

THE POEMS



CATULLUS

A Translation into English by

A. S. KLINE

POETRY IN TRANSLATION

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ABOUT THIS WORK



Catullus wrote his poems and epigrams of personal life during the late Roman Republic, and they survive in an anthology of more than a hundred items. Many are caustic, satirical, and erotic, often lampooning well-known characters of the day including Julius Caesar and his friends. Others are tender, solemn, and graceful. His is a poetry valuing individual charm, friendship and the intimate, far from the grandeur of epic or the concerns of politics. Probably bisexual himself, Catullus deals overtly with sexuality, love and manners, in a period of apparent social freedom before the more puritanical mood of the early Empire held sway. He was a significant influence on the 'love' poets of the golden age of Latin, such as Horace, Ovid, Propertius and Tibullus, though his alertness to the defects of character of many of his contemporaries, and his often mocking style, make him seem close also to the satirists, Juvenal, Persius and Martial. His is a perennial voice, and his humour and his humanity are both obvious and enjoyable two thousand years later.



“...as many as the stars, when night is still,
gazing down on secret human desires:
as many of your kisses kissed
are enough, and more, for mad Catullus”

CATULLUS, 'HOW MANY KISSES: TO LESBIA'.



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1. THE DEDICATION: TO CORNELIUS



o whom do I send this fresh little book
of wit, just polished off with dry pumice?
To you, *Cornelius* [p. 207]: since you were accustomed
to consider my trifles worth something
even then, when you alone of Italians
dared to explain all the ages, in three learned
works, by Jupiter, and with the greatest labour.
Then take this little book for your own: whatever
it is, and is worth: virgin *Muse* [p. 221], patroness,
let it last, for more lives than one.



'Muse with Lute'
Jacopo Tintoretto (Italian, 1528 - 1594)
The Rijksmuseum

2. TEARS FOR LESBIA'S SPARROW



parrow, my sweet girl's delight,
whom she plays with, holds to her breast,
whom, greedy, she gives her little finger to,
often provoking you to a sharp bite,
whenever my shining desire wishes
to play with something she loves,
I suppose, while strong passion abates,
it might be a small relief from her pain:
might I toy with you as she does
and ease the cares of a sad mind!

2B. ATALANTA



t's as pleasing to me as, they say,
that golden apple was to *the swift girl*^[p. 200],
that loosed her belt, too long tied.



'Meleager and Atalanta'
Anonymous, c. 1675 - c. 1699
The Rijksmuseum

3. THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW



ourn, O you Loves and Cupids
and such of you as love beauty:
my girl's sparrow is dead,
sparrow, the girl's delight,
whom she loved more than her eyes.
For he was sweet as honey, and knew her
as well as the girl her own mother,
he never moved from her lap,
but, hopping about here and there,
chirped to his mistress alone.
Now he goes down the shadowy road
from which they say no one returns.
Now let evil be yours, evil shadows of *Ortus* [p. 223],
that devour everything of beauty:
you've stolen lovely sparrow from me.
O evil deed! O poor little sparrow!
Now, by your efforts, my girl's eyes
are swollen and red with weeping.



'Pluto'
Hendrick Goltzius (Dutch, 1588 - 1590)
The Rijksmuseum

4. HIS BOAT



his boat you see, friends, will tell you
 that she was the fastest of craft,
 not to be challenged for speed
 by any vessel afloat, whether
 driven by sail or the labour of oars.
 The threatening Adriatic coast won't deny it,
 nor the isles of the *Cyclades* [p. 208],
 nor noble Rhodes, nor fearful *Bosphorus* [p. 228],
 nor the grim bay of the *Black Sea* [p. 228]
 where, before becoming a boat, she was
 leafy wood: for on the heights of *Cytorus* [p. 209]
 she often hissed to the whispering leaves.
 The boat says these things were well known to you,
 and are, *Amastris* [p. 197] and box-wood clad Cytorus:
 she says from the very beginning she stood
 on your slope, that she dipped her oars
 in your water, and carried her owner from there
 over so many headstrong breakers,
 whether the wind cried from starboard
 or larboard, or whether *Jupiter* [p. 216] struck at the sheets
 on one side and the other, together:
 and no prayers to the gods of the shore were offered
 for her, when she came from a foreign sea
 here, as far as this limpid lake.

But that's past: now hidden away here
she ages quietly and offers herself to you,
Castor^[p. 205] and his brother, heavenly Twins.



'Castor and Pollux Rescuing Helen'
Sébastien-Louis-Guillaume Norblin de la Gourdain
(French, 1796 - 1884)
National Gallery of Art

5. LET'S LIVE AND LOVE: TO LESBIA



et us live, my *Lesbia* [p. 218], let us love,
and all the words of the old, and so moral,
may they be worth less than nothing to us!

Suns may set, and suns may rise again:

but when our brief light has set,

night is one long everlasting sleep.

Give me a thousand kisses, a hundred more,

another thousand, and another hundred,

and, when we've counted up the many thousands,

confuse them so as not to know them all,

so that no enemy may cast an evil eye,

by knowing that there were so many kisses.

6. FLAVIUS'S GIRL: TO FLAVIUS



lavius [p. 211], unless your delights
were tasteless and inelegant,
you'd want to tell, and couldn't be silent.

Surely you're in love with some feverish
little whore: you're ashamed to confess it.
Now, pointlessly silent, you don't seem to be
idle of nights, it's proclaimed by your bed
garlanded, fragrant with Syrian perfume,
squashed cushions and pillows, here and there,
and the trembling frame shaken,
quivering and wandering about.
But being silent does nothing for you.
Why? Spread thighs blab it's not so,
if not quite what foolishness you commit.
How and whatever you've got, good or bad,
tell us. I want to name you and your loves
to the heavens in charming verse.

7. HOW MANY KISSES: TO LESBIA



Lesbia, you ask how many kisses of yours
would be enough and more to satisfy me.
As many as the grains of Libyan sand
that lie between hot *Jupiter's* [p. 216] oracle,
at *Ammon* [p. 197], in resin-producing *Cyrene* [p. 209],
and old *Battiades* [p. 202] sacred tomb:
or as many as the stars, when night is still,
gazing down on secret human desires:
as many of your kisses kissed
are enough, and more, for mad Catullus,
as can't be counted by spies
nor an evil tongue bewitch us.



'Head of the god Zeus Ammon'
Anonymous (engraved gem, 1st century A.D.)
The Getty | Open Content Program

8. ADVICE: TO HIMSELF



ad Catullus, stop playing the fool,
and let what you know leads you to ruin, end.
Once, bright days shone for you,
when you came often drawn to the girl
loved as no other will be loved by you.
Then there were many pleasures with her,
that you wished, and the girl not unwilling,
truly the bright days shone for you.
And now she no longer wants you: and you
weak man, be unwilling to chase what flees,
or live in misery: be strong-minded, stand firm.
Goodbye girl, now Catullus is firm,
he doesn't search for you, won't ask unwillingly.
But you'll grieve, when nobody asks.
Woe to you, wicked girl, what life's left for you?
Who'll submit to you now? Who'll see your beauty?
Who now will you love? Whose will they say you'll be?
Who will you kiss? Whose lips will you bite?
But you, Catullus, be resolved to be firm.

9. BACK FROM SPAIN: TO VERANIUS



eranius [p. 237], first to me of all

my three hundred thousand friends,

have you come home to your own house

your harmonious brothers, and old mother?

You're back. O happy news for me!

I'll see you safe and sound and listen

to your tales of Spanish places that you've done,

and tribes, as is your custom, and

hang about your neck, and kiss

your lovely mouth and eyes.

O who of all men is happier

than I the gladdest and happiest?

10. HOME TRUTHS FOR VARUS'S GIRL: TO VARUS



arus [p. 236] drags me into his affairs

out of the Forum, where I'm seen idling:

to a little whore I immediately saw,

not very inelegant, not unattractive,

who, when we came there, met us

with varied chatter, including, how might

Bithynia [p. 202] stand now, what's it like, and where

might the benefit have been to me in cash.

I told her what's true, nothing at all,

while neither the praetors nor their aides,

return any the richer, especially since

our Praetor, *Memmius* [p. 220], the bugger,

cared not a jot for his followers.

'But surely,' they said, you could have bought

slaves they say are made for the litter there.'

I, so the girl might take me to be wealthy,

said 'no, for me things weren't so bad,

that coming across one bad province,

I couldn't buy eight good men.'

But I'd no one, neither here nor there,

who might even raise to his shoulder

the shattered foot of an old couch.

At this she, like the shameless thing she was, said

'I beg you, my dear Catullus, for the loan of them,

just for a while: I'd like to be carried
to *Serap's* [p. 232] temple.' 'Wait' I said to the girl,
'what I just said was mine, isn't actually in
my possession: my friend *Cinna* [p. 206], that's Gaius,
purchased the thing for himself.
Whether they're his or mine, what difference to me?
I use them just as well as if I'd bought them myself.
But you are quite tasteless, and annoying,
you with whom no inexactness is allowed.'



'The Idolatry of Apis'

Anonymous (Regensburg, Bavaria, Germany, ca. 1400 - 1410)
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II. WORDS AGAINST LESBIA: TO FURIUS AND AURELIUS



urius [p. 212] and *Aurelius* [p. 201], you friends of Catullus,
 whether he penetrates farthest India,
 where the Eastern waves strike the shore
 with deep resonance,
 or among the *Hyrceanians* [p. 215] and supple Arabs,
 or *Sacians* [p. 231] and *Parthian* [p. 224] bowmen,
 or where the seven-mouthed Nile
 colours the waters,
 or whether he'll climb the high Alps,
 viewing great *Caesar's* [p. 203] monuments,
 the waters of Gallic Rhine,
 and the furthest fierce Britons,
 whatever the will of the heavens
 brings, ready now for anything,
 tell my girl this in a few
 ill-omened words.
 Let her live and be happy with her adulterers,
 hold all three-hundred in her embrace,
 truly love-less, wearing them all down
 again and again: let her not look for
 my love as before,
 she whose crime destroyed it, like the last
 flower of the field, touched once
 by the passing plough.

12. STOP STEALING THE NAPKINS! : TO ASINIUS MARRUCINUS



sinius [p. 200] Marrucinus, you don't employ
your left hand too well: in wine and jest
you take neglected table-linen.

Do you think that's witty? Get lost, you fool:
it's such a sordid and such an unattractive thing.

Don't you believe me? Believe *Pollionus* [p. 227]
your brother, who wishes your thefts
could be fixed by money: he's a boy
truly stuffed with wit and humour.

So expect three hundred hendecasyllables
or return my napkin, whose value
doesn't disturb me, truly,
it's a remembrance of my friends.

Fabullus [p. 211] and *Veranius* [p. 237] sent me the gift,
napkins from Spain: they must be cherished
as my Veranius and Fabullus must be.

13. INVITATION: TO FABULLUS



ou'll dine well, in a few days, with me,
if the gods are kind to you, my dear *Fabullus* [p. 211],
and if you bring lots of good food with you,
and don't come without a pretty girl
and wine and wit and all your laughter.
I say you'll dine well, and charmingly,
if you bring all that: since your Catullus's
purse alas is full of cobwebs.
But accept endearments in return for the wine
or whatever's sweeter and finer:
since I'll give you a perfume my girl
was given by the Loves and Cupids,
and when you've smelt it, you'll ask the gods
to make you, Fabullus, all nose.

14. WHAT A BOOK! : TO CALVUS THE POET



f I didn't love you more than my eyes,
most delightful *Calvus* [p. 204], I'd dislike you
for this gift, with a true *Vatinian* [p. 237] dislike:

Now what did I do and what did I say,
to be so badly cursed with poets?

Let the gods send ill-luck to that client
who sent you so many wretches.

But if, as I guess, *Sulla* [p. 233] the grammarian
gave you this new and inventive gift,
that's no harm to me, it's good and fine
that your efforts aren't all wasted.

Great gods, an amazing, immortal book!
That you sent, of course, to your Catullus,
so he might immediately die,
on the optimum day, in the *Saturnalia* [p. 231]!
No you won't get away with this crime.

Now when it's light enough I'll run
to the copyists bookstalls, I'll acquire
Caesius [p. 203], *Aquinus* [p. 198], *Suffenus* [p. 233],
all of the poisonous ones.

And I'll repay you for this suffering.
Meanwhile farewell take yourself off, there,
whence your unlucky feet brought you,
cursed ones of the age, worst of poets.

15. A WARNING: TO AURELIUS



commend myself and my love to you,
Aurelius ^[p. 201]. I ask for modest indulgence,
so, if you've ever had a desire in your mind
you've pursued chastely and purely,
keep this boy of mine modestly safe,
I don't speak to the masses – nothing to fear
from those who pass to and fro in the streets
occupied with their business –
truly the fear's of you and your cock
dangerous to both good and bad boys.
Shake it about as you please, and with as much
force as you please, wherever you choose, outside:
I except him from that, with modesty, I think.
But if tempests of mind, and mad passion
impel you to too much sin, you wretch,
so you fill my boy's head with deceptions,
then let misery, and evil fate, be yours!
Of him whom, with feet dragged apart, an open door,
radishes and mullets pass through.

16. A REBUKE: TO AURELIUS AND FURIUS



'll fuck you and bugger you,

Aurelius [p. 201] the pathic, and sodomite *Furius* [p. 212],

who thought you knew me from my verses,

since they're erotic, not modest enough.

It suits the poet himself to be dutifully chaste,

his verses not necessarily so at all:

which, in short then, have wit and good taste

even if they're erotic, not modest enough,

and as for that can incite to lust,

I don't speak to boys, but to hairy ones

who can't move their stiff loins.

You, who read all these thousand kisses,

you think I'm less of a man?

I'll fuck you, and I'll bugger you.

17. THE TOWN OF COLOGNA VENETA



Cologna^[p. 207], who want a long bridge to sport on,
 and are ready to dance, though you fear
 the useless bridge-props with their
 much-patched standing timber,
 lest they tumble and lie in deep mud:
 let a good bridge be made for you as you desire
 where even leap-frogging priests are safe: but
 Cologna, give me that greatest gift, a good laugh.
 I want a fellow-citizen of mine to go head over heels
 straight into the deep mire from your bridge,
 since truly the whole pool and the putrid marsh
 is the blackest and deepest of chasms.
 The man's totally dull, knows no more than
 a two-year-old child, asleep in its father's trembling arms.
 Who, though he's married a girl in her first flowering,
 a girl more delicate than a pretty little kid,
 needing to be tended more carefully than choicest grapes,
 let's her play as she wishes, doesn't care a fig,
 hasn't risen to the occasion, but like an alder
 in a Ligurian ditch, crippled by the axe,
 feels as much of it all as if there were no woman there:
 Such is his stupor he doesn't see, or hear me, he,
 who doesn't know who he is, or whether he is or not.
 Now I want to toss him headlong from your bridge,

The Poems

if it's possible suddenly to raise that stupefied dullness,
and abandon that indolent mind in the heavy bog,
as mules cast shoes into tenacious depths.

Note: Nos: 18-20 are considered spurious and are omitted here.

21. GREEDY: TO AURELIUS



urelius [p. 201], father of hungers,

you desire to fuck,

not just these, but whoever my friends

were, or are, or will be in future years.

not secretly: now at the same time as you joke

with one, you try clinging to him on every side.

In vain: now my insidious cock

will bugger you first.

And, if you're filled, I'll say nothing:

Now I'm grieving for him: you teach

my boy, mine, to hunger and thirst.

So lay off: while you've any shame,

or you will end up being buggered.

22. PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES: TO VARUS



arus [p. 236], that *Suffenus* [p. 233], thoroughly known to us,
is a man who's charming, witty, urbane,
and the same man for ages has penned many verses.

I think he's written a thousand, ten thousand, or more,
not those that are done on cheap manuscript
paper: but princely papyri, new books,
new roller ends, new red ties for the parchment,
lead-ruled and smoothed all-over with pumice.
When you read them, that lovely urbane Suffenus
turns into a goat-herd or a ditch-digger:
he's so altered and strange.

What should we think of it? He who might just now
have been playing the fool, being witty with the thing,
the same man's crude, crude as a bumpkin,
he mentions his poems as well, nor is there ever
likewise anything as happy as the poems he writes:
he delights in himself so, is so amazed by himself.
Of course we're all deceived in the same way, and
there's no one who can't somehow or other be seen
as a Suffenus. Whoever it is, is subject to error:
we don't see the pack on our own back.

23. POVERTY: TO FURIUS



urius [p. 212], you who've neither slaves nor cash

nor beetles nor spiders nor fire,

truly have a father and step-mother,

whose teeth can chew like flints:

that's fine for you, and your father

and your father's wooden wife.

No wonder: since you're all well,

good digestion, nothing to fear,

no flames, no weighty disasters,

no wicked deeds, no threat of poison,

no chance of further dangers.

And you've a body drier than bone

or whatever is most desiccated

by heat and cold and hunger.

Why wouldn't you be well and happy?

You've no sweat, no phlegm,

or mucus, or evil cold in the head.

To this cleanliness add more cleanliness,

your arse is purer than a little salt-cellar,

and doesn't crap ten times in a year:

and your shit's harder than beans or pebbles.

So if you rub it and crush it between your fingers,

you can't stain a single finger:

it all suits you so happily Furius,

The Poems

don't despise it, or consider it nothing,
and cease to beg for that hundred sestertia
you always ask for: sufficiency is riches.

24. FURIUS'S POVERTY: TO IUVENTIUS



uventius [p. 215], who are our pride,
not just now, for all times that have been,
or will be hereafter in later years,
rather surrender *Midas's* [p. 220] riches
to him, who has no slaves or cash,
than allow yourself to be loved by him.
'Why, isn't he a decent man?' you ask. He is:
but this decent man has no slaves or cash.
Ignore it: disparage it as you may:
he still has no slaves and no money.



'The Judgement of Midas'
Hendrik de Clerck (Dutch, 1600 - 1629)
The Rijksmuseum

25. MY THINGS BACK PLEASE: TO THALLUS



hallus [p. 234] the sodomite, softer than rabbit's fur
or goose grease, or the little tip of the ear,
or an old man's slack penis mouldy with spider-webs,
and that same Thallus more rapacious than a wild storm,
when the sea-goddess reveals the yawning breakwaters,
return my cloak, you pounced on,
and Spanish napkin, and *Bithynian* [p. 202] painted ware,
absurd man, that you 'own' openly like heirlooms.
Now, unglue them from your talons, and return them,
lest those soft little flanks and tender fingers
are shamefully written over with the mark of the lash,
and you toss immoderately, like a paltry boat
caught in a heavy sea, in a raging wind.

26. THE MORTGAGE: TO FURIUS



urinus [p. 212], your little villa's not exposed
to the southerlies, or the westerlies,
the savage north-wind, or the easterly breeze,
but truly to fifteen thousand two hundred cash.
O terrifying and destructive wind!

27. FALERNIAN WINE



erving-boy fill for me stronger cups
of old *Falernian* ^[p. 211], since *Postumia* ^[p. 228],
the mistress's, laws demand it,
she who's juicier than the juicy grape.
But you water, fatal to wine, away with you:
far off, wherever, be off to the strict.
This wine is *Bacchus*'s ^[p. 201] own.



'Bacchus'
Hans Rottenhammer (I) (German, 1564 - 1625)
The Rijksmuseum

28. PATRONAGE: TO VERANUS AND FABULLUS



followers of *Piso* [p. 227], needy retinue,
 with suitable and ready packs,
Veranius [p. 237], the best, and you, my *Fabullus* [p. 211],
 what possessions do you carry? Haven't you borne
 hunger and cold enough with that good-for-nothing?
 Do any small gains show in the expense accounts,
 considering that I, following my praetor,
 repay what was spent, with small gain?
 O *Memmius* [p. 220], truly, and daily, slowly
 bugged me backwards with that whole tree of his.
 But, as far as I can see, your case is the same:
 now you're stuffed by no less a circumcised cock.
 Seek out the noble ones, my friends!
 But, to you, may the gods and goddesses bring
 much evil luck, disgraces to Romulus and Remus.

29. CATAMITE



ho could see it, who could endure it,
unless he were shameless, greedy, a gambler?
Mamurra [p. 219] owns riches that Transalpine Gaul
and furthest Britain once owned.

Roman sodomite, do you see this and bear it?
And now shall the man, arrogant, overbearing,
flit through all of the beds
like a whitish dove or an *Adonis*? [p. 196]
Roman sodomite, do you see this and bear it?
You're shameless, greedy, a gambler.
Surely it wasn't for this, you, *the unique leader* [p. 203],
were in the furthest western isle,
so that this loose-living tool of yours
might squander two or three hundred times its worth?
What is it but perverted generosity?
Hasn't he squandered enough, or been elevated enough?
First his inheritance was well and truly spent,
then the booty from *Pontus* [p. 228], then
Spain's, to make three, as the gold-bearing Tagus knows:
now be afraid for Gaul's and Britain's.
Why cherish this evil? What's he good for
but to devour his rich patrimony?
Was it for this, the city's wealthiest,
you, father-in law, son-in-law, wasted a world?



'Venus and Adonis'
Simon Vouet (French, 1590 - 1649)
The Getty | Open Content Program

30. FAITHLESSNESS: TO ALFENUS



lfenus^[p. 236], negligent, false to the concord of pals,

have you no sympathy now with your gentle friend?

The impious deeds of deceitful men don't please the gods.

You neglect me and abandon me to miserable illness.

Ah, say, what should men do, in whom should they trust?

Surely you, unjustly, commanded my trust, seduced
me to love, as if it were all quite safe for me.

Now you withdraw, and all your vain actions and words
you let slip on the winds, with the airy clouds.

If you forget, the gods will remember, Faith remembers,
so that whatever you do, you'll soon repent of your deeds.

31. SIRMIO



irmio [p. 233], jewel of islands, jewel of peninsulas,

jewel of whatever is set in the bright waters

or the great sea, or either ocean,

with what joy, what pleasure I gaze at you,

scarcely believing myself free of *Thynia* [p. 235]

and the *Bithynian* [p. 202] fields, seeing you in safety.

O what freedom from care is more joyful

than when the mind lays down its burden,

and weary, back home from foreign toil,

we rest in the bed we longed for?

This one moment's worth all the labour.

Hail, O lovely Sirmio, and rejoice as I rejoice,

and you, O lake of Lydian waters, laugh

with whatever of laughter lives here.

32. SIESTA: TO IPSÍTHILLA



lease, my sweet *Ipsíthilla* [p. 215],
my delight, my charmer:
tell me to come to you at siesta.

And if you tell me, help it along,
let no-one cover the sign at your threshold,
nor you choose to step out of doors,
but stay at home, and get ready
for nine fucks, in succession, with me.
Truly, if you should want it, let me know now:
because lying here, fed, and indolently full,
I'm making a hole in my tunic and cloak.

33. A SUGGESTION: TO VIBENNIUS



first of the bath-house thieves

Vibennius [p. 238] the father, with sodomite son

(since the father's right hand is dirtier,

and the son's arse more all-consuming),

why not go into exile, to some vile place?

Seeing the father's pillage is known

to us all, and the son's hairy arse,

you can't sell for a farthing.

34. SONG: TO DIANA



nder *Diana*'s [p. 210] protection,
we pure girls, and boys:
we pure boys, and girls,
we sing of Diana.
O, daughter of *Latona* [p. 217],
greatest child of great *Jove* [p. 216],
whose mother gave birth
near the *Delian* [p. 209] olive,
mistress of mountains
and the green groves,
the secret glades,
and the sounding streams:
you, called *Juno Lucina* [p. 216]
in childbirth's pains,
you, called all-powerful *Trivia* [p. 213],
and Luna, of counterfeit daylight.
Your monthly passage
measures the course of the year,
you fill the rustic farmer's
roof with good crops.
Take whatever sacred name
pleases you, be a sweet help
to the people of Rome,
as you have been of old.



'Diana and Her Nymphs Bathing'
Jean-François de Troy (French, 1679 - 1752)
The Getty | Open Content Program

35. CYBELE: TO CAECILIUS



aper, I'd like you to say to *Caecilius* [p. 203],
that tender poet, that friend of mine,
leave Lake Como, come now to Verona,
abandon the town there and the shore.
Because there are certain thoughts that I want
him to hear of, from his friend and yours.
So, if he's wise, he'll eat up the road,
though some lovely girl calls to him
asks his return, clasping both hands
round his neck, and begging delay.
Who, if the truth's been told me now
love's him with violent desire.
For, since the moment she read his unfinished
Lady of *Dindymus* [p. 210], the poor little thing
has been eaten by fire to the core of her bones.
I forgive you, girl, more learned
than the *Sapphic* [p. 231] Muse: it's truly lovely,
Caecilius's unfinished Great Mother *Cybele* [p. 208].



'Earth / Cybele'
Adriaen Collaert, after Maerten de Vos (Dutch, 1560 - 1618)
The Rijksmuseum

36. BURNT-OFFERING: TO VOLUSIUS'S DROPPINGS



nnals, of *Volusius* [p. 238], papyrus droppings,
discharge my girl's votive offering.
Since, by sacred *Venus* [p. 237] and *Cupid* [p. 208], she promised,
that if I were given back to her,
and I left off launching wild iambics,
she'd offer the gods the choicest words,
of the worst of limping poets,
consumed with malignant wood.
And the girl thought this was the worst,
with charming laughter, to move the gods.
Now O goddess created from the blue sea,
whose is holy *Idalia* [p. 215], *Urii*, *Ancona* [p. 197],
reed-bound *Cnidos* [p. 207], and *Amathusia* [p. 197],
Golgos [p. 212], and Adriatic *Dyrrachium* [p. 210],
make the vow acceptable, fulfilled,
if its not lacking in wit and charm.
But meanwhile, you, enter the fire,
you, full of boorishness and crudities,
Volusian annals, papyrus droppings.



'Triumph of the Marine Venus'
Sebastiano Ricci (Italian, 1659 - 1734)
The Getty | Open Content Program

37. FREE FOR ALL: TO THE REGULARS AND EGNATIUS



echerous tavern, and you its regulars,
nine pillars along from the *Twins* [p. 205]' pillars,
do you think you're the only ones with cocks,
the only ones who're allowed to trouble
young girls, and consider the rest of us goats?
Or, because a hundred or two of you sit in a row, you,
dullards, that I daren't bugger two hundred together?
Think on: I'll draw all over the front
of the tavern with your leavings.
Because my girl, who's left my arms,
whom I loved as no other girl's ever been loved,
for whom so many great battles were fought,
is there. You, all the rich and the fortunate, love her,
and, what's so shameful, it's true, all the lesser ones,
all the adulterous frequenters of by-ways:
you, above all, one of the hairy ones,
rabbit-faced offspring of Spain,
Egnatius [p. 210]. Whom a shadowy beard improves,
and teeth scrubbed with Iberian piss.

38. A WORD PLEASE: TO CORNIFICIUS



e's ill, *Cornificius* [p. 208], your Catullus,

he's ill, by *Hercules* [p. 214], and it's bad,

and worse and worse by the hour.

Where are you, for whom it's the least and easiest thing,
to bring consolation with chatter?

I'm cross with you. So much for my friendship?

Even a little might comfort me,
sadder than *Simonides*'s [p. 233] tears.

39. YOUR TEETH! : TO EGNATIUS



gnatius [p. 210], because he has snow-white teeth,
smiles all the time. If you're a defendant
in court, when the counsel draws tears,

he smiles: if you're in grief at the pyre
of pious sons, the lone lorn mother weeping,
he smiles. Whatever it is, wherever it is,
whatever he's doing, he smiles: he's got a disease,
neither polite, I would say, nor charming.
So a reminder to you, from me, good Egnatius.

If you were a *Sabine* [p. 231] or *Tiburtine* [p. 236]
or a fat Umbrian, or plump Etruscan,
or dark toothy *Lanuvian* [p. 217], or from north of the Po,
and I'll mention my own Veronese too,
or whoever else clean their teeth religiously,
I'd still not want you to smile all the time:
there's nothing more foolish than foolishly smiling.
Now you're Spanish: in the country of Spain
what each man pisses, he's used to brushing
his teeth and red gums with, every morning,
so the fact that your teeth are so polished
just shows you're the more full of piss.

40. YOU WANT FAME? : TO RAVIDUS



What illness of mind, poor little *Ravidus* [p. 230],
drives you headlong onto my iambs?
What god, badly-disposed towards you,
intends to start a mad quarrel?
Or is it to achieve vulgar fame?
Why the assault? You want to be known everywhere?
You will be, seeing you've wanted to love
my love, and with a long punishment.

41. AN UNREASONABLE DEMAND: TO AMEANA



meana [p. 197], a girl fucked by all,
requires ten thousand from me,
that girl with the ugly great nose,
bankrupt *Formianus*'s [p. 219] 'friend'.
Gather round, you who care for the girl,
assemble together, doctors and friends:
the girl's not well, don't ask what it is:
she's suffering from fantasy money.

42. THE WRITING TABLETS: TO THE HENDECASYLLABLES



ome, hendecasyllables, all that there are
and from every side, as many as are.

A base adulteress thinks I'm a joke,
and refuses to give me my tablets
once more, if you'd believe it.

We'll follow her: ask for them back.

Which one, you may ask? The one you can see
strutting disgracefully, laughing ridiculously,
maddening, with the jaws of a Gaulish bitch.

Surround her: ask for them back:

'Stinking adulteress, give back my letters,
give back, stinking adulteress, my letters!'

You won't? O to the mire, the brothel,
or if anything can be more ruinous, then that!

But still don't think that's enough.

Call her again in a louder voice:

'Stinking adulteress, give back my letters,
give back, stinking adulteress, my letters!'

But it's no use: nothing disturbs her.

We'd better change methods and tactics,
if we want them to be of more use to us:

let's see if we can't get a blush

from that bitch's brazen face.:

'Honest and chaste one, give back my letters.'

43. NO COMPARISON: TO *AMEANA* ^[p. 197]



reetings, girl with a nose not the shortest,
feet not so lovely, eyes not of the darkest,
fingers not slender, mouth never healed,
and a not excessively charming tongue,
bankrupt *Formianus*'s ^[p. 212] 'little friend'.
And the Province pronounces you beautiful?
To be compared to my *Lesbia* ^[p. 218]?
O witless and ignorant age!

44. HIS ESTATE



my estate, whether you're *Sabine* [p. 231] or *Tiburtine* [p. 236]

(for they call you Tiburtine, who don't wish to wound

Catullus: but those who wish to do so say

that whatever the bet is you're Sabine),

but whether you're Sabine or Tiburtine,

I willingly inhabit your suburban villa,

and shake off a bad bronchial cough,

given me by a stomach chill, my own fault,

while stuffing extravagant dinners.

For I wanted to be a guest of *Sestius* [p. 232],

so I read the oration in *Antius's* [p. 198] case,

full of legal poison and pestilence,

it weakened me even to the extent

of watery colds and frequent coughing,

till I fled to your bosom, and restored

my health, with rest and nettle-soup.

Refreshed by which, I give you great thanks,

who take no revenge on me for my error.

Now I don't care, if I take up that heinous

script again, if it's not me but Sestius himself,

wheezing and coughing, who takes a chill,

who invited me only after I'd read that vile work.

45. A PASTORAL: TO SEPTIMIUS



Septimius holding his beloved Acme
in his lap, said: 'Acme, mine, if I
don't love you desperately, and love forever,
continually through all the years,
as much as he who loves the most,
in empty Libya and scorched India,
I'll fight against some green-eyed lion.'
As he spoke, Love, to left and right,
sneezed his approbation.
But Acme lifted her head slightly
and her charming red lips spoke
to her sweet boy's intoxicated eyes:
'So, Septimius, *mea vita*,
let us always serve this one lord,
that more deeply and more fiercely
the fire will burn my tender marrow.'
As she spoke, Love, to left and right
sneezed his approbation.
Now profiting from these good omens
their mutual spirits love and are loved.
Septimius sets his little Acme,
above the Syrians or Britons:
faithful Acme makes Septimius
her one darling and desire.
Who might see more blessed creatures
who a love more fortunate?

46. SPRING PARTING



ow Spring returns mild and temperate,
now the wild equinoctial skies
are calmed by *Zephyr's* [p. 238] happier breezes.

The fields of *Phrygia* [p. 227] will be forsaken,

Catullus, rich farms of hot *Nicaea* [p. 222];

we'll flee to Asia's bright cities.

Now restless minds long for travel,

now the glad feet stir with pleasure.

O sweet crowd of friends farewell,

who came together from far places,

whom divergent roads must carry.



'Flora and Zephyr'
Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo (Italian, 1727 - 1804)
Yale University Art Gallery

47. PREFERMENT: TO PORCIUS AND SOCRATION



Porcius [p. 228] and *Socratio* [p. 233], two left hands
of *Piso* [p. 227], the world's itches and famines,
that circumcised *Priapus* [p. 229] prefers you
to my *Veraniolus* [p. 237] and my *Fabullus* [p. 211]?
You, indulged with great sumptuous banquets
every day: my friends
looking for work at the crossroads?

48. PASSION: TO IUVENTIUS



uventius [p. 215], if I were always allowed

to kiss your honey-sweet eyes,

I might kiss you three hundred

thousand times, and never be sated,

not even if my kisses were more

than the crop's ripe ears of wheat.

49. A COMPLIMENT: TO MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO



most fluent of Romulus's descendants,
that are, that have been, that will be
through all the years, *Marcus Tullius* [p. 206],
Catullus sends you the warmest thanks,
the least of all the poets, as much
the least of all the poets, as you
are the greatest of all lawyers.



'Bust of Cicero'
Jacobus Wijsman, after A. Liernur (Dutch, 1778 - 1827)
The Rijksmuseum

50. YESTERDAY: TO LICINIUS CALVUS



esterday, *Calvus* [p. 204], idle day
we played with my writing tablets,
harmonising in being delightful:

scribbling verses, each of us
playing with metres, this and that,
reciting together, through laughter and wine.
And I left there fired with your charm,
Calvus, and with your wit,
so that, restless, I couldn't enjoy food,
or close my eyes quietly in sleep,
but tossed the whole bed about wildly
in passion, longing to see the light,
so I might speak to you, and be with you.
But afterwards I lay there wearied
with effort, half-dead in the bed,
I made this poem for you, pleasantly,
from which you might gather my pain.
Now beware of being rash, don't reject
my prayers I beg, my darling,
lest *Nemesis* [p. 221] demand your punishment. She's
a powerful goddess. Beware of annoying her.



'Nemesis'
Albrecht Dürer (German, 1471 - 1528)
The Rijksmuseum

51. AN IMITATION OF SAPPHO: TO LESBIA



e seems equal to the gods, to me, that man,
if it's possible more than just divine,
who sitting over against you, endlessly
sees you and hears you
laughing so sweetly, that with fierce pain I'm robbed
of all of my senses: because that moment
I see you, *Lesbia* [p. 218], nothing's left of me.....
but my tongue is numbed, and through my poor limbs
fires are raging, the echo of your voice
rings in both ears, my eyes are covered
with the dark of night.

'Your idleness is loathsome Catullus:
you delight in idleness, and too much posturing:
idleness ruined the kings and the cities
of former times.'

52. INJUSTICE: ON NONNIUS



hy, Catullus? Why wait to die?

Nonnius [p. 222] the tumour sits in a Magistrate's chair,

Vatinius [p. 237] perjures himself for a Consulate:

Why, Catullus? Why wait to die?

53. LAUGHTER IN COURT: TO GAIUS LICINIUS CALVUS



laughed when someone, from the crowd,
while my *Calvus* ^[p. 204] explained the *Vatinian* ^[p. 237] case
quite wonderfully, said admiringly, raising his hands:
‘Great gods, what an eloquent little man!’

54. OH *CAESAR*! [p. 203] : OF OTHO'S HEAD



tho's [p. 223] head is quite tiny,
and it's owner's legs loutishly unclean,
soft and delicate is *Libo's* [p. 218] farting:
if not with all that, then let me displease you
with *Sufficio* [p. 233], old age renewed...
again let my worthless iambs
rile you, our one and only general.

55. WHERE ARE YOU? : TO CAMERIUS



beg you, if it's not too much trouble,
point out where your shade might be.
You, little *Camerius* [p. 204], I've looked for you,
you, in the Circus, you, in the bookshops,
you, in the sacred shrine of great *Jove* [p. 216].
I've detained all the girls together
in *Pompey's* [p. 228] Arcade, my friend,
whose faces were blank, however.
'Worst of girls, reveal my *Camerius*',
so I demanded of them.
One replied, revealing her nudity...
'Look he's hiding in these rosy breasts.'
But, oh it's a labour of *Hercules* [p. 214] to bear with you:
as much as your pride denies it, my friend.
Since I'm not that *bronze guardian* [p. 234] of Crete,
not *Ladas* [p. 216] or wing-footed *Persens* [p. 226],
since I'm not carried by *Pegasus* [p. 224] in flight,
nor by *Rhesus's* [p. 230] swift snowy-white team,
add to that feathered-feet and swiftness
and the collective speed of the winds,
Camerius you might have said who you were with:
but I'd be weary right down to my marrow
and devoured by excessive fatigue
if I went on searching for you, my friend.

Tell us where you'll be in future, utter
boldly, commit yourself, trust to the light.
Do the milk-white girls hold you now?
If your tongue's stuck in your mouth,
you'll banish all the rewards of love.
Venus [p. 237] delights in copious language.
Or, if you want, fasten your lips,
while letting me share in your loves.



'Hercules Steals the Oxen of Geryon'
Joos de Momper (II) (Dutch, 1590 - 1635)
The Rijksmuseum

56. THREESOME: TO CATO



Cato [p. 205], an amusing ridiculous thing,
worth your ears and your laughter!

Cato laugh as you love Catullus:

the thing is amusing, and quite ridiculous.

I caught my girl's little pupil thrusting away:

if only to please *Dione* [p. 237], I sacrificed him

to my rigid succeeding shaft.



'Venus and Mars'
Cornelis Cornelisz. van Haarlem (Dutch, 1562 - 1638)
The Rijksmuseum

57. YOU TWO! : TO CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR



Beautifully matched the perverse buggers,

Mamurra [p. 219] the catamite and *Caesar* [p. 203].

No wonder: both equally spotted,

one from Formia, the other the City,

marks that remain, not to be lessened.

diseased the same, both of these twins,

both somewhat skilled in the selfsame couch,

this one no greedier an adulterer than that,

rivals in shared little girls.

Beautifully matched the perverse buggers.

58. LAMENT FOR LESBIA: TO MARCUS CAELIUS RUFUS



aelius [p. 203], our *Lesbia* [p. 218], *that* Lesbia,
that Lesbia, Catullus alone loved
more than himself, and all of his own,
now at crossroads, and down alleyways,
jerks off the brave sons of Rome.

59. THE LEAVINGS: ON RUFA



rufa [p. 230] from Bologna gives head to *Rufulus* [p. 230],
she's *Menenius's* [p. 220] wife, whom you've often seen,
snatching food, from the pyre itself, in the cemetery,
chasing the bread when it rolls from the flames,
being thumped by the half-shaven cremator.

60. LIONESS



ou now, did a lioness, from African mountains,
or the depths of howling Scylla's thighs,
create you as hard and as foul as that,
so you might show scorn for the voice of entreaty,
in its latest misfortune, out of that oh too cruel heart?

61. EPITHALAMION: FOR VINIA AND MANLIUS



ou, who live on *Helicon* [p. 214]'s
 hills, the son of *Urania* [p. 236],
 who carry the tender virgin
 to her man, O Hymanaeae *Hymen* [p. 214],
 O Hymen Hymenaeae:
 crown your brow with sweet flowers
 of marjoram fragrance,
 put on the glad veil, here,
 come, wearing the saffron shoes
 on your snow-white feet:
 summoned to the happy day
 singing the nuptial songs
 with ringing voice,
 strike your feet on the ground, shake
 the pine torch in your hand.
 Now *Vinia* [p. 238] comes to her *Manlius* [p. 236],
 as *Venus* [p. 237], adorning Mount *Ida* [p. 215],
 came to *Paris* [p. 223], her *Phrygian* [p. 227] judge,
 a rare girl wedded to rare fortune,
 like the myrtle of Asia born
 on the flowering branches,
 that the divine *Hamadryads* [p. 212]
 playfully tend themselves
 with shining dew.

So come, suffer yourself to approach,
leave the *Aonian* [p. 198] cave among
the cliffs of *Thespia* [p. 235],
leave the nymph *Aganippe* [p. 197]
and her cooling stream.
And call the bride to her
new husband's loving home,
her heart bound fast with love,
as the clinging ivy enfolds the tree,
winding here and there.
And you chaste virgins too,
whose own day will come,
singing harmoniously
cry, O Hymanae Hymen,
O Hymen Hymenae.
That, hearing himself called
to perform his service, he may
suffer himself to approach,
the commander of wedding joys,
the true uniter-in-love.
What greater god do you love
sought out by lovers?
What divine one do men
worship more, O Hymanae Hymen,
O Hymen Hymenae?
You her trembling father
invokes: for you
the virgin belt's untied:

for you the bridegroom waits,
fearful with new desire.
You give the young girl fresh
from her mother's breast,
to the young novice's
hands, O Hymanae Hymen,
O Hymen Hymenae.
Venus can take no advantage
of what good custom allows,
without you, but she can
if you're willing. What god dare
compare with you in this?
No house bears offspring
without you, no parent can be
brightened by children: but they can
if you're willing. What god dare
compare with you in this?
No ruler can set the boundaries
to his country: but he can
if you're willing. What god dare
compare with you in this?
Open the lock of the door.
The virgin comes. Do you see how
the torches scatter brilliant sparks?

.....
.....

Noble shame holds back.
However obedient she is,
she weeps that she has to go.
Don't weep. There's no danger
to you *Aurunculeia* [p. 201],
nor will bright day see
a lovelier girl than you
rise from the Ocean waves.
Such a hyacinth flower
as blooms in a rich man's
colourful little garden.
But you linger: the day vanishes.
Let the new bride appear.
Let the new bride appear, so
she can now be viewed, and listen
to my words. See? The torches
scatter golden sparks:
let the new bride appear.
Your husband's not fickle,
given to sinful adulteries,
chasing shameful vices,
does not wish to flee from
sleep in your tender breasts,
and as the vines slowly wind
about the trees they claim,
he'll be wound in your
embrace. But the day vanishes:
let the new bride appear.
O bridal-bed, that for all

.....
.....

at the foot of the shining couch,
 comes to your master,
 what joy, what wandering
 night, what noon
 delights! But the day goes by:
 let the new bride appear.
 O, you boys, lift the torches:
 I see the flame approach.
 Come: let the song sound in harmony
 ‘io Hymen Hymenae io,
 io Hymen Hymenae.’
 Don’t hold back the bold
Fescennine [p. 211] laughter,
 don’t let this obedient concubine
 abandoning his master’s love
 deny the boys their nuts.
 Give nuts to the boys, you idle
 concubine! You’ve toyed
 with the nuts long enough:
 now be pleased to serve *Hymen* [p. 233].
 Concubine, give them nuts.
 Girls seemed vile to you,
 concubine, yesterday, till today:
 now the hair-curler smooths
 your beard. Wretch of a wretch,
 concubine, give them nuts.
 You’ll speak ill of abstaining
 from your slaves, perfumed

husband, but abstain.

Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,

io Hymen Hymenaeae.

We know what's allowed to you
when you're known to be single,
but married it's not allowed.

Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,

io Hymen Hymenaeae.

Bride, beware you don't deny
what your man comes seeking,
lest he goes seeking elsewhere.

Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,

io Hymen Hymenaeae.

Powerful in your house,
and happy in your powers,
that act without you there,

Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,

io Hymen Hymenaeae,

until with trembling motion
white-haired old age
nods at all and everything.

Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,

io Hymen Hymenaeae.

In your saffron shoes cross
the threshold with good omens,
and enter the shining door.

Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,

io Hymen Hymenaeae.

Look inside where your man
lies on a *Tyrian* [p. 236] bed
waiting for you alone.

Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

He no less than you
burns with fire in his heart,
but inwardly much greater.

Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

Page, let go the young
girl's shapely arm: now
she reaches her husband's bed.

Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

You good wives who know
the powers of old to bring
young girls to marriage.

Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

Now bridegroom, you may come:
your wife waits in your bed,
her lovely face gleaming,
like a white poppy,
on a saffron field.

But, husband, let the gods
joy, you are no less
handsome, nor does Venus

neglect you. But the daylight flies:
come now, don't delay.

He's not lingered:

now he comes. Kind Venus
shall aid you, since you desire
openly what you desire, you
won't forget kind love.

He who would count your joys,
many thousands, must first
tally the grains of Africa's sands,
and the glittering stars.

Play as you wish, and quickly
give her children. It's not right
for an ancient name to be
childless, but it should create
from the same root.

I want a young *Torquatus* [p. 236]
to stretch out his tender hand
from his mother's lap
sweetly smiling to his father
from half-open lips.

Let him be like his father
Manlius, let that be known
by all the unknowing,
and let his face reveal,
his mother's faithfulness.

So our praise approves
one born of a noble mother,

just as unparalleled fame echoes
from *Penelope* [p. 225], the mother
of excellent *Telemachus* [p. 234].
Close the doorways, virgins:
we're satisfied with our play. But you
brave partners live truly, and
do your duty constantly,
with vigour and with joy.



'Penelope Unraveling Her Web'
Joseph Wright of Derby (English, 1734 - 1797)
The Getty | Open Content Program

62. WEDDING SONG



evening is here, young men, arise: evening, awaited
so long by the heavens, barely still shows the light.
Now is the time to rise, to leave the rich banquet,
now the virgin comes, now the wedding-song is sung.

Hymen [p. 214] O Hymenaeae, Hymen be near, O Hymenaeae!
Do you see the unmarried girls, you young men?
Rise to meet them: the evening star shows Thessalian fire.
Such is the contest: see how they spring up so nimbly?
Don't fear to rise, they sing to win a partner.
Hymen O Hymenaeae, Hymen be near, O Hymenaeae!
The palm's not easily won by us men as equals:
consider, the girls need to prepare amongst themselves.
not a vain preparation: they truly know what's what:
no wonder, since they concentrate their whole mind.
Our minds are elsewhere: our ears turn elsewhere:
so we'll be defeated by willpower: victory needs attention.
Therefore turn your minds to it at the least:
now they begin to sing, now you must reply.
Hymen O Hymenaeae, Hymen be near, O Hymenaeae!
Hesperus [p. 237] what fire, they say, is crueller than yours?
Who can tear a daughter away from her mother's arms,
from a mother's detaining arms tear a daughter away,
and give a virgin girl to an ardent young man.
What do the enemy do that's crueller, in capturing a city?

Hymen O Hymenae, Hymen be near, O Hymenae!
Hesperus, who shines with happier fire in the sky?
You who strengthen the bond of marriage with your flame,
with what men swear, swearing it to the parents,
not to be joined together before your own brightness rises.
What wished-for hour by the gods is more happily granted?
Hymen O Hymenae, Hymen be near, O Hymenae!
Hesperus has stolen one like us away.

.....
.....

And now at your rising the watchman always wakes,
thieves hide by night, who often likewise return,
Hesperus, you catch them, as your name alters, at dawn,
but the girls love to slander you with false complaints.
Why do they complain, if they secretly wish it then?
Hymen O Hymenae, Hymen be near, O Hymenae!
As the hidden flower born in the hedged garden
unknown to the beasts, untouched by the plough,
that the breezes sweeten, the sun strengthens, the rain feeds:
that many young men would choose, and many young girls:
when that same flower fades, plucked by a tender hand,
no young boy would choose it, and no young girl:
so the virgin, while she's untouched, while she's their love:
if she loses her flower of chastity, her body dishonoured,
she's no longer the boy's delight, the girls' beloved.
Hymen O Hymenae, Hymen be near, O Hymenae!

As the vine we see, grown in the open field,
never lifting its head, never bearing sweet grapes,
its delicate stem bending downwards with the weight,
so that in a moment its tallest shoot will touch its roots:
no countryman, no farm-hand will cherish it:
but if the same plant is fastened tight, wedded to an elm,
many countrymen and farm-hands will cherish it.
So a virgin who stays untouched, and uncultivated, ages:
while taken in equal marriage, while the time is ripe,
she's loved more by the man, less hateful to her parents.
Hymen O Hymenaeae, Hymen be near, O Hymenaeae!
And don't you struggle with such a husband, girl.
it's not right to struggle, you, whose father gives you away,
your father and your mother, who prepare you.
Your virginity's not wholly yours: part is your parents:
a third your father's, a third your mother's,
only a third is yours: don't fight those two,
who grant their rights to the son-in-law with the dowry.
Hymen O Hymenaeae, Hymen be near, O Hymenaeae!



'Hymen and Cupid'
William Hogarth (English, 1697 - 1764)
The New York Public Library

63. OF *BERECYNTHIA* ^[p. 202] AND ATTIS



s soon as *Attis* ^[p. 201], borne over the deep seas in a swift boat,
 had reached the *Phrygian* ^[p. 227] woods, with rapid eager steps,
 had returned to a dark corner of the goddess's grove,
 goaded by mad fury, and there, his wits wandering
 had sliced off his testicles with a sharp stone,
 and had seen his remaining members devoid of power,
 and that country's soil spotted with fresh blood,
 he took up the drum lightly in his pale hands,
 your drum, *Cybele* ^[p. 208], yours, Great Mother, in your rite,
 and striking the sounding bull's-hide with delicate fingers,
 chanted to his followers, as it quivered from his assault:
 'Gallae ^[p. 212], come, rise, to the high woods of Cybele, now,
 come, now, wandering cattle of *Dindymus*'s ^[p. 210] Lady,
 like exiles wandering here on an alien shore,
 followers of my way, lead by me, my friends,
 you suffered the swift seas and the wild waves
 and sheared your sex from your bodies with great hatred:
 gladden the Lady's spirit with swift movements.
 Banish dull delay from your minds: come, now, follow,
 to Phrygian Cybele's house, the Phrygian goddess's grove,
 where the voice of the cymbal clashes, the drum echoes,
 where the Phrygian flute-player plays on a curving reed,
 where the ivy-crowned Maenads violently toss their heads,
 where they act out the sacred rites with high-pitched howls,

where the goddess's wandering retinue's wont to hover,
where we should hurry with our swift triple-step.'
As Attis, the counterfeit woman, sings this to his friends,
the *Bacchic* [p. 201] choir suddenly cries with quivering tongues,
the drum echoes it gently, the hollow cymbals ring.
The swift choir comes to green *Ida* [p. 215] on hurrying feet.
Attis, leading, panting wildly, goading his scattered wits,
enters the dark grove accompanied by the drum,
like a wild heifer escaping the weight of the yoke:
The agile *Gallae* [p. 212] follow their swift-footed leader.
Then, since wearied, foodless, they reach Cybele's grove,
they're seized by sleep from their excessive labours.
Dull tiredness overwhelms eyes giving way to languor:
mad frenzy vanishes in the calm of gentle breath.
But when the Sun from his golden face scanned the bright
heavens with radiant eye, the harsh earth, and wild sea,
and dispelled the shadows of night with his lively steeds,
then the Grace, *Pasithea* [p. 224], takes swift Sleep, flying
from the waking Attis, to her beating heart.
So, rapidly, from sweet dream and free of madness,
Attis recollected his actions in his thoughts,
and saw with a clear heart what and where he had been,
turning again with passionate mind to the sea.
There gazing at the wide waters with tearful eyes
he raised his voice and sadly bemoaned his homeland:
'Land that fathered me, land that mothered me,
I, who left you so sadly, have reached the groves of Ida,
like a slave fleeing his master, so am I among

snows, and the frozen lairs of wild creatures,
 and should I in madness enter one of their dens
 where would I think to find you buried in those places?
 The keen eye itself desires to turn itself towards you,
 while my thought is free a while of the wild creatures.
 Have I been brought from my distant home for this grove?
 Shall I lose country, possessions, friends, kin?
 Shall I lose forum, wrestling ring, stadium and gymnasium?
 Sorrow on sorrow, again and again complaint in the heart.
 What form have I not been, what have I not performed?
 I a woman, I a young man, a youth, a boy,
 I the flower of the athletes, the glory of the wrestling ring:
 my doorway frequented, my threshold warm,
 my house was garlanded with wreaths of flowers,
 at the dawn separation from my bed.
 Now am I brought here priest and slave of divine Cybele?
 I, to be *Maenad* [p. 219]: a part of myself: a sterile man?
 I to worship on green Ida in a place cloaked in frozen snow?
 I to live my life beneath the high summits of Phrygia,
 where deer haunt the woods, where the wild boar roams?
 Now I grieve for what I did, now I repent.
 As the swift sounds leave his rosy lips
 the fresh words reach the twin ears of the goddess,
 as Cybele is loosing the lions from their yoke
 and goading the left-hand beast: she spoke to it,
 saying: 'Go now, be fierce, so you make him mad, so he
 is forced to return to the grove by the pain of his madness,
 he who desires to escape my rule so freely.

Let your tail wound your back, let the lashes show,
make the whole place echo to your bellowing roar,
shake your red mane fiercely over your taut neck.’
So Cybele spoke in threat and loosed the leash.
The wild beast urging itself to speed, roused in spirit,
tore away, roared, broke madly through the thickets.
and when it reached the wet margin of the white sands,
and saw delicate Attis near to the ocean waves,
it charged. He fled demented to the wild wood:
there to be ever enslaved, for the rest of his life.
Goddess, Great Goddess, Cybele, Lady of Dindymus,
Mistress, let all your anger be far from my house:
make others aroused, make other men raving mad.



'Gallae and Attis'
Adriaen van Nieulandt (I) (Dutch, 1587 - 1658)
The Rijksmuseum

64. OF THE ARGONAUTS AND AN EPITHALAMIUM FOR PELEUS AND THETIS



nce they say pine-trees born on the heights of *Pelion* [p. 225]
floated through *Neptune's* [p. 222] clear waves,
to the River *Phasis* [p. 226] and *Aeetes's* [p. 196] borders,
with chosen men, oaks of the *Argive* [p. 199] people,
hoping to steal the Golden Fleece of *Colchis* [p. 207]
daring to course the salt deeps in their swift ship,
sweeping the blue waters with fir-wood oars.
The goddess [p. 200] herself who guards the heights of the city,
who joined the curving fabric to pinewood keel,
made their ship speed onwards with light winds.
That vessel was first to explore the unknown sea:
so, as she ploughed the windblown waters with her prow,
and whitened the churning waves with foam from the oars,
the *Nereids* [p. 222] lifted themselves from the dazzling white
depths of the sea, amazed at this wonder of ocean.
In those, and other days, mortal eyes saw the sea-nymphs
raise themselves, bodies all naked, as far as their nipples,
from the white depths.
Then *Peleus* [p. 224], they say, was inflamed with love of *Thetis* [p. 235],
then Thetis did not despise marriage with a mortal,
then Jupiter himself agreed to Thetis's marriage.
O heroes, born in a chosen age, hail, godlike race!
O offspring of a blessed mother, hail once more.
Often I'll address you, in my song.

And I address you, so blessed in your fortunate marriage,
 chief of Pelian Thessaly, to whom Jupiter himself
 creator of gods, yielded his beloved:
 did not Thetis possess you, loveliest of Nereids?
 Did not *Tethys* [p. 234] allow you to lead off her grand-daughter,
 and *Oceanus* [p. 222], who embraces the whole world with sea?
 When at the time appointed the longed-for flames arise,
 all of Thessaly crowds together to the palace,
 the halls are filled with a joyful assembly:
 they bring gifts with them, declaring their joy in their looks.
Cieros [p. 206] is deserted: they leave *Phthiotic Tempe* [p. 227],
Crannon's [p. 208] houses, and *Larissa's* [p. 217] walls,
 they gather in *Pharsalia* [p. 226], crowd under Pharsalia's roofs.
 No one farms the fields, the necks of bullocks soften,
 nor does the curved hoe clear beneath the vines,
 nor does the ox drag earth outward with the blade,
 nor does the sickle thin the shade of leafy trees,
 coarse rust attacks the neglected plough.
 But the palace gleams bright with gold and silver
 through all the rich receding halls.
 The ivory chairs shine, cups glisten on tables,
 the whole palace gladdened with splendour of royal wealth.
 In the midst of the palace a sacred couch, truly joyful
 for the marriage of the goddess, gleaming with Indian ivory,
 stained with the red dyes won from purple murex.
 The cloth depicts in ancient forms, with marvellous art,
 in all their variety, the excellence of gods and men.
 Here are seen the wave-echoing shores of *Naxos* [p. 221],

Theseus [p. 235], aboard his ship, vanishing swiftly, watched
by *Ariadne* [p. 199], ungovernable passion in her heart,
not yet believing that she sees what she does see,
still only just awoken from deceptive sleep,
finding herself abandoned wretchedly to empty sands.
But uncaring the hero fleeing strikes the deep with his oars,
casting his vain promises to the stormy winds.
The *Minoan* [p. 220] girl goes on gazing at the distance,
with mournful eyes, like the statue of a *Bacchante* [p. 219],
gazes, alas, and swells with great waves of sorrow,
no longer does the fine turban remain on her golden hair,
no longer is she hidden by her lightly-concealing dress,
no longer does the shapely band hold her milk-white breasts
all of it scattered, slipping entirely from her body,
plays about her feet in the salt flood.
But, not caring now for turban or flowing dress, the lost girl
gazed towards you, Theseus, with all her heart, spirit, mind.
Wretched thing, for whom bright *Venus* [p. 237] reserved the thorny
cares of constant mourning in your heart,
from that time when it suited warlike Theseus,
leaving the curving shores of *Piræus* [p. 227],
to reach the *Cretan* [p. 212] regions of the unbending king.
For then forced by cruel plague, they say,
as punishment, to absolve the murder of *Androgeos* [p. 198]
ten chosen young men of Athens and ten unmarried girls
used to be given together as sacrifice to the *Minotaur* [p. 220].
With which evil the narrow walls were troubled until
Theseus chose to offer himself for his dear Athens

rather than such *Athenian* [p. 205] dead be carried un-dead to Crete.
 And so in a swift ship and with gentle breezes
 he came to great *Minos* [p. 220] and his proud halls.
 As soon as the royal girl cast her eye on him with desire,
 she whom the chaste bed nourished, breathing
 sweet perfumes in her mother's gentle embrace,
 even as *Eurotas's* [p. 211] streams surround a myrtle
 that sheds its varied colours on the spring breeze,
 she did not turn her blazing eyes away from him,
 till she conceived a flame through her whole body
 that burned utterly to the depths of her bones.
 Ah sadly *the Boy* [p. 208] incites inexorable passion
 in chaste hearts, he who mixes joy and pains for mortals,
 and *she* [p. 237] who rules *Golgos* [p. 212] and leafy *Idalia* [p. 215],
 even she, who shakes the mind of a smitten girl,
 often sighing for a blonde-haired stranger!
 How many fears the girl suffers in her weak heart!
 How often she grows pallid: more so than pale gold.
 As Theseus went off eager to fight the savage monster
 either death approached or fame's reward!
 Promising small gifts, not unwelcome or in vain,
 she made her prayers to the gods with closed lips.
 Now as a storm uproots a quivering branch of oak,
 or a cone-bearing pine with resinous bark, on the heights
 of Mount *Taurus* [p. 234], twisting its unconquered strength
 in the wind (it falls headlong, far off, plucked out
 by the roots, shattering anything and everything in its way)
 so Theseus upended the conquered body of the beast

its useless horns overthrown, emptied of breath.
Then he turned back, unharmed, to great glory,
guided by the wandering track of fine thread,
so that his exit from the fickle labyrinth of the palace
would not be prevented by some unnoticed error.
But what should I relate, digressing further
from my poem's theme: the girl, abandoning
her father's sight, her sisters' embraces, and lastly
her mother's, she wretched at her lost daughter's joy
in preferring the sweet love of Theseus to all this:
or her being carried by ship to Naxos's foaming shore,
or her consort with uncaring heart vanishing,
she conquered, her eyes softening in sleep?
Often loud shrieks cried the frenzy in her ardent heart
poured out from the depths of her breast,
and then she would climb the steep cliffs in her grief,
where the vast sea-surge stretches out to the view,
then run against the waves into the salt tremor
holding her soft clothes above her naked calves,
and call out mournfully this last complaint,
a frozen sob issuing from her wet face:
'False Theseus, is this why you take me from my father's land,
faithless man, to abandon me on a desert shore?
Is this how you vanish, heedless of the god's power,
ah, uncaring, bearing home your accursed perjuries?
Nothing could alter the measure of your cruel mind?
No mercy was near to you, inexorable man,
that you might take pity on my heart?

Yet once you made promises to me in that flattering voice,
 you told me to hope, not for this misery
 but for joyful marriage, the longed-for wedding songs,
 all in vain, dispersed on the airy breezes.
 Now, no woman should believe a man's pledges,
 or believe there's any truth in a man's words:
 when their minds are intent on their desire,
 they have no fear of oaths, don't spare their promises:
 but as soon as the lust of their eager mind is slaked
 they fear no words, they care nothing for perjury.
 Surely I rescued you from the midst of the tempest
 of fate, and more, I gave up my half-brother,
 whom I abandoned to you with treachery at the end.
 For that I'm left to be torn apart by beasts, and a prey
 to sea-birds, unburied, when dead, in the scattered earth.
 What lioness whelped you under a desert rock,
 what sea conceived and spat you from foaming waves,
 what *Syrtis* [p. 233], what fierce *Scylla* [p. 232], what vast *Charybdis* [p. 206],
 you who return me this, for the gift of your sweet life?
 If marriage with me was not in your heart,
 because you feared your old father's cruel precepts,
 you could still have led me back to your house,
 where I would have served you, a slave happy in her task,
 washing your beautiful feet in clear water,
 covering your bed with the purple fabric.
 But why complain to the uncaring wind in vain?
 It is beyond evil, and without senses, unable
 to hear what is said, without voice to reply.

It is already turning now towards mid-ocean,
and nothing human appears in this waste of weed.
So cruel chance taunts me in my last moments,
even depriving my ears of my own lament.
All-powerful *Jupiter* [p. 216], if only the Athenian ships
had not touched the shores of *Cnosos* [p. 207], from the start,
carrying their fatal cargo for the ungovernable bull,
a faithless captain mooring his ropes to Crete,
an evil guest, hiding a cruel purpose under a handsome
appearance, finding rest in our halls!
Now where can I return? What desperate hope
depend on? Shall I seek out the slopes of *Ida* [p. 215]?
But the cruel sea with its divisive depths
of water separates me from them.
Or shall I hope for my father's help? Did I not leave him,
to follow a man stained with my brother's blood?
Or should I trust in a husband's love to console me?
Who hardly bends slow oars in running from me?
More, I'm alive on a lonely island without shelter,
and no escape seen from the encircling ocean waves.
No way to fly, no hope: all is mute,
all is deserted, all speaks of ruin.
Yet still my eyes do not droop in death,
not till my senses have left my weary body,
till true justice is handed down by the gods,
and the divine help I pray for in my last hour.
So you *Eumenides* [p. 211] who punish by avenging
the crimes of men, your foreheads crowned

with snaky hair, bearing anger in your breath,
 here, here, come to me, listen to my complaints,
 that I, wretched alas, force, weakened, burning,
 out of the marrow of my bones, blind with mad rage.
 Since these truths are born in the depths of my breast,
 you won't allow my lament to pass you by,
 but as Theseus left me alone, through his intent,
 goddesses, by that will, pursue him and his with murder.'
 When these words had poured from her sad breast,
 the troubled girl praying for cruel actions,
 the chief of the gods nodded with unconquerable will:
 at which the earth and the cruel sea trembled
 and the glittering stars shook in the heavens.
 Now Theseus's mind was filled with a dark mist
 and all the instructions he had held fixed in memory
 before this, were erased from his thoughts,
 failing to raise the sweet signal to his mourning father,
 when the harbour of Athens safely came in sight.
 For they say that when *Aegeus*^[p. 196] parted from his son,
 as the goddess's ship left the city, he yielded him
 to the wind's embrace with these words:
 'Son, more dear to me than my long life,
 son, whom I abandoned through chance uncertainty,
 lately returned to me in the last days of my old age,
 since my fate and your fierce virtue tear you away
 from me, against my will, whose failing eyes
 are not yet sated with my dear son's face,
 I don't send you off happily with joyful heart,

or allow you to carry flags of good fortune,
but start with the many sorrows in my mind,
marring my white hairs with earth and sprinkled ashes,
then hang unfinished canvas from the wandering mast,
so the darkened sail of gloomy Spanish flax
might speak the grief and passion in my mind.
But if the one who dwells in sacred *Iton* [p. 215], who promised
to defend the people and city of *Erectheus* [p. 210], allows you
to wet your hand with the blood of the bull,
then make sure this command is done, buried in your
remembering heart, not to be erased by time:
that as soon as you set eyes on our hills,
strip the dark fabric fully from the yards,
and hoist white sails with your twisted ropes,
so that seeing them from the first, I'll know joy
in my glad heart, when a happy time reveals your return.'
These words to Theseus, once held constantly in mind,
vanished like clouds of snow struck by a blast of wind
on the summits of high mountains.
But when his father, searching the view from the citadel's height,
endless tears flooding his anxious eyes,
first saw the sails of dark fabric,
he threw himself head first from the height of the cliff,
believing Theseus lost to inexorable fate.
So fierce Theseus entered the palace in mourning
for his father's death, and knew the same grief of mind
that he had caused neglected Ariadne,
she who was gazing then where his ship had vanished

pondering the many cares in her wounded heart.

But bright *Bacchus* [p. 201] hurries from elsewhere
with his chorus of *Satyrs* [p. 232] and *Silenes* [p. 232] from *Nysa*, [p. 222]
seeking you, Ariadne, burning with love for you.

.....

.....

In rapture his *Bacchantes* [p. 219] raved madly, crazed in mind,
with cries of ‘*euhoë*’ and tossing heads,
some brandished the thyrsus with hidden tip,
some flourished the torn limbs of bullocks,
some wreathed themselves with twining snakes,
some celebrated the secret rites of the hollow box,
rights they wished the profane to hear in vain:
others beat the drums with the flat of their hands,
or raised a clear ringing from rounded cymbals:
they blew endless strident calls on the horns
and the barbarous flute shrilled with fearful tunes.
Such the splendid workings of figured tapestry
covering the sacred couch its cloth embraced.
The people of Thessaly after gazing eagerly
were satisfied, they began to leave the goddess’s sanctuary.
As *Zephyr* [p. 238] stirs the willing waves, ruffling
the placid sea with morning breeze,
while *Aurora* [p. 201] rises to the wandering Sun’s threshold,
so that at first they move slowly struck by a gentle blast,
and their splashing resounds with slight lamentation,

while afterwards they increase, swelling more and more,
and reflect the red of the sunrise far-off as they rise:
so, here and there, with wandering feet the crowd disperse
to their homes, leaving the courtyard of the royal palace.
After their departure *Chiron* [p. 206], the Centaur's leader,
arrived from steep *Pelion* [p. 225] carrying woodland gifts:
since what the fields bear, whatever the country of Thessaly
yields on high peaks, whatever the flowers by the river's waves
the fecund breath of the warm west wind produces,
he brought woven together in confused garlands,
so that the palace smiled, charmed by happy fragrances.
At once *Penens* [p. 225] came to green *Tempe* [p. 227],
Tempe, whose hanging woods encircle it above,
leaving *Pasiphae* [p. 224] to be honoured by the sea's dance:
not empty-handed, since he carried a tall beech
by the roots, and long-leafed laurel from a straight trunk,
and was not without nodding plane, and pliant poplar,
scorched *Phaethon's* [p. 226] sister, and airy cypress.
He placed them woven, here and there, round the house
till the courtyard was green, veiled with fresh foliage.
Prometheus [p. 229] followed after him, skilled in mind,
showing faint traces of his ancient punishment,
when once he suffered, hung in tight chains
from the high ledge of rock.
Then the father of the gods with his sacred consort,
and his sons, came down from the heavens,
leaving behind only you, *Phoebus* [p. 198], and the one born
together with you, she who lives on the slopes of *Ida* [p. 215]:

Peleus is still disdained by both you and *your sister*^[p. 199],
 and you will not celebrate Thetis's wedding torches.
 Then the gods seated their limbs at the white benches,
 at tables richly heaped with various foods,
 while, moving their bodies in trembling dance,
 the *Fates*^[p. 223] began to utter their prophetic song.
 Quivering seized their bodies, their white ankles
 wholly covered by the red hem of their dresses,
 and a red headband circling their white hair,
 and their hands were busy, as ever, at their eternal work.
 The left hand held the distaff, wound with soft wool,
 then the right, drawing out the thread lightly, shaped it
 with upturned fingers, then, twisting it under the thumb,
 turned the level spindle in smooth rotation,
 and often a plucking tooth made the strands equal,
 and fragments of wool, that once projected
 from the light threads, clung to their dry lips:
 and, before their feet, bright wool from a soft fleece
 was guarded by a basket woven of willow.
 Then in a clear voice, pushing away the fleece,
 they poured out these prophecies in divine song,
 song not to be proven wrong, by any amount of years.
 'Defence of *Thessaly*^[p. 210], dearest of *Jupiter's*^[p. 216] scions,
 adding marvellous glory to your great powers,
 accept what the glad sisters bring to the light,
 true oracles: but you who accompany fate,
 fly, guiding threads: fly, spindle.
 Now *Hesperus*^[p. 237] comes to you bearing the longed-for

bride, the wife approaches beneath a fortunate star,
who pours out her heart to you with tender love,
and prepares to lie with you in languid sleep,
spreading her delicate arms beneath your strong neck.

Fly, guiding threads: fly, spindle.

No house has ever sheltered such love,
no love has ever joined lovers in such a union,
even as harmony comes to Thetis, and Peleus.

Fly, guiding threads: fly, spindle.

A child *Achilles* [p. 196] is born to you, free of fear,
noted for never turning his back on an enemy, strong
of heart, who, often the victor in the fickle foot-race,
outstrips the swift deer with fiery hooves.

Fly, guiding threads: fly, spindle.

No hero dare confront him in battle,
when the *Phrygian* [p. 227] rivers flow with the blood of *Tenueer's* [p. 234]
people,

and the third heir of deceitful Pelops lays waste
the walls of *Troy* [p. 236], besieged in the weary war.

Fly, guiding threads: fly, spindle.

Often women at the funerals of their sons lament
his illustrious powers and bright deeds,
as neglected hair streams down from their white heads,
and weak hands mark their withered breasts.

Fly, guiding threads: fly, spindle.

Now, as a reaper prematurely mowing the dense stalks,
scythes the golden fields under his eager feet,
he destroys the Trojan bodies with his fierce blade.

Fly, guiding threads: fly, spindle.

Scamander's [p. 232] waves that pour down in cascade to the swift
Hellespont will bear witness to his great courage,
its passage narrowed by the heaped bodies of the dead,
the deep waters mixed with warm blood.

Fly, guiding threads: fly, spindle.

At last it will be witness also to a death-prize paid,
when a heaped tomb by the high rampart receives
the smooth white body of a sacrificed virgin girl.

Fly, guiding threads: fly, spindle.

Then as luck grants the riches of the *Trojan* [p. 209] city
to the weary *Greeks* [p. 196], loosening *Neptune's* [p. 222] bond,
the high mound will be soaked with *Polyxena's* [p. 228] blood:
who bowing like a sacrifice to the two-edged blade
will fall to her knees, a maimed corpse.

Fly, guiding threads: fly, spindle.

So perform the wishes of your hearts, join in love.
Let the husband accept his goddess in joyful contract,
now the bride be given to her loving partner.

Fly, guiding threads: fly, spindle.

The nurse returning at daybreak will not
encircle her neck with yesterday's ribbon,
nor the anxious mother by the sad bed of a troubled daughter,
forgo the hope of dear grandchildren.

Fly, guiding threads: fly, spindle.'

Such the song once sung of happy prophecy
to Peleus, from the *Parcae's* [p. 223] divine hearts.
Once the gods in person visited the pure houses of heroes,

and showed themselves to the mortal crowd,
the gods were not yet used to men's scorn for piety.
Often the father of the gods revisiting his bright temple,
when the annual rites came round on the holy days,
saw a hundred bulls lying on the ground.
Wandering *Bacchus* [p. 201] often led the shouting *Bacchantes* [p. 219],
with their flowing hair, on the high peak of *Parnassus* [p. 224],
when all rushing in emulation from the happy town
of *Delphos* [p. 209] received the god with smoking altars.
Often in the fatal struggles of war, *Mars* [p. 219], or swift *Minerva* [p. 200]
the lady of Lake Tritonis, or virgin *Artemis* [p. 199]
appeared to exhort the crowds of armed men.
But afterwards earth was tainted by impious wickedness
and all fled from justice with eager minds,
the brother's hand was stained with a brother's blood,
the child ceased to mourn for its dead parents,
the father chose the younger son's death to acquire
a single woman in her prime, the impious mother
spread herself beneath the unknowing son,
not afraid of desecrating the household shrine.
All piety was confused with impiety in evil frenzy
turning the righteous will of the gods from us.
So such as they do not visit our marriages,
nor allow themselves to approach us, in the light of day.



'Bacchanale'

Alessandro Magnasco (Italian, 1667 - 1749)

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65. THE PROMISE: TO HORTALUS



though I'm continually worn out by grief's pain,
removed, *Hortalus* [p. 214], from the learned girls,
unable to bear the sweet fruit of the *Muses* [p. 221],
the mind troubled by so many dark feelings
(for lately the flowing water in *Lethe's* [p. 218] depths
washes at my brother's pallid feet,
whom, torn from my eyes, the earth crushes
beneath the shore of Trojan *Rhoeteum* [p. 230].
Am I never to see you hereafter, brother
more lovely than life? But I will always love you,
it's true, always sing your death in mournful song,
as *Daulian Procne* [p. 229] sings in the dense shadow
of branches, lamenting dead *Itylus's* [p. 215] fate)
even in such great sadness, Hortalus, I still send you
these verses in imitation of *Callimachus* [p. 203],
lest you might think your words for no good reason
had been lost from my mind on the passing wind,
as the apple sent as a secret gift from a lover
rolls from the chaste girl's breast,
placed under the soft clothing, sadly forgotten,
until, as she springs up at her mother's approach,
it's shaken out, and rolls down in headlong descent,
leaving a knowing blush on her sad face.

66. THE LOCK OF HAIR: BERENICE



e who gazed at all the lights in the vast heavens,
 who learnt the rise and setting of the stars,
 how the fiery beauty of the swift sun's darkened,
 how constellations vanish at fixed times,
 how sweet love entices *Diana* [p. 210], secretly passing
 near the *Latmian* [p. 217] cliffs, in her airy course:
 that same *Conon* [p. 207], the astronomer, saw me shining brightly
 at heaven's threshold, a lock of hair from *Berenice's* [p. 202] head,
 she who stretching out her delicate arms
 made promises to a multitude of gods,
 at that time when the great king newly married
 was gone to lay waste the borders of Assyria,
 bearing sweet traces of nocturnal strife,
 those that are brought about by virgin spoils.
 Is *Venus* [p. 237] really hated by new brides? Is parents' joy
 deceived by their false tears, shed copiously within
 the threshold of the bed? If it were truth they sighed
 they'd not have supported my divinity so.
 My queen taught me that, with her many woeful cries,
 when her new husband went off to grim battle.
 And is it not the bereavement of an empty bed you mourn,
 but the tearful separation from a dear brother?
 How sad cares eat at the heart's core from within!
 As though, troubled, your mind is wholly lost,

robbed of all feeling in your breast!
But I recognise true greatness in a girl.
Surely that brave act is not forgotten by which a husband's
kingdom was gained, that no one stronger dared?
But what sad words were said in sending off this husband!
Jupiter, how often your eyes were brushed by your hand!
What god has changed you so? Or is it a lovers wish
not to be absent from the beloved body for long?
And, there too, you promised me, to all the gods,
not without blood of bulls, for your dear husband,
if it brought his return. It did not take him long
to add captive Asia to the bounds of Egypt.
I discharge former promises, for those deeds,
by this new tribute that joins me to the heavens.
Unwillingly, O Queen, I was parted from your hair,
unwillingly: I swear it by you and that head of yours,
that is worthy, even though one were to swear in vain:
but who could claim to be equal to steel itself?
Even the mountain's overthrown by it, the greatest
bright child of *Macedonia's* [p. 235] shores, over-passed
when the Persians created a new sea, when barbarians
drove their fleet through the midst of *Athos* [p. 200].
What can hair do when such things fall to the blade?
By Jupiter, that the tribe of *Chalybes* [p. 205] might all perish,
and those who first pursued the search for veins of metal
below the earth, and how to cut tough things with iron!
A little while ago the sisters were mourning my fate
as a shorn lock, when, out of Locri, *Arsinoe* [p. 199] sent

the winged horses of Ethiopian *Memnon* [p. 220] himself,
 beating, with quivering wings, *Zephyrus* [p. 238]'s,
 the West Wind's, air, the brother born with him,
 and carrying me through the shadowed sky, he flew,
 and placed me in chaste Venus's lap.
 Arsínoe herself sent her servant there,
 Greek inhabitant of the *Canoptic* [p. 204] shore.
 My arrival changed the heavens, so the golden crown
 from *Ariadne's* [p. 199] brow might not be fixed alone
 in the bright sky: but, so that I too might shine,
 a faithful spoil of that golden hair, the goddess
 passing, wet from the flood, to the gods' temple,
 placed me as a new constellation among the old.
 For, touching the *Virgin's* [p. 238] stars and the savage *Lion* [p. 218],
 joined to *Callisto* [p. 204] daughter of *Lycaon* [p. 204],
 I fall towards the west, leading slow *Boötēs* [p. 203],
 who merges tardily with the deep *Ocean* [p. 222].
 But though the footsteps of the gods touch me by night,
 light still returns me to *the ancient sea* [p. 234].
 (Let this be known, by your leave, Fate, Virgin *Ramnusia* [p. 230],
 since I hide nothing of the truth through fear,
 nor though the stars disperse me with angry words,
 do I choose to hide the buried truth of the heart.)
 I don't delight in these things, as much as I suffer
 from being parted, parted from my lady's hair,
 with which, when the girl used to try out
 all perfumes, I myself absorbed many thousands.
 Now you, whom the longed-for marriage torches join,

don't surrender your bodies to mutual embrace,
baring your breasts with clothes removed,
before the onyx delights me with its pleasing gift,
your onyx, you who by right adorn the chaste bed.
But she who gives herself to impure adulteries,
let her absorb from sin the vain gift of light dust:
since I seek no prize from the undeserving.
But let great harmony, O brides, always inhabit
your house, continual love always.
You, *my Queen* [p. 202], when you see your divine constellation,
as you placate Venus with festive lights,
don't leave me free of your perfumes,
but endow me with more great gifts.
I wish that the stars would fall! I'd become royal hair,
and then let *Orion* [p. 223] shine next to *Aquarius* [p. 198]!



'Bacchus and Ariadne'
Gerard de Laireesse (Dutch, 1641 - 1711)
The Rijksmuseum

67. OF SOMEONE'S ADULTEROUS DOOR



hail, sweet door, pleasing to a husband, pleasing
to a father, and may *Jupiter*^[p. 216] add his virtuous power to you,
who served *Balbus*^[p. 202] faithfully, they say, for a good while,
when the old man owned the house himself,
and served the son, on the contrary, quite badly, it's said,
when you became a wedding gift with the old man dead.
Come on, tell us, why exhibit this change
deserting old loyalties of ownership?
'It's not my fault (I please this *Caecilius*^[p. 203], I'm handed
over to now), though it's said to be mine,
it's no sin of mine that anyone can say anything:
truly a door of your people answers you,
me, to whom whenever some ill deed's discovered
all cry out: "It's your fault, door."
It's not enough to say that, with a word,
but you must do what anyone might see and know.
'How can I? No one asks or takes the trouble to know?'
I will, tell me, don't hesitate.
'Well first, the virgin, they say, who was handed over to us,
was false. The husband wasn't the first to touch her,
he whose sword hangs limper than a tender beet,
never lifting the middle of his tunic:
but they say the father violated his son's bed,
and disgraced the unfortunate house,

either because his impious mind burned with blind lust,
or because the son was useless, with barren seed,
so it was necessary to search for one more vigorous,
who could undo her virgin tie.'

You tell of an illustrious father with amazing piety.
who comes in his own son's lap.

'And Brescia under the cliffs of *Cycnea* [p. 209],
that golden *Mella* [p. 219] with sweet water runs by,
Brescia dear mother of my Verona, says
he isn't the only one known to have had her,
but speaks of *Postumius* [p. 228] and *Cornelius* [p. 207] with passion,
with whom she committed wicked adultery.

Here someone will have said? "How do you know,
door, never allowed to leave your master's threshold,
or overhear people, but fixed to this post,
so accustomed to opening and closing the house?"

I've often heard her alone in a furtive voice
speak to her maids about her sins,
the names I've said being spoken, she expecting
that I'd have neither speech nor hearing.

Besides, she added, someone else, whose name
I don't want to say, lest he raise his red eyebrow.
He's a tall man, who fought a great lawsuit once,
about a false pregnancy in a lying womb.'

68. FRIENDSHIP: TO MANLIUS



hat you send this letter to me, written with tears,
to me, crushed by fate and bitter ill-fortune,
that I might raise up, and return from the threshold of death
one shipwrecked, cast from the foaming waves of the sea,
one whom sacred *Venus* [p. 237] deprives of gentle sleep,
forsaken, enduring an empty bed, not delighting
in the sweet songs of the *Muse* [p. 221] of the ancient poets,
lying awake all night with an anxious mind:
that's pleasing to me, since you call me your friend,
and search here for the gifts of the Muses and Venus.
But in case my troubles aren't known to you, *Manlius* [p. 236],
or you think I dislike the duties of a friend,
let me tell of waves of misfortune that I myself plunge in,
lest you seek rich gifts any more from a wretched man.
At that time when the first white toga was handed me,
when my youth passed in flower through happy spring,
I played more than enough: the goddess was not unknown to me,
the work that mixed bitter with sweet.
But all my studies were lost in the grief at my brother's death.
O wretched, to take my brother from me:
you brother, you, in dying, wrecked my good fortune,
with you our whole house is buried together,
with you all our joys perish in one,
that your love nourished in sweet life.

So that ruined in thought I forsake those studies
and all the delights of the mind.

Therefore, when you say that it's shameful for *Catullus* [p. 205]

to be in Verona, that here someone well-known
only warms cold limbs in an empty bed,

it's not shameful, Manlius, my sadness is great.

So pardon me if I don't bestow those gifts on you
that grief takes from me, while I cannot.

Since there's no great store of books here with me,
it needs me to be living in Rome: there's my house,
there's my place, there my time is spent:

only one of my many book-boxes follows me here.

since it's so, don't think I do anything with ill intent,
or that I'm lacking at all in noble feeling:

it's on you and no other I seek to lavish riches:

besides I'd offer whatever riches I had.

68B. COMMEMORATION: TO ALLIUS



can't conceal, goddesses, the things of mine

Allius [p. 197] helped with, or how many services he's performed,

lest fleeting time in forgetful ages

hides this kindness of his in blind night:

but I tell it to you: speak to many future thousands

and let this paper speak in its old age,

.....

.....

and let the dead become more and more famous,

don't let the spider spinning its fine web on high

perform its task on *Allius's* neglected name.

For you know how fickle *Venus* [p. 197] would have troubled me,

and in what way she might have scorched me,

when I might have burned like the *Sicilian* [p. 236] rocks,

or the waters of Malis at *Oetaean Thermopylae* [p. 235],

my grieving eyes not have ceased to melt with endless tears,

my cheeks to have been drenched with a saddened rain.

Then like a mountain stream shining on airy heights,

springing from mossy rock, that, having fallen

headlong from sloping valleys, passes

through the midst of densely populated regions,

sweet comfort to travellers' weary labour,

when fierce heat splits the dried-up fields:
 like to a favourable wind that comes breathing lightly
 to the sailor tossed in the black tempest,
 now praying to *Pollux* [p. 227], now imploring *Castor* [p. 205],
 such was Allius's help to me.

He opened the closed field with a wide path,
 and granted my self and my girl a house,
 where we carried on our mutual affair,
 to which my bright goddess repaired
 with gentle steps, set her graceful sandals
 on the worn threshold, rested her shining feet,
 as once with blazing passion *Laodamia* [p. 217] came
 to the house, begun in vain, of *Protesilaus* [p. 229]
 her husband, the sacrifice not yet appeasing
 the gods' love of sacred blood.

Let nothing please me much, Fate, *Ramnusian* [p. 230] Virgin,
 that you by chance may receive unwillingly.

Laodamia learnt from the loss of her husband
 how the hungry altar desires holy blood:
 she was forced to loose her new spouse's neck,
 before one winter, and another returning,
 had sated eager love with their long nights,
 so she might learn to live without a lost husband,
 whom the *Fates* [p. 223] knew would not live long
 if he went as a soldier to the walls of *Troy* [p. 236].

For now *Helen's* [p. 213] abduction had forced
 the *Greek* [p. 199] nobles to rouse their men for Troy,
 Troy (the evil!) a common grave for Asia and Europe,

Troy the bitter ruin of men and of all virtue,
have you not even brought my brother's death.
Oh alas for the brother taken from me,
oh alas the shining light of a brother lost,
with you our whole house is buried together,
with you all our joys perish in one,
that your love nourished in sweet life.
You who, far away, are not interred among famous tombs,
nor near the ashes of the known,
but vile Troy, unhappy Troy, holds your grave,
in the furthest soil of an alien land.
To which they say the men of Greece hurried
from every side, deserting their household shrines,
lest *Paris* [p. 223], delighted, carried off at leisure,
to a peaceful bed, the adulteress he'd abducted.
Through your misfortune, then, loveliest Laodamia
your husband was taken from you, dearer to you
than life and spirit: love's passion, swallowing you
in a whirlpool, carried you into the steep abyss,
as they say the soil of Greek *Pheneus* [p. 238] near *Cyllene* [p. 209]
dried up, when the thick swamp was drained,
that *Hercules* [p. 214], the divinely-fathered, once dared to lance,
in the hacked out marrow of the mountains,
when his sure arrows struck the *Stymphalian* [p. 233] birds,
at a worse master's command, so that the threshold
of the heavens might be frequented by more gods,
and *Hebe* [p. 213] might not long remain a virgin.
But your deep love, that taught an untamed girl

to bear the yoke, was deeper still than that abyss.
 Since the grandchild nursed by an only daughter,
 is not as dear to her father, child of his old age,
 that, when the child's name is barely entered
 in the grandfather's will, disposing of his riches,
 removing the scornful family's impious joy,
 scatters the vultures from his white head:
 no spouse was ever as pleasing to a white dove,
 that they say often sinfully gives far more kisses
 nipping with its beak, than any woman
 who beyond measure longs for as much.
 But you alone outdo their great passion,
 you who are won for ever by a golden-haired man.
 You to whom the light of my life conceded little
 or nothing in worth, when she gave herself
 into my lap, who often shone, with *Cupid* ^[p. 208]
 running about her, bright in his saffron tunic.
 Even if she's still not content with Catullus alone,
 I'll suffer the infrequent affairs of a shy mistress,
 lest I'm too annoying in the manner of fools.
 Often even *Juno* ^[p. 216], greatest of goddesses,
 swallows her burning anger with her spouse's sins,
 knowing the many affairs of all-willing *Jupiter* ^[p. 216].
 And men are not to be compared with the gods,

.....

.....

bear the thankless burden of a worried father.
Yet, led by no father's hand, she comes to me,
to the house, fragrant with Assyrian perfumes,
brings me the marvellous gift in the secret night,
she herself, stolen away from her husband's breast.
And that is enough, if that alone's granted to me,
that she marks out that day with a brighter light.
This then Allius, for you, what I can, a gift
made of song, in return for your friendship,
lest this day and that, and others on others
touch your name with corrosions of rust.
And let the gods add more to this, those gifts
Themis [p. 234] once used to bring to the pious of old.
May you be happy, both you and your life,
both your house in which we joyed, and the lady,
and he who first gave you to me,
from which source all our good was born, and she,
before everything, dearer to me than him, light of my life,
through whose being alive, living is sweet to me.



'Paris Being Admitted to the Bedchamber of Helen'
Jacob de Backer (Dutch, 1555 - 1585)
The Getty | Open Content Program

69. ODOROUS: TO RUFUS



'm not surprised as to why no girl desires
to place her gentle thighs beneath you, *Rufus* [p. 231],
not if you were to weaken her with gifts
of rarest dresses, the delights of clearest gems.
A certain evil story wounds you: that they tell
about you: that you've a wild goat under the armpits.
Everyone hates that, no wonder: since it's a truly
evil-smelling beast, not one that girls bed with.
So either kill the cruel plague to their noses,
or cease to wonder why they run away.

70. WOMAN'S FAITHFULNESS



y girl says she'd rather marry no one but me,
not if *Jupiter*^[p. 216] himself were to ask her.
She says: but what a girl says to her eager lover,
should be written on the wind and in running water.

71. REVENGE



f a goat's smell under the arms rightly prevents anyone,
or if a slow gout deservedly cripples them,
your rival, who keeps your lover busy,
is discovered by you to be wonderfully sick with both.
Now whenever he fucks her, you're revenged on the pair:
she's troubled by the smell, he's ruined by the gout.

72. FAMILIARITY: TO LESBIA



nce you said you preferred Catullus alone,
Lesbia [p. 218]: would not have *Jupiter* [p. 216] before me.
I prized you then not like an ordinary lover,
but as a father prizes his children, his family.
Now I know you: so, though I burn more fiercely,
yet you're worth much less to me, and slighter.
How is that, you ask? The pain of such love
makes a lover love more, but like less.



'Hebe with Jupiter in the Guise of an Eagle'
Gustav-Adolphe Diez (Belgian, 1820 - 1826)
The Rijksmuseum

73. FAILED FRIEND



top wanting to be kind to all and sundry,
or believing someone can become good.
All are ungrateful: being generous achieves nothing,
rather it wearies even, and greatly harms:
so with me, whom no one oppresses as heavily, bitterly,
as he who once held me to be his one and only friend.

74. SECURITY: TO GELLIUS



ellius [p. 212] had heard his uncle used to rebuke,
anyone who performed or spoke about love's delights.

To avoid this misfortune himself, he seduced
his uncle's wife, and made his uncle a silent *Harpocrates* [p. 213].
What he wanted, he did: for, now though he buggered
his uncle himself, his uncle would not say a word.



'Harpocrates'
Jan Harmensz Muller (Beligan, 1571 - 1628)
The Rijksmuseum

75. CHAINED: TO LESBIA



y mind's reduced to this, by your faults, *Lesbia* ^[p. 218],
and has ruined itself so in your service,
that now it couldn't wish you well,
were you to become what's best,
or stop loving you if you do what's worst.

76. PAST KINDNESS: TO THE GODS



If recalling past good deeds is pleasant to a man,
 when he thinks himself to have been virtuous,
 not violating sacred ties, nor using the names of gods
 in any contract in order to deceive men,
 then there are many pleasures left to you, Catullus,
 in the rest of life, due to this thankless passion.
 Since whatever good a man can do or say
 to anyone, has been said and done by you.
 All, that entrusted to a thankless heart is lost.
 Why torment yourself then any longer?
 Why not harden your mind, and shrink from it,
 and cease to be unhappy, since the gods are hostile?
 It's difficult to suddenly let go of a former love,
 it's difficult, but it would gratify you to do it:
 That's your one salvation. That's for you to prove,
 for you to try, whether you can or not.
 O gods, if mercy is yours, or if you ever brought help
 to a man at the very moment of his death,
 gaze at my pain and, if I've lived purely,
 lift this plague, this destruction from me,
 so that the torpor that creeps into my body's depths
 drives out every joy from my heart.
 I no longer ask that *she* [p. 218] loves me to my face,
 or, the impossible, that she be chaste:
 I choose health, and to rid myself of this foul illness.
 O gods, grant me this for all my kindness.

77. TRAITOR: TO RUFUS



rufus [p. 231], trusted by me as a friend, uselessly and pointlessly,
(Uselessly? Rather, at a great and evil price),
have you crept into my life like this, and ruptured
my entrails, ah alas, have you robbed me of all my good?
You've robbed me, oh cruel poison of my life,
oh ruin of my friendship.

78. THE PANDAR: TO GALLUS



allus has brothers, of whom one has the loveliest wife
the other the loveliest son.

Gallus is a cute man: since he joins them as lovers,
so that beautiful boy beds with beautiful girl.

Gallus is a stupid man, not seeing himself as a husband,
who instructs a nephew in an uncle's wife's adultery.

78B. IMMORTALITY



ut now I grieve that your foul saliva
has polluted the pure lips of a pure girl.
Still you'll not do it with impunity: now all the years
will know you, and ancient tradition tell what you are.

79. NOT SO FAIR: TO LESBIUS



esbius [p. 218] is pretty. Why not? Since *Lesbia* [p. 218] likes him more than you and all your people, Catullus.
But still let this pretty boy sell Catullus and all his people if he should find three to acknowledge his birth.

80. GIVE-AWAY: TO GELLIUS



hat can I say, *Gellius* [p. 212], as to why those red lips
become whiter than winter snow,
when you leave your house in the morning or when
the eighth hour wakes you placid and weak in the long day?
It's something, for sure: perhaps rumour's whisper is true
that you swallow the tall jet from a man's groin?
this is for sure: *Victor's* [p. 238] strained thighs proclaim it,
and your lips marked with dried semen.

81. STRANGE TASTE: TO IUVENTIUS



an there be no one in all these people, *Iuventius* [p. 215],
no nice man you might begin to like,
besides that guest of yours, yellower than a gilded statue,
from the environs of deadly *Pesaro* [p. 226],
who pleases you now, whom you dare to prefer
to me, and do who knows what with?

82. EYE-DEBT: TO QUINTIUS



uintius [p. 230], if you want Catullus to owe you his eyes
or something that might be more dear than his eyes,
don't steal from him what's much dearer to him
than his eyes, or something dearer than eyes.

83. THE HUSBAND: TO LESBIA



esbia [p. 218] says bad things about me to her husband's face:
it's the greatest delight to that fool.

Mule, don't you see? If she forgot and was silent about me,
that would be right: now since she moans and abuses,
she not only remembers, but something more serious,
she's angry. That is, she's inflamed, so she speaks.

84. ASPIRATIONS: TO ARRIUS



rrius [p. 199] said *c*onvenient when he meant to say

convenient, and ambush was *h*ambush,

and trusted he'd spoken amazingly well,

when he'd said *h*ambush as much as he could.

So, I guess, his mother and uncle spoke, freely,

so his maternal grandfather, grandmother.

When he was posted to Syria our ears had a rest,

they heard the same things said softly and easily,

nor feared to hear such words in future,

when suddenly terrible news is brought,

the Ionian Sea, since Arrius got there,

is not Ionian now, but *H*ionian.

85. LOVE-HATE



hate and love. And why, perhaps you'll ask.
I don't know: but I feel, and I'm tormented.

86. TRUE BEAUTY: TO LESBIA



uintia's [p. 229] lovely to many. To me she's white, long,
and straight: I acknowledge that's so.

But I don't agree that's beauty: there's no charm,
there's not a speck of good taste in all of that long body.

Lesbia's [p. 218] lovely, possessed of all that's most beautiful,
besides she alone's stolen all charm from all other women.

87. INCOMPARABLE: TO LESBIA



o woman can say she's been loved so much,
as my *Lesbia* ^[p. 218] in truth's been loved by me.
No faith in any tie was ever so great,
as has been found, on my part, in love of you.

88. INCEST IN THE FAMILY: TO GELLIUS



hat's he doing, *Gellius* [p. 212], the man who wantons
with mother and sister, up all night, with no clothes on?
What's he doing, who won't let his uncle play husband?

Do you know how much sin any man might incur?

O Gellius, he incurs so much not furthest *Tethys* [p. 234]
can wash it away, nor *Ocean* [p. 222] begetter of Nymphs:
since there's no sin at all that exists beyond that one,
not if he bent his head, and swallowed himself.



'Oceanus'
Hendrick Goltzius (Dutch, 1588 - 1590)
The Rijksmuseum

89. THINNESS: TO GELLIUS



ellius [p. 212] is thin: why wouldn't he be? Whose mother enjoys life,
so kind and so healthy, and a sister so charming,
and so kind an uncle, and everywhere filled so with
girls who're related, why should he leave off being lean?
Though he touched nothing, but what it's illegal to touch,
you'd find any number of reasons why he'd be lean.

90. TOO MUCH! : TO GELLIUS



et a *Magus* ^[p. 219] be born from the sinful union
of *Gellius* ^[p. 212] and his mother, and learn Persian soothsaying:
since a Magus ought to be born from a mother and son,
if the impious religion of the Persians is true,
so with acceptable chants he'll pleasingly worship the gods
melting the entrails in the greasy flame.



'Daniel and Cyrus Before the Idol Bel'
Rembrandt Harmensz. van Rijn (Dutch, 1606 - 1669)
The Getty | Open Content Program

91. MY MISTAKE: TO GELLIUS



t's not because I knew you well or thought you faithful,
Gellius ^[p. 212], or thought you could keep your mind from vile sin,
that I expected you to be true to me
in this hopeless ruinous love of mine:
but because I was aware that she, for whom a vast desire
consumes me, was no mother or sister of yours.
And though *I* was closely linked to you by friendship,
I didn't think that was enough excuse for you.
You considered it enough: there's so much pleasure
in every game to you, in which there's any sin.

92. SIGN OF LOVE: TO LESBIA



esbia ^[p. 218] always speaks ill of me, never shuts up
about me: damn me if she doesn't love me.
What's the sign? Because it's the same with me: I'm
continually complaining, but damn me if I don't love her.

93. INDIFFERENCE: TO GAIUS JULIUS CAESAR



've no great inclination to want to please you, *Caesar*^[p. 203],
or to know which of the two you are, black or white.

94. NATURALLY: TO MENTULA



entula [p. 220] the Cock fornicates. Does a Cock fuck? For sure.

That's what they say: the pot picks its own herbs.

95. SMYRNA: TO GAIUS HELVIUS CINNA



y *Cinna's* [p. 206] *Smyrna* is published at last, nine
summers and winters after it was begun,
while from *Hatria* [p. 213] there's half a million verses a year

.....
.....

Smyrna, reaching the deep streams of Cyprian *Satrachus* [p. 231],
white-haired centuries will long read *Smyrna*.

But *Volusian* [p. 238] annals will be stillborn in Padua,
and often provide a limp wrapper for mackerel.

Let my friend's little monument be dear to me,
and the masses delight in swollen *Antimachus* [p. 198].

96. BEYOND THE GRAVE: TO GAIUS LICINIUS CALVUS



f anything from our grief, can reach beyond
the mute grave, *Calvus* [p. 204], and be pleasing and welcome,
grief with which, in longing, we revive our lost loves,
and weep for vanished friendships once known,
surely *Quintilia's* [p. 230] not so much sad for her early death,
as joyful for your love.

97. DISGUSTING: TO AEMILIUS



did not (may the gods love me) think it mattered,
whether I might be smelling *Aemilius*'s [p. 197] mouth or arse.

The one's no cleaner, the other's no dirtier,
in fact his arse is both cleaner and nicer:
since it's no teeth. Indeed, the other has
foot long teeth, gums like an old box-cart,
and jaws that usually gape like the open
cunt of a pissing mule on heat.
He fucks lots of women, and makes himself out
to be charming, and isn't set to the mill with the ass?
Shouldn't we think, of any girl touching him,
she's capable of licking a foul hangman's arse?

98. WELL ARMED: TO VICTIUS



bout you, if anyone, Stinking *Victius* [p. 238], can be said
what they say of the verbose and fatuous.
With that tongue, if the need arose,
you could lick arses, and leather-soled sandals.
If you want to destroy us completely, Victius,
gape at us: what you desire you'll wholly achieve.

99. STOLEN KISSES: TO IUVENTIUS



stole a sweet kiss while you played, sweet *Iuventius* [p. 215],
one sweeter than sweetest ambrosia.

Not taken indeed with impunity: for more than an hour
I remember, I hung at the top of the gallows,
while I was justifying myself to you, yet with my tears
I couldn't lessen your anger a tiny morsel.
No sooner was it done, than, your lips rinsed
with plenty of water, you banished it with your fingers,
so nothing contracted from my lips might remain,
as though it were the foul spit of a tainted whore.
More, you handed me unhappily to vicious love
who's not failed to torment me in every way,
so that sweet kiss, altered for me from ambrosia,
was more bitter than bitter hellebore then.
Since you lay down such punishments for unhappy love,
now, after this, I'll never steal kisses again.

100. A CHOICE: TO MARCUS CAELIUS



aelius [p. 203] with *Aufilenus* [p. 201], and *Quintius* [p. 230] with Aufilena,

both madly in love with the brother, the sister,

the flower of Veronese youth. That as they say's

truly sweet, that fellowship of brothers.

Who shall I favour more? You, Caelius, since

your friendship, alone, saw me through my passion,

when the furious flames scorched me to the core.

Be happy, Caelius, be successful in love.

101. AVE ATQUE VALE: AN OFFERING TO THE DEAD



arried over many seas, and through many nations,
brother, I come to these sad funeral rites,
to grant you the last gifts to the dead,
and speak in vain to your mute ashes.
Seeing that fate has stolen from me your very self.
Ah alas, my brother, taken shamefully from me,
yet, by the ancient custom of our parents,
receive these sad gifts, offerings to the dead,
soaked deeply with a brother's tears,
and for eternity, brother: 'Hail and Farewell!'

102. SECRECY: TO CORNELIUS



f anything was ever entrusted by a friend to a silent
sure one, whose loyalty of spirit is deeply known,
you'll find I'm equally bound by that sacred rite,
Cornelius [p. 207], and turned into a pure *Harpocrates* [p. 213].

103. CHOOSE: TO SILO



ilo [p. 232], please return the ten sestertii,
and then be as wild and unruly as you like:
or, if you like the money, please leave off
being a pander, and wild and unruly too.

104. MONSTROUS



o you think I could speak ill of my own life,
she who's dearer to me than my two eyes?
I couldn't, nor, if I could, would I love so desperately:
but you, with *Tappo* [p. 234], you do everything monstrous.

105. NO POET: TO MENTULA



entula [p. 220] the Cock tries to climb the *Parnassian* [p. 224] Mount:
the *Muses* [p. 221] with pitchforks toss him out, head first.

106. IT'S OBVIOUS



hen you see one who's an auctioneer with a pretty boy,
what to think, but that he wants to advertise himself?

107. BACK AGAIN: TO LESBIA



f anything happens to one who desires it, and wishes
and never expects it, it's a special delight to the mind.
Likewise, this is delight, dearer than gold, to me,
that you come back to me, *Lesbia* [p. 218], in my longing.
come back, desired and un-hoped for, give yourself
back to me. O day marked out with greater brightness!
Who exists more happily than me, or can say
that he wishes for any life greater than this?

108. DEAR COMINIUS



f your white-haired old age, soiled by your impure ways,
is ended by will of the people, *Cominius* [p. 207],
I've no doubt, for my part, your tongue, first, the enemy
of good, will be cut out, and given to eager vultures,
your eyes gouged out, swallowed by black-throated ravens,
your intestines by dogs, the rest of your body by wolves.

109. A PRAYER: TO *LESBIA*^[p. 218]



ou declare that this love of ours will be happy,
mea vita, and eternal between us.
Great gods, let it be that she promises truthfully,
and says it sincerely, and from her heart,
so we may extend, through the whole of our life,
this endless bond of sacred friendship.

110. NO CHEATING: TO AUFILENA



ufilena [p. 201], just mistresses are always praised:
they accept their reward, for what they agree to.
You, who promised, dishonestly hostile, to me,

who don't give but just take, you do wrong.

To carry it through would be fine, Aufilena,

not to promise is chaste: but to snatch at what's given
in fraudulent service, is worse than the greediest whore
who offers herself with her whole body.

III. PREFERABLE: TO AUFILENA



o live content with one man, *Aufilena* ^[p. 201],
is the glory of highest glories for a bride:
but its better to sleep with whoever she likes,
than be mother of her cousins by her uncle.

112. TO NASO



ou're a lot of man, *Naso* [p. 221], but lots of men
wouldn't stoop to you: *Naso*, a lot of man and a pathic.

113. FRUITFUL: TO GAIUS HELVIUS CINNA



n *Pompey's* [p. 228] first Consulate two men frequented *Maecilia* [p. 218],

Cinna [p. 206]: now he is Consul again

those two remain, but each one's increased by a thousand.

The fruitful seed of adultery.

114. MIRAGE: TO MENTULA



hey say, no lie, that *Mentula* [p. 220] the Cock is rich
with the pastures of *Firmum* [p. 211], full of good things,
fowling of every kind, fish, meadows, fields and game.

In vain: his income's surpassed by his costs.

So, I concede he's rich, while everything's lacking.

lets praise the pastures, so long as he's in want.

115. MENACE: TO MENTULA



mentula's [p. 220] good for thirty acres of meadows,
forty of fields: the rest of it's marsh.
Why shouldn't he exceed *Croesus's* [p. 208] in riches,
one who possesses so many assets, in land,
meadows, fields, vast woods and pastures and pools
as far as the *Hyperboreans* [p. 214], and *Ocean's* [p. 222] seas?
All this is great, but he's the greatest of all,
not a man, but, in truth, a great projecting Cock.

116. THE LAST WORD: TO GELLIUS



I've often been searching around, my busy mind hunting,
as to how I could send you *Callimachus's* [p. 203] poems,
so they'd soften you towards me, so you'd not try
to land your hostile shafts on my head,
now I see I've troubled myself in vain,
Gellius [p. 212], my good intentions were worthless.
I'll evade the shafts of yours you fire at me,
but you'll be punished, fixed for ever by mine.

Note: Fragments I-III are not translated and regarded as spurious.

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Achaia

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Another name for Hellas, a synonym for Greece. hence the Achaians.

Achilles

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The Greek hero of the Trojan War. The son of *Peleus* [p. 224], king of Thessaly, and the sea-goddess *Thetis* [p. 235], (See Homer's Iliad).

Adonis

Poem 29 [p. 46]. The son of Myrrha, by her father Cinyras, born after her transformation into a myrrh-tree. (As such he was a vegetation god born from the heart of the wood.) See Ovid's Metamorphoses Book X:503-559. *Venus* [p. 237] fell in love with his beauty. She warned him to avoid savage creatures but he ignored her warning and was killed by a wild boar that gashed his thigh. His blood became the windflower, the *anemone*.

Aeetes

Poem 64 [p. 106]. King of *Colchis* [p. 207], son of Sol and the Oceanid Perse, brother of Circe, and father of Medea.

The Argonauts reached his court, and requested the return of the Golden Fleece. This fleece was that of the divine ram on which Phrixus had fled from Orchemonos, to avoid being sacrificed. Iolcus could never prosper until it was brought back to Thessaly. King Aeetes was reluctant and set Jason demanding tasks as a pre-condition for its return.

Aegeus

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The father of *Theseus* [p. 235]. King of Athens. The Aegean Sea was named after him.

Aemilius

Poem 97 [p. 171]. Unknown.

Aganippe

Poem 61 [p. 87]. One of the two springs, Hippocrene being the other, on Mount *Helicon* [p. 214], sacred to the Muses.

Alfenus

See *Varus* [p. 236].

Allius

Poem 68b [p. 132]. An unknown friend.

Amastris

Poem 4 [p. 17]. A port near *Cytorus* [p. 209] in Paphlagonia.

Amathusia

Poem 36 [p. 56]. A province of, and alternative name for Cyprus.

Ameana

Poem 41 [p. 62]. A girlfriend of *Mamurra's* [p. 219] (Formianus).

Ammon

Poem 7 [p. 22]. Siwa the oasis in Libya where the Egyptian god Ammon was worshipped as *Jupiter* [p. 216]-Ammon.

Ancon

Poem 36 [p. 56]. Ancona, a town on the Adriatic coast, originally a Greek colony, associated with *Venus* [p. 237].

Androgeos

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The son of *Minos* [p. 220] and *Pasiphae* [p. 224], murdered by *Aegeus* [p. 196] in Greece due to his success at the Panathenaic Games.

Antimachus

Poem 95 [p. 169]. The sixth century BC Greek poet author of an epic poem on the Trojan War. In his own day rated second only to Homer.

Antius

Poem 44 [p. 65]. An unknown litigant.

Aonia

Poem 61 [p. 87]. A name for Boeotia. Mount *Helicon* [p. 214] is there.

Apollo

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Son of *Jupiter* [p. 216] and *Latona* [p. 217] (Leto), brother of Diana (*Artemis* [p. 199]), born on Delos. Also appears as the sun-god Phoebus. God of the arts, dance, song, poetry etc. The lyre an attribute. (See the Apollo Belvedere, sculpted by Leochares? Vatican: the Piombino Apollo, Paris Louvre: the Tiber Apollo, Rome, National Museum of the Terme: the fountain sculpture by Tuby at Versailles – The Chariot of Apollo: and the sculpture by Girardon and Regnaudin at Versailles – Apollo Tended by the Nymphs – derived from the Apollo Belvedere, and once part of the now demolished Grotto of Thetis.)

Aquarius

Poem 66 [p. 123]. The zodiacal constellation. On the opposite side of the sky from *Orion* [p. 223]. It represents Ganymede carried off by *Jupiter* [p. 216] to become the wine pourer to the gods.

Aquinus

Poem 14 [p. 30]. A traditional poet. Possibly mentioned by *Cicero* [p. 206] in his *Tusculan Disputations*.

Argives

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The crew of the *Argo*, and the inhabitants of the city of Argos, in the Peloponnese. *Poem 68* [p. 130]. Hence the Greeks who sailed for Troy.

Ariadne

Poem 64 [p. 106]. A daughter of *Minos* [p. 220]. Half-sister of the Minotaur, and sister of Phaedra, who helped *Theseus* [p. 235] on Crete.

She fled to *Dia* [p. 221] with Theseus and was abandoned there, but was rescued by Bacchus, and her crown is set among the stars as the *Corona Borealis*. (See Titian's painting – Bacchus and Ariadne – National Gallery, London: and Annibale Carracci's fresco – The triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne – Farnese Palace, Rome)). The Northern Crown, the *Corona Borealis*, is a constellation between Hercules and Serpens Caput, consisting of an arc of seven stars, its central jewel being the blue-white star Gemma.

Poem 66 [p. 123]. Her constellation. The *Corona Borealis*.

Arrius

Poem 84 [p. 156]. Traditionally Quintus Arrius, praetor, and self-made man, who supported Marcus Crassus and may have accompanied him to Parthia.

Arsínoe

Poem 66 [p. 123]. Also called Zephyritis. See *Berenice* [p. 202] for the full background.

Artemis

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Daughter of *Jupiter* [p. 216] and *Latona* [p. 217] (hence her epithet Latonia) and twin sister of *Apollo* [p. 198]. She was born on the island of Ortygia which is *Delos* [p. 209] (hence her epithet Ortygia). Goddess of the moon and the hunt. She carries a bow, quiver and arrows. She and her followers are virgins. She is worshipped as the triple goddess, as Hecate in the underworld, Luna the moon, in the heavens, and Diana the huntress on earth. (Skelton's 'Diana in the leaves green, Luna who so bright doth sheen, Persephone in hell') Callisto is one of her followers (See Luca Penni's –

Diana Huntress – Louvre, Paris, and Jean Goujon's sculpture (attributed) –
Diana of Anet – Louvre, Paris.)

Asinius

Poem 12 [p. 28]. Asinius Marrucinus the brother of Gaius Asinius *Pollio* [p. 227].

Atalanta

Poem 2b [p. 14]. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses* Book X. Atalanta, the daughter of King Schoeneus of Boeotia, was famous for her swift running. Warned against marriage, by the oracle, her suitors were forced to race against her on penalty of death for losing. She fell in love with Hippomenes. He raced with her, and by use of the golden apples, won the race and her. She, and Hippomenes, desecrated *Cybele's* [p. 208] sacred cave and were turned into lions.

(See Guido Reni's painting – Atalanta and Hippomenes – Naples, Galleria Nazionale di Capodimonte)

Athene

The Roman Minerva. The goddess Palla Athene, patron goddess of Athens. She is a representation of the Phoenician triple Goddess Astarte of Asia Minor. She was born beside lake Tritonis in Lybia and nurtured by the nymphs. She killed her playmate Pallas ('youth') when young and her name is a memorial to him. She carries the aegis, a magical goatskin bag containing a snake and covered by a Gorgon mask. She is the goddess of the Mind and of women's arts. The daughter of *Jupiter* [p. 216].

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Athene fitted an oracular beam into the prow of the Argo, the Argonauts's ship, cut from her father Zeus's (Jupiter's) oracular oak grove at Dodona.

Athos

Poem 66 [p. 123]. The Mountain at the end of the Acte peninsula in Macedonia, facing the Aegean Sea.

Attis

Poem 63 [p. 101]. A *Phrygian* [p. 227] shepherd, loved by *Cybele* [p. 208]. An incarnation of the vegetation god, the consort of the Great Goddess.

Aufilenus /Aufilena

Poem 100 [p. 174]. An unknown brother and sister.

Poem 110 [p. 184]. *Poem 111* [p. 185]. Perhaps the same sister.

Aurelius

Poem 11 [p. 27]. An unknown friend of Catullus.

Poem 15 [p. 31]. Given a warning.

Poem 16 [p. 32]. *Poem 21* [p. **Error! Bookmark not defined.**]. Rebuked.

Aurora

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Goddess of the Dawn.

Aurunculeia

Poem 61 [p. 87]. *Lavinia* [p. 238], wife of Manlius *Torquatus* [p. 236].

Bacchus

Poem 27 [p. 43]. (Thyoneus) The god Dionysus, the ‘twice-born’, the god of the vine. The son of *Jupiter* [p. 216] and Semele. His worship was celebrated with orgiastic rites borrowed from *Phrygia* [p. 227]. His female followers are the *Maenades* [p. 219] or Bacchantes. He carries the *thyrsus*, a wand tipped with a pine-cone, the Maenads and *Satyrs* [p. 232] following him carrying ivy-twined fir branches as *thyrsi*. (See Caravaggio’s painting –Bacchus – Uffizi, Florence)

Poem 63 [p. 101]. His ecstatic cult was similar to *Cybele* [p. 208]’s.

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Called Iachus. He is followed by *Satyrs* [p. 232] and *Silenes* [p. 232].

Balbus

Poem 67 [p. 128]. An unknown Veronese.

Battiades

Poem 7 [p. 22]. A patronymic for the poet *Callimachus* [p. 203], a descendant of King Battus of *Cyrene* [p. 209], a Spartan who built the Libyan city in 630 BC.

Berecynthia

Poem 63 [p. 101]. A mountain in *Phrygia* [p. 227] associated with the worship of *Cybele* [p. 208].

Berenice

Poem 66 [p. 123]. The wife of Ptolemy III (246-22 BC) of Egypt (The Ptolemaic dynasty was of Macedonian origin). Her mother Apáme was wife of Magas, King of Cyrene. On her husband's death she cancelled her daughter's engagement to Ptolemy III and arranged for her to marry her cousin Demetrius, who however devoted himself to Apáme rather than Berenice. Under Berenice's direction he was killed in Apáme's bedroom. Berenice then married Ptolemy III. Her mother-in-law *Arsínoe* [p. 199] wife of Ptolemy II (283-246 BC) was deified and worshipped as a manifestation of *Venus* [p. 237]-Aphrodite. When Berenice's husband left for war in Assyria, she placed a lock of her hair in her mother-in-law's shrine at Zephyrium, against his safe return. The lock vanished and *Conon* [p. 207] the Royal Astronomer claimed to have discovered it as the new constellation *Coma Berenices* (Berenice's Hair). *Callimachus* [p. 203] wrote a poem to celebrate the event, which Catullus translates. *Coma Berenices* touches Virgo, Leo, and Ursa Major and is near Bootes. Arsinoe is called Zephyritis from her shrine, which Catullus associates with Zephyr the west wind.

Bithynia

The Roman province on the shores of the Black Sea.

Poem 10 [p. 25]. Catullus had visited.

Poem 25 [p. 41]. Possessions he acquired there.

Poem 31 [p. 49]. He returns home to Sirmio from there.

Boötes / Bootēs

Poem 66 [p. 123]. The constellation of the Waggoner, or Herdsman, or Bear Herd. The nearby constellation of Ursa Major is the Waggon, or Plough, or Great Bear. He holds the leash of the constellation of the hunting dogs, Canes Venatici. He is sometimes identified with Arcas son of *Jupiter* [p. 216] and *Callisto* [p. 204]. Arcas may alternatively be the Little Bear. The constellation is near *Coma Berenices*.

Caecilius

An unidentified poet, and friend of Catullus.

Poem 35 [p. 54]. His poem.

Poem 67 [p. 128]. Possibly the same man.

Caelius

Poem 58 [p. 84], *Poem 100* [p. 174], Marcus Caelius *Rufus* [p. 231].

Caesar

Gaius Julius Caesar the dictator. Catullus ridicules his homosexuality and his patronage of *Mamurra* [p. 219].

Poem 11 [p. 27]. His campaigns in Gaul and Britain.

Poem 29 [p. 46], *Poem 57* [p. 83]. His patronage of Mamurra is ridiculed.

Poem 54 [p. 77]. His relationships ridiculed.

Poem 93 [p. 167]. Catullus's assumed indifference to him.

Caesius

Poem 14 [p. 30]. An unidentified traditional poet.

Callimachus

Poem 65 [p. 122], *Poem 116* [p. 190]. The Greek poet (died 250 BC), a native of *Cyrene* [p. 209] in North Africa, who lived at Alexandria and worked in the Library. *Poem 66* [p. 123] on *Berenice* [p. 202] is a translation from his work.

Callisto

Poem 66 [p. 123]. A nymph of Nonacris in Arcadia, a favourite of Phoebe-Diana [p. 210]. The daughter of Lycaon. Jupiter raped her.

Pregnant by Jupiter she was expelled from the band of Diana's virgin followers by Diana, as Cynthia in her Moon goddess mode. She gave birth to a son Arcas. She was turned into a bear by *Juno* [p. 216], and then a constellation in the sky, Ursa Major, the Great Bear, by *Jupiter* [p. 216]. Lycaon, her father, the son of Pelasgus was a king of primitive Arcadia who presided over barbarous cannibalistic practises. He was transformed into a wolf by Zeus, angered by human sacrifice. His sons offered Zeus, disguised as a traveller, a banquet containing human remains. They were also changed into wolves and Zeus then precipitated a great flood to cleanse the world. The constellation of Ursa Major represents Callisto turned into a bear by Jupiter, or the plough or waggon or cart of *Bootës* [p. 203]. The two stars of the 'bowl' furthest from the 'handle', Merak and Dubhe, point to Polaris the pole star. The 'handle' points to the star Arcturus in the constellation Bootës, who is the Waggoner or Herdsman or Bear Herd (Arcturus means the Bearkeeper) or Ploughman. The constellation borders on *Coma Berenices*.

Calvus

Gaius Licinius Calvus, orator, poet, friend of *Catullus* [p. 205] and colleague of *Cicero* [p. 206]. Ovid mentions him alongside Catullus and Tibullus.

Poem 14 [p. 30]. *Poem 50* [p. 72]. Addressed to him.

Poem 53 [p. 76]. His size mocked.

Poem 96 [p. 170]. The death of his beloved, *Quintilia* [p. 230].

Camerius

Poem 55 [p. 78]. An unknown acquaintance of Catullus.

Canoptic

Poem 66 [p. 123]. From the town in Egypt, twelve miles from Alexandria, a capital city of the Ptolemaic Dynasty.

Castor

The son of Tyndareus of Sparta and Leda, and twin brother of *Pollux* [p. 227]. Noted for his horses and horsemanship. In the *Homeric Hymn to the Dioscuri* (the Gemini, the Twins) the Twins descend through the air to help distressed sailors, and on Etruscan mirrors are shown as winged.

Poem 4 [p. 17]. The boat dedicates herself to these Gods of sailors.

Poem 37 [p. 58]. The Twins are mentioned. Their temple on the Clivus Victoriae.

Poem 68 [p. 130]. Prayed to by sailors.

Cato

Poem 56 [p. 81]. Publius Valerius Cato, a freedman of Verona, born c100 BC, poet and man of letters, perhaps the original source of the new movement in poetry.

Catullus

Caius Valerius Catullus (c84-c54BC), of Verona. One of the key figures of the 'modern' school of poetry in Rome, who applied Alexandrian criticism and technique to Latin poetry. He visited Asia Minor and lost a brother in the Troad. He was a member of *Clodia's* [p. 207] circle and one of her lovers.

Poem 68 [p. 130]. Mourning for his brother, in Verona.

Cecrops

The mythical founder of Athens. He was a son of mother Earth like Erechthonius (who some think was his father). He was part man and part serpent. His three daughters were Aglauros, Herse and Pandrosus who were goddesses of the Acropolis in Athens.

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Athenian.

Chalybes

Poem 66 [p. 123]. Inhabitants of a region of Asia Minor, near *Pontus*, [p. 228] famous for its iron mines.

Charybdis

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The whirlpool between Italy and Sicily in the Messenian straits. Charybdis was the voracious daughter of Mother Earth and *Neptune* [p. 222], hurled into the sea, and thrice, daily, drawing in and spewing out a huge volume of water.

Chiron

Poem 64 [p. 106]. One of the Centaurs, half-man and half-horse. He was the son of Philyra and Saturn. Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 198] took his newborn son Aesculapius to his cave for protection. He is represented in the sky by the constellation Centaurus, which contains the nearest star to the sun, Alpha Centauri. Begot by Saturn disguised as a horse. His home is on Mount *Pelion* [p. 225]. He was *Peleus's* [p. 224] grandfather and the future tutor of *Achilles* [p. 196].

Cicero

Poem 49 [p. 71]. Marcus Tullius Cicero, statesman, orator, author. Consul in the year of the Cataline conspiracy. Incurring the enmity of *Caesar's* [p. 203] faction he was driven into exile by Publius Clodius Pulcher. His speech *Pro Caelio*, defending Marcus Caelius Rufus is the only full-length portrait of *Clodia* [p. 207]/Lesbia. He was an intimate of many of Catullus's friends.

Cieros

Poem 64 [p. 106]. A town in Thessaly.

Cinna

Gaius Helvius Cinna, a Cisalpine and friend of Catullus, one of the new poets. Probably accompanied Catullus under *Memmius's* [p. 220] patronage to *Bithynia* [p. 202]. He was murdered in the confusion after Julius *Caesar's* [p. 203] assassination mistaken for Cinna the conspirator. See Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

Poem 10 [p. 25] He is mentioned.

Poem 95 [p. 169]. His poem *Smyrna*, possibly a miniature epic.

Poem 113 [p. 187]. Addressed.

Clodia

See *Lesbia* [p. 218]. Clodia Metelli the wife of Quintus Metellus Celer, her cousin. She had a reputation for affairs, and was rumoured to have poisoned her husband. See also *Cicero* [p. 206].

Cnidos

Poem 36 [p. 56]. A city in Caria in Asia Minor with three temples dedicated to *Venus* [p. 237].

Cnossos

Poem 64 [p. 106]. A city in *Minoan* [p. 220] Crete.

Colchis

Poem 64 [p. 106]. A region at the eastern end of the Black Sea, reached by the Argonauts in their quest for the Golden Fleece.

Cologna Veneta

Poem 17 [p. 33]. A small town near to Verona. There used to be a bridge there called *Il Ponte di Catullo*.

Cominius

Poem 108 [p. 182]. Unknown.

Conon

Poem 66 [p. 123]. The Royal Astronomer at the court of *Berenice* [p. 202].

Cornelius

Poem 1 [p. 11]. Cornelius Nepos the historian. See entry for *Nepos* [p. 221].

Poem 67 [p. 128], *Poem 102* [p. 176]. Possibly the same person.

Cornificius

Poem 38 [p. 59]. Quintus Cornificus the quaestor who espoused the Senatorial cause and was killed in battle in 41 BC. He was a new poet friend of *Cicero* [p. 206] and Catullus.

Crannon

Poem 64 [p. 106]. A town in central Thessaly.

Croesus

Poem 115 [p. 189]. The King of Lydia, legendary for his wealth.

Cupid

The god of love, son of *Venus* [p. 237] by *Mars* [p. 219]. (Aphrodite). He is portrayed as a blind winged child armed with a bow and arrows, and he carries a flaming torch.

Poem 36 [p. 56]. Invoked.

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The stirrer up of passion.

Poem 68 [p. 130]. Dressed in a saffron robe.

Cybele, Cybebe

Poem 35 [p. 54]. The *Phrygian* [p. 227] great goddess, personifying the earth in its savage state, worshipped in caves and on mountaintops. Merged with Rhea, the mother of the gods. Her consort was *Attis* [p. 201], slain by a wild boar like *Adonis* [p. 196]. His festival was celebrated by the followers of Cybele, the *Galli* [p. 212], or Corybantes, who were noted for convulsive dances to the music of flutes, drums and cymbals, and self-mutilation in an orgiastic fury.

Poem 63 [p. 101]. Attis becomes her follower.

Cyclades

Poem 4 [p. 17]. Greek islands in the Aegean Sea.

Cycnea

Poem 67 [p. 128]. An old fortress overlooking Brescia.

Cyllene

Poem 68 [p. 130]. A mountain in Arcadia and the town at its foot.

Cyrene

Poem 7 [p. 22]. The town and province of North Africa.

Cytorus

Poem 4 [p. 17]. A port in Paphlagonia on the borders of Bithynia beneath the mountain of the same name, famous for boxwood.

Dardania

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Another name for the Troad, from Dardanus an ancestor of the Trojan people. Hence Dardanians.

Delos

Poem 34 [p. 52]. The Greek island in the Aegean, one of the *Cyclades* [p. 208], birthplace of, and sacred to, *Apollo* [p. 198] (Phoebus) and *Diana* [p. 210] (Phoebe, Artemis), hence the adjective Delian. Its ancient name was Ortygia. A wandering island, that gave sanctuary to Latona (Leto). Having been hounded by jealous Juno (Hera), she gave birth there to the twins Apollo and Diana, between an olive tree and a date-palm on the north side of Mount Cynthus. Delos then became fixed in the sea. In a variant she gave birth to Artemis-Diana on the islet of Ortygia nearby. (Pausanias VIII xlvii, mentions the sacred palm-tree, noted there in Homer's *Odyssey* 6, 162, and the ancient olive.)

Delphos, Delphi

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The site of the oracle of *Apollo* [p. 198] in Phocis. The navel stone in the precinct at Delphi was taken as the central point of the known world.

Diana

Poem 34 [p. 52]. Daughter of *Jupiter* [p. 216] and *Latona* [p. 217] (hence her epithet *Latonia*) and twin sister of *Apollo* [p. 198]. She was born on the island of *Ortygia* which is *Delos* [p. 209] (hence her epithet *Ortygia*). Goddess of the moon and the hunt. She carries a bow, quiver and arrows. She and her followers are virgins. She is worshipped as the triple goddess, as *Hecate* [p. 213] in the underworld, *Luna* the moon, in the heavens, and *Diana* the huntress on earth. (Skelton's 'Diana in the leaves green, Luna who so bright doth sheen, Persephone in hell') *Callisto* is one of her followers. (See *Luca Penni's* – *Diana Huntress* – Louvre, Paris, and *Jean Goujon's* sculpture (attributed) – *Diana of Anet* – Louvre, Paris.)

Poem 66 [p. 123]. Called *Trivia*, the goddess of the three ways. 'Diana of the crossroads.' As the moon, she loved *Endymion*, a Carian shepherd, with whom she fell in love seeing him naked on the top of Mount *Latmos* [p. 217].

Dindymia, Dindymus

Poem 35 [p. 54]. *Poem 63* [p. 101]. A mountain in *Mysia* (*Phrygia*) in *Asia Minor*, sacred to *Ceres* and *Cybele* [p. 208].

Egnatius

Poem 37 [p. 58] An unidentified rival.

Poem 39 [p. 60] He is mocked.

Emathia

Poem 64 [p. 106]. An ancient name for *Thessaly*. The birthplace of *Achilles* [p. 196].

Epidamnus, Dyrrachium

Poem 36 [p. 56]. Modern *Durres*, on the *Adriatic*, where *Venus* [p. 237] was worshipped.

Eretheus

Poem 64 [p. 106]. King of *Athens*, son of *Pandion*, father of *Orithyia* and *Procris*. A benevolent ruler. The people of *Eretheus* are the *Athenians*.

Eumenides

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The ‘*Kindly Ones*’, The Furies, or Erinyes. The Three Sisters were Alecto, Tisiphone and Megaera, the daughters of Night and Uranus. They were the personified pangs of cruel conscience that pursued the guilty. (See Aeschylus – *The Eumenides*). Their abode was in Hades by the Styx.

Eurotas

Poem 64 [p. 106]. A river in Laconia not far from Sparta.

Fabullus

An unidentified friend of Catullus, who may have served in Spain and Macedonia.

Poem 12 [p. 28]. *Poem 47* [p. 69]. He is mentioned.

Poem 13 [p. 29]. He is invited to dinner.

Poem 28 [p. 45]. He is addressed.

Falernian

Poem 27 [p. 43]. Wine from Falernia, a district in Northern Campania famous for its high quality wine-making.

Fescennine

Poem 61 [p. 87]. A kind of tribal song perhaps from Fescennium in Etruria.

Firmum

Poem 114 [p. 188]. A town in Picena. *Mamurra* [p. 219] had an estate there.

Flavius

Poem 6 [p. 21]. An unidentified friend of Catullus.

Formianus

Poem 41 [p. 62], *Mamurra* [p. 219].

Furius

Probably Marcus Furius Bibaculus, a Cremonese and one of the new poets.

Poem 11 [p. 27], Addressed to him. *Poem 16* [p. 32], Rebuked.

Poem 23 [p. 37], His poverty! *Poem 26* [p. 42], His mortgage.

Gallae

Poem 63 [p. 101], The priests of *Cybele* [p. 208], so called from the River Gallus in *Phrygia* [p. 227], whose waters maddened those who drank them. They castrated themselves ritually.

Gellius

Poem 74 [p. 144], *Poem 80* [p. 152], *Poem 88* [p. 160], *Poem 90* [p. 163], *Poem 91* [p. 165], *Poem 116* [p. 190].

Lucius Gellius *Poplicola* [p. 228]. Consul in 36 BC. He fought for Antony at Actium.

Golgos

Poem 36 [p. 56], *Poem 64* [p. 106], Golgi, a town in Cyprus associated with the worship of *Venus* [p. 237].

Gortyn

Poem 64 [p. 106], A town in Crete, hence Cretan.

Hamadryads

Poem 61 [p. 87], The tree-nymphs.

Harpocrates

Poem 74 [p. 144]. *Poem 102* [p. 176]. Horus, the Egyptian god, represented as a child on Isis's lap with his finger on his lips. The god of silence.

Hatria

Poem 95 [p. 169]. A town in the Padua delta.

Hebe

Poem 68 [p. 130]. The daughter of *Juno* [p. 216], born without a father.

She became the wife of *Hercules* [p. 214] after his deification, and has the power to renew life.

Hecate

Poem 34 [p. 52]. Also called Trivia. The daughter of the Titans Perses and Asterie, *Latona's* [p. 217] sister. A Thracian goddess of witches, her name is a feminine form of *Apollo's* [p. 198] title '*the far-darter*'. She was a lunar goddess, with shining Titans for parents. In Hades she was Prytania of the dead, or the Invincible Queen. She gave riches, wisdom, and victory, and presided over flocks and navigation. She had three bodies and three heads, those of a lioness, a bitch, and a mare. Her ancient power was to give to or withhold from mortals any gift. She was sometimes merged with the lunar aspect of *Diana* [p. 210]-Artemis, and presided over purifications and expiations. She was the goddess of enchantments and magic charms, and sent demons to earth to torture mortals. At night she appeared with her retinue of infernal dogs, haunting crossroads (as Trivia), tombs and the scenes of crimes. At crossroads her columns or statues had three faces – the Triple Hecates – and offerings were made at the full moon to propitiate her.

Helen

Poem 68 [p. 130]. The daughter of Leda and *Jupiter* [p. 216] (Tyndareus was her putative father), sister of Clytemnaestra, and the Dioscuri. The wife of Menelaüs. She was taken, by *Paris* [p. 223], to *Troy* [p. 236], instigating the Trojan War.

Helicon

Poem 61 [p. 87]. The mountain in Boeotia near the Gulf of Corinth where the Muses lived. The sacred springs of Helicon were *Aganippe* [p. 197] and Hippocrene, both giving poetic inspiration. The Muses' other favourite haunt was Mount *Parnassus* [p. 224] in Phocis with its Castalian Spring. They also guarded the oracle at Delphi. The fountain of Hippocrene sprang from under the hoof of *Pegasus* [p. 224], the winged horse.

Hercules

The Hero, son of *Jupiter* [p. 216]. He was set in the sky as the constellation Hercules between Lyra and Corona Borealis. The son of Jupiter and Alcmena, the wife of Amphitryon. Called Alcides from Amphitryon's father Alceus. Called also Amphitryoniades. Called also Tyrinthius from Tiryns his home city in the Argolis. Jupiter predicted at his birth that a scion of *Perseus* [p. 226] would be born, greater than all other descendants. *Juno* [p. 216] delayed Hercules birth and hastened that of Eurystheus, grandson of Perseus, making Hercules subservient to him. Hercules was set twelve labours by Eurystheus at Juno's instigation.

Poem 38 [p. 59]. *Poem 55* [p. 78]. A reference to his labours.

Poem 68 [p. 130]. The sixth labour, the *Stymphalian* [p. 233] birds.

Hortalus

Poem 65 [p. 122]. Lucius Quintus Hortalus, praetor and consul, died 50 BC, a distinguished lawyer and friend of *Cicero* [p. 206]. One of the 'new poets'.

Hymen

Poem 61 [p. 87]. Hymenaeus, god of marriage, who lives on *Helicon* [p. 214] with the Muses.

Poem 62 [p. 97]. Again invoked as god of marriage.

Hyperboreans

Poem 115 [p. 189]. A race of people living beyond the North wind, often taken to mean the Thracians.

Hyrcania

Poem 11 [p. 27]. A wild country bordering the Caspian Sea.

Ida

The mountain in *Phrygia* [p. 227], in the Troad. Also the mountain in Crete.

Poem 61 [p. 87]. Scene of the Judgement of *Paris* [p. 223], in Phrygia, where he chose the most beautiful of the naked goddesses, awarding *Venus* [p. 237] the prize of the golden apple.

Poem 63 [p. 101]. Site of the worship of *Cybele* [p. 208] in *Phrygia* [p. 227].

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Mount Ida in Crete.

Idalia

Poem 36 [p. 56]. *Poem 64* [p. 106]. A district in Cyprus with a grove sacred to *Venus* [p. 237].

Ipsíthilla

Poem 32 [p. 50]. An unidentified girl.

Iton

Poem 64 [p. 106]. *Athene* [p. 200] was said by some source to be the daughter of Itonus, King of Iton in Phthiotis, near the Pagasaeon Gulf.

Itylus

Poem 65 [p. 122]. The murdered son of *Procne* [p. 229] q.v.

Iuventius

Poem 24 [p. 39]. *Poem 48* [p. 70]. *Poem 81* [p. 153]. *Poem 99* [p. 173].

An unidentified friend of Catullus.

Juno

The daughter of Rhea and Saturn, wife of her brother *Jupiter* [p. 216], and the queen of the gods. A representation of the pre-Hellenic Great Goddess. (See the Metope of Temple E at Selinus – The Marriage of Hera and Zeus – Palermo, National Museum.)

Poem 68 [p. 130]. Aware of Jupiter's many affairs with mortals.

Juno Lucina

Poem 34 [p. 52]. An aspect of *Diana* [p. 210], as goddess of childbirth.

Jupiter

The sky-god, son of Saturn and Rhea, born on Mount Lycaeus in Arcadia and nurtured on Mount Ida in Crete. The oak is his sacred tree. His emblems of power are the sceptre and lightning-bolt. His wife and sister is *Juno* [p. 216] (Iuno). (See the sculpted bust (copy) by Brasseides, the Jupiter of Otricoli, Vatican)

Poem 4 [p. 17]. He can determine the winds.

Poem 7 [p. 22]. His oracle of Jupiter-Ammon in Africa.

Poem 34 [p. 52]. Father of *Latona* [p. 217].

Poem 55 [p. 78]. His sacred shrine.

Poem 64 [p. 106]. He is all-powerful. *Peleus* [p. 224] is his descendant through Aeacus.

Poem 67 [p. 128]. His power.

Poem 68 [p. 130]. *Poem 70* [p. 139]. *Poem 72* [p. 141]. Notorious for his many affairs with mortal women.

Ladas

Poem 55 [p. 78]. Alexander the Great's courier who ran so swiftly he left no footprints.

Lanuvium

Poem 39 [p. 60]. A small town in Latium on the Appian Way south east of Rome.

Laodamia, Laodameia

Poem 68 [p. 130]. The daughter of Acastus and wife of *Protesilaus* [p. 229]. Distressed by the loss of her husband she had a life-sized statue made of him, which he slept with. In one version of the myth her father ordered it burnt and she threw herself into the flames, in a second variant she begged for Protesilaus to revisit her if only for a few hours. The statue was animated by his ghost, and he told her to follow him, which she did by stabbing herself.

Larissa

Poem 64 [p. 106]. A town in Thessaly on the River *Peneus* [p. 225].

Latmos

Poem 66 [p. 123]. The mountain in Caria where Endymion encountered the Moon.

Latona

Poem 34 [p. 52] Daughter of the Titan Coeus, and mother of *Apollo* [p. 198] and Artemis (*Diana* [p. 210]) by *Jupiter* [p. 216]. Pursued by a jealous Juno, she was given sanctuary by *Delos* [p. 209], a floating island. There between an olive tree and a date-palm she gave birth to Apollo and Diana-Artemis, by Mount Cynthus. Delos became fixed. A variant has Artemis born on the nearby islet of Ortygia.

Leo

Poem 66 [p. 123]. The constellation and zodiacal sign of the Lion. It contains the star Regulus ‘the heart of the lion’, one of the four guardians of the heavens in Babylonian astronomy, which lies nearly on the ecliptic. (The others are Aldebaran in Taurus, Antares in Scorpius, and Fomalhaut ‘the Fish’s Eye’ in Piscis Austrinus. All four are at roughly ninety degrees to one another). The constellation represents the lion killed by *Hercules* [p. 214] as the first of his twelve labours. It borders on *Coma Berenices*.

Lesbia

Poem 5 [p. 20]. *Clodia* [p. 207] Metelli. (Referred to in poems 2 [p. 13], 3 [p. 15], 5 [p. 20], 7 [p. 22], 8 [p. 23], 11 [p. 27], 36 [p. 56], 43 [p. 64], 51 [p. 74], 58 [p. 84], 70 [p. 139], 72 [p. 141], 75 [p. 146], 76 [p. 147], 79 [p. 151], 83 [p. 155], 86 [p. 158], 87 [p. 159], 92 [p. 166], 107 [p. 181], 109 [p. 183])

See the entry for *Clodia* [p. 207].

Lesbius

Poem 79 [p. 151]. Unknown presumably a relative of *Lesbia* [p. 218].

Lethe

Poem 65 [p. 122]. A river of the Underworld, whose waters bring forgetfulness. Its stream flows from the depths of the House of Sleep, and induces drowsiness with its murmuring. (Hence the stream of forgetfulness)

Libo

Poem 54 [p. 77]. An unidentified associate of *Caesar* [p. 203].

Maecilia

Poem 113 [p. 187]. A known adulteress.

Maenad

Poem 63 [p. 101]. The Bacchantes, the female followers of *Bacchus* [p. 201], given to ecstatic maddened howling, and wild chases through the woods. Also the female followers of *Cybele* [p. 208].

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The crazed followers of Bacchus. usually with dishevelled hair and clothing.

Magus

Poem 90 [p. 163]. The Magi were the priests of the Persians.

Mamurra

Caesar's [p. 203] chief engineer in Gaul, and one of his intimates. He came from Formia in Latium hence referred to as *Formianus* [p. 212].

Poem 29 [p. 46]. His profligate spending.

Poem 41 [p. 62]. His girlfriend.

Poem 57 [p. 83]. His relationship with Caesar.

Manlius

Lucius Manlius *Torquatus* [p. 236] q.v.

Marcus Tullius

See *Cicero* [p. 206].

Mars

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The god of war. Trapped with *Venus* [p. 237] under a net forged by her husband Vulcan.

Mella

Poem 67 [p. 128]. A river near Brescia.

Memmius

Gaius Memmius Gemellus, praetor in 58BC, and governor of Bithynia in 57BC. Catullus's patron. Catullus accompanied him to *Bithynia* [p. 202]. He was himself a poet of the new school.

Poem 10 [p. 25] Mentioned implicitly.

Poem 28 [p. 45]. Mentioned.

Memnon

Poem 66 [p. 123]. The King of Ethiopia, one of the sons of *Aurora* [p. 201] the Dawn, brother of *Zephyrus* [p. 238].

Menenius

Poem 59 [p. 85]. An unidentified person.

Mentula

Poem 94 [p. 168]. *Poem 105* [p. 179]. *Poem 114* [p. 188]. *Poem 115* [p. 189].

Unknown. Possibly *Mamurra* [p. 219].

Midas

Poem 24 [p. 39]. The king of Phrygia, son of Gordius and Cybele, called Berecynthius heros from Mount Berecynthus in Phrygia, sacred to Cybele. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses* Book XI:85-145. In reward for returning Silenus to him, Bacchus granted Midas a gift. He chose the golden touch, whereby all he handled turned to gold, and when it plagued him Bacchus took it away again. He was instructed to bathe in the waters of the Pactolus to cleanse himself.

Minos, Minoans, Minoan, Minotaur

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The legendary King of Crete, ruler of a hundred cities. Son of *Jupiter* [p. 216] and Europa. The Minoan Empire at one time ruled the Aegean. Hence the terms Minoan and Minoans for the culture and people of ancient Crete.

The Minotaur was the half-bull half-man born of the union of *Pasiphae* [p. 224], Minos's wife, with a bull. *Theseus* [p. 235] destroyed it at the heart of the Labyrinth (built by Daedalus), with help from *Ariadne* [p. 199].

Muses

Poem 65 [p. 122]. *Poem 105* [p. 179]. The nine Muses are the virgin daughters of *Jupiter* [p. 216] and Mnemosyne (Memory). They are the patronesses of the arts. Clio (History), Melpomene (Tragedy), Thalia (Comedy), Euterpe (Lyric Poetry), Terpsichore (Dance), Calliope (Epic Poetry), Erato (Love Poetry), Urania (Astronomy), and Polyhymnia (Sacred Song). Their epithets are Aonides, and Thespiades. Mount *Helicon* [p. 214] is one of their haunts and is hence called Virgineus.

Poem 1 [p. 11]. *Poem 68* [p. 130]. The Muse, as the force of poetic inspiration.

Naso

Poem 112 [p. 186]. Unknown.

Naxos

The largest island of the *Cyclades* [p. 208], and the home of *Bacchus* [p. 201].

The scene of *Ariadne's* [p. 199] abandonment by *Theseus* [p. 235], and her rescue by Bacchus.

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Also called Dia, its ancient name.

Nemesis

Poem 50 [p. 72]. Rhamnusia. The Goddess of retribution. She punishes mortal pride and arrogance (*hubris*) on behalf of the gods.

Nepos

Cornelius [p. 207] Nepos, the historian, a friend of *Cicero* [p. 206]. Possibly from Verona.

Poem 1 [p. 11]. Addressed to him.

Neptune

God of the sea, brother of *Jupiter* [p. 216]. The trident is his emblem. He and *Apollo* [p. 198] built the walls of *Troy* [p. 236] for Laomedon. He flooded the land when Laomedon refused to pay, and demanded the sacrifice of Hesione to a sea-monster. He was thought to be protecting Troy.

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The Sea-god. Builder of the Walls of Troy.

Nereids

The fifty mermaids, attendant on *Thetis* [p. 235]. They were the daughters of Doris and Nereus.

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Seen by the Argonauts.

Nicaea

Poem 46 [p. 67]. A town in *Bythinia* [p. 202].

Nonnius

Poem 52 [p. 75]. Perhaps Marcus Nonnius Sufenas, of *Pompey's* [p. 228] faction awarded the *curile aedileship* (higher Magistrate's office) for 54 BC.

Nysa

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Heliconian Mount Nysa. The Nyseïds were the nymphs Macris, Erato, Bromie, Bacche and Nysa who hid *Bacchus* [p. 201] in their cave and nurtured him. They became the Hyades star-cluster. Also used of Mount Nysa in India whence Bacchus is supposed to originate.

Ocean, Oceanus

Poem 64 [p. 106]. *Poem 88* [p. 160]. *Poem 115* [p. 189]. The Sea and river god: husband of his sister *Tethys* [p. 234]. In poem 88 about incest, Catullus therefore makes an ironic reference to Ocean and Tethys.

Catullus makes *Thetis* [p. 235] a granddaughter of Oceanus.

Poem 66 [p. 123]. The destination of the setting constellations.

Orcus

Poem 3 [p. 15]. A name for Pluto, god of the Underworld, and for the Underworld itself.

Orion

Poem 66 [p. 123]. The mighty hunter, one of the Giants, now a constellation with his two hunting dogs and his sword and glittering belt. The brightest constellation in the sky, it is an area of star formation in a nearby arm of the Galaxy centred on M42 the Orion Nebula, which marks Orion's sword. He is depicted as brandishing a club and shield at Taurus the Bull. He was stung to death by a scorpion, and now rises when Scorpio sets and vice versa. His two dogs are Canis Major, which contains Sirius the brightest star in the sky after the sun, and Canis Minor, which contains the star Procyon, forming an equilateral triangle with Sirius and Betelgeuse the red giant in Orion. Orion is on the opposite side of the zodiac from *Aquarius* [p. 198].

Otho

Poem 54 [p. 77]. An unidentified associate of *Caesar* [p. 203].

Parcae

Poem 64 [p. 106]. *Poem 68* [p. 130]. The three Fates, born of Erebus and Night. Clothed in white, they spin, measure out, and sever the thread of each human life. Clotho spins the thread. Lachesis measures it. Atropos wields the shears.

Paris

Prince of *Troy* [p. 236], son of Priam and Hecuba, brother of Hector. His theft of Menelaüs's wife Helen provoked the Trojan War.

Poem 61 [p. 87]. He was asked to judge the most beautiful among the three naked goddesses, *Venus* [p. 237]-Aphrodite, Athene-Minerva and Hera-*Juno* [p. 216], choosing Venus.

Poem 68 [p. 130]. He abducted *Helen* [p. 213], perhaps willingly.

Parnassus

Poem 64 [p. 106], *Poem 105* [p. 179]. A mountain in Phocis sacred to *Apollo* [p. 198] and the Muses. *Delphi* [p. 209] is at its foot where the oracle of Apollo and his temple were situated. *Themis* [p. 234] held the oracle in ancient times.

Parthia

Poem 11 [p. 27]. The Parthian Empire to the south-west of the Caspian Sea was Rome's enemy in the East. Its mounted archers were particularly effective.

Pasiphae

The wife of *Minos* [p. 220], mother by him of *Ariadne* [p. 199] and Phaedra. Mother of the *Minotaur* [p. 220], having been impregnated by a bull.

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Daphne took this name in Crete according to one variant of her myth.

Pasithea

Poem 63 [p. 101]. One of the three Graces (The Charites: Pasithea, Cale and Euphrosyne) betrothed to Somnus the god of sleep.

Pegasus

Poem 55 [p. 78]. The winged horse, sprung from the head of Medusa when *Perses* [p. 226] decapitated her. At the same time his brother Chrysaor the warrior was created. He is represented in the sky by the constellation Pegasus. The sacred fountain of Hippocrene on Mount *Helicon* [p. 214], haunt of the Muses, springs from under his hoof. He was created by Neptune's union with Medusa.

Peleus

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The son of Aeacus, king of Aegina, brother of Telamon and Phocus. King of Thessaly and husband of *Thetis* [p. 235] and father by her of *Achilles* [p. 196]. (See Joachim Wttewael's – The Wedding of Peleus and Thetis - Alte Pinakothek, Munich: see W.B Yeats poem 'News for the Delphic Oracle, verse III)

He was a hero, one of the Argonauts, and present at the Calydonian Boar Hunt. He was a descendant of *Jupiter* [p. 216] through Aeacus.

Pelion

A mountain in Thessaly in Northern Greece.

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The timbers for the Argo were cut from there.

The home of *Chiron* [p. 206] the Centaur.

Pelops

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The son of Tantalus, and brother of Niobe. He was cut in pieces and served to the gods at a banquet by his father to test their divinity. Ceres-Demeter, mourning for Persephone, did not perceive the wickedness and ate a piece of the shoulder. The gods gave him life again and an ivory shoulder. He gave his name to the Peloponnese. Hence a name for the Greeks as a whole, the 'children of Pelops'. The grandfather of Agamemnon and Menelaus, the sons of Atreus.

Penelope

Poem 61 [p. 87]. The wife of Ulysses, and daughter of Icarius and the Naiad Periboa. (See J R Spencer Stanhope's painting Penelope - The De Morgan Foundation)

She is pestered by many suitors (a hundred and eight, in Homer), while she waits faithfully for Ulysses to return from *Troy* [p. 236]. A synonym for faithfulness.

Peneus

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The River in Thessaly. Its River-god, the father of Daphne. Daphne was turned into a laurel bough, having been pursued by *Apollo* [p. 198], but, in a variant of the myth, Earth left the laurel-tree behind but spirited Daphne away to Crete, where she became known as *Pasiphae* [p. 224]. (Apollodorus i.7.9, Plutarch: *Agis* 9)

Perseus

Poem 55 [p. 78]. The son of *Jupiter* [p. 216] and Danaë, grandson of Acrisius, King of Argos. He was conceived as a result of Jupiter's rape of Danaë, in the form of a shower of gold. He is represented by the constellation Perseus near Cassiopeia. He is depicted holding the head of the Medusa, whose evil eye is the winking star Algol. It contains the radiant of the Perseid meteor shower. His epithets are Abantiades, Acrisioniades, Agenorides, Danaëus, Inachides, Lyncides.

(See Burne-Jones's oil paintings and gouaches in the Perseus series particularly The Arming of Perseus, The Escape of Perseus, The Rock of Doom, Perseus slaying the Sea-Serpent, and The Baleful Head.)(See Benvenuto Cellini's bronze Perseus - the Loggia, Florence)

Pesaro

Poem 81 [p. 153]. The town on the Adriatic, in the Roman region of Umbria, known for its unhealthy, low-lying aspect.

Phaeton, Phaethon

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Son of Clymene, the daughter of *Oceanus* [p. 222] and *Tethys* [p. 234] whose husband was the Ethiopian king Merops. His true father is Sol, the sun-god (*Phoebus* [p. 198]). He asked his mother for proof of his divine origin and went to the courts of the Sun to see his father who granted him a favour. He asked to drive the Sun chariot. He lost control of the chariot, and was destroyed by *Jupiter* [p. 216] in order to save the earth from being consumed by fire. The Heliads, were the daughters of Clymene and the Sun, sisters of Phaethon, who were turned into poplar trees as they mourned for him, their tears becoming drops of amber.

Pharsalia

Poem 64 [p. 106]. A plain in Thessaly named after the town of Pharsalus.

Phasis

Poem 64 [p. 106]. A river in *Colchis* [p. 207], in Asia, east of the Black Sea, reached by the Argonauts.

Phrygia

The country in Asia Minor, noted for its worship of *Cybele* [p. 208].

Poem 46 [p. 67]. A winter retreat.

Poem 61 [p. 87]. Mount *Ida* [p. 215] situated there, in the Troad.

Poem 63 [p. 101]. Locale of the worship of Cybele.

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The region where *Troy* [p. 236] was situated.

Phthiotic Tempe

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The beautiful valley in Thessaly, between Mount Olympus and Mount Ossa through which the River *Peneus* [p. 225] flows.

Piraeus

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The harbour of Athens, about three miles from the city.

Piso

Traditionally Lucius Calpurnius Piso Caesoninus, *Caesar's* [p. 203] father-in-law.

Poem 28 [p. 45]. *Poem 47* [p. 69]. He is mentioned.

Pollio

Poem 12 [p. 28]. Gaius Asinius Pollio ('Pollionus') a supporter of *Caesar* [p. 203] and subsequently the Triumvirate. A distinguished poet, patron and orator. Brother of *Asinius* [p. 200].

Pollux

Polydeuces, the son of Tyndareus of Sparta and Leda, and twin brother of *Castor* [p. 205]. Famous for his boxing prowess. See the entry for Castor for more detail.

Poem 4 [p. 17]. The boat is dedicated to the Twins.

Poem 68 [p. 130]. Prayed to by sailors.

Polyxena

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The daughter of *Priam* [p. 228] and Hecuba sacrificed to appease the ghost of *Achilles* [p. 196].

Pompey

Poem 55 [p. 78]. *Poem 113* [p. 187]. Cnaeus Pompeius Magnus (106-48BC) put down a slave rebellion, cleared the Mediterranean of pirates, and conquered Mithridates. He married Julia, the daughter of Julius *Caesar* [p. 203], but quarrelled with the father and was defeated at Pharsalus in 48 BC. He fled to Egypt and was murdered there. He opened a new colonnaded piazza in the *Campus Martius* in 55BC.

Pontic Sea

Poem 4 [p. 17]. The Black Sea. Propontus is the Bosphorus.

Poem 29 [p. 46]. Julius *Caesar* [p. 203] returned with booty from there.

Poplicola

See *Gellius* [p. 212].

Porcius

Poem 47 [p. 69]. An unidentified follower of *Piso* [p. 227].

Postumia

Poem 27 [p. 43]. An unknown female friend of Catullus.

Postumius

Poem 67 [p. 128]. Unknown.

Priam

Poem 64 [p. 106]. King of *Troy* [p. 236]. Son of Laomedon, who in turn was the son of Ilus the founder of the city.

Priapus

Poem 47 [p. 69] The god of gardens and lust, usually shown displaying a huge phallus.

Procne

Poem 65 [p. 122]. The daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, married to Tereus, king of Thrace. (See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*

Book VI:438-674.) She persuaded Tereus to bring her sister Philomela to stay with her. Tereus raped and mutilated her sister, and told Procne that Philomela was dead. Philomela communicated with her by means of a woven message, and she rescued her during the Bacchic rites. She murdered her son Itys and served the flesh to Tereus. Pursued by Tereus she turned into a nightingale. The bird's call, mourning Itys, is said to be 'Itu! Itu!' which is something like the occasional 'chooc, chooc' among its wide range of notes.

Prometheus

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The son of Iapetus by the nymph Cleomene, and father of Deucalion. Sometimes included among the seven Titans, he was the wisest of his race and gave human beings the useful arts and sciences. *Jupiter* [p. 216] first withheld fire and Prometheus stole it from the chariot of the Sun. Jupiter had Prometheus chained to the frozen rock in the Caucasus where a vulture tore at his liver night and day for eternity. (See Aeschylus's 'Prometheus Bound', and Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound')

Protesilaus

Poem 68 [p. 130]. The son of Iphiclus and husband of *Laodamia* [p. 217]. He fulfilled *Thetis's* [p. 235] prophecy that the first Greek to land at *Troy* [p. 236] would die. He was buried in the Thracian Chersonese.

Quintia

Poem 86 [p. 158]. Unknown.

Quintilia

Poem 96 [p. 170]. The poet *Calvus*'s [p. 204] beloved.

Quintius

Poem 82 [p. 154], *Poem 100* [p. 174]. Unknown.

Ravidus

Poem 40 [p. 61]. An unidentified rival.

Rhamnusia , Ramnusia

Poem 66 [p. 123], *Poem 68* [p. 130]. A name for Nemesis, or Fate, from her temple at Rhamnus in Attica.

Rhesus

Poem 55 [p. 78]. The King of Thrace whose horses were renowned for their speed.

Rhoeteum

Poem 65 [p. 122]. A promontory on the Dardanelles near *Troy* [p. 236]. *Catullus*'s [p. 205] brother was lost at sea near there, sometime before 57/6 BC.

Rufa

Poem 59 [p. 85]. An unidentified person.

Rufulus

Poem 59 [p. 85]. An unidentified person.

Rufus

Marcus Caelius Rufus, a disciple of *Cicero* [p. 206] who defended him against Clodius Pulcher's charges of being involved in the Cataline conspiracy. He was a lover of Clodia.

Poem 58 [p. 84], *Poem 69* [p. 138]. Addressed to him.

Poem 77 [p. 148]. Regarded as treacherous.

Sabine

Poem 39 [p. 60]. The Sabini, a people who lived between the Nar and the Anio and were subdued by and merged with the Romans. The region near *Tibur* [p. 236] preserved their name but was not as fashionable as Tibur.

Poem 44 [p. 65]. The less fashionable area for a country villa.

Sacia

Poem 11 [p. 27]. A Scythian country bordering the Caspian Sea.

Sappho

Poem 35 [p. 54]. The seventh century Greek lyric poetess of Lesbos. The archetype of the learned girl. Sapphic therefore denotes a literary woman, and/or a Lesbian follower of Sappho's, from Sappho's own love for and relationships with other women. *Poem 51* is a direct translation of one of her poems, and a first use of the Sapphic metre in Latin.

Satrachus

Poem 95 [p. 169]. A city and river in Cyprus.

Saturnalia

Poem 14 [p. 30]. The midwinter feast of Saturn (December) when the shops closed, presents were exchanged, and there was an air of licence and good-humour.

Satyrs

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Demi-gods with the legs, hooves and horns of goats, attendant on *Bacchus* [p. 201].

Scamander

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The River Xanthus, and its god. With the Simois one of the two principal rivers of *Troy* [p. 236].

Scylla

Poem 64 [p. 106]. The daughter of Phorcys and the nymph Crataeis, remarkable for her beauty. Circe or Amphitrite, jealous of *Neptune's* [p. 222] love for her changed her into a dog-like sea monster, 'the Render', with six heads and twelve feet. Each head had three rows of close-set teeth. Her cry was a muted yelping. She seized sailors and cracked their bones before slowly swallowing them.

Serap

Poem 10 [p. 25]. The Egyptian god, with a suburban Roman temple. Identified by Apollodorus with Apis, the bull-headed god. Women displayed themselves in front of the god as a cure for sterility, and had intercourse with the priests for similar purposes. The cult was ratified by Antoninus Pius in 146 AD but subsequently suppressed.

Sestius

Poem 44 [p. 65]. Publius Sestius, quaestor in 63 BC, a close friend and colleague of *Cicero* [p. 206].

Silenes

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Silenus was a demi-god, a follower of *Bacchus* [p. 201]. The Silenes are *Satyrs* [p. 232] and Fauns, attendant on him.

Silo

Poem 103 [p. 177]. Unknown.

Simonides

Poem 38 [p. 59]. The Greek lyric poet (556-467BC).

Sirmio

Poem 31 [p. 49]. The promontory on Lake Garda where Catullus or his father owned a villa.

Socration

Poem 47 [p. 69]. An unidentified follower of *Piso* [p. 227].

Stymphalia

Poem 68 [p. 130]. Stymphalus was a town, lake and mountain in Arcadia. *Hercules* [p. 214] slew the man-eating Stymphalides, the monstrous birds, in his sixth labour.

Suffenus

Poem 14 [p. 30] . An unidentified traditional poet.

Poem 22 [p. 36]. His verse mocked.

Sufficio

Poem 54 [p. 77]. An unidentified associate of *Caesar* [p. 203].

Sulla

Poem 14 [p. 30]. An unidentified grammarian.

Syrtes, Syrtis

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Quicksands and shoal water off the coast of North Africa.

Talasius

Poem 61 [p. 87]. The Latin name for *Hymen* [p. 214].

Talos

Poem 55 [p. 78]. The bronze giant who guarded Europa on Crete, after she was carried off by *Jupiter* [p. 216] in the form a bull.

Tappo

Poem 104 [p. 178]. Unknown.

Taurus

Poem 64 [p. 106]. A mountain in Asia Minor.

Telemachus

Poem 61 [p. 87]. The son of Ulysses and *Penelope* [p. 225]. See Homer's Odyssey.

Tethys

The Sea-goddess and wife of her brother *Oceanus* [p. 222].

Poem 64 [p. 106]. *Thetis* [p. 235] is her grand-daughter.

Poem 66 [p. 123]. *Poem 88* [p. 160]. An ancient term for the sea.

Teucer

Poem 64 [p. 106]. A mythical ancestor of the *Trojans* [p. 236], originating in Crete or Athens.

Thallus

Poem 25 [p. 41]. An unknown acquaintance of Catullus.

Themis

Poem 68 [p. 130]. A Titaness, co- ruler of the planet Jupiter, daughter of heaven and earth. She is the Triple-Goddess with prophetic powers. The mother of the Seasons and the *Parcae* [p. 223], the Fates. The Goddess of Justice.

Thermopylae

Poem 68 [p. 130]. Thermopylae (*The Hot Gates*), famous for its hot springs, ‘*The Cauldrons*.’ In Malis in Thessaly, near Trachis and the mountain chain of Oeta. See Herodotus VII 176, and 201.

Theseus

Poem 64 [p. 106]. King of Athens, son of *Aegeus* [p. 196], hence Aegides. His mother was Aethra, daughter of Pittheus king of Troezen. Aegeus had lain with her in the temple. His father had hidden a sword, and a pair of sandals, under a stone (The Rock of Theseus) as a trial, which he lifted, and he made his way to Athens, cleansing the Isthmus of robbers along the way.

Medea attempted to poison Theseus but Aegeus recognised his sword, and his son, and prevented her. He killed the Minotaur in the Cretan labyrinth, and abandoned *Ariadne* [p. 199] on Dia (*Naxos* [p. 221]). (See Canova’s sculpture – Theseus and the Dead Minotaur – Victoria and Albert Museum, London)

Thespia

Poem 61 [p. 87]. A town in Boeotia near Mount *Helicon* [p. 214].

Thetis

Poem 64 [p. 106]. A sea-goddess, wife of *Peles* [p. 224], and mother of *Achilles* [p. 196]. The daughter of Nereus and Doris, and therefore a *Nereid* [p. 222].

Thia

Poem 66 [p. 123]. A name for Macedonia, the source of the Ptolemaic dynasty of Egypt.

Thynia

Poem 31 [p. 49]. A town in *Bithynia* [p. 202].

Tibur

Poem 39 [p. 60]. Modern Tivoli, on the Anio near Rome provided a fashionable country address.

Poem 44 [p. 65]. The more fashionable address for a villa.

Torquatus

Lucius Manlius Torquatus, the orator and friend of *Cicero* [p. 206]. He was a supporter of *Pompey* [p. 228], was quaestor in 49 BC, and died in the Civil War in North Africa in 47BC. *Lavinia* [p. 238] was his wife.

Poem 61 [p. 87]. His marriage.

Poem 68 [p. 130]. Addressed to him as Catullus's friend.

Trinacria

Poem 68 [p. 130]. Sicily. Catullus refers to Mount Etna.

Troy, Ilium

Poem 64 [p. 106], *Poem 68* [p. 130]. The city of the Troad, in Phrygia, which was besieged by the Greeks in the Trojan War.

Tyrian

Poem 61 [p. 87]. The city in Phoenicia, now the Lebanon, famous for its purple dyes, made from murex.

Urania

Poem 61 [p. 87]. One of the nine Muses, the Muse of Astronomy.

Varus

Publius Alfenus Varus, a Cremonese, mentioned by Horace in his first satire. He gave up his cobbler's business for a career in law. He was the first Cisalpine to become consul.

Poem 10 [p. 25], *Poem 22* [p. 36], *Poem 30* [p. 48]. Addressed to him.

Vatinius

Publius Vatinius, quaestor in 63BC, tribune in 59, praetor in 55 and consul in 47. A supporter of *Caesar* [p. 203] and friend of *Cicero* [p. 206]. He was a frequent litigant often with Licinius *Calvus* [p. 204] as prosecutor. On an occasion when the case was going against him Clodius and his henchmen broke up the proceedings.

Poem 14 [p. 30]. A by-word for his dislikes.

Poem 52 [p. 75]. Accused of perjury.

Poem 53 [p. 76]. Involved in a court case.

Venus

The Goddess of Love. The daughter of *Jupiter* [p. 216] and Dione. She is Aphrodite, born from the waves, an incarnation of Astarte, Goddess of the Phoenicians. The mother of *Cupid* [p. 208] by *Mars* [p. 219]. Doves were sacred to her.

(See Botticelli's painting – Venus and Mars – National Gallery, London)

Poem 36 [p. 56]. Her sacred places in Cyprus and elsewhere.

Poem 55 [p. 78], *Poem 68* [p. 130]. The Love Goddess.

Poem 56 [p. 81]. Referred to as Dione.

Poem 61 [p. 87], *Poem 66* [p. 123]. She presides over love and marriage.

Poem 64 [p. 106]. Called Erycina from her shrine on Mount Eryx in Sicily. Worshipped in *Golgos* [p. 212] and *Idalia* [p. 215].

Veranius

Poem 9 [p. 24]. An unknown friend of *Catullus* [p. 205]. Veraniolus.

Poem 12 [p. 28], *Poem 47* [p. 69]. He is mentioned.

Poem 28 [p. 45]. He is addressed.

Vesper, Hesperus

Poem 62 [p. 97], *Poem 64* [p. 106]. The planet Venus as evening star, also termed Lucifer as the morning star, and believed to rise behind Mount Oeta in Thessaly.

Vibennius

Poem 33 [p. 51]. An unknown acquaintance.

Victius

Poem 98 [p. 172]. Unknown.

Victor

Poem 80 [p. 152]. Unknown.

Vinia

Poem 61 [p. 87]. Lavinia the wife of Lucius Manlius *Torquatus* [p. 236].

Virgo

Poem 66 [p. 123]. Erigone was set in the sky as the constellation Virgo, after her suicide, by hanging, in despair at finding her father Icarus's body. Icarus is identified with the constellation *Boötes* [p. 203]. The zodiacal constellation borders on *Coma Berenices*.

Volusius

Poem 36 [p. 56]. An unknown poet, contemporary with Catullus.

Poem 95 [p. 169]. Resident near Padua at this time.

Zephyrus

Poem 46 [p. 67]. The West Wind, brother of *Memnon* [p. 220], one of the sons of *Aurora* [p. 201], the dawn.

Poem 64 [p. 106]. A morning wind.

Poem 66 [p. 123]. Brother of Memnon.

Zerithon, Pheneus

Poem 68 [p. 130]. A town in Arcadia with a lake of the same name.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



aius Valerius Catullus (c84-54? BC) was born in Verona, in Cisalpine Gaul. His father, a leading citizen, entertained Julius Caesar during the latter's provincial governorships and Catullus knew many celebrated figures in the Rome of his day. A family villa was at Sirmio on Lake Garda, and the area is celebrated in his poems. Catullus himself also owned a villa at Tivoli (Tibur). The subject of a number of his poems, a purported mistress whom he named Lesbia, was probably Clodia Metelli, of patrician family. Her presence in his poetry allows him to display all the vicissitudes of relationship, from deep love to cruel infidelity. He spent a year (57-56BC) in Bithynia on the staff of Gaius Memmius, and travelled to his own brother's tomb in the Troad, giving rise to one of his most memorable and beautiful poems. The date of his death is not known, but is surmised to have occurred not long after the references in his poems to events which took place in 55 and 54BC.

ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR



Anthony Kline lives in England. He graduated in Mathematics from the University of Manchester, and was Chief Information Officer (Systems Director) of a large UK Company, before dedicating himself to his literary work and interests. He was born in 1947. His work consists of translations of poetry; critical works, biographical history with poetry as a central theme; and his own original poetry. He has translated into English from Latin, Ancient Greek, Classical Chinese and the European languages. He also maintains a deep interest in developments in Mathematics and the Sciences.

He continues to write predominantly for the Internet, making all works available in download format, with an added focus on the rapidly developing area of electronic books. His most extensive works are complete translations of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and Dante's *Divine Comedy*.