

I roared, I ran, I hid in the forest;
I wept, I wandered, I locked up myself in
loneliness;
The kindled love that I could not restrain,
Accompanied with the unutterable pain,
Haunted me,
and it swelled up like a smoke,
Smothering my body and soul.
I could not fall asleep, as the moment when I
closed my eyes,
His rosy cheeks and ivory neck appeared,
Followed by his careless smile and cruel words.
I screamed as if I woke up from nightmares.
Day by day, I saw myself wasted away,
I saw my flesh burned, my bones remained,
And then my bone burned into ashes, and my
ashes evaporated.
People say that my bones became stones, but they
do not know that
Stone can burn into ashes too.

(continued...)

**(...continued Creative Translations:
"A Love of Reflection")**

Only my voice persists, that hateful dangling puny
little voice,

The voice that does not belong to me,
The voice that depends on others' mercy.

I followed the boy all along,
I saw him fooling my sister nymphs from water or
wave,
And crowds of mortal men and women,
In exactly the same way.
I saw a rejected man raising up his hands and pray,
That the beautiful boy might suffer a similar fate,
That his love might be kindled with pain,
That he might taste the flavor of unattainable crave.

Hoping for revenge, I followed him along,
Until he came to my favorite pond,
Silver-bright with shivering water,
Which neither the shepherds had ever found,
Nor the pastured sheep, the cattle,
None of the birds and beasts had ever touched,
Nor the falling twigs from high up the tree had
ruffled.

Around was a soft meadow,
Nourished by the nearby waterflow;
And a lush forest, covering the spring from excessive
heat.

I saw him, just like me in the past,
Lying on the ground, by the spring,
Trying to quench his thirst after running.
And while he was seeking to assuage his thirst,
Another thirst sprang up.
And while he was drinking from the crystal spring,
He found his own image.
I saw his stupefied face,
Similar to the exact moments when my sisters or I
had first seen him.

His motionless expression seemed frozen,
With his eyes like seraphic stars,
his golden locks, his rosy cheeks, his ivory neck.
Finally he saw this haunted image.

He stretched out his arms just like I did,
Striving to seize the ivory neck that had been seen.
He was reaching to the false fountain with his gentle
kisses,
Unknowing that they would turn into nothing.
The moment he touched the water,
The water stirred and the image was gone,
Vexed, he tried exactly the same gestures,
Once, twice, thrice,

Countless times he reached out his body with hope
to touch,

Countless times he withdrew in futility,
Just as the countless times I tried to utter my love,
The countless failures added fuel to the desire.

Oh, foolish boy, why are you pining for a fleeting
reflection in vain?

Just like my voice of love attempted,
What you see is a shade of reflection that has
nothing in itself;

What you heard from me is a bit of rebound that
means nothing in myself;

With you it goes away, if you were able to go away,
With you my voice goes silent, if you were able to
be silent.

Just like me in the past, he took no food, no rest,
But yearning days and nights, stretching for the
deceitful light,

His heavenly star-like eyes perish,

He cried out to the woods:

"Oh woods! Did anyone love more fiercely?"

I answered in my heart, "I did!"

He continued, "You have been a convenient
hiding place for many,

And since the wheel of life has been rolled through
the ages,

Do you remember anyone who has wasted away
so?"

I cried out in silence.

"Of course the woods remember me!"

He lamented, "However many times I send my
kisses to the flowing water,

The same many times he leans toward me with his
upward lips,

I thought he could be touched, but he is
untouchable,

Although it is the smallest thing that obstructs our
loves."

He then stared at the mirror image and wailed,
"Whoever you are, come over here!

My sole love, why are you deceiving me?

Where are you going when you are sought by me?

Certainly neither my beauty nor my age is what
you are fleeing from,

The nymphs have loved me too!

You promised me some sort of hope, I don't know
what, by your friendly look,

When I stretched out my arms to you, you
stretched to me too,

When I smiled, you smiled back too,

When I cried, I noticed your tears, too,

You sent your signs by nods,

(continued...)

**(...continued Creative Translations:
“A Love of Reflection”)**

And even when I suspect from the movement of
your shining lips
You sent back to my ears words that appear
unutterable.

Oh, I am that boy!

Oh I realized it!

My own reflection does not delude me.

I am burned by love for myself,

I both stir up and suffer from the same flames.

Should I be asked, or ask? Why then shall I ask?

What I craved is with me, my wealth had made me
poor.

If only that I could separate from my own body!

What a strange prayer in love!

I wish that my love would depart from me!

Now pain is taking away my vigor,

This Long life of mine evaporates day by day,

I am extinguished in my prime!

Death is not grave for me, as it will seal my pain.

I wish my lover could last longer.

Now the two of us will dine united in one spirit!”

His face was red, bulging with nerves,

His tears were clear, dropping down to the pond,

He saw the image obscured by the water stirred,

He shouted in devastation,

“Where are you fleeing? Stay, do not leave me,

Cruel boy, let me gaze upon you,

The intouchable you,

And offer my wretched passion!”

He mourned in tears, pulled off his tunic from the
top,

Struck his ivory breast with his marble palms.

And the ivory was diffused to rosy red,

A color similar to his cheeks in the past,

Like juicy apples, half white half red,

Like clustered grapes, half purple half green.

Just as yellow wax melts in soft fire,

And morning frost dissolves at dawn,

Gradually he is smothered by the hidden flame of
love,

Just as ages ago my body and bones evaporated
into ashes.

Although angered by his cruelty, I felt his pain,

Since what he suffered now was exactly the same

As I, when I was pining from the flame of passion.

Many times he cried out “Alas,”

I repeated mine,

“Alas,” and I returned to him the same sound of
strikes.

I still remembered his last words,

“Alas, the beloved boy in vain, farewell!”

I bounced back with the same “farewell”

The beautiful weary head dropped on the green
grass,

And death sealed the eyes that used to glisten like
stars.

Oh, cruel boy! Oh, foolish boy!

Why are you obsessed with a mere reflection?

Why do you love me then, a reflection too,

But only in sound, a different one.

Oh, foolish Echo!

Why do you still feel pity and pain,

Even if before you were filled with rage and roar,

Are you only pity for his suffering, the same?

Or are you still burned by the incessant flame?

His sisters came, the Dryads lamented,

And I replied with all the sound, the same,

They prepared the pile, the torches, the biers,

But found the body nowhere.

At the spot where he lay, a flower appeared,

Ivory petals surrounding the golden ring in the
middle,

The same colors as his body and his lock of hair.

It dangled its head near the shore of the spring,

Looking at its reflection,

Just like him,

Who’s said to be gazing upon the river Styx,

Just like me,

Who followed the traces of Narcissus near the
spring,

In eternity.



How we Spent the Pandemic: Part III

Writing Ovidian Elegies During Lockdown

by Dobbie Vasquez, CCA-North Secretary

Given more time to work independently under quarantine, the Menlo School Post-AP class turned to writing poetry – in Latin. We began with the exercises in W.E.P. Pantin’s “A First Latin Verse Book” first published in 1890 and last in 1960 (St. Martin’s Press, New York). This little gem explains the very rigid rules of writing elegiac poetry in the style of Ovid, including the basics and beyond, and there are plenty of exercises on ½ and full lines

of both hexameters and pentameters. The vocabulary at the back of the book narrows word choice, and, for the most part, there is only one right answer to each question.

For us, the challenge was not just the dactyls and spondees, but the many restrictions that Ovid imposed on his work. I'll bet some of these are new to you. They certainly were to me. My colleague Peter Brodie actually checked the *Heroides* (Ovid's last elegies) for pentameters not ending in a dissyllabic word. Guess how many lines he found? Not a single one! Here are some of the most important rules:

For the hexameter line:

1. The final word must be a dissyllable or a trisyllable.
2. A dissyllable cannot precede a dissyllabic final word.
3. A monosyllable cannot precede a final trisyllable.
4. There must be a third foot caesura though it can be a weak one if there is a caesura in the second and fourth feet.

For the pentameter line:

1. The last word of the first half may not be a monosyllable unless preceded by a monosyllable.
2. The last vowel of the first half may be short only if the syllable ends in a consonant and the next word begins with a consonant.
3. The final word must be a dissyllable.
4. The final word may not be an adverb or an adjective (except for possessive adjectives).
5. The final vowel is better if long.
5. Begin with a dactyl whenever possible.
6. Do not begin with a spondaic word except for special emphases.

In general:

1. Avoid elisions, but prodelisions are fine.
2. A word ending in a short vowel cannot become long even if the next word begins with two consonants.
3. A word ending in a vowel can never be followed by a word beginning with two consonants if one of those is *s*.

Remember we are NOT talking about the earlier Catullus. Peter Brodie notes, "In Catullus' 48 elegiac poems, there are 54 2-syllable endings, 98 3- or 4-syllable endings, 21 endings with an adjective or adverb (not counting personals), and even one monosyllable (*dictaque factaque sunt*)."

With all these rules firmly engraved in our minds(?), we began. Here are some of their masterpieces, which I have translated.

Ovidian Elegies

About the Pandemic

*Ō comitēs cārī, vexātus peste laborō
carmina sunt semper mūnera cāra mibi.*

-Ethan Yan

O dear friends, thwarted by the virus, I suffer.
Songs (music) are always precious gifts for me.

*est furor in terrā; mē mēns mea coepit abūtī.
ast ego nōn doleō. vincimus aegra simul.*

-Victoria Wat

There is madness on earth. My mind is beginning
to play tricks on me. But I am not upset. We (will)
overcome illness together.

*mirāmur fortēs medicōs, ita comprecor aegrōs.
et populō mundus nunc medicandus erit.*

-Sophie Reynolds

We are in awe of the brave doctors, so I pray for
the sick. And now we will all have to take care of
the world.

*ecce, loquī possum, spectār(e) et discere possum,
sex pedibus longē, semper amica tibi.*

-Peridot Park

Look, I can speak, and I can see (you) and I can
learn. Even six feet away, I'm always your friend.

The Coming of Spring

*funduntur pluviae; cerasōrum flōret agellus;
vita redit; pestis trux metuenda fugit.*

-Victoria Wat

Rains are pouring down; a small field of cherry trees is
flourishing. Life returns; the grim and fearful virus
flees.

*sol micat in caelō recubatque sub arbore pastor.
nunc Zephyrus mitis per nemus omne sonat.*

*exiit ē terrā durā cum grandine frigus
nunc redeunt flōres; intrat amoena diēs.*

-Dobbie Vasquez

The sun shimmers in the sky; a shepherd lazes
under a tree. Now gentle Zephyr whispers through
every grove. The cold along with harsh hail has left
the earth. Now the flowers return; enter - a lovely
day.

(continued...)

(...continued Ovidian Elegies)

Thoughts on Rome

*dicitur ad Rōmam nullōs nōn dūcere vicōs.
cūr adīi numquam? tālia saepe putō.*

-Ethan Yan

It is said that all roads lead toward Rome. Why have I never gone there? I think this often.

*exierant veterēs vātes; memorābimus usque.
carminibus vivunt; saepe legēmus ea.*

-Sophie Reynolds

The old poets are dead; we will remember them always. They live through their poems; we (will) read them often.

Two comments attributed to Winston Churchill

*sī tibi nunc nūbam, vitēm tua vīna venenō.
sī tē nunc dūcam, vīna, Corinna, bibam.*

-Peter Brodie

Lady Nancy Astor: "Winston, if you were my husband, I'd poison your tea." Churchill: "Nancy, if you were my wife, I'd drink it!"

*ēbrius es, Caesar, nēmō ēbrior! es, Lupa, turpis:
turpior est nēmō — crās recreātus erō.*

-Peter Brodie

Bessie Braddock: "You are drunk, sir, very, very drunk!" Churchill: "You are ugly, madam, very, very ugly. but I shall be sober in the morning."



How we Spent the Pandemic: Part IV

Movies!

A Review of *Spartacus*

Stanley Kubrick Director (1960)

by Sarah Harrell, CCA-North Vice President

If you are looking for entertainment right now, you should consider watching (or re-watching) Stanley Kubrick's *Spartacus*. The restored version (from 1991) is available to rent on Amazon, and at a little over three hours it provides a much-needed diversion. If you are hoping for a historically accurate version of the story, you will be

disappointed. But this movie does offer a fascinating look into how 1950s Americans interpreted late Republican Rome and the figure of Spartacus himself.

The back-story of this movie, for me, makes it all the more interesting. *Spartacus* was based on a historical novel of the same title published by Howard Fast in 1951. Fast was forced to self-publish the novel because he had been blacklisted (and imprisoned for contempt of Congress) by the House Un-American Activities Committee due to his ties to the Communist party. Fast was a supporter of socialism and the labor movement who viewed Spartacus as a compelling symbol of the rise of the working class against an oppressive capitalist elite. He fictionalized the story, notably making Spartacus a slave by birth rather than by capture, and advanced the idea that Spartacus was motivated by a desire to overturn Roman society and to free the masses. Kirk Douglas (the star and producer of the movie) was inspired by Fast's novel and decided to get the movie made at a time when the blacklist was still in effect. He even went so far as to hire the screenwriter Dalton Trumbo, who also had been blacklisted for refusing to name names to HUAC. For those interested in this period of history, you should also watch the movie *Trumbo* (directed by Jay Roach, 2015; available on Netflix), which is based on the life of Dalton Trumbo and which depicts Kirk Douglas approaching Trumbo to write the screenplay for *Spartacus* and the subsequent success of the film.

The original film sparked controversy at the time it was made, and the studio forced many edits on the filmmakers. The version that you can watch on Amazon was not the one that was seen in theaters in 1960, but a restoration done in 1991 that includes scenes deleted from the initial theatrical release. Famously, the scene has been added back in which Crassus (Laurence Olivier) makes a veiled sexual overture toward his slave Antoninus (Tony Curtis) by asking him whether he prefers "snails or oysters" and by asserting that he enjoys both. Antoninus takes that moment to flee, later becoming Spartacus' trusted friend and advisor. As you watch this scene, see if you can tell that Anthony Hopkins dubbed Olivier's lines (because the original sound was lost). Despite such cuts, sexual innuendo still runs throughout the film, especially in scenes contrasting the depravity of the elite Romans with the nobility of the slaves. Notably, sexuality is prominent in the part of the film that precipitates Spartacus' uprising, when he and other gladiators are forced to fight to the death for the entertainment of Crassus and his female companions. The two women are the ones who pick out the gladiators whom they want to see compete, treating them like pieces of meat. This instance of the female gaze is meant to highlight the complete decadence and cruelty of Rome.



This movie is interesting to watch for its political overtones as well as the sheer magnitude of the production. The scenes in which the army of slaves meets the Roman army really do seem to have a cast of thousands. And of course, who can resist the famous moment when Spartacus' comrades refuse to "name" him, instead asserting one by one "I am Spartacus"? This is perhaps the loudest reference to the current political climate when HUAC forced members of Hollywood to name their colleagues as communist sympathizers. All in all, there is much to enjoy in *Spartacus*, whether you are interested in the history of Hollywood in the 1950's or of a slave rebellion in late Republican Rome. (Five Stars) 🌸

A Review of *Gladiator*

Ridley Scott Director (2000)

by Dobbie Vasquez, CCA-North Secretary

Gladiator is an epic film in more ways than one. It was the first "swords 'n' sandals" movie since the infamous 1963 4-hour *Cleopatra* with Richard Burton and Liz Taylor, and it inspired a resurgence of interest in classical history and literature as seen in the films *300*, *Alexander*, *Troy*, and the TV series *Roma* – a phenomenon dubbed the "Gladiator Effect" by the New York Times. It also grossed the epic sum of \$457.6 million and was nominated for 12 Academy Awards, winning five: Best Picture, Best Actor (Crowe), Best Costume Design, Best Sound and Best Visual Effects.

Based loosely on historical events in the end of the 2nd Century CE, the movie opens with the fictional General Maximus Decimus Meridius (Russell Crowe) fighting under the Emperor Marcus Aurelius (Richard Harris) in Germany. Aurelius has realized that his son Commodus (Joaquin Phoenix) is not fit to rule and asks Maximus to take over after his death. Maximus really wants to return to his wife and young son on his farm in Spain, but he promises to carry out the emperor's wishes in the hopes of returning Rome to a republic. When Aurelius dies suddenly, however, Commodus puts himself forward as emperor, and Maximus flees. Though wounded in his escape, he rushes home to find his family dead and his farm burned to the ground. He buries both his wife and his young son before he collapses from his wounds.

When he wakes, he finds himself in the hands of slave dealers who take him to Mauretania and sell him to a *lanista* named Proximo (Oliver Reed – who died during the making of *Gladiator*). Soon Maximus rises to prominence because of his military training and one day finds himself in the Roman Colosseum dressed as a Carthaginian fighting at the Battle of Zama. After changing the course of that bit of history, he comes face-to-face with Commodus and vows vengeance for his family.

With the help of Lucilla (Connie Nielsen - Commodus's sister and Maximus's ex-lover), Maximus plots with senator Gracchus (Derek Jacobi - a powerful senator) to escape,

reassemble his loyal soldiers, and return to kill Commodus. Commodus, however, learns of the plot and foils it by removing his opponents. Then he challenges Maximus to a duel in the Colosseum. Before the confrontation, however, he secretly stabs Maximus in the back just before they fight.

Not only is this an important film for once more bringing ancient history to the forefront in literature, on the silver screen, and, as a result, in the classroom, but also it offers some powerful parallels to our world at this moment. It is not difficult to see a contemporary American leader in the narcissistic Commodus, and the indomitable spirit of the oppressed shines through in *Gladiator* just as it does today in the streets of our cities. There are some gory moments, but this is a movie well worth watching or re-watching. 🌸

Grants, Scholarships, Awards from the CCA—North

by John Rundin, CCA—North Newsletter Editor

Did you know that the CCA—North awards several cash benefits to classicists? There are travel grants, scholarships for high school students who intend to study classics in college. Learn more about these opportunities at our website: ccanorth.org. 🌸



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