

## SCHOOL STUDENTS

### I. Sanju Vairav:

#### The Law of Nature:

A merciless god

Dominates you,

Develops you, drives you, drains you.

Which place are you scurrying to? Wait and see

What are you so eager to find? Stick around for a while

And don't even raise objections

You will be summoned.

#### Hans Georg Frandsen to Marine Lauridsdatter Bagge:

The laurel consecrated to Castalian Apollo:

The Delphic laurel unveiling a vision:

The laurel justly conquering violent thunderbolts:

The laurel repelling the Gorgon poison:

The laurel, charming messenger of peace

Lends your father, O Maria, his name,

And adorns the head of your husband.

You, for that reason, nurture the laurel sacred to Apollo

With that affection you are capable of, be encouraging,

So the laurel always continues flourishing in your garden:

In the garden which you have decorated by your hands

With trees and flowers of beauty.

## 2. Daniel Forrest

**Fatum:**

Inexorable god

You he doth grasp,

You he doth instruct, you he doth guide, you he doth finish.

Whither art thou bound? Stop,

What art thou seeking? Wait

And do not call out,

Thou wilt be called.

**The Poet Hans Frandsen to hiw wife, Marine Laurisdatter Bagge:**

The laurel sacred to Castalian Phoebus:

The laurel of Delphi revealing dreams:

The laurel observedly safe against violent lightning:

The laurel purging the Gorgon's venom:

The laurel lovely messenger of peace

Gives your father his name, O Maria,

And adorns you husband's head.

Therefore, will all your care look after Apollo's laurel,

That is always stays green in your gardens:

For the garden that you with your own hands beautified

With alluring trees and flowers.

## ADULTS

### I. Lisa Creffield

Hans Jorgenson Sandolin, 1581, Ad M. Nicolaum Cragium

(Anglo-Saxon alliterative version)

I'll tell a terrific tale to you

O Niels, fine fellow and best of blokes

If you'd like to lend an ear, my piece will please.

Posturing Pigellus calls Catullus

A hard and horrid hack: I'll decline to disagree.

But the biting books of the bawdy bard

Dwarf the dreary ditties of the pompous Piggy.

What of merry Martial, whose saucy stuff

Rome roared at? Surely he's still surpassed

By Lesbia's learned lover? I'll not name

The other umpires...

## 2. Alex Jones

Hans Jorgenson Sandolin, 1581, Ad M. Nicolaum Cragium

Nicholas, brilliant man, best of fellows—I'll give you something to make you wonder, if haply you wish to hear the news I'm eager to tell: our friend Mr Dull-Dog Please-all says he finds Catullus a poet rough and uncouth.

I wouldn't reject that opinion if a good man gave it. However —

the said Mr Dull-Dog's verses, prettily fashioned they may be, but somehow I don't prefer them to the writings rough and uncouth, of that rough and uncouth Catullus. And what of Martial, I ask you? — an author whose playful satires are the boast of the city of Rome? Didn't he freely put that most expert of bards Catullus ahead of himself? Other judges I'm not going name just now —

### 3. Terry Clarke

**To Marine Laurisdatter Bagge:**

My Moon Goddess Laurel by Parnassus' stream,  
My Delphic Laurel unveiling a dream

My Laurel who causes the wild storm to cease.  
From Medusa's foul poison she enables release.  
My charming sweet Laurel, harbinger of peace.

Your name, my Maria, from your Father's house,  
Now furnishes the head of your loving spouse.

In your tender care, Apollo's laurel is seen.  
It grows in your garden, becomes evergreen.

In your elegant garden where flowers and trees stand,  
All adorned by the touch of your beautiful hand.

**To Marcus Nicolas Cragius:**

Nicolas, my best friend, please lend me an ear,  
And I'll tell you a strange tale, if you'd like to hear:

A certain Pigellus, a smooth-talking youth  
Calls the poet Catullus rough and uncouth.  
This view I respect and there may be some truth.

Notwithstanding this fact, I'll prefer at all times  
Disgusting Catullus' horrible rhymes,

Over smart-arse Pigellus, whose roughly-hewn verse,

Of occasional beauty, is decidedly worse.

Even Martial, the author of some saucy jokes,  
Which are bandied around by us Roman folks

Even he thinks the learned Catullus the best.

No need for more judges, the case can now rest.