

CLAS 4/532
Catullus
March 16, 2023

Gregory (1956)

Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo,
Aureli pathice et cinaede Furi,
qui me ex versiculis meis putastis,
quod sunt molliculi, parum pudicum.
nam castum esse decet pium poetam
ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est;
qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,
si sunt molliculi ac parum pudici,
et quod pruriat incitare possunt,
non dico pueris, sed his pilosis
qui duros nequeunt movere lumbos.
vos, quod milia multa basiorum
legistis, male me marem putatis?
pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo.

FURIUS, Aurelius, I'll work your own perversions
upon you and your persons, since you say my poems
prove that I'm effeminate, deep in homosexual vice,
A genuine poet must be chaste, industrious,
though his verse may give us
rich, voluptuous passion to please the
taste of those who read him and not only
delicate boys, but bearded men whose limbs are
stiff and out of practice. And you because my verses
contain many (thousands of) kisses, look at me
As though I were a girl. Come at me, and I'll be ready
to defile you and seduce you.

Whigham (1966)

Pedicabo et irrumabo
Furius & Aurelius
twin sodomites,
you have dared deduce *me* from my poems
which are lascivious
which lack pudicity
The devoted poet remains in his own fashion chaste
his poems not necessarily so:
they may well be
lascivious
lacking in pudicity
stimulants (indeed) to prurience
and not solely in boys
but those whose hirsute genitalia are not easily moved.

You read of those thousand kisses.
you deduced an effeminacy there.
You were wrong. Sodomites. Furius & Aurelius.
Pedicabo et irrumabo vos.

Lee (1990)

I'll bugger you and stuff your gobs,
Aurelius Kink and Poofter Furius,
For thinking me, because my verses
Are rather sissy, not quite decent.
For the true poet should be chaste
Himself, his verses need not be.
Indeed they've salt and charm then only
When rather sissy and not quite decent
And when they can excite an itch
I don't say in boys but in those hairy
Victims of lumbar sclerosis.
Because you've read of my *x* thousand
Kisses you doubt my virility?
I'll bugger you and stuff your gobs.

Mulroy (2002)

Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo,
Aureli pathice et cinaede Furi,
qui me ex versiculis meis putastis,
quod sunt molliculi, parum pudicum.
nam castum esse decet pium poetam
ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est;
qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,
si sunt molliculi ac parum pudici,
et quod pruriat incitare possunt,
non dico pueris, sed his pilosis
qui duros nequeunt movere lumbos.
vos, quod milia multa basiorum
legistis, male me marem putatis?
pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo.

I'm going to rape you, front and back,
you queer and you nymphomaniac.
You think you can tell from my verse, because
it is soft, that I must be decadent too.
Of course, a respectable life becomes
a serious poet; his poems, however,
are free, provided they have some wit
and charm, however decadent they
may be, and stir up an itch in their readers,
not boys, I say, but hairy sods,
nether parts of solid lead.
You read about infinite kisses and dare
to think my masculinity slack!
I'm going to rape you, front and back.

Kohen (2011)

I'll push your shit in and stuff your face—
Aurelius, you cocksucker; Furius, you little bitch—
since you think that my little poems
have gone soft and I must not be too upright!
It's true; the devoted poet should stand erect
in his values, but not necessarily in his little
poems, which are truly witty and charming
when they're a little soft, and not too stiff,
but can cause a little tingling—
I don't just mean for youth, but for hairy men
who can't make their own loins stand upright!
You! You read about my "many kisses"
and doubt I'm fully a man?
I'll push your shit in and stuff your face.

Anonymous (2009)

I'll cornhole and teabag both of you
two bottom-fruits, Aurelius and Furius!
You think you've got my number from my verses—
they're a little sensitive so I'm some flamer?
It may be proper for a proper poet to be a prude
in life, but the same's not true for his poems:
even if *they're* a little sensitive and sort of flaming,
a poem's got wit and charm in the end, so long as
it gives—forget the young dudes—hairy old gomers
who can't pitch their tent a stiffy!
Now just because I've written about thousands
and thousands of kisses, you presume I'm a pussy?
I'll cornhole and teabag both of you!

Google Translation (2023)

I will bite you and break in
Aurelius and Cinaede the Furies
who thought me of my verses
because they are soft, a little modest
for a pious poet ought to be chaste
there is no need for verses
those who have both salt and a hare

if they are soft and a little modest
and that they can incite itching
I do not say to children, but to these hairy ones,
those whose loins are stiff and unable to move.
you have many thousands of bases
you read, do you think I am a male?
I will bite you and break in.