## Three translators on Juvenal 3.58-80

Quae nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris

et quos praecipue fugiam, properabo fateri,

nec pudor obstabit. non possum ferre, Quirites, 60

Graecam urbem. quamvis quota portio faecis Achaei?

iam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes

et linguam et mores et cum tibicine chordas

obliquas nec non gentilia tympana secum

vexit et ad circum iussas prostare puellas. 65

ite, quibus grata est picta lupa barbara mitra.

rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,

et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

hic alta Sicyone, ast hic Amydone relicta,

hic Andro, ille Samo, hic Trallibus aut Alabandis, 70

Esquilias dictumque petunt a vimine collem,

viscera magnarum domuum dominique futuri.

ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo

promptus et Isaeo torrentior: ede quid illum

esse putes. quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos: 75

grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,

augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit

Graeculus esuriens: in caelum iusseris, ibit.

in summa non Maurus erat neque Sarmata nec Thrax

qui sumpsit pinnas, mediis sed natus Athenis. 80

### Rudd, 1991

I now proceed to speak of the nation specially favoured

by our wealthy compatriots, one that I shun above all others.

I shan’t mince words. My fellow Romans, I cannot put up with

a city of Greeks; yet how much of the dregs is truly Achaean?

The Syrian Orontes has long been discharging into the Tiber,

carrying with it its language and morals and slanting strings,

and the girls who are told by their owners to ply their trade at the race-track.

(That’s the place for a foreign whore with a coloured bonnet.)

Romulus, look—your bumpkin is donning his *Grecian* slippers,

hanging *Grecian* medals on a neck with a *Grecian* smudge.

*He*’s from far-off Ámydon, *he*’s from Sícyon’s heights,

*these* are from Andros and Samos and Tralles, or else Alabanda.

They make for the Esquiline, or the willows’ hill, intent on becoming

the vital organs and eventual masters of our leading houses.

Nimble wits, a reckless nerve, a ready tongue,

more glib than Isaeus’. Tell me, what do you think he *is*?

He has brought us, in his own person, every type you can think of;

teacher of grammar and speaking, geometer, painter, masseur,

prophet and tightrope-walker, doctor, wizard—your hungry

Greekling knows the lot; he’ll climb to the sky if you ask him.

In fact, it wasn’t a Moor, nor yet a Sarmatian or Thracian,

who sprouted wings, but a man born in the centre of Athens.

### Green, 1999

Now let me turn to that race which goes down so sweetly

with our millionaires, but remains my special pet aversion,

and not mince my words. I cannot, citizens, stomach

a Greek Rome. Yet what fraction of these dregs is truly Greek?

For years now eastern Orontes has discharged into the Tiber

its lingo and its manners, its flutes, its outlandish harps

with their transverse strings, its native tambourines,

and the whores pimped out round the racecourse. (That’s where you go

if you fancy a *foreign* pick-up, in one of those saucy toques;

while every rustic today wears dinner-pumps — *trechedipna* —

and *niceteria* — medals — round his *ceromatic*, or mud-caked,

neck.) They flock in from high Sicyon, or Macedonia’s uplands,

from Andros or Samos, from Tralles and Alabanda,

all of them lighting out for the City’s classiest districts

and burrowing into great houses, with plans to take them over.

Quick wit, unlimited nerve, a gift of the gab that outsmarts

a professional public speaker — that’s them. So what do you take

that fellow to be? He’s brought every profession with him —

schoolmaster, rhetorician, surveyor, artist, masseur,

diviner, tightrope-walker, magician or quack, your hungry

Greekling is all by turns. Tell him to fly — he’s airborne!

The inventor of wings for men was no Moor or Slav, remember,

Or Thracian, but born in the very heart of Athens.

### Braund, 2004

The race that’s now most popular with wealthy Romans—the people I want especially to get away from—I’ll name them right away, without any embarrassment. My fellow-citizens, I cannot stand a Greekified Rome. Yet how few of our dregs are Achaeans? The Syrian Orontes has for a long time now been polluting the Tiber, bringing with it its language and customs, its slanting strings along with pipers, its native tom-toms too, and the girls who are told to offer themselves for sale at the Circus. Off you go, if your taste is a foreign whore in her bright headdress. Ah, Quirinus,that supposed rustic of yours is putting on his chaussures grecques and wearing his médaillons grecs on his neck parfumé à la grecque. They come—this one leaving the heights of Sicyon, this other from Amydon, this one from Andros, that one from Samos, this one from Tralles or Alabanda—heading for the Esquiline and the hill named from the willow, to become the innards and the masters of our great houses. They have quicksilver wit, shameless presumption, words at the ready, more gushing than Isaeus. Say what you want him to be. In his own person he has brought anyone you like: school teacher, rhetorician, geometrician, painter, masseur, prophet, funambulist, physician, magician—your hungry Greekling has every talent. Tell him to go to heaven and he will. In short, it wasn’t a Moroccan or a Sarmatian or a Thracian who sprouted wings, but a man born in the centre of Athens.

## Juvenal 2.1-3, 8-21

Ultra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet et glacialem

Oceanum, quotiens aliquid de moribus audent

qui Curios simulant et Bacchanalia vivunt…. 3

Frontis nulla fides; quis enim non vicus abundant 8

tristibus obscenis? Castigas turpia, cum sis

inter Socraticos notissima fossa cinaedos? 10

hispida membra quidem et durae per bracchia saetae

promittunt atrocem animum, sed podice levi

caeduntur tumidae medico ridente mariscae.

rarus sermo illis et magna libido tacendi

atque supercilio brevior coma. Verius ergo 15

et magis ingenue Peribomius; hunc ego fatis

inputo, qui vultu morbum incessuque fatetur.

Horum simplicitas miserabilis, his furor ipse

dat veniam; sed peiiores, qui talia verbis

Herculis invadunt et de virtute locuti 20

clunem agitant.

### Rudd, 1991

One longs to escape from here beyond Sarmatia and the frozen

sea, when some people dare to pronounce on morality—those who

affect the Curii’s style while living a Bacchic orgy….

Faces are not to be trusted. Why, every street is just full

of stern-faced sodomites. How can you lash corruption when *you*

are the most notorious furrow among our Socratic fairies?

Hirsute limbs, it is true, and arms that are stiff with bristles,

bespeak ‘a soul of adamant’; but your anus is smooth, as the surgeon

notes with a grin when he takes a knife to your swollen piles.

Such fellows rarely talk. They’ve a mighty passion for silence;

and they keep their hair short as their eyebrows. Peribomius, therefore,

provides a more honest and genuine case. *That* I put down to

the workings of fate. His walk and expression proclaim his disorder.

Such folk, by their candour, call for pity; their very obsession

secures indulgence. Far worse are those who condemn perversion

in Hercules’ style, and having held forth about manly virtue,

wriggle their rumps.

### Green, 1999

Northward beyond the Lapps to the frozen Polar ice-cap

is where I long to escape when I hear high moral discourse

from raging queens who affect ancestral peasant virtues….

Appearances are deceptive: every back street abounds

with solemn-faced humbuggers. *You’re* castigating vice,

*you,* the most notable dyke among all our Socratic fairies?

Your shaggy limbs and the bristling hair on your forearms

proclaim a fierce spirit; but the surgeon who lances your swollen

piles breaks up at the sight of that well-smoothed passage.

Such creatures talk in a clipped, laconic fashion, crop

their hair as short as their eyebrows. Give me the open, honest

eunuch priest: gait, gestures proclaim his twisted nature.

He’s a freak of fate — indeed, his wretched self-exposure,

the very strength of his passion, demands our forgiveness

and pity. Far worse is the one who attacks such practices

with hairy masculine fervour, but after much talk of virtue

cocks his dish like a lady.

### Braund, 2004

I feel like running away from here beyond the Sarmatians and the icy Ocean whenever those people who imitate the Curii but live like Bacchanals have the gall to talk about morality….

There’s no trusting appearances. After all, isn’t every street packed with grim-looking perverts? Do you criticise disgusting behaviour when you yourself are the most notorious digging-hole among Socratic pathics? Shaggy limbs and stiff bristles all over your arms promise a spirit that’s fierce, but your arsehole is smooth when the laughing doctor lances your swollen “figs.” Among that kind, conversation is infrequent: they have a marked urge for silence and hair well above the eyebrows. My conclusion? Peribomius behaves more frankly and honourably than they do. This is a man who admits his disease in his look and his walk; his behaviour I attribute to fate. The openness of such people arouses pity and their madness itself grants them forgiveness. Much worse are people who attack such conduct in the words of Hercules and who swing their bottoms after talking about virtue.