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ON TRANSLATING THE ILIAD IN ENGLISH

by

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ABSTRACT
ON TRANSLATING THE ILIAD IN ENGLISH

by
Robert Lawrence Scott

A wide range of English versions of the Iliad are examined in order to a) distinguish good translations from bad, b) identify what qualities various forms have to offer, c) bring before the public eye some praiseworthy but nearly-forgotten translations, and d) provide a basis for recommendations regarding future translations of the Iliad. The Appendix provides an annotated list of English Iliads. Every common form of verse and prose has yielded good translations. In rhymed verse versions, mostly early, the tendency is away from the letter of the original, toward spirit, invention, and entertainment. The best example is Denham's 1668 "Sarpedon's Speech to Glaucus in the 12th of Homer." Blank verse versions follow in time, for the most part, rhymed versions, and show a tendency back toward the letter of the original, although the best are also interesting rhythmically and poetically. The best example is an anonymous "Shield of Achilles" (1875). Prose versions are the logical conclusion of a movement away from metrical and other constraints, with tendencies toward the letter of the original and toward naturalness of diction and syntax. The best is Martin Hammond's 1987 complete Iliad, having those qualities plus the best portion of Homer's spirit.

The English hexameter is an attempt to imitate the line of Homer, whether by accent or quantity. The best are William Cranston Lawton's excerpts (1893) in accentuals, and Robert Bridges' "Priam and Achilles" (1916) in quantitatives. In recent works of various non-prose types, the movement is toward looser rhythms and looser adherence to the letter of the original--in the latter respect coming full circle again to the ways of Chapman and Pope. The best versions of the Iliad in the near future are likely to be short, loose, and free. They will also be noble, vigorous, clear, and emotional. The best recent example in these respects is the work of Christopher Logue (1959 through 1991).

for Tina

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On Translating the Iliad

Introduction

The Iliad's premier place in Western literature can hardly be denied, and the esteem in which it is held is confirmed by the staggering number of Iliad translations. In English alone, there are at least 60 complete versions, and partial versions bring the number up past 200.

The first translation of the Iliad in English was published in 1581; from 1660 on there has been one or more in almost every decade; and by the 1800's there were several in each decade. The twentieth century has seen its share as well, the last two published in 1990. We have seen heroic couplets, blank verse, ballad-measure, hexameters (both accentual and quantitative), and prose, with variations on each form. We have seen free translations and literal, and diction that is by turns formal and colloquial, archaic and modern. Do we need any more translations? Yes, absolutely; our mostly Greekless and ever-changing society will benefit from continually renewed efforts to keep Homer alive for us. What sort of translation, then, will be most useful, and most appreciated?

This dissertation examines a wide range of English Iliads, especially those not thoroughly discussed elsewhere, in order to a) distinguish good translations from bad, b) identify what qualities various forms of verse and prose have to offer, c) reintroduce some praiseworthy but nearly-

forgotten translations, and d) provide a basis for recommendations regarding future translations of the Iliad. In addition, the Appendix provides an annotated list of English translations of the Iliad, one more exhaustive than any to date, as an aid to further work in this area.

The first chapter of this dissertation has three parts. Part One reviews ideas on translating literature, concentrating on ideas that will prove useful in evaluating translations. Part Two is a brief survey of ideas on translating Homer, including discussions of how to handle repetitions, what verse form to use, and so forth, with special attention paid to the words and ideas of Matthew Arnold, as well as to subsequent reactions to them. The third part describes the criteria for judgment--based in large part on the previous discussions--to be used in subsequent chapters.

The second chapter examines rhyming translations, which constitute the great majority of early Iliads in English. Many of those examined here are rather obscure, many of them partial. I have declined to discuss the translations of Chapman, Pope, and some others, as they have been covered sufficiently elsewhere (see Appendix).

The third chapter examines blank verse translations, which constitute the second great wave of English Iliads.

Chapter Four covers the third great wave, translations in prose.

Chapter Five is on the English hexameter; before examining several Iliads, it surveys the history of the English hexameter in theory and practice.

The sixth chapter covers various verse translations (and one amalgam of prose and verse) from the second half of the twentieth century--some obscure and some not. These versions reflect the leaning of much twentieth-century poetry: away from rigid meters, toward looser rhythms that are not quite prose.

Chapter Seven examines the ways that various translations handle a particular sixteen-line repetition.

The eighth chapter suggests, based on where English translations of the Iliad have been, where English translations of the Iliad should go in the near future. This is followed by my own translation of a portion of the Iliad.

The Appendix is an annotated list of Iliad translations in English of more than a few lines.

My research has been aided greatly at several points by the work of those who have gone before me. Two dissertations have been helpful: Evelyn Steel Little's 1936 dissertation led me to many translations and some secondary sources; John M. Crossett's 1958 dissertation also led me to several secondary sources, but was especially useful in sparing me the work of covering six important translations--those of Chapman, Pope, Cowper, Lang-Leaf-Myers, Butler,

and Lattimore, so that I might concentrate on other works, often less well-known. Several bibliographies of Homer translations have been helpful, including all those listed in the bibliography of bibliographies at the end of this dissertation, but especially those by Foster and Bush. In gathering reviews of the various translations, the Book Review Digest, Book Review Index, and Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature were helpful for twentieth-century works. For nineteenth-century reviews, Poole's Index to Periodical Literature was immensely helpful, and also led me to some obscure partial translations. For eighteenth-century reviews, Forster's Index to Book Reviews in England 1749-1774 (Southern Illinois U P, 1990) was most helpful. L'Année philologique also provided several review citations from classical journals. As for the history of ideas of translation, T. R. Steiner's English Translation Theory 1650-1800 helped get me started, and provided several useful primary texts. On Translation, edited by Reuben Brower, contains a very helpful bibliography of historical works on translation.

In each area though--primary works, reviews, and theory--a few of the best works I simply stumbled across; by searching in the electronic catalogues of the libraries of Michigan State University and the University of Michigan, and the Library of (the State of) Michigan, as well as the On-Line Library Catalog (OLC); and also by continually picking up and leafing through the volumes around me, in

likely places in library stacks. I know I have missed some good material, simply because I found so much by accident.

I could not hope to examine here each translation in its entirety. Therefore I have chosen several passages on which to concentrate, from books 1, 6, 16, and 24 of the Iliad. I have tried to provide a variety of types of passages, to test the ability of the various translators to handle different modes. There are, to be sure, countless other choices that could have been made. Many of those that I chose are especially interesting for their emotion or other strong aspect, but some are rather ordinary, because these, too, must be translated effectively.

I have not tried to examine all of the passages with every translation discussed; instead I have picked and chosen as seemed most interesting and enlightening at the moment. The "Comparison" sections (except in one case) concentrate on the end of book 16--The Death of Patroclus--as it provides several different modes within the space of 50 lines, and because I have chosen that passage for my own translation at the end of Chapter Eight.

When discussing partial versions, I have often had to work with passages outside of books 1, 6, 16, and 24, simply because the partial versions do not extend to those books.

Chapter One

Part One: On Translating Literature

1. A translation must give the words of the original.
2. A translation must give the ideas of the original.
3. A translation should read like an original work.
4. A translation should read like a translation.
5. A translation should reflect the style of the original.
6. A translation should possess the style of the translator.
7. A translation should read as a contemporary of the original.
8. A translation should read as a contemporary of the translator.
9. A translation may add to or omit from the original.
10. A translation may never add to or omit from the original.
11. A translation of verse should be in prose.
12. A translation of verse should be in verse.

Theodore Savory, The Art of Translation

The work of translation is indeed a tricky business. No one--and everyone--knows how to do it best. Everyone agrees that every translation will be imperfect, yet critics (often translators themselves) do not hesitate to call this translation or that one more imperfect, as it were, than it ought to be.

No single translation--if it receives critical notice at all--is free from negative criticism, but most also manage to reap at least some praise. Granted, the field of literary criticism has always had difficulties with agreement, concerned as it is with value judgments rather than empirical facts. But criticism of translations seems especially prone to disagreement, with an inordinate percentage of the 180 degree variety--the sort of thing that encourages undergraduates and others not confirmed in the

faith to scratch their heads and say of such judgments,
 "Well, after all, they are only opinions. One must be as
 good as another."

Translation has at times been disparaged as a "necessary evil" (e.g., Wellard 128), at best a sort of craftwork as opposed to high art, yet it is also acknowledged to be tremendously difficult. One might say translation is as difficult as the craft of a juggler who, in an attempt to please the crowd, his peers, and himself, hurls aloft articles of various and unusual sizes and shapes--here a small round ball, an indian club, and a hoop, there a flaming baton, a meat cleaver, and a vacuum cleaner--doomed to abject failure at the task of keeping his objects aloft simultaneously; risking humiliation, derision, and even physical harm, he is certain to drop at least one, or even to find them all crashing to the ground unless he will leave on the ground several of the objects while keeping the others aloft--thereby drawing criticism anyway, though perhaps less severe. In the same way the translator (of poetry especially) faces the impossible task of handling at one time various conflicting aspects of two different languages: rhythm and meter, literal meaning, deeper meaning, idiom, and so forth. If indeed he tries to handle them all, he is certain to please no one, yet if he chooses to lay aside certain aspects, sacrificing them for the good of the whole work, he must face the wrath and invective of

every advocate of those aspects he laid aside. And every aspect has its advocates.

The ways of translating are many, but we can start to examine them by identifying polar opposites and assuming a myriad of hybrid possibilities between them. The two poles are commonly called "free" translation on the one side, and "literal" on the other. The former is sometimes called "liberal" translation, the latter "word for word" or "close" (one might say "conservative," although I have not seen it). Higham & Bowra refer to "Modernists" and "Hellenizers" (lxv),¹ corresponding roughly to the previous categories, and pointing toward the categories of J. P. Postgate, "prospective" and "retrospective." According to Postgate, in a prospective work "care is for the copy rather than the original," whereas the purpose of a retrospective translation is "to impart a knowledge of an original to those to whom it would otherwise be unknown" (22). The two poles can in this way be seen to have entirely different reasons for existence, and different methods--with the implication that each has its place. In contrast, when we go back to the terms "free" and "literal," the implication is that only one way is right.

Divide them how we may, the translators from each camp are certainly trying to produce the best possible

¹Regarding, of course, translators of classical Greek.

translations. They differ mainly on the surest path to the goal, just as political liberals and conservatives are working toward the same goal (the best possible America) while they differ widely on the preferred means to that end.

The liberal way of translation has roots that are ancient and illustrious.² Cicero and Horace both made statements, in the course of longer dissertations on oratory and poetry, that were taken up by later writers as proof of their advocacy of free translation. Cicero, in his "De Optimo Genere Oratorum," said:

nec converti ut interpres, sed ut orator, sententiis isdem et earum formis tamquam figuris, verbis ad nostram consuetudinem aptis. In quibus non verbum pro verbo necesse habui reddere, sed genus omne verborum vimque servavi.

(I did not translate [two Greek orators] as an interpreter, but as an orator, keeping the same ideas and the forms, or as one might say, the "figures" of thought, but in language which conforms to our usage. And in so doing, I did not hold it necessary to render

²The brief survey in Part One is intended to highlight certain points of argument, not to provide a comprehensive survey of the history of ideas on translation. The body of literature on translation is large and growing. An exhaustive survey is neither necessary nor desirable. For readers who wish to fill in some gaps, though, I suggest the following:

For Chaucerian and other medieval translation theory, see Machan, and Ellis (1989 & 1991).

For eighteenth-century translation theory, see T. Steiner.

For German translation theory, see Lefevere.

For a wider-ranging anthology on translation, see Schulte & Biguenet.

For a survey of more recent theory, see G. Steiner.

For an anthology of other work on translation, see Arrowsmith & Shattuck.

word for word, but I preserved the general style and force of the language. [365]]³

Horace, in "Ars Poetica," said:

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres.

("Nor will you as faithful translator render word for word." [B.Q. Morgan, in Brower 274])

One early important English voice to come down on the side of free translation is George Chapman's. Citing Horace as an authority, Chapman argues in the preface to the 1611 edition of his Iliad that word-for-word translation is "pedanticall and absurd" (17). The translator should concentrate on "the materiall things themselves"--that is, the ideas behind the words.

Chapman is especially concerned that the translator preserve the spirit of the original. He says a good translation cannot rely on a mechanical craft, or "Art" (in the older sense of the term, as a process of the intellect rather than the spirit). His idea of a good translation is closer to art in the more modern sense of the word, having to do with the creation or expression of beauty, and relying to some degree on inspiration. A successful translator, he

³I am not unaware of the irony involved in using a translation to talk about translation. Reasonably competent renderings of Cicero and Horace will serve the purpose here, though. Even if I am still begging the question of what is a "reasonably competent rendering," it is clear that translating and reading for utilitarian purposes is less complicated and less risky than translating and reading a work of literature as art.

says, will "search [the original author's] deepe and treasurous hart" (10).

The first book-length treatise in English on the subject of translation was Alexander Fraser Tytler's Essay on the Principles of Translation (1797). He sets down three rules:

1. That the translation should give a complete transcript of the ideas of the original work.
2. That the style and manner of writing should be of the same character with that of the original.
3. That the translation should have all the ease of original composition. (15)

In working toward this "complete transcript of ideas," Tytler advocates something other than an always-literal translation. One may improve, add to, or subtract from the original as necessary, because "to imitate the obscurity or ambiguity of the original, is a fault" (31). One may add to the original to strengthen the idea, or subtract from it to avoid redundancy. One may do these things, says Tytler, but only with caution. Any addition should have a direct connection, and any subtraction should be of accessory matter, not principal. The essential meaning of the original, in other words, should always be maintained.

On rule #2, regarding the imitation of style and manner, Tytler imposes limitations. "This imitation (of style and manner) must always be regulated by the nature or genius of the languages of the original and of the translation" (168-69). Latin and Greek allow for "inversions" of syntax, for example, allowing freer play for the needs of sound and rhythm; yet in English such inversions are often impossible,

or at best awkward. Tytler's general approach to rule #2 echoes an idea sounded by Dryden and others: "a translator ought always to figure to himself, in what manner the original author would have expressed himself, if he had written in the language of the translation" (189).

Regarding the third rule (the translation should have the "ease of original composition"), Tytler says this is the hardest of all to achieve, especially regarding the translation of idiom. The best method is to find a corresponding idiom in the new language. If no corresponding idiom is available, the translator should not fall to the temptation to translate the idiom literally, but should merely express the sense of the idiom plainly.

Tytler admits that sometimes one of the three rules must be sacrificed (i.e., no translation will be perfect), but admonishes the translator always to consider the order of importance: sense first, manner next, and ease last.

Combining the ideas of Chapman and Tytler, we get a hierarchy where the spirit and sense of the original are at the top, other aspects are below them, and the literal word is somewhere far down the list. A succinct expression of this position is provided by Edward Fitzgerald (1859): "Better a live sparrow than a stuffed eagle" (qtd. in Brower 276).⁴

⁴Also: "The live Dog better than the dead Lion" (qtd. in Brower 277).

On the side of literal translation, Robert Browning sets the limit at the far right. In the preface to his Agamemnon he argues for a truly literal translation, even at the expense of other aspects:

If, because of the immense fame of the following Tragedy, I wished to acquaint myself with it, and could only do so by the help of a translator, I should require him to be literal at every cost save that of absolute violence to our language. The use of certain allowable constructions which, happening to be out of daily favor, are all the more appropriate to archaic workmanship, is no violence: but I would be tolerant . . . of even a clumsy attempt to furnish me with the very turn of each phrase in as Greek a fashion as English will bear. . . . (830)

Browning's theory is reiterated in the diary of John

Addington Symonds:

[A translation] ought to be absolutely literal, with exact rendering of words, and words placed in the order of the original. Only a rendering of this sort gives any real insight into the original. (qtd. in Selver 26)

Such a severe position is unusual; most arguments on the literal side are actually fairly moderate.

Even so, to read Alexander Pope's 1715 preface to his version of the Iliad, one would hardly know it was the same author as he who wrote the brilliant yet famously unhomeric translation:

It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed: and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province, since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them. (42)

Pope claims that one should neither be too literal nor fall into "rash paraphrase." Yet his ideas continually fall on

the conservative side of translation:⁵ "If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal" (42). Take no more "liberties" than are necessary, he advises. Follow the original in tone--go high where it is high, low where low. Pope does, however, sound at one point more like Pope-the-actual-translator-of-the-Iliad, asserting that "the fire of the poem" should be the translator's first priority--especially because that fire is the easiest component to "extinguish" inadvertently.

It is with Pope's translation in view that William Cowper argues for a closer translation: "The matter found in me . . . is found in Homer, and . . . the matter not found in me . . . is found only in Mr. Pope. I have omitted nothing; I have invented nothing" (viii). "Fidelity is indeed of the very essence of translation," continues Cowper. If the translator loses the sense of the original, his work is an "imitation" or a "paraphrase" but not a genuine translation.

Cowper actually argues for a moderate position:

The free and the close translation have, each, their advocates. But inconveniences belong to both. The former can hardly be true to the original author's style and manner, and the latter is apt to be servile. The one loses his peculiarities, and the other his spirit. Were it possible, therefore, to find an exact medium, a manner so close that it should let slip nothing of the text, nor mingle any thing extraneous with it, and at the same time so free as to have an air of originality, this seems precisely the mode in which an author might be best rendered. (viii)

⁵While his translation continually falls on the free side.

As difficult as it may seem, says Cowper, this is the goal we must strive for.

The middle way is also argued by John Dryden in the preface to his translation of Ovid's Epistles (1680). For Dryden the "three heads" of translation are metaphrase, paraphrase, and imitation. Metaphrase is simply word-for-word translation. Clearly, says Dryden, the "verbal copier" will get tangled in too many difficulties to produce good literature: "Tis much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs" (qtd. in T. Steiner 69). One might be cautious enough in such a situation to manage not to fall, but the act will be without grace. And therefore: "Tis but a foolish task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the applause of escaping without breaking his neck."

The opposite way, imitation, goes beyond both words and sense of the original, as the translator is "taking only some general hints from the original, to run division on the groundwork, as he pleases" (68). This, says Dryden, might gain some renown for the imitator, but is not likely to do much for "the memory and reputation of the dead." Imitators, he says, base their position on an argument against literal translation. But who, asks Dryden, defends literal translation?⁶

Instead, Dryden argues for a middle way, which he labels paraphrase (using the term somewhat differently from the way

⁶Browning, of course, but much later.

others have, where it most often refers to very free versions). At the boundary on the conservative side of paraphrase, the translator lets go of the words of the original, but follows closely the sense. The liberal boundary of paraphrase is where the sense is "amplified but not altered" (68). At no point should a paraphrase abandon the sense of the original. One should preserve an interesting turn of expression if the new language will bear it gracefully, but if not, "vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance." In other words, where possible follow the original closely; where not, stay within clear sight of it. "The sense of an author . . . is to be sacred and inviolable."

Recent decades have brought many studies of translation in many directions. The question of free vs. literal translation still looms, as always, and occasionally the voices are extreme.

C. Day-Lewis (1970), for example, argues for free translation on the basis that only then can the translator truly control the material. One of the paradoxes of translating poetry, he says, is that it cannot be "faithful translation unless it is in some sense an original poem" (4). The translator must interpret the original in his own language--the medium in which he or she works best. "He has to melt down, and then refashion" (19).

A more moderate position is shown by Robert Fagles,
author of the most recent translation of the Iliad (1990):

Obviously at a far remove from Homer, in this translation I have tried to find a middle ground (and not a no man's land, if I can help it) between the features of his performance and the expectations of a contemporary reader. Not a line-for-line translation, my version of the Iliad is, I hope, neither so literal in rendering Homer's language as to cramp and distort my own--though I want to convey as much of what he says as possible--nor so literary as to brake his energy, his forward drive--though I want my work to be literate, with any luck. For the more literal approach would seem to be too little English, and the more literary seems too little Greek. I have tried to find a cross between the two, a modern English Homer. (x)

As in politics, so in translation: the middle way is likely to please the greatest numbers, though it be but a compromise.

Many studies in the last few decades have side-stepped the issue of free vs. literal, and have instead examined the very process of translation. For example, linguist Werner Winter (1961) outlines a schema to help demystify the translation process and order priorities. "There is no completely exact translation," he says, and therefore we must make difficult but logical choices:

In order to achieve maximum equivalence, we should match the following properties of the original in the order indicated by the arrows:

I. Semantic: (a) direct; → (b) associative.

↓ ↘

II. Formal:	(1) overt;	(2) distributional;
	↓ (a) metre;	↓ (a) peak position;
	(b) rhyme;	(b) position in specific lines, etc.
	(c) sound.	(c) arrangement in specific order.

If a sacrifice has to be made, maintain (a) over (b), (b) over (c), etc. Usually, in an arrangement of rigid form, lower ranking positions will have to be neglected. (76-77)

Another way to analyze translation is to break down the process itself, as in poet Robert Bly's booklet The 8 Stages of Translation (1983). Bly starts with a word-for-word translation, but only as a first step. The next step is to pull back and ask "What does the poem mean?" and then adjust the translation accordingly. Step three is a return to the literal version: Where did it lose the meanings (those that were found in step 2)? Get these places into real English, says Bly. Step four is to shape the words into American language--spoken language. Step five: catch the tone, and the mood, with the ear. Step six: pay attention to sound. Step seven: let someone else read the translated poem--that is, someone born into the original language.⁷ Step eight: final adjustments.

Each of these recent approaches tries, in its own way, to handle the various aspects of the original argued for previously by Tytler, Browning, Pope, Cowper, and Dryden--with the notable exception of Chapman's "spirit." Both approaches risk the appearance of oversimplification, as though cookbook methods could produce quality translation. They overemphasize the craft-like nature of translation, and neglect the creative aspect. Of course the translation of

⁷This of course would be a problem in translating Homer.

literature is not this simple, as no single recipe can guarantee a perfect result.

A more fruitful analytic direction is the categorizing and defining of types, with the implication that each type has its own requirements and possibilities. Dryden (above) identified three types of translation, but refused to grant legitimacy to more than one. Postgate (above) identified two types, each legitimate, each with its own relation to the original. Burton Raffel, in The Art of Translating Poetry (1988), works a twist on the previous categories of Dryden and Postgate by defining translations in terms of their intended audience. He comes up with four categories:

1. formal translation, aimed primarily at scholars and those taught by scholars, largely for scholarly rather than literary purposes;
2. interpretive translation, aimed primarily at a general audience which reads for literary reasons;
3. expansive (or "free") translation, aimed not simply at those who read for literary reasons, but at those who usually prefer to read something, anything, new rather than anything old;
4. imitative translation, which in plain truth I think just barely translation at all; it is aimed at an audience which wants the work of the particular translator rather than the work of the original poet; Robert Lowell's accurately titled volume Imitations is the model of this type of translation in our time. (110-11)

Each of the four categories has a different purpose along with its special audience; each has different criteria for success. Here the argument of free vs. literal is rendered moot; the translator's choices in this and other matters

depend in large part on his intended audience and his reasons for translating.

If translating literature is indeed a juggling act, then the performer must decide which ball to pick up first (Browning's literal word? Chapman's spirit? Dryden's sense? Tytler's style and manner?), which to pick up next, and which to leave on the ground. Raffel's categories acknowledge that every ball will be used at some point during the circus, by one performer or another; different acts for different crowds.

Part Two: On Translating Homer

With reference to this business of rendering Homer in another tongue, I have involuntarily conceived of the poem as a fortress high-walled and impregnable, and of the open space around as covered with the dead bodies of his translators, who have perished in their gallant but unsuccessful efforts to scale the walls.

William E. Gladstone, qtd.
in London Quarterly Review

The long succession of names of those who have tried and at least partly failed at translating Homer reminds one of the sort of fairy tale where a fair maiden's hand can be won only by the accomplishment of some nearly impossible task (though the task may appear tantalizingly easy to would-be champions), such as chopping down an enchanted tree that grows with each hack of the blade. The penalty for failure is death, of course, at the hands of the royal executioner, but the prize is so beautiful (and the potential for fame and glory so great) that all the best from the surrounding countryside try their hands--and fail. Inevitably, when the job appears hopeless, some unlikely fellow strides into town and--through unconventional rather than conventional means--that is, through ingenuity rather than brute force--manages to fell the tree. He gets the girl, the glory, and the admiration of the king.

We are still waiting. Those who have tested themselves against the Iliad are legion in number and often impressive in stature, and each has been cut down--to confuse the metaphor--sooner or later, by peers or by critics or by an

indifferent public. Who will stride in unexpectedly and pass the test of Homer, satisfying not just the king, but all his court, and the commonfolk too?

The test has not been passed, but not for lack of advice. In previous centuries, when the discussion turned from translation in general to translating Homer specifically, the problem as many saw it was what to do with the epithets and other repetitions. The epithets, in addition to being repetitious, often appeared ill-suited to the situation at hand. And the longer repetitions were, well, repetitious, and therefore not very interesting. No man of letters cared to say outright that these things were actually BAD. One simply did not (and does not) call Homer BAD. But what should be done with these troublesome curiosities?

In the days of Chapman, Pope, et al. oral-formulaic theory was unknown, and it is easy to chuckle or sneer at the attempts of these early critics and poets to come to grips with what could only appear to be wrinkles in the fabric of the greatest of all literary works. We must remember, though, that we see these phenomena differently only by standing on the shoulders of such giants as Parry and Lord. And even from this lofty vantage-point we still disagree on how best to handle them.

Pope wrestles at length with the related problems of translating the Homeric epithets and dealing with the repetitions. Some of the epithets, says Pope, sound fine in

English; some are familiar to us already, while others can be translated with a single word. As for the remainder, the translator should avoid awkwardness by the use of circumlocution in place of the epithet. For example *εἰνοσίφυλλος* yields "leaf-shaking" (mountain) which Pope considers ridiculous in English. Instead he suggests "the lofty mountain shakes his waving wood" (44). In another example, regarding the epithet *ἐκηβόλος* ("far-shooting") for Apollo, Pope says:

[It] is capable of two explications; one literal, in respect of the darts and bow, the ensign of that god; the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the sun; therefore, in such places where Apollo is represented as a god in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. (44)

This is, then, one way that the original should be improved: "Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer" (44).

As for other repetitions, Pope says they should be maintained wherever a change might inadvertently suggest insolence, such as where a messenger repeats the words of his lord. As for the rest, "one may vary the expression" (44) wherever the repetitions are not separated by a sufficiently large amount of text.

Cowper addresses similar problems of translating Homer, choosing at each step to remain reasonably close to the original. All epithets found in Homer are used in his translation, he says in his preface, either as epithets or

"melted into the context" (xi) (much as Pope did, as a matter of fact). Each is used at least once, but not repeated as often as in Homer. He usually follows the Homeric name-with-patronymic, which Cowper calls "a ceremonial," so as to follow Homer's "manner" as closely as possible. In the same way he follows Homer by always using a full line to introduce a speaker, no matter how short the speech.

Tytler also discusses Homer's epithets, which he says "are often nothing more than mere expletives" (56). They are true to character, he says, but often appear to have been tossed in inappropriately to the situation. And so a good translation will leave out the epithets except where appropriate.

In 1831 John Wilson wrote a series of essays for Blackwood's Magazine.⁸ Entitled "Homer and His Translators," the essays do not put forth a series of principles for translating Homer; instead Wilson looks at several translations, examining each closely and comparing them at key passages. The first five of the seven essays deal with the Iliad, the last two with the Odyssey.

Wilson values accuracy and poetic value above all other considerations. Absolute word-for-word correlation is not

⁸Ostensibly reviewing Sotheby's Iliad, the essays also examine the well-known Iliads in English up to that time, those of Chapman, Dryden, Pope, and Cowper, as well as some others to a lesser extent.

necessary, of course, but the translation should convey the same idea, the same meaning, portray the same action or picture, as Homer's original. Where Homer says of Apollo:

ὁ δ' ἦϊε νυκτὶ τοικῶς·

Wilson asks the reader "What effect does it produce on your imagination?" (11). He expects a translation to produce the same. Chapman gets it right; he says:

Like the night he ranged the host.

Pope, on the other hand, misses completely:

Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And loomy darkness roll'd around his head.

Tickel misses "idiotically":

In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal sight.

while Cowper, in this case, is "best of all":

Like night he came;

and Sotheby is "not as good as Cowper, only because not literally Homer":

As the God descended, dark as night.

In another passage, where an angry Achilles debates whether to kill Agamemnon or to check his rage, Wilson shows that fidelity to the literal word is not his only criterion of judgment; the translation must also be itself good poetry.⁹ Dryden's version, at this point, says Wilson, is "vigorous" (17). Pope's version is "very fine. It flows

⁹It is not my intention here to enter the fray over the question of what is or is not good poetry, but only to demonstrate that Wilson looked for it in any translation of Homer.

freely, and has few faults, except that it is somewhat too figurative" (18). Sotheby's translation at this point Wilson calls "admirable," except for the last line of the passage: "'As from her eyes the living lightning flew,' is a sorry substitute in its meretricious glitter, for δεινὸν δέ οἱ ὅσσε φάανθεν" (18).

Wilson thought that a good translation should follow Homer in every possible way, not just in literal meaning. Here Dryden "wilfully violates throughout both the style and the spirit of Homer," there Sotheby "loses little either of the style or sense of Homer." It seems that Wilson is asking the impossible; in fact he admits, readily, that no translation of Homer will match the original. Each of the translators succeeds for a line here or a few lines there, but no one holds up to Wilson's stiff criteria at all points.

Matthew Arnold's series of lectures "On Translating Homer" (published 1861) are probably the most famous and most influential words spoken or written on the subject.

The most important of these words describe four qualities that Arnold said are always found in Homer, and which, therefore, a translator of Homer must follow to be successful:

- 1) "he is eminently rapid";

- 2) "he is eminently plain and direct, both in the evolution of his thought and in the expression of it, that is, both in his syntax and in his words";
- 3) "he is eminently plain and direct in the substance of his thought, that is, in his matter and ideas";
- 4) "he is eminently noble." (102)

Much of the rest of the lectures is taken up with expanding and explaining these ideas at the expense of previous translators. He dismisses the blank verse of Cowper for not being rapid enough. He dismisses Pope's version for lack of plainness and directness in style. He dismisses Chapman's for being fanciful rather than plain and direct in ideas. And he dismisses F. W. Newman's ballad-measure version at length for its lack of "nobleness."

Arnold closes out the series of lectures with a few "practical suggestions" to help the potential translator comply with his "four grand requirements." Regarding possible meters for translating Homer, for "the grand style" that Homer requires, Arnold immediately discards the ballad meter, leaving only three possibilities: the ten-syllable couplet, heroic blank verse, and one other not yet disclosed.

The couplet he dismisses for two reasons regarding the nature of rhyme: rhyming creates a difficulty in finding the right words; but more importantly, rhyming tends to link lines that should not be linked in a translation of Homer. In the original Homer finishes a line, forgets it (so to

speak), and rushes away with another. The couplet, according to Arnold, all too often keeps the reader looking back to the previous line, when he should be hurrying forth. The next possibility, blank verse, is too slow for translating Homer, says Arnold. It works fine for Milton, but Milton's great epic poem was all condensation, fullness, self-constraint, "a laborious and condensed fullness" (145). Homer, on the other hand, always works with a "flowing and abounding ease" that cannot show through in a ponderous blank verse. Better, says Arnold, is a third choice, the English hexameter, the closest thing we have to Homer's own meter.¹⁰

Arnold's next "practical suggestion" is the use of "a loose and idiomatic grammar" (153). This style, he says, "assures plainness and naturalness." This is what Homer did, and so this is what the translator should do. Regarding diction, the translator should use idiomatic expressions to remain "perfectly simple and free from artificiality" (155), just as Homer's own diction is.

Regarding his dictum of plainness and directness in thought, Arnold thought it better to sacrifice "verbal fidelity to [the] original" than to risk "an odd and unnatural effect" (157-58) from trying to translate too literally. The double-epithet, for example, should never be

¹⁰For more on Arnold's views regarding the hexameter, see Chapter Five.

rendered so awkwardly as to draw the reader's attention to the words themselves, away from the sense of the epithet.

As for his dictum of nobleness, Arnold states that no rules can be given. He professes his confidence, however, that if his first three precepts are followed--rapidity, plainness and directness of style, plainness and directness in idea--then surely the fourth, nobleness, will follow.

The thunder of Arnold's cannon-volleys spread wide; their echoes, mixing with the thunder of return volleys, are heard still. Newman (Arnold's primary target in the lectures) answered quickly with a pamphlet called Homeric Translation in Theory and Practice (1861). Arnold then lectured again, in response to Newman. James Spedding (1861) argued with Arnold's ideas about the English hexameter, and H. A. J. Munro (1861) argued in turn with Spedding.¹¹

Spedding, while professing to quibble with Arnold only over the English hexameter (which he does technically and at length), manages an interesting parting shot on his last page. If, as Arnold maintains, no translation of Homer will be as good as the original, then Spedding asks: "Is it not better that those who wish to know what Homer is really like should be recommended, as the shortest way, to learn Greek and read him?" (714). For the rest--that is, those who do not need to know Homer intimately--perhaps they would be

¹¹Matters regarding the hexameter will be taken up more fully in Chapter Five.

served best by a simple retelling of Homer's story, without concern for the fine points of his manner: "Though we cannot have Homer himself in English, there is no reason why we should not have in English the story which Homer told." The teller of this story, according to Spedding, could use whatever style and diction suits him best, in prose or verse, while borrowing, adding, or leaving things out as necessary:

He must address his audience in his own and their own language, in such forms as may find easiest passage through their ears and into their hearts. (714)¹²

This question of the appropriate form and diction for translating Homer has been, in subsequent years, argued from all sides. The boldest of all statements, though, is Spedding's final dictum: "[The translator] must consider himself rather as a rival than an imitator."

In the same year (1861) the Saturday Review published a review of Arnold's published lectures and Newman's pamphleted response. After taking Arnold to task for the vagueness of his most important terms (e.g., "grand style," "pre-eminently noble") the reviewer argues, like Spedding, against Arnold's suggestion of the English hexameter, but for different reasons. When translating a poet, he says:

we want to preserve the manner of the author as well as his matter. . . . We will suppose [the translation] is meant to give some idea of the Greek poet to [the non-scholarly reader]. . . . Neither Mr. Newman nor Mr.

¹²Spedding here anticipates the ideas and work of Robert Graves--whose Anger of Achilles in 1959 set off something of a controversy of its own--and the work of Christopher Logue.

Arnold seems to have thought of the alternative of prose--not flowing newspaper prose, but such prose as our translators have put the poems of David and Isaiah into. Here you may show very fairly what the Homeric diction is, but you lose the Homeric metre." (96)

This conclusion anticipates ideas (though the reasoning is different) contained in the preface to Butcher & Lang's *Odyssey*, published only a few years later.

Butcher & Lang attempted a prose translation of the *Odyssey* (1879) with an "old and plain diction," similar to that of "the English of our Bible," which seemed to them most analogous to epic Greek. "The epics are," they said, "historical documents":

Whoever regards them in this way, must wish to read them exactly as they have reached us, without modern ornament, with nothing added or omitted. He must recognize, with Mr. Matthew Arnold, that what he now wants, namely, the simple truth about the matter of the poem, can only be given in prose, 'for in a verse translation no original work is any longer recognisable.' . . . Without [the] music of verse, only a half truth about Homer can be told, but then it is that half of the truth which, at this moment, it seems most necessary to tell. (vii-viii)¹³

A different view in this regard is that of Charlton T. Lewis, who reviewed William Cullen Bryant's *Iliad* in 1871. Lewis identifies "three well-marked schools" regarding the best "artistic form" for translating the *Iliad*:

The first and oldest school simply accepts the *Iliad* from the ancients as the masterpiece of poetry . . . so that its English representative must also be a great poem. . . . The verse and style must then be the best which can be found in English for a great epic or narrative poem. (349)

¹³These ideas were later applied to the *Iliad* by Lang, Leaf & Myers.

That verse will usually be either the heroic couplet or blank verse, and examples include "most versions of the Iliad from Chapman to Bryant, including all that have been widely read" (350).

A second school, says Lewis,

correctly discerns in the Iliad an original series of popular ballads, joined together as an afterthought by others than the bard or bards who first sung them.
 . . . [A] translator must rise and sink in style with his author, and . . . a ballad metre is the only one [to be used]. (349)

Examples include versions by Newman and Blackie.

The third school, he says,

requires of the translator that he shall employ all his resources to transfer them into English just as they are, in matter and in form; that he shall, for example, adopt the metre of the Iliad, and make an English hexameter like the Greek hexameter, photographing the ancient poem upon the modern mind. (350)

This school is represented, he says, by the translations of Herschel and Simcox, and by "critical discussions" such as the "well-known and brilliant essays by Professor Matthew Arnold" (350).

But, says Lewis, "Every one of these theories of translation is utterly unsatisfactory." Pope was unhomeric, and others of the first school fall short of greatness. The ballad metres are vulgar. And the English hexameter "is no more a hexameter, in the Greek sense, than scolding is song" (351). The best English representative for the hexameter, he says, is "the heroic blank verse of Milton" (355). It is noble, it has variety, it flows, and it is metrical without undue restriction.

Yet another view is that of Richard Garnett, who argues, nearly two hundred years after Pope, for the heroic couplet. In his 1889 essay "On Translating Homer" (echoing Arnold), he picks up and discards in turn each of the possibilities for translating Homer. "[A]lthough blank verse is the easiest metre to write, it is the most difficult to write well" (7). More importantly, he says, again echoing Arnold, "the finest English blank verse is too slow" (8). The English hexameter, the next possibility, does not work as well as its practitioners like to think, says Garnett, although a rhymed variation by Arthur S. Way is not bad. Better yet, though, would be a new version in heroic couplets. Pope's version was unhomeric, he says, but the form's epic possibilities have not been exhausted.

One other point needs to be made, which T. S. Omond, in "Arnold and Homer" (1912), says Arnold has missed: "No version of the Iliad . . . is at all 'faithful' if it does not give us the feeling that we are reading a great poem" (75). The examples he cites are the translations by Chapman and Pope; each has its faults, but each is clearly a great poem.

H. A. Mason, however, in a 1965 review of various Iliads, laments the lack of that greatness in twentieth-century prose translations up to that time:

My verdict on these translations is as depressing as could be: they do not transmit any of the qualities that make the Iliad distinguished or deserving of our attention: they do not incite me to take up Greek grammar and dictionary: nobody with a smattering of

Greek could find a use for them. Consequently . . . they must be condemned en bloc as not performing the function of assimilating into living culture what is still there to be represented in modern English. (186)

In the twentieth century, translators themselves are still using Arnold's terminology to define the way they see Homer and/or their own translations.¹⁴ For example, introducing his 1928 Iliad, Maurice Hewlett says of Homer: "Grand manner I don't find. I find idiom, racy language, great directness and simplicity, much seriousness and much humor" (ix, italics mine). Translators Chase and Perry (1950) state in their introduction:

In the present translation we have attempted to find a medium which shall neither lose Homeric rapidity through archaism nor sacrifice Homeric dignity to a slick colloquialism. . . . In [the original] the greatest poetry rises from the sweep of many lines. We have striven to reproduce these longer cadences through the greater rapidity of Homer's simplicity of speech. (vii, italics mine)

The second half of the 20th century has brought no more agreement on translating Homer than any other period. Introductory professions from translators run from the fairly literal position (Cook¹⁵) to the very free (Graves) to the middle-of-the-road (Fagles).

¹⁴It has been claimed that Arnold, in his famous lectures, only reflected the current thinking of his time. Even if this is true, he certainly focused and crystallized those ideas, as is made clear by the way so much later work reflects not just those ideas, but also his very words.

¹⁵Cook translated the Odyssey, but not the Iliad.

Albert Cook, in the preface to his 1967 *Odyssey*, is particularly concerned with preserving that most homeric of features:

For sense, the heavily formulaic character of Homer recommends that one render words, lines, and phrases as nearly identically as possible. This conviction suggests that one should not opt for a variety in translating *kalos* ("fine, "beautiful," "lovely," "pretty," "fair," and so on) but choose one and stick to it most of the time. I choose "lovely." (ix)

Robert Graves, on the other hand, takes a much different tack. In the introduction to *The Anger of Achilles* he calls the literal version of Richmond Lattimore a "competent crib," refusing to call it a translation. In a decidedly non-Arnoldian vein, he states:

Translations are made for the general, non-Classical public, yet their authors seldom consider what will be immediately intelligible, and therefore readable, and what will not. Homer is a difficult writer. He was breaking new ground, and often failed to express a complex idea adequately in hexameters; he also omitted many vital pieces of information, or inserted them too late. Few translators save Homer's face by remedying these defects, or soften the wearisome formality of phrase which slows down the action. (33)

No writer of renown in the previous thirty centuries or so has allowed himself to be so critical of The Great One,¹⁶ but Graves does so in order to pay honest tribute to Homer's achievement, to translate the original as best he can. Graves makes clear his position: "Paradoxically the more accurate a rendering, the less justice it does Homer" (34).

¹⁶ Or The Great Many, depending on one's answer to "the Homeric question."

The most recent complete translation of the Iliad is that of Robert Fagles. In his preface he too addresses that old problem, "the fixed and formulaic parts of Homer." He says, finding the middle way, "I have treated them in a flexible, discretionary way . . . answering to the ways we read today" (x). Fagles is less rigid than Cook in his use of Homer's conventions, but less free than Graves. For example, he claims to retain the "ritual of introductory words for every speech" but vary the phrasing according to the "nuance of the moment" (x).

Part Three: Criteria for Judging Translations of the Iliad

In the following chapters, the criteria for judging passages of the Iliad in translation are as follows:

Several criteria are contained in the ideas of various early writers discussed in this chapter. The most easily identifiable and often the most important is the general sense of the original--i.e. to what degree does the translation maintain it? Another, equally identifiable though at times less important, is the literal word of the original. A third is tremendously important in most cases but impossible to define clearly: the spirit of the original. The fourth criterion is the style or manner of the original, also hard to define; or rather, it can be defined in various ways: similarity in diction, or in tone, or in sound.

The most famous criteria are the four characteristics of Homer as outlined by Matthew Arnold. As already noted, he argues that Homer is 1) "eminently rapid," 2) "eminently plain and direct . . . in his syntax and words," 3) "eminently plain and direct . . . in his matter and ideas," and 4) "eminently noble." A successful translation, according to Arnold, should emulate Homer in these four respects. These are ideals, of course, and the years before and since Arnold's lectures have shown the impossibility of emulating Homer perfectly. As absolute criteria, they leave no work still standing; as guidelines, they are useful.

Two other criteria are from John Wilson (aka Christopher North). The first is in the form of a question: "What effect does it (any translated passage) produce in your imagination?" How close is it to the effect produced by Homer? "Try then each translation separately, by this test of truth, and judge for yourself which is good, which bad, and which indifferent." Wilson's other criterion is that the translation should be good poetry (or prose, as the case may be). In other words, the work should be a good specimen in its own right (that is, without regard to its role as a translation), especially in movement and sound, of whatever form--prose or some verse form--the translation takes.

Another criterion is that a translation should maintain as much of the emotion and power of the original as possible. The presence of this emotion and power at particular points in the text would constitute evidence of the greatness that Omond (above) sought in the work as a whole.

The next criterion is clarity. This means not only that the work is understandable, but also that it can be seen in the reader's mind.

The final criterion is unspecified: if a translation is deficient in one or more of these areas, it might have other, compensating, strengths--having not to do with close approximation of the original, but with either pure entertainment or a version's ability to reveal aspects of the original in new, unexpected, or indirect ways.

I take it as given that the choice of prose or some verse form is not by itself a valid criterion for judgment. Each of the more common forms has its strengths and weaknesses. Critics in the past have had their preferences, and I have my own. But we cannot say a translation of the Iliad is good or bad based only on its form.

It is also understood that many of the criteria outlined above overlap, and that many are not so clearly defined as we would like. In some cases the different criteria are merely different ways of looking at the same phenomena. Nor is there a set hierarchy here. One can look for these aspects in every translation, but the importance of each aspect varies according to the intentions of the translator, the verse type (for verse translations), and the particular point in the text under scrutiny.

The judgment of literature is not an exact science (nor should it be), and no amount of definition and arrangement would make it perfectly objective. I hope my arguments in the following chapters are persuasive; we know all too well they are not proof.

Chapter Two

Heroic Couplets, Ballad-Measures, and Other Rhyming Translations

**I will venture to assert that a just translation of any
ancient poet in rhyme, is impossible.**

**William Cowper,
preface to the Iliad**

**Why make a translation of the Iliad in rhyme? Cowper's
words seem, at first glance, quite accurate. The needs of
any rhyme scheme pull the words too far away from the
original, do they not? Or in the words of Cowper again,**

**No human ingenuity can be equal to the task of closing
every couplet with sounds homotonous, expressing at the
same time the full sense, and only the full sense of
his original. (viii)**

**The only possible result, it seems, is a work that relies
too much on the poetic invention of the translator, and not
enough on the words and ideas of the original author.**

**With regard to Homer particularly, the argument in its
simplest form is that Homer does not rhyme. The notion did
not exist in his time, so there is no point in imposing such
an unhomeric characteristic on a translation of his work.**

**With regard to heroic couplets, we can add the objection
of Matthew Arnold, which is that couplets often join lines
inappropriately, where the narrative should simply move
ahead without looking back to the previous line, "and thus
the movement of the poem is changed" (106). As for ballad-
measure, by its very nature it can seem absurd and
unhomeric, as rhyme and meter combine for a tone of boyish**

adventure, lacking the dignity required for Homer. Spenserian stanzas not only must rhyme in an intricate knot, but also must be chopped and sized in Procrustean nine-line units, imposing yet another unhomeric requirement on an already difficult task. These are the arguments, at any rate, against the use of rhyme. So why rhyme a translation of the Iliad?

The first answer, applicable especially to the early translations of Homer such as Chapman's and Pope's, is that they were written in times when rhyming was the accustomed mode for poetry. The Elizabethan poet Chapman wrote in a milieu that included the lyrics and other poems of Sidney, Spenser, and Shakespeare. Pope was writing amidst works by Dryden and Congreve. But the argument cannot rest there, as unrhymed poetry, especially in iambic pentameter, was hardly unknown in their times. Chapman had the example of blank verse in the dramas of Shakespeare and Marlowe, and a century later Pope had the undeniable example of a great epic written in blank verse: Milton's Paradise Lost. Both Chapman and Pope had the earlier epic example of Surrey's sixteenth-century blank verse translation of two books of the Aeneid.

A more objective argument is articulated by an anonymous writer in Fraser's Magazine (1868). In discussing translations of the Iliad, he has this to say:

Rhyme fills up a want which did not exist in the classical languages, but which is of the very essence of English. . . . A variously inflected language like

Greek opened to the poet at once a whole storehouse of means for varying his sound, the order of his words, and (by consequence) his rhythm. . . .

In order, therefore, to have any chance against a classical poet, in the matter of varying his sound, an English poet must have recourse to other means than that of employing different forms. Rhyme, or the ordered succession of similarly sounding words, is one of these modern devices for enhancing uniformity by difference. The translator, then, who employs rhyme has a great advantage, so far, over the translator who does not: he can represent some of the colour of his original, though by a different distribution. If he loses, as he must, in inner resemblance and accuracy, he gains in general harmony of effect. (Rev. of *The Iliad*, trans. Worsley & Conington 518-19)

Is the reader convinced? Probably not--in this age we are quite used to successful blank verse (dependent on variations in rhythm) and free verse (dependent on variations in imagery), which are our "modern devices for enhancing uniformity by difference." No longer can any logical argument for the use of rhyme be absolutely compelling.

So why rhyme a translation of the *Iliad*? The best reason may be serendipity. Because in poetry, restrictions (such as rhyme) require invention, which in good hands leads to inspiration. The man who walks straight from point A to point B is efficient, perhaps, but he sees less, encounters less, and discovers less than one who takes the wandering and difficult course. Yes, rhyming will inevitably pull a translation away from the literal word of the original, and yes, there are no rhymes in the *Iliad*. But the fact remains that many of these rhyming versions are both interesting and enlightening. The fact remains that the search for a good

rhyme often leads the translator on a path that eventually enables him (and the reader) to see the material in a new way--one that is, nonetheless, as true to the original as a literal prose version.

If we accept rhymed verse as an imperfect yet still reasonable choice, by what criteria, then, do we judge a particular rhymed translation of the Iliad?

Some things we cannot expect a rhymed version to do well, and these should not be held as primary criteria. The literal word of the original is certainly not to be expected, and the style and manner of Homer is absent, inasmuch as Homer does not rhyme. The sense, as claimed by Cowper, will at times be sacrificed, but we might expect some reasonable limits to the deviation. Arnold's plainness and directness of syntax and diction will be sacrificed at times, although again, we can expect some limits.

We can expect certain strengths, especially these three: we can insist that a rhymed translation be good poetry in its own right; we can expect to find nobility and strength of emotion; and in many cases we should find other strengths to compensate for deviation from the original--especially entertainment in the case of ballad-rhythms, and enlightenment in the case of heroic couplets. These three things we will look for, while checking that other criteria are held within reasonable limits.

Complete versions of the Iliad in rhyme are actually relatively few in number--eleven in all. Four were written in fourteen-syllable couplets or other variations of ballad-measure; three in heroic couplets; two in Spenserian stanzas; one in ten-syllable quatrains; and one in hexameter couplets.¹ The number of partial versions in rhyme is larger, at least twenty-five, and probably more.

In the Comparison section we will examine three ballad-measure translations, and in the Closer Look section we will examine four partial translations--three in heroic couplets, one in rhymed trochaic lines.

Comparison (Ballad-Measure) of

Blackie (1866), Merivale (1869), and Tibbetts (1907)

The ballad-measure is the meter least likely to be appreciated by modern audiences, especially for the translation of a work of literature so revered as Homer's Iliad. The ballad-measure has a "popular" feel to it, rather than one of high art. To audiences accustomed to the subtle cadences of recent blank or free verse, the highly regular and often boisterous beat of most ballad-measures may sound ludicrous, or at best juvenile.

The ballad-measure versions of the nineteenth century owe their existence, to some degree, to the scholarly ideas of the time. The theory claimed that Homer was the Greek

¹For brief information and comments regarding these works, see Appendix.

equivalent of a balladeer, and that the Iliad as we know it is a collection of songs, or ballads--and so it ought to be rendered as such. Scholarship has since moved on, and so have the modes of translation. The medium seems as outdated as the ideas behind it. But if written well and read appropriately, this meter can be a valid and exciting medium for translating Homer. Though we should not expect to see any new versions of the Iliad in this meter anytime soon, the versions from the nineteenth century need not be ignored completely. The three versions compared here use three variations of ballad-measure, with three different levels of success.

John Stuart Blackie published his ballad-measure translation as part of a four-volume work covering many other aspects of Homer's Iliad. Blackie's version has the plainest, most regular meter of the three--an iambic heptameter line, rhymed in couplets and occasionally triplets. The actual rhythm, however, is something closer to the movement of a good blank verse, with varied mid-line pauses and occasional substitutions of trochees and spondees for iambs, without awkwardness. As the rhythm varies, the meter does not feel violated.

Charles Merivale's ballad-meter is more varied than that of Blackie's version, but the rhythm is more regular. The first line of each couplet has six beats, with the line divided in half between two unaccented syllables. The natural grammatical pause of this first line does not always

coincide with the mid-line break, however, and the first syllable of the second half, metrically unaccented, often carries at least a secondary stress. The second line of each couplet is straight iambic heptameter, which breaks into halves of four beats and three, although the force of that break varies. This second line occasionally contains an internal rhyme on the second and fourth beats. A third line, also iambic heptameter, occasionally makes a triplet. Furthermore, occasionally, into the middle of a couplet is inserted a four-beat line, which rhymes with the fourth beat of the following (heptameter) line. The meter, then, has a clear overall plan, and an interesting one, at that, with several variations; the rhythm, meanwhile, rarely deviates from the meter.

Edgar Alfred Tibbetts' translation is not only the last ballad version, but also the last complete translation of the Iliad in any sort of rhymed meter. Tibbetts' meter is as regular as Blackie's, although of a different sort, with every line a split six-beat. Unlike Blackie's, however, the rhythm is also very regular, and the variations, unlike Blackie's comfortable blank verse-like substitutions, often consist of an extra unaccented syllable, or, frequently, an awkwardly long penultimate syllable.

Ballad-measure, as the name implies, is best appreciated when read aloud. Blackie's blank verse-like lines, if read loosely enough, would sound the most poetic (of the three compared here) to modern ears. Merivale's varied meter in

the mouth of a skilled orator might prove to be entertaining to an audience of the nineteenth century, or even to a present-day audience, but its regular rhythm brings the poem continually to the brink of bathos. Tibbetts' lines are either too regular or too awkward, and even with the best possible reading, can only parody themselves. Blackie wins the prize for meter, then, and Merivale is awarded honorable mention for metrical ingenuity and entertainment value.

But Hector, when the mighty-souled Patroclus he beheld,
Galled by the pitiless-tearing brass, to slow retreat
 compelled,
Forward he came full near, and made his pointed lance
 to pass
Through the soft flesh above the groin; full deeply
 stuck the brass.
With heavy fall he fell; and grief seized each Achaean
 wight . . .
(Blackie)

But Hector, when beheld he Patroclus staggering back,--
Wounded and stunn'd,--from rank to rank advanced he to
 the attack,
And close before him levell'd his spear, and drove it
 well
His belly through;--with horrid clang,
While groans of Grecians round him rang, the mighty
 warrior fell!
(Merivale)

When now great-souled Patroklos was by great Hektor
 seen
Receding from the foremost and wounded by brass keen,
He went near through the orders and wounded with his
 spear,
In the groin's extremest portion, and drove the brass
 through clear.
He fell with crash, distressing th' Achaian people
sore-- . . .
(Tibbetts)

Ἐκτωρ δ' ὥς εἶδεν Πατροκλῆα μέγα θυμόν
ἀψ' ἀναχαζόμενον, βεβλημένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
ἀγχιμόλόν ῥά οἱ ἦλθε κατὰ στίχας, οὐτα δὲ δουρὶ

νειάτον ἐς κενεῶνα, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε·
 δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, μέγα δ' ἤκαχε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν·
 (16.818-22)

(But Hector, when he beheld great-souled Patroclus drawing back, smitten with the sharp bronze, came nigh him through the ranks, and smote him with a thrust of his spear in the nethermost belly, and drave the bronze clean through; and he fell with a thud, and sorely grieved the host of the Achaeans.) (literal prose of Murray)

Blackie consistently fills his lines with strong imagery here. The first line is literally rendered and without fault. The second has "galled by the pitiless-tearing brass" for βεβλημένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ ("having been struck with the sharp bronze"), in which "Galled" is strong, specific, and unclichéd; and "Pitiless-tearing," while far from literal, captures the general sense with a powerful image. "To slow retreat compelled" for ἀψ ἀναχαζόμενον ("retreating back") conveys the sense of Patroclus' wounded state. In the third line "made his pointed lance to pass" teeters on the edge between deft, effective understatement and simple weakness. I defer to the reader for final judgement, although the Greek--οὔρα ("stabbed")--is in no way subtle or weak. In the fourth line "through the soft flesh above the groin" is horribly specific, and so is perfect. "Full deeply stuck the brass" does not carry the violence of ἔλασσε ("drove"), but works well enough as a follow-up to the previous phrase. The next line is unusual in its sounds: the repetition of "fall"/"fell" is rather awkward (certain rhetorically-minded ancient Greeks liked to work variations on a single root, but it is not typical of Homer,

nor is it considered good form in modern English); but the repeated long e sounds in the last half of the line are effective, as the tightness of long e reinforces the meanings of "grief" and "seized." Blackie shows us the same pictures that Homer offers, and he shows them with good strong diction, capturing at most points the spirit of the original.

Merivale, in this passage, starts out strong, and then takes a different turn. In the first line Patroclus is "staggering back,-- / Wounded and stunn'd"--effectively maintaining the sense and spirit of the original. From here, though, Merivale's lines are increasingly unhomeric. "From rank to rank advanced he to the attack" is a valid translation of the letter of the original, but a violation of the spirit, conveying less the violence and horror of Homer's war, and more the ring and clamor of a medieval romance. "Levell'd his spear" is not found in Homer, but it is well-suited to many a knightly tale, whenever a dueling knight prepares to charge. "Drove it well" correctly translates the verb ἐλάσσει but has a cheery, carefree tone that violates absolutely the spirit of the original. "His belly through" has none of the specificity of the original (or of Blackie), and so none of its horror. "With horrid clang" is simply absurd; the sound of a spear passing through soft flesh must surely be "horrid," but it just as surely is not a "clang." The same problem is found in

"While groans of Grecians round him rang," because groans, by their nature, do not ring. This line as a whole--"While groans of Grecians round him rang, the mighty warrior fell!"--takes the work from pseudo-medieval knightly tale to something more like "Casey at the Bat."²

Clearly, Merivale's version at this point has lost all the dignity and emotional force of Homer's original. It does score well on another point, though. While it is not Homer, or even homeric, Merivale's translation is lively and entertaining in the process of conveying Homer's story. In its own way instead of Homer's it is spirited and metrically interesting. At the very least, it could in our day be appreciated as high camp. In this regard, at least, it rises above many other versions.

Tibbetts, in this passage, misses on several counts. Clarity is lost at many points, such as both uses of "he," each of which is ambiguous. Each "he" (in the third and fifth lines) refers to a different man, but their antecedents are both found in the first line. "Near" in line 3 is also potentially confusing (near to what or to whom?), as is the phrase "through the orders." In the next

²Merivale's meter is remarkably close to that of the classic American ballad. And while there is no direct correspondence of diction between this line and anything in "Casey," terms such as "groans" and "rang" and the phrase "the mighty warrior fell" are the sort of thing one might expect to find there. If, for whatever reason, one were to write a parody of the Iliad in the style of Casey, one could effectively use whole lines such as this one.

line, "in the groin's extremest portions" is unclear, mainly because "extremest" lacks direction. There is also little emotional power here; much of the weakness lies in the verbs and participles. In the first line the verb is passive ("was seen"), and in the second line "receding," while grammatically an active participle, is passive in its connotations; one thinks of a wave receding from the shoreline--naturally, inexorably--utterly opposed to the painful struggle of Patroclus. In addition, "went," "wounded," and "distressed" are by turns ordinary, vague, and weak. The passage is weakened further by awkward versification, such as "by brass keen" (difficult to pronounce), "the brass through clear" (difficult to pronounce and having inverted syntax), and "fell with crash" (the missing indefinite article being woefully obvious).

In short, Tibbetts' version has neither the strong imagery of Blackie's nor the partly redeeming entertainment value of Merivale's.

A Closer Look

This section examines, without direct comparison, four translations of relatively small parts of the Iliad--one book or less. None of the versions is particularly well-remembered in our day, but each has enough merit--in prosody or ideas or both--not to be forgotten entirely.

JOHN DENHAM, "Sarpedon's Speech to Glaucus in the 12th of
Homer" 12.309-28 (1668)

Thus to Glaucus spake
Divine Sarpedon, since he did not find
Others as great in Place, as great in Mind.
Above the rest, why is our Pomp, our Power?
Our flocks, our herds, and our possessions more?
Why all the Tributes Land and Sea affords
Heap'd in great Chargers, load our sumptuous boards?
Our chearful Guests carowse the sparkling tears
Of the rich Grape, whilst Musick charms their ears.
Why as we pass, do those on Xanthus shore,
As Gods behold us, and as Gods adore?
But that as well in danger, as degree,
We stand the first; that when our Lycians see
Our brave examples, they admiring say,
Behold our Gallant Leaders! These are They
Deserve the Greatness; and un-envied stand:
Since what they act, transcends what they command.
Could the declining of this Fate (oh friend)
Our Date to Immortality extend?
Or if Death sought not them, who seek not Death,
Would I advance? Or should my vainer breath
With such a Glorious Folly thee inspire?
But since with Fortune Nature doth conspire,
Since Age, Disease, or some less noble End,
Though not less certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead,
A thousand ways the noblest path we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common Sacrifice to Honour fall.

αὐτίκα δὲ Γλαῦκον προσέφη, παῖδ' Ἰππολόχοιο·
"Γλαῦκε, τί ἢ δὴ νῶϊ τετιμήμεσθα μάλιστα
ἔδρη τε κρέασιν τε ἰδὲ πλείοις δεπᾶεσσιν
ἐν Λυκίῃ, πάντες δὲ θεοὺς ὥς εἰσορόωσι;
καὶ τέμενος νεμόμεσθα μέγα Ἐάνθοιο παρ' ὄχθας,
καλὸν φυταλῆς καὶ ἀρούρης πυροφόροιο.
τῷ νῦν χρὴ Λυκίοισι μέτα πρώτοισιν ἐόντας
ἑστᾶμεν ἢ δὲ μάχης καυστείρης ἀντιβολῆσαι,
ὄφρα τις ᾧδ' εἴπῃ Λυκίων πύκα θωρηκτῶν·
οὐ μὰν ἀκλεῆες Λυκίην κάτα κοιρανέουσιν
ἡμέτεροι βασιλῆες, ἔδουσί τε πίονα μῆλα
οἶνον τ' ἔξαιτον μελιηδέα· ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ ἵς
ἔσθλη, ἐπεὶ Λυκίοισι μέτα πρώτοισι μάχονται."
ὦ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντες
αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε
ἔσσεσθ', οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην
οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν·
νῦν δ' ἔμψης γὰρ κῆρες ἐφεισῶσιν θανάτοιο
μυρίαί, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτὸν οὐδ' ὑπαλύξαι,

ἴομεν, ἥέ τῳ εὖχος ὀρέξομεν, ἥέ τις ἡμῖν."
(12.309-28)

(Straightway then he spake to Glaucus, son of Hippolochus: "Glaucus, wherefore is it that we twain are held in honour above all with seats, and messes, and full cups in Lycia, and all men gaze upon us as on gods? Aye, and we possess a great demesne by the banks of Xanthus, a fair tract of orchard and of wheat-bearing plough-land. Therefore now it behoveth us to take our stand amid the foremost Lycians, and confront the blazing battle, that many a one of the mail-clad Lycians may say: 'Verily no inglorious men be these that eat fat sheep and drink choice wine, honey-sweet: nay, but their might too is goodly, seeing they fight amid the foremost Lycians.' Ah friend, if once escaped from this battle we were for ever to be ageless and immortal, neither should I fight myself amid the foremost, nor should I send thee into battle where men win glory; but now--for in any case fates of death beset us, fates past counting, which no mortal may escape or avoid--now let us go forward, whether we shall give glory to another, or another to us.") (literal prose of Murray)

In this 29-line poem in heroic couplets, Denham, like others of his time, does not concern himself overmuch with a literal translation, but instead conveys the general sense and spirit of the original. Denham makes some Tytlerian additions, such as lines 2b-3, "since he . . . great in Mind," and modifies some images, as in 8-9, where the original has neither guests nor music, and even rearranges to suit his needs, such as moving "As Gods behold us" from the fourth line of the original passage to the eleventh of his own.

But the essence remains. Why, Sarpedon is asking, do we have this wealth and power and privilege? Denham emphasizes this questioning, using "why" three separate times, to Homer's single *τί*. But Homer then takes the next step more

clearly. The question goes unanswered, but the implications are made clear: *τῷ νῦν χρῆ* ("Therefore now it is necessary"). Denham makes the turn with a subtler "But that"--perhaps too subtle for an important point. But the rest of that line (12) finishes the connection, marvelously capturing the ambiguity of the original

(*τῷ νῦν χρῆ Λυκίοισι μέτα πρώτοισιν ἐόντας
ἑστάμεν ἥδ' ἐ μάχης καυστείρης ἀντιβολῆσαι*)

and showing the importance of both senses ("being among the foremost [i.e. best] Lycians [it is necessary] to stand and join the blazing battle"; and "it is necessary to stand among the foremost [i.e. on the front lines] Lycians and join the blazing battle"). What cannot even be said gracefully here in prose³ is managed economically and clearly by Denham's zeugma: "But that as well in danger, as degree, / We stand the first."

The speech of the imagined Lycian is rendered by Homer with concrete images--the luxury enjoyed by the kings juxtaposed with their strength in battle--with the phrase *Λυκίοισι μέτα πρώτοισι* repeated from above. Denham manages the same point in less concrete but more human terms, with the word "un-envied" in line 16, and with the following, again beautiful in its economy and clarity: "Since what they act, transcends what they command."

³Rieu ("Does not all this oblige us now to take our places in the Lycian van . . . ?") and Murray (see above), for example, translate only one of the two meanings, so that Denham's version is far richer.

In the next part, where Homer's Sarpedon makes a pair of conditional statements (i.e. "If . . . then I would") and uses ἐνὶ πρώτοις to continue the thread from above--

ὦ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντε
αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγῆρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε
ἔσσεσθ', οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοις μαχοίμην
οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν (322-25)

--Denham's Sarpedon only asks questions. In the midst of several rhetorical flourishes, Denham sacrifices some clarity. Up to this point, Denham has kept one foot in Homer's age with the other obviously in his own. But here Denham steps away from Homer altogether, as clarity is abandoned to style. To what does "this fate" refer? How might it decline? To where would he "advance"? What is the "Glorious Folly"? It seems likely that in the oral presentations of Homer's own time, the audience would have had to perceive immediately or not at all. This Restoration version can be puzzled out, and with certainty, but not without a pause for contemplation. At this point we are where Pope was soon to be; it is still a tremendously good poem, but it is no longer homeric in that one respect.

In the last part Denham uses seven lines to Homer's three. The terminology differs--κῆρες θανάτοιο ("fates of death") is rendered by Denham as a combination of "Fortune" and "Nature"--but the sense and spirit are captured well. And importantly, amid some beautiful lines--e.g., "A

thousand ways the noblest path we'll tread"--clarity returns when it is needed most.

This poem is an example of what a rhymed couplet translation can do best; it maintains the power of Homer's Iliad while presenting its own good poetry. Denham accomplishes this in part by repeatedly straying from and returning to the original. That sort of strategy has been much maligned by literalists over the centuries, but Denham's poem is true to Homer in deeper ways than they recognize.

THOMAS YALDEN, "Patroclus's Request to Achilles for His Arms" 16.5-45 (1694)

This 75-line poem in heroic couplets is found in Miscellany Poems, edited by John Dryden. Yalden's English is less efficient than Homer's Greek, but he does keep fairly close to the text, at least as close as can be expected in a rhyming version:

Why like a tender Girl dost thou complain!
That strives to reach the Mother's Breast in vain:
Mourns by her Side, her Knees embraces fast,
Hangs on her Robes, and interrupts her Haste;
Yet when with Fondness to her Arms she's rais'd,
Still mourns, and weeps, and will not be appeas'd.
Thus my Patroclus in his Grief appears,
Thus like a froward Girl profuse of Tears.

"τίπτε δεδάκρυσαι, Πατρόκλεες, ἥντε κούρη
νηπίη, ἥ θ' ἅμα μητρὶ θεοῦσ' ἀνελέσθαι ἀνώγει,
εἰανοῦ ἀπτομένη, καί τ' ἐσσυμένην κατερύκει,
δακρυόεσσα δέ μιν ποτιδέρκεται, ὅφρ' ἀνέληται·
τῇ ἱκελος, Πάτροκλε, τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυον εἵβεις."
(16.7-11)

("Why, Patroclus, art thou bathed in tears, like a girl, a mere babe, that runneth by her mother's side and biddeth take her up, and clutcheth at her gown, and hindereth her in her going, and tearfully looketh up at her, till the mother take her up? Even like her, Patroclus, dost thou let fall round tears.") (literal prose of Murray)

In this excerpt where Achilles first questions the returning Patroclus, the first line quoted here captures accurately the tone of gentle chiding--neither too harshly mocking nor completely sympathetic. In the next line Yalden changes Homer's image but maintains the sense, with "strives to reach the Mother's breast" for ἀνελέσθαι ἀνώγει ("bids [her] to take [her] up"). In the next two lines Yalden avoids the potential snare of the original's compacted grammar by using four mostly parallel clauses, each with an interesting action verb, an object, and the pronoun "her," capturing admirably the conflicting forces of haste and hanging on. Each of the next two lines of Homer is similarly expanded by Yalden; his images remain clear, and the sense of the simile is held to faithfully.

At one point in the midst of Patroclus' response to Achilles, three lines of Homer become eight lines of Yalden:

What, will thy Fury thus for ever last?
 Let present Woes attone for Inj'ries past:
 How can thy Soul retain such lasting Hate?
 Thy virtues are as useless, as they're great.
 What injur'd Friend from thee shall hope redress?
 That will not aid the Greeks in such distress:
 Useless is all the Valour that you boast,
 Deform'd with Rage, with sullen Fury lost.

"μὴ ἐμέ γ' οὖν οὗτός γε λάβοι χόλος, ὃν σὺ φυλάσσεις,
 αἶναρέτη· τί σευ ἄλλος ὀνήσεται ὀψίγονός περ,
 αἶ κε μὴ Ἀργείοισιν αἰκέα λοιγὸν ἀμύνης;" (16.30-32)

("Never upon me let such wrath lay hold, as that thou dost cherish, O thou whose valour is but a bane! Wherein shall any other even yet to be born have profit of thee, if thou ward not off shameful ruin from the Argives?")
(literal prose of Murray)

Here an important point is to be made, and Yalden dares not let it pass in too terse a form. Having made no claims of fidelity to the literal word, he has the luxury of unfolding the Greek to make it workable--both clear and strong--in English. One word, the vocative *αἰναρέτη*, becomes an entire line in English: "Thy virtues are as useless, as they're great." As Yalden has realized, Homer's compression is to be marvelled at but not necessarily imitated. The next one and two-thirds lines of Homer are rendered closely by Yalden, but he then repeats the point, even though Homer has already moved on. A reader could consider the repetition insulting, but this point is so crucial to the story, the moment so charged with emotion and apprehension, that Yalden's lingering on the idea is justifiable. One might also consider the repetition in Patroclus' mouth to be insulting to Achilles, but Patroclus' words in the next three lines of the original are stronger and more insulting than anything Yalden could have invented:

"νηλεές, οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατήρ ἦν ἱππότα Πηλεύς,
οὐδὲ θετίς μήτηρ· γλαυκὴ δὲ σε τίκτε θάλασσα
πέτραι τ' ἡλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής."
(16.33-35)

("Pitiless one, thy father, meseems, was not the knight Peleus, nor was Thetis thy mother, but the grey sea bare thee, and the beetling cliffs, for that thy heart is unbending.") (literal prose of Murray)

Here, as elsewhere, Yalden sometimes doubles the image,
as if to make sure he--or the reader--gets it right:

Could cruelty like thine from Peleus come,
Or be the Off-spring of fair Thetis' Womb!
Thee raging Seas, thee boist'rous Waves brought forth,
And to obdurate Rocks thou ow'st thy birth!
Thy stubborn Nature still retains their Kind,
So hard thy Heart, so savage is thy Mind.

Where Homer has γλαυκὴ δὲ σε τίκτε θάλασσα ("the gray sea bore you"), Yalden gives two yoked images--"Thee raging Seas, thee boist'rous Waves brought forth." Where Homer says ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀρηνής ("so that your mind is harsh"), Yalden renders it "So hard thy Heart, so savage is thy mind." The doubling is convenient here for the translator, as words like νόος and ἀρηνής are hard to capture with a single English word. Therein lies the duty of the translator, of course (that is, to make difficult choices), but a bit of latitude here allows the poem to blossom.

Yalden, in the space of this relatively small piece of the Iliad, is not especially inventive. While it is not closely literal at all points, it never strays far and is always clear. The strength of Yalden's translation is that it slows the narrative speed of the original to allow the reader to concentrate on this highly charged exchange between the two heroes. A scene like this, important as it is, can easily get lost in the long narrative run of the original, or of a complete and literal translation. Yalden

preserves the emotional power of the original while also making each point clear.

MR. MAYNWARING, "The First Book of Homer's Iliads,

Translated from the Greek by Mr. Maynwaring" 1.1-412 (1694)

This small piece of the Iliad also comes from Miscellany Poems, and is also in heroic couplets. The invocation has a different twist:

To Sing Achilles' Wrath, O Muse! prepare,
Which plung'd the Graecians in destructive War;
And sent untimely to th' Infernal Coast,
The bravest Souls of Heroes early lost;
Whose Limbs in Phrygian Plains extended lay,
Expos'd to Dogs and rav'nous Birds of Prey:
So Jove decreed, whence fierce Contention rose,
To make Atrides and Achilles foes.

Μῆνιν ἀειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρί' Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε,
πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἀΐδι προΐαψεν
ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν
οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή,
ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε
Ἀτρεΐδης τε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
(1.1-7)

(The wrath do thou sing, O goddess, of Peleus' son, Achilles, that baneful wrath which brought countless woes upon the Achaeans, and sent forth to Hades many valiant souls of warriors, and made themselves to be a spoil for dogs and all manner of birds; and thus the will of Zeus was being brought to fulfillment;--sing thou thereof from the time when at first there parted in strife Atreus' son, king of men, and goodly Achilles.) (literal prose of Murray)

"To Sing . . . prepare," he tells the Muse, emphasizing the nature of the invocation as a preparation for the real story. The alliteration from "prepare" to "plung'd" works nicely, because in both story-telling and war, one prepares and then plunges into the middle. The third line has echoes

of Ogilby's invocation (see Appendix), with "untimely" and "Coast."

Maynwaring's first couplet at the scene of Apollo's anger is especially good--full of emotion and action and their connections:

His fervent Pray'r the God's Compassion drew,
Who breathing Vengeance, from Olympus flew;

Ἦς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων χωόμενος κῆρ,
(1.43-44)

(So he spake in prayer, and Phoebus Apollo heard him.
Down from the peaks of Olympus he strode, wroth at heart,) (literal prose of Murray)

This couplet is a microcosm of the Iliad's story, where every action, fueled by emotion, leads inevitably to its consequences, often dire and always full of more emotion that fuels the next action.

The two insults of Achilles toward Agamemnon are also handled well by Maynwaring. In the first--

O Prince! with Craft and Insolence endu'd;

"ὦ μοι, ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένε, κερδαλέοφρον," (1.149)

("Ah me, thou clothed in shamelessness, thou of crafty mind,") (literal prose of Murray)

--the insult is not literal, but captures the sense and spirit in one strong line. The next is even better, though, as Maynwaring rearranges the parts to help manage a difficult original line:

Thou Chief, more Heartless than a flying Deer,
Who dar'st not first in Bloody Fields appear;

Nor doubtful Ambush for thy Foes design,
Vain empty Heroe, ever steep'd in Wine.

"οἰνοβαρές, κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο,
οὔτε ποτ' ἐς πόλεμον ἄμα λαῶ θωρηχθῆναι
οὔτε λόχονδ' ἰέναι σὺν ἀριστήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν
τέτληκας θυμῷ."
(1.225-28a)

("Thou heavy with wine, thou with the front of a dog but the heart of a deer, never hast thou had courage to arm thee for battle with thy folk, or go forth to an ambush with the chiefs of the Achaeans.") (literal prose of Murray)

He actually omits the κυνὸς ὄμματα ("eyes [or face] of a dog") portion of the triple-insult, but makes up for the loss. "More Heartless than a flying Deer" makes plainer than usual the sense of that insult, thereby losing some of the subtlety of κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο ("heart of a deer"); but that line by Maynwaring is then able to work as a strong basis for the next two, which deal specifically and exclusively with Agamemnon's cowardice as Achilles sees it. The fourth line, with its heavy irony, then works effectively as a final assessment--"Vain empty Heroe." "Ever steep'd in Wine," effectively worded and in a new place, takes on a different character from the original οἰνοβαρές ("wine-heavy") and other English translations of it. When it is given as the initial part of the insult, one imagines it spat out angrily, daringly, loudly. Here, following "Vain empty Heroe," one imagines it said more quietly, Achilles now beyond anger and daring, filled only with disgust. Even without the "dog-face" insult, Maynwaring's is, I think, the very best English rendition of

this difficult passage. Maynwaring's rendering of about half of the first book demonstrates the curious way that necessity drives invention. The requirements of meter and rhyme force Maynwaring away from the original, and in response he finds solutions that ring with truth while showing the reader interpretations of Homer undreamed of by those working in blank verse or prose.

WILLIAM AYTOUN, "The Twenty-Second Book of the Iliad.
Translated into English Trochaics" (1839)

This partial version appeared in Blackwood's Magazine. In couplets, the meter runs to seven and a half trochaic feet, the final unaccented syllable replaced with a rest; occasional couplets run to eight full feet per line, ending on feminine rhymes. The lines are regularly end-stopped, usually with punctuation, and are regularly broken in the middle--after the fourth foot--again, usually with punctuation. The rhythm is almost completely regular; almost every foot (but the last) of every line is indeed a trochee. Most lines run like the first--

Thus, like deer, all terror-stricken, through the city
streets they spread,--

all trochees, broken at the midpoint with a comma (or other punctuation). Occasionally lines run like the following:

Thus he spake; and to the city once again he turned his
face,

where the punctuation falls after the second foot, but the flow of the line actually breaks at the usual spot (after the fourth). More rarely occur lines like the next one:

Rushing like a courser, often victor in the chariot
race,

where the punctuation falls after the third foot and does require a pause, with no break after the fourth foot. In this way there is some variation in Aytoun's rhythm, but it is slight. I say that the lines "run," because they do just that. Even with mid-line pauses, these lines rush forward incessantly. This version is nothing if not rapid.

Aytoun's work is too rapid, too rushed to be a great translation. But if any book of the Iliad is at all suited to this frenzied pace, it is the twenty-second, where the sense of urgency and crisis is foremost. A careful reading--resisting where appropriate the impulse to rush the lines, and allowing them to hurry along when appropriate--can take advantage of this sense of urgency, at times flowing with it, at others pulling against. Such a regular and hurried meter could easily fall into absurdity if read badly; if read well it achieves an effect both interesting and homeric that is not possible with other meters.

And so, in the first seven lines--

Thus, like deer, all terror-stricken, through the city
streets they spread,
Cool'd themselves from sweat and labour, and their
burning thirst allay'd,
Safe behind the massy bulwarks; whilst the Greeks
across the field,
March'd beneath the very ramparts, each protected by
his shield.

Hector stay'd, for fate compell'd him, like a fetter'd
 slave, to wait
 Still before his father's city, and without the Scaean
 gate.
 Meanwhile thus to bold Achilles spoke the radiant God
 Apollo,

ὣς οἱ μὲν κατὰ ἄστυ πεφυζότες ἤντε νεβροὶ
 ἰδρῶ ἀπεψύχοντο πῖον τ' ἀκέοντό τε δίψαν,
 κεκλιμένοι καλῆσιν ἐπάλξεσιν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
 τείχεος ἄσπον ἴσαν, σάκε' ὤμοισι κλίναντες.
 Ἔκτορα δ' αὐτοῦ μείναι ὁλοῖη μοῖρ' ἐπέδησεν
 Ἰλίου προπάροιθε πυλάων τε Σκαιοῶν.
 αὐτὰρ Πηλεΐωνα προσηύδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
 (22.1-7)

(So they throughout the city, huddled in rout like fawns,
 were cooling their sweat and drinking and quenching their
 thirst, as they rested on the fair battlements; while the
 Achaeans drew near the wall leaning their shields against
 their shoulders. But Hector did deadly fate ensnare to
 abide there where he was in front of Ilios and the Scaean
 gates. Then unto the son of Peleus spake Phoebus
 Apollo:) (literal prose of Murray)

--let the first line be read as rapidly as possible,
 matching the "terror-stricken" flight, and establishing
 immediately both the urgency of the story and the rapidity
 and regularity of the meter. The second line should be read
 a bit more slowly, as the soldiers slow their own pace,
 while the urgency of their state, and of the meter, are
 still felt. The third and fourth can be read slower yet,
 still working against the stream, until the fifth line
 almost stands in place--or hesitates, at least, broken by
 commas into short sections, as Hector stands and waits; this
 pace is maintained through the sixth line. The spell is
 broken with the seventh line as normal speed resumes.

This pattern is reversed later in the chapter, as Hector stands, tension-filled, before the oncoming Achilles, and then bolts:

Thus remaining fast, he communed, and Achilles now drew near,
Like to Mars, the helmet-shaker, brandishing the Pelian spear
On his shoulder, and around him all his brazen armour shone,
Either like a blazing furnace, or more like the rising sun.
Then a panic seized on Hector, neither durst he longer wait;
But, all terror-struck, departed, and behind him left the gate,
Fleeing onwards, and Pelides followed, trusting to his pace.

Ἦς ὄρμαινε μένων, ὃ δὲ οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἶσος Ἐνυαλίῳ, κορυθαῖκι προλεμιστῇ,
σείων Πηλιάδα μελίην κατὰ δεξιὸν ὤμον
δεινὴν· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαλκὸς ἐλάμπετο εἰκελος αὐγῇ
ἢ πυρὸς αἰθομένου ἢ ἡελίου ἀνιόντος.
Ἐκτορα δ', ὥς ἐνόησεν, ἔλε τρόμος· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἔτλη
αὐθι μένειν, ὀπίσω δὲ πύλας λίπε, βῆ δὲ φοβηθείς·
Πηλεΐδης δ' ἐπόρουσε ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πεποιθώς.
(22.131-38)

(So he pondered as he abode, and nigh to him came Achilles, the peer of Enyalios, warrior of the waving helm, brandishing over his right shoulder the Pelian ash, his terrible spear; and all round about the bronze flashed like the gleam of blazing fire or of the sun as he riseth. But trembling gat hold of Hector when he was ware of him, neither dared he any more abide where he was, but left the gates behind him, and fled in fear; and the son of Peleus rushed after him, trusting in his fleetness of foot.) (literal prose of Murray)

If the pace of the meter, in reading, is held back through the first four lines, the resulting metrical tension will reflect the mounting tension of the narrative. The sudden movement of Hector creates a release of tension, in the story and in the meter, and the frenzied chase is now easily

handled by a meter that was not quite comfortable during the wait.

As the narrative wears on, one is likely to grow rather tired of this too-rapid and too-regular meter. At the very end of the book, Aytoun's trochees cannot handle with appropriate sensitivity the sorrow of Andromache:

"Now the creeping worm shall waste thee--lying naked on
the shore,
Neither friend nor parent near thee--when the dogs have
ta'en their fill.
Naked!--and thy graceful garments lie within thy palace
still;
These, the skilful work of women, all to ashes I will
burn,
For thou never more shalt wear them, and thou never
canst return;
Yet the Trojans will revere them, relics of their chief
so true!"--
Thus she spoke in tears, and round her all the women
sorrow'd too.

"νῦν δὲ σὲ μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν νόσφι τοκῆων
αἰόλαι εὐλαὶ ἔδονται, ἐπεὶ κε κύνες κορέσωνται,
γυμνόν· ἀτὰρ τοι εἶματ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισι κέονται
λεπτά τε καὶ χαρίεντα, τετυγμένα χερσὶ γυναικῶν.
ἀλλ' ἢ τοι τὰδε πάντα καταφλέξω πυρὶ κηλέω,
οὐδὲν σοί γ' ὄφελος, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐγκείσεαι αὐτοῖς,
ἀλλὰ πρὸς Τρώων καὶ Τρωϊάδων κλέος εἶναι."
ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσα, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.
(22.508-end)

("But now by the beaked ships far from thy parents shall
writhing worms devour thee, when the dogs have had their
fill, as thou liest a naked corpse; yet in thy halls
lieth raiment, finely-woven and fair, wrought by the
hands of women. Howbeit all these things will I verily
burn in blazing fire--in no wise a profit unto thee,
seeing thou shalt not lie therein, but to be an honour
unto thee from the men and women of Troy.")

So spake she weeping, and thereto the women added
their laments.) (literal prose of Murray)

The meter is not entirely successful over the course of
a whole book; much less can one conceive of an entire Iliad

of this sort. But in Aytoun's singular attempt the greatest fault is also its greatest asset, as this partial Iliad gets its power directly from the frantic meter. It is a translation that will make a reader sit up and pay attention. Aytoun's work can lead a reader to appreciate the twenty-second book in a way otherwise impossible.

These rhymed versions are not the sort to be immediately perceived as homeric, because of their styles and the way they stray from the literal word of the original. The writers of these rhymed Iliads, however, have found other ways to be homeric, and so can be as true to the original as Iliads in any other form. Each has its own strength, its own contribution: Denham's has poetry and power; Yalden's has clarity through expansion; Maynwaring's has interpretations that are interesting and unusual, yet also true to the original; and Aytoun's has a peculiar power by means of an extraordinary meter.

Chapter Three

Blank Verse Translations (pre-Twentieth Century)

Bad blank verse is in our language a better medium for rendering Homer's manner than good blank verse.

**Richard Garnett,
"On Translating Homer"**

If the first wave of great English translations of the Iliad was done in heroic couplets, then the second wave was surely blank verse. The first complete blank verse version was by William Cowper, and not surprisingly, his Iliad was presented as a reaction against the excesses of Pope's couplets. Two earlier lesser-known partial translations also owe their existence, it seems, to the necessity to put right again what Pope supposedly had put askew.¹

It has been said that blank verse is the easiest English verse to write, but the hardest to write well (Garnett 7). Both parts of that axiom would seem to apply to translating the Iliad; it is the easiest standard verse to use while staying close to the original, yet the nineteenth century especially saw a spate of mediocre literal translations in blank verse.

The use of blank verse does offer some distinct advantages over other forms, especially any rhyming verse. Its demands, at the first level, are few: no rhyme; an iambic beat that is natural to the English language; a

¹See Joseph Nicol Scott (1755) and Samuel Langley (1767) in Appendix.

comfortable, medium-sized line of ten syllables; the possibility for run-over lines without awkwardness; and an easily varied rhythm, with the substitution here and there of a trochee or spondee for the usual iamb. The mid-line pause can be moved about or eliminated. The most ordinary everyday speech can be turned into something recognizable as blank verse with only a minimum of effort.²

Blank verse is a standard English meter in the same way that dactylic hexameter was standard in Homer's time and place. It is variable enough to match the hexameter's variability, although in a different way. And it can maintain a high standard of dignity and poetry over the course of a long narrative poem, most ably proved by Milton's Paradise Lost.

So why not use it in every case? What can't blank verse do? Primarily, it does not in any way reproduce Homer's meter: it is based on accent instead of syllable length; it is shorter; it is based on a different foot--iamb rather than dactyl; it begins on a light syllable and ends on a heavy, while the reverse is true for Homer; and its manner of variation is different, changing the stress within a foot, where Homer changes the number of syllables. Both are unrhymed, it is true, and that fact is not without

²There lies the danger, certainly, implied
In Garnett's axiom: that one's blank verse
Will be no more than ordinary prose
With alternating barely rhythmic taps;
Or simple verse with dogged, thumping beats.

importance. But the only other way it reproduces the effect of Homer is that it is standard to English to the same degree that the hexameter was standard to Homer's Greek.

There are other arguments against the use of blank verse. One reviewer complains that blank verse is too literary a form, not "bardish" in the way that the hexameter was in Greek, or the way that ballad-measure can be in English. While acknowledging the greatness of the blank verse of Paradise Lost, Matthew Arnold argues that its movement is slower than the Iliad's; Milton's is "a laboured, a self-retarding movement," while Homer's is "a flowing, a rapid movement" (145). These different speeds are the results of two different manners of presentation. "Milton is trying to press a thousand things into one," says Arnold, while Homer "says a thing, and says it to the end, and then begins another." Richard Garnett agrees with Arnold, to some extent; a "good" blank verse is too slow for Homer, because good blank verse needs frequent and varied pauses to avoid monotony, but those pauses slow the line too much for Homer (8).

The strongest advocates of blank verse translation are those who have used it--William Cowper, for example. In his need to refute Pope's approach, his argument for blank verse covers first the absence of rhyme: "I will venture to assert that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme, is impossible," he says. Moreover, the better the poet at the use of rhyme, the more likely he is to be led astray

from the words and sense of the original. Furthermore, says Cowper, rhyming poetry will not abide the sort of "breaks and pauses" (viii) that are most suggestive of the original. Where blank verse makes good use of such effects, rhyming poetry is utterly broken apart by them, and must avoid them, thereby becoming even less Homeric. "A translator of Homer, therefore, seems directed by Homer himself to the use of blank verse, as to that alone in which he can be rendered with any tolerable representation of his manner in this particular" (viii).

Edward, Earl of Derby, in arguing for blank verse, addresses himself less to the dangers of rhyme than to the "pestilent heresy" of the English hexameter. That aside, then, he says that blank verse is "the only meter capable of adapting itself to all the gradations . . . of the Homeric style" (viii), from elaborate similes to simple, "homely" passages. It can especially "do full justice" to speeches full of strong emotion, where rhyme can destroy the effect.

William Cullen Bryant also argues for blank verse, echoing, along the way, his predecessors. Rhyme in translation "is a constant temptation to petty infidelities" (vi). Ballad-measure "would lead to some sacrifice of dignity." The hexameter is "imperfect" in English--meaning simply that our ears are not used to it. "I therefore fall back on blank-verse" (vii) he says, choosing it not for any great strengths, it seems, but merely by process of elimination. But, he reminds us, it is responsible for the

"noblest poetry" in English, and the "flexibility of its construction" fits the long narrative poem.

If we accept blank verse as an imperfect yet still reasonable choice, by what criteria, then, do we judge a particular blank verse translation of the Iliad?

We might start by asking what a blank verse translation can be expected to do well, and what it cannot. If one of the strengths of the form is that it is standard to English the way the hexameter was to Homer's culture, then we should expect a successful blank verse translation to be, first, good poetry in itself. Given the malleable nature of the verse, we can also expect a version to be open to most of the other general criteria outlined in Chapter One: emotional strength in its diction, and so forth. The only criterion that is not reasonable here is Arnold's requirement of rapidity. Blank verse, by its very nature, is not rapid. Its rising rhythm is generally slower than a falling rhythm, and its disyllabic iambs are generally slower than trisyllabic feet. Furthermore, as Garnett has pointed out, the frequent pauses, so important to the success of blank verse, slow the line further.

There exist over twenty-five English blank verse translations of the Iliad--complete and partial--written

before 1900,³ and only three of those were written before 1800. Three complete versions gained reasonably wide fame and readership--by Cowper, Derby, and Bryant--while the others fell quickly into obscurity.⁴ The Comparison section examines five of those lesser-known versions, each showing mixed success. The Closer Look section first examines the versions of Derby and Bryant,⁵ showing why they, too, are not completely successful. Finally, we will take a look at the best blank verse translation of the nineteenth century--an anonymous partial version from book 18, "The Shield of Achilles."

**Comparison of Morrice (1809), Brandreth (1846), Norgate
(1864), Caldcleugh (1870), and Cordery (1886)**

These five little-known blank verse translations, spanning the nineteenth century, are strong in some places, weak in others. None is good enough to stand out from the rest. This section examines them at four short passages near the end of book 16, using the criteria set out earlier, and ranks them at each step.

Hector observ'd
The wounded chief retiring, and advanc'd

³Blank verse of the twentieth century is covered in Chapter Seven.

⁴For brief information and comments regarding blank verse translations not covered in this chapter, see Appendix.

⁵Cowper's version is covered thoroughly by Crossett.

With hasty stride, and deep infix'd his spear
 Beneath the heart, and pierc'd his body through:
 He fell; then deeply griev'd the Grecian host.
 (James Morrice)

. . . whom half-withdrawn
 Hector beheld and in such wounded plight,
 And, through the files advancing, pierced his side
 Nigh the fifth rib, and drave the point right through.
 Loud clash'd his armour on him, as he fell,
 And falling, anguish'd all Achaia's host.
 (J. G. Cordery)

[Patroclus] fell back somewhat,
 Retreating towards his comrades; Hector saw,
 And drawing near him pierced him in the groin;
 Down fell the chief, the Greeks lamenting much.
 (W. G. Caldcleugh)

And Hector, when he brave Patroclus saw,
 Struck with sharp brass, retiring from the war,
 Came through the ranks, and push'd him with his spear
 Upon the groin, and through it drove the brass.
 He falling sounded; and the Argives grieved.
 (T. S. Brandreth)

But Hector,
 Soon as he saw the mighty-souled Patroclus
 Withdrawing back again, hurt by keen weapon,
 At him full near he came along the lines,
 And in the lowest part 'twixt hip and rib
 Wounded him with the spear; and drave the brass
 Through-out: and down he fell a heavy thump;
 And mightily distressed the Achaians' host.
 (T. S. Norgate)⁶

Ἐκτωρ δ' ὥς εἶδεν Πατροκλῆα μέγαθυμον
 ἀψ' ἀναχαζόμενον, βεβλημένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
 ἀγχιμόλον ῥά οἱ ἦλθε κατὰ στίχας, οὔτα δὲ δουρὶ
 νεΐατον ἐς κενέων, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε·
 δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, μέγα δ' ἤκαχε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν.
 (16.818-22)

(But Hector, when he beheld great-souled Patroclus
 drawing back, smitten with the sharp bronze, came nigh
 him through the ranks, and smote him with a thrust of his
 spear in the nethermost belly, and drave the bronze clean

⁶Norgate's verse is not decasyllabic, and does not scan iambically; instead, it is, in his words, "dramatic blank verse," having "an unvarying number of feet (five), and yet a varying number of syllables" (Preface vii).

through; and he fell with a thud, and sorely grieved the host of the Achaeans.) (literal prose of Murray)

Here Morrice is best; his verses are unmarred, and the diction is strong and simple. "Deep infix'd his spear / Beneath the heart" is close to the original in sense, and is equivalent in spirit--harsh but not overly gruesome. "He fell" is simple where others fall into absurdity. "Then deeply griev'd the Grecian host" is perfect on all counts.

Cordery's "drave the point right through" is sufficient for second place, capturing something of the strength of *διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε*. "Loud clash'd his armour on him" violates Wilson's maxim, though, as Homer in no way "clash'd" here.

Caldcleugh takes third by default; his version skips much, and therefore doesn't have a chance to be truly bad in the way Brandreth and Norgate are here. Brandreth's diction is weak; "push'd him with his spear" and "He falling sounded" have some of the sense but none of the spirit of Homer. Norgate starts fine, keeping "mighty-souled Patroclus" where the others have dropped it, but later he commits the worst foul--the sheer absurdity that renders all else invisible--"and down he fell a heavy thump."

"Patroclus, thou didst think, and vainly too,
Our city to despoil, and captive bear
The Trojan matrons to thy native land.
Insensate! 'tis for them the Hectorian steeds
To battle speed their way; for them I wield
This spear, amongst the warlike sons of Troy
Excelling, to ward off that fatal day.
Thee, wretched man! the vultures shall devour:"
(Morrice)

"Thou saidst, Patroclus, thou wouldst waste our town,
 And Trojan dames, of freedom's day deprived,
 Lead in your swift ships to your fathers' land;
 Fool; Hector's rapid steeds before them stretch
 With feet to war, and I with spear excel
 Amongst the warlike Trojans to ward off
 Their evil day; but vultures thee shall eat."
 (Brandreth)

"To thine own heart, Patroclus, thou hadst said
 How thou wouldst make my city desolate,
 And bear the women of Troy across the seas
 To a dark life of slavery in your homes:
 Fond! For before them bounded to the fray
 The steeds of Hector; and myself excel
 All warriors, warring for their sake, and keep
 Such day of doom afar; but thou becom'st
 The food of vultures!"
 (Cordery)

"Patroclus! thinking wast thou sure, I ween,
 On ravaging our City, and of robbing
 Our Trojan women of the day of freedom,
 And taking them away on board thy ships
 To thy dear fatherland; Ah, simpleton!
 For in defence of them, Hector's swift horses
 Apace have galloped forward to the battle:
 Myself too am distinguished for the spear
 Amongst our warlike Trojans, and 'tis I
 Ward off their day of slavery: but thee
 Shall vultures here devour. . . ."
 (Norgate)

"Oh, Patroclus! thou doubtless didst expect
 Our city to destroy, and lead away
 Our wives and children to thy fatherland;
 Such was thy hope, thou miserable fool!
 But Hector's chariot meets thee in the field,--
 Hector conspicuous in warlike deeds,
 And ever prompt his people to defend;
 Now hungry vultures shall thy corpse devour."
 (Caldcleugh)

"Πάτροκλ', ἡ που ἔφησθα πόλιν κεραϊξέμεν ἀμήν,
 Τρωιάδας δὲ γυναικάς ἐλεύθερον ἡμᾶρ ἀπούρας
 ἄξειν ἐν νήεσσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
 νήπιε· τᾶων δὲ πρόσθ' Ἑκτορος ὠκέες ἵπποι
 ποσσὶν ὀρῶν ἔχονται πολέμιζεν· ἔγχεϊ δ' αὐτὸς
 Τρῶσιν φιλοπτολέμοισι μεταπρέπω, ὃ σφιν ἀμύνω
 ἡμᾶρ ἀναγκαῖον· σὲ δέ τ' ἐνθάδε γῦπες ἔδονται."
 (16.830-36)

("Patroclus, thou thoughtest, I ween, that thou wouldest sack our city, and from the women of Troy wouldest take the day of freedom, and bear them in thy ships to thy dear native land, thou fool! Nay, in front of them the swift horses of Hector stride forth to the fight, and with the spear I myself am pre-eminent among the war-loving Trojans, even I that ward from them the day of doom; but for thee, vultures shall devour thee here.") (literal prose of Murray)

None of the five is especially good in this passage, but Morrice once again takes first place, mainly on the strength of his repeated "for them," having found a way to make clear Homer's subtle *τάων πρόσθεν*.⁷ Brandreth takes second place for his daring, having rendered *ποσσὶν ὁρωρέχεται* the most literally, as "stretch with feet to war." The phrase is hardly idiomatic English; Norgate's "galloped forward to the battle," in fact, is a perfectly idiomatic equivalent, for which he is to be commended. But in the way that no common idiom can, "stretch with feet to war" creates a vivid image--one of the best things a poem can do. Cordery takes third place with the line "To a dark life of slavery in your homes," not a literal but an emotional and vivid rendering of the women's potential fate. Cordery loses points for his last clause, "but thou becom'st / The food of vultures!",

⁷The absolutely literal meaning of *πρόσθεν* here is "before" or "in front of," as Cordery and Brandreth have it. The lexicon of Liddell & Scott adds to that definition: "with collat[eral] notion of defence," as Norgate and (vaguely) Caldcleugh have it. But Liddell & Scott further adds to the definition--"for, on behalf of"--and refers to Iliad 16.833, the very point in question. "Before them" is too literal here, missing part of the meaning, and obscuring the importance of Hector's efforts. "In defence of them" is better, but still narrow, as it eliminates the richness of connotations of the simple "for them," as, for example, when we say "for God and country."

where the passive construction softens and obscures the horror of the Greek: σὲ δέ τ' ἐνθάδε γυῖες ἔδονται ("and the vultures will eat you here"). Fourth place goes to Cordery, held out from last place by the "galloped" mentioned above, but unable to rise further with the weight of this absurd line: "Myself too am distinguished for the spear." Caldcleugh takes last place, having rearranged Hector's defence into obscurity.

"One other word I also have to say,
Ponder it well: thy life will not last long,
Soon in the dust thou prostrate, too, will lie,
By the illustrious Achilles slain."
(Caldcleugh)

"Yet else I'll tell thee, and lay it thou to heart:
Sure no, not long shalt thou go on; but near
Already stands thy death and violent Doom,
For thee to be bowed down beneath the hands
Of blemishless Aeacides Achilles."
(Norgate)

"Yet hear
These my last words, and lay them to thy heart:
Nor thou hast long to live; but even now
I see Death stand--Death and a violent Fate
Beside thee; and the child of Aeacus,
The blameless chief Achilles, strikes thee down!"
(Cordery)

"But this I tell thee, and mark well my words,
Not long shalt thou survive: already Death
And Fate approach thee near; destin'd to fall,
And shortly too, by great Achilles' arm."
(Morrice)

"And this I say, and cast it in thy mind;
Thyself not long shalt live; but now to thee
Resistless Fate and hateful Death stand near,
Tamed by the hand of Peleus' faultless son."
(Brandreth)

"ἄλλο δέ τοι ἔρῳ, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλω σῆσιν·
οὐ θην οὐδ' αὐτὸς δηρὸν βέη, ἀλλὰ τοι ἤδη
ἄγχι παρέστηκεν θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή,

χερσὶ δαμέντ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος Αἰακίδαο."
(16.851-54)

("And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to hear: verily thou shalt not thyself be long in life, but even now doth death stand hard by thee, and mighty fate, that thou be slain beneath the hands of Achilles, the peerless son of Aeacus.") (literal prose of Murray)

The first prize in this round goes to Caldcleugh, whose rendering is not the most literal, but matches well Homer's sense and spirit, and is "eminently plain and direct." English often relies on monosyllables for its strongest messages, however much the phenomenon may seem foreign to polysyllabic Greek. In this case, Caldcleugh's half-line, "thy life will not last long," is the sort of message that cannot be ignored. The effect is not merely one of monosyllables, as the other versions are similar; but none matches Caldcleugh's in simplicity of syntax and diction, and in placement (end of line). Caldcleugh's next line, "Soon in the dust thou prostrate, too, will lie," seems perfectly Homeric; lying stretched out in the dust is the fate of many heroes in this story, including Patroclus himself (hence, "too").

Second prize goes to Norgate, where "and lay it thou to heart" loosens the literal word of the original just enough to make the phrase both idiomatic and vivid. Brandreth's "and cast it in thy mind" is too literal, sounding just a bit foolish. Morrice's "and mark well my words" and Caldcleugh's "Ponder it well" are idiomatic, but not as vivid as Norgate's. Cordery's phrase is close to Norgate's,

but he takes third place for a different reason. His "I see Death stand--Death and a violent Fate" I like, personally, partly because it reminds me of Christopher Logue's astounding version of this passage.⁸ But the "I see" isn't in the Greek, and Norgate's "near / Already stands thy death and violent Doom" is perfectly literal and just as strong. Brandreth and Morrice tie for last place; neither has much to recommend it in this passage.

 "Why dost thou, Patroclus, foretell my death?
 Who knows but great Achilles may himself
 Die before me, and by my spear be slain?"

He said; and drew his weapon from the wound,
 Pressing his heel upon the warrior's breast,
 Then dashed him prostrate on the dusty ground;
 (Caldcleugh)

"Wherefore, Patroclus,
 Dost prophesy for me o'erhanging ruin?
 And who knows, but that fair-tressed Thetis' son,
 Achilles, may be first to lose his life
 Smitten by this my spear?" As thus he spake,
 Planting his heel, he drew his brazen lance
 From out the wound, and from the shaft thrust back
 The corse, face upward.
 (Norgate)

"Patroclus, why foretellest thou my fate?
 Who knows, if swift Achilles, Thetis' son,
 Struck by my spear, may first his own life lose."
 So saying, from the wound his brazen spear
 He drew with heel, and cast him on his back;
 (Brandreth)

"Why of my fate
 Prophetic thus? Who knows but he may fall,
 The Son of Thetis, by this self-same spear?"
 He spake; and from the wound the weapon drew,
 Spurn'd with his heel, and thrust to earth the corpse:
 (Morrice)

⁸ See Chapter Six.

"Predoom'st thou me, Patroclus, to this death?
Yet it may hap that Peleus' noble Son
Shall be the first to perish by my spear."

He spoke, and stamp'd his heel upon the corse,
And pluck'd the brazen weapon from the wound,
And toss'd him off the point supine;
(Cordery)

"Πατρόκλεις, τί νύ μοι μαντεύεαι αἰπὺν ὀλεθρον;
τίς δ' οἶδ' εἰ κ' Ἀχιλεὺς, Θέτιδος πάϊς ἡϋκόμοιο,
φθῆη ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσαι;"
ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας δόρυ χάλκεον ἐξ ὠτειλῆς
εἵρυσσε λαξ προσβάς, τὸν δ' ὑπρίον ὥς ἀπὸ δουρός.
(16.859-63)

("Patroclus, wherefore dost thou prophesy for me sheer destruction? Who knows but that Achilles, the son of fair-tressed Thetis, may first be smitten by my spear, and lose his life?")

So saying, he drew forth the spear of bronze from the wound, setting his foot upon the dead, and thrust him backward from the spear.) (literal prose of Murray)

In this final round, the first place goes again to Caldcleugh, for two reasons especially: 1) "great Achilles may himself / Die before me" uses enjambment to its utmost, the heavy downbeat on "Die" feeling like Death itself; 2) he has the good sense to use "prostrate" and "dusty" to match the diction from the previous section.

Second place goes to Norgate, very close to the original in word, sense, and spirit at all points. His phrase "o'erhanging ruin" is a master stroke, making αἰπὺν into a vivid picture such as the dangling sword of Damocles.⁹

⁹But is it in the original? Very nearly so. We should not be fooled by Murray's prose, where "sheer" is really a clever pun. Without the Greek, we might take it to mean "complete, utter," but the Greek word is αἰπὺν ("steep, lofty" or, of course, "sheer"). "O'erhanging" is only a small step away.

Third place is a tie between Morrice and Brandreth, equally unexceptional, and almost identical in the second half of this passage. Last place, then, goes to Cordery. "Predoom'st thou me" would have been enough to earn last place, but the verbs used in the second half--"stamp'd," "pluck'd," and "toss'd"--thoroughly violate the spirit of the passage.

Which of the criteria have held most sway? Diction that carries some suggestion of homeric emotion and vigor is often the deciding factor, especially because it is all too often quite scarce in blank verse translations. This is closely tied to the second factor--evidence of good English blank verse poetry. Closeness of word, sense, or spirit is also essential, but only occasionally is it the deciding factor (except to the degree that homeric emotion and vigor are part of spirit). One other factor, avoidance of absurdity, all too often makes a difference.

A Closer Look

Unlike the five obscure translations examined in the previous section, the translations by Edward, Earl of Derby and William Cullen Bryant were widely reviewed and frequently reprinted, and are still relatively easy to find in libraries. The two versions were published only six years apart--1864 and 1870, respectively--but are very

different, reflecting their authors' professions; Derby was a statesman, Bryant a poet. Though each was clearly a success by standards of publishing, neither is completely successful by the criteria outlined in this chapter.

EDWARD, EARL OF DERBY, The Iliad of Homer (1864)

Of Peleus' son, Achilles, sing, O Muse,
The vengeance, deep and deadly; whence to Greece
Unnumber'd ills arose; which many a soul
Of mighty warriors to the viewless shades
Untimely sent; they on the battle plain
Unburied lay, a prey to rav'ning dogs,
And carrion birds; but so had Jove decreed,
From that sad day when first in wordy war,
The mighty Agamemnon, King of men,
Confronted stood by Peleus' godlike son.

Μῆνιν αἰδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε,
πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἀΐδι προΐαψεν
ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν
οἰωνοῖσιν τε πᾶσι, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή,
ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε
Ἄτρεΐδης τε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
(1.1-7)

(The wrath do thou sing, O goddess, of Peleus' son, Achilles, that baneful wrath which brought countless woes upon the Achaeans, and sent forth to Hades many valiant souls of warriors, and made themselves to be a spoil for dogs and all manner of birds; and thus the will of Zeus was being brought to fulfillment;--sing thou thereof from the time when at first there parted in strife Atreus' son, king of men, and goodly Achilles.) (literal prose of Murray)

Lord Derby asks the muse to sing the vengeance of Achilles, which is not quite accurate for *μῆνιν*; but his distorted syntax obscures the opening lines further. The first word of seems, at the reader's first glance, to be governed by sing, with the sense of "about." The reader is not likely to recognize "the vengeance, deep and deadly"

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immediately as the direct object of sing, without preposition (rightly imitating the original) and modified by of. The opening is no place for grammatical and semantic confusion, however momentary it may be; the confusion dampens the impact on the reader.

"Untimely sent" in Derby's fifth line is intriguing. The standard view seems to be that untimely is not actually found in the original, although it can reasonably be inferred from the context. But maybe it is in the text, in *προΐαψεν*, even though Autenrieth dismisses the *προ-* as "merely for emphasis," and Liddell & Scott gives only "send forth, hurl away." Most words beginning in *προ-* refer to forward motion, forward place, or earlier time; but one might be seen to carry a sense of "too-early time," and so, of course, "untimely." *πρόγονος* ("earlier-born") refers to lambs, which are at considerable risk if born before consistently warm weather sets in. There is no way for us to know if Derby's use of untimely sprang from his reading of *προ-*, or from the larger context, or from earlier translations,¹⁰ but it is illuminating nonetheless.

¹⁰Cowper uses "premature," and Maynwaring "untimely." Ogilby was the first to translate *προΐαψεν* in this way ("untimely"), and he included an explanatory note:

The Ancients suppos'd those that died a violent death to die before their time, and that such deaths came not by Fate; wherefore Virgil saies of Dido, that--nec fato, merita nec morte peribat, Sed misera ante diem--*προΐαψεν* implies such an unnatural anticipation of Fate.

Syntax is a problem again in Derby's last lines of the invocation. "Wordy war" is a weak rendering of *ἐρίσαντε*, although its mocking tone might actually be more appropriate than *ἐρίσαντε* to describe the trouble between Agamemnon and Achilles. "Confronted stood," on the other hand, is a perfectly apt rendering of *διαστήτην*. However, while the passage unscrambled reads "When Agamemnon stood, confronted by Achilles, in wordy war," Derby's placement of "confronted stood by" leads the reader, at first glance, to picture the two men standing side-by-side--hardly an appropriate image. Inverted syntax is certainly not to be considered a universal crime in poetry. In a work like the Iliad, however, where a reasonable narrative speed is important, and especially in the invocation, where our first images are being forged, clarity is essential; syntax that throws up road-blocks is no help at all.

Derby is slightly off in the following passage:

Like the night-cloud he pass'd; and from afar
He bent against the ships, and sped the bolt;
And fierce and deadly twang'd the silver bow.

ὁ δ' ἦϊε νυκτὶ ἐοικώς.
ἔρετ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε νεῶν, μετὰ δ' ἰὸν ἔηκε·
δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένητ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.
(1.47b-49)

(and his coming was like the night. Then he sate him down apart from the ships and let fly a shaft: terrible was the twang of the silver bow.) (literal prose of Murray)

According to John Wilson in 1831, Cowper had rendered ὁ δ' ἦϊε νυκτὶ ἐοικώς best up to that time, even "perfectly" (12)--"Like night he came." Wilson argues that Homer has

not turned day into night, but has only made Apollo into an inversion of himself--the sun-god, in his anger, has become a blackness within the daytime. Derby's "night-cloud" is nowhere in the original, and is ambiguous: is it a cloud that is dark as night, or is it a cloud in the night? "Pass'd" is wrong in its connotations, as Apollo has come down toward them from the mountain-top. Derby's sins here and elsewhere, it should be noted, are nothing like the absurdities seen in the Comparison section; where he misses, he usually misses by only a little.

Derby's next line misses for a different reason. "Sped the bolt" provides an appropriate image, once the reader has turned it into an image, but the problem is with the words themselves. Matthew Arnold argues that the words should never draw attention to themselves, should never interfere with the image they are intended to portray, should never seem odd. But "odd" describes "sped the bolt" exactly. The meaning is clear enough--"shot the arrow"; but even in 1864 Derby's phrase must have drawn attention to itself, away from the image.

The third line is much better, especially "fierce and deadly" for δεινῇ, although twang'd runs dangerously close to the problem mentioned just above.

In this next passage Derby commits no glaring errors, but his lines do not have the straightforward ease of Homer's original, or of good blank verse:

and when his bark
 Had reach'd the shelter of the deep sea bay,
 Their sails they furl'd, and lower'd to the hold;
 Slack'd the retaining shrouds, and quickly struck
 And stow'd away the mast; then with their sweeps
 Pull'd for the beach, and cast their anchors out,
 And made her fast with cables to the shore.
 Then on the shingly breakwater themselves
 They landed, and the sacred hecatomb
 To great Apollo; and Chryseis last.

οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ λιμένος πολυβενθέος ἐντὸς ἵκοντο,
 ἱστία μὲν στείλαντο, θέσαν δ' ἐν νητὶ μελαίνῃ,
 ἱστὸν δ' ἱστοδόκῃ πέλασαν προτόνοισιν ὑφέντες
 καρπαλίμως, τὴν δ' εἰς ὄρμον προέρεσαν ἐρετμοῖς.
 ἐκ δ' εὐνάς ἔβαλον, κατὰ δὲ πρυμνήσι' ἔδησαν·
 ἐκ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ βαῖνον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης,
 ἐκ δ' ἑκατόμβην βῆσαν ἐκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι.
 ἐκ δὲ Χρυσῆϊς νηὸς βῆ ποντοπόροιο.
 (1.432-39)

(When they were now got within the deep harbour, they furl'd the sail, and stowed it in the black ship, and the mast they lowered by the forestays and brought it to the crutch with speed, and rowed her with oars to the place of anchorage. Then they cast out the mooring-stones and made fast the stern cables, and themselves went forth upon the shore of the sea. Forth they brought the hecatomb for Apollo, that smiteth afar, and forth stepped also the daughter of Chryses from the sea-faring ship.)
 (literal prose of Murray)

Derby is too obviously molding his descriptions to fit the iambic pentameter line: "deep sea bay"--what does sea add, except another syllable?; "Their sails they furl'd"--too much unlike ordinary speech patterns, without gaining any poetic vigor from the difference; "themselves / They landed"--same problem.

Derby is much stronger at Hector's prayer for his son:

"Grant, Jove, and all ye Gods, that this my son
 May be, as I, the foremost man of Troy,
 For valour fam'd, his country's guardian King;
 That men may say, 'This youth surpasses far
 His father,' when they see him from the fight
 From slaughter'd foes, with bloody spoils of war
 Returning, to rejoice his mother's heart!"

"Ζεῦ ἄλλοι τε θεοί, δότε δὴ καὶ τόνδε γενέσθαι
 παῖδ' ἐμόν, ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ περ, ἀριπρεπέα Τρώεσσιν,
 ὧδε βίην τ' ἀγαθόν, καὶ Ἰλίου ἱφί ἀνάσσειν·
 καὶ ποτὲ τις εἴποι 'πατρός γ' ὅδε πολλὸν ἀμείνων'
 ἐκ πολέμου ἀνιόντα· φέροι δ' ἔναρα βροτόεντα
 κτείνας δῆϊον ἄνδρα, χαρεῖν δὲ φρένα μήτηρ."
 (6.476-81)

("Zeus and ye other gods, grant that this my child may likewise prove, even as I, pre-eminent amid the Trojans, and as valiant in might, and that he rule mightily over Ilios. And some day may some man say of him as he cometh back from war, 'He is better far than his father'; and may he bear the blood-stained spoils of the foeman he hath slain, and may his mother's heart wax glad.")
 (literal prose of Murray)

Each line, each phrase rings with the pride and hope of fatherhood. The secondary quotation, "This youth surpasses far / His father," is a fine rendering of a difficult yet important spot; in my view, there are only two better versions (see Chapter Five).

Even better is the triple zeugma in the last lines. The prepositional phrases pile one upon another until the tension is released finally by the verb returning. Derby does not follow the order of the original very closely here, but he captures the sense adequately, and captures the spirit exceptionally well, proving that he can write like a poet from time to time.

Near the beginning of book 16, Derby starts the passage poorly, but improves:

"Oh, be it never mine to nurse such hate
 As thou retain'st, inflexibly severe!
 Who e'er may hope in future days by thee
 To profit, if thou now forbear to save
 The Greeks from shame and loss? Unfeeling man!
 Sure Peleus, horseman brave, was ne'er thy sire,
 Nor Thetis bore thee; from the cold gray sea

And craggy rocks thou hadst thy birth; so hard
And stubborn is thy soul."

"μὴ ἐμέ γ' οὖν οὗτός γε λάβοι χόλος, ὃν σὺ φυλάσσεις,
αἰναρέτη· τί σευ ἄλλος ὀνήσεται ὀψίγονός περ,
αἶ κε μὴ Ἀργείοισιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμύνης;
νηλεές, οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατήρ ἦν ἱππότης Πηλεΐδης,
οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ· γλαυκὴ δὲ σε τίκτε θάλασσα
πέτραι τ' ἡλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής."
(16.30-35)

("Never upon me let such wrath lay hold, as that thou
dost cherish, O thou whose valour is but a bane! Wherein
shall any other even yet to be born have profit of thee,
if thou ward not off shameful ruin from the Argives?
Pitiless one, thy father, meseems, was not the knight
Peleus, nor was Thetis thy mother, but the grey sea bare
thee, and the beetling cliffs, for that thy heart is
unbending.") (literal prose of Murray)

"Inflexibly severe" captures absolutely nothing of αἰναρέτη.

The phrase makes sense within the context, but it is not
Homer, in meaning or in sound. This kind of complete miss
is unusual for Derby. More typical is the fourth line: "To
profit, if thou now forbear to save." It is in no way
incorrect--but is simply an abomination to the ear.

Derby redeems himself a bit in the last two and a half
lines. The images of "cold gray sea" and "craggy rocks" are
right on the money in both sound and sense. The last
clause--"so hard / And stubborn is thy soul"--is
surprisingly free from the literal word, but again the sense
is there and the poetry is far better than the usual Derby.

The Iliad of Lord Derby is a solid piece of work, the
kind of work one might expect from a well-educated and well-
respected statesman and peer. The choice of blank verse
seems only reasonable. That it is a close translation is no

surprise at all. That it rarely stumbles is to be expected.
That it rarely soars is unfortunate.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, The Iliad of Homer (1870-71)

The opening invocation of the Iliad as rendered by Bryant
is as good as any version:

O Goddess! sing the wrath of Peleus' son,
Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that brought
Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept
To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave
Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air,--
For so had Jove appointed,--from the time
When the two chiefs, Atrides, king of men,
And great Achilles, parted first as foes.

It starts with a cry--"O Goddess!"--and from there
follows the original in many significant aspects. "Sing the
wrath of Peleus' son" puts Homer's words and syntax into
plain English order, preserving the sense and force.

Achilles stands at the head of the second line--always
important words in important places in this invocation.
Sing is repeated, unlike the original but in no way awkward,
leading to the important repetition and intensification
"deadly wrath"--a perfectly simple rendering of οὐλομένην.
Of this line and the next two, each ends in an active verb
(brought, swept, gave), which in turn leads to its object
(direct or indirect) near the head of each subsequent line
(Woes, [To] Hades, [Their] limbs). This is vigorous
composition for a vigorous opening, by a poet who knows his
craft well.

In the following, Bryant gives us one of those translations that is slightly less literal than it could be, but through deliberate choice becomes more revealing:

"Ha, thou mailed in impudence
And bent on lucre! Who of all the Greeks
Can willingly obey thee, on the march,
Or bravely battling with the enemy?"

"ὦ μοι, ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένε, κερδαλέοφρον,
πῶς τίς τοι πρόφρων ἔπεσιν πείθεται Ἀχαιῶν
ἢ ὁδὸν ἐλθέμεναι ἢ ἀνδράσιν ἰφί μάχεσθαι;"
(1.149-51)

("Ah me, thou clothed in shamelessness, thou of crafty mind, how shall any man of the Achaeans hearken to thy bidding with a ready heart either to go on a journey or to fight amain with warriors?") (literal prose of Murray)

"Mailed in impudence"--Agamemnon is not simply covered ("clothed") by his disrespect, he is armored with it, he uses it for protection of the fragile self within. The suggestion of immaturity in the leader of leaders makes the insult especially wounding, and accurate. The rest of the short passage is concise and straightforward and nearly literal, although the last line does not flow as well as it should.

The triple insult is not handled so well:

"Wine-bibber, with the forehead of a dog
And a deer's heart!"

"οἶνοβαρές, κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο,"
(1.225)

("Thou heavy with wine, thou with the front of a dog but the heart of a dear,") (literal prose of Murray)

Wine-bibber is a horribly weak rendering of *οἰνοβαρές*, but worse yet, was probably either borrowed--it was common enough in English translations--or simply cribbed from the dictionary (Autenreich). One expects better of a poet such as Bryant.

In the following passage Bryant handles the routine fighting episode well:

The warlike Polypoetes overthrew
Astyalus; Ulysses smote to earth
Pidytes the Percosian with the spear,
And Teucer Aretaon, nobly born.
The glittering javelin of Antilochus,
The son of Nestor, laid Ablerus low;
And Agamemnon, king of men, struck down
Elatus, who on lofty Pedasus
Dwelt, by the smoothly flowing Satnio's stream.
Brave Leitus slew Phylacus in flight,
And by Eurypylus Melanthius fell.

Ἄστυαλον δ' ἄρ' ἐπέφνε μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης·
Πιδύτην δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς Περκώσιον ἐξενάρειεν
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ, Τεῦκρος δ' Ἀρετάονα δῖον.
Ἀντίλοχος δ' Ἀβληρον ἐνήρατο δουρὶ φαεινῷ
Νεστορίδης, Ἐλάτον δὲ ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
ναῖε δὲ Σατνιόεντος ἐϋρρείταο παρ' ὄχθας
Πήδασον αἰπεινήν. Φύλακον δ' ἔλε Λήϊτος ἥρως
φεύγοντ'· Εὐρύπυλος δὲ Μελάνθιον ἐξενάρειεν.
(6.29-36)

(And Polypoetes staunch in fight slew Astyalus, and Odysseus with his spear of bronze laid low Pidytes of Percote, and Teucer goodly Aretaon. And Antilochus, son of Nestor, slew Ablerus with his bright spear, and the king of men, Agamemnon, slew Elatus that dwelt in steep Pedasus by the banks of fair-flowing Satnioeis. And the warrior Leitus slew Phylacus, as he fled before him; and Eurypylus laid Melanthius low.) (literal prose of Murray)

Most of the pairs of fighters are dispatched as efficiently as in the original, until Bryant offers one clear image using one full line: "The glittering javelin of

Antilochus."¹¹ The line is like a jewel buried in the sand; who would expect to find it there?

In another spot, where Helen addresses Hector, Bryant's abilities as a poet work against him:

"Brother-in-law,--for such thou art, though I
Am lost to shame, and cause of many ills,--
Would that some violent blast when I was born
Had whirled me to the mountain wilds, or waves
Of the hoarse sea, that they might swallow me,
Ere deeds like these were done!"

"δᾶερ ἐμεῖο κυνὸς κακομηχάνου ὀκρυοέσσης,
ὥς μ' ὄφελ' ἤματι τῷ ὅτε με πρῶτον τέκε μήτηρ
οἴχεσθαι προφέρουσα κακὴ ἀνέμοιο θύελλα
εἰς ὄρος ἢ εἰς κῦμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
ἔνθα με κῦμ' ἀπόερσε πάρος τάδε ἔργα γενέσθαι."
(6.344-48)

("O Brother of me that am a dog, a contriver of mischief and abhorred of all, I would that on the day when first my mother gave me birth an evil storm-wind had borne me away to some mountain or to the wave of the loud-resounding sea, where the wave might have swept me away or ever these things came to pass.") (literal prose of Murray)

More than any other blank verse translation of the Iliad, Bryant's is always smooth and sonorous. The version by Derby, who was not a poet by profession, has certain strengths, but rarely achieves the poetic gracefulness that Bryant's Iliad almost always holds. But passages such as this call for something other than gracefulness, and Bryant seems unable to turn it off. ". . . for such thou art, though I / Am lost to shame, and cause of many ills" contains none of the jarring, violent self-hatred

¹¹ The line scans only if "glittering" and "javelin" are each held to two syllables (each is well within the bounds of reasonable usage); a two-syllable "glittering" will be sonorous only if both ts are heard--glit:tring.

characteristic of the original: *κυνὸς κακομηχανοῦ*

ὀκρυοέσεως. Likewise, the rest of the passage is highly poetic, full of motion--but not the emotion of Helen.

At Hector's prayer, again the poetry is smooth but unable to rise to the heights of emotion where Homer's Hector should be taken:

"O Jupiter and all ye deities,
Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become
Among the Trojans eminent like me,
And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,
'This man is greater than his father was!'
When they behold him from the battle-field
Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe,--
That so his mother may be glad at heart."

The secondary quote, the end of which should mark the highest emotional point of the passage, ends instead disappointingly with the be-verb "was"; that the line ends on this same weak note only exacerbates the problem. It may read smoothly, but it holds little of the power of emotion that is needed here.

In the last two lines, even the smoothness stumbles. In "Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe,--" the words do not fall off the tongue as easily as we expect from Bryant, and the rhythm is hard to find. In the last line, "That so" is unidiomatic and awkward.

At Patroclus' speech to Achilles, Bryant shows an interesting twist at one point:

"O, never be such fierce resentments mine
As thou dost cherish, who art only brave
For mischief! Whom wilt thou hereafter aid,
If now thou rescue not the perishing Greeks?
O merciless! it cannot surely be
That Peleus was thy father, or the queen

Thetis thy mother; the green sea instead
 And rugged precipices brought thee forth,
 For savage is thy heart."

"Who art only brave / For mischief!" does not quite capture the subtleties of αἰναπέτη, but it finds a truth of its own.

"Brave for mischief" describes--what else?--a boy! And that, of course, is part of the problem for Achilles, who sulks, and weeps, and carries on. He is much more than a boy, without question, but Bryant has reminded us of the part that explains so much. In the last part of the passage, though, the strength is again missing. "The green sea" is precisely the wrong image. "Rugged precipices" is an architectural feat of versification indeed, working as it does with the meter of the line. But "precipices" actually sounds rather silly here where a strong monosyllable (e.g., rocks) is called for by the image if not the meter.

Bryant's poetic craft makes his Iliad a very different and far more readable work than Derby's. But like Derby's, it does not soar; in fact, despite being a rather pretty bird, it all too often cannot get off the ground.

"THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES" 18.483-608 (1875)

The very best pre-twentieth-century blank verse translation is, unfortunately, only one small part of the Iliad, just over one hundred lines. It sits humbly at the end of a multiple review of translations of the Iliad, in the London Quarterly Review; there is no name attached.

It might be said that a small piece cannot be valued equally with a complete translation, and I do not disagree. The magnitude of achievement of this small piece does not rival that of a good complete translation.

On the other hand, good is good, and no other version stands by this one. It is superior by nearly every criterion for blank verse translations, as set out in the first part of this chapter.

It is as rapid as blank verse can be; it is plain and direct at almost every point, except for a rare circumlocution and one other phenomenon that is, I think, a plus. Is it noble? Let us say, for the moment, that it never stumbles and is never absurd. The work is literal to a degree that is continually surprising, and it never strays from the sense or the spirit of the original. It is always perfectly clear; and it carries the emotion, the vigor, the force, even the violence of Homer's original, adjusting and capturing the appropriate tone from scene to scene--of joy and sorrow, of clamoring crowds and beautiful vineyards, of dances and bloody battles.

Could the author have sustained this level through a complete translation? Probably not, but the question is moot. The piece, as we have it, is a treasure:

I.

And there he wrought the world, the sea, the sky,
The unreposing sun, the full-faced moon,
With all the starry signs that crown the heavens,
The Pleiads, and the Hyads, and Orion's might,
And Arctos, named the Wain by name, who wheels
His restless round, to watch Orion's ways,

Sole star that never shares the ocean's baths.

IV.

Around the second city sate two hosts,
 Shining in arms, divided in desire
 To dash it into dust, or harry half
 The lovely city held within her walls;
 Surrender scorned, for ambush silently
 They arm. Upon the walls their sweet wives stand,
 Their children, and their sires of years infirm,
 To guard their homes. On marched the men led forth
 By Mars and by Minerva, each in gold,
 And each in golden garments garmented,
 Divinely beautiful and tall. . . .
 Each host
 Made halt beside the river's bank and fought
 The fight, each smiting with the bronze-bound spear.
 Tumult and Strife and Fate raged there--
 Destroying Fate--one with his gash still green
 She grasped a captive, and one without a wound,
 And one in death she dragged forth by his feet
 From out the battle. Bright with blood the robe
 Upon her shoulders blazed. Like mortal men
 Ranging the field, and mingling in the fight,
 They slew, and haled from either host the slain.

X.

And there in quaint device a dance he wrought,
 Like to the dance that Daedalus designed
 Of yore in spacious Cnossus to delight
 The fair-tressed Ariadne. Many a maid
 Worthy to win the wooer's gift of kine,
 Of countless kine, danced with their partners there,
 Wrist upon wrist, and hand on hand, the maids
 Mantled in tender-tissued gauze, the men
 In tunics glossy, as the gloss of oil;
 Those crowned with crowns of beauty, these
 With swords of gold from belts of silver swung.
 They whirled the dance with fleet and practised feet,
 With ease, as when the working potter whirls
 His wheel, to gauge his gear, and spins it round,
 To rule its circling speed; so, with all ease,
 These wheeled around, and crossed from side to side,
 While crowds delighted stood around the dance
 Of joy. The holy minstrel, in their midst,
 Sang meanwhile to his harp; and tumblers twain
 His song took up, and tumbled as they sang.
 And for the margin of that matchless shield,
 The mighty strength of ocean's stream he made.

In the first lines, we see immediately the dignity and ease with which the translator arranges the pieces--literally yet without the awkwardness that typically marks a literal version. In the fifth line we have the first example of polyptoton: "named the Wain by name." In this case, the original provides the basis, with ἐπὶ κλησὶν καλεῖουσιν. In countless other cases throughout this work, the translator indulges in polyptoton even where the original does not. While these figures are not in themselves plain, nor especially homeric, they do have precedent in other Greek works. Working with alliteration that is even more pervasive, the polyptotons help create the atmosphere of decoration, which is, after all, the subject of the entire piece.¹² The rhetorical figures do not get out of hand; there are few of any other type. The straightforward syntax helps preserve a sense of plainness and directness in the midst of the decorations.

The tone near the end of paragraph IV is far different from previous paragraphs, yet the words are still very close to the original, and are still strong--full of violent verbs and verbals: "smiting," "raged," "Destroying," "grasped," "dragged," "ranging," "mingling," "slew," and "haled." There is one bit of circumlocution: "one with his gash still green" for νεοῦτατον ("lately wounded" [Autenrieth]),

¹²In other words, the polyptoton is more appropriate here than in a battle scene, such as the end of book 16, where I criticized Blackie for "fall he fell."

but it is fascinating in itself, and one instance hardly creates a pattern.

And at all points, the blank verse lines flow easily, whether describing the bloody battle or whirling in the dance in paragraph X, "as when the working potter whirls / His wheel, to gauge his gear, and spins it round." The words almost speak themselves, in a way that is alien to the likes of Derby or Brandreth.

Curiously, near the end of paragraph X, the translator inserts one and a half lines or so that have no basis whatsoever in the original: "The holy minstrel, in their midst, / Sang meanwhile to his harp," and changes the next line and a half to include the singing, where the original has only the dance. The clause seems to fit in well, giving the tumultuous scene a center, of sorts, but one can only speculate on the reasons for the sudden change, where none had occurred through the entire piece.

If the work has a fault, surely it lies in the extensive polyptoton and alliteration. But they need not be seen as faults at all; instead, I think, they are an integral (and unusual) part of a truly poetic translation of the Iliad in blank verse.

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Chapter Four

Prose Translations

An age which is clearly not an age of poetry does not take to verse translation, and our respect for accuracy, which is part of our respect for science, has committed us to preferring a translation with no beauty at all to one with a false beauty.

Edward Le Comte,
"Homer Transposed"

A prose translation cannot give the movement and the fire of a successful translation in verse; it only gathers, as it were, the crumbs which fall from the richer table, only tells the story, without the song.

Butcher & Lang,
preface to the Odyssey

Can a long poem such as the Iliad be translated successfully into prose? Many poets would argue that poetry cannot truly be translated at all. However, if pressed to choose a medium for the impossible task, they would say that poetry must be translated into poetry, no matter how great the transformation that takes place. Only in this way can any of the spirit of the original come through to the other side. If the impossible is going to be attempted, it had better be done in a poetic form of the receiving language. Matthew Arnold apparently assumed this to be the case; in his lengthy discussion of the merits of various possibilities for translating Homer, prose hardly comes up at all. Likewise, Richard Garnett, in his own "On Translating Homer."

D. S. Carne-Ross, in a retrospective review of the Penguin Classics, argues that prose simply cannot exert the

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same control over the translated material that poetry can; it cannot manage the same subtle points of emphasis or changes of speed that make a reader stop and take notice in the middle of a lengthy epic such as one of Homer's (407). The repetitions of Homer, too, are difficult enough in poetry, he says, but "are bound to defeat the prose translator altogether" (408). The "principle of recurrence" is a characteristic of all [traditional] poetry," making it a more suitable medium for the translation of Homer.

Not everyone agrees, of course. For example, an anonymous writer in Fraser's Magazine (1868) argues that prose can preserve qualities that verse cannot:

Prose could be made to preserve all the inner qualities of the original--its dignity, life, simplicity, movement: with perfect literalness it could save alive all its peculiarities without running into pedantry. Much, no doubt, is lost with the loss of a poetical setting; yet a good prose translation adds something where it has taken away: indeed, the effect of poetical thought is sometimes silently enhanced by the throwing off of its more appropriate form; and this is especially the case with a translation of an antique work, written in a strange and inimitable metre. (Rev. of the Iliad, trans. Worsley & Conington 518)

There are certainly two things that a prose translation can do more easily and comfortably than the poetic forms. To whatever extent a literal version is possible, prose of course allows the greatest possibility. The translator has no restrictions of verse-form in his quest for the "right" word or phrase. As mentioned in the first chapter, Butcher & Lang say in their preface that "the simple truth about the matter of the poem can only be given in prose" (vii). But

prose is also the most reasonable choice for a much freer sort of retelling, a recasting of the story into contemporary terms and manners. Robert Graves suggests something of this sort, and puts it into practice, although he also chooses to use verse at certain points (see Chapter Six). James Spedding earlier had suggested something of this sort (see Chapter One), not just as a simplified version for children, or a useful synopsis for students, but as an artful narrative in its own right, told in the way that we tell stories in our own time.

Between these extremes, however, Peter Jones argues along a different line--honesty. He says that "Homer has not been translated successfully into poetry" (5). But, according to Jones, it is easy to see why verse is so often attempted:

"Poetry," or what passes for it (poetic vocabulary set in lines with unjustified right-hand margins and a passing shot at rhythm) is able to create (however falsely) the illusion of a "world" in which the literal translation of Homer, with all its repetitions and oddities, somehow seems to make sense. (5)

But this kind of presentation, together with some archaic diction to make it sound right is, he says, "simply a fraud" (5), pretending to portray accurately the original, while actually giving us something else entirely. The more honest alternative is prose, according to Jones, dropping all pretensions and giving "what the Greek says in clear, strong, idiomatic English" (6).

Whether a prose translation is literal or free, formal or informal is a matter of the translator's preference, and to

some degree a function of the intended purpose. But a good prose translation should retain some of the vigor and emotion that Homer's original has. No prose version can be expected to hold these things to the same degree as the original, but even a teaching version must have some hint of them, or it will not teach the Iliad. The other criterion most applicable to prose is clarity, without which a prose translation has little or no reason for existence.

Regarding Matthew Arnold's four directives, rapidity is irrelevant, and plainness and directness in ideas is not likely to be lost in a prose version. Plainness and directness in diction and syntax, on the other hand, is important but sometimes lost, especially in a literal version.

Approximately twenty complete translations of the Iliad in English prose have been published since the first in 1773. Most appeared in the one hundred years from 1850 to 1950; only two appeared before, and two since. Most prose versions have been written with an eye toward the literal word, some to an extreme degree; many from the nineteenth century were written as textbooks to aid the student in working through the original--not as works of art in themselves. Most of the twentieth-century versions have been written to appeal to the general reader who has no

intention of learning the Iliad in Greek, and who might be put off by a verse translation.¹

In this chapter, the Comparison section examines two twentieth-century prose versions with essentially the same intended purpose and audience, with remarkably different results. The Closer Look section examines four prose versions from different ages, with different purposes and styles. Each makes a significant contribution to the total range of English translations of the Iliad.²

Comparison of Rieu (1950) and Hammond (1987)

As of 1987, the Penguin Classics series includes two prose translations of the Iliad, the more recent by Martin Hammond, the earlier by E. V. Rieu. Rieu's translation has been since its publication one of the most widely read of all Iliads in English, due in part no doubt to external reasons, such as Penguin's reputation and its capacities for marketing and distribution. But the "success" of Rieu's work must also be due to internal reasons--mainly its accessibility. Its prose is easy to read; most of the potentially perplexing patronymics and epithets and other formulae are smoothed over or ignored, and there is a fair degree of freedom from the literal word of the original in all other parts--so that the book resembles a modern novel.

¹See Le Comte 316.

²For brief information and comments regarding prose versions not covered in this chapter, see Appendix.

Therein lies the problem. Read like a novel, judged by the standards of a novel, it is not a very good one. The scenes of fighting seem endless. The catalogue of ships becomes absurd. Without a clear recognition that the Iliad is indeed a different sort of work than anything the reader has ever encountered before, and that it therefore demands to be read in a different way, the reader will certainly wonder why this old story has been kept around for so long.

In contrast is Martin Hammond's version. While not without faults of its own, it maintains more of the flavor of the original and retains a sense of its grandeur and significance, a sense of difference from modern fiction--and from ordinary life.

First Rieu, near the end of book 16:

When Hector saw the great Patroclus creeping wounded from the field, he made his way towards him through the ranks, and coming up, he struck him with a spear in the lower part of the belly, driving the bronze clean through. Patroclus fell with a thud; and the whole Achaean army was appalled. It was like the conquest of an indomitable wild-boar by a lion, after a battle fought in high fury up in the mountains over a little stream at which both wish to drink. The lion's strength prevails and his panting enemy is overcome. So, after killing many men himself, Menoetius' valiant son fell to a short spear-cast from Hector son of Priam, who now addressed him as his conqueror. "Patroclus," he said, "you thought you would sack my town, make Trojan women slaves, and ship them off to your own country. You were a fool. In their defence, Hector's fast horses were hasting into battle; and so was Hector himself, I, Hector, finest spearman of the war-loving Trojans, who stand between them and the day of slavery. So now the vultures here are going to eat you up. Poor wretch; even the strong arm of Achilles did not save you. I can imagine all he told you when he sent you out--and stayed behind. 'Patroclus, Master of the Horse, don't let me see you back at the hollow ships, till you have torn the tunic on man-killing Hector's breast and soaked it with his blood.' That is what he

must have said; and like a lunatic you took him at his word."

And what did the knight Patroclus say to this? "Hector," he replied in a failing voice, "boast while you may. The victory is yours--a gift from Zeus the Son of Chronos and Apollo. They conquered me. It was an easy task: they took the armour from my back. If twenty Hectors had confronted me, they would all have fallen to my spear. No; it was hateful Destiny and Leto's Son that killed me. Then came a man, Euphorbus; you were only the third. But listen to this and ponder it well. You too, I swear it, have not long to live. Already sovran Destiny and Death are very close to you, death at the hands of Achilles the peerless son of Peleus."

Death cut Patroclus short and his disembodied soul took wing for the House of Hades, bewailing its lot and the youth and manhood that it left. But illustrious Hector spoke to him again, dead though he was. "Patroclus," he said, "why be so sure of an early end for me? Who knows? Achilles, son of Thetis of the Lovely Locks, may yet forestall me by ending his life with a blow from my spear."

Hector put his foot on Patroclus to withdraw his bronze spear from the wound, and thrust at the corpse till it came off the spear and fell face upwards on the ground. Then with the same spear and without pause, he went after Automedon, the noble squire of the swift son of Peleus. He was eager to catch him. But Automedon was carried out of harm's way by his swift immortal horses, the splendid gift that Peleus had received from Heaven.

Now Hammond:

But when Hector saw great-hearted Patroklos moving back, and wounded by the sharp spear, he came up close to him through the ranks and stabbed him with his spear in the base of his belly, and drove the bronze right through. He fell with a crash, and brought anguish to the Achaian army. As when a lion masters an untiring boar in battle, when they fight in high fury on the peak of a mountain over a little spring of water where both want to drink, and the boar, panting hard, is brought down under the lion's power--so Hektor, son of Priam, with a close spear-thrust took the life from the brave son of Menoitios when he had killed many men, and spoke winged words in triumph over him: "Patroklos, you must have thought that you would sack our city, and take the day of freedom from the women of Troy and carry them off in your ships to your own native land--poor fool! In their defence Hektor's swift horses speed into battle, and I am renowned for my spear among all the war-loving Trojans, for keeping the day of compulsion from them--but you, the vultures will eat you here. Poor wretch, not

even Achilles, for all his greatness, could help you. He must have given you firm instructions when he stayed behind and sent you out, saying, 'let me not see you back at the hollow ships, horseman Patroklos, until you have ripped and bloodied murderous Hektor's tunic on his chest.' That is what he will have said, and swayed your foolish heart."

Then with the strength low in you, horseman Patroklos, you said to him: "Yes, make your great boasts now, Hektor. You were given the victory by Zeus the son of Kronos and Apollo--it was they who overpowered me with ease: they took the armour from my shoulders. But if twenty such men as you had come against me, they would all have died where they stood, brought down under my spear. No, it is cruel fate and Leto's son that have killed me, and of men Euphorbos--you are the third in my killing. I tell you another thing, and you mark it well in your mind. You yourself, you too will not live long, but already now death and strong fate are standing close beside you, to bring you down at the hands of Achilles, great son of Aiakos' stock."

As he spoke the end of death enfolded him: and his spirit flitted from his body and went on the way to Hades, weeping for its fate, and the youth and manhood it must leave. Then glorious Hektor spoke to him, dead though he was: "Patroklos, why make me this prophecy of grim death? Who knows if Achilles, son of lovely-haired Thetis, might be struck by my spear first, and lose his life before me?"

So speaking he braced his foot against him and pulled the bronze spear out of the wound, then kicked him over on his back free of the spear. Then immediately he went after Automedon with his spear, the godlike lieutenant of swift-footed Achilles, eager to hit him: but he was carried clear by the swift immortal horses that the gods had given as a splendid gift to Peleus.

At several points Rieu's easy-reading style loses the feeling of drama and power that infuses the original, and at some places he simply does not present the same image as the original. Hammond, on the other hand, manages to retain these aspects and usually gets the image right.

In Rieu, we find "Patroclus creeping wounded from the field." "Creeping"? Is he crawling? No, because he is

about to be wounded in "the lower part of the belly,"³ and will then fall "with a thud." If Patroclus is upright, then he must be "creeping" in the sense of "moving slowly." But does a hero such as Patroclus ever creep? A hero might stagger, or move slowly, but he never creeps. Hammond has him simply "moving back," a close rendering of ἀψ ἀναχαζόμενον, but he also gives us "wounded by the sharp spear," sharpening for us our sense of Patroclus' desperate state.

When Patroclus falls in Rieu's version, "the whole Achaean army was appalled." Has Hector committed a breach of etiquette in the manner of his killing? No, Rieu has simply weakened the original ἥκαχε, (from ἀκαχίζω "grieve"). Hammond says that Patroclus "fell with a crash, and brought anguish to the Achaean army."

In the simile of the lion and boar, Hammond follows not the word order but the grammar of the original--"As when a lion masters an untiring boar in battle," while Rieu paraphrases the first sentence of the original, changing the grammatical relations of the parts, thereby weakening the whole: "It was like the conquest of an indomitable wild-boar by a lion . . ." Presumably Rieu wanted to begin the simile with a more idiomatic construction--"It was like"--instead of the typically Homeric "As when" (ὥς δ' ὅτε). But

³Actually, the Greek is κενεῶνα, which can mean "small of the back," in which case he could be crawling, but Rieu's translation keeps him upright.

"like" demands an object, and Rieu chooses "conquest," which leaves the clause without an active verb, and ultimately relegates the original nominative noun *λέων* to the weaker place as object of a prepositional phrase. The general sense of the original remains, but the vigor is gone.

As Hector addresses the dying Patroclus,⁴ Rieu uses "as his conqueror," where Hammond says "in triumph." The Greek has the participle *ἐπενυχόμενος*, "boasting over, exulting." The original is fraught with emotion, where Rieu gives us bald fact. Hammond falls somewhere between the two.

Among Hector's words a bit later is the insult *νήπιε*. Hammond renders it "poor fool!" while Rieu replaces the immediate force of a single vocative noun with a complete sentence--"You were a fool"--once again diluting the power of Homer's original. The next words of both Rieu and Hammond are "in their defence" for the Greek *πρόσθε*. This explains, but it does not show, does not contribute to the image, as "before them," or "in front of them" could, nor is it as rich as "for them," as discussed in the previous chapter. Both translators further weaken the image: Rieu's horses "were hasting" and Hammond's "speed," while Homer's horses *ποσσὶν ὀρωπέχονται* ("stretch out their feet"). A

⁴"With winged words," according to the original and Hammond, but not Rieu. This inscrutable phrase, common in Homer, has been the subject of much debate regarding its presence or absence in translation. My argument is that it is homeric--what other phrase taken out of context would more quickly bring to mind Homer and no one else?--and so ought to be included in any translation that supposes to show us something of Homer.

literal rendering here may not be idiomatic English, but it paints a clear and interesting picture where Hammond and Rieu do not. In the next half-sentence, Rieu over-intensifies the intensive pronoun αὐτὸς: "Hector himself, I, Hector." Hammond commits the opposite but lesser offense by understating it: "I." Rieu's "So now the vultures are going to eat you up," sounds like something a child's older sibling might say, but not Hector. Hammond's "but you--the vultures will eat you here" preserves at least some of the dignity.

A problem of another sort arises during Patroclus' turn to speak. Both translators render Ζεὺς Κρονίδης καὶ Ἀπόλλων as "Zeus the Son of Kronos and Apollo." For the knowledgeable reader, the phrase presents no problem, but for a novice reader with little or no framework of knowledge of the ancient world--exactly the sort of reader at whom these Penguin Classics editions are directed--the phrase must be a head-scratcher. If this same naive reader has picked up on the ubiquitous rumor of ancient Greek pedophilia, who knows what conclusions may be reached? By opening up the Homeric patronymic for the benefit of the reader, both translators have created a new problem.

Finally, line 861 of the original--

φθῆν ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσαι;

--is no doubt difficult to translate smoothly, but Rieu renders it absurdly: "[Achilles] may yet forestall me by ending his life with a blow from my spear." By keeping

Achilles as the active subject throughout the clause, we are left with a Monty Pythonesque image of Achilles running himself onto Hector's spear, thereby winning the race to be the first to die. Hammond actually translates less literally than Rieu in this place, rearranging the clause into two manageable halves--"might be struck by my spear first, and lose his life before me"--maintaining both the sense of the original and its dignity.

Hammond's prose maintains a greater share of Homer's power and emotion, and this is the most important difference between the two translations. Both stumble occasionally, even over the same spot, but Hammond more often gives the reader what Jones asks for: "what the Greek says in clear, strong, idiomatic English." Hammond's translation is not a great work, as Omond asks for (see Chapter One), but it does have its own useful place in the ranks of English Iliads.

A CLOSER LOOK

JAMES MACPHERSON, *The Iliad* (1773)

Macpherson's was the first prose translation of the Iliad into English. Written with a suggestion of a cadence that is marked by punctuation,⁵ its appearance on the page can be a bit strange. The work was not much appreciated in its time. For example, one anonymous reviewer (Monthly Review 1773) says "to us it seems destitute of every principle of

⁵See Little 100-01.

that harmony which is adapted to our language" (395). The work has some interesting points, though, and is worth a brief look.

The invocation as rendered by Macpherson has all the right emphases:

The wrath of the son of Peleus,--O goddess of song, unfold! The deadly wrath of Achilles: To Greece the source of many woes! Which peopled the regions of death,--with shades of heroes untimely slain: While pale they lay along the shore: Torn by beasts and birds of prey: But such was the will of Jove! Begin the verse, from the source of rage,--between Achilles and the sovereign of men.

Μῆνιν αἰεῖδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε,
πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν
ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν
οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή,
ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε
Ἄτρεΐδης τε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
(1.1-7)

(The wrath do thou sing, O goddess, of Peleus' son, Achilles, that baneful wrath which brought countless woes upon the Achaeans, and sent forth to Hades many valiant souls of warriors, and made themselves to be a spoil for dogs and all manner of birds; and thus the will of Zeus was being brought to fulfillment;--sing thou thereof from the time when at first there parted in strife Atreus' son, king of men, and goodly Achilles.) (literal prose of Murray)

"Wrath" is repeated in two different forms, and so is Achilles. The arrangement differs from the original's, but the points of emphasis are equivalent. The phrase in between, "O goddess of song, unfold!", is not quite literal, but "unfold" puts an interesting spin on the role of the muse. "Regions of death" has a comfortable cross-cultural

non-specificity, without seeming vague.⁶ Macpherson, like Ogilby and Maynwaring before him, chooses to include the notion of "untimely," from the verb προΐαψεν, which, if valid,⁷ increases the pathos of the majestic and portentous opening. "While pale they lay along the shore" is entirely the invention of Macpherson, contradicting the claim in his preface of having "translated the Greek VERBATIM" (xix), but the phrase works well nonetheless.

In the insults by Achilles against Agamemnon, Macpherson is again far less literal than he claims, but his translation is interesting at every turn:

Ha! lost to shame! as studious of paltry gain!

Thou, given to debauch and riot! Fierce as the hound in looks;--but timid in heart as the hind!

"ὦ μοι, ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένε, κερδαλέοφρον,"

"οἶνοβαρές, κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο,"
(1.149, 225)

("Ah me, thou clothed in shamelessness, thou of crafty mind,"

"Thou heavy with wine, thou with the front of a dog but the heart of a deer,") (literal prose of Murray)

In the first, "lost to shame" is a nice twist on ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένε ("clothed in shamelessness"), and perfectly clear; the same can be said of "studious of paltry gain" for κερδαλέοφρον ("crafty-minded" with a connotation

⁶"Multiculturalism" was hardly a concept of Macpherson's time, but he might have had his own reasons for eclipsing the difference between pagan and Christian markers.

⁷This possibility of "untimely" from προΐαψεν is discussed more thoroughly in Chapter Three.

of avariciousness). The word "paltry," though without direct basis in the original, makes the insult particularly effective. If translated literally as "crafty-minded" or something similar, the insulting nature of the *κερδαλεόφρον* is lost, or weakened at best. But "studious of paltry gain" is faithful to the sense of the original if not the letter, and manages to imply that Agamemnon's "shame" lies not just in immorality, but in foolishness as well.

Macpherson's version of the triple-insult at line 225 might be the most clearly explained of any English translation, prose or otherwise. "Given to debauch and riot" is not literal for *οἰνοβαρές*, but it makes clear what is implied. "Fierce as the hound in looks;--but timid in heart as the hind" makes the middle third of the line, *κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων* ("having the face of a dog"), not so much an insult in itself, as it is usually handled, but more of a set-up for the final insult, *κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο* ("[having] the heart of a deer"). While "deer-heart" as a label for timidity is not the sort of thing we really need explained, "dog-face" can be a puzzler, open to various interpretations. Macpherson's take on the phrase rings true.

Macpherson renders Hector's prayer for his son with the majesty and emotion that befits this moment that is both royal and personal:

"O Father Jove, and all ye gods! Grant this! Let my son be like me. Let him shine in the midst of the Trojans,--distinguished in council and fight,--and o'er sacred

Ilium with glory reign. Let hereafter, some warrior say,--beholding him returning from fight: 'This gallant youth is braver far than his father renowned!'--Let him bear, aloft, the bloody spoils of the foe. Let the Soul of his mother rejoice!"

"Ζεὺ ἄλλοι τε θεοί, δότε δὴ καὶ τόνδε γενέσθαι
παῖδ' ἐμόν, ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ περ, ἀριπρεπέα Τρώεσσιν,
ὧδε βίην τ' ἀγαθόν, καὶ Ἰλίου ἱφί ἀνάσσειν.
καὶ ποτὲ τις εἴποι 'πατρός γ' ὧδε πολλὸν ἀμείνων'
ἐκ πολέμου ἀνιόντα· φέροι δ' ἔναρα βροτόεντα
κτείνας δῆϊον ἄνδρα, χαρεῖη δὲ φρένα μήτηρ."
(6.476-81)

("Zeus and ye other gods, grant that this my child may likewise prove, even as I, pre-eminent amid the Trojans, and as valiant in might, and that he rule mightily over Ilios. And some day may some man say of him as he cometh back from war, 'He is better far than his father'; and may he bear the blood-stained spoils of the foeman he hath slain, and may his mother's heart wax glad.")
(literal prose of Murray)

In too many prose translations, this important passage is simply prosaic. Macpherson lets the pride and hope of the young father shine through: "Let him shine in the midst of the Trojans." The next phrase, "distinguished in council and fight" is partly the invention of Macpherson, but it is perfect, nonetheless, referring as it does to the two arenas of conflict that are the subject of the entire Iliad. "This gallant youth is braver far than his father renowned" is fine in both diction and rhythm--more poetic, in fact, than many verse translations of this line.

Macpherson could be faulted for straying from his purpose, as professed in his curious-sounding preface, part of which is quoted here:

To do all the justice, in his power, to his Author, as well, as to render his version useful to such, as may wish to study the original, through an English medium,

he has translated the Greek VERBATIM: Even to a minute attention to the very arrangement of the words, where the different idioms of the two languages required not a freedom of expression, to preserve the strength and elegance of the thought. (xix)

"Verbatim" this translation is not. But I argue that it certainly is "useful to such, as may wish to study the original," as it sheds certain lights on certain passages that a perfectly literal translation would not. And aside from mere utility, this unappreciated translation is, in its own way, quite beautiful.

"THE ILIAD OF HOMER, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE, AS LITERALLY AS THE DIFFERENT IDIOMS OF THE GREEK AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES WILL ALLOW; WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES. BY A GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD" (1821)

The preface to the fourth edition of this work examines the limitations of and objections to a literal translation of Homer. But the writer (identified further by the initials H. P. on the last page of the preface) also argues for the usefulness of a literal translation for young learners of Greek. The superior student will not trust any translation completely, he argues, and so cannot be harmed by this or any other version. The struggling student, however, needs every possible aid, including a literal prose version such as this one. The author then tells us of his mixed attitudes toward his work:

To translate the poetry of one language into the prose of another, is, to say the least of it, an irksome task, and necessarily obliges the translator to lay

aside every idea of elegance in his composition. With respect to Homer, in particular, these objections are peculiarly strong. Although certainly as simple as a poet can be, Homer delights in numerous and compound epithets; expressions which, though in the Greek poem they are extremely beautiful, become in an English prose translation almost ridiculous. To make the translation at all what it was intended to be, however, those epithets must be fairly and literally given, the consequence of which is, that the style is always pompous, and not unfrequently bombastic. It would be quite needless to offer an apology for a fault which there is no possibility of avoiding. (vi-vii)

We will see that this is indeed a useful translation, with an accurate and illuminating text, truly helpful notes, and reasonable use of italics. We will also see that this translation is far less odious, and more poetic, than the author has suggested.

The opening invocation in this translation does not stand out from the others in grandeur or perfection of phrase, but it is handled clearly, accurately, even efficiently:

Sing, Goddess, the destructive wrath of Achilles, son of Peleus, which brought myriad disasters upon the Achaeans, and sent many gallant souls of heroes to Hades, and made themselves a prey to dogs and all birds of prey (for so the counsel of Jove was fulfilled), from the time when, first, Atrides, king of men, and the godlike Achilles, quarrelling with each other, separated.

Which then of the gods set them together to battle in the strife of words?

"Sing, Goddess," while hardly unique, is a strong opening. "The destructive wrath" is strong and accurate, and is properly the direct object of "sing." The most interesting aspect of this version, though, is the phrase "quarreling with each other," as the translator makes clear that the *ἔρις* between Agamemnon and Achilles is primarily

verbal. He reemphasizes this in the next sentence with the italicized "strife of words."

H.P. makes good use of rather copious explanatory notes. One way he uses them is to help bridge the gap between idiomatic and literal translations, giving the former in the text, the latter in a note. For example:

"Ha! shameless* and rapacious! how can any of the Achaeans cheerfully obey thy orders, either to undertake an expedition,* or bravely to fight with men?" (5)

ὦ μοι, ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένε, κερδαλεόφρον,
πῶς τίς τοι πρόφρων ἔπεσιν πείθεται Ἀχαιῶν
ἢ ὁδὸν ἐλθέμεναι ἢ ἀνδράσιν ἴφι μάχεσθαι;"
(1.149-51)

("Ah me, thou clothed in shamelessness, thou of crafty mind, how shall any man of the Achaeans hearken to thy bidding with a ready heart either to go on a journey or to fight amain with warriors?") (literal prose of Murray)

Here "shameless" gets a note: "Clothed or covered with impudence." Another use of the notes is to explain where Homer doesn't; in these cases H.P. gives a literal rendering in the text and a fuller explanation in the note. He translates ὁδὸν as "expedition," and then explains: "An ambushade, or a foray--to intercept caravans, or seize upon cattle."

Another strategy H. P. uses for teaching is to italicize every word or phrase that does not have a direct counterpart in the original--i. e. any additions he made, to make the translation smoother or clearer. The italicized parts become, then, not quite text, not quite note. This strategy has been used by others, and is not universally appreciated.

The approach does have some merit, however. Clearly, any translation whose primary claim is artistic should have nothing to do with separating the text in this way; but in a work such as H. P.'s whose primary claim is to teach about the Iliad, the italics can help show, along with the notes, where Homer's usage differs from reasonable English usage. This technique can only point toward some of the differences--it should never be mistaken for the whole story--but in this way it brings us a little closer to the original.

For another example:

And then after they had prayed, and cast down the salt and barley,* they drew back first the heads of the victims, and cut their throats, and skinned them, and cut off the hind legs, and covered them with the caul, making it double,* and placed morsels of flesh (cut from different parts of the victim) upon them. Then the old man burnt them upon cleft wood, and poured ruddy wine over them; and while beside him young men held long forks in their hands. And when the legs were quite consumed, and they had tasted the entrails, they divided the rest into small pieces, and pierced them with spits, and cooked them carefully, and drew them all off again. And when they had accomplished the labour, and prepared the feast, they ate, nor did the appetite of any fail of a just feast. And after they had removed the desire of eating and drinking, the attendants crowned goblets with wine; and with cups, beginning from the right, they distributed them to all. And the youths of the Achaeans all day propitiated the God with singing, chanting a beautiful paean, and celebrating the Far-darter; and he was delighted to hear them.

H.P. includes a lengthy note at "barley," and a shorter one at "double," using each to explain an aspect of the ritual, where Homer could have assumed the hearers' knowledge. But H.P. simply italicizes "the heads of the victims" where the phrase is understood as the object of ἀνέρυσαν. In this way

we can eat our cake and have it, too; the English makes sense, but the difference from the Greek is also made clear. Throughout this passage describing the mechanics of holy ritual, H. P. stays remarkably close to the original while keeping his English clear and strong. Farther down he gives a clear and reasonable translation of *δαιτὸς ἑΐσης*, often rendered too literally as the perplexing "equal feast."⁸ H. P. makes it a "just feast" with the note "i.e. Every one had his due share." Toward the end of the passage he wisely lets *παιήονα* keep its form in the English "paeon," instead of the over-simplified "song" (Rieu) or "hymn" (Hammond). In the next line H.P. unfortunately renders *ἐκάργον* as "far-darter," which is not even accurate here--literally "far-worker."

Where dawn appears a few lines later, H.P. renders the line literally, yet also as poetically as any other: "And when the rosy-fingered Aurora, daughter of the morn, appeared . . ." The following lines are rendered by H.P. as if he knows about sailing--full of sound and motion:

And the breeze filled the middle of the sail, and the purple wave roared loud around the keel, as the ship scudded away; and she bounded along, cutting her path through the billows.

ἐν δ' ἄνεμος πρήσεν μέσον ιστίον, ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα
στείρην πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἰαχε νηὸς ἰούσης·
ἣ δ' ἔθεεν κατὰ κύμα διαπρήσσουσα κέλευθον. (1.481-83)

(So the wind filled the belly of the sail, and the dark wave sang loudly about the stem of the ship, as she went,

⁸E.g., Murray, et al.

and she sped over the wave, accomplishing her way.)
(literal prose of Murray)

In Hector's brief prayer for his son, H.P. captures--not spectacularly, but adequately--the pride and hope of a father for his son:

"Jove, and ye other gods, grant that this my son also may become distinguished among the Trojans, as I have been; that he may be thus brave, and may powerfully govern Ilium; and may some one say of him, returning from battle--'He is much mightier than his father;' and, slaying his enemy, let him bring the bloody spoils, and gladden the heart of his mother."

The secondary quote is not great--the alliteration on m in "much mightier" loses some of the dignity of the original, but the rest of the sentence works especially well. H.P. changes the order of the half-line phrases to help the English work more smoothly--putting one participial phrase before the secondary quote, then moving the other participial phrase out from between the optative and subjunctive clauses, allowing a single "let him" to control the two subjunctive clauses in English. This feat of grammatical engineering is further heightened by the now juxtaposed images of violence ("bloody spoils") and affection ("heart of his mother"). H.P.'s preface, and the technical aspects of notes and italics, show his translation to be directed toward teaching about Homer's Iliad, but passages such as this show that the text itself does occasionally aspire toward art--which is, of course, yet another way of teaching the Iliad.

This translation by the "Graduate of Oxford" would make a fine teaching text,⁹ especially if used along with the original Greek and a good verse translation. The work does well one of the things that a prose translation can do best, that is, to make Homer's work understandable, while still retaining some of the homeric qualities--especially vigor and emotion--that every translation should have.

W. H. D. ROUSE, The Iliad: The Story of Achilles (1938)

Rouse's is a prose version of a sort much different from that of the "Graduate of Oxford." Rouse makes his intentions clear at the beginning of his preface:

This book . . . is a translation into plain English of the plain story of Homer, omitting the embellishments which were meant only to please the ear--stock epithets and recurring phrases where the meaning is of no account. (v)

The different nature of this translation is apparent in the invocation:

An angry man--there is my story: the bitter rancour of Achilles, prince of the house of Peleus, which brought a thousand troubles upon the Achaian host. Many a strong soul it sent down to Hades, and left the heroes themselves a prey to dogs and carrion birds, while the will of God moved on to fulfillment.

"An angry man": I am usually critical of any version that focuses initially on the man rather than his anger, but I must admit Rouse's opening is effective. The sheer banality of the opening phrase--where the reader expects something

⁹This is impractical now because the book is long out of print, and even library copies are rare.

magnificent and strange--is enough to surprise the reader into paying attention, into seeing this story as something extraordinary yet accessible and relevant. "There is my story": no muse or goddess here, but a forthright narrator who speaks directly to the reader. "The bitter rancour of Achilles" finally brings the matter into its proper focus, but the previous two phrases have already softened up skeptical readers and made them more receptive to this (for some) daunting and distant epic.

At Achilles' insult toward Agamemnon, Rouse loses some of the impact the insult should carry, due mainly, surprisingly enough, to his being too literal:

"Ha! greedyheart, shamelessness in royal dress! How could any man be willing to obey you, whether on some errand or in the battlefield?"

"Greedyheart" sounds like a CareBear gone bad, even though it translates *κερδαλεόφρον* quite literally. "Shamelessness in royal dress" has the parts rendered literally, but the sense of the whole is wrong. Having given himself some leeway in his stated intentions, Rouse would have done better to find more idiomatic equivalents. "Some errand" is not just plain English; it narrows and belittles the possibilities implied in *ὁδὸν ἐλθέμεναι*.

Edward S. Le Comte says of Rouse's version that "its incredible dialogues show that it is better to be formal than to be informal out of key. The characters are always saying 'Bother it all!' and 'Upon my word!'" (319). This comment certainly holds true here. Le Comte also says,

however, that Rouse's version "is instructively simple in its narrative parts," which we will see is also true.

Rouse does much better with the second insult:

"You drunkard, with eyes like a bitch and heart like a fawn! You never arm yourself with your men for battle, you never go out on a raid with the fighting men--no pluck in you for that! You think that certain death! It is much better, isn't it, to stay in camp to rob any one who tells the truth to your face!"

*"οἶνοβαρές, κυνός ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο,
οὔτε ποτ' ἐς πόλεμον ἄμα λαῶ θωρηχθῆναι
οὔτε λόχονδ' ἰέναι σὺν ἀριστήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν
τέτληκας θυμῷ· τὸ δέ τοι κῆρ εἴδεται εἶναι.
ἢ πολὺ λῳΐόν ἐστι κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν
δῶρ' ἀποαιρεῖσθαι ὅς τις σέθεν ἀντίον εἶπη·"*
(1.225-30)

("Thou heavy with wine, thou with the front of a dog but the heart of a deer, never hast thou had courage to arm thee for battle with thy folk, or go forth to an ambush with the chiefs of the Achaeans. That seemeth to thee even as death. In sooth it is better far throughout the wide camp of the Achaeans to take for thyself the prize of him whosoever speaketh contrary to thee.") (literal prose of Murray)

This version of the triple-insult is not so dynamic as some others, but it does sound as though it comes from the mouth of an angry man. The rest of this passage is even better, as Rouse's plainness works effectively here to paint a clear picture of Agamemnon's cowardly ways--in Achilles' view, that is.

Where Odysseus' ship arrives at the harbor at Chryse, most of the passage is not so very different from a literal version such as H.P.'s--only condensed slightly--making one wonder what Rouse's fuss is all about:

They entered the deep harbour and furled the sails, and stowed them below; quickly they lowered the mast into the

crutch, and rowed the ship to her moorings, where they dropt the anchor stones and made fast the hawsers.

The next sentence, however, has problems:

Then they landed, and carried out the offerings for Apollo Shootafar.

οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ λιμένος πολυβενθέος ἐντὸς ἵκοντο,
 ἱστία μὲν στείλαντο, θέσαν δ' ἐν νηὶ μελαίνῃ,
 ἱστὸν δ' ἱστοδόκῃ πέλασαν προτόνοισιν ὑφέντες
 καρπαλίμως, τὴν δ' εἰς ὄρμον προέρεσαν ἐρετμοῖς.
 ἐκ δ' εὐνὰς ἔβαλον, κατὰ δὲ πρυμνήσι' ἔδησαν.
 ἐκ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ βαῖνον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης,
 ἐκ δ' ἑκατόμβην βῆσαν ἐκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι.
 (1.432-38)

(When they were now got within the deep harbour, they furled the sail, and stowed it in the black ship, and the mast they lowered by the forestays and brought it to the crutch with speed, and rowed her with oars to the place of anchorage. Then they cast out the mooring-stones and made fast the stern cables, and themselves went forth upon the shore of the sea. Forth they brought the hecatomb for Apollo, that smiteth afar,) (literal prose of Murray)

"Then they landed" is a gross simplification of ἐκ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ βαῖνον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης ("and they went out onto the shore of the sea"). One cannot help but feel that the Greekless reader is being cheated here, getting English that sounds reasonable but contains only a scrap of Homer. Then the term "offerings" (for ἑκατόμβην) is vague; we get neither the literal but obscure rendering "hecatomb," which might lead a novice reader to investigate or at least wonder, nor the plain but specific "cattle" or "animals," which would leave a solid picture in the reader's mind. To the uninitiated reader at whom this work is apparently aimed, "offerings" could well refer to a basket of fruit. Finally, "Apollo Shootafar" seems both silly and

unnecessary, given Rouse's statement in the preface regarding "stock epithets."

A later part of the ritual fares far better in Rouse's plain English:

And when they all had prayed and cast the barley-grains, they first drew back the heads, and killed, and flayed, carved out the thigh-slices and rolled them between pieces of fat, and laid more raw flesh upon them: then the old priest burnt them upon sticks of wood, and poured sparkling wine over, while the young men held their five-pronged forks ready by his side. After the thigh-pieces were burnt and the inner parts were divided, they chopt up the rest and ran splits through the meat, roasted all properly and drew it off. This work done, they prepared their meal and enjoyed it, and no one lacked a fair share. When they had all had enough, the lads filled the bowls to the brim, and served the wine to all after spilling the sacred drops.

So all day long the young men of Achaia appeased the god with sweet music, singing the Healer's chant, a hymn to the Farworker; and his heart was glad to hear.

The explanations are clear throughout; we are never puzzled as to what exactly is happening. A passage like this is served well by Rouse's plain style, where the original expresses neither emotion nor majesty--only simple actions. "A fair share" is a clear rendering of *δαῖτ' ἴσης*, usually rendered "equal feast." "After spilling the sacred drops" is a clear and explanatory version of *ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπάεσσιν*, which can be rendered in many ways, but often remains murky in translation. Rouse explains this point further in a rare footnote, but even the text by itself gives us a clear image to remember.

The next scene contains a little bit of everything that Rouse has to offer in a narrative passage: a nice bit of

interpolation; a neutrally literal sentence or two; and some wretched misfires:

[B]ut as soon as Dawn showed her rosy fingers through the mist, at once they rose and sailed for their own camp. Apollo Farworker sent them a following breeze. They lifted the mast, and spread the white sails; the wind filled the great sail, the purple wave swished and popped against the stem, the ship ran free on her way over the waters.

ῥοδοδάκτυλος 'Ηώς has been rendered "rosy-fingered dawn" so often as to become a cliché, and therefore nearly invisible to the reader. The mist in "Dawn showed her rosy fingers through the mist" is Rouse's invention, and it is just enough to bring the picture back to the light. The next few clauses, regarding the sails, are clear and ordinary. When Rouse comes to the water, however, he seems a bit of a landlubber. "Swished and popped" is different, to be sure, but it fails utterly. A boat picking up speed under sail is a magical event every time it happens, and Homer understood this:

. . . ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα
στείρῃ πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἰαχε νηὸς ἰούσης·
ἢ δ' ἔθρεν κατὰ κύμα διαπρήσσουσα κέλευθον (1.481b-83).

"Swished and popped" is an event for a bathtub.

At Hector's prayer for his son, Rouse works with the grammar in ways similar to H. P.'s version, and adds a twist:

"O Zeus and all ye heavenly gods! Grant that this my son may be as notable among our people as I am, and let him be as strong, and let him rule Ilios in his strength! When he goes to war let them say, This man is much better than his father! May he kill his enemy and bring home the blood-stained spoils, and give joy to his mother's heart!"

The worst feature of this passage is the single word "notable," presumably an attempt at plain speech. "Notable" is a word for accountants and scholars, not warrior princes. The play on "strong" and "strength," on the other hand, works perfectly, the second word building on the first--demonstrating that plain speech can indeed be effective.

"When he goes to war" is a change from the original ἐκ πολέμου ἀνιόντα ("coming from war") that controls the rest of the prayer. Where the original has only the next clause in a secondary quotation of someone else (τις), Rouse's Hector lets "them" complete the prayer, in a rousing style where a single "May he" controls all three verb phrases. The irony of the original is still present, but the tone is much different in the voice of a crowd.

In the next passage, where Patroclus chastises Achilles, Rouse's results are, again, mixed:

"I pray I may never have such a grudge in my heart as you have. Curse your courage! What good will you be to any one from now to the end of the world, if you will not save the nation from destruction? Cruel man! your father was not Peleus nor your mother Thetis--you are a son of the green sea and the stony rock, with that hard heart!"

"μὴ ἐμέ γ' οὖν οὗτός γε λάβοι χόλος, ὃν σὺ φυλάσσεις,
αἶναρέτη· τί σευ ἄλλος ὀνήσεται ὀψίγονός περ,
αἶ κε μὴ Ἀργείοισιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμύνης;
νηλεές, οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατήρ ἦν ἱππότης Πηλεΰς,
οὐδὲ θέτις μήτηρ· γλαυκὴ δέ σε τίκτε θάλασσα
πέτραι τ' ἠλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής."
(16.30-35)

("Never upon me let such wrath lay hold, as that thou dost cherish, O thou whose valour is but a bane! Wherein shall any other even yet to be born have profit of thee, if thou ward not off shameful ruin from the Argives? Pitiless one, thy father, meseems, was not the knight Peleus, nor was Thetis thy mother, but the grey sea bare

thee, and the beetling cliffs, for that thy heart is unbending.") (literal prose of Murray)

The first sentence is clear enough, and "grudge" works effectively for χόλος; but how much power is lost when the verbs λάβοι ("take") and φυλάσσεις ("guard") are rendered as "may have" and "have"? Here Rouse is plain indeed, and it is nothing to brag about. The next sentence, "Curse your courage!", might seem to a naive reader to be strong and direct, until he reads the original (αἰναρέτη), or a better English rendering, such as Yalden's "Thy virtues are as useless, as they're great." Plain words for plain is a fine thing, as later where "Cruel man!" serves well for νηλεές. But where the original is complicated we need something else.

In the long sentence before "Cruel man," plain English helps keep it untangled, and this important idea remains clear. But the last sentence fails because it is of a type that relies on strength of imagery rather than clarity, and Rouse too often misfires on this count. The green in "green sea" is, it seems to me, precisely the wrong choice for γλαυκὴ θάλασσα, with precisely the wrong connotations. "Stony rock" is redundant, less than half as good as almost any other choice.

In the twenty-fourth book where Hecabe cries out at Priam, Rouse is very good:

"O misery! where are your wits flown? Once you were famous for good sense throughout your kingdom and even in foreign lands! How can you wish to visit the Achaian

ships alone--to meet the eyes of the man who has killed and stript so many of your brave sons! Your heart must be made of steel."

"ὦ μοι, πῇ δὴ τοι φρένες οἶχονθ', ἧς τὸ πάρος περ
ἔλκε' ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους ξείνους ἡδ' οἷσιν ἀνάσσεις;
πῶς ἐθέλεις ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἐλθέμεν οἶος,
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ὃς τοι πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς
υἱέας ἐξενάριξε; σιδήρειόν νύ τοι ἦτορ."
(24.201-05)

("Ah, woe is me, whither now is gone the wisdom for the which of old thou wast famed among stranger folk and among them thou rulest? How art thou fain to go alone to the ships of the Achaeans to meet the eyes of the man who hath slain thy sons, many and valiant? Of iron verily is thy heart.") (literal prose of Murray)

"O misery" is a fine beginning, for the untranslatable ὦ μοι. More important, though, is the way Rouse sorts out the remainder of that line and the next (of the original). To truly appreciate how well, and how clearly, Rouse has rendered the lines, we must look again at a version that is not handled so well, namely Murray's:

[W]hither now is gone the wisdom for the which of old thou wast famed among stranger folk and among them thou rulest?

By the time the reader has sifted through this sentence and has got the general drift, the effect is lost forever. Rouse's plain version, on the other hand, sorted out deftly, shines with a bright light. The next sentence also runs clear and bright in the face of considerable grammatical danger. In the last sentence, where the Greek is so simple yet so difficult to translate well--σιδήρειόν νύ τοι ἦτορ--Rouse makes the best possible use of plain prose. Where other prose versions try to make something poetic, and fail,

Rouse's rendering is simple and strong where the Greek is simple and strong: "Your heart must be made of steel."

Where Achilles' words to Priam echo those of Hecabe, Rouse's version serves this emotional point with grace and dignity:

"Ah, poor man, indeed your heart has borne many sorrows! How could you come to the Achaian camp alone? How could you bear to look on the man who killed all your noble sons, as I have done? Your heart must be made of steel."

"Ἄ δειλ', ἡ δὲ πολλὰ κακ' ἀνσχεο σὸν κατὰ θυμόν.
πῶς ἔτλης ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἐλθέμεν οἶος,
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ὅς τοι πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς
νιέας ἐξενάριξα; σιδήρειόν νύ τοι ἦτορ."
(24.518-21)

("Ah, unhappy man, full many in good sooth are the evils thou hast endured in thy soul. How hadst thou the heart to come alone to the ships of the Achaeans, to meet the eyes of me that have slain thy sons many and valiant? Of iron verily is thy heart.") (literal prose of Murray)

"Ah, poor man, indeed your heart has borne many sorrows" is poetry in spirit and yet perfectly plain and simple in the delivery--exactly as this quiet and emotionally charged moment requires. The next two sentences do not match Hecabe's words as closely as they might, but the effect is right, with the exception of "as I have done." This is Rouse's attempt to make clear what is expressed in the original by a mere change in tense, from ἐξενάριξε to ἐξενάριξα. There is no conceivable way English could match the subtlety of the Greek, but Rouse might have done better to have left out "as I have done," and have relied instead on the close attention of the reader. At any rate, he has the wisdom to leave the last sentence exactly the same as

Hecabe's words, letting them resonate with the barely perceptible difference in meaning.

Rouse's translation is an attempt to give, in Jones's words, "what the Greek says in clear, strong, idiomatic English." As we have seen, this version is almost always clear, usually idiomatic, and sometimes strong--but not as often as it ought to be. Though it can hardly be called great, the work does fill its niche--an informal, accessible, close-to-literal prose translation--sitting safely within the confines of what a prose translation can do reasonably well. Hammond's Iliad, as good as it is, fills a different spot, so the door is still open for a better informal, accessible, close-to-literal prose translation of the Iliad.

JOHN COWPER POWYS, Homer and the Aether (1959)

If the literal prose translation of the "Graduate of Oxford" sits at one pole, and Rouse's and Hammond's versions sit somewhere near the equator (on opposite sides), then Powys's work must rest somewhere near the opposite pole. Homer and the Aether strays far enough away from Homer's words that it must be called an adaptation rather than a prose translation, but the work is an interesting interpretation of Homer's story.

The story is told with the help of an "imaginary thought-reader, the immortal Aether" (14). The Aether claims that he, not the Muse, is the true guide that enables Homer to

read the thoughts of both men and gods, and even gives him "the power of reading the inmost responses of every form and shape that has ever been assumed by matter" (23), including not only the animal world but the "vegetable world" as well. As daring as this approach seems, Powys clearly holds enormous respect for Homer, claiming for him¹⁰ powers of imagination that go beyond those of any poet before or since.

There are several places where the passages used for close study in this dissertation coincide with passages where Powys's narrative runs reasonably close to the original. These places by themselves give an incomplete picture of Powys's work, but we can start there.

The invocation is left more-or-less intact, but it comes to the reader as the voice not of Homer addressing the Muse, but of the Aether addressing Homer:

Chant for us, therefore, O poet of poets, what it was that aroused the wrath of Achilles, the son of Peleus--that deadly wrath which worked such immeasurable griefs for the Achaeans and hurled the souls into Hades of so many valiant heroes whose bodies became the prey of dogs and birds: for so, and only so, could the will of Zeus be fulfilled.

It would seem that Powys has buried the lead here, holding "the wrath of Achilles" until well into this gargantuan sentence. But we already know the author is playing with form--making it a part of the story--so it

¹⁰That is, assuming Powys aligns himself with the attitudes implied by the words of his narrator. In this case, it seems a reasonable assumption. Authors are rarely ironic when approaching the greatness of Homer.

makes sense for the form to be mentioned first: "Chant for us, therefore, O poet of poets."

The middle part of the invocation is quite close to the original, and the last clause is the most interesting, as Powys emphasizes the singularity of "the will of Zeus."

One of the Achillean insults of Agamemnon remains intact:

"You wine-bibber!" Achilles roared at the King. "You staring dog-face, with the guts of a terrified deer! You who never join the vanguard of a host in a real attack!"

"Wine-bibber" is unnecessarily foolish, and the rest is nothing unusual.

Hector's prayer carries most of the sense of the original:

"May Zeus and the other gods," he prayed, forgetting in that moment all his sorrowful forebodings, "grant that this child of mine may grow up to surpass his father in every possible way; and be wiser, stronger, braver than his father in the eyes of gods and men!"

This English is even plainer than Rouse's, but it is strong in phrases such as "surpass his father in every possible way" and "wiser, stronger, braver." Notable, too, is the absence of "bloody spoils" or any direct mention of arms.

Patroclus' speech to Achilles is heavily cut and rearranged:

Pitiless one, thy father wasn't Peleus, nor was Thetis thy mother, but the grey sea bare thee to the over-shadowing cliffs! How can you hold in your heart such anger? hold it until your very valour has become a curse to us all?

Here Powys recognizes the importance of *αἰναρέτη*, and his version is on target.

Hecabe's words to Priam carry a small part of the force of the original:

"Your heart is of iron," she cried in dismay. "Do you really talk of going alone into their camp and of facing this man who has killed so many of your sons?"

As suggested above, these passages do not give a complete indication of Homer and the Aether. Powys's narrative explores places not directly seen in Homer's original. One example provides Powys's own answer to a very old question:

The perpetual presence of Patroclus in the tent of Achilles, in spite of the fact that their real relationship was pure friendship and had nothing sexual about it, and in spite of the fact that they slept in separate beds, each with a girl at his side, had had the effect of frustrating completely any natural tendency in Briseis to play the queen on that tent: but she had been happy all the same.

That Homer and the Aether is a twentieth-century novel is obvious here; this kind of introspection--by a woman, no less!--is not Homer's way.

Another example shows how Powys handles dialogue and character. Here Menelaus, in book 6, ponders the fate of a prisoner:

"O damn all these killings and revenges," he thought, "if only I can get my lovely Helen safe back and out of the hands of that devil Paris I'd willingly give the whole lot of them their lives! I don't hate a living soul of them save Paris. If only I could have killed that beguiling scamp when I had the chance! What a fool I was!"

"Yes, surely, my good man; I'll see that you're escorted straight to our ships. So get up, and---"

But at this moment the great Agamemnon, his brother, who had noted this little scene under the tamarisk, came indignantly to their side.

"What are you doing with this wretch, you little softy?" he cried. "What we've got to do is to send as

many as we can of this spawn of thieves straight down to Hades. There: you take that!"

And he dug his heavy brazen spear deep into the prisoner's flanks with so much force that man and spear fell to the ground together.

One may judge Powys's dialogue to be unwarrantedly ignoble, but there is no denying that he can manage a strong emotional effect.

One last example shows how the Aether occasionally inserts himself into the narrative:

I, the immortal Aether, must again confess, much as it goes against the grain to do so, that in Achilles' lament for Patroclus that followed his dragging the mutilated corpse of Hector to the outskirts of the holy spot where lay that sacred body, there was unquestionably real feeling. That there must have been reality in his emotion was proved forever, yes! forever, by the way my incomparable Homer deals with it.

Powys's novel of the story of Achilles' anger is unhomeric in some ways--especially in terms of nobility--but it, too, has its place in the range of English Iliads.

Homer and the Aether is the kind of retelling advocated by Spedding, where the storyteller lets go of Homer's form, and uses one more amenable to the present age. No responsible teacher would hand it to a student and say "This is Homer's Iliad," but one might assign it in tandem with a more traditional translation. Powys's vision of Homer can certainly change the way one reads the Iliad.

The six prose versions examined in this chapter present a wide array of choices for a potential reader,¹¹ with different degrees of fidelity to the words of the original, and different styles. All are readable; but not one of them is a masterpiece. The only prose version to approach that status is the Iliad of Lang, Leaf & Myers, and even that is often derided in this century.

Three metaphors apply, according to the time: in the eighteenth century the first prose translation of the Iliad was a new and bizarre invention, unappreciated in its time; in the nineteenth century prose versions were the draft-horses of Iliad translation--tremendously useful, but having little of the sleek beauty or excitement of thoroughbreds; in the twentieth century they are the fast food of Iliad translations--intended to please the masses, even the best are neither completely satisfying nor especially nutritious.

¹¹Macpherson and the "Graduate of Oxford" are not actually practical choices, as they are not readily available.

Chapter Five

Hexameter Translations

These lame hexameters the strong-wing'd music of Homer!
No--but a most burlesque barbarous experiment.
When was harsher sound ever heard, ye Muses, in England?
When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon?
Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave us,
Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters!

Alfred Tennyson,
"Attempts at Classical Metres in Quantity"

[The English hexameter has] a lumbering rhythm, not inaptly
compared, by some author, to the noise of pumpkins rolling
on a barn-floor.

anonymous reviewer
of Derby's Iliad, Catholic World

The use of the English hexameter represents an attempt--
not universally appreciated--to present the Iliad in
translation in a form as close as possible to the original.
The history of the English hexameter bears a course
curiously parallel to that of translation in general:
everyone agrees that perfection is impossible and that none
of the attempts so far is entirely satisfactory; many
attempts, in fact, have been met with harsh criticism or
even derision, yet still the attempt continues to be made.
The main difference between the two courses is that
translation in general has long been accepted as necessary
even in its imperfections, while the advisability of the
English hexameter is still questioned.

If the English hexameter is an attempt to imitate as
closely as possible the original Greek hexameter of Homer,
what are the notable features of the original language and

meter? Primarily, they are syllable length as the basis of the meter, dactyls and spondees as the units of the meter, the caesura, pitch accent, and ictus (metrical stress). Some of these features have found their way into English hexameters, others have not. Their use differs widely, of course, from writer to writer.

The first aspect of Homer's meter is syllable length. A syllable can be long by nature, having a single long vowel or a diphthong; or it can be long by position, where a short vowel is followed by two or more consonants. Most everything else is short.¹ These long and short syllables, rather than accented and unaccented syllables as in most English poetry, define the units of the meter. Some attempts have been made in English to write hexameters based on syllable length, but this is often considered to be too foreign for English ears, and therefore most English hexameters have been based on accent.

The feet of the original Greek hexameter are dactyls (one long followed by two short syllables) and spondees (two long syllables). Each of the first four feet of the dactylic hexameter can be either a dactyl or a spondee; the fifth is usually a dactyl, occasionally a spondee; and the final foot always consists of a long followed by a syllable of either

¹There are many refinements of these rules governing long and short syllables. For example, if, after a short vowel, one of two consonants is a liquid λ or ρ , then the syllable can be considered either long or short. For a more complete yet succinct explanation, see Benner 349-50.

length. Most English accentual hexameters maintain some semblance of this pattern, although none follows it exactly. Many writers, for example, have given up on the possibility of finding accentual spondees, and have used trochees in their place.² Spondees (or trochees) are very rarely found in the fifth foot of these English works, making the "strawberry jam-pot" ending (tum-ti-ti tum-tum) almost a rule, more hardened than in the original.

The next important feature is the caesura. In classical prosody, a caesura can be defined as any instance where "a word ends within a foot" (Benner 351). A caesura is called masculine if it falls directly after the first syllable of the foot, and feminine if it falls between two short syllables. There is generally more than one caesura per line, but in most cases only one indicates a pause, and this is called the principal caesura. This principal caesura, which effectively cuts each line in two, falls only in certain places in the line--in the middle of the third foot (that is, after the first syllable), or after the first short syllable of the third foot, or in the middle of the

²There has been some objection to the use of classical terms for feet--e.g. dactyl, spondee, even iamb--for discussions of English accentual verse. See especially Roberts 30-31 and 269-73; see also Fussell 20-21, although his objection is less severe.

At any rate, these classical terms are still considered fairly standard usage, and so I use them here.

fourth foot.³ In English prosody, the term caesura has been incorporated metaphorically, and less specifically, to mean any sort of mid-line pause. Most writers of English hexameters make use of caesura but are less exacting in that use, so that the term applies in a sense somewhere between the English and the classical.

Classical Greek accent, as far as scholarship can determine on fairly scanty evidence, is essentially irrelevant to the meter. It is also completely different from our idea of an accent based on voice-stress; the ancient Greek accent was based on rising and falling pitch.

The Greek hexameter might not have been completely without stress rhythm, however. In the concept of metrical ictus, the first half of every foot receives a stress, called the thesis, while the arsis, or second half of the foot, is unstressed.⁴ The existence of the phenomenon of ictus is widely but not universally recognized among

³The rules for the principal caesura, as with syllable length, are actually more detailed than is indicated here. There is also the matter of diaeresis, which is less important to the discussion here. For more specifics, see Benner 351-52.

⁴According to Benner (350) the term thesis comes from the Greek *θέσις*, "a 'setting down,' as of the foot in marching." Arsis comes from the Greek *ἀρσις*, "a 'lifting,' as of the foot in marching." Benner adds that "Roman writers referring these terms to the falling and rising inflection of the voice used them in exactly the reverse way. Some modern books continue the Roman use." A brief survey shows that West (22) uses the terms as Benner does, while Monro (70), Bateman (v), and Denniston (564) reverse them.

scholars,⁵ and its exact nature is still debated. At least one author sees ictus as the strongest force in any oral reading of Homer, overshadowing even syllable length (Nussbaum 16-17). The usual view, however, is that ictus is something to be felt more than heard, and must always play a secondary role--behind syllable length in any reading (e.g., Allen 132)--or even a tertiary role if the reader is clever enough and practiced enough to include pitch accent in the reading (Williams 314).

Even the exact nature of syllable length continues to rest a little in the shade. Some scholars see the dactylic hexameter as a fairly rigid 4/4 time, with every long syllable--whether natural or artificial--being given exactly twice the length of every short syllable (e.g., Bridges 2, Benner 350, and West 21). Others assume syllable length to be a bit less constrained by time, with a variable though still perceptible difference between long and short (e.g., Allen 110-12).

The nature of the Greek hexameter is confused still further because most native-English speakers read Homer in something closer to 3/4 than 4/4 time, in effect transforming Homer's quantitative meter into a stress-based

⁵A brief discussion of the arguments for and against the existence of ictus can be found in Denniston (564) although he ends it thus: "It is impossible to decide with any certainty between the contending views."

one.⁶ Given that this transformation occurs even when reading the original, it is no wonder that the English hexameter has so often been stress-based rather than quantitative.

Not surprisingly, the English Renaissance brought the first English attempts at the hexameter. Although two centuries earlier Chaucer had set an accentual, iambic pentameter standard for English verse, a movement arose to bring verse back to the syllable-length basis of the ancients. Roger Ascham is generally credited with the first arguments and examples, in his Scholemaster (1570). Gabriel Harvey has a dubious distinction as the man who tried to persuade Edmund Spenser to write the Faerie Queene in quantitative verse. Harvey advocated a verse based on quantities always natural to the English usage of the time, but his ideas did not go unchallenged, of course; Thomas Nashe was the loudest and nastiest voice, maintaining

⁶There is no criticism implied here. In British and American culture that may be the most reasonable way to read ancient hexameters. Even if one masters syllable length, there is still pitch-accent to be dealt with. As for the latter, Allen, after having listened to many recorded attempts at "melodic-accentual recitations of ancient Greek" (129), advises his readers not to try. For those determined not to heed his advice, though, he cites "the recordings by Prof. Stephen Daitz--e.g. The Pronunciation and Reading of Ancient Greek (2 cassettes), publ. Jeffrey Norton, Inc., N.Y./London: 2nd edn 1984."

Even if someone were to master all known aspects of Homer's verse, he would be highly unlikely to reproduce orally those verses exactly the way they were read in ancient Greece. And if he did get it right, who could tell?

that classical meters in general and the hexameter in particular had no place in English verse.

The first successful hexameter English work of any length was Richard Stanyhurst's 1582 translation of the first four books of the Aeneid. The adjective "successful" should be qualified, because the work was never much appreciated for its artistic qualities. There has been admiration regarding the technical aspect of those quantitative hexameters, however. According to the 1909 Cambridge History of English Literature, for example:

Though he wasted his time, he did nothing at haphazard. He expounds his theory of the hexameter with great care, and gives every syllable its proper quantity, varying its length according to its termination and to the consonant and vowel which follow it. (qtd. in Van der Haar 25)

Sir Philip Sidney also tried his hand at quantitative meter, although it comprised only a small part of his life's work--some dozen or so poems in all, only two in hexameter (each a section of his "Old Arcadia" [1590]). Not surprisingly, the poems are not usually considered particularly successful.⁷

Sidney devised some rules of quantitative prosody; they were written down only, it seems, in the margins of one manuscript.⁸ Although he based these rules on classical rules for quantity, Sidney also realized the English

⁷E.g., Willcock, "Passing Pitefull Hexameters."

⁸The complete text of those rules can be found in The Poems of Sir Philip Sidney 391.

language had some inherent differences from the classical languages--e.g. "our tongue being full of consonantes and monasillabllles, the vowell slydes awaye quicklier then in Greeke or Latin, which be full of vowells and longe wordes" (391); he tried to make new rules accordingly. He did not seem to grasp completely the nuances of pronunciation, though, and often a rule followed orthography (e.g., a short vowel followed by the double consonant ck became long [see 391-2]) even where it differed from pronunciation.

George Puttenham found the idea of classical meters in English interesting enough to include several short chapters about them in the middle of his Arte of English Poesie (1589). Disparaging the conservatively classical rules that Stanyhurst used for his translation of the Aeneid, Puttenham instead outlined by example some guidelines for quantity that were closer to the ideas of Harvey, where syllable-length is not dependent on artificial rules of position, especially where misleading English "ortographie" would stretch or squash a syllable beyond reason. In the end, though, like so many before and since, Puttenham found classical meters in English only interesting, and not to be taken seriously:

Now peraduenture with vs Englishmen it be somewhat too late to admit a new inuention of feete and times that our forefathers neuer vsed nor neuer obserued till this day, either in their measures or in their pronuntiation, and perchuance will seeme in vs a presumptuous part to attempt, considering also it would be hard to find many men to like of one mans choise in the limitation of times and quantities of words, with which not one but euery eare is to be pleased and made

a particular iudge, being most truly sayd that a multitude or comminalltie is hard to please and easie to offend. (124)

In the eighteenth century the Germans took up the torch of the hexameter⁹ and carried it well--more successfully, at least, than their English predecessors. That success is based in part, undoubtedly, on the change from a meter based on quantities to one based on stresses, ceasing for a time the effort to force quantities onto untrained and unwilling ears. The first German hexameter work was Friedrich Klopstock's Messiah (1748); the best-known and best-received critically was Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea (1797); the most relevant to this study were J.H. Voss's translations of the Iliad and Odyssey (1793, 1781).

In the middle of the nineteenth century several English poets followed the German example and wrote English hexameters based on stress instead of quantity. The result was often one of popular, but not critical, acclaim. The first was Robert Southey, who published the long poem Vision of Judgement in 1822. In a letter of about the same time, Southey writes: "[I]t has long been a favorite project of mine to write one poem in hexameters, written, of course, by accent, and formed upon the model of the Greek or German"

⁹Although the Germans most often receive credit for keeping the hexameter alive, attempts were made in other languages of Europe as well. For example, Southey, as an addendum to his Vision of Judgement (Works 787), quotes from two French works (1553 and 1556) and one Spanish (year unknown). He also claims knowledge of hexameters in Portuguese and Bohemian, but says he knows of none in Italian.

(Letters II: 214). He admits this form has its limitations:

"For rapidity, they are unequalled; [but] they fail in solemnity; they are unfit for the dramatic parts of poetry"

(II: 214). But in another letter his enthusiasm is unmitigated:

I have proved the hexameter may as well be written in English as in German; that they are in no respect dissuited to the genius of our language; and that the measure is full, stately, and sonorous, capable of great variety, great sweetness, and great strength.
(III: 189-90)

In yet another letter Southey explains his version of the hexameter, and his attitude toward it:

I write upon the postulate of using in the four first feet of the verse, any foot of two or three syllables; the English hexameter in this respect bearing the same loose resemblance to the Latin, that the English heroic verse of ten syllables does to the ancient Iambic verse. . . . Recollect that I do not propose it as a better metre than blank verse, any more than I should offer venison as a better thing than turtle, but as something else--there being room for both. (III: 221-22)

One of the most popular nineteenth-century hexameter poems came from America. Longfellow's Evangeline (1847) was the "best-known, best-loved, long poem" (preface to 1966 ed., 1st unnumbered page) of a well-known and -loved poet, but the work nonetheless has been set up time and again in later years as evidence of the accentual hexameter's inherent inadequacy.

Arthur Hugh Clough praised Evangeline, and appreciated the degree to which it, through its popular success, "attuned the ears of his [wide readership] to the flow and cadence of this hitherto unacceptable measure" (583). But

Clough thought that Longfellow's success would have been slight if he had been translating the Greek or Latin epics, rather than presenting his own charming tale: "In Greek, where grammar, inflection, intonation, idiom, habit, character, and genius are all most alien, the task [of translating into English hexameter] is . . . hopeless" (583).

Clough himself published two long poems in accentual hexameters, The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich (1848) and Amours de Voyage (1858). Clough shows less enthusiasm than Southey for the possible success of the English hexameter, seeing instead his experiments with the meter as a show of bravura--doomed to failure in themselves, yet still providing a worthy legacy of sorts, if only as a useful piece in the development of English prosody:

Fiat voluntas! Let us go forward to our manifest destiny with content, or at least resignation, and bravely fill up the trench, which our nobler successors may thus be able to pass. (583)

Charles Kingsley published in 1858 what might be the most homeric of the non-Iliad hexameter poems, Andromeda. His choice of subject matter, a story from Greek mythology, helps provide an appropriate atmosphere, but the important similarities to Homer lie in the lines themselves. His lines reflect several aspects of the Greek hexameter, and their movement is controlled and comfortable.

The others do not work quite so well. The movement of Longfellow's Evangeline is constantly threatening to gallop

away out-of-control, speed unchecked. Southey's Vision does not gallop, but it is difficult to read--too often ambiguous as to the proper placement of emphases--and so is out-of-control in a sense different from Longfellow's. The movement of Clough's Bothie is better controlled in both of the above senses, but it is sometimes a bit awkward. For example, he sometimes combines a spondaic line (i.e. a line with a spondee in the fifth foot) with a principal caesura¹⁰ in the fourth foot:

Be it recorded in song who was first, who last, in
dressing. (116)

If the strongest pause of the line is at the first comma, the rest of the line jerks and stumbles. If we avert our eyes from the punctuation and pause after "song" but not after "first" (a reading that the sense allows) the line is saved. But a few lines earlier, we find a similar situation--

Eight stout shepherds and gillies had run, two wondrous
quickly (116)

--and there is no alternative reading to save this one from awkwardness.

¹⁰In discussing an English poem based on a classical meter, I find myself in a no man's land between English and classical prosody. My use of the term caesura here and throughout this chapter means something other than "a mid-line pause"; I mean a pause in the middle of a foot. Because English tends toward monosyllables, caesuras in the classical sense are that much more prevalent. Therefore I choose to err on the side of caution and use the classical term principal caesura here, to distinguish this caesura from the others.

Kingsley's hexameter lines do not have these problems.

In the first two lines, for example--

Over the sea, past Crete, on the Syrian shore to the
southward
Dwells in the well-tilled lowland a dark-haired Æthiop
people, (174)

--the movement is, as I have said, controlled and comfortable. One reason for this is that Kingsley's "spondees" are as close to true spondees as accentual verse can come. In other words, in feet such as "past Crete," "well-tilled," and "dark-haired," the two syllables in each case are roughly equal in weight, owing in part to the length of each second syllable. The speed of the line slows smoothly at these places, and increases at the dactyls, in much the same way that the speed of Homer's lines is modulated smoothly. The other poets have replaced spondees with quick trochees that too often stumble and jerk.

In another example, where Kingsley allows the coincidence of a spondaic line and fourth-foot principal caesura, a la Clough, movement complements sense perfectly, and the slow movement of the end of the line flows nobly:

Watching the pulse of the oars die down, as her own
died with them. (179)

Andromeda seems homeric in other ways as well. There is one good homeric simile ("Just as at first some colt . . ." 188). The principal caesura almost always falls, with varying strength, at one of the three homeric positions in the line. There are a few repetitions, where the same phrase falls at the same point in the line. The ratio of

dactyls to spondees and the percentage of spondaic lines are close enough to Homer's ratio and percentage to give the poem a genuinely homeric feel. We can use Kingsley's lines, then, as a yardstick to help us measure hexameter translations of the Iliad.

There are at least 27 published hexameter translations of some or all of the Iliad--the earliest being 47 lines from book 1 by Edwin Guest in 1838, the most recent a complete version by Smith & Miller in 1944. This narrow range of 107 years is surprising, given the long history of Iliad translations. Even more surprising, though, is that over half of those were published in a range of only 17 years, from 1861 to 1877. The former date is significant as the year of Matthew Arnold's lectures "On Translating Homer," in which he advocates the use of the English hexameter as the best means for translating Homer. His lectures were no doubt responsible in part for the subsequent flurry of hexameters good and bad--probably not so much for planting the idea as for legitimizing it. Although the merits of accentual hexameters in English had been argued off and on since the beginning of the century, Arnold's words and their progeny touched off a new fire-storm of debate over the matter.

In his famous 1861 lectures, citing eleven hexameter lines by E. C. Hawtrey as the best translation of Homer in any meter, Matthew Arnold argues for the English hexameter:

Applied to Homer, this metre affords to the translator the immense support of keeping him more nearly than any other metre to Homer's movement; and, since a poet's movement makes so large a part of his general effect, and to reproduce this general effect is at once the translator's indispensable business and so difficult for him, it is a great thing to have this part of your model's general effect already given you in your metre, instead of having to get it entirely for yourself.
(148-49)

Arnold has two particular suggestions: that the English form should contain more spondees than previous attempts have (151, e.g., Lockhart, discussed later in this chapter); and that the lines must "read themselves"--in other words, that they should be constructed in such a way "that by reading them naturally--that is, according to the sense and legitimate accent,--the reader gets the right rhythm" (153).¹¹ As for the former suggestion, Guest had already argued in 1838 that the notion of "accentual spondees" is an "absurdity" (551), but seemed relieved at the discovery that "a 'spondee' might in all cases be represented by a 'trochee.'" Certainly the existence of a perfect accentual spondee is unlikely, but an approximation is in no way absurd, as Kingsley has shown.¹²

Arnold offers a few hexameter lines as examples; most of these lines hold to two syllables per foot (however one

¹¹This idea, and even the phrase "read themselves," had already been put forth by William Whewell ("M. L.") in "Letters on English Hexameters" (21). In other words, he said, "the rhythm should be unforced" (20).

¹²Guest was writing, of course, before the publication of Andromeda, and Arnold apparently had not read it by the time of his lectures. He refers to the hexameter works of Clough and Longfellow, but not to Kingsley's.

might characterize them) through the first four feet, followed by the familiar dactyl and "spondee"¹³ in the last two feet.

James Spedding quickly responded to Arnold's ideas in an 1861 essay in Fraser's Magazine. He claims that the "English hexameter" does not truly resemble the Greek or Latin. In fact, he says, any "resemblance which its movement bears to Homer's movement [is] the resemblance not of mimicry but of mockery" (704). He goes on to define the English and Latin¹⁴ hexameters, so as to distinguish them, and finds,

that the only points in which the laws of the two metres concur, are the number of the syllables and the place of the two last accents. In all other respects they are different, and in one contradictory. The English takes account of accent only, and pays no regard to quantity. The Latin is inexorable as to quantity, requires the time of each syllable to be distinctly felt and measured, and allows no choice but between one long and two short; while with regard to accent it gives much liberty. (706)

Arnold later claims that Spedding "suggests a type of English hexameter in agreement with the Virgilian model, and formed on the supposition that 'quantity is as distinguishable in English as in Latin or Greek by any ear that will attend to it'" (192-93). He does quote Spedding

¹³Having noted Guest's objections to the term, as well as my own distinctions between the "spondees" of Kingsley and the more trochaic feet of others, I will henceforth use the term Spondee (with a capital S) for any two-syllable foot in English hexameters, to distinguish it from a spondee in the classical sense.

¹⁴As the most clearly definable classical example.

correctly, but he misses the point; Spedding does not advocate any kind of hexameter in English, and in fact thinks the Iliad should be translated much differently (as noted above, Chapter One). The English quantitative hexameter would have its day, but not via Spedding.

At any rate, H. A. J. Munro replied quickly in turn to Spedding (still 1861). He argues that accent and quantity do often coincide in Homer (ignoring, apparently, the different nature of the classical Greek accent), that such lines "are among the very commonest types of Homeric rhythm" (qtd. in Arnold 193). He also replies to Spedding that English ears do not distinguish quantity "except that which is produced by accentuated and unaccentuated syllables," and so "quantity must be utterly discarded" in the English hexameter (193).

Arnold, in his "Last Words" that followed the essays by Spedding and Munro, re-emphasizes his earlier ideas, that a middle road is best, where accent predominates but quantity is not disregarded. One "must not," he says, "make seventeen a dactyl in spite of all the length of its last syllable" (194).

Others soon joined the fray, whether with hexameters of their own, or with criticism of those attempted.¹⁵

¹⁵The following brief survey is far from exhaustive. For some discussions of the English hexameter not otherwise noted in this chapter, see Felton, Jeffrey, Mackay, Omond, Palmer, Scott, & Whewell (Rev. of Dart). Curiously, despite the

Edward Earl of Derby had a few words for the English hexameter in the 1864 preface to his own blank verse translation:

[Many meters] have had their partisans, even to that "pestilent heresy" of the so-called English Hexameter; a metre wholly repugnant to the genius of our language; which can only be pressed into the service by a violation of every rule of prosody; and of which, notwithstanding my respect for the eminent men who have attempted to naturalize it, I could never read ten lines without being irresistibly reminded of Canning's "Dactyls call'st thou them? God help thee, silly one!" (viii)

Many have found fault with the English hexameter, but Derby's criticism is notable for its vehemence.

Perhaps the most famous voice in the fray managed to combine example and criticism. In 1865 Alfred Tennyson published "Attempts at Classic Metres in Quantity" in

sizable amount of critical publication on the hexameter, and the sizable number of translations of the Iliad, both seem to have sunk into obscurity. For example, in 1933 one writer claimed that "Dart's is, so far as I am aware, the only complete hexameter translation of the Iliad" (Ruutz-Rees 212). Even more recently, Robert Fitzgerald stated flatly, in a review of Lattimore's Iliad, that "[t]he only translation ever made of the entire Iliad into English dactylic hexameter happens to have been published eight years ago, the work of the late William Benjamin Smith and Walter Miller" (700). Dart's version was in fact the first, and Smith & Miller's the last, but there were no fewer than four other complete versions (by Cochrane, Herschel, Simcox, and Cayley) published in the interim. Fitzgerald's mistake may have resulted from Miller's preface, where it is stated: "The present translation of the Iliad is, as far as I can discover, the first attempt to reproduce in English Homer's great epic line for line in the metre of the original. Other translations of the Iliad have been made into English dactylic hexameters but neither complete nor line for line" (vii). Miller is right about "line for line," but not about "complete."

Cornhill Magazine. His words on the hexameter, like Derby's, are brief enough to quote in full:¹⁶

These lame hexameters the strong-wing'd music of Homer!
 No--but a most burlesque barbarous experiment.
 When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye Muses, in
 England?
 When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon?
 Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave us,
 Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters! (707)

One can only assume that these lines were deliberately tortured by Tennyson, in order to parody the possible defects of the form in English. His attitude is clear, at any rate.

In the preface to his 1865 hexameter version, Edwin W. Simcox hoped that his translation is "a photographic view of the poem so far as the English language in his (Simcox's) humble hands can produce the result" (qtd. in Little 140). The desire for a "photographic view" seems typical of hexameter translators, but the reality here as elsewhere is something other than "photographic," even in metaphor.

This metaphor is dealt with, in fact, by John Stuart Blackie in his "Remarks on English Hexameters" in Horae Hellenicae (1874). While the English language is "altogether incapable" of "pure dactylic hexameter verse" (that is, quantitative), according to Blackie (283), there is no organic reason--despite the arguments of Derby and others--why English cannot handle an accentual hexameter.

¹⁶These are actually elegiac couplets--a line of hexameter followed by a line of so-called pentameter, which in effect has six beats also.

The reason it is not a good idea, he says, comes not from the language itself but from its users. There is simply too much prejudice against the form--too many associations negative or facetious--and there is no compelling reason to try to overcome that prejudice. The English hexameter is most often used as a means of producing the effect of a "facsimile" of the original:

But let us beware of being robbed of our senses by this one idea of a facsimile, which it must be confessed has something of the mechanical in its nature, and may achieve wonderful likenesses--as Photography does--only without the soul. (291)

Blackie suggested instead the iambic fourteener--better yet, the trochaic 15-syllable line, which emphasizes the first syllable of each line as did Homer.¹⁷

Even in the twentieth century, the matter has not been decided. An anonymous reviewer (NY Times Rev. of Books) of Prentiss Cummings' 1910 abridged Iliad in hexameters denies the feasibility of the English hexameter, and states that if it "is to be vindicated as an English measure, it must be triumphantly employed as an instrument by some true poet, and not merely made skillful use of by a scholar. . . ."

This sentiment is echoed later by two reviewers of the hexameter translation by Smith & Miller. Eugene O'Neill, Jr. appreciates the technical merits of their translation, but still considers it a failure:

¹⁷Blackie used a fourteen-syllable meter for his own 1866 translation.

[A]lthough I regard the Smith-Miller "Iliad" as an extraordinary achievement, I feel that it merits this designation more as a tour de force, or as a triumph of ingenuity, than as an esthetically valid work of literature. (25)

Reviewer Herbert Yeames says, "This new version of the Iliad can . . . be read with some pleasure," but he also warns that it "is not great poetry, hardly poetry at all" (277), and finally invokes Chapman's 1600 lament for the loss of spirit in translation: "They failed to search his deep and treasurous heart."

Many of the reviews of Smith & Miller are far more positive, but it remains clear that the hexameter in English is a tricky business indeed, and a successful translation will require both an engineer's mind and a poet's heart.

The Comparison section examines two English hexameter translations with very different effects. The Closer Look section examines three partial translations that are short but successful, and the most recent complete translation in English hexameters.¹⁸

Comparison of Herschel (1862) and Martling (1877)

The purpose of this comparison is not so much to show a good example of hexameters versus a bad, but to examine two different sorts of hexameter, their effects, and the ways they can be read. Because English hexameters are still relatively unfamiliar to most readers, the question of how

¹⁸For brief information and comments regarding hexameter translations not covered in this chapter, see Appendix.

best to read them (metrically speaking) is still open, and therefore should be addressed.

Soon as the mother of dawn, the rosy-fingered Aurora,
Tinted the eastern sky, for the Grecian camp they
departed.
Fair was the wind and strong, which the bright, far-
darting Apollo
Sent: and they hoisted the mast, and the white sails
spread, which received it
Full in the midst of their swell:--and they bounded
along; and the waters
Roared round the keel as it ploughed the dark blue wave
in its progress.
(Herschel, Cornhill's)

But when Dawning appeared, rose-fingered, Daughter of
Morning,
Even at once they returned to the mighty camp of the
Grecians.
And Apollo the Archer sent them a favoring stern-wind;
And they stationed their mast, and their snowy canvas
unfolded,
Into the sail-swell puffed the breeze; and the billow
surrounding,
Purpling under the keel, sang loud, as glided the
galley.
Ran she over the wave till she came to the end of her
voyage.
(Martling)

ἦμος δ' ἠριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως,
καὶ τότε ἔπειτ' ἀνάγοντο μετὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν·
τοῖσιν δ' ἵκμενον οὐρον ἱεὶ ἐκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·
οἱ δ' ἱστὸν στήσαντ' ἀνὰ θ' ἱστία λευκὰ πέτασσαν,
ἐν δ' ἄνεμος πρῆσεν μέσον ἱστίον, ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα
στεῖρην πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἴαχε νηὸς ἰούσης·
ἣ δ' ἔθεεν κατὰ κύμα διαπρήσσουσα κέλευθον.
(1.477-83)

(and as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered,
then they set sail for the wide camp of the Achaeans.
And Apollo, that worketh afar, sent them a favouring
wind, and they set up the mast and spread the white sail.
So the wind filled the belly of the sail, and the dark
wave sang loudly about the stem of the ship, as she went,
and she sped over the wave, accomplishing
her way.) (literal prose of A. T. Murray)

Sir John F. W. Herschel published the first book of the Iliad in Cornhill's Magazine in 1862 and subsequently published a complete translation in 1866. In his "Preliminary Remarks" he argues that the English hexameter need not "gallop" along with five dactyls in the first five feet, nor must it be "exchanged for a monotony the heaviest and most wearisome" possible--with lines full of so-called spondees (Cornhill's 592). With its ability to shift from dactyl to spondee and back, the hexameter, he argues, "will be found to afford an amount of variety such as none of the English metres in use possess" (593).

Herschel's lines here "read themselves" at all points; no reader should stumble on them. The accents, beginning with a strong one at the head of each line, fall clearly and naturally at the appointed places in the dactylic hexameter scheme. The unaccented syllables, whether singly or in pairs, are usually quite short and light. Occasionally the second syllable of a Spondee is long enough to make the foot seem almost like a true spondee, as in "eastern" and "dark blue," but Herschel apparently saw no need to make all his Spondees in this way. One reviewer in fact praises Herschel's short Spondees, as being more likable to the "popular reader" (Whewell 304). Regarding dactyls, of all the unaccented pairs only one syllable in these lines is dangerously long or heavy: "round" in the last line. But even here the foot is saved by the unusually long and heavy

initial syllable, "roared," than which "round" is just a bit lighter.¹⁹

The principle caesura in these lines falls always in the masculine position of the third foot, except possibly the last line, where there is no obvious pause; but sense allows the hint of a pause after "keel" (second foot). The caesural pauses in the other lines are palpable yet variable in strength, complementing the line endings (of which several here are runovers) in a way that recalls the original Greek while also working comfortably in the present English poetry.

Herschel's is the most poetic of the two versions compared here, especially in the last line--

Roared round the keel as it ploughed the dark blue wave
in its progress

--where the imagery is striking, simple, and true.

James A. Martling published book 1 in 1877. Although he intended to publish the whole Iliad later (Preface iv), no such work exists, to my knowledge.

While each of these lines by Martling can be scanned to conform to the scheme of the dactylic hexameter, they do not "read themselves" so easily as Herschel's. Having mentioned Southey in his preface, Martling may in fact have been following the earlier poet's example, where the first four

¹⁹Not every line of the rest of Herschel's work reads so easily. Line 24 of book 1--"But Agamemnon, Atreus' son, such compromise brooked not"--can be scanned, but not on the fly.

feet can be of any sort with two or three syllables, including iambs and anapests. Thus, similar to Southey's Vision of Judgement, several lines here do not begin with an obvious accent: "But when Dawning . . ." "And Apollo . . ." and "And they stationed . . ." If a reader simply sets himself to accent the first syllable of each line, they work without great awkwardness but also not perfectly. If the reader does not make this choice, the result is more comfortable, but also more ambiguous, and certainly less metrical. Questions also arise in the middle of Martling's lines. In the first, "rose" is ambiguous; if read according to a strict hexameter scheme, it should be the second syllable of a Spondee, with a secondary accent at most, dipping in force and tone (though not in length) slightly below the second syllable of "appeared" and the first of "fingered." Read naturally, however, "rose" is likely to take the accent, with "fingered" completing the dactyl. The line as a whole, then, read naturally, has only five beats:

But when Dawning appeared, rose-fingered, Daughter of
Morning.

Is it a bad line?

In the sixth line, the word "sang," according to the dactylic scheme, is the second half of a Spondee. If read naturally, though, it takes a strong accent, overshadowing its predecessor and matching almost exactly the force of the first syllable of the next foot, "loud." This, in effect, turns the line into a heptameter. Is it, then, a bad line?

The question remains unanswered so far: are these lines bad because they do not so easily conform to the dactylic hexameter scheme? These lines do in fact "read themselves," though in a sense different from the way Herschel's do--that is, if the reader disregards the hexameter scheme, he is not likely to stumble. Problems arise only if the reader makes the hexameter a Procrustean bed for these lines, wrenching them this way and that. The lines can be made to fit, but not comfortably. If left alone, they are not perfect hexameters, but they are no more diverse than those of Lattimore, who uses a "free six-beat line" (55), or Fagles, who "work[s] from a loose five- or six-beat line . . . expand[ing] at times to seven beats" (xi).

Are these bad lines? Read as strict hexameters, they are adequate but awkward. Read naturally but judged by the classical standard where deviation is considered an error, they are failures. Read naturally but judged by the standards of English poetry, where deviation from the meter is normal, expected, even required, they are quite good--variable enough to avoid monotony, but not so off-beat as to lose the meter entirely.

Poetically, though, these lines of Martling's are not so good, with such constructions as "glided the galley" and "ran she over the wave."

Are the lines homeric? They are more so than Lattimore's or Fagles', or anything in blank verse, but not so much as Herschel's, which are not as homeric as Kingsley's.

**A Closer Look--Three Partial Versions and One Complete in
Accentual Hexameters**

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, books 1 & 24 (1846), and "Hector in Troy" 6.236-516 (1847)

In March 1846 there appeared "The Twenty-Fourth Book of Homer's Iliad, Attempted in English Hexameters," in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. The author is identified only as N.N.T. In May 1846 in the same periodical appeared "The Iliad of Homer--Book the First. In English Hexameters." Although the author suggests that "Should this experiment be received with any favor, . . . he would not be reluctant to attempt the completion of an Iliad in English Hexameters" (259), the only other portion of the Iliad he published was a part of book six, in English Hexameter Translations, a collection of translations from Greek, Latin, and German, by several professors from Cambridge (P. Scott 6) that also includes the two passages by E. C. Hawtrey examined later in this chapter.

N. N. T. turn out to be "initials" for John Gibson Lockhart, a friend of John Wilson and fellow frequent contributor to Blackwood's, though he was not often writing for that periodical by 1846 (Hildyard 155-56); the two books of the Iliad, in fact, were his last contributions to Blackwood's. Wilson, of course, had published several essays in Blackwood's fifteen years earlier on Sotheby's and other translations of Homer up to that time. One wonders

how his friend's verses would have fared under Wilson's fire, and whether Wilson did in fact offer some criticism away from public print.²⁰

Lockhart's verses are terribly regular--almost completely dactylic, with Spondees (excluding, of course, the last foot) rare enough to be surprising when they appear. The lines are almost always end-stopped. Even the principle caesura is fairly regular; each of the first four lines in Book 24, for example, is punctuated directly after the third stress. The principal caesura does vary somewhat, though--sometimes non-existent, sometimes landing after the second beat, sometimes after the third beat but lighter (no punctuation), and occasionally falling between two unaccented syllables in the third or even the second foot.

With Spondees so rare, Lockhart's lines cannot be considered perfectly homeric. Matthew Arnold, in fact, pointed to Lockhart's contribution to English Hexameter Translations as an example of "the lumbering effect of most English hexameters [that] is caused by their being much too dactylic" (151). "Lumbering" is not the appropriate term for Lockhart's lines, though; they are light and rapid--possibly too light and too rapid. At any rate, the few Spondees Lockhart does use make good examples of how English

²⁰Wilson himself included several passages of his own in his essays, under the name of Christopher North, slyly explaining "MSS. penes me."

can make two-syllable feet that, to paraphrase Arnold, reproduce somewhat the effect of Homer.

Although their regularity is a fault, still Lockhart's lines read rapidly, easily, rhythmically, and--aside from a miscast or two of diction--poetically:

Sing, O Goddess! the wrath unblest of Peleian
 Achilleus,
 Whence the uncountable woes that were heapt on the host
 of Achaia;
 Whence many valorous spirits of heroes, untimely
 dissever'd
 Down unto Hades were sent, and themselves to the dogs
 were a plunder
 And all fowls of the air; but the counsel of Zeus was
 accomplished:
 Even from the hour when at first were in fierceness of
 rivalry sunder'd
 Atreus' son, the Commander of Men, and the noble
 Achilleus.

Μῆνιν αἰεῖδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
 οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρί' Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε,
 πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν
 ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλώρια τεύχε κύνεσσιν
 οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή,
 ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε
 Ἀτρεΐδης τε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
 (1.1-7)

(The wrath do thou sing, O goddess, of Peleus' son, Achilles, that baneful wrath which brought countless woes upon the Achaeans, and sent forth to Hades many valiant souls of warriors, and made themselves to be a spoil for dogs and all manner of birds; and thus the will of Zeus was being brought to fulfillment;--sing thou thereof from the time when at first there parted in strife Atreus' son, king of men, and goodly Achilles.) (literal prose of Murray)

"Wrath" is fine, of course, but "unblest" carries not one-tenth the strength of οὐλομένην or "ruinous wrath." The second line is adequate but unremarkable. In the third, "whence many valorous spirits of heroes," although a bit

heavy on the sibilants, is both rapid and noble. Two half-lines--

. . . and themselves to the dogs were a plunder
And all fowls of the air;

--capture the original in letter, sense, and spirit--exactly where Smith & Miller, as we will see, falls apart.

In the following passage, the absolutely dactylic movement of the lines carries the action along swiftly. In the last three lines, where the embarkation of the various sea-goers forms a small parade, the regular meter is effective, even if not especially homeric. The biggest problem here seems to be one of diction:

They, when at last they arrived in the spacious recess
of the harbour,
Furl'd with alertness their sail, and bestow'd in the
depth of the galley,
Loosen'd the ropes from the mast, and depress'd it to
fix in the mast-hold,
Push'd with their oars to the landing, and anchor'd and
fasten'd the hausers;
Then with the hecatomb laden, the mariners stept on the
sea-beach.
Lastly, Chryseis was led by Odysseus himself from the
galley,

οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ λιμένος πολυβενθέος ἐντὸς ἵκοντο,
ιστία μὲν στείλαντο, θέσαν δ' ἐν νηϊ μελαίνῃ,
ιστὸν δ' ἱστοδόκη πέλασαν προτόνοισιν ὑφέντες
καρπαλίμως, τὴν δ' εἰς ὄρμον προέρεσαν ἐρετμοῖς.
ἐκ δ' εὐνὰς ἔβαλον, κατὰ δὲ πρυμνήσι' ἔδησαν.
ἐκ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ βαῖνον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης,
ἐκ δ' ἐκατόμβην βῆσαν ἐκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι.
ἐκ δὲ Χρυσῆϊ νηὸς βῆ ποντοπόροιο.
(1.432-39)

(When they were now got within the deep harbour, they furl'd the sail, and stowed it in the black ship, and the mast they lowered by the forestays and brought it to the crutch with speed, and rowed her with oars to the place of anchorage. Then they cast out the mooring-stones and made fast the stern cables, and themselves went forth upon the shore of the sea. Forth they brought the

hecatomb for Apollo, that smiteth afar, and forth stepped
also the daughter of Chryses from the sea-faring ship.)
(literal prose of Murray)

Several words seem to be slightly off-base. "Spacious" stands for πολυβενθέος ("very deep"), not quite the same thing. "With alertness" stands for καρπαλίμως ("swiftly"); it captures the general sense, but is laden with several associations that do not apply here--especially "danger" and "unexpected happenings," whereas here all is routine. "Bestow'd" stands for θέσαν ("put," "placed," or "stowed"), but the prefix be-, added no doubt for the sake of meter, appears to change the meaning from "put away" to "give to," which is not appropriate here. To make matters worse, he (again causa metri) drops the direct object it. "Depress'd" for ὑφέντες is incorrect not because of the difference in grammatical form, but because depress connotes a lowering by pressure from above, whereas the action here involves a release of support. Finally, "push'd" stands for προέρεσαν ("rowed forward"). One pulls an oar to drive a boat forward.

On the other hand, Lockhart may not be as far off as he seems. "Spacious," while not perfectly accurate, at least conveys the spirit of the original, in that the harbor is safe, with room to move freely, without danger or obstacle. For "alertness," the Oxford English Dictionary (OED) gives among other possibilities "briskness, activity, nimbleness"; although the term can have connotations of danger or unexpectedness, the connotations, as in this case, can be

more positive. "Bestow'd," according to the OED, can also be used as Lockhart has. The relevant definition, "to stow away; to place or deposit for storage," is labeled archaic, but the last example sentence given is dated 1853, seven years after the publication of Lockhart's book 1. Even his use of "depress'd" falls within the OED's definitions; one example sentence parallels the usage closely: "The spines can be erected or depressed at the will of the fish" (1880). There is no way to make "push'd" fall within the letter of the original; it is simply not technically correct. But it does fall within the spirit of the original, using the metaphorical "push ahead," and leaving off the second word by poetic license. The argument is strengthened by the prefix to προέρεσσαν.

Lockhart pushes the limits of his words, it is true, but that in itself is no sin. A slightly different problem of diction shows itself in another boat-passage:

Till as the roseate Eos, the daughter of morning,
 ascended,
 Back was their voyage ordain'd to the wide-spread host
 of Achaia.
 Fair was the breeze that attended their going from
 Phoebus Apollo;
 Upward they hoisted the mast, and the white sail spread
 to receive it;
 Full on the canvass it smote, and the dark-blue swell
 of the waters
 Echo'd around at their coming, and groan'd to the
 plunge of the galley,
 Onward advancing apace, as it sever'd the path of the
 billows.
 But when the course had been run, and the galley
 arrived at the leaguer . . .

"Smote" does not seem quite accurate at first, if compared with other translations that say, for instance, "the wind filled the belly of the sail" (Murray). The original verb is much stronger, though: *πρήσεν* (from *πρήθω*, "blow out, swell out by blowing" and also "spout" and "blow into a flame" [Liddell & Scott]).²¹ "Smote" is not perfect, but the strength of its image starts to look better. The bigger problem of diction, though, is in the next line, as "swells" do not echo or groan around a ship, as Lockhart would have them do. Regardless of dictionary definitions or metaphors, the two images simply are not true to life. Even here, though, Lockhart might twist free of censure, as at least one of the verbs is true to Homer--"echo'd" is indeed associated with Homer's verb *ἰαχε*.²² In the next line, the clause "as it sever'd the path of the billows" is not a literal rendering of the Greek, but it captures the sense and spirit of the original, it is true to life, and it is poetic.

A small problem of syntax is evident in the third line of this passage; Lockhart mimics the original line in placing "Apollo" at the end, but according to English rules of syntax, the line tells us not that the breeze was sent by

²¹One wonders if the range of meanings is connected by sound--the rippling sound of a sputtering flame, and the quick ripple of a sail catching a stiff wind.

²²As for "groan'd," the Greek *ιούσης* is rendered by Murray "as she went," i.e. going, but maybe Lockhart saw it as some participial form of the interjection *ιού*.

the god, as the original does, but that the voyagers are running away from him.

The best line of the passage is the first, where Lockhart relaxes ῥοδοδάκτυλος from the usual, more literal "rosy-fingered" to the more empirically accurate and perfectly poetic "roseate."²³ He also relaxes the verb φάνη ("showed" or "appeared") to the more visually true "ascended."

As we can see from the last two passages, to the same extent that Lockhart's meter is regular and predictable, his diction is surprising and challenging, never routine. As he stretches the possibilities of his words, only rarely does he fall over the line into error.

At Hector's prayer, Lockhart is again thoroughly dactylic, except for two effective Spondees:

"Zeus! and ye Deities all! may your blessing descend
on mine offspring!
Grant estimation to him, as to me, in the land of the
Trojan!
Gallant in arms may he be, and his reign over Ilion
mighty.
Let it be spoken of him, when they see him returning
from battle,
Bearing the blood-stain'd spoils, having slaughter'd
his enemy fairly;--
'This is the first of his lineage, more excellent far
than his father.'
Such be the cry--and in him let the heart of his mother
be gladden'd!"

"Ζεῦ ἄλλοι τε θεοί, δότε δὴ καὶ τόνδε γενέσθαι

²³While ῥοδοδάκτυλος and its English equivalent "rosy-fingered" should in no way be condemned, as they are true to our conception of early dawn as color that rises and spreads, I submit that their truth is more metaphorical than natural, that the color actually spreads evenly. I cannot speak with absolute authority, however, having never seen the Ἠώς of Homer's place or time.

παῖδ' ἐμόν, ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ περ, ἀριπρεπέα Τρώεσσιν,
 ὧδε βίην τ' ἀγαθόν, καὶ Ἰλίου ἱφὶ ἀνάσσειν·
 καὶ ποτὲ τις εἴποι 'πατρός γ' ὅδε πολλὸν ἀμείνων'
 ἐκ πολέμου ἀνιόντα· φέροι δ' ἔναρα βροτόεντα
 κτείνας δῆϊον ἄνδρα, χαρεῖη δὲ φρένα μήτηρ."
 (6.476-81)

("Zeus and ye other gods, grant that this my child may likewise prove, even as I, pre-eminent amid the Trojans, and as valiant in might, and that he rule mightily over Ilios. And some day may some man say of him as he cometh back from war, 'He is better far than his father'; and may he bear the blood-stained spoils of the foeman he hath slain, and may his mother's heart wax glad.")
 (literal prose of Murray)

In the fourth line a Spondee spans the principle caesura, and in the fifth we find "blood-stained." Both are nearly genuine spondees, with fairly long and weighty second syllables. Lockhart's Spondees are certainly rare, but when they occur they are good, similar to Kingsley's in type if not in frequency.

For example, in a survey of the first fifty lines of Book 24, we find only one line with two spondees:

Nor of the **Blue-eyed** Maid, nor of **Earth-disturbing**
 Poseidon.

The first is close to genuine, although the second is less so. Only eight other lines occur with even a single Spondee. In seven of those lines, the Spondee spans a caesura in the third foot, e.g.:

And of the manifold **days** // **they** two had been toilfully
 comrades.

The remaining one is in the first foot:

Whom thus, dead as he lies, ye will neither admit to be
 ransom'd.

In the following passage we see how Lockhart, while not always perfect, can occasionally bring rhythm and diction together with a grace and strength that is entirely homeric:²⁴

"Ah, unhappy! thy spirit in truth has been burdened
with evils.
How could the daring be thine to come forth to the
ships of Achaia
Singly, to stand in the eyes of the man by whose weapon
thy children,
Many and gallant, have died? full surely thy heart is
of iron."

"ἂ δειλ', ἣ δὴ πολλὰ κάκ' ἀνσχεο σὸν κατὰ θυμόν.
πῶς ἔτλης ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἐλθέμεν οἶος,
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ὅς τοι πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς
νιέας ἐξενάριξα; σιδήρειόν νύ τοι ἦτορ."
(24.518-21)

("Ah, woe is me, whither now is gone the wisdom for the which of old thou wast famed among stranger folk and among them thou rulest? How art thou fain to go alone to the ships of the Achaeans to meet the eyes of the man who hath slain thy sons, many and valiant? Of iron verily is thy heart.") (literal prose of Murray)

The first of these lines in Homer is honest yet understated; the same line in Lockhart risks too much understatement, without even the *πολλὰ*--yet better to err on that side than to fall into bathos.

The convolution of "how could the daring be thine to come forth" makes it less strong than *Πῶς ἔτλης ἐλθέμεν*--the moment asks for clear and direct syntax--but Lockhart cannot

²⁴The lines, as illustrated in the previous chapter, are repeated from earlier in the 24th book, where Hecabe questions Priam's need to cross enemy lines. Lockhart changes the wording slightly in moving them from Hecabe's mouth to Achilles', as did Homer.

quite deliver in the face of the hexameter's requirements. It is close enough, though, not to break the moment apart.

Homer puts the important word *οἶος* (now it is Priam alone, where Achilles had been, and still is) in a strong position, at the end of the line; Lockhart renders it "Singly" and gives it an equally strong position at the beginning of the next line, with the strong initial stress following the previous line without pause.

The last half-line could not be better. Here Lockhart uses the hexameter to his best advantage; having been used sparingly, the Spondee bridging the principal caesura is just surprising enough to lend extra weight to the three consecutive stressed syllables--died, full, sure(ly)--so that the weight of those syllables intensifies the weight of Achilles' recognition of Priam's grief and strength.

This is a fully charged moment in the original, and it is a highly charged moment in Lockhart as well. If Lockhart's is not quite as good as Homer's--well, no one expects it to be.

Lockhart's hexameters certainly "read themselves," more so than most. With so few deviations from the dactylic pattern, the reader need only apply a good thump to the first syllable of the line and every third syllable thereafter, with no fear of losing the intended rhythm.

Of course the meter will seem thumpingly bad if one actually reads in this way, just as a freshman might search for and exaggerate the iambic beat of "Tintern Abbey."

Without a doubt, much of the criticism of the English hexameter's over-regularity is the result of just such reading. This tendency exists because we are not accustomed to this strange meter. To make sure we are getting it right (like the freshman trying to make sense of blank verse for the first time) we concentrate on it. The irony is, though, that if one turns a blind eye to the meter and begins to read as if the lines were prose, then the dactylic rhythm comes through more subtly. No one will mistake Lockhart's verse--or most other hexameter verse--for prose, no matter how casually it is read, whereas some varieties of blank verse and other freer meters do run that danger. This meter is always felt, and if we only avert our eyes, as one is advised not to look directly at the sun, the meter relaxes comfortably, and one can indeed settle in for the long ride of epic narrative.

These are good English hexameters. If the reader is willing to suspend any prejudice against the form, and to read freely and slowly, he will find in Lockhart's lines a poem with a clear yet slightly variable rhythm, comfortable sentences and diction that are rarely if ever awkward or stumbling, and a rendering of Homer that always maintains the sense of the original, often the letter, and usually most of the spirit.

E. C. HAWTREY, "Helen from the Walls of Troy Looking for Her Brothers" 3.234-44, and "The Parting of Hector and Andromache" 6.394-502 in English Hexameter Translations (1847)

Matthew Arnold says of the eleven-line passage below:

Dr. Hawtrey's version of it is suffused with a pensive grace which is, perhaps, rather more Virgilian than Homeric; still it is the one version of any part of the Iliad which in some degree reproduces for me the original effect of Homer: it is the best, and it is in hexameters. (149-50)

Little, on the other hand, is not especially impressed, saying only that Hawtrey "has succeeded in imitating one aspect, viz. the tripping effect of Homer's dactylic verse" (207).

Hawtrey's hexameters are more Spondaic than most, contrasting dramatically with Lockhart's, which explains in part Arnold's preference for them. The last line of the following passage has three Spondees in a row:

"Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-ey'd sons of
 Achaia,
 Known to me well are the faces of all; their names I
 remember;
 Two--two only remain, whom I see not among the
 Commanders,
 Kastor fleet in the Car--Polydeykes brave with the
 Cestus--
 Own dear brethren of mine--one parent lov'd us as
 infants.
 Are they not here in the host, from the shores of lov'd
 Lakedaimon,
 Or, tho' they came with the rest in ships that bound
 thro' the waters,
 Dare they not enter the fight or stand in the council
 of Heroes,
 All for fear of the shame and the taunts my crime has
 awaken'd?"
 So said she;--long since they in Earth's soft arms
 were reposing,

There, in their own dear land, their Father-land,
Lakedaimon.

"νῦν δ' ἄλλους μὲν πάντας ὁρῶ ἐλίκωπας Ἀχαιοὺς,
οὓς κεν ἐὺ γνοίην καὶ τ' οὖνομα μυθησαίμην·
δοιῶ δ' οὐ δύναμαι ἰδέειν κοσμήτορε λαῶν,
Κάστορα θ' ἱππόδαμον καὶ πῦξ ἀγαθὸν Πολυδεύκεα,
αὐτοκασιγνήτω, τῷ μοι μία γείνατο μήτηρ.
ἢ οὐχ ἐσπέσθην Λακεδαίμονος ἐξ ἐρατεινῆς,
ἢ δεύρω μὲν ἔποντο νέεσσ' ἐνὶ ποντοπόροισι,
νῦν αὐτ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσι μάχην καταδύμεναι ἀνδρῶν,
αἴσχεα δειδιότες καὶ ὀνειδέα πόλλ' ἅ μοι ἔστιν."
ὣς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἤδη κάτεχεν φυσίξοος αἴα
ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὐθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.
(3.234-44)

("And now all the rest of the bright-eyed Achaeans do I see, whom I could well note, and tell their names; but two marshallers of the host can I not see, Castor, tamer of horses, and the goodly boxer, Polydeuces, even mine own brethren, whom the same mother bare. Either they followed not with the host from lovely Lacedaemon, or though they followed hither in their seafaring ships, they have now no heart to enter into the battle of warriors for fear of the words of shame and the many revilings that are mine.")

So said she; but they ere now were fast holden of the life-giving earth there in Lacedaemon, in their dear native land.) (literal prose of Murray)

The passage is notable for its lack of blemishes.

In Hector's prayer for his son, Spondees are fewer but effective:

"Jove and ye other Gods, oh grant that this child may
be honour'd
E'en as I honour'd have been among all the Dardanian
heroes,
Brave like me in the fight, and to rule over Ilion with
valour!
So shall some gazer exclaim, 'Far braver is he than his
father,'
When he returns from the fight with blood-stain'd
trophies adorn'd,
Freshly ta'en off from the slain, while the heart of
his mother rejoices."

The fourth line is very good;²⁵ in the third foot, several factors of meter and sense come together: a Spondee with two genuinely long syllables, a strong caesura, and the transition from Hector's primary words to a secondary quotation. A strong emphasis on "far" launches the all-important quotation soaring with emotion. The last two lines are also especially strong, as image and rhythm combine, moving quickly until the Spondees of "fight with blood-stained," then speeding up again for the remainder, as the violent image transforms into the mother's smiling face.

The passage's greatest faults are minor: "gazer" in the fourth line is odd though not inaccurate, much like some of Lockhart's diction; and "ta'en" in the last line is rather long for an unaccented syllable.

A passage at the end of "The Parting of Hector and Andromache" shows strengths and weaknesses:

. . . but his wife was now on her way to the palace,
 Turning again and again, while tears flow'd fast from
 her eyelids.
 Soon did she reach the abode of Hector, the hero-
 destroyer,
 Fair to behold; and there did she find her numerous
 handmaids
 All in attendance within; and their grief was arous'd
 at her coming.
 Sorely for Hector they griev'd, yet alive, at his
 palace of Ilion.
 "Never," they said, "will he come back again from the
 din of the battle
 Safe to his home from the hands of the Grecians in fury
 assailing."

²⁵There is only one better version of that line, as we will see in the next section.

ἄλοχος δὲ φίλῃ οἰκόνδε βεβήκει
 ἐντροπαλιζομένη, θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα.
 αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἵκανε δόμους εὖ ναιετάοντας
 Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο, κιχήσατο δ' ἐνδοθι πολλὰς
 ἀμφιπόλους, τῇσιν δὲ γόον πάσῃσιν ἐνῶρσεν.
 αἱ μὲν ἔτι ζῶν γόον Ἕκτορα ὦ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ
 οὐ γάρ μιν ἔτ' ἔφαντο ὑπότροπον ἐκ πολέμοιο
 ἵεσθαι, προφυγόντα μένος καὶ χεῖρας Ἀχαιῶν.
 (6.495b-502)

(and his dear wife went forthwith to her house, oft turning back, and shedding big tears. Presently she came to the well-built palace of man-slaying Hector and found therein her many handmaidens; and among them all she roused lamentation. So in his own house they made lament for Hector while yet he lived; for they deemed that he should never more come back from battle, escaped from the might and the hands of the Achaeans.) (literal prose of Murray)

The second line is a marvel of the joining of rhythm and sense. It is perfectly modulated throughout--at first whirling dactylically ("Turning again and again"), then slowing (by use of Spondees) in sadness ("while tears flow'd"), then picking up speed again ("fast from her eyelids").

A serious problem arises in the fourth line; does "Fair to behold" refer to Hector or to his "abode"? The original has εὖ ναιετάοντας--difficult to translate exactly (Murray has "well-built," which is not quite literal), it must refer to the "abode." The English syntax, though, makes "Fair to behold" appear to modify Hector, however silly it might sound.

The last two lines of the passage are transformed by Hawtrey from an indirect quote (ἔφαντο οὐ ἵεσθαι) to a direct, which potentially strengthens, in English, the emotional impact. The syntax of the final line, however,

even though not ambiguous, weakens that effect, especially when compared with the perfect syntax of the original (προφυγόντα μένος καὶ χεῖρας Ἀχαιῶν).

Hawtrey's lines are more Spondaic, therefore more modulated, than Lockhart's. The Spondees themselves are good strong ones, whose second syllables are truly long by classical rules, even if not accented. Hawtrey mixes rhythm and sense beautifully, an important homeric feature. Of the three passages examined here, the first two are very nearly faultless. The third has problems but still shows great skill and poetry.

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON, excerpts in "Womanhood in the Iliad" (1893)

William Cranston Lawton wrote over several years a series of four articles on Homer's works for Atlantic Monthly. In the first, his translated passages (used for illustration) were in blank verse. The remaining three, however, used English hexameters. Only one of those three articles concerned the Iliad, and the passages shown here are taken from it. He also used hexameters in The Successors of Homer (1898) to translate passages from Hesiod, the "Homeric Hymns" and others. In Introduction to Classical Greek Literature (1903) Lawton makes clear his opinion on translating Homer:

The only dignified unrhymed English verse long enough to match Homer's line is the "accentual hexameter." Until a great master of metre like Mr. Swinburne has

exhausted the possibilities of dactylic rhythm, this last of our Homeric problems will remain unsolved (44).

All in all, it is surprising that Lawton never published separately his own Iliad or Odyssey, unless he did not consider himself to be a "great master" worthy of the deed.

Lawton's lines read themselves nicely. They are still heavily dactylic, as English hexameters tend to be, but he makes good use of Spondees often enough to give some variety and control to his lines, closer in this respect to Hawtrey than to Lockhart. At Hector's prayer for his son, though, we find mostly dactyls:

"Zeus, and ye other immortals, I pray you that even as
 I am
 So this boy may become preeminent over the Trojans,
 Mighty and fearless as I, and in Ilios rule by his
 prowess!
 May it hereafter be said, 'He is better by far than his
 father!'
 When he returns from the fray with the blood-stained
 armor of heroes,
 When he has smitten the foe, and gladdened the heart of
 his mother."

In this passage several of the lines are completely dactylic. One of those is the fourth, which is absolutely the best English version of a very important line in Homer--full of emotion, spirit, and irony, a climactic point in an important scene. Being completely dactylic, the line rolls along unimpeded, bearing Hector's voice and hopes aloft nobly. The next line is almost identical to Hawtrey's through the first four feet, changing only "fight" to "fray" and adding "and," but the solid Spondee "blood-stained"

works just as well here. The last line is less inventive than Hawtrey's, and more literal.

In the second line of this next passage, Lawton again uses some of Hawtrey's diction, but handles the line much differently:

. . . The faithful wife had homeward departed,
Turning ever about, and fast were her tears down
dropping.
Presently now to her palace she came, that so fairly
was builded,
Home of Hector, destroyer of heroes: many a servant
Found she within, and among them all she aroused
lamentation.
They in his home over Hector lamented, while yet he was
living,
Since they believed he would come no more from the
battle returning,
Nor would escape from the hands and might of the
valiant Achaians.

Lawton makes "turning" a Spondee, instead of Hawtrey's dactyl (together with "again"). The difference is not a matter of whim, though, because Lawton's second word "ever" is accented on the first syllable. Of course this requires the start of a new foot, but it also lengthens perceptibly the ing of "turning," as it takes the voice just a bit longer to get from ing to accented, syllabically long e, than from ing to (schwa). In Lawton's hexameters, as in Lockhart's and Hawtrey's, two-syllable feet are something more than mere trochees.

This same line shows us a phenomenon that has not appeared in any demonstration passage thus far--a fifth-foot

Spondee. While Lawton uses Hawtrey's "fast" in the fourth foot,²⁶ the spondaic rhythm of the last two feet shows that tears never move that way.

Lawton's solution for εὖ ναιετάοντας avoids the confusion of Hawtrey's, but instead it is awkward--"so fairly was builded." Other small problems arise in this passage: in the sixth line, the pronoun comes before its "antecedent"; and in the seventh, redundant expressions overlap--"come from the battle" and "from the battle returning." Both lines, as a result, are interesting but not homeric, violating Arnold's dictum of plainness of diction and syntax. The last line, though, captures perfectly both the letter and placement of the original line.

In a quieter scene, where emotions lie under the surface, the movement is slowed a bit, with every line having at least one Spondee in the first four feet:

She was weaving a web, in the inmost room of her
 palace,
 Twofold, purple, and many a flower she broidered upon
 it.
 Unto the serving-maids in her hall she had given
 commandment
 Over the fire to set a mighty tripod, that Hector
 Might have water, to bathe, when homeward he came from
 the battle.
 Hapless one! for she knew not that he, far, far from
 the bathing,
 Under Achilles' hands by keen-eyed Pallas was
 vanquished.

ἀλλ' ἢ γ' ἰστὸν ὕφαινε μυχῷ δόμου ὑψηλοῖο
 δίπλακα πορφυρέην, ἐν δὲ θρόνα ποικίλ' ἔπασσε.

²⁶The word has no direct correlate in the original. The closest is θαλερόν, which Murray renders as "big," although that is not literal.

κέκλετο δ' ἀμφιπόλοισιν ἐϋπλοκάμοις κατὰ δῶμα
 ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στήσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, ὅφρα πέλοιτο
 Ἕκτορι θερμὰ λοετρὰ μάχης ἐκ νοστήσαντι,
 νηπίη, οὐδ' ἐνόησεν ὃ μιν μάλα τῆλε λοετρῶν
 χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος δάμασε γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
 (22.440-46)

(but she was weaving a web in the innermost part of the lofty house, a purple web of double fold, and therein was broidering flowers of varied hue. And she called to her fair-tressed handmaids through the house to set a great tripod on the fire, to the end that there should be a hot bath for Hector whenso he returned from out the battle--unwitting one, neither wist she anywise that far from all baths flashing-eyed Athene had laid him low by the hand of Achilles.) (literal prose of Murray)

The translation is close throughout this scene, and Lawton carefully modulates the flow of the lines and uses simple but dignified language. At the sixth line, where unhappy reality invades the quiet scene, Lawton's rhythm is uncharacteristically ambiguous. The line has eleven monosyllables in a row, flanked at each end by a disyllable. Several of the monosyllables are important enough to the sense of the passage to carry emphases, so the author's intention (regarding rhythm) is not clear. The reader can turn it into a strong line with any of several choices, but the line hardly reads itself.

Where Lockhart sometimes stretches the boundaries of English usage in order to meet the needs of the hexameter, and Hawtreys can be seen to stretch the limits of English syntax, Lawton's hexameters, while not without minor faults, have no particular vice. His lines are as homeric as any, both in meter and spirit.

WILLIAM BENJAMIN SMITH & WALTER MILLER, The Iliad of Homer
(1944)

The most recently published hexameter translation of the Iliad is Smith & Miller's, now nearly fifty years old. It was translated both line-for-line and very close to the letter of the original. As a translation "in dactylic hexameters" it was also intended, of course, to be very close to the original in form. As mentioned above, some reviewers saw the work as impressive but ultimately disappointing.

Many others, however, were more wholly enthusiastic. "I am inclined to believe that this is the best translation of the Iliad to date," says C. A. Robinson. "It seems to me that Smith & Miller have caught the meaning and spirit of Homer, the vigor and noble majesty and simplicity of his language." According to E. P. Richardson, "It recaptures the feeling . . . and has something of the primitive wildness that lingers in the 'Iliad'" (178). An anonymous reviewer (New Yorker) praises the meter itself, as the work shows "real feeling for and skill with the hexameter line" (88). The sources of its praise span from the middle-brow (Time): "The newest translation of the Iliad stands among the best ever made" ("First Great War Book")--to the highbrow (Yale Review): "This Smith-Miller version deserves to be ranked far above Pope's; it comes about as near Homer as could be hoped" (Keller 365).

In the invocation, the first two lines are about as good as they could be, the third is fascinating but lacking in nobility, and the fourth begins and ends in absurdity:

Sing, O Goddess, the wrath of Achilles, scion of
 Peleus,
 Ruinous wrath, that afflicted with numberless woes the
 Achaeans,
 Hurling headlong to Hades souls many and brave ones--of
 heroes
 Slain--ay, gave unto dogs, unto all birds lonelily
 (sic) flying
Them as a prey;

This version doesn't begin with the key word to the story as does the original, but it does begin with the next best choice ("Sing"); it has wrath, a strong choice for *μῆνιν*, and generally mirrors the original first line admirably. The second line is even better perhaps--again mirroring the original second line. "Ruinous wrath" builds on the first "wrath" in the same way that *οὐλομένην* builds on *μῆνιν*, and the rest finishes the sense accurately. In the third line the breathful alliteration and the downbeat rhythm capture the sense of falling--falling hard and fast--with a sense of violence. At the same time, however, triple alliteration, especially of the *h* sound, rides on the edge of comedy--and unintended comedy at this early point could be enough to ruin the work for good--no matter what level of nobility is maintained thereafter. In the second half of the line, the pleonasmus of "souls many and brave ones" is unhomeric and ill-timed, as Homer generally and the moment specifically call for directness and simplicity. In the fourth line two syllables--"ay" and the middle syllable of "lonelily"--are

so clearly out of place, so clearly thrown in for the sake of meter, that the edifice of fiction--the place we hope to enter with disbelief willingly suspended, the building constructed so new and marvelous in the first two lines--has exploded and is now drifting down in flimsy floating pieces. It must now be rebuilt under more difficult circumstances, as it will be re-entered less willingly.

An interesting difference between the version of Smith & Miller and those previously examined becomes apparent in this next passage:

Soon as they entered the haven, with shores deep-
 dented, the rowers
 Furled the sail and laid it down in the hull of the
 darksome
 Ship; then lowered the mast with the forestays into the
 masthold
 Speedily; lastly with oars rowed onward the galley to
 moorage.
 Forth then casting the anchors, they fixed down firmly
 the cables;
 Forth then issued themselves, on the strand of the sea
 disembarking;
 Forth then drave th' hecatomb for the god, far-darting
 Apollo;
 Forth then out from the sea-borne ship came lastly
 Chryseis.

The hexameters of Lockhart, Hawtreys and Lawton are all regularly end-stopped. Three runovers in a row, as in the first four lines of this passage, is a phenomenon not seen in the others. Also not seen previously, in any form, is the closely followed anaphora of the last four lines. Here the rhetorical device works nicely to create the effect of a procession out of the ship.

The next passage is quite typical of this translation:

Soon as the dawn appeared, rosy-fingered daughter of
 morning,
 All for the high seas launched and the wide war-camp of
 the Argives
 Under a favoring breeze far-working Apollo had sent
 them.
 Quickly they hoisted the mast and unfurled to the wind
 the white canvas;
 Mid on the sail wide-swelling the wind blew; foaming, a
 billow
 Loudly plashed all along the keel; and the ship of
 Odysseus
 Scudded along on the surge; and her sea-course soon was
 accomplished.

Two lines do not read themselves easily--the first and the
 sixth. As with Martling's version (examined in the
 Comparison section), here "rosy" must remain unaccented,
 even though there is a strong tendency to accent it--and so
 the line holds a potential stumbling block. In the sixth,
 "all" likewise is unaccented according to the meter, even
 though syllable length and sense work together to make it
 seem to demand an accent as one is reading. This sort of
 line can be found throughout Smith & Miller.

The passage is also typical in its ordinariness. There
 are no grave errors of image or diction, but there are no
 memorable lines or images, either. The first line, in its
 parts, can be found in any number of translations, and are
 here pieced together to form a hexameter line. This is
 indeed a work of competence but not poetry.

In Hector's prayer for his son, we see all the sense of
 Homer's original, but the spirit is lost somewhere along the
 way:

"Vouchsafe, Zeus and ye other immortals, that even
 as I am,

This, my son, may prove in the eyes of the Trojans
 outstanding,
 Even as valiant in might, o'er Ilium mightily reigning.
 Then may someone say 'Far better this man than his
 father,'
 As he returneth from war; may he bring home trophies
 encrimsoned,
 Harness of enemy slain, and gladden the heart of his
 mother."

The virtues of this translation are its literal closeness to
 the words of the original, and its line-by-line
 correspondence to the original. The structure of the lines
 is half a virtue, as they approximate the original hexameter
 to a moderate degree. The percentage of Spondees is higher
 than in many English hexameters, but lower than in Homer.
 The Spondees themselves, however, are usually mere trochees
 in length and weight, and so their effect is far less
 homeric.

These characteristics carried along for the entire
 twenty-four books of the Iliad, without genuine poetry or
 fire or strength to go with them, become a great burden. No
 line of any form is homeric without some part of Homer's
 spirit.

The hexameter translations by Lockhart, Hawtrey, and
 Lawton are good, but they are after all only partial
 versions. The complete translation by Smith & Miller is
 disappointing enough to leave open the field for a new
 version in accentual hexameters, should anyone be willing to
 try. But there is another way to write hexameters, and it
 may show promise as well.

**A Closer Look--Two Partial Versions in Quantitative
Hexameters**

ROBERT BRIDGES, "Priam and Achilles" 24.339-660 in Ibant Obscuri: an Experiment in the Classical Hexameter (1916)

The wording of Bridges' sub-title is significant, because this is not just another accentual English hexameter. It is instead the first published rendering of the Iliad in quantitative hexameters.²⁷ The rules Bridges used to determine quantity were of course based on classical rules, but were actually formulated in their specifics by William Johnstone Stone, and were published in 1899 as "On the Use of Classical Metres in English."²⁸

A.E. Housman reviewed Stone's work, and had this to say about the attempt to put quantity first and to subordinate stress:

²⁷Except possibly for Cayley's 1877 Iliad "homometrically translated." Bridges, however, claims it is more accentual than quantitative.

²⁸A summary of those rules is appended to Ibant Obscuri. Bridges stated there that "Stone died in 1901, leaving me bound by a promise that I would give his system a trial" (154). Hence, Bridges' translations in Ibant Obscuri. One wonders whether the work was undertaken reluctantly or enthusiastically, given his use of the word "bound." It seems significant that Bridges does not take pains to defend the merits of the quantitative hexameter in English (and in fact criticizes the accentual hexameter) or to advocate its use by others. He does state the following: "All methodical experiments are of value, and . . . a competent experiment is of value even though it may not please" (142). My previous question is answered, perhaps, when we realize that this is one of many metrical experiments undertaken by Bridges over the years.

Mr. Stone proposes that we should put the weak to the work of the strong, and subject the strong to the predominance of the weak. . . . If Mr. Stone will accost the next eleven [cricket players] he sees in the field, and advise them to run after the ball on their hands and pick it up with their feet, he will hear some very good criticism of his quantitative hexameters.
(488)

Bridges was apparently undaunted by Housman's witty assessment of Stone's system, though, and produced a little over 300 lines of quantitative hexameter from the last book of the Iliad. Bridges explains that he was trying not so much to translate these great works as simply to use them as appropriate vehicles for his experiments in quantitative meter.

In a technical introduction Bridges explains the relationship (as he sees it) between accent and quantity in Virgil's meter. He also examines some uncommon patterns of accentuation found in Virgil, defending the unusual-seeming patterns in the last two feet of some of his own lines.

One anonymous reviewer ("An Experiment in Quantity") either did not read the introduction or at least was not convinced, because he complains about lines that end in monosyllables or in spondees accented on the second syllable. But this reviewer sees no need for any more hexameters anyway--neither quantitative nor accentual; one senses that his negative assessment has little to do with the particulars of Bridges' work, and more to do with a general dislike for hexameters. This attitude is not, of course, unique.

Another anonymous reviewer ("Quantitative Hexameters in English") is also fairly negative, but from a standpoint of knowledge rather than from one of prejudice. He sees some of Bridges' background theory as wrong, and sees his rules of prosody as "hopelessly wrong." Bridges says in a footnote:

Now the inventors of the Greek system agreed to be contented with two lengths, and made artificial rules for all rhythmic composition, by which every syllable was pronounced as either long (= 2) or short (= 1): and this distinction had to be learned. . . . (2)

But the reviewer says otherwise. The system wasn't invented:

When the heroic hexameter was taking shape, Greek vocables were so spoken by ordinary people as to produce often a dactylic movement. Sentences were readily so composed as to be spoken, without artifice and without distortion, in the hexameter rhythm. (148)²⁹

In the reviewer's final assessment, he grudgingly allows that a knowledgeable reader might find "some--not all--of the 'quantitative' hexameters agreeable" (148).

Another reviewer ("Hexameters in English") refers to quantity as "an artifice even with the Greeks," agreeing with--or possibly relying on--Bridges. He is more positive

²⁹This rhythm in the everyday language of Athens slowly evolved into an iambic trimeter by the fifth century, according to the anonymous reviewer, who cautions that accent (pitch-accent) had nothing to do with these rhythms. He also says that "the Latin pitch-accent (*italics mine*) was accompanied by a slight stress, not so strong but that it could be subordinated to quantity. . ." (148). This is the only mention I have encountered of a Latin pitch-accent. Unfortunately, the reviewer is not identified, nor is any of this interesting but questionable information documented.

than the others; future translators may improve on Bridges' meter, he says, but Bridges' words will be hard to surpass.

A reviewer in The Classical Review, identified cryptically as "Oxoniensis," censures Bridges harshly, claiming that his hexameters do not "keep to their classical rules" (82). But his entire case is built on a confusion between syllable length and accent, or possibly a mistaken notion that they must agree at all points (that is, long syllables accented, short syllables not). This kind of confusion becomes a problem in many discussions of hexameter verse, but rarely to this degree. Oxoniensis' confusion is laid bare by two separate replies in the next issue (Sargeaunt and Brodribb), and the latter, in fact, attacks all accentual hexameters, claiming it is "they [that] do not 'keep to the (sic) classical rules'" (125).

Two names more famous than most also entered the discussion of Bridges' work. Robert Frost made no public comment, but discusses Bridges' ideas about syllable length in a 1914 letter to Sidney Cox, after having met Bridges "by an accident." Frost dislikes the notion that "syllables in English have fixed quantity." Instead, accent, which is governed by sense, takes precedent, pushing and pulling at syllable length according to the moment:

I will find you the word "come" variously used in various passages as a whole, half, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth note. It is as long as the sense makes it. When men no longer know the intonation on which we string our words they will fall back on what I may call the absolute length of our syllables which is the length we would give them in passages that meant

nothing. . . . English poetry would then be read as Latin poetry is now read and as of course Latin poetry was never read by Romans. Bridges would like it read so now for the sake of scientific exactness. Because our poetry must sometime be as dead as our language must, Bridges would like it treated as if it were dead already. (61-62)

W. H. D. Rouse, who later published his own prose Iliad (discussed in the previous chapter), reviewed Ibant Obscure for The Classical Review in 1917. In it, he decries the practice of reading ancient hexameters in 3/4 time ("as a valse"), as "this habit spoils the rhythm of the hexameter altogether, because it makes it monotonous" (144). He also disfavors modern hexameters that have a similar beat. Of Bridges' work, he concludes:

[T]he hexameter experiment is worthy of serious consideration; and those who cannot see what he is driving at, as some have already said, might well ponder whether the fault lies in themselves and not in the verses. (146)

One of the puzzles of Bridges' verses is just exactly how they should be read in order to be best appreciated. I have argued that most English accentual hexameters should be read casually, without direct attention to the meter, because the accentual pattern is so regular as to make itself felt even without direct attention. One could argue that Bridges' verses should be read in the same way, so as to let the accents and carefully arranged syllable lengths interact naturally. On the other hand, one might argue that our English-tuned ears will not pick up any sense of rhythm that way, that the differences in syllable lengths will be too vague, and we will be left with nothing more than prose. We

will not even have the old reliable, regularly accented, "strawberry jampot" ending of each line, given Bridges' inclination toward unusual patterns of accent. So, it might be argued, we should attend to and even exaggerate the long and short syllables, to make audible the quantitative rhythm.³⁰ But this sort of reading will stretch and pull the English language in ways to which it is not accustomed, and might sound terribly strange (even absurd) to the passerby uninitiated in the mysteries of quantitative meter.

Or a third possibility is to read with strict mental attention to syllable length but without audible exaggeration, so as to pick up a purely intellectual sense of the rhythm; but with such effort and concentration directed at accent and length, one is likely to miss the poetry altogether. The only solution is really no solution: read it over and over again, trying each of the above in turn, and any other way one can imagine.

Bridges' poetry is very good, and worth the rereading. One line that is successful in Lockhart is perhaps even better in Bridges:

δεινὰς ἀνδροφόνους, αἵ οἱ πολέας κτάνον υἱας.
(24.479)

"Terrible, murderous hands, by which son upon son had
been slaughter'd" (Lockhart).

³⁰Stone's rules for syllable length and Bridges' comments can be found in the corresponding publication of either Stone or Bridges, but anyone with a basic knowledge of the classical hexameter and rules for length can figure out the longs and shorts of Bridges' lines.

"These dread murderous hands which his sons so many had slain" (Bridges).

The same line in the version by Smith & Miller, for comparison, "reads itself" easily, but has none of the poetry:

"Terrible, man-slaying hands that had slain of his children so many."

Bridges himself calls his work a paraphrase. While it is actually close enough to the original to be called a translation, it is not always strictly literal. For example, here Bridges allows himself a small addition:

". . . nor doth his flesh rot nor the corrupt worms
Touch him, that fatten on mankind nor spare the
illustrious."

"οὐδέ τί οἱ χρώς σήπεται, οὐδέ μιν εὐλαὶ
ἔσθουσ', αἷ ῥά τε φῶτας ἀρηϊφάτους κατέδουσιν."
(24.414b-15)

("yet his flesh decayeth not at all, neither do worms
consume it, such as devour men that be slain in fight.")
(literal prose of Murray)

The last half-line has no correlation in the original. It is an embellishment that Arnold might not have approved of, making the idea less simple, but--additions of this sort being the exception rather than the rule with Bridges--it works well. In another line we find a curiosity:

And each brooded apart; Priam o'er victorious Hector
Groan'd . . .

τὼ δὲ μνησαμένω, ὁ μὲν Ἑκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
κλαῖ'
(24.509-10a)

(So the twain bethought them of their dead, and wept; the
one for man-slaying Hector wept) (literal prose of
Murray)

The epithet for Hector used by Homer is *ἀνδροφόνος*, which is terribly ironic in that Hector lies dead at this point--but the irony for Homer was unintentional; he simply inserted an epithet for Hector that was appropriate to its metrical place in the line. Bridges uses "murderous" elsewhere (as mentioned above), but that does not fit metrically. But "Priam o'er victorious Hector / Groan'd"? The irony is marvelous, but must also be intentional, and seems not quite homeric. Having already allowed an exception for a rare added idea, should we also allow an exception for a rare bit of irony? Perhaps, but the former case is one the reader appreciates while moving on at the same time; in the latter case the reader is stopped short--scratching his head, if only for a moment--and that, according to Matthew Arnold, is even less homeric.

In the following passage Bridges' high-flown diction lets the intensity of the moment slip away:

"Unhappy man! what mighty sorrows must thy spirit
endure!
Nay, how durst thou come thus alone to the ships of
Achaia,
Into the sight of him who thy sons so many and good
Spoil'd and sent to the grave? Verilie thy heart is of
iron."

From the first phrase, "unhappy man" for *ὁ δειλός*, Bridges' version lacks the directness of the original. Where Homer has *πολλὰ κακά* ("many evils"), Bridges has "mighty sorrows," a phrase too elevated to have genuine emotional impact here. The use of terms such as "nay," "durst" for *ἔτλης* (from *τλήναι*, of which "dare" is one possible meaning, but not the

strongest), and "verilie," and the phrase "spoil'd and sent to the grave" for ἐξενάρια (Bridges' phrase has the literal meaning but not the violent spirit) fails to evoke the same strength of emotion that the original does.

Bridges' diction seems better suited to a less emotional, more dryly philosophical passage, as Achilles continues:

"Two jars, say-they, await God's hand at th' entry of
his court,
Stor'd ready with free gifts, of good things one, one
of evil.
If mingling from both heav'n's thunderer equally
dispense,
Then will a man's fortune be chequer'd with both sorrow
and joy;
But to' whom Zeus giveth only of evil that man is
outcast,
Hunger houndeth him on disconsolate over the brave
earth,
Unrespected alike whether of mortals or immortals."

"δοιοὶ γὰρ τε πίθοι κατακείαται ἐν Διὸς οὔδει
δώρων οἷα δίδωσι, κακῶν, ἕτερος δὲ ἑάων·
ᾧ μὲν κ' ἀμμείξας δώῃ Ζεὺς τερπικέραυνος,
ἄλλοτε μὲν τε κακῶ ὃ γε κύρεται, ἄλλοτε δ' ἐσθλῶ·
ᾧ δὲ κε τῶν λυγρῶν δώῃ, λωβητὸν ἔθηκε,
καὶ ἐ κακῇ βούβρωστις ἐπὶ χθόνα διὰν ἐλαύνει,
φοιτᾷ δ' οὔτε θεοῖσι τετιμένος οὔτε βροτοῖσιν."
(24.527-33)

("For two urns are set upon the floor of Zeus of gifts that he giveth, the one of ill, the other of blessings. To whomsoever Zeus, that hurleth the thunderbolt, giveth a mingled lot, that man meeteth now with evil, now with good; but to whomsoever he giveth but of the baneful, him he maketh to be reviled of man, and direful madness driveth him over the face of the sacred earth, and he wandreth honoured neither of gods nor mortals.") (literal prose of Murray)

Here, although the passage occurs only a few lines after the one detailed above, the tone in the original has changed dramatically, and so Bridges' version, which has not changed in tone, is now more appropriate.

Throughout the three hundred lines or so of "Priam and Achilles," Bridges compresses and stretches his words to fit the necessities of syllable length in this strict classical meter. Elision is frequent: "th' entry" (line 527), "th' old" (527), "th' high" (547), "i' the" (558), and "also[^] of" (563), to mention just a few; there is also contraction: "o'erstrain'd" (568), "heav'n's" (529), "dow'r'd" (534), "an' ev'n" (538), and "evn" (540). Occasionally the contraction is one of spelling only, not affecting the sound--presumably to make short syllables look short: "tho'" (537), and "c^d" (566). Lengthenings are less common, but still noticeable: "bathèd" and "healèd" (420), "senteries" (566), and "anigh" (624). Other orthographic curiosities abound, including one in the first line--"sed-he"--and one in the second--"shoon" (shoes). Often the extra markings are signals to the reader not so much to change syllable length as to clarify it: "mÿ" (354), "bē" (494), and "thōū" (592).

What is the effect of these emendations? Most likely, some readers are put off by them, claiming that Bridges is torturing the language for his own misguided ends. In the late twentieth century, when so much verse is written freely and without need for such pushing and pulling of words, we are unused to seeing it. But the strict metrics of the Greek hexameter required that even Homer stretch and shorten his syllables on occasion--so that all the "rules" for syllable length (which were derived, after all, inductively)

are fraught with exceptions and refinements. In this way, Bridges' lines seem quite homeric. Matthew Arnold has decreed that the words of a translation should not draw attention to themselves and away from the image. At first, many of these orthographic irregularities of Bridges might do just that, but as they become more familiar to the reader they fade into the background.

If Bridges' lines are homeric in this way, are they homeric in other ways? Certainly a meter based on syllable length becomes immediately more homeric in that one respect, bridging a gap that always exists for accentual hexameters, no matter how good they be. Furthermore, Bridges' use of the caesura is roughly equivalent to Homer's in that he always has a caesura in the third or fourth foot. The pause in sense is sometimes faint or nonexistent, and so some of Bridges' lines do not divide into halves as neatly as they might, but the same can be said for some lines of Homer. (Overregularity in the caesura is to be avoided, just as with any other feature.) Bridges' use of spondees³¹ in the first four feet is more frequent than Homer's--four spondaic feet (for Bridges) is rare, but three is common, and at least two is almost a rule. The numbers are high, then (where they are low for accentual hexameters), but the effect is still much the same as in Homer.

³¹Referring here to syllable length, spondee needs no capital letter.

The biggest problem, then, as Rouse suggests, is not with the lines themselves, but with readers' acceptance of them. And the greatest obstacle to acceptance, I suggest, is not with the reader's competency, but with the reader's own anxiety over being able to identify syllable length. This problem can, perhaps, be overcome, as will be explained in the final chapter of this dissertation.

GEORGE ERNLE, The Wrath of Achilles 1.1-536, 9.1-713, 16.1-277, 18.1-242, and 19.1-424 (1922)

Not long after Bridges' work appeared, George Ernle published a quantitative hexameter version of his own (five sizable excerpts from the Iliad, approximately 2000 lines total). In a prefatory defense of quantitative hexameters, however, he never mentions Bridges or Stone. He expresses a dissatisfaction (even stronger, apparently, than Bridges') with the accentual hexameter, which he characterizes as "clumsy, monotonous, and unworthy of its classical prototype" (5).

Ernle decided on quantitative hexameters for reasons much different from those of Bridges, who wanted only to experiment with quantitative meter and chose the great epics as his medium. Ernle, on the other hand, wanted to translate the *Iliad* and decided on hexameters as the best way "to reproduce the spirit of the original" (6). Furthermore, Ernle explains in his preface, while he chose the hexameter because of its resemblance to Homer's work, he

chose the quantitative variety not because of its classical origins, but because of its possibility for interplay between natural and scanned rhythms, similar to the way good blank verse works (and very dissimilar to the way most accentual hexameters work). Where blank verse plays the natural pattern of stresses against the strict iambic meter, moving into and out of agreement, quantitative hexameters play the natural pattern of stresses against the metrical pattern of long and short syllables.³² From these ideas, we can assume that Ernle would prefer that his lines be read with their natural stresses, letting the sound of the long and short syllables work its effect without undue attention or exaggeration.

I found only one review ("Music of Homer") of Ernle's work, and it is almost wholly positive: "We never find Mr. Ernle's [translation] unworthy. He often comes as near to the actual sound and rhythm of Homer as we have yet attained in English." Little, however, is less positive--"This is not great poetry" (225)--but she does allow that Ernle "has achieved a . . . measure of success with a difficult metre" and that "his work will be a useful guide for a better poet to come."

The movement of Ernle's lines is much the same as Bridges'. The greatest difference is that Ernle's lines

³²Ernle's rules for syllable length, explained in the preface, are reasonably close to Bridges', but not identical.

"read themselves" more easily, in the sense that accent corresponds to syllable length more often:

Sing me that Anger, Goddess, which blinding royal
 Achilleus
 Balefully, brought sufferings untold to the army of
 Argos,
 Sent many souls of mighty Achaeans into the darkness
 And flung abroad the bodies to the wild dogs and to the
 vultures
 And to the fowls of Heaven, till Zeus had duly
 accomplished
 All he decreed. Sing of it from where Agamemnon
 Atrides
 And the gallant Achileus first fought and parted
 asunder.

In the invocation a clever pattern appears in three of the seven lines (1, 3, & 5), with alternating dactyls and spondees through all six feet, creating in effect a five-syllable dipody three times over. But in general, Ernle varies the pattern of the first four feet enough to remain interesting, having almost exactly the same number of spondees as Homer.

The other difference Ernle shows from Bridges is that he maintains a consistent "strawberry jam-pot" ending in the last two feet. This phenomenon can be comforting while tackling an otherwise unfamiliar meter; if one stumbles through the first four feet, the ending at least is clear. On the other hand, the unvarying repetition of that pattern eventually becomes annoying.

Regarding the diction and style of Ernle's verse, Little may have been right ("This is not great poetry"). The phrase "blinding royal Achilleus / Balefully, bright" is awkward; the meaning tries to go awry more than once, only

to be wrenched back into line again. "Fowls of Heaven" does not suggest carrion-birds, as it should; and at the end of the passage, "parted asunder" weakens the climactic moment with its redundancy.

The poetry is better in this next passage, where the needs of the original are less demanding, requiring less nobility, which Ernle often seems short on:

His galley there sail'd into the deep-bay'd sheltering
 haven:
 Whereupon his mariners struck sail and stow'd it
 amidships,
 Lower'd their mast down by forestays on to the mast-
 crutch
 Easily, and running out their oars back'd water to
 beach her.
 They cast their stones forth, they made both hawsers
 abaft her
 Fast to the beach, sprang ashore themselves on watery
 shingles,
 Hoisted ashore the cattle they brought for Phoebos
 Apollon,
 And stepping off the galley Chryseis landed amongst
 them.

Even here, though, some points are simply too ignoble, in sound more than image--e.g., "back'd water to beach her," and "hawsers abaft her." Furthermore, "hoisted ashore the cattle" destroys the image of a procession that we get from Homer, and "Chryseis landed amongst them" sounds as though she jumps out with a whoop and a holler. Whereas Bridges' style is too high at some points, Ernle's is too low at others.

This passage is better than the previous two:

"I never wish to cherish such proud and moody
 resentment,
 Magnificent but deadly! What unborn nation await you,

Champion, if you cannot keep back shame from the
 Achaeans!
 Ah, savage heart! Peleus was not your father,
 Achilleus,
 Your mother lady Thetis: but grey sea water begat you
 On the rugged sea-cliffs. Your soul is cruel as
 either."

"μὴ ἐμέ γ' οὖν οὐτός γε λάβοι χόλος, ὃν σὺ φυλάσσεις,
 αἰναρέτη· τί σευ ἄλλος ὀνήσεται ὀψίγονός περ,
 αἶ κε μὴ Ἀργείοισιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμύνης;
 νηλεές, οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατήρ ἦν ἱππότης Πηλεΐδης,
 οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ· γλαυκὴ δέ σε τίκτε θάλασσα
 πέτραι τ' ἠλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής."
 (16.30-35)

("Never upon me let such wrath lay hold, as that thou
 dost cherish, O thou whose valour is but a bane! Wherein
 shall any other even yet to be born have profit of thee,
 if thou ward not off shameful ruin from the Argives?
 Pitiless one, thy father, meseems, was not the knight
 Peleus, nor was Thetis thy mother, but the grey sea bare
 thee, and the beetling cliffs, for that thy heart is
 unbending.") (literal prose of Murray)

The first line reads easily, and its diction is authentic
 and strong. The second line must be read slowly for any
 success with "magnificent but deadly," which unfortunately
 lacks the sense of αἰναρέτη. In the fourth, "ah, savage
 heart!" is great for νηλεές, keeping all the force of the
 original epithet. The last line and a half are as good as
 any version of that spot--concise yet clear.

Ernle's translation does show signs of genuine poetry at
 some points, although that is still its weakest feature.
 The lines themselves are homeric and interesting, although
 the strawberry jam-pot ending can become bothersome without
 any variation. Ernle's line endings would benefit from an
 occasional spondee in the fifth foot, and an occasional
 difference of accent from syllable length in either foot.

The accentual hexameter in English has proved itself a worthy medium for translating Homer, and the field is still open for a newer and better one. But the movement in the twentieth century in original poetry and in verse translation is away from regular meters, as will be illustrated in the next chapter. The likelihood, then, of critical and popular acceptance of a work in accentual hexameters is slimmer than ever, no matter how good it may be according to the views and criteria expressed here.

The quantitative hexameter in English has a regular rhythm of its own, but that rhythm is disguised. If well-constructed lines can be combined with words and images suitable to both the spirit of Homer and the tastes of the late twentieth century, this meter could prove to be the best possible medium.

Chapter Six

Almost Prose and Mostly Prose:

Translations in the Late Twentieth Century

The twentieth century has seen many translations of the Iliad, in several different forms. Some have been discussed in earlier chapters, namely the prose works of Rouse, Rieu, and Hammond, and the hexameter works of Bridges, Ernle, and Smith & Miller.

The versions by Rouse and Rieu display a tendency toward colloquial diction, in an effort to make the Iliad more accessible--an easier and supposedly more enjoyable read. Hammond has backpedaled a bit and written a work stronger than theirs, but Robert Graves, discussed in this chapter, takes colloquialism in a new direction.

The quantitative hexameters of Bridges are an experiment, while Ernle's are an attempt to find the perfect medium for translating Homer; but the idea has not caught fire.

Smith & Miller have written what might seem to be the consummate accentual hexameter version, managing to make it both literal and line-by-line, but the result is disappointing. There is nothing more to be done in that direction, unless by a better poet. Two more works have been written--by Richmond Lattimore and by Robert Fagles--that are sometimes identified as "hexameter," but they step to a beat far different from that of Smith & Miller and their predecessors. Lattimore claims to have a "free six-

beat line" (55), but to read the work "with its natural stress, not forced into any system" (55) more often yields four or five beats. The lines are controlled more by Lattimore's literalness than by any sort of meter. The result, delivered in "the plain English of today," is indistinguishable from prose except in the last two feet, where he often has a "strawberry jam-pot" ending. Fagles is no more metrical than Lattimore, but he uses a poetic diction that distinguishes his work from plain prose.

Blank verse translations in the early part of this century¹ had started to loosen up their rhythms, reflecting the trends of their age, but another translation in blank verse, by Robert Fitzgerald, has proved that a much looser blank verse is capable of the most purely poetic translation since Pope.

Free, imagistic verse, the great innovation of the twentieth century, has become the vehicle of one of the most powerful versions of the Iliad ever written, by Christopher Logue.

There are no notable rhyming versions from the twentieth century, but we will see that the spirit of some of those early rhyming versions still exists, now to be found in other forms.

Several different movements are contained in these many versions, toward colloquialism with some of the prose,

¹E.g., Marris, Hewlett--covered briefly in the Appendix.

toward dull exactness with Lattimore, toward playful innovation with Graves. The works of verse, however, all share one characteristic, reflecting the poetry of its time: a tendency toward less regular rhythms as the verse becomes more like prose. The better specimens still retain something of poetic diction, but the cadences are faint or nonexistent.

Six works are covered in this chapter, all from the second half of the twentieth century. First to be discussed are three partial versions, in ascending order of length: a fourteen-line blank verse piece by Robert Lowell; an excerpt of one hundred lines or so by Ian Fletcher, in free verse; and the free verse works of Christopher Logue, spanning several books. Three complete versions are also discussed: prose and verse by Robert Graves; blank verse by Robert Fitzgerald; and a variable-line version by Robert Fagles.

What kind of criteria are needed for these new translations? Each work, it seems, needs its own criteria. Lowell's blank verse poem does not have much in common with the complete translation by Fitzgerald. The free verse narrative by Fletcher bears little or no resemblance to the imagistic works of Logue. Fagles' lines show some resemblance to those of Lattimore, but the latter is not discussed here. Graves' work is more different in concept and attitude than in form--how does that affect the criteria?

Regarding Lowell's "Achilles to the dying Lykaon," we can dispense with any requirements of accuracy, because he is not claiming to translate; Lowell is only using Homer as material for his poem. In that regard, the criteria for quality must have primarily to do with its success as a short blank verse poem, and only secondarily regarding what it can manage to show us about the Iliad. Fortunately, it succeeds at both levels.

Fletcher, as we will see, is clearly working for humor. There is some precedent for finding humor in Homer--at least as early as an 1892 lecture by Samuel Butler², and more recently with the translation by Robert Graves. Presumably other scholars and readers have found the Iliad to be funny at some points, but there is a great tendency to hold Homer in a reverential awe that precludes any reaction so vulgar as laughter. How should Fletcher be judged? His work must still be readable, regarding sound and rhythm; it must be witty and bawdy, because these qualities are implied in the title, The Milesian Intrusion: a Restoration comedy version of Iliad xiv. It must show something of Homer, because that too is in the title. It need not be a close translation, though, as long as it keeps most of the sense. It need not be noble, or rapid, or necessarily even plain and direct (although it might be any of those things), because Fletcher is offering humor and wit in their place. It need not carry

²See "How to Vulgarize Homer."

great power or emotion, because they are not important to the story. We would hope that it carries some of the spirit of the Iliad, and we will see that it does indeed.

Logue must show us something of Homer, even if in a new way, and it must make good on its promise of "a sequence of sharp, disjunct poetic images" (Foreword to Patrocleia 6). The literal word and even the general sense of any specific passage are not required here, although again we hope that something of the spirit remains. The power and emotion of the original--those Logue must provide above all.

Graves' Anger of Achilles must give us the story of the Iliad in a clear and entertaining manner, because those claims are implied in his introduction (33-34). He can leave behind the literal word wherever he chooses, but he must stick to the general sense of the original, and he must maintain the spirit, because these, too, are implied in his approach.

Regarding Fitzgerald's Iliad, most of the usual criteria apply--especially those for blank verse--because he has no special angle that would allow him to leave them behind. His first responsibility, then, is to make good blank verse poetry--not with the regular beat of old, perhaps, but still something identifiable as blank verse.

And Fagles, what criteria for his Iliad, wrought with lines that now have six beats, now five, now seven? We ought to be able to get some sense of rhythm in the line, because it is not presented as prose. We ought to feel that

the line and its rhythm is somewhat homeric but also good English poetry, because that, he says, is the reason for the choice of his variable line. Fagles must also be judged by Arnold's and Wilson's and most of the other criteria, because he has written a work claiming to be a complete translation of the Iliad.

A Closer Look: Three Partial Versions

ROBERT LOWELL, "Achilles to the dying Lykaon" 21.122-35 in History (1973)

This sonnet-length poem is, in a way, a throwback to the partial versions of Denham and Congreve, in that an accomplished poet uses Homer as the material for a good poem in its own right, in this case a short blank verse poem, while also illuminating Homer for us. This poem is characterized by a freer rhythm than that of traditional blank verse, but it is still a rhythm that works effectively to emphasize important words and ideas. At times Lowell's lines imitate Homer's in that meaning is reflected in rhythm and sound. Most importantly, Lowell's poem has great strength of emotion; a powerful passage from the original becomes a powerful poem in English:

Float with the fish, they'll clean your wounds, and
lick
away your blood, and have no care of you;
nor will your mother wail beside your pyre
as you swirl down the Skamander to the sea,

but the dark shadows of the fish will shiver,
 lunge and snap Lykaon's silver fat.
 Trojans, you will perish till I reach Troy--
 you'll run in front, I'll scythe you down behind;
 nor will your Skamander, though whirling and silver,
 save you
 though you kill sheep and bulls, and drown a thousand
 one-hoofed horse, still living. You must die
 and die and die and die and die--
 till the blood of my Patroklos is avenged,
 killed by the wooden ships while I was gone.

"Ἐνταυθοῖ νῦν κεῖσο μετ' ἰχθύσιν, οἳ σ' ὠτειλὴν
 αἶμ' ἀπολιχμήσονται ἀκηδέες· οὐδέ σε μήτηρ
 ἐνθεμένη λεχέεσσι γοήσεται, ἀλλὰ Σκάμανδρος
 οἴσει δινῆεις εἴσω ἀλὸς εὐρέα κόλπον.
 θρώσκων τις κατὰ κύμα μέλαιναν φρίχ' ὑπαῖξει
 ἰχθύς, ὃς κε φάγησι Λυκάονος ἀργέτα δημόν.
 φθείρεσθ', εἰς ὃ κεν ἄστυ κιχέιομεν Ἰλίου ἱρῆς,
 ὑμεῖς μὲν φεύγοντες, ἐγὼ δ' ὀπιθεν κεραῖζων.
 οὐδ' ὑμῖν ποταμός περ ἔϋρροος ἀργυροδίνης
 ἀρκέσει, ᾧ δὴ δηθὰ πολέας ἱερεύετε ταύρους,
 ζωοὺς δ' ἐν δίνησι καθίετε μώνυχας ἵππους.
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ὀλέεσθε κακὸν μόρον, εἰς ὃ κε πάντες
 τίσετε Πατρόκλοιο φόνον καὶ λοιγὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
 οὓς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἐπέφνετε νόσφιν ἐμεῖο."
 (21.122-35)

("Lie there now among the fishes that shall lick the
 blood from thy wound, nor reckon aught of thee, neither
 shall thy mother lay thee on a bier and make lament; nay,
 eddying Scamander shall bear thee into the broad gulf of
 the sea. Many a fish as he leapeth amid the waves, shall
 dart up beneath the black ripple to eat the white fat of
 Lycaon. So perish ye, till we be come to the city of
 sacred Ilios, ye in flight, and I making havoc in your
 rear. Not even the fair-flowing river with his silver
 eddies shall aught avail you, albeit to him, I ween, ye
 have long time been wont to sacrifice bulls full many,
 and to cast single-hoofed horses while yet they lived,
 into his eddies. Howbeit even so shall ye perish by an
 evil fate, till ye have all paid the price for the
 slaying of Patroclus and for the woe of the Achaeans,
 whom by the swift ships ye slew while I tarried afar.")
 (literal prose of Murray)

"Float with the fish" he starts, a marvelously succinct
 rendering of Ἐνταυθοῖ νῦν κεῖσο μετ' ἰχθύσιν ("there now
 lie with the fishes"). It is not literal, but Lowell does

not have to be, and the phrase captures well the vaunting attitude of Achilles. The accented first syllable starts the passage off homERICALLY, although many of the subsequent lines begin without an accent. That first foot is the only irregularity of the first three lines--each runs ten syllables that read iambically without strain, establishing solidly the meter. For the rest of the poem, the rhythm of each line plays off that meter in interesting and significant ways. The fourth line--"as you swirl down the Skamander to the sea"--changes δινῆεις from a minor modifier to the main verb "swirl," and the anapestic movement of the line reinforces the verb.

This relation between meaning and sound is continued in the next two lines. The long and open vowels of "dark shadows" suggest a stillness, while "fish will shiver" does indeed shiver with repeated short *i* sounds, and "lunge" and "snap" are highly onomatopoeiac. "Silver fat" sits in open contrast to the "dark shadows" of the previous line.

The seventh line is interesting rhythmically. Scanned conventionally, the five-foot line has three trochees followed by two iambs; as actually read, though, the weight of the line is in the second half, as "you" is accented lightly or not at all, and "reach" receives weight (and time) equal to the words on either side. The certainty implied in those three heavy words, "I reach Troy," leads to the frightening certainty implied in the mechanical regularity of the eighth line: "you'll run in front, I'll

scythe you down behind." Like a fighting machine he'll do it--no idle boast. The eighth line is very close to the original, matching the *ὕμειζ μὲν / ἐγὼ δ'* construction perfectly. But as impressive as Lowell's line is, it can hardly be said to outdo Homer, whose line ends with the verb rendered aptly by Lowell as "scythe," that is, *κεραίῳ*.

The middle of the ninth line has an interesting rhythm that again reinforces the diction in suggesting water in motion. The tenth and eleventh lines are just irregular enough to emphasize the terrible iambic regularity of the twelfth. One either likes a line such as "and die and die and die and die" or one does not, but its perfect lack of subtlety is appropriate here if anywhere, as Achilles makes his point absolutely clear. The original *ὀλέεσθε κακὸν μόνον*, especially when preceded by three throwaways (*ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς*), seems almost diffuse by comparison.

The poem ends strongly. The thirteenth line translates the sense of the original accurately, but clarified, distilled, simplified, in a fairly regular meter that can be reined in to accent strongly only the three key words--"blood," "Patroklos," "avenged." The final line is regular except in the first foot, where "killed" takes the accent and the spotlight.

Lowell's poem is so good it needs no comparison with the original to be appreciated, but our appreciation of it deepens as we see how the poet imitates Homer here, and rivals him in intensity there. In turn, the translation

deepens our appreciation of this passage in the original Iliad.

IAN FLETCHER, The Milesian Intrusion: a Restoration comedy version of Iliad xiv 14.153-362 (1968)

Fletcher's poem is confined to a discreet narrative portion concerning only gods, not men. This is highly unusual in that almost every other translation of a short excerpt of the Iliad deals with mortals, presumably more important or more interesting to readers today. Fletcher's rendering of Hera's deception of Zeus is unlike any other, though, and is certainly worth a closer look.

The term "Milesian" can be explained by an entry in Lempriere's Classical Dictionary: "The words Milesiae fabulae, or Milesiaca, were used to express wanton and ludicrous plays" (412). "Intrusion" is a double entendre--Hera's manipulations and Zeus's love-making. It is a "Restoration comedy version" in that the story itself is a bit of a farce, told with wit and style and a wink or two by Fletcher, while still containing a large measure of truth.

The meter is more-or-less iambic, with long lines of (usually) more than ten syllables and fewer than fifteen, but it is not regular enough to be called anything but free verse. Having no rhyme or regular meter, then, the poetry depends on richness of detail and surprising turns of phrase:

Now at the tip of Mount Olympos Hera was standing
And scanning the distance she saw the God Poseidon
Both her own brother and her husband's, bustling about
On the battlefield and she smiled approvingly.

Zeus too she caught sight of, brooding on the windiest
fork of Ida,

Ida, veined with fountains, and she thought how odious
he was!

Then Hera debated with herself

How best she might baffle the gnawing mind of Zeus

And decided the luringest trick of all was:

Rogue herself up in her best and go off to Mount Ida,

Might not Zeus be blandished away by her beauty

And want to gentleman her then and there? Once brought
to

A certainty he would fold asleep in her arms.

Ἥρη δ' εἰσεῖδε χρυσόθρονος ὀφθαλμοῖσι
σταῖς ἐξ Οὐλύμποιο ἀπὸ βίου· αὐτίκα δ' ἔγνω
τὸν μὲν ποιπνύοντα μάχην ἀνὰ κυδιάνειραν
αὐτοκασίγνητον καὶ δαῖρα, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ·
Ζῆνα δ' ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς πολυπίδακος Ἰδης
ἤμενον εἰσεῖδε, στυγερός δέ οἱ ἔπλετο θυμῷ.
μερμήριξε δ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη
ὅπως ἐξαπάφοιτο Διὸς νόον αἰγιόχοιο.
ἦδε δέ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή,
έλθεῖν εἰς Ἰδην εὖ ἐντύνασαν ἔαυτήν,
εἴ πως ἰμεῖραιτο παραδραθέειν φιλότῃτι
ἢ χροῖῃ, τῷ δ' ὕπνον ἀπήμονά τε λιαρόν τε
χεύῃ ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἰδὲ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι.
(14.153-65)

(Now Hera of the golden throne, standing on a peak of Olympus, therefrom had sight of him, and forthwith knew him as he went busily about in the battle where men win glory, her own brother and her lord's withal; and she was glad at heart. And Zeus she marked seated on the topmost peak of many-fountained Ida, and hateful was he to her heart. Then she took thought, the ox-eyed, queenly Hera, how she might beguile the mind of Zeus that beareth the aegis. And this plan seemed to her mind the best--to go to Ida, when she had beauteously adorned her person, if so be he might desire to lie by her side and embrace her body in love, and she might shed a warm and gentle sleep upon his eyelids and his cunning mind.) (literal prose of Murray)

In this first paragraph of Fletcher's we are quickly
given several examples of his interesting and apt way with
words: "windiest fork," "veined with fountains," "gnawing

mind," "luringest trick," "rogue herself up," "be blandished away." Best of all, though, in place of Hera's already euphemistic words *παραδραθῆειν φιλότῃτι* (also *εὐνηθῆναι φιλότῃτι* at line 331) we find the hyper-euphemistic and hilarious verb to gentleman, as well as the phrase "brought to a certainty" (no direct correlation in the original).

Fletcher's story of Hera is characterized throughout by his humor and wit--his refusal to be daunted by Homer's immense reputation. Fletcher often plays free with the literal word at points, then in one surprising way or another manages to be right on the money regarding the sense. As for spirit, Fletcher may stretch the boundaries, but he will be found to hold to a spirit not unlike Homer's, at least for passages such as this. Fletcher's version helps reveal, in fact, this side of Homer's spirit.

When the translation leaves the literal word behind, it sometimes illuminates the sense with an unusual verb or other construction. For example, as Hera addresses Sleep, the original reads *ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ* (line 232). *φῦ* is a bit of a mystery; Autenreich gives us "clasped," but this is only in some figurative sense, whose connection to the main definition, "grow," is not clear. But Fletcher renders it "And coquetting a bit with his hand," and we immediately know that is exactly what she was doing, whatever *φῦ* originally meant. Fletcher's rendering, though not literal, has the unmistakable ring of truth.

Fletcher's "restoration" wit shows itself in understatement, in neologism, and in other interesting choices of diction, always with a light and careless air combined with dead-on accuracy. Where the original gives us this:

"ἤματι τῷ ὅτε κείνος ὑπέρθυμος Διὸς υἱὸς
ἔπλεεν Ἰλίοθεν, Τρώων πόλιν ἐξαλαπάξας"
(14.250-51)

("on the day when the glorious son of Zeus, high of heart, sailed forth from Ilios, when he had laid waste the city of the Trojans.") (literal prose of Murray)

Fletcher gives us this:

". . . when clusterfisting Hercules
Ramped off from Troy having thoroughly malgraced the
city."

"Clusterfisting" is in no way literal for ὑπέρθυμος yet seems perfectly Homeric and accurate for Hercules. "Ramped off," though denoting violence, also implies a carelessness that is especially apt in describing an insultingly easy sack of Troy, further emphasized by the witty understatement of "malgraced" for the original ἐξαλαπάξας.

Other examples of Fletcher's interesting diction abound in this work: "bluenosed sea" for ἄλα μαρμαρέην; "Hera thrilled loose her rondured arms" (no direct correlation in original); and for Ἥρη δὲ κραιπνῶς προσεβήσετο Γάργαρον ἄκρον, "Hera rustled on to the tips of Gargaros."

A teacher presenting the Iliad to students for the first time would do well to make use of this entertaining excerpt, to show them that Homer was not such a drudge as Lang, Leaf & Myers or Lattimore would make him out to be.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE, War Music books 16-19 (1981) & Kings books 1 & 2 (1990)

Christopher Logue has produced versions of several parts of the Iliad, and they should not be missed. To the same degree that Fletcher's piece is light-hearted, so Logue's pieces are deadly serious--packing an emotional wallop straight to the gut. Logue published Patrocleia (book 16) in 1963, Pax (book 19) in 1967, War Music (consisting of the two previous works plus a conflation of books 17 & 18, called "GBH" for "great bodily harm") in 1981, and Kings (books 1 & 2) in 1990. He also published an excerpt from book 21 in his volume of poetry Songs in 1959.

These versions cannot truly be called translation; they stand with at least one foot in the realm of adaptation. Logue's willingness to stray from the letter of the original is troubling to some critics, but I include his works here because a) they are homeric in some way--in spirit, if not always in literal word or even in general sense, and b) they are illuminating. One cannot help but read the original Homer and close translations differently after having read Logue. His highly impressionistic lines bring to the reader the sense of immediacy that is often lamentably missing in other versions.

Logue's reviewers differ in their opinions, of course, but he has gained quite a bit of attention. Many of the comments remind one of Bentley's famous line: "It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer."

Even Logue's admirers, though, would not actually call it a pretty poem; it is instead a powerful one. Frederick M. Combellack, speaking of Patrocleia, says it "is not a version of the 16th book of Homer's Iliad," but is quick to add that "this poem can stand on its own merits; it does not need to run for safety under Homer's mighty shields." Louis MacNeice says (of the Patrocleia), "it is not a translation" but in fact "it brings out more vividly than most translations what both the Greeks and Trojans are up against: blood and sweat on the one hand and fate (the gods) on the other." David McDuff dismisses Logue's work entirely. For example, regarding one anachronistic passage from War Music, he says: "This kind of licence seems . . . both inadmissable and unforgivable: what possible justification can there be for this kind of liberty with Homer's poem?" (64). An anonymous reviewer grants only a small bit of success (regarding Patrocleia):

Logue's work cannot be judged as a translation. What virtues it has are those of an independent poem, based on a reading of Homer--in translation. As such it does have a clean and bitter quality which is attractive and, in its way, not unhomeric. Only this quality is mostly spoiled for the reader by the poet's exhibitionistic mannerisms." (Yale Review xvi)

These "exhibitionistic mannerisms" are explained at least in part by another reviewer, Warren Anderson:

Some of Logue's difficulties have been caused by his sense of poetry as a thing that must be heard Thus when he prints APOLLO! in letters quite literally an inch high, he is not playing games with typography. . . . [H]e is demanding a triple-forte shout to signalize the god's climactic epiphany, bringing death to Patroclus." (341)

Anderson and many others give Logue's work enthusiastic praise: "the Patrocleia is an astonishing work, heavy with death and instinct with fierce life" (Anderson 342); and "War Music is at once an ancient and a modern poem, a triumph of virtuoso rhetoric" (Brien); and (regarding Patrocleia) "In only a few pages we realize that Mr. Logue is a master of dialogue . . . [of] description . . . of the clear modulations of pace that make Homer so sure-footed, so generous of perfectly coordinated design. . . . Mr. Logue has managed to incorporate more of Homer's sense of action than any other English translator" (Davenport 418-19). Jaspar Griffin, commenting on Kings, says that Logue's poetry has several positive characteristics, including the single most elusive characteristic of Homer:

[One great difficulty] is what Matthew Arnold called the nobility of Homer. The Greek epic is in the high style, it deals with gods, heroes, lions, storms at sea, forest fires on mountains. It is not, however, in the self-consciously elevated style of Virgil or Milton. Is Logue noble? He does not aim at the pseudo-sublime, all too easily accessible; for this relief, much thanks. . . . Shifts of pace and of tone, the choice of vivid and unexpected images, controlled eloquence: these give to Logue's version its distance from the hackneyed, and a war-torn and knowledgeable distinction, capable at will of coarseness, humour, and - yes - nobility.

According to William Logan, "Logue has attempted an English equivalent of register and force, of Homer's effect if not his simple meaning. This has required translation not just by approximation but by addition and subtraction, and by gross rearrangement" (166-67). If you open up

Logue's Kings looking for the invocation ("Sing, goddess, the wrath . . .") you'll be disappointed; it is not there, a victim of "subtraction." The "gross rearrangement" is evident as Kings opens with Achilles on the beach praying, and then works back to the arrival of Cryzez (Chryses), and subsequent events. An example of Logue's "addition" is his description of the effects of the plague sent down by Apollo:

Busy in his delirium, see Tek
(A carpenter from Mykonos) as he comes forward, hit--
It seems--by a stray stone, yet still comes on,
Though coming now as if he walked a plank,
Then falling off it into nothingness.

Occasionally Logue covers the same ground as the original, but in a startling new way, such as where Apollo comes *χωόμενος κῆρ*:

Taking a corner of the sky
Between his finger and his thumb,
Out of its blue, as boys do towels, he cracked,
Then zephyr ferried in among the hulls
A generation of infected mice.

Such fleas . . .
Such lumps . . .
Watch Greece begin to die:

βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων χωόμενος κῆρ,
τόξ' ὤμοισιν ἔχων ἀμφορεφέα τε φαρέτρην.
ἔκλαγξαν δ' ἄρ' οἰστοὶ ἐπ' ὤμων χωόμενοιο,
αὐτοῦ κινηθέντος. ὁ δ' ἦϊε νυκτὶ ἐοικώς.
ἔζειτ' ἐπειτ' ἀπάνευθε νεῶν, μετὰ δ' ἰὸν ἔηκε.
δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.
οὐρῆας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπώχετο καὶ κύνας ἀργούς,
αὐτὰρ ἐπειτ' αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἔχεπευκὲς ἐφιεῖς
βάλλ'. αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκύων καίοντο θαμειαί.
(1.44-52)

(Down from the peaks of Olympus he strode, wroth at heart, bearing on his shoulders his bow and covered quiver. The arrows rattled on the shoulders of the angry god, as he moved; and his coming was like the night.

Then he sate him down apart from the ships and let fly a shaft: terrible was the twang of the silver bow. The mules he assailed first and the swift dogs, but thereafter on the men themselves he let fly his stinging arrows, and smote; and ever did the pyres of the dead burn thick.) (literal prose of Murray)

Logue's plausible emphasis on mice as carriers of the plague makes clearer Chryses' address of Apollo as Σμινθεῦ ("mouse-god") in the original (line 1.39); Logue makes it

Apollo, Lord of Light and Mice.

Quite often Logue takes a passage that in the original is direct, simple, and objective, full of detail, and renders it with images and impressions--he makes the objective subjective--and immediate. For example, in place of

οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ λιμένος πολυβενθέος ἐντὸς ἵκοντο (1.432)

("When they came into the very-deep harbor"),

Logue gives us impressions:

Water, white water, blue-black here, without--
Us hearing our bow wave--
Our animals hearing those closest ashore.
Swell-water, black-water--
The wind in the cliff pines, their hairpins, their
resin.

Greatly expanded, this; and then he condenses three lines--

ἱστία μὲν στείλαντο, θέσαν δ' ἐν νηϊ̣ μελαίνῃ,
ἱστὸν δ' ἱστοδόκῃ πέλασαν προτόνοισιν ὑφέντες
καρπαλίμως, τὴν δ' εἰς ὄρμον προέρεσαν ἐρετμοῖς.
(1.433-35)

(they furled the sail, and stowed it in the black ship, and the mast they lowered by the forestays and brought it to the crutch with speed, and rowed her with oars to the place of anchorage) (literal prose of Murray)

--into one:

"As we lower, lose way, set, stroke, and regain it--."

Logue handles the rituals of sacrifice in similar fashion. For example, Homer provides the mechanics of how the sacrifice is accomplished:

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ρ' εὗξαντο καὶ οὐλοχύτας προβάλοντο,
αὐέρυσαν μὲν πρῶτα καὶ ἔσφαξαν καὶ ἔδειραν, . . .
(1.458-59 . . .)

(Then, when they had prayed, and had sprinkled the barley grains, they first drew back the victims' heads, and cut their throats, and flayed them . . .) (literal prose of Murray)

But Logue gives us something different:

Now the lustral water is on their hands,
And the barley sprinkled on the beast's wide head.

"Bring the axe."

"Pae'an!"

"Lord of Mice!"

"Lord of Light! Light! Light!"

As the axe swings up, and stays,

"Pae'an!"

Stays poised, still poised, and--

As it roars down:

"PLEASE GOD!"

"PLEASE GOD!"

Covers the terrible thock that parts the ox from its
voice

"Pae'an!"

As the knife goes in, goes down
And the dewlap parts like glue,
And the great thing kneels,
And its breath hoses out,
And the authorized butchers grope for its heart,
And the choir sings:

"Pour the oil and balm--"

And Cryzez prays:

"O Lord of Light

Whose reach makes distance myth

In Whose abundant warmth

The headlands of Cape Tollomon bask,"

"Over the dead--"

"As all my life I dressed Your leafy shrine,"

"Fire the cedar, fire the clove--"

"Vouchsafe me this:"
 "That the reek may lie--"
"Absolve the Greeks,"
 "And the savour lift--"
"Let the plague die,"
 "To Heaven, and to yourself."
"Amen."
"Amen."

When I say that one will read Homer differently having read Logue, I mean that Logue, with his modern techniques of subjective imagery, reminds us how much in other circumstances we must use our imaginations to bring Homer alive, to drag him back from remoteness. Logue does the work of imagination for us; the challenge for the reader is instead merely to follow the story-line, which is made less obvious by the modern techniques. When we return to the original, or a close translation, following the story-line is a snap, but our imaginations must go to work again. No wonder it is difficult for the freshman of today to penetrate or even take an interest in a work such as the Iliad. With television (and even modern poetry, for those who read it) providing the necessary images, the freshman (even the scholar?) of today is not prepared to supply them internally. Logue serves as a reminder and an example, and read in tandem with a more traditional translation, might just be the key to unlocking Homer for many students.

One more example will help to show Logue's technique and its effect. At the end of book 16, Logue (in "Patrocleia," War Music) renders the moment of the fatal wounding of

Patroclus by Hector with little more than a whisper, but not without emotional impact:

Putting his spear through ... ach.³

The next line--

Why tears, Patroclus?--

echoes (in a way that the original does not) Achilles' words at the opening of the book. In the last lines of "Patrocleia," Logue omits some material and puts a twist on the rest, but the result rings true:

"Did you hope to melt Troy down
And make our women fetch the ingots home?
I can imagine it!
You and your marvelous Achilles;
Him with an upright finger, saying:
Don't show your face again, Patroclus,
Unless it's red with Hector's blood."
And Patroclus,
Shaking the voice out of his body, says:
"Big mouth.
Remember it took three of you to kill me.
A God, a boy, and last and least, a hero.
I can hear Death pronounce my name, and yet
Somehow it sounds like Hector.
And as I close my eyes I see Achilles' face
With Death's voice coming out of it."

Saying these things Patroclus died.
And as his soul went through the sand
Hector withdrew his spear and said:
"Perhaps."

³The ellipsis is Logue's, not an indication of a truncated quotation.

A Closer Look: Three Complete Translations

ROBERT GRAVES, The Anger of Achilles (1959)

Graves' work is a breed apart from all other translations of the *Iliad*. It is a fairly close translation, never losing sight of the sense of the original, so the difference is not there. The most obvious difference is its mix of prose and verse--mostly prose with patches of verse here and there, wherever the context seems, to Graves, to call for it. Even so, the difference runs deeper. Graves has a controversial theory about the formation of the *Iliad*: that "The Homeridae ('Sons of Homer'), a family guild of Ionian bards based on Chios, enlarged their ancestor's first short draft of the *Iliad* to twenty-four books, and became comprehensively known as 'Homer'" (13). But this theory, even if outlandish in its specifics (which Graves outlines further), is in its generalities not so very far from current theories of the oral-formulaic construction of two epics, and so cannot account for the different nature of Graves' version.

Instead, the real difference springs from an attitude; Graves simply refuses to be awed or cowed before this venerable work:

The *Iliad*, and its later companion-piece, the *Odyssey*, deserve to be rescued from the classroom curse which has lain heavily on them throughout the past twenty-six centuries, and become entertainment once more; which is what I have attempted here." (13)

He has a good story to tell and he tells it in his own fashion, much as Spedding advocated many years earlier (see Chapter One). The resulting style is informal, often humorous, sometimes farcical, but rarely ordinary. It may never be counted among the great translations of the Iliad--Chapman, Pope, etc.--but it is one of those capable of both captivating the Greekless reader and changing the way the scholar views and reads Homer's original.

The measure of Graves' success, then, is the degree to which he can tell the story clearly and entertainingly, while also showing us a different side of the Iliad, and without violating its spirit.

This possibility of violating the spirit has troubled Graves' critics most. According to Niall Rudd: "That astringent irony [of Graves] has deprived Homer of his most essential characteristic--his nobility." Ben Ray Redman sounds a similar note: "In his translation he has given us the speed and clarity that Matthew Arnold demanded of any translator of Homer, but he has not given us the nobility." Phoebe Adams laments: "And how about the poetry, since Homer is remembered as a poet? It is not there. It has vanished, leaving not a rack behind. Hector's farewell to Andromache is spoken in the same sharp style as his battle orders."

Others, though, praise the work wholeheartedly, and with a sigh of relief, it seems; but that praise comes mostly from popular magazines, not from journals. Julian Symons

(Punch) says "that it can be read with almost constant pleasure." An anonymous reviewer (Time) calls it "the most charming translation in English since Pope's, and [it] may also be the best." The truth, as usual, is somewhere in the middle. It is not the best ever, but it is worth a look.

The invocation is in verse, effectively separating it from the beginning of the narrative:

Sing, MOUNTAIN GODDESS, sing through me
That anger which most ruinously
Inflamed Achilles, Peleus' son,
And which, before the tale was done,
Had glutted Hell with champions--bold,
Stern spirits by the thousandfold;
Ravens and dogs their corpses ate.
For thus did ZEUS, who watched their fate,
See his resolve, first taken when
Proud Agamemnon, King of men,
An insult on Achilles cast,
Achieve accomplishment at last.

Μῆνιν αἶδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε,
πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἀΐδι προΐαψεν
ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν
οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή,
ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε
'Ατρεΐδης τε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
(1.1-7)

(The wrath do thou sing, O goddess, of Peleus' son, Achilles, that baneful wrath which brought countless woes upon the Achaeans, and sent forth to Hades many valiant souls of warriors, and made themselves to be a spoil for dogs and all manner of birds; and thus the will of Zeus was being brought to fulfillment;--sing thou thereof from the time when at first there parted in strife Atreus' son, king of men, and goodly Achilles.) (literal prose of Murray)

The difference is apparent right from the first line, with "MOUNTAIN GODDESS" and especially the last three words,

which lay bare the nature of Homer's invocation. No other version says anything like "sing through me."

The poetry, though, here and elsewhere, seems foolish. One might think that by separating these passages from the rest of the text Graves is taking them more seriously, especially as many of the verse passages are prayers. But no, Graves continues to have fun with Homer even here; the short couplets of the invocation and shorter quatrains of Chryses' prayer (the next verse passage) are typical of the rest--often closer to doggerel than to high poetry:

'God with the bow of silver,
You that take your stand
At Chryse and holy Cilla,
Protector of our land,

'Great Lord of Mice, whose sceptre
Holds Tenedos in fee:
Listen to my petition,
Consider well my plea!

'If ever I built a temple
Agreeable to your eyes,
Or cut from goats or bullocks
The fat about their thighs,

'To burn as a costly offering
At KING APOLLO's shrine:
Let the Greeks pay with your arrows
These burning tears of mine!'

"κλυθί μεν, ἀργυρότοξ', ὃς Χρύσην ἀμφιβέβηκας
Κίλλαν τε ζαθέην Τενέδοιό τε ἴφι ἀνάσσεις,
Σμινθεῦ, εἴ ποτέ τοι χαρίεντ' ἐπὶ νηὸν ἔρεψα,
ἢ εἰ δὴ ποτέ τοι κατὰ πίονα μηρί' ἔκηα
ταύρων ἢ δ' αἰγῶν, τόδε μοι κρήνηνον ἐέλδωρ·
τίσειαν Δαναοὶ ἐμὰ δάκρυα σοῖσι βέλεσσιν."
(1.37-42)

("Hear me, thou of the silver bow, who dost stand over Chryse and holy Cilla, and dost rule mightily over Tenedos, thou Sminthian, if ever I roofed over a shrine to thy pleasing, or if ever I burned to thee fat thigh-pieces of bulls or goats, fulfil thou for me this prayer:

let the Danaans pay for my tear by thy shafts.") (literal prose of Murray)

That, apparently, is the way Graves wants it.

With his prose Graves often surprises anyone used to the more careful versions--those that tiptoe around Homer so as not to upset him. At Achilles' first insult of Agamemnon, Graves renders a full line of Greek--

ὦ μοι, ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένε, κερδαλέοφρον (1.149),

("Ah me, thou clothed in shamelessness, thou of crafty mind,") (literal prose of Murray)

--with just two words:

"Shameless schemer!"

The insult is simple and effective, and not without emotional impact. Graves' version of the triple-insult is, unfortunately, rather ordinary, a rare lapse:

"Drunkard, with the face of a dog and the heart of a deer!"

οἰνοβαρές, κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο, (1.225)

("Thou heavy with wine, thou with the front of a dog but the heart of a deer,") (literal prose of Murray)

In the following passage Graves is plain and direct, concise yet reasonably close to the original, without any hint of the awkwardness that makes a close translation sound ordinary:

On entering the deep harbour, his crew furled and stowed away their sails, lowered the mast by the forestays, hastily fitted it into its crotch, and rowed to the anchorage. There, having thrown out the mooring-stones, they tied their vessel up and disembarked the victims. Chryseis too went ashore, and Odysseus led her towards the altar, where Chryses stood.

οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ λιμένος πολυβενθέος ἐντὸς ἵκοντο,
 ἱστία μὲν στείλαντο, θέσαν δ' ἐν νητὶ μελαίνῃ,
 ἱστὸν δ' ἱστοδόκῃ πέλασαν προτόνοισιν ὑφέντες
 καρπαλίμως, τὴν δ' εἰς ὄρμον προέρεσαν ἑρετμοῖς.
 ἐκ δ' εὐνὰς ἔβαλον, κατὰ δὲ πρυμνήσι' ἔδησαν·
 ἐκ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ βαῖνον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης,
 ἐκ δ' ἑκατόμβην βῆσαν ἐκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι·
 ἐκ δὲ Χρυσηΐς νηὸς βῆ ποντοπόροιο.
 (1.432-39)

(When they were now got within the deep harbour, they furl'd the sail, and stow'd it in the black ship, and the mast they lowered by the forestays and brought it to the crutch with speed, and rowed her with oars to the place of anchorage. Then they cast out the mooring-stones and made fast the stern cables, and themselves went forth upon the shore of the sea. Forth they brought the hecatomb for Apollo, that smiteth afar, and forth stepped also the daughter of Chryses from the sea-faring ship.)
 (literal prose of Murray)

The passages of ritual and the subsequent voyage carry a similar comfortable tone--interrupted, however, by three lines of verse:

DAWN, DAY's daughter bright,
 Drew back the curtain of NIGHT
 With her fingers of rosy light.

ἡμος δ' ἡριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως,
 (1.477)

(and as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered,)
 (literal prose of Murray)

Here is Graves' answer to the convention of the rosy-fingered dawn. I leave to the reader to decide whether it is a success or not.

Hector's prayer is, of course, rendered in verse, loosely translated, expanded, and rearranged:

O ZEUS, Sole Ruler of the Sky,
 And all you other gods on high,
 Grant that my infant son may live
 To gather fame superlative.
 Reserve, I beg you, for this boy
 A bold, strong heart to govern Troy

And shine as once his father shone.
 May the whole city muse upon
 His feats, as often as the car
 Brings him spoil-laden home from war
 (Spoil reddened with the owner's gore)
 To cheer his mother's heart once more;
 Then let all say, if say they can:
 "His father was the lesser man!"

"Ζεῦ ἄλλοι τε θεοί, δότε δὴ καὶ τόνδε γενέσθαι
 παῖδ' ἐμόν, ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ περ, ἀριπρεπέα Τρώεσσιν,
 ὥδε βίην τ' ἀγαθόν, καὶ Ἰλίου ἱφὶ ἀνάσσειν·
 καὶ ποτὲ τις εἴποι 'πατρός γ' ὅδε πολλὸν ἀμείνων'
 ἐκ πολέμου ἀνιόντα· φέροι δ' ἔναρα βροτόεντα
 κτείνας δῆϊον ἄνδρα, χαρεῖν δὲ φρένα μήτηρ."
 (6.476-81)

("Zeus and ye other gods, grant that this my child may likewise prove, even as I, pre-eminent amid the Trojans, and as valiant in might, and that he rule mightily over Ilios. And some day may some man say of him as he cometh back from war, 'He is better far than his father'; and may he bear the blood-stained spoils of the foeman he hath slain, and may his mother's heart wax glad.")
 (literal prose of Murray)

It is not ordinary by any means, but it reaches no height of emotion, either. Graves' chosen verse form does not allow it to rise, and there is the greatest problem with this translation. Even if the Iliad is, as Graves suggests, entertaining and even funny at times, at others it is powerful and emotional. Graves is still wearing his party hat at serious and emotional passages such as this, and the work suffers as a result.

In the passage where Patroclus pleads with Achilles, Graves' unusual style provides a wonderful simplicity and clarity:

"Oh, how can I persuade you to relent? May I never be the victim of so disastrous a grudge! What thanks will future generations give you when your fame rests mainly on a refusal to intervene while their fathers were being massacred? Must we still believe that you are a child of

noble Peleus and the gentle Thetis? You seem hard-hearted enough to have been sired by the stony cliffs on the tempestuous sea."

"μὴ ἐμέ γ' οὖν οὗτός γε λάβοι χόλος, ὃν σὺ φυλάσσεις,
αἰναρέτη· τί σευ ἄλλος ὀνήσεται ὀψίγονός περ,
αἷ κε μὴ Ἀργείοισιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμύνης;
νηλεές, οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατήρ ἦν ἱππότης Πηλεΐδης,
οὐδὲ θέτις μήτηρ· γλαυκὴ δέ σε τίκτε θάλασσα
πέτραι τ' ἠλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής."
(16.30-35)

("but with thee may no man deal, Achilles. Never upon me let such wrath lay hold, as that thou dost cherish, O thou whose valour is but a bane! Wherein shall any other even yet to be born have profit of thee, if thou ward not off shameful ruin from the Argives? Pitiless one, thy father, meseems, was not the knight Peleus, nor was Thetis thy mother, but the grey sea bare thee, and the beetling cliffs, for that thy heart is unbending.")
(literal prose of Murray)

Graves' sidesteps such pitfalls as αἰναρέτη and delivers the speech naturally, without losing Homer's nobility. Later in the same paragraph, though, this casualness goes too far--

Please put [the Myrmidons] under my orders and, while you are about it, lend me your arms

--as though Patroclus were asking for twenty bucks.

The Anger of Achilles does indeed entertain, and it does show us a different Homer, one which has some basis in the original. But in his enthusiasm for iconoclasm, Graves has at times made Homer's great story seem absurd. The Iliad is many things, and Graves' version is no more a complete picture than any of the stuffy versions he ridicules. The Anger of Achilles is most successful, then, not by itself, but as one among many translations.

ROBERT FITZGERALD, The Iliad (1974)

Fitzgerald's translation is in a loose blank verse, rendered less closely than most others of the second half of the twentieth century, though still never far from the general sense of the original. It is probably the most poetic of all recent versions, and is often mentioned as one of the two great translations of the Iliad (Richmond Lattimore's is the other) to appear in the last few decades--possibly good enough and popular enough to join the ranks of those few that continue to be printed and read after their times. Not everyone shares this view of Fitzgerald's work (or of Lattimore's), but only time will tell.

Fitzgerald's lines are no more like Homer's lines than those of any other blank verse translation, but they are far more poetic than their predecessors without leaving behind the sense and spirit of the original.

In fact, the most notable characteristic of Fitzgerald's version is its beautiful poetry; as we will see, it includes some truly memorable lines and phrases, although the work is not as consistent as some other contemporary versions. In places it is merely prosaic, as indicated by Charles Rowan Beye, who says that "in the long stretches of battlefield scenes, Fitzgerald's lines do not have any more shape or necessity than what the typesetter has given them" (141). In places the work falls flat, as demonstrated by Vernon Young: "Fitzgerald has [great difficulty] when attempting

to describe accurately those broken tendons of Aeneas, as if Gray's Anatomy were the object of translation" (431).

Fitzgerald's Iliad has more often been accorded great praise, though. Phoebe Adams says: "Mr. Fitzgerald has solved virtually every problem that has plagued translators of Homer. The narrative runs, the dialogue speaks, the military action is clear, and the repetitive epithets become useful text rather than exotic relics." Paul Merchant says: "Fitzgerald's is the first Iliad since Pope to respond to the poetic exuberance and virtuosity of the original. In the iron age of English poetry Fitzgerald's Homer was more than we had any right to expect" (618).

Thomas N. Winter points out another important characteristic of this translation, its ability to reveal bits of Homer that otherwise would remain hidden to the rest of us. In this case the reviewer discusses Fitzgerald's rendering of ἐλικώπιδα κούρην,

a common phrase for any pretty feminine face in the accusative. For the first word the elements of meaning are our words "helix" and "face." Or "eyes," "sight," or "vision." This has always been a bumblesome thing for translators, and has been rendered "with rolling eyes," "of darting eyes," "quick-glancing." Phoo. Fitzgerald externalized its motor aspect and produced a plum: "The girl who turns the eyes of men"! Once you see it, you can suspect that this is what it meant all along: a turn-face girl. (81)

This knack for revelation shows up time and time again in Fitzgerald's Iliad.

This translation by Fitzgerald has little in common with Robert Graves' version, The Anger of Achilles, but it does

share one attribute: it is not ordinary. Fitzgerald chose a relatively common meter: a blank verse that sometimes shows a steady beat but just as often reads like prose. But the diction, without being radically free from the original, is different from the crowd's.

In the first lines of the invocation, we find the old idea said in a new way, with an interesting and wholly appropriate emphasis:

Anger be now your song, immortal one,
 Akhilleus' anger, doomed and ruinous,
 that caused the Akhaians loss on bitter loss
 and crowded brave souls into the undergloom,
 leaving so many dead men--carion
 for dogs and birds; and the will of Zeus was done.
 Begin it when the two men first contending
 broke with one another--

the Lord Marshal

Agamemnon, Atreus' son, and Prince Akhilleus.

"Anger" is the first word, and the whole first line is devoted to it. "Akhilleus' anger" begins the second line, to emphasize and clarify. "Doomed and ruinous" intensifies the anger further--beyond even the *οὐλομένην* of the original. Fitzgerald has omitted the patronymic for Achilles, and delayed mention of woes or "loss," so that the first two lines can be devoted entirely to anger. The point is well worth the space of two lines.

Where Apollo descends in anger, Fitzgerald is as good as any has ever been:

. . . Phoibos Apollo

walked with storm in his heart from Olympos' crest,
 quiver and bow at his back, and the bundled arrows
 clanged on the sky behind as he rocked in his anger,
 descending like night itself. Apart from the ships
 he halted and let fly, and the bowstring slammed

as the silver bow sprang, rolling in thunder away.
 Pack animals were his target first, and dogs,
 but soldiers, too, soon felt transfixing pain
 from his hard shots, and pyres burned night and day.

The four lines in the middle of the action are magnificent, moving rapidly, simply, and, yes, nobly--with verbs that are dynamic without being overblown: "clanged," "rocked," "halted," "slammed," "sprang." The phrase "descending like night itself" is finally the simple perfection of the image John Wilson looked for in 1831 (see Chapter One). "Rolling in thunder away" is wholly Fitzgerald's invention, but it has that rare mingling of sound and rhythm with sense that is so essentially homeric.

With Achilles' insults of Agamemnon, Fitzgerald is in the first case marvelously revealing, and in the second case inventively apt.

In the first--

"You thick-skinned, shameless, greedy fool!
 Can any Akhaian care for you, or obey you,
 after this on marches or in battle?"

"ὦ μοι, ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένε, κερδαλεόφρον,
 πῶς τίς τοι πρόφρων ἔπεσιν πείθεται Ἀχαιῶν
 ἢ ὁδὸν ἐλθέμεναι ἢ ἀνδράσιν ἴφι μάχεσθαι;"
 (1.149-51)

("Ah me, thou clothed in shamelessness, thou of crafty mind, how shall any man of the Achaeans hearken to thy bidding with a ready heart either to go on a journey or to fight amain with warriors?")

--"thick-skinned" is a specific and plausible interpretation of ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένε. The usual literal renderings, "armored" or "clothed in shamelessness," are interesting and even revealing in their own way, but not so clear as "thick-

skinned." Fitzgerald's use of "after this" reveals what is usually only implied--or ignored--in other versions.

In the second--

"Sack of wine,
you with your cur's eyes and your antelope heart!"

--"Sack of wine" reveals nothing new but has just the right sound for the cutting insult intended here. "Cur's eyes" puts a slightly different nuance on the second part of the triple insult. The most common rendering, some variation of dog-face, is clearly an insult, but is not very specific in its connotations (in contemporary American culture at any rate) except perhaps regarding ugliness. In a few versions it is used to connote a fierce aspect that belies the cowardice within. Here, not a clear match for Homer but an interesting possibility nonetheless, the use of "cur" suggests cowardice right away, which is then intensified by "antelope heart." The double image presented by Fitzgerald's line is very striking.

In the passage where Khryseis is returned to her father, Fitzgerald's lines are not so immediately striking; one is tempted to call them ordinary. Read aloud, this passage could be mistaken for prose, and none of the images are attention-grabbers. But this is a quiet scene--not unimportant, but having none of the ring and clamor of battle, or even the fierce emotions of verbal conflict, so the need for spirited rhythms and violent images is absent. With a closer look, though, we can see that Fitzgerald, even

in this quiet passage, is doing some interesting things poetically:

Entering the deep harbor there
they furled the sails and stowed them, and unbent
forestays to ease the mast down quickly aft
into its rest; then rowed her to a mooring.
Bow-stones were dropped, and they tied up astern,
and all stepped out into the wash and ebb,
then disembarked their cattle for the Archer,
and Khryseis, from the deepsea ship

The phrase "unbent / forestays" is puzzling; it appears to be technically incorrect. At any rate, we find "forestays" at the beginning of that line, and "aft" at the end. Two lines later, although "Bow-stones were dropped" might offend the sensibilities of English teachers and others trained to shun the passive voice in prominent places, the line turns out to be not so bad. The interesting noun "bow-stones" is, by this construction, allowed to stand at the front of the line, a place both prominent and appropriate. The reader's voice must strongly drop on or after "dropped," following as it does two relatively unaccented syllables and falling in the middle of the line, immediately before the caesura. And "astern" falls, of course, at the end of the line, so that this line mimics and intensifies the fore-and-aft construction two lines above. In the next line, "stepped out" is a perfect verb phrase for leaving a boat, even though the original reads only βαῖνον ("went"). The phrase may or may not be physically accurate for Greek ships, but it rings true psychologically (regardless of the type or size of the

vessel), as anyone with boat experience knows. Stepping out is always the way it feels at the moment of disembarkation, regardless of the specific physical action required. "Wash and ebb" is an interesting rendition of ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης, and "cattle for the Archer" is more explanatory and more visual than hecatomb, even though ἐκατόμβην is the word used there. One might worry that the novice reader will lose out on the delight of an interesting new word like hecatomb, but Fitzgerald does use the word eleven lines later in the phrase "to give god his hecatomb." Aside from considerations of meter, there is a certain cleverness to Fitzgerald's non-use and use of the word; as the beasts walk off the boat their primary essence, so to speak, is still their cattle-ness. In the second case, though, the Greek word refers to the sacrificial ritual as a whole; the usage is more exact, and literal translation is more appropriate.

In the subsequent scene of the ritual feast, the most interesting part comes at the end, with the singing of the paeans:

Propitiatory songs rose clear and strong
until day's end, to praise the god, Apollo,
as One Who Keeps the Plague Afar; and listening
the god took joy . . .

οἱ δὲ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,
καλὸν ἀείδοντες παιήονα, κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
μέλποντες ἐκάεργον· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκούων.
(1.472-74)

(So the whole day long they sought to appease the god with song, singing the beautiful paeon, the sons of the Achaeans, hymning the god that worketh afar; and his heart was glad, as he heard.) (literal prose of Murray)

A word like "propitiatory" is always dicey in a line of poetry, but here the difficult-to-pronounce initial word resolves into monosyllables that are, in fact, clear and strong. Fitzgerald takes some liberties here, rearranging the matter as needed. The verb "rose" is nowhere in Homer's lines of this passage, but it is certainly appropriate. Is it possible, too, that some faint echo of this use of "rose" still lingers a few lines later at dawn?

Fitzgerald pulls another revealing expansion two lines later, where the always-slightly-puzzling epithet ἐκάεργον becomes "One Who Keeps the Plague Afar." It is a bit of a stretch to say that all of the sense of Fitzgerald's phrase is implied in the original, but it works beautifully here, as we are reminded of the specific purpose of these rites.

When dawn arrives, Fitzgerald's variation on the theme of rosy-fingered dawn is as good as any:

When Dawn spread out her finger tips of rose
they put to sea for the main camp of Akhaians,
and the Archer God sent them a following wind.
Stepping the mast they shook their canvas out,
and wind caught, bellying the sail. A foaming
dark blue wave sang backward from the bow
as the running ship made way against the sea,
until they came offshore of the encampment.

ἥμος δ' ἡριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως,
καὶ τότε ἔπειτ' ἀνάγοντο μετὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν·
τοῖσιν δ' ἵκμενον οὐρον ἴει ἐκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·
οἱ δ' ἱστὸν στήσαντ' ἀνὰ θ' ἱστίᾳ λευκὰ πέτασσαν,
ἐν δ' ἄνεμος πρῆσεν μέσον ἱστίον, ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα
στεῖρην πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἰαχε νηὸς ἰούσης·
ἣ δ' ἔθεεν κατὰ κύμα διαπρήσσουσα κέλευθον.
(1.477-83)

(and as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered,
then they set sail for the wide camp of the Achaeans.
And Apollo, that worketh afar, sent them a favouring

wind, and they set up the mast and spread the white sail.
 So the wind filled the belly of the sail, and the dark
 wave sang loudly about the stem of the ship, as she went,
 and she sped over the wave, accomplishing her way.)
 (literal prose of Murray)

The other line most worth noting here is truly a gem: "A
 foaming / dark blue wave sang backward from the bow." This
 is one of those rare lines of poetry that make the reading
 of poetry such a joy, as it works in two mutually enriching
 directions. Not only does the line present a clear and
 accurate image to fulfill the needs of the poem, but it is
 also memorable enough to change forever what a reader will
 see whenever he or she stands in the bow of a fast-running
 boat.

In the following passage, where Helen addresses Hector,
 Fitzgerald's first line carries some degree of nobility in
 the self-directed insults, but the words lack efficacy
 because they seem too impersonal:

"Brother dear--
 dear to a whore, a nightmare of a woman!"

With the repetition of the word "dear," Fitzgerald cleverly
 ties the initial address to the following line (and ties the
 insults to Helen herself) while also recalling the first
 word of Homer's line: δᾶερ ("brother-in-law"). But perhaps
 he is too clever, thereby missing the direct impact of the
 original. In Homer's line--

δᾶερ ἐμεῖο κυνὸς κακομηχάνου ὀκρυοέσσης (6.344)

("brother-in-law of me, dog, evil-doer, horrible-one")

--the pronoun is in the genitive, and all three insulting words that follow are also in the genitive--tying them directly back to ἐμείο with a clarity that is possible only in an inflected language such as Greek. Fitzgerald, working in uninflected English, makes no attempt at an equivalent, and leaves the line sounding impersonal and therefore weakened.

In Hector's prayer for his son Fitzgerald has mixed success:

"O Zeus
and all immortals, may this child, my son,
become like me a prince among the Trojans.
Let him be strong and brave and rule in power
at Ilion; then someday men will say
'This fellow is far better than his father!'
seeing him home from war, and in his arms
the bloodstained gear of some tall warrior slain--
making his mother proud."

One line here is perfect: "Let him be strong and brave and rule in power"--if, that is, it is read properly. The line consists entirely of monosyllables (except "power," which is almost one); this might seem unhomeric, but the strength of the English language often lies in its monosyllables. The line is simple and direct, noble, and rapid enough. The initial pseudo-dactyl starts the line moving quickly, and the remaining rapid feet, effectively trochees, keep moving. The line should not be too swift, however, because there is a risk of false parallelism here. "Strong" and "brave" are adjectives, and so work together, but the verb "rule" must be separated from them. A good reading of the line will provide a brief caesura after "brave." It is not indicated

in the text, as a comma would be too heavy a stop; but the hesitation must be heard or felt, nonetheless.

The secondary quote is not so good. "This fellow" sounds like it should refer to a school-chum, not a Trojan prince. And the triple alliteration on *F* hardly lends nobility to the line. The last two lines are also less than superb. "Some tall warrior slain" completely misses the effect of *κρείνας δῆϊον ἄνδρα*. *δῆϊος* has several possible connotations, but certainly "tall" is not one of them. And if not in the Greek, what can a word such as "tall" possibly add to the translation? In the last line, "making his mother proud" is reasonably equivalent in sense, but lacks all the spirit of *χαρείη δὲ φρένα μήτηρ*.

Success is only partial again near the opening of book 16, where Patroclus pleads with Achilles:

". . . God forbid this rage you nurse
should master me. You and your fearsome pride!
What good will come of it to anyone, later,
unless you keep disaster from the Argives?
Have you no pity?
Peleus, master of horse, was not your father,
Thetis was not your mother! Cold grey sea
and sea-cliffs bore you, making a mind so harsh."

"You and your fearsome pride!" is not bad in itself, but it captures none of the fascinating nuance of the oxymoronic *αἰναπέτη* ("woful-valourous" [sic], according to Autenreich).

The next two lines lose a great deal of their force at the word "it." Nestled in the midst of a string of two-letter words, the antecedent of "it" is not immediately apparent. A moment's reflection finds "pride" in the

previous line, although "it" could also be "rage," from the line before that. Either way, the sentence has missed the point, because no one could expect to benefit from Achilles' pride or rage. In the original, the question is: "How shall some other one benefit σευ" ("from you")--referring to Achilles the man, not his pride or his rage. To make things just a bit worse, "anyone, later" is a weak substitute for ἄλλος ὀψίγονος ("born afterward" or "posterity").

On the other hand, the half-line "Have you no pity?" is superb for the Greek νηλεές ("pitiless one"). As much as αἰναρέτη is complicated, so this term is simple and direct, and so Fitzgerald's question, direct and noble, and highlighted by the half-line construction, is perfectly appropriate.

Where Hector fatally wounds Patroclus, Fitzgerald's rendition is able, but one line especially bears mention:

But Hektor, seeing that his brave adversary
tried to retire, hurt by the spear wound, charged
straight at him through the ranks and lunged for him
low in the flank, driving the spearhead through.
He crashed, and all Akhaian troops turned pale.

Ἐκτωρ δ' ὥς εἶδεν Πατροκλῆα μεγάθυμον
ᾧψ ἀναχαζόμενον, βεβλημένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
ἀγχίμολόν ῥα οἱ ἦλθε κατὰ στίχας, οὔτα δὲ δουρὶ
νεΐατον ἐς κενεῶνα, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, μέγα δ' ἤκαχε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν.
(16.818-22)

(But Hector, when he beheld great-souled Patroclus drawing back, smitten with the sharp bronze, came nigh him through the ranks, and smote him with a thrust of his spear in the nethermost belly, and drave the bronze clean through; and he fell with a thud, and sorely grieved the host of the Achaeans.) (literal prose of Murray)

This last line, not literal but maintaining the sense, is clearly the best version of all. There are many interesting possibilities with literal translations of these words, but all of them are blind alleys, ultimately unsatisfying. Fitzgerald allows himself just enough room to cut through to the essence in the first half of the line, and to find a clear and reflective image for the second part. The line reverberates with significance in this context, but one also easily imagines it being used, after being put to memory, to comment on other situations literary and non-literary.

After one reads enough different Iliads, a difference seems to become more and more apparent, between translations written by scholars and those written by poets. More and more, one appreciates the poets. Their translations are by no means better in all respects, but they are a greater joy to read. The better versions by scholars tend to be "solid," and "accurate"--important virtues, to be sure. But the better versions by poets are the ones that remind us how great Homer was, and how wonderful poetry can be. Fitzgerald is a poet, and it shows. His translation of the Iliad may be erratic, but it often speaks to the heart in unexpected and exciting ways.

ROBERT FAGLES, The Iliad (1990)

Fagles' is the most recent complete translation of the Iliad. This work sits comfortably in the middle path in several respects. It is freer than Lattimore's--regarding

epithets and repetitions, and in general--but not so free as Fitzgerald's. Its meter is a loose six-beat, similar in that way to Lattimore's, but it sometimes varies to five beats--moving toward Fitzgerald's--or sometimes three or seven. It is more poetic than Lattimore's, but not so poetic as Fitzgerald's. It simplifies and clarifies more than either Lattimore's or Fitzgerald's, but not so much as earlier annotated prose versions.

Fagles himself, in his preface, says he has found "a middle ground" (x) between the oral style of Homer and the literary style of Virgil, and also between the literal words of the Greek original and the literary possibilities of an English translation. His metrics, too, he calls "a flexible middle ground."

A middle ground is often found even in the reviews of this work--neither total enthusiasm nor terrible criticism. "His version is undeniably rapid," says Hugh Lloyd-Jones. "It is also plain and direct; but . . . both its thought and language are sometimes too plain. . . . [H]e is deficient in nobility" (31). Some comments focus on the violence of the work, e.g.: "Men die more horribly in the new translation. Guts uncoil and spill: brains splatter inside helmets. The deaths themselves are the same . . . but Fagles' diction more often carries the awful sounds of hacking, screaming and clawing the earth" (D. Mason 173). Another says: "War may become possible again. When it does, we shall need this Iliad very much. . . . [Fagles]

conveys, far better than either Lattimore or Fitzgerald, the psychological experience of combat and war" (Pearcy). Susan Kristol offers perhaps the most insightful criticism. Like many reviewers, she is not completely satisfied: "The results are mixed." But, she adds, "Perhaps the fault lies not in the translator but in ourselves, a generation that shies away from nobility. Fagles has given us a translation appropriate to an unheroic age. It tastes great, but it's less filling" (36).

This translation, then, is characterized by compromise and evenness--it rarely falls flat, and it rarely soars.⁴ All in all, Fagles' is not a bad translation; over the long haul, I probably enjoy it more than Lattimore, Fitzgerald, or Hammond. It may indeed turn out to be very successful--poetic enough to show readers that the *Iliad* is indeed a poem, yet prosaic enough to remain accessible to novice readers. But with so many compromises involved, with the safety of the middle ground so often chosen, it is hard to conceive of the work as destined for greatness. It has closed the door, perhaps, on the middle ground; but there is still room for a new translation somewhere in the outer reaches.

⁴One possible exception to evenness is a tendency toward goriness, which is an excess of a sort, though not inherently positive or negative.

In the invocation Fagles carefully arranges his lines to reflect something of Homer's:

Rage--Goddess, sing the rage of Peleus' son Achilles,
murderous, doomed, that cost the Achaeans countless
losses,
hurling down to the House of Death so many sturdy
souls,
great fighters' souls, but made their bodies carrion,
feasts for the dogs and birds,
and the will of Zeus was moving toward its end.
Begin, Muse, when the two first broke and clashed,
Agamemnon lord of men and brilliant Achilles.

At times his placement of words is as strong as the original's: "Rage" leads off the first line; "murderous" the second, reflecting Homer closely. These lines end strongly, usually on the most important words of each line--Achilles (second to rage, of course), losses, so many sturdy souls, carrion, end, clashed. These line endings do not match Homer's, but they help make the English stronger in its own right. The lines, although rearranged for English, still manage to correspond closely to the line units of Homer. Does the movement of Fagles' lines suggest Homer? Only faintly, having to do with length more than anything else. At best, they do not immediately suggest something that is not Homer. This opening, then, is hardly a failure; it has several good points, as demonstrated above. But who will remember it?

Where Apollo descends to deliver the plague, Fagles' passage is close to the literal word, and always within the sense, always perfectly clear:

Down he strode from Olympus' peaks, storming at heart
with his bow and hooded quiver slung across his
shoulders.

The arrows clanged at his back as the god quaked with
rage,
the god himself on the march and down he came like
night.

Over against the ships he dropped to a knee, let fly a
shaft
and a terrifying clash rang out from the great silver
bow.

First he went for the mules and circling dogs but then,
launching a piercing shaft at the men themselves,
he cut them down in droves--
and the corpse-fires burned on, night and day, no end
in sight.

It seems like a competent rendering of the original, yet it is not what it should be. The passage reads more like the descent of a man than of a god. It does not have the directness and the power that Apollo's descent requires. In the third line, the pronoun his precedes its "antecedent" god, and the effect is vaguely disturbing. Then the middle clause of that sentence--"the god himself on the march"--is jammed in with awkward grammar. Even though the sense is clear, the effect is again faintly disconcerting, where all should be plain and direct and full of power and awe. In the next line, Fagles transforms the original's *ἔζετο* ("sat") into "dropped to a knee." What a clever strategy it might seem, making the action more specific and more realistic for an archer. The problem is that Apollo, the archer-god, must remain larger than life,⁵ and "dropped to a

⁵One might argue that the gods of Homer's world seem surprisingly human. But where the gods touch the lives of humans, especially at a terrible moment such as this, the sense of "larger than life" is still important.

knee" is so specific and realistic that he is suddenly reduced to the scale of mortal man. Furthermore, Fagles' "meter," if we can call it that, fails him here. Some kind of cadence would help this descent, even if it did not remain regular throughout the passage. But Fagles' beats are just beats, neither on nor off the meter, and as a result we do not feel Apollo's coming; we are only told about it.

The following three passages are better suited to Fagles' style; the lack of a solid meter is no problem, as the variable line handles the actions of sailors and others:

And once they had entered the harbor deep in bays
 they furled and stowed their sails in the black ship,
 they lowered the mast by the forestays, smoothly,
 quickly let it down on the forked mast-crutch
 and rowed her into a mooring under oars.
 Out went the bow-stones--cables fast astern--
 and the crew themselves climbed out in the breaking
 surf,
 leading out the sacrifice for the archer god Apollo,
 and out of the deep-sea ship Chryseis stepped too.

Fagles' narrative is clear at all points, except the phrase "deep in bays" for πολυβενθέος. The phrase "climbed out in the breaking surf" for βαίνον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης is particularly good; it is not quite literal but certainly follows the general sense, and it provides a good visual image, a human touch that is perfectly appropriate here, as opposed to Apollo's descent. Fagles uses "sacrifice" for ἐκατόμβην, better perhaps than Rouse's "offering," but still a compromise choice, neither as clear as Fitzgerald's "cattle," nor as precise as "hecatomb."

Fagles' prose-like lines are comfortable throughout the explanation of the ritual, never awkward or obscure, even in potential troublespots:

The work done, the feast laid out, they ate well
and no man's hunger lacked a share of the banquet.
When they had put aside desire for food and drink,
the young men brimmed the mixing bowls with wine
and tipping first drops for the god in every cup
they poured full rounds for all. . . .

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ παύσαντο πόνου τετύκοντό τε δαῖτα,
δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἔϊσης.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,
κοῦροι μὲν κρητῆρας ἐπεστέψαντο ποτοῖο,
νώμησαν δ' ἄρα πᾶσιν ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπᾶεσσιν.
(1.467-71)

(Then, when they had ceased from their labour and had made ready the meal, they feasted, nor did their hearts lack aught of the equal feast. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, the youths filled the bowls brim full of drink and served out to all, first pouring drops for libation into the cups.) (literal prose of Murray)

For δαιτὸς ἔϊσης Fagles says smoothly "no man's hunger lacked a share of the banquet." Three lines later, "tipping first drops for the god in every cup" for ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπᾶεσσιν is clear enough not to seem to need further explanation, as so many other versions do.

In the wind and water of the last of these three passages, Fagles is solidly competent, plain and direct at all points:

The Archer sent them a bracing following wind,
they stepped the mast, spread white sails wide,
the wind hit full and the canvas bellied out
and a dark blue wave, foaming up at the bow,
sang out loud and strong as the ship made way,
skimming the whitecaps, cutting toward her goal.

He inserts a word or phrase of his own here and there, such as "bracing" and "the wind hit full," and narrows *κῦμα* ("wave") to "whitecaps," but these changes are minor and helpful, and do not depart from the general sense of the original. "Sang out loud and strong" is good solid writing. There is no stumbling here, nothing disconcerting--but there are no great heights, either.

At Hector's prayer for his son Fagles is again solid:

"Zeus, all you immortals! Grant this boy, my son,
 may be like me, first in glory among the Trojans,
 strong and brave like me, and rule all Troy in power
 and one day let them say, 'He is a better man than his
 father!'"--
 when he comes home from battle bearing the bloody gear
 of the mortal enemy he has killed in war--
 a joy to his mother's heart."

Some lines are very good, such as "Strong and brave like me, and rule all Troy in power," which captures the sense and spirit of the original, and the secondary quote, "He is a better man than his father!", which leaves out *πολλὸν* in order to make a stronger clause. Both of these lines have a more distinct rhythm than Fagles usually provides, and in these highly emotional spots, the rhythm helps. "Of the mortal enemy he has killed in war" works less well; the rhythm is gone, and the swift movement; "mortal" and "in war" are unnecessary, and all the poetry is lost. "A joy to his mother's heart" regains some of the poetry, but the damage is done.

Fagles renders the killing of Patroclus with more immediate violence than we are used to:

Hector waiting, watching
the greathearted Patroclus trying to stagger free,
seeing him wounded there with the sharp bronze
came rushing into him right across the lines
and rammed his spearshaft home,
stabbing deep in the guts, and the brazen point
went jutting straight out through Patroclus' back.
Down he crashed--horror gripped the Achaean armies.

This might be tame stuff to a reader of slasher novels, but Fagles is certainly headed in that bloody direction. He uses strong verbs and participles throughout this passage to portray Hector's decisive action, the violence of his spear, and the results. This is not subtle, nor is it noble--but one wonders if moments of violence should ever be noble. It certainly is plain and direct in its diction and ideas.

The greatest strength of Fagles' Iliad, in fact, lies in a constant plainness and directness. It has problems: it is not as noble as it could be; it often does not have the power and emotion of the original; its rhythm is not especially rapid or homeric in any way except the general length of the line. But its diction is never pretentious, and the presentation of ideas and images is always clear. In this way it is readable without seeming to pander--through an overly colloquial diction--to the lowest tastes. Its series of compromises do keep the work from greatness, but they allow for a satisfying read.

Chapter Seven

Repetition of Parts of Iliad 5.720-67 at 8.381-96

One way to judge a translation of Homer is to examine how the repetitions are handled. The importance of this question is evident in the fact that, according to Carl Eduard Schmidt's Parallel-Homer (1885), over eighteen hundred lines in the Iliad and Odyssey are repeated without change (Whallon 74). Where Homer uses entire lines and even groups of lines in more than one place, does the translator preserve these to the same degree, or does he change them (for whatever reason, be it metrical necessity, reader interest, or carelessness)? Is the change from one passage to the next a condensation, an omission, a difference in diction or syntax, or merely different punctuation?

Opinions will differ on the best way to handle repetitions, but the importance of preserving them depends in part on the intentions of the translator.

"Retrospective" translations (see Chapter One) should preserve the repetitions as exactly as possible, while "Prospective" translations have less obligation to do so.

In other words, any translator who makes claims about literalness or usefulness for teaching Homer should preserve the repetitions so as to illustrate this important aspect of the Iliad. Someone like Pope, on the other hand, who, while reflecting some of Homer, was also making a work of art that

stands on its own merits, might not be expected to preserve repetitions perfectly.

In fact any poetic translations with requirements of rhyme and meter might be allowed some leeway in making the transition from non-repeated passage to repeated, and back again, but prose translations certainly have no such restrictions.

Early translators can be forgiven for treating repetitions as faults that needed to be repaired or obscured. But by the late nineteenth century the idea of the homeric formula was widely known, and by the 1920s the integral importance of formulas in the construction of the Iliad had been made quite clear. Contemporary translators may still puzzle over how best to handle repetitions, but certainly the negative cast has been removed.

We can get some idea of how repetitions have been handled by a survey of translations focusing on one example of a sizable repetition. It happens that four groups of lines from Iliad 5.720-67, ranging in size from one to eight lines, were placed one after another and repeated line-for-line at 8.381-96:¹

¹The repetition in the original is not completely straightforward. The last of the lines from Book 5 shown here, that is 5.767, becomes the first line of the repetition in Book 8, that is 8.381. Then the first line from Book 5 (720) becomes the second line (382) of the repetition, and the rest follows in order.

It should also be noted that while 5.767 and 8.381 are identical in letter, they differ slightly in meaning; the

ἥ μὲν ἐποιχομένη χρυσάμπυκας ἔντυεν ἵππους
Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεά, θυγάτηρ μέγαλοιο Κρόνοιο.
(5.720-21)

Αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίη, κόυρη Διδὸς αἰγιόχοιο,
πέπλον μὲν κατέχευεν ἑανδὸν πατρὸς ἐπ' οὔδει,
ποικίλον, ὃν ῥ' αὐτὴ ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χερσίν·
ἡ δὲ χιτῶν' ἐνδύσα Διδὸς νεφεληγερέταο
τεύχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρήσσετο δακρυόεντα.
(5.733-37)

ἐς δ' ὄχρεα φλόγεα ποσὶ βήσετο, λάξετο δ' ἔγχος
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν, τῷ δάμνησι στίχας ἀνδρῶν
ἡρώων, οἰσὶν τε κοτέσσεται ὀβριμοπάτρη.
Ἥρη δὲ μᾶστιγι θοῶς ἐπεμαίειτ' ἄρ' ἵππους·
αὐτόμαται δὲ πύλαι μύκον οὐρανοῦ, ἃς ἔχον Ὀραιοί,
τῆς ἐπιτέτραπται μέγας οὐρανὸς Οὐλυμπός τε,
ἡμὲν ἀνακλῖναι πυκινὸν νέφος ἡδ' ἐπιθεῖναι.
τῇ ῥα δι' αὐτῶν κεντρηνεκέας ἔχον ἵππους·
(5.745-52)

Ἦς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
(5.767)

Ἦς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
ἥ μὲν ἐποιχομένη χρυσάμπυκας ἔντυεν ἵππους
Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεά, θυγάτηρ μέγαλοιο Κρόνοιο.
αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναίη, κόυρη Διδὸς αἰγιόχοιο
πέπλον μὲν κατέχευεν ἑανδὸν πατρὸς ἐπ' οὔδει
ποικίλον, ὃν ῥ' αὐτὴ ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χερσίν,
ἡ δὲ χιτῶν' ἐνδύσα Διδὸς νεφεληγερέταο
τεύχεσιν ἐς πόλεμον θωρήσσετο δακρυόεντα.
ἐς δ' ὄχρεα φλόγεα ποσὶ βήσετο, λάξετο δ' ἔγχος
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν, τῷ δάμνησι στίχας ἀνδρῶν
ἡρώων, οἰσὶν τε κοτέσσεται ὀβριμοπάτρη.
Ἥρη δὲ μᾶστιγι θοῶς ἐπεμαίειτ' ἄρ' ἵππους·
αὐτόμαται δὲ πύλαι μύκον οὐρανοῦ, ἃς ἔχον Ὀραιοί,
τῆς ἐπιτέτραπται μέγας οὐρανὸς Οὐλυμπός τε,
ἡμὲν ἀνακλῖναι πυκινὸν νέφος ἡδ' ἐπιθεῖναι.
τῇ ῥα δι' αὐτῶν κεντρηνεκέας ἔχον ἵππους.
(8.381-96)

(Then Hera, the queenly goddess, daughter of great Cronos, went to and fro harnessing the horses of golden frontlets, [literal prose of Murray 5.720-21])

But Athene, daughter of Zeus that beareth the aegis,
let fall upon her father's floor her soft robe, richly

unspoken pronoun for ἔφατο changes gender, from masculine at 5.767 to feminine at 8.381--i.e. from "he spoke" to "she spoke."

broidered, that herself had wrought and her hands had fashioned, and put on her the tunic of Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, and arrayed her in armour for tearful war. [5.733-37]

. . .
Then she stepped upon the flaming car and grasped her spear, heavy and huge and strong, wherewith she vanquisheth the ranks of men--of warriors with whom she is wroth, she, the daughter of the mighty sire. And Hera swiftly touched the horses with the lash, and self-bidden groaned upon their hinges the gates of heaven which the Hours had in their keeping, to whom are entrusted great heaven and Olympus, whether to throw open the thick cloud or shut it to. There through the gate they drave their horses patient of the goad; [5.745-52]

. . .
So spake he, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, failed not to harken, . . . [5.767]

So spake she, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, failed not to hearken. She then went to and fro harnessing the horses of golden frontlets, even Hera, the queenly goddess, daughter of great Cronos; ***² but Athene, daughter of Zeus that beareth the aegis, let fall upon her father's floor her soft robe, richly broidered, that herself had wrought and her hands had fashioned, and put on her the tunic of Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, and arrayed her in armour for tearful war. *** Then she stepped upon the flaming car and grasped her spear, heavy and huge and strong, wherewith she vanquisheth the ranks of men, of warriors with whom she is wroth, she the daughter of the mighty sire. And Hera swiftly touched the horses with the lash, and self-bidden groaned upon their hinges the gates of heaven which the Hours had in their keeping, to whom are entrusted great heaven and Olympus, whether to throw open the thick cloud or shut it to. There through the gate they drave their horses patient of the goad. [8.381-96])

²I have used a triple asterisk--here and in every other translation quoted--to mark off the three parts of the passage from Book 8 that correspond to the three groups of lines from Book 5. Line 8.381 of course corresponds to 5.767, which is actually a fourth group of its own. For the sake of simplicity, however, 8.381 is not marked separately but is instead considered to belong to the first part.

Twenty-two translations are examined below. They are grouped according to the chapter plan of this dissertation, and are arranged chronologically within each group.

Heroic Couplet and Ballad-Measure Translations

GEORGE CHAPMAN (1612)

. . . Her golden-bridled steeds
 Then Saturn's daughter brought abroad; . . .
 . . .
 Minerva wrapt her in the robe, that curiously she
 wove,
 With glorious colours, as she sate on th' azure floor
 of Jove,
 And wore the arms that he puts on, bent to the tearful
 field.
 . . .
 Then to her shining chariot her vig'rous feet ascend;
 And in her violent hand she takes his grave, huge,
 solid lance,
 With which the conquests of her wrath she useth to
 advance,
 And overturn whole fields of men, to show she was the
 Seed
 Of him that thunders. Then heav'n's Queen, to urge her
 horses' speed,
 Takes up the scourge, and forth they fly. The ample
 gates of heav'n
 Rung, and flew open of themselves; the charge whereof
 is giv'n,
 With all Olympus, and the sky, to the distinguish'd
 Hours,
 That clear, or hide it all in clouds, or pour it down
 in show'rs.
 This way their scourge-obeying horse made haste . . .
 . . .
 This grace she slack'd not . . .

 Juno prepar'd her horse, whose manes ribands of gold
 enlac'd. ***
 Pallas her party-colour'd robe on her bright shoulders
 cast,
 Divinely wrought with her own hands, in th' entry of
 her sire.
 Then put she on her ample breast her under-arming tire,
 And on it her celestial arms. *** The chariot straight
 she takes,

With her huge heavy violent lance, with which she
 slaughter makes
 Of armies fatal to her wrath. Saturnia whipp'd her
 horse,
 And heav'n-gates, guarded by the Hours, op'd by their
 proper force.
 Through which they flew. . . .

In this case, there is no exact repetition at all. The
 general sense is the same throughout, but never the words
 themselves.

THOMAS HOBBES (1675)

And Juno ready made herself to go,
 . . .
 Pallas threw off her robe, and took Jove's coat,
 And with the same she there herself array'd.
 And then her breast with armour covered,
 . . .
 And to the chariot up she went, and sat,
 And her great heavy spear takes in her hands
 The spear wherewith, when she displeased is,
 She scatters of proud kings the armed bands.
 Then Juno with the whip was not remiss,
 And of itself flew open heaven-gate,
 Though to the Seasons, Jove the power gave
 Alone to judge of early and of late.
 And out the Goddesses their horses drave.
 . . .
 Juno took this commission willingly.

 Then Juno to her car the horses brought. ***
 To Jove's house Pallas went, and on the floor
 Threw down her long robe, and put on Jove's coat.
 And then her breast with armour covered.
 [And on her shoulder hung her fearful shield.] ***
 Then took her heavy spear with brazen head,
 Wherewith she breaketh squadrons in the field.
 Then open of itself flew heaven-gate,
 (Though to the Seasons Jove the power gave
 Alone to judge of early and of late)
 And out the Goddesses the horses drave.

There is no repetition in the first set.³ In the second Hobbes repeats one line where Homer does--"And then her breast with armour covered"--but then he also repeats the next line where Homer doesn't--"And on her shoulder hung her fearful shield."⁴ In the third set the last three lines of passages A & B are identical except for punctuation.

ALEXANDER POPE (1715)

And now heaven's empress calls her blazing car.
At her command rush forth the steeds divine;
Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.

. . .

Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil untied,
With flowers adorn'd, with art diversified
(The labor'd veil her heavenly fingers wove),
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast:
Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,

. . .

The goddess thus the imperial car ascends;
Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,
Ponderous and huge; that when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

Swift at the scourge the ethereal coursers fly,
While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.
Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours;
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,
The sun's bright portals and the skies command,
Involve in clouds the eternal gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.
The sounding hinges ring: on either side

³The phrase "the first set" refers--here and elsewhere--to the portions of the translation that correspond to lines 5.767 & 720-21 and 8.381-83 of the original; likewise "the second set" refers to 5.733-37 and 8.384-88; and "the third set" to 5.745-52 and 8.389-96.

The relevant lines from Book 5 will be referred to as "passage A," the lines from Book 8 as "passage B."

⁴In other words, the equivalent in the original is found at 5.738-39a, but is nowhere in 8.381-97.

The gloomy volumes, pierced with light, divide.
The chariot mounts, . . .

. . .

He said; Saturnia, ardent to obey,

She ceased, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care:
(Heaven's awful empress, Saturn's other heir:) ***
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of Jove.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest,
His cuirass blazes on her ample breast. ***
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends:
Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends:
Huge, ponderous, strong! that when her fury burns
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
Saturnia lends the lash; the coursers fly;
Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid sky.
Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours.
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,
The sun's bright portals and the skies command;
Close, or unfold, the eternal gates of day,
Bar heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.
The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide:
Prone down the steep of heaven their course they guide.

Pope repeats just one phrase in the first set: "Heaven's
(awful) empress." In the second, again just one phrase:
"with flowers adorn'd." In the third set, however, a group
of four lines is repeated exactly--starting at "Heaven's
gates" and ending at "skies command"--and several single
lines are either identical or similar between the two
passages.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN (1856)

Then Juno, venerable queen, daughter of mighty Saturn,
Mov'd busily, and furbish'd out the golden-trapped
horses.

. . .

Meanwhile Athene, maiden-imp of Jove the aegis-
holder,

Shower'd her robe of brilliancy down on her father's
 pavement,
 Whose tissue she herself had wrought and with her hands
 embroider'd;
 Then, in a martial tunic clad, address'd her in the
 armour
 Of cloud-collecting Jupiter, to meet the tearful
 battle.

. . .
 Into the flaming chariot then with her feet she
 mounted,
 And grasp'd her spear,--vast, weighty, stout; wherewith
 the ranks she wasteth
 Of heroes, whom for wrath she dooms, child of a direful
 Father.
 But Juno keenly with the scourge the coursers touch'd.
 Before them,
 The gates of Heaven boom'd aloud, self-moving; so
 commanded
 The Hours, who hold beneath their trust great Heaven
 and Olympus,
 Alike to raise or overspread the closely-shutting
 darkness.
 Betwixt these gates they guided clear the spur-excited
 horses,

. . .
 He spake; nor uncompliant found the whitearm'd
 goddess Juno.

 She spake, nor uncompliant found the whitearm'd
 goddess Juno.
 But Juno, venerable queen, daughter of mighty Saturn
 Mov'd busily, and furbish'd out the golden-trapped
 horses. ***
 Meanwhile Athene, maiden-imp of Jove the aegis-holder,
 Down on the pavement of her sire shower'd her robe
 resplendent,
 Whose tissue she herself had wrought and with her hands
 embroider'd:
 Then, in a martial tunic clad, address'd her in the
 armour
 Of cloud-collecting Jupiter to meet the tearful battle.
 *** Into the flaming chariot then with her feet she
 mounted,
 And grasp'd her spear,--vast, weighty, stout,--
 wherewith the ranks she wasteth
 Of heroes, whom for wrath she dooms, child of a direful
 Father.
 But Juno keenly with the scourge the coursers touch'd.
 Before them
 The gates of Heaven boom'd aloud, self-moving: so
 commanded

The Hours, who hold beneath their trust great Heaven
 and Olympus,
 Alike to raise or overspread the closely-shutting
 darkness:
 Betwixt these gates they guided clear the spur-excited
 horses.

Newman's passages are almost identical throughout. In the first set, only one word changes--"then" to "but." In the second set the second line is rearranged from passage A to passage B, but the rest is untouched except for punctuation. In the third, the only changes are of punctuation.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE (1866)

. . . and for the field of slaughter
 Herè, that queen of heaven revered, of mighty Kronos
 daughter,
 Went to equip the steeds that wear the golden frontlets
 rare.

. . .
 The whiles Athenè, daughter of the aegis-bearing
 Jove,
 Dropt on the threshold of her father's starry hall
 above
 The delicate various-broidered stole, which her own
 fingers wove.
 Then to her breast she bound the cloud-compeller's mail
 of might,
 And buckled all her fighting gear, to join the tearful
 fight;

. . .
 Then swift the flaming car she mounts, and seizes in
 her hand
 The long and ponderous spear, that quells full many a
 warlike band,
 When with wrath divine the high heart swells of that
 strong-fathered maid.
 Then Herè swayed the lash; the steeds with nimble foot
 obeyed;
 Wide open flew on self-moved hinge the sounding gates
 of heaven,
 Kept by the Hours; for to their hands the lofty charge
 was given,

Open to fling the azure doors of Jove's bright hall
 above,
 Or bar them with black cloud; through these the well-
 spurred steeds they drove,

. . .
 Thus spake the sire. Nor white-armed Herè disobeyed
 the god,

 She said; and white-armed Herè heard her words with
 willing mood.
 Then forth went she, goddess revered, of mighty Kronos
 daughter,
 And busily plied the work to harness, for the field of
 slaughter,
 Her steeds of high celestial breed, with golden
 frontlets rare. ***
 Meanwhile Athenè, seed of Jove, who rules the
 thunderous air,
 Dropt on the threshold of her sire's star-pavèd hall
 above,
 The delicate various-broidered stole, which her own
 fingers wove.
 Then to her breast she bound the cloud-compeller's mail
 of might,
 And buckled all her fighting gear, to join the tearful
 fight; ***
 Then swift the flaming car she mounts, and seizes in
 her hand,
 The long and weighty spear, that quells full many a
 bristling band,
 When with wrath divine the high heart swells of that
 strong-fathered maid.
 Then Herè swayed the lash; the steeds with nimble foot
 obeyed;
 Wide open flew on self-moved hinge the sounding gates
 of heaven,
 Kept by the Hours; for to their hands the lofty charge
 was given,
 To open clear the azure gates of Jove's bright halls
 above,
 Or bar them with black clouds; through these the well-
 spurred steeds they drove.

In the first set no whole line is repeated, only the
 ends of lines. In the second set the first line differs
 between the two passages, the second is close, and the next
 three lines are identical. All of the third set is very

close, with only a handful of words changed, and one small change in syntax.

Blank Verse Translations

WILLIAM COWPER (1791)

Then Juno, Goddess dread, from Saturn sprung,
Her coursers gold-caparison'd prepared
Impatient. . . .

. . . .
Meantime, Minerva, progeny of Jove,
On the adamantine floor of his abode
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
Labor of her own hands. She first put on
The corselet of the cloud-assembler God,
Then arm'd her for the field of wo complete.

. . . .
Into the flaming chariot, and her spear
Seized ponderous, huge, with which the Goddess sprung
From an Almighty father, levels ranks
Of heroes, against whom her anger burns.
Juno with lifted lash urged quick the steeds;
At her approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-
Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates
Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
Of the Olympian summit appertains,
And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.
Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds;

. . . .
He spake, nor white-arm'd Juno not obey'd.

So counsell'd Pallas, nor the daughter dread
Of mighty Saturn, Juno, disapproved,
But busily and with dispatch prepared
The trappings of her coursers golden-rein'd. ***
Meantime, Minerva, progeny of Jove,
On the adamantine floor of his abode
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
Labor of her own hands. She first put on
The corselet of the cloud-assembler God,
Then arm'd her for the field of wo complete. ***
Mounting the fiery chariot, next she seized
Her ponderous spear, huge, irresistible,
With which Jove's awful daughter levels ranks
Of heroes against whom her anger burns.
Juno with lifted lash urged on the steeds.
At their approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-
Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates

Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
 Of the Olympian summit appertains,
 And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
 And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.
 Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds:

In the first set there is no repetition. In the second set passages A & B are identical except for punctuation. In the third set the first three lines differ somewhat; the rest are identical but for punctuation and one word--"her" changes to "their."

EDWARD EARL OF DERBY (1864)

Offspring of Saturn, Juno, heav'nly Queen,
 Herself th' immortal steeds caparison'd,
 Adorn'd with golden frontlets: . . .

. . .

Pallas, the child of aegis-bearing Jove,
 Within her father's threshold dropp'd her veil,
 Of airy texture, work of her own hands;
 The cuirass donn'd of cloud-compelling Jove,
 And stood accoutred for the bloody fray.

. . .

Her fiery car she mounted: in her hand
 A spear she bore, long, weighty, tough; wherewith
 The mighty daughter of a mighty sire
 Sweeps down the ranks of those her hate pursues.

Then Juno sharply touch'd the flying steeds;
 Forthwith the gates of Heav'n their portals wide
 Spontaneous open'd, guarded by the Hours,
 Who Heav'n and high Olympus have in charge
 To roll aside, or draw the veil of cloud.
 Through these th' excited horses held their way,

. . .

He said: the white-arm'd Queen with joy obey'd:

She said: the white-arm'd Queen her word obey'd.
 Juno, great Goddess, royal Saturn's child,
 The horses brought, with golden frontlets crown'd; ***
 While Pallas, child of aegis-bearing Jove,
 Within her father's threshold dropp'd her veil
 Of airy texture, work of her own hands;
 The cuirass donn'd of cloud-compelling Jove,
 And stood accoutred for the bloody fray. ***
 The fiery car she mounted; in her hand
 A spear she bore, long, weighty, tough; wherewith

The mighty daughter of a mighty sire
 Sweeps down the ranks of those her wrath pursues.
 Then Juno sharply touch'd the flying steeds;
 Forthwith the gates of Heav'n their portals wide
 Spontaneous open'd, guarded by the Hours,
 Who Heav'n and high Olympus have in charge,
 To roll aside or close the veil of cloud.
 Through these th' excited horses held their way.

In the first set the first line is close, but the rest is not. In the second set the first line is close, and the rest is identical. In the third set, again, the first line is close and the rest is identical, except for punctuation.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1870)

. . . Juno the august,
 Daughter of mighty Saturn, laid in haste
 The harness, with its ornaments of gold,
 Upon the horses.

. . .

Then Pallas, daughter of the god who bears
 The aegis, on her father's palace-floor
 Let fall in dainty folds her flowing robe
 Of many colors, wrought by her own hand,
 And, putting on the mail of Jupiter
 The Cloud-compeller, stood arrayed in arms
 For the stern tasks of war. . . .

. . .

Then stepped into her shining car, and took
 Her massive spear in hand, heavy and huge,
 With which whole ranks of heroes are o'erthrown
 Before the daughter of the Mighty One
 Incensed against them. Juno swung the lash
 And swiftly urged the steeds. Before their way,
 On sounding hinges, of their own accord,
 Flew wide the gates of heaven, which evermore
 The Hours are watching,--they who keep the mount
 Olympus and the mighty heaven, with power
 To open or to close their cloudy veil.
 Thus through the gates they drave the obedient steeds,

. . .

He spake, and white-armed Juno instantly
 Obeyed him. . . .

She ended, and the white-armed deity
 Juno obeyed her. Juno the august,
 The mighty Saturn's daughter, hastily

Caparisoned the golden-bitted steeds. ***
 Meanwhile, Minerva on the palace-floor
 Of Jupiter let drop the gorgeous robe
 Of many hues, which her own hands had wrought,
 And, putting on the Cloud-compeller's mail,
 Stood armed for cruel war. *** And then she climbed
 The glorious car, and took in hand the spear--
 Huge, heavy, strong--with which she overthrows
 The serried phalanxes of valiant men
 Whene'er this daughter of the Almighty One
 Is angered. Juno bore the lash, and urged
 The coursers to their speed. The gates of heaven
 Opened before them of their own accord,--
 Gates guarded by the Hours, on whom the care
 Of the great heaven and of Olympus rests,
 To open or to close the wall of cloud.
 Through these they guided their impatient steeds.

Very little is repeated by Bryant here. In the first set "white-armed," "obeyed," and "Juno the august" are repeated, but nothing else. In much the same way the second and third sets repeat here and there a word or short phrase--such as "Cloud-compeller" or "gates of heaven"--but little else. The two passages keep the same general sense and even similar syntax, but rarely the same words.

Prose Translations

"A GRADUATE OF OXFORD" (1821)

Then Juno, venerable goddess, daughter of mighty Saturn,
 proceeding, harnessed her golden-reined horses.

. . .

And Minerva, the daughter of aegis bearing Jove, flung
 off, upon the floor of her father, the beautiful
 embroidered veil,--that, which she had herself made and
 worked with her own hands; and, putting on her tunic, in
 the armour of cloud collecting Jove she arrayed herself
 for tearful battle.

. . .

And she stepped into the flaming car, and took her spear,
 heavy, huge, and strong, with which she overthrows the
 ranks of heroes, with whom she is angry--descended from
 a potent father. And Juno swiftly urged on the horses
 with the lash: and grated of their own accord the gates

of heaven, which the Hours kept, to whom are entrusted the vast heaven and Olympus, both to remove the thick cloud, and to replace it. Then, through them, they drove the horses on, obedient to the lash;

. . .
Thus he spake, nor did the white-armed goddess Juno refuse,

Thus she spake; nor did the white-armed goddess Juno refuse. Then Juno, the elder goddess, daughter of the mighty Saturn, departing, harnessed the golden-reined horses; *** and Minerva, daughter of aegis-bearing Jove, upon the floor of her father's mansion, threw off the beautiful variegated robe, that which she herself had made, and worked with her own hands; and putting on the tunic, with the weapons of cloud-collecting Jove, she armed herself for tearful battle. *** And into the flaming car she stepped, and seized her spear, heavy, large, and strong, with which she subdues the ranks of heroes, with whom she, the offspring of a powerful father, is angry. And Juno quickly urged on the horses with the lash; and of their own accord grated the gates of heaven, which the Hours kept, to whom are entrusted the mighty Heaven and Olympus, both to remove the dark cloud, and to replace it. Then, through these they drove the flogged horses.

The repetition here is close, but not exact. In the first set the first sentence is identical in the two passages (except, of course, for the personal pronoun). The second sentence is the same in syntax, but differs in diction. In the second set again the syntax is unvaried, but the words and even the sense change--e.g. "armour" to "weapons," and "arranged" to "armed." In the third set, the sense is not changed, but in one place a different word is used, in another the same words are used but in different order. In addition, the word "grated" is flagged with a different note in each passage. In passage A the note reads "i.e. which creaked as they spontaneously opened." In passage B it reads "i.e. flew open."

ANDREW LANG, WALTER LEAF & ERNEST MYERS (1883)

So Hera the goddess queen, daughter of great Kronos, went
her way to harness the gold-frontleted steeds;

. . .
And Athene, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus, cast down at
her father's threshold her woven vesture many-coloured,
that herself had wrought and her hands had fashioned, and
put on her the tunic of Zeus the cloud-gatherer, and
arrayed her in her armour for dolorous battle.

. . .
Upon the flaming chariot set she her foot, and grasped
her heavy spear, great and stout, wherewith she
vanquished the ranks of men, even of heroes with whom she
of the awful sire is wroth. Then Hera swiftly smote the
horses with the lash; self-moving groaned upon their
hinges the gates of heaven whereof the Hours are warders,
to whom is committed great heaven and Olympus, whether to
throw open the thick cloud or set it to. There through
the gates guided they their horses patient of the lash.

. . .
So spake he, and the white-armed goddess Hera
disregarded not,

So spake she, and the white-armed goddess Hera
disregarded not. So Hera the goddess queen, daughter of
great Kronos, went her way and harnessed the golden-
frontleted steeds; *** and Athene, daughter of aegis-
bearing Zeus, cast down at her father's threshold her
woven vesture many-coloured, that herself had wrought and
her hands had fashioned; and put on her the tunic of Zeus
the cloud-gatherer, and arrayed her in her armour for
dolorous battle. *** Upon the flaming chariot set she her
foot, and grasped her heavy spear great and stout,
wherewith she vanquisheth the ranks of men, even of
heroes with whom she of the awful sire is wroth. Then
Hera swiftly smote the horses with the lash; self-moving
groaned upon their hinges the gates of heaven whereof the
Hours are warders, to whom is committed great heaven and
Olympus, whether to throw open the thick cloud or set it
to. There through the gates guided they their horses
patient of the lash.

In the first set the two passages are almost identical;
"to harness" changes to "and harnessed." In the second set
the repetition is perfect but for one mark of punctuation.
In the third there is one change of tense--"vanquished" goes

to "vanquisheth"--and one change in punctuation; all else is identical.

SAMUEL BUTLER (1898)

Thereon the august goddess, daughter of great Cronus, began to harness her gold-bedizened steeds.

. . .
Meanwhile Athene flung her richly embroidered vesture, made with her own hands, on to her father's threshold, and donned the shirt of Zeus, arming herself for battle.

. . .
Then she stepped into her flaming chariot and grasped the spear, so stout and sturdy and strong, with which she quells the ranks of heroes who have displeased her. Hera lashed the horses on, and the gates of heaven bellowed as they flew open of their own accord--gates over which the Hours preside, in whose hands are Heaven and Olympus, either to open the dense cloud that hides them, or to close it. Through these the goddesses drove their obedient steeds,

. . .
Hera did as he had said.

Thus did she speak and white-armed Hera, daughter of great Cronus, obeyed her words; she set about harnessing her gold-bedizened steeds, *** while Athene, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus, flung her richly embroidered vesture, made with her own hands, on to the threshold of her father, and donned the shirt of Zeus, arming herself for battle. *** Then she stepped into her flaming chariot, and grasped the spear so stout and sturdy and strong with which she quells the ranks of heroes who have displeased her. Hera lashed her horses, and the gates of heaven bellowed as they flew open of their own accord--gates over which the Hours preside, in whose hands are heaven and Olympus, either to open the dense cloud that hides them or to close it. Through these the goddesses drove their obedient steeds.

In the first set there is no repetition except the phrase "her gold-bedizened steeds." In the second set the repetition is perfect except that the epithet "daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus" is omitted in passage A. In the third set the changes are few: "the horses on" becomes "her

horses" in passage B; "Heaven" loses its capital; and several commas are moved about.

W. H. D. ROUSE (1938)

Then Hera ran about harnessing the horses, and putting on their golden frontlets--Hera herself the Queen of heaven, daughter of mighty Cronos!

. . .

Then Athena slipped off her soft linen robe, which she had made and embroidered with her own hands; it fell on her father's floor, and she put on the tunic of Zeus Cloudgather, and arrayed herself for the weeping work of war.

. . .

She set her foot in the fiery car, grasping the spear, so heavy, huge, and strong, with which when she is angry she vanquishes battalions of fighting men, a true daughter of her mighty sire. Hera quickly touched up the horses. The celestial gates opened of themselves, groaning upon their hinges, those gates which the Seasons used to guard; for they have a charge of Olympos and high heaven, to close or unclose the solid cloud. There through the gates they drove the obedient horses.

. . .

Hera lost no time,

So Queen Hera harnessed the horses; *** and Athena slipt off the robe she had made for herself, and put on the tunic of Zeus Cloudgatherer for the battle. *** She took the huge heavy spear which the awful goddess uses to vanquish the battalions of men, when she is angry, and mounted the chariot; Hera touched up the obedient horses, and the celestial gates opened of themselves to let them through: those gates which the Seasons held in charge, to open the solid cloud and to close it.

In all three sets here passage B is condensed from passage A. Some phrases are repeated--"harnessed(ing) the horses," "the tunic of Zeus Cloudgatherer," "the celestial gates opened of themselves"--but never whole sentences. Much of passage A is simply omitted in passage B.

E. V. RIEU (1950)

So Here, Queen of Heaven and Daughter of mighty Cronos, went off to put the golden harness on her horses,

. . .
Meanwhile, on her Father's threshold, Athene Daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus shed her soft embroidered robe, which she had made with her own hands, put on a tunic in its place, and equipped herself for the lamentable work of war with the arms of Zeus the Cloud-compeller.

. . .
Then she stepped into the flaming chariot, gripping the huge long spear with which she breaks the noble warriors' ranks when she, the almighty Father's Child, is roused to anger.

Here lost no time. She flicked the horses with her whip, and the Gates of Heaven thundered open for them of their own accord. They are kept by the Hours, the Wardens of the broad sky and of Olympus, whose task it is to close the entrance or to roll away the heavy cloud. Through these gates the goddesses drove their patient steeds.

. . .
The white-armed goddess Here had no fault to find with this.

To this the white-armed goddess made no demur. So Here, Queen of Heaven and Daughter of the mighty Cronos, went to put the golden harness on her horses, *** while, on her Father's threshold, Athene Daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus shed the soft, embroidered robe which she had made with her own hands, put on a tunic in its place, and equipped herself for the lamentable work of war with the arms of Zeus the Cloud-compeller. *** Then she stepped into the flaming chariot, gripping the huge, long spear with which she breaks the noble warriors' ranks when she, the almighty Father's Child, is roused to anger. And no sooner was she in than Here started the horses with her whip.

The Gates of Heaven thundered open for them of their own accord. They are kept by the Hours, the Wardens of the broad sky and of Olympus, whose task it is to close the entrance or to roll away the heavy cloud. Through these gates the goddesses drove their patient steeds.

In the first set the first sentence differs greatly between the two passages, but the second sentence is repeated exactly. The second set differs only at the first word; the rest is repeated exactly. The third set is

repeated exactly at both ends, and differs slightly in the middle.

MARTIN HAMMOND (1987)

Hera then, queenly goddess, daughter of great Kronos, busied about the harnessing of the horses with their golden head-pieces.

. . .

And Athene, daughter of Zeus who holds the aegis, let slip to the floor of her father's house her soft embroidered robe, which she herself had made and worked with her hands. And she put on Zeus the cloud-gatherer's own tunic in its place, then dressed in her armour for the misery of war.

. . .

She stepped into her flaming chariot, and took up her spear, the huge, heavy, massive spear with which she brings low the ranks of men, the heroes who stir the mighty-fathered goddess into anger. Hera quickly touched the horses with the whip: and of their own accord the gates of heaven groaned open, the gates kept by the Seasons, who have been given charge over the vast heaven and Olympos, both to push aside the heavy cloud and to close it to. This way, then, they held their whipped horses through the gates.

. . .

So he spoke, and the white-armed goddess Hera did not fail to obey.

So she spoke, and the white-armed goddess Hera did not fail to obey. Hera then, queenly goddess, daughter of great Kronos, busied about the harnessing of the horses with their golden head-pieces. *** And Athene, daughter of Zeus who holds the aegis, let slip to the floor of her father's house her soft embroidered robe, which she herself had made and worked with her hands. And she put on Zeus the cloud-gatherer's own tunic in its place, then dressed in her armour for the misery of war. *** She stepped into her flaming chariot, and took up her spear, the huge, heavy, massive spear with which she brings low the ranks of men, the heroes who stir the mighty-fathered goddess into anger. Hera quickly touched the horses with the whip: and of their own accord the gates of heaven groaned open, the gates kept by the Seasons, who have been given charge over the vast heaven and Olympos, both to push aside the heavy cloud and to close it to. This way, then, they held their whipped horses through the gates.

In this translation the repetition (including punctuation) is preserved perfectly, with the single necessary exception of the personal pronoun in the first set.

Hexameter Translations

JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL (1866)

. . . then imperial Heré, daughter of Kronos,
Braced on th' immortal coursers their frontlets of gold
and their harness;

. . .
Pallas Athené, daughter of Aegis-bearing Kronion,
Then let fall on the floor of her father's palace the
mantle
Gloriously wrought which the skill of her own fair
hands had embroidered.
Then in the arms of cloud-compelling Zeus she arrayed
her,
Donning his corslet for dreary war and the horrors of
battle.

. . .
Armed, on the fiery car she sprang, firm grasping her
jav'lin,
Stubborn and huge, with whose pond'rous force uplifted
in anger,
Child of a mighty sire, she quells the array of her
foemen.
Forthwith Hera the scourge applied and excited the
coursers.
Clanging, self-open'd, the gates of Heav'n flew wide,
by the Horae
Guarded, to whom are entrusted the portals of Heav'n
and Olympus;
Or to roll back their veil of cloud, or wrap them in
darkness.
Urged to their utmost speed through these the celestial
coursers
Bore them . . .

. . .
Thus he spake: and Hera, rejoicing to hear the
permission,

Thus she spake, and the white-armed Heré gladly
assented,
And without further delay th' imperial daughter of
Kronos

Braced on th' immortal coursers their frontlets of gold
and their harness. ***

Pallas Athené, daughter of Aegis-bearing Kronion,
Then let fall on the floor of her father's palace the
mantle,

Gloriously wrought, which the skill of her own fair
hands had embroidered.

Then in the arms of cloud-compelling Zeus she arrayed
her,

Donning his corslet for dreary war, and the horrors of
battle. ***

Armed, on the fiery car she sprang: firm grasping her
jav'lin,

Stubborn and huge, with whose pond'rous force, uplifted
in anger,

Child of a mighty sire, she quells the array of her
foemen.

Forthwith Hera the scourge applied and excited the
coursers.

Clanging, self-opened, the gates of Heav'n flew wide,
by the Horae

Guarded, to whom are entrusted the portals of Heav'n
and Olympus,

Or to roll back their veil of cloud, or wrap them in
darkness.

Urged to their speed, through these swift dashed the
celestial coursers.

The repetition is here mostly preserved. In the first
set the first line (or two, in passage B) differs, but the
last line is identical in the two passages. In the second
set the repetition is perfect but for punctuation. In the
third the repetition is exact until the last line.

ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON (1933)

So then Here, the goddess Queen, great Kronos's
daughter,

Went on her way to get harnessed the horses with
frontlets of gold-work;

. . .

Meanwhile the goddess Athene, the daughter of Zeus
aegis-bearer,

Dropt on the floor of her father's high palace her soft
woollen mantle

Broidered in various wise, which her own hands had
worked and had fashioned,

And, having donned in its stead great Zeus the Cloud-gatherer's tunic,
All in her armour and arms she arrayed her for dolorous battle.

. . .
Then on the chariot splendid she stept, with her spear
in her hand-grasp,
Huge spear, heavy and stout, wherewith she the ranks of
the warriors
Quells, even such as have stirred up the wrath of the
mighty Sire's daughter.
Thereupon Here at once laid the lash on the backs of
the horses:
And, self-moving, on hinges a-groaning, the gate of the
heaven
Opened, whereof are the warders the Hours, by Olympos
appointed
Or to set open the thick veil of cloud or to mass it up
closely.
So through the gateway the goddesses drove with the
lash on the horses.

. . .
So spake Zeus; and the white-armed Here followed his
bidding.

Thus spake she, and the white-armed goddess Here
demurred not.
So then Here, the goddess Queen, great Kronos's
daughter,
Went on her way to get harnessed the horses with
frontlets of gold-work. ***
Meanwhile the goddess Athene, the daughter of Zeus
aegis-bearer,
Dropt on the floor of her father's high palace her soft
woollen mantle
Broidered in various wise, which her own hands had
worked and had fashioned,
And, having donned in its stead great Zeus the Cloud-gatherer's tunic,
All in her armour and arms she arrayed her for dolorous
battle. ***
Then on the chariot splendid she stept, with her spear
in her hand-grasp,
Huge spear, heavy and stout, wherewith she the ranks of
the warriors
Quells, even such as have stirred up the wrath of the
mighty Sire's daughter.
Thereupon Here at once laid the lash on the backs of
the horses,
And, self-moving, on hinges a-groaning, the gates of
the heaven
Opened, whereof are the warders the Hours, by Olympos
appointed

Or to set open the thick veil of cloud or to mass it up
closely.
So through the gateway the goddesses drove with the
lash on the horses.

The repetition is very close throughout. The first
sentence differs, but all else is repeated exactly but for a
few marks of punctuation and one letter--"gate" becomes
"gates" in passage B.

WILLIAM BENJAMIN SMITH & WALTER MILLER (1944)

Hera, the honored goddess, the daughter of Cronus, the
mighty,
Straightway hastened to harness her golden-frontleted
horses.

. . .
Then, too, Athena, the daughter of Zeus who beareth
the aegis,
Shed at her sire's own portal the fine, light robe she
was wearing,
Richly embroidered, that she with her own hands toiling
had fashioned.
Thereupon, donning the tunic of Zeus, cloud-massing
Cronion,
She in her harness arrayed her, appointed for dolorous
warfare.

. . .
. . . On the flame-bright car she mounted and
seized on her javelin,
Ponderous, massive, and strong, the lance wherewith she
subdueth
Heroes' ranks she is wroth with, the child of a father
puissant.

Now with her whip lashed Hera in eagerness down on
the horses;
Then, self-moving, the gates of heaven creaked that the
Horae
Keep, to whom are committed the heavens immense and
Olympus,
Whether to open the clouds' dense compact, whether to
close it.
Then through the gates the goad-enduring horses they
guided.

. . .
White-armed Hera in naught disregarded his word,

So said she; and the white-armed Hera failed not to
 obey her.
 Straight she departed, to harness her golden-frontleted
 horses.
 Hera, the honored goddess, the daughter of Cronus, the
 mighty. ***
 Meanwhile Pallas, the daughter of Zeus who wieldeth
 the aegis,
 Shed at her sire's own portal the fine, light robe she
 was wearing,
 Richly embroidered, that she with her own hands toiling
 had fashioned.
 Thereupon, donning the tunic of Zeus, cloud-massing
 Cronion,
 She in her harness arrayed her, appointed for dolorous
 warfare; ***
 Then on the flame-bright car she mounted and seized on
 her javelin,
 Ponderous, massive, and strong, the lance wherewith she
 subdueth
 Heroes' ranks she is wroth with, the child of a father
 puissant.
 Now with the whip lashed Hera in eagerness down on
 the horses.
 Then, self-moving, the gates of heaven creaked that the
 Horae
 Keep, unto whom are committed the heaven's immense and
 Olympus,
 Whether to open the clouds' dense compact, whether to
 close it.
 Then through the gates the goad-enduring horses they
 guided.

Once again, the repetition is mostly preserved. In the
 first set the first line differs and the second and third
 lines are reversed from passage A to B, one of the lines
 altered slightly. In the second and third sets the first
 line of each differs slightly, while the rest is identical
 but for punctuation.

Almost Prose and Mostly Prose

RICHMOND LATTIMORE (1951)

. . . But Hera, high goddess, daughter of
Kronos
the mighty, went away to harness the gold-bridled
horses.

. . .
Now in turn Athene, daughter of Zeus of the aegis,
beside the threshold of her father slipped off her
elaborate
dress which she herself had wrought with her hands'
patience,
and now assuming the war tunic of Zeus who gathers
the clouds, she armed in her gear for the dismal
fighting.

. . .
She set her feet in the blazing chariot and took up a
spear
heavy, huge, thick, wherewith she beats down the
battalions of fighting
men, against whom she of mighty father is angered.
Hera laid the lash swiftly on the horses; and moving
of themselves groaned the gates of the sky that the
Hours guarded,
those Hours to whose charge is given the huge sky and
Olympus,
to open up the dense darkness or again to close it.
Through the way between they held the speed of their
goaded horses.

. . .
So he spoke, nor did the goddess of the white arms,
Hera,
disobey, . . .

She spoke, nor failed to persuade the goddess Hera
of the white arms.
And she, Hera, exalted goddess, daughter of Kronos
the mighty, went away to harness the gold-bridled
horses. ***
Now in turn Athene, daughter of Zeus of the aegis,
beside the threshold of her father slipped off her
elaborate
dress which she herself had wrought with her hands'
patience,
and now assuming the war tunic of Zeus who gathers
the clouds, she armed in her gear for the dismal
fighting. ***
She set her feet in the blazing chariot, and took up a
spear,
heavy, huge, thick, wherewith she beats down the
battalions of fighting

men, against whom she of mighty father is angered.
 Hera laid the lash swiftly on the horses; and moving
 of themselves groaned the gates of the sky that the
 Hours guarded,
 those Hours to whose charge is given the huge sky and
 Olympos
 to open up the dense darkness or again to close it.
 Through the way between they held the speed of their
 goaded horses.

The repetition is close in this version. In the first set the first line differs greatly between the two passages, the second line differs slightly, and the third is identical. In the second set the repetition is perfect without exception, and in the third the only differences are of punctuation.

ROBERT GRAVES (1959)

. . . and Hera went off to harness her gold-frontleted chariot-team;

. . . while Athene slipped out of her many-coloured robe (made by herself), letting it fall in a heap on the Palace threshold, and changed into a tunic borrowed from Father Zeus.

. . . and finally grasping the long, stout, heavy spear which she uses to destroy mortals who have fallen under Zeus' awesome displeasure, the goddess mounted beside Hera.

Hera's whip cracked, the gates of Heaven groaned open by themselves to admit her exit, and out the chariot shot--past a pair of janitresses named the Seasons, whom Zeus entrusts with the task of parting and drawing the cloud curtain between Heaven and earth.

. . .
 Hera nodded agreement . . .

 Hera went off to harness her golden-frontleted team, *** and Athene visited the Palace where she slipped out of a many-coloured robe (which she had made herself) letting it fall in a heap on the threshold. Instead, she borrowed a tunic belonging to Father Zeus, and over it buckled her armour. *** Then, grasping the heavy, long, stout spear which she used to destroy mortals who have

fallen under Zeus' awesome displeasure, Athene mounted beside Hera on the glowing chariot. Hera cracked her whip, the gates of Heaven groaned open by themselves to allow the exit, and they shot through--past a pair of janitresses named the Seasons, whom Zeus entrusts with the task of parting and drawing the cloud curtain between Heaven and Earth.

In the first set passage B is condensed, but what remains is repeated from passage A. In the second set passage A is less complete than passage B, but again some phrases are found in both. In the third part the two passages are substantially the same, with only a few words changed.

ENIS REES (1963)

So honored Hera, daughter of mighty Cronos,
Began to harness the horses with bridles of gold.

. . .

And Athena, daughter of aegis-great
Zeus, on the floor of her Father's palace, shed
The soft robe that she herself had made and
 embroidered,
Put on instead the tunic of stormy Zeus,
And armed herself for tearful war. . . .

. . .

. . . Then she, the child of an almighty
Father, mounted the flaming car, gripping
The heavy huge spear with which she conquers whole
 armies
That have enraged her.

Hera gave the horses a flick
With the lash, and the gates of heaven groaned on their
 hinges,
The self-opening gates which are kept by the Seasons,
 who have
In their keeping Olympus and all the wide sky, and who
 open
Or close the thick clouds as they see fit. On
Through the gates they drove their impatient horses,...

. . .

He spoke, and the white-armed goddess Hera was glad
To obey. . . .

And the white-armed Queen of the gods was equally
 willing.

So honored Hera, daughter of mighty Cronos,
 Harnessed the gold-bridled horses. *** And Athena,
 daughter
 Of Zeus, on the floor of her Father's palace, shed
 The soft robe that she herself had made and
 embroidered,
 Put on instead the tunic of stormy Zeus,
 And armed herself for tearful war. *** Then she,
 God's daughter, mounted the flaming car, gripping
 The heavy huge spear with which she conquers whole
 armies
 That have enraged her. Hera gave the horses a flick
 With the lash, and the gates of heaven groaned on their
 hinges,
 The self-opening gates which are kept by the Seasons,
 who have
 In their keeping Olympus and all the wide sky, and who
 open
 And close the thick clouds as they see fit. So on
 Through the gates they drove their now impatient
 horses.

In the first set the first line differs between the two
 passages, the second line is identical, and the third is
 changed by half. In the second set the first two lines
 differ slightly while the last three are identical. In the
 third set the first line and a half differs somewhat, the
 last two lines differ slightly, and the remainder is
 identical.

ROBERT FITZGERALD (1984)

and Hêra, eldest daughter of old Krónos,
 harnessed her team, all golden fringes. . . .
 . . .
 As for Athêna, she cast off and dropped
 her great brocaded robe, her handiwork,
 in lapping folds across her father's doorsill,
 taking his shirt, the shirt of Zeus, cloud-masser,
 with breast armor, and gear of grievous war.
 . . .
 She stepped aboard the glowing car of Hêra
 and took the great haft of her spear in hand--
 the heavy spear this child of Power can use
 to break in wrath long battle lines of fighters.

Then at the crack of Hêra's whip
 over the horses' backs, the gates of heaven
 swung wide of themselves on rumbling hinges--
 gates the Hours keep, for they have charge
 of entry to wide heaven and Olympos,
 by opening or closing massive cloud.
 Passing through these and goading on their team,
 . . .

. . . At this permission,

 Hêra whose arms are white as ivory
 attended to her horses, their heads nodding
 in frontlets of pure gold: the eldest goddess,
 Hêra, daughter of Krónos, harnessed them. ***
 Meanwhile Athêna at her father's door
 let fall the robe her own hands had embroidered
 and pulled over her head a shirt of Zeus.
 Armor of grievous war she buckled on, ***
 stepped in the fiery car, caught up her spear--
 that massive spear with which this child of Power
 can break in rage long battle lines of fighters.
 Hêra flicked at the horses with her whip,
 and moving of themselves the gates of heaven
 grated a rumbling tone. Their keepers are
 the Hours by whom great heaven and Olympos
 may be disclosed or shut with looming cloud.
 Between these gates the goddesses drove on.

Compared to most recent translations, Fitzgerald's
 version repeats very little at this point. In the first
 part nothing is repeated. In the second only the phrase
 "grievous war" is found in both passages. In the third set
 the phrase "this child of Power" is found in both, and the
 next line is very close; the remainder differs.

ROBERT FAGLES (1990)

Hera queen of the gods, daughter of giant Cronus,
 launched the work, harnessed the golden-bridled team
 . . .
 Then Athena, child of Zeus whose shield is thunder,
 letting fall her supple robe at the Father's
 threshold--
 rich brocade, stitched with her own hands' labor--
 donned the battle-shirt of the lord of lightning,
 buckled her breastplate geared for wrenching war

. . .
 Then onto the flaming chariot Pallas set her feet
 and seized her spear--weighted, heavy, the massive
 shaft
 she wields to break the battle lines of fighters
 the mighty Father's daughter storms against.
 A crack of the whip--
 the goddess Hera lashed the team, and all on their own
 force
 the gates of heaven thundered open, kept by the
 Seasons,
 guards of the vaulting sky and Olympus heights
 empowered
 to spread the massing clouds or close them round once
 more.
 Now straight through the great gates she drove the
 team,

. . .
 So he urged and the white-armed goddess Hera
 obeyed at once. . . .

The white-armed goddess Hera could not resist.
 Hera queen of the gods, daughter of giant Cronus
 launched the work, harnessed the golden-bridled team
 *** while Athena, child of Zeus whose shield is
 thunder,
 letting fall her supple robe at the Father's
 threshold--
 rich brocade, stitched with her own hands' labor--
 donned the battle-shirt of the lord of lightning,
 buckled her breastplate geared for wrenching war. ***
 Then onto the flaming chariot Pallas set her feet
 and seized her spear--weighted, heavy, the massive
 shaft
 she wields to break the battle lines of fighters
 the mighty Father's daughter storms against.
 A crack of the whip--
 the goddess Hera lashed the team, and all on their own
 force
 the gates of heaven thundered open, kept by the
 Seasons,
 guards of the vaulting sky and Olympus heights
 empowered
 to spread the massing clouds or close them round once
 more,
 and straight through the great gates she drove the
 team.

In this, the most recent translation, the repetition is
 preserved almost exactly. In the first set the first line
 differs but the next two are identical. In the second set

all but the first word is identical, except for punctuation. In the third set all but the first word of the last line is identical, except for punctuation.

Conclusion

The most consistent trend to be found in these examples is that recent translations are more likely to keep the repetition close. Even so there are exceptions, such as Lang, Leaf & Myers (1883), which is very close, and Fitzgerald (1984), which is not.

Avowed degree of literalness is not a particularly reliable predictor, as "the Graduate of Oxford" is not as close as we might expect (given statements in his preface defending the literal translation and its usefulness for teaching), while Butler and Rouse are closer (despite their claims of freedom from the literal word).

Perhaps the most striking phenomenon revealed here is that all three hexameter translations are repeated very closely. The reasons for this, however, are not immediately clear.

Chapter Eight

Part One: Conclusions

A garble of languages, high baying sounds,
beseeching cadences, surges of rage,
screeches and moans and the splash of beating hands
Made pandemonium which does not relent
but keeps that darkened and timeless element
in turbulence, like sand in a whirlwind.

Dante's *Inferno*, Canto III,
Seamus Heaney, trans.

No single translation of the *Iliad* has managed to gain universal praise, and no single translation in the future is likely to, because none can accurately show all aspects of Homer's original. Every translation is a product of many difficult choices and compromises, especially decisions about hierarchy--about which aspects to grant primary consideration, which secondary, and which to neglect altogether.

The fact remains, however, that there are at least 60 complete translations of the *Iliad*, and around 200 partial versions. There is a wide range indeed among all these works. Singly, each falls short of the mark, but collectively they succeed. The failure of individual attempts to recreate the *Iliad* in English has long been cause for hand-wringing and dismay. The ability of English translations taken collectively to show many sides of Homer in many ways, however, is a phenomenon to be celebrated. This wide range of partly successful translations, with their different emphases, suggests great benefits for a

reader exposed to as many translations as is reasonably possible.

The idea is not exactly new. In the preface to his *Iliad*, Arthur Gardner Lewis defends his addition to the already sizable body of translations in this way:

[A]s truth is prismatic and multiform, so are the possible English versions of a foreign author innumerable. It is idle to expect any one rendition to be wholly adequate. The absolutely ideal translation of Homer will never be written; yet perhaps each new attempt may contribute a little new truth, a little added beauty, just a new felicitous touch here and there. . . . (unnumbered page)

While Lewis's argument speaks of "truth" and "beauty," the argument of Ian C. Johnston speaks directly to practical matters of teaching (in no way do I mean to imply that teaching excludes truth or beauty):

Most professors of Classics I know would readily agree that the best way to study Homer is to read the original in conjunction with as wide a variety of different translations (ancient and modern) as possible, so that one's enjoyment of the Greek is played off against one's appreciation of the different interpretive talents which the translators bring to bear upon a vision of experience and a language so different from their own. (239)

This wide variety of reading for learning makes good sense, and the next logical step is to put a variety of translations within one volume. There is precedent for the idea--namely, a 1993 edition of Dante's *Inferno* edited by Daniel Halpern. Twenty poets contributed to the translation, each taking one to three cantos, each translating in his or her own best way. In the

introduction, James Merrill puts the project in a surprising light:

The problem with most translators is their limited command of language--their own, I mean; they can always get help with the other. Hence the bright idea of asking some of our finest poets to weave this garland.

The value of the present volume is precisely the variety of solutions arrived at by these twenty voices.
(xii)

An interesting and useful text of the Iliad might be one with the original on the left-hand pages, possibly even with an interlinear gloss. The right-hand pages would hold a translation by several hands consecutively, as with the Halpern edition. Instead of new translations, though, an editor could draw on all the best work of the centuries,⁵ including many of the works examined in this dissertation. The simplest plan is to allot one of the twenty-four books to each of twenty-four translators; but because many of the best or most interesting translations consist of smaller portions, some books might include the work of more than one hand. Or the best short excerpts could be included in footnotes, for comparison with the primary text. The possible permutations are endless, of course.

There is even a precedent of sorts for this idea, as Bridges' Ibant Obscuri has his own "paraphrase" on the right, interlined with the original Greek, and "consecutive examples of previous translations" on the left. Bridges' "examples" were chosen quickly and more-or-less randomly

⁵Assuming appropriate permission, of course.

(141), but a volume chosen and arranged more carefully could be impressive and valuable.

Instead of different translations arranged consecutively, a volume could also be produced as the Homeric equivalent of the Parallel Bible. Four columns of text would be presented across facing pages, the four columns being, for example:

1) the original; 2) a literal prose version; 3) a more poetic and less literal verse translation; and 4) one other, either another verse translation or one designed to show some other aspect of Homer, such as a new version illustrating as clearly as possible the formulaic nature of the Iliad.

The previous ideas have more to do with existing translations than with new, of course. The concept of the collective success of Iliad translations does have importance for new translations, however. It behooves any new translator to find a mode of translation that will add something new to the collection--to look for gaps and fill them, or to find the edges and extend them. What form, then, should the next translation take? What other qualities should it have?

Over the years many negative assessments of various Iliad translations have been based mainly on the reviewer's preference for a verse or prose form other than the one used by the translator under review. In this dissertation I have set aside the choice of form as a criterion for judgment.

Instead, I have shown that each of the more common forms has valid possibilities, and have shown what each can and cannot do well; I also have derived different sets of criteria for different forms, based on the potential of each.

Chapter Two examines rhymed versions, mostly early, where the tendency is away from the letter and even at times the sense of the original, toward spirit, invention, and entertainment. The best example is Denham's 1668

"Sarpedon's Speech to Glaucus in the 12th of Homer."

Chapter Three examines blank verse versions, which follow in time, for the most part, rhymed versions, and which, by stripping away the stumbling block of rhyme, show a tendency back toward the letter and sense of the original, although the best are also interesting rhythmically and poetically. The best example is the anonymous "Shield of Achilles"

(1875). Chapter Four examines prose versions, the logical conclusion of a movement away from metrical and other constraints, where the tendencies are toward the letter of the original and toward naturalness of diction and syntax. The best is Hammond's 1987 Iliad, having those things plus the best portion of Homer's spirit. Chapter Five examines the English hexameter, which, running concurrently with blank verse and prose, is an attempt to imitate the line of Homer, whether by accent or quantity. The best are Lawton's excerpts (1893) in accentuals, and Bridges' "Priam and Achilles" (1916) in quantitatives. Chapter Six examines recent works of various non-prose types, where the movement

is toward looser rhythms, approaching but still different from prose, and in many cases toward looser adherence to the letter and sense of the original--in this latter respect coming full circle again to the ways of Chapman and Pope. The best are Logue's War Music (1981) and Kings (1991). What is to be done next, then, and how is it to be handled? How is it to be judged?

First is a suggestion of what need not be done in the near future. We do not need another complete prose translation, unless it be one in a style more informal than Hammond's, and more consistently powerful than Rieu's or Rouse's. We do not need nor are we likely to see any complete versions in ballad-measure or any other rhyming meter. We can be grateful for the artistry of those that have been made in previous centuries, but this is not the age of rhyme, and there is now no compelling reason to press such an unhomeric feature upon Homer. Even a complete translation in blank verse seems unnecessary at this point, as previous centuries have given us plenty of reasonably literal blank verse, and Fitzgerald has recently given us one that is freer in both rhythms and words, and which is often quite beautiful. A complete version in accentual hexameters, one that combines poetic beauty and technical proficiency, would be welcomed by some but is not likely to be forthcoming. We now have two quasi-hexametrical translations with six or so beats somewhere in the line; one is very literal (Lattimore), the other moderately so

(Fagles). Each has its merits, and there is no need for another at this time.

There is room, however, for another sort of hexameter. A complete translation of the Iliad in quantitative hexameters would be a difficult task, but worthwhile. The movement in translation and in other poetry, as indicated in Chapter Six especially, has been toward looser rhythms, away from rigid meters. Yet Homer's original hexameter was quite strict in its metrical requirements, allowing only for certain kinds of variation within the pattern. A new quantitative hexameter version in English could, without undue strain, keep one foot in Homer's time and one in ours.

The lines will be constructed of feet based on syllable length, however it be defined. The construction will be as close to that of Homer's lines as possible--e.g., similar ratio of dactyls to spondees, similar placement of principal caesurae, and so forth. Syllable length will match accent occasionally but not too often in the first four feet, and usually but not always in the last two, where Ernle goes wrong. Those who wish to analyze the lines will find them highly crafted, interesting equivalents of Homer's lines.

On the other hand, readers will be encouraged to ignore, while reading, the metrical construction entirely--to read the lines naturally, letting emphases fall where they should. The translation will, then, read much like prose.

It will be prose with a difference, though. Not only will verse lines appear on the page, but also the flow of

words will have an underlying sense of control supplied by the relatively faint rhythms of syllable length (I offer Bridges' lines as evidence). The requirements of meter will force the translation out of common prose diction and syntax, but in capable hands it will find poetic rather than tortured alternatives. Though we favor loose rhythms in this age, the *Iliad* still is best when it is felt to be different from ordinary prose.

The question of how the rules of syllable length are to be made is open. Fairly loose rules that accommodate variations of the moment⁶ would yield rhythms of syllable length that are readily felt but hard to identify with certainty upon analysis; while strict, inflexible, even somewhat arbitrary rules (such as those used by Bridges or Ernle) would yield rhythms less tangible but more certainly identifiable, providing in that way a solid basis for the meter and a sense of control.

Another possibility for a complete translation of the *Iliad* is rhythmic prose. This would in effect turn the previous idea upside-down; instead of a work that looks like verse but reads much like prose, we would have a work that looks like prose but reads much like verse. Once again, the idea is hardly new. Macpherson's eighteenth-century prose is chopped into lengths by the use of commas, and has a more-or-less iambic rhythm. In the next century, George

⁶See comment by Robert Frost in Chapter Five.

Herbert Palmer translated the *Odyssey* in rhythmic prose. In an article published a few years later he defends the practice as a reasonable alternative to the hexameter:

Dactylic rhythms are not obligatory. Why not employ iambic? May we not abandon rhyme and stanza, just as the hexameter abandons them; with it employ a structure capable of the longest or the shortest flights; then, in order to cast our phrases solid, make use of its large flexibility in pauses and even in the prevalent foot; and still retain the rhythmic beat,--a beat different, however, from that of the hexameter in being akin instead of alien to the genius of our language? When we have done all this, we arrive at an iambic recitative, or free unmetred rhythm, whose cadences wait upon the pauses of the thought rather than upon those of any prearranged system. (528)

Rhythmic prose could satisfy the contemporary taste for prose-ness while still preserving the difference from the ordinary that Homer demands. A good version will have enough rhythm to be distinguishable from ordinary prose, but will also have a greater portion of the spirit and power of the *Iliad* than the ordinary prose versions manage. Absolute fidelity to the letter, or even to the sense at times, will not be required, as we have plenty of literal prose versions.

But maybe we do not need another complete translation of the *Iliad* in any form, for now at least. If anything is apparent from the previous chapters, it is that many of the best verse translations have been relatively short, anywhere from a few lines to a couple of books. Poems as short as the 29 lines from Denham, or 14 from Lowell, have proved to be powerful interpretations of certain passages, and wonderful additions to the collection of voices.

Short translations can afford to be experimental; the complete Iliad is too massive to be used as a vehicle for probing the boundaries. Logue's free translations in free verse have been much appreciated, but a complete version done in a similar manner might be too much. Likewise, partial versions of quantitative hexameters or rhythmic prose might be more appreciated, for now, than complete ones.

We have no lack of the literal word of Homer rendered into English, so these new partial translations could, like Logue's, be allowed to stray from the original wherever some compensating virtue can be offered.

There may, on the other hand, be ways to move closer to the word and construction of Homer. As indicated briefly earlier in the chapter, there is room for a translation that raises the illustration of Homer's formulae to the top of its hierarchy. Lattimore's Iliad pays more attention to formulae than most do, but they could be handled even more strictly and made more obvious to the reader by using a variety of colors or fonts, and cross-references, as necessary. These formulae include not just repetitions of entire lines and passages as examined in Chapter Seven, but also epithets and other repeating but variable phrases. The larger the scope of such a work, the more apparent the formulae would become, but a complete version might become unmanageable for both translator and reader. One book, with cross-references to others, would be enough. A version such

as this would be limited in its appeal, no doubt, because many other aspects of the Iliad would have to be sacrificed in order to imitate adequately the formulaic component.

Aside from such specialty versions, however, any new translation ought to be noble, vigorous, clear, and emotional. Those versions named above as the best of their types all have these qualities.

Nobility might best be defined here in terms of its negative: any new version should be noble in the sense that it never falls into absurdity. When Rieu makes Hector say to Patroclus, "So now the vultures here are going to eat you up," the last word especially brings the speech to the level of a schoolchild, and in the mouth of Hector it is absurd. The Graduate of Oxford's "But thee the vultures shall here devour" is far more noble.

The latter is not especially vigorous, though. Vigor is a matter of diction, syntax, rhythm, and the way they work together, so that strong words in strong places are naturally given strong emphasis. When Rieu says that Patroclus is "creeping wounded," the diction is not strong. When he makes "lion" the object of a preposition instead of the subject of the sentence (as in the original), the syntax is not strong. And in The Graduate of Oxford's sentence above, the rhythm is not strong, as the reader stumbles at "shall here," not knowing where to put the emphasis. When Bryant has Hector pray for his son with "May they say, / 'This man is greater than his father was!'" diction, syntax,

and rhythm are adequate if taken separately, but they fail to work together, especially at the last word, "was." When Lawton renders the same passage as "May it hereafter be said, 'He is better by far than his father!'" diction, syntax, and rhythm come together--strong words in strong places, with strong emphasis.

Clarity is the quality that allows nobility and vigor to leave their imprint upon the reader's mind. It is not, in translation, simply a matter of getting equivalent words in an understandable order. It is achieved in various ways. Fletcher manages to achieve clarity by risking its loss, by using unusual verbs (or usual verbs in unusual ways) that nonetheless ring true:

Lastly the Goddess secreted herself in a slender
fresh veil that smiled as whitely as sunlight.

Logue takes a risk in another way; although he sacrifices the sort of clarity that helps the reader follow the narrative, he achieves another sort of clarity with subjective, impressionistic images:

Swell-water, black-water--
The wind in the cliff pines, their hairpins, their
resin. . . .

Graves manages clarity in another way, by simplifying:

What thanks will future generations give you when your
fame rests mainly on a refusal to intervene while their
fathers were being massacred?

Fitzgerald gets clarity here with an image that is inventive yet particularly true to the experience of wind and water:

A foaming
dark blue wave sang backward from the bow
as the running ship made way against the sea.

Fagles gets it through unabashedly gory action:

[Hector]

came rushing into him right across the lines
and rammed his spearshaft home,
stabbing deep in the guts, and the brazen point
went jutting straight out through Patroclus' back.

Matthew Arnold said that if a translator would follow his first three principles, then the fourth, "nobleness," would surely follow. I refashion Arnold in this way: if the next translation of the Iliad is noble, vigorous, and clear, then surely it will be full of strong and varied emotion--not simply because emotion always follows the first three in poetry, but because Homer's poetry in particular is full of strong and varied emotion, and so the presence of the first three qualities in the English will ensure that Homer's strong and varied emotion will show through the veil of language.

Part Two: Translation

No single choice of form for translating the Iliad in English has been universally appreciated, and my choice of quantitative hexameters is no exception. The choice cannot be justified because of any natural tendency of the English language toward quantitative meter; without question the accentual basis of English meters has been established for centuries. The acceptance of the quantitative hexameter requires, perhaps, an intellectual and aesthetic leap of faith--but that leap can, I think, be rewarded.

As suggested above in the Conclusions section of this chapter, there is more than one way to determine quantity in English. H. W. Boyd Mackay argues that rules for the English quantitative hexameter should be based not on classical rules but on quantities inherent in the language:

The [English-speaking] mind does not take notice of minute differences of length, but reckons as long every syllable by which the attention is arrested, and also every syllable in which it is customary to dwell upon the vowel, but as short all others. (141)

This argument seems quite reasonable, but the result suggested by Mackay's own (non-Iliad) eight-line sample is that length nearly always corresponds with accent--i.e., Mackay's quantitative hexameters are very nearly accentual hexameters. The other problem is that Mackay's "rules" are so flexible--"the judgment of the ear must prevail"--they cannot be used to illustrate Homer, whose rules were fixed.

Bridges and Ernle, on the other hand, use classical rules as the basis for their own. Bridges' experimental concern, however, is for the meter itself, and it can be inferred that he prefers a reading that emphasizes quantity over accent (2), a feat that requires too great a leap, even for me. Ernle's first concern is for translating the Iliad; his argument (see Chapter Five) allows for a more natural reading and in no way asks that the language be tortured for the sake of quantities. Granted, classically-based rules are somewhat foreign to the English language and will not accord perfectly with temporal measurements of syllables as we normally separate them in English. But such rules can at least be established clearly, and they do have some basis in real quantities. Most importantly, a quantitative meter based on such rules need not skew our reading, which will still be according to the natural accentual rhythm. The quantitative meter will exist only as a shadow, and the degree to which it is perceived will depend in large part upon the sensibilities of the reader. Even if not perceived (overtly) at all, the meter will exist, and its influence on each line will be felt in (hopefully favorable) ways.

With the quantitative hexameter based on classical rules, we gain the following: 1) an approximation of the form of Homer; 2) an illustration of classical rules; 3) an awareness of the differences between the prosodies of ancient Greek and modern English; 4) a loose accentual rhythm that satisfies contemporary tastes.

In the following translation I use Ernle's rules. In brief, they are these: "Long syllables are those with a long vowel-sound; or with a short vowel-sound followed by more than one consonant[-sound]. Short syllables have a short vowel-sound followed by a single consonant[-sound]" (13). There are several exceptions; the most important are these: "Combinations of l, r, w, and y with other consonants are frequently treated as a single letter and in such cases do not lengthen the preceding vowel"; "the letter h is altogether ignored as a consonant"; "the letter r is disregarded when it neither is trilled nor modifies and lengthens the preceding vowel-sound (as in 'ēārth', 'presērvē')"; and "the combination -ng is treated as a single consonant except where the -g is sounded hard" (13-14).

Iliad 16.818-63 in Quantitative Hexameters

Hector watched the big heart of Patroclus, staggering
 rearward,
 Crippled by one sharp blow from Euphorbus's bronze
 spear.
 Hector closed in fast, as he shouldered through battle-
 lines, then
 Fisting the javelin, he pierced soft flesh just under
 the navel,
 Driving the bronze-headed spear straight through til
 the bloody bright point
 Breached the second soft flesh of Patroclus' back as he
 fell hard.
 Just as a fierce mountain-cat claws at a bristling,
 tuskèd
 Boar, contending in high mountains for a springlet of
 water;
 Swiftly the agile, spirited cat overcomes the huffing
 beast.
 So Priam's son with terrible strength came to
 Patroclus
 (Who killed hundreds himself), cheating him out of his
 life-breath.
 Standing with raised fists Hector spat winged words at
 the victim:
 "You expected, Patroclus, to kill us and rape our
 daughters,
 Carry them off to the ships, to yr homeland, make them
 slave-whores.
 You fool! For them these stallions stretch forth to
 the battle.
 I am best of the blood-mad Trojans, first with an ash-
 spear.
 I will keep our wives our daughters safe from the cruel
 and
 Filthy hands of the Greeks. For you, many vultures are
 wheeling
 Slowly above you, waiting to tear out bits of yr soft
 flesh.
 Poor boy! Your man noble Achilleus was never your
 friend.
 He stood, no doubt, lecturing and stern--while you
 prepared for
 Battle: 'Patroclus, as I warn you, think not to return
 here
 Until you've split murderous Hector's blood-soaked
 tunic--
 Then bring it here.' So he filled your head with
 emptiness plus hope."
 Speaking slowly Patroclus replied, "Celebrate now,
 Hector.

Two gods gave you the victory--Zeus and Apollo brought
 me
 Crashing down. They tore this war-gear from my
 shoulders.
 Ten battalions with soldiers like you could never face
 me,
 All would die, else run for the walls. Two gods' fury
 killed me;
 Next was Euphorbus; you were third in my killing. And
 I will
 Tell you one thing more; so lock it away in a good
 place:
 Your lot's been pulled; cold black death stands by you
 already.
 Noble Achilleus, incomparable warrior, is now
 Holding a spear with Hector's name." Then death
 covered him there.
 His soul slipped his finger, protesting; to Hades she
 flew off
 Leaving manliness and youth lying lost on a cold field.
 Glorious Hector addressed this lifeless corpse as if
 alive:
 "Have you the right to predict black death untimely for
 Hector?
 Maybe Achilleus, son of the fair-haired Thetis, will be
 split
 Soul from his body, first, on a sharp point--my spear,
 his blood."
 Having had his say, Hector lifted the corpse on his
 spear-point,
 Dangling; then with one foot, pushed it off into the
 thick dust.

Ἐκτωρ δ' ὥς εἶδεν Πατροκλῆα μεγάθυμον
 ἄψ ἀναχαζόμενον, βεβλημένον ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ,
 ἀγχίμολόν ῥά οἱ ἦλθε κατὰ στίχας, οὔτα δὲ δουρὶ
 νείατον ἐς κενεῶνα, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε·
 δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, μέγα δ' ἤκαχε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν·
 ὥς δ' ὅτε σὺν ἀκάμαντα λέων ἐβίησατο χάρμη,
 ὦ τ' ὄρεος κορυφῇσι μέγα φρονέοντε μάχεσθον
 πίδακος ἄμφ' ὀλίγης· ἐθέλουσι δὲ πιέμεν ἄμφω·
 πολλὰ δέ τ' ἀσθμαίνοντα λέων ἐδάμασσε βίηφιν·
 ὥς πολέας πεφνόντα Μενoitίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν
 Ἐκτωρ Πριαμίδης σχεδὸν ἔγχεϊ θυμὸν ἀπηύρα,
 καὶ οἱ ἐπευχόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
 "Πάτροκλ', ἡ που ἔφησθα πόλιν κεραῖξέμεν ἄμην,
 Τρωΐδας δὲ γυναικας ἐλεύθερον ἡμαρ ἀπούρας
 ἄξειν ἐν νήεσσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
 νήπιε· τῶν δὲ πρόσθ' Ἐκτορος ὠκέες ἵπποι
 ποσσὶν ὀρωρέχεται πολεμίζειν· ἔγχεϊ δ' αὐτὸς
 Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισι μεταπρέπω, ὃ σφιν ἀμύνω
 ἡμαρ ἀναγκαῖον· σὲ δέ τ' ἐνθάδε γῆρας ἔδονται.
 ἂ δεῖλ', οὐδέ τοι ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν χραίσμησεν Ἀχιλλεύς,
 ὃς πού τοι μάλα πολλὰ μένων ἐπετέλλετ' ἰόντι·
 'μή μοι πρὶν ἰέναι, Πατρόκλεες ἵπποκέλευθε,
 νῆας ἐπι γλαφυράς, πρὶν Ἐκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
 αἱματόεντα χιτῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι δαΐξαι.'
 ὥς πού σε προσέφη, σοὶ δὲ φρένας ἄφρονι πεῖθε."
 Τὸν δ' ὀλιγοφρανέων προσέφη, Πατρόκλεες ἵππευ·
 "ἦδη νῦν, Ἐκτορ, μεγάλ' εὐχεο· σοὶ γὰρ ἔδωκε
 νίκην Ζεὺς Κρονίδης καὶ Ἀπόλλων, οἳ με δάμασσαν
 ῥηιδίως· αὐτοὶ γὰρ ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἔλονται.
 τοιοῦτοι δ' εἰ πέρ μοι ἐείκοσιν ἀντεβόλησαν,
 πάντες κ' αὐτόθ' ὄλοντο ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντες.
 ἀλλὰ με μοῖρ' ὀλοή καὶ Λητοῦς ἔκτανεν υἱός,
 ἀνδρῶν δ' Εὐφορβος· σὺ δέ με τρίτος ἐξεναρίζεις.
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν·
 οὐ θην οὐδ' αὐτὸς δηρὸν βέη, ἀλλὰ τοι ἦδη
 ἄγχι παρέστηκεν θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή,
 χερσὶ δαμέντ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἀμύμονος Αἰακίδαο."
 ὣς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψε·
 ψυχὴ δ' ἐκ ῥεθέων πταμένη Αἰδόσδε βεβήκει,
 ὃν πότμον γοόωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀνδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην.
 τὸν καὶ τεθνηῶτα προχρήυδα φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ·
 "Πατρόκλεις, τί νύ μοι μαντεύεαι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον;
 τίς δ' οἶδ' εἰ κ' Ἀχιλλεύς, θέτιδος παῖς ἠυκόμοιο,
 φθῆῃ ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπείς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσαι;"
 ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας δόρυ χάλκεον ἐξ ὠτειλῆς
 εἵρυσσε λαξ προσβάς, τὸν δ' ὑπτίον ὥς ἀπὸ δουρός.

(But Hector, when he beheld great-souled Patroclus drawing back, smitten with the sharp bronze, came nigh him through the ranks, and smote him with a thrust of his spear in the nethermost belly, and drave the bronze clean through; and he fell with a thud, and sorely grieved the

host of the Achaeans. And as a lion overmastereth in fight an untiring boar, when the twain fight with high hearts on the peaks of a mountain for a scant spring, wherefrom both are minded to drink: hard panteth the boar, yet the lion overcometh him by his might; even so from the valiant son of Menoetius, after he had slain many, did Hector, Priam's son, take life away, smiting him from close at hand with his spear. And vaunting over him he spake winged words:

"Patroclus, thou thoughtest, I ween, that thou wouldest sack our city, and from the women of Troy wouldest take the day of freedom, and bear them in thy ships to thy dear native land, thou fool! Nay, in front of them the swift horses of Hector stride forth to the fight, and with the spear I myself am pre-eminent among the war-loving Trojans, even I that ward from them the day of doom; but for thee, vultures shall devour thee here. Ah, poor wretch, even Achilles, for all his valour, availed thee not, who, I ween, though himself abiding behind, laid strait command upon thee, as thou wentest forth: 'Come not back, I charge thee, Patroclus, master of horsemen, to the hollow ships, till thou hast cloven about the breast of man-slaying Hector the tunic red with his blood.' So, I ween, spake he to thee, and persuaded thy wits in thy witlessness."

Then, thy strength all spent, didst thou answer him, knight Patroclus: "For this time, Hector, boast thou mightily; for to thee have Zeus, the son of Cronos, and Apollo, vouchsafed victory, they that subdued me full easily, for of themselves they took the harness from my shoulders. But if twenty such as thou had faced me, here would all have perished, slain by my spear. Nay, it was baneful Fate and the son of Leto that slew me, and of men Euphorbus, while thou art the third in my slaying. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to hear: verily thou shalt not thyself be long in life, but even not doth death stand hard by thee, and mighty fate, that thou be slain beneath the hands of Achilles, the peerless son of Aeacus."

Even as he thus spoke the end of death enfolded him; and his soul fleeting from his limbs was gone to Hades, bemoaning her fate, leaving manliness and youth. And to him even in his death spake glorious Hector:

"Patroclus, wherefore dost thou prophesy for me sheer destruction? Who knows but that Achilles, the son of fair-tressed Thetis, may first be smitten by my spear, and lose his life?"

So saying, he drew forth the spear of bronze from the wound, setting his foot upon the dead, and thrust him backward from the spear.) (literal prose of Murray)

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

An Annotated List of Published Versions of the Iliad in English

The following list of works includes all complete Iliads, and partial versions of more than four lines of verse, or more than half a page or so of prose. An asterisk (*) means that I have not seen the work listed or a later edition. If an unseen work is listed in more than one bibliography, I state only the most recent authored bibliography, or if none, then British Museum or Widener.

1581

Arthur Hall. Ten books of Homers Iliades, translated out of French. books 1-10; alexandrine lines; translated from French. *The first English version of the Iliad ever published. Warton's assessment--"This translation has no other merit than that of being the first appearance of a part of the Iliad in an English dress" (911)--sums up the general critical opinion regarding Hall's work, although Little is slightly more positive (199-200).

1587

Roger Rawlyns ("R. R. of Lyncolnes Inne"). Nestor his Antilochus: poynting out the trueth and necessitie of Arte in Studie. 23.304-25; verse; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1598

George Chapman. Seauen bookes of the Iliades of Homere, prince of poets. London. also complete (The Iliads of Homer Prince of Poets 1612); rhymed 14-syllable lines. The first complete English version of the Iliad. Its Elizabethan style and diction do not make an easy read for the present-day student trying merely to learn about the Iliad. Its ornateness of diction and style is used by Matthew Arnold as an example of the violation of Homer's plainness and directness. It is still read and discussed by those equipped to do so, and so has survived for nearly four centuries, while countless other translations have been, for

the most part, forgotten. Discussed in Crossett, Little, H. Mason, Wilson, "The Elizabethan Homer," and many others.

1660

Grantham, Thomas. The First Booke of Homer's Iliads. London. also book 3, part of book 2; heroic couplets; *listed in Bush.

1660

John Ogelsby (or Ogilby). Homers Iliads and Odisses. (pub. by) Thom. Tycroft. complete; heroic couplets. The second complete version in English, it is the first version in heroic couplets, preceding Pope's by half a century. It manages to retain, at times, much of the strength of emotion and the powerful majesty that are so characteristic of Homer and are all too often lost in the safer and tamer versions of later years. The invocation, for example, moves rapidly, with a suggestion of the violence that is at the heart of the Iliad:

Achilles Peleus Son's destructive Rage,
Great Goddess, sing, which did the Greeks engage
In many Woes, and mighty Heroes Ghosts
Sent down untimely to the Stygian Coasts:
Devouring Vultures on their Bodies prey'd,
And greedy Dogs, (so was Jove's Will obey'd;)
Because Great Agamemnon fell at odds
With stern Achilles, Off-spring of the Gods.

1668

John Denham. "Sarpedon's Speech to Glaucus in the 12th of Homer." 12.309-28; heroic couplets; see Chapter Two.

1675

Thomas Hobbes. Homer's Iliads in English. London: William Crook. complete; iambic pentameter quatrains. Hobbes makes no great claims for his work, but wittily explains:

Why then did I write it? Because I had nothing else to do. Why publish it? Because I thought it might take off my adversaries from showing their folly upon my more serious writings, and set them upon my verses to show their wisdom. (x)

Pope calls it "too mean for criticism." One anonymous reviewer (Rev. of Sotheby and Shadwell, Westminster Review) says that it "seems written by the genius of famine. Each particular hair of its back stands on end, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine'" (337). Another anonymous critic ("The English Translators of Homer") says of it that "[we] find all around us fresh grounds to support an indictment for murder" (286). Even the relatively recent discussion by Riddebough contains hardly a single positive word. This may be the only version, through the entire history of Iliad translations, upon which critics have agreed unanimously.

1685

T(homas?) B(rown?). 6.486-506; *listed in Brown.

1685

Anonymous. 6.392-50; in Miscellany, being a Collection of Poems by Several Hands. pub'd by Joseph Hindmarsh. *listed in Brown.

1693

William Congreve. "Priam's Lamentation and Petition to Achilles, for the Body of his Son Hector" (book 24.468-512) and "The Lamentations of Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen" (24.695-803); iambic pentameter couplets; in The Mourning Bride, Poems, & Miscellanies. London: Oxford U P, 1928. Congreve adds to, embellishes, and rearranges the original material, but usually remains faithful to the sense and spirit. In "Priam's Lament," for example, at the end of the old man's speech, Congreve uses ten of his lines to render four of Homer's:

Fear the just Gods, Achilles; and on me
With Pity look, think you your Father see;
Such as I am, he is, alone in this,
I can no Equal have in Miseries;
Of all Mankind, most wretched and forlorn,
Bow'd with such Weight, as never has been born;
Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
The Spring and Source of all my Sorrows come;
With Gifts, to court mine and my Country's Bane,
And kiss those Hands, which have my Children slain.

1694

Arthur(?), Maynwaring. "The First Book of Homer's Iliads, Translated from the Greek by Mr. Maynwaring" 1.1-412; heroic couplets; see Chapter Two.

1694

Thomas Yalden. "Patroclus's Request to Achilles for His Arms" 16.1-45; heroic couplets; see Chapter Two.

1700

John Dryden. Book 1 & 6.369-502; heroic couplets; in Fables Ancient & Modern, London: J. Tonson; discussed in Little, H. Mason, Wilson, Frost, and others.

1712

J. Ozel, W. Broome, & Oldisworth. (The Iliad) By Madame Dacier. London. complete; translated from French; *discussed in Little.

1715

Alexander Pope. The Iliad of Homer. London. complete; heroic couplets. One of the few to survive its age and still be published and read. Richard Garnett, in 1889, said

that it unquestionably held the post of Britain's national version of the Iliad, although he lamented that fact and hoped for a successor. This attitude, plus the more famous statement of Richard Bentley--"It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer"--effectively sum up the critical opinion regarding Pope's Iliad. Matthew Arnold used it as an example of a violation of his dictum of plainness and directness of ideas in translating Homer, just as he said Chapman had violated plainness and directness of diction and style. Discussed in Crossett, Little, Wilson, H. Mason, Lynch, Knight, Shankman, and many others.

1715

Thomas Tickell. The First Book of Homer's Iliad. London. heroic couplets; also found in The Works of Celebrated Authors, of Whose Writings there are but small remains. 2 vols. London: Tonson & Draper, 1750. Was published almost simultaneously with Pope's translation, and was assumed at the time to be intended as a rival version (Cibber 5: 22). Cibber and an anonymous critic ("The English Translators of Homer" 286) suggest that Thomas Tickell is a pseudonym for Richard Addison. Also discussed in Wilson.

1727

William Broome. "Part of the Tenth Book of the Iliads of Homer, In the stile of Milton." in Poems on Several Occasions. London: Bernard Lintot.

1729

T. Cooke. "The Episode of Thersites." 2.211-70; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1749

I. H. Fitz-Cotton. London. book 1; *listed in Bush.

1750

Samuel Ashwick. London. book 8; *listed in Bateson.

1755

Joseph Nichol Scott. An Essay towards a translation of Homer's Works. London: Osborne, Shipton, and Baldwin. 1.43-58; 1.223-84; 3.121-61; 3.340-82; 4.446-72; 6.374-529; 11.521-55; 12.445-71; 13.10-67; 14.211-23; 14.341-60; 14.402-31; 15.605-28; blank verse; discussed in anonymous reviews in Gentleman's Magazine and Monthly Review.

1762

Thomas Bridges. A Burlesque Translation of the Iliad. revised and bowdlerized by George A. Smith, 1889.

1767

Samuel Langley. (First Book of the Iliad). London. blank verse; *discussed in anonymous reviews in Critical Review

and Monthly Review. The former includes a sizable excerpt. The latter states: "Dr. Langley tells us that the rumbling majesty of Homer's verses is like Jove's thunder; but the rumbling majesty of the Doctor's translation is like the thunder of a mustard-bowl."

1773

James Macpherson. The Iliad of Homer. London: T. Becket and P. A. De Hondt. complete; rhythmic prose; see Chapter Four.

1791

William Cowper. The Iliad of Homer. London. complete; blank verse; discussed in Crossett, Little, Wilson, anonymous review in Monthly Review, and anonymous letter in Gentleman's Magazine.

1792

W. Tremenheere. London. book 1; *listed in Moss.

1792

Alexander Geddes. The First Book of the Iliad of Homer, verbally rendered into English verse. *listed in Bateson.

1801

Gilbert Thompson. Select Translations from the Works of Homer and Horace. London. *listed in Foster.

1805

Homer's Works in English. *listed in Bush.

1806

P. Williams. The First Book of the Iliad. blank verse; *discussed in anonymous review in Eclectic Review.

1807

Specimen of an English Homer in blank verse. 1.1-222 & 6.404-96; *listed in Foster.

1807

C. Lloyd. A Translation of the Twenty-Fourth Book of the Iliad of Homer. Birmingham. *listed in Foster.

1809

James Morrice. The Iliad of Homer. 2 vols. London: John White. complete; blank verse; see Chapter Three.

1814

R. Morehead. The First Book of Homer's Iliad. 1.1-171; verse; *listed in Foster.

1820

William Maginn. "The Wile of Juno," 14.153-353 in Blackwood's; Spenserian stanzas; also "Helen's Visit to the Scæan Gate," 5.121-244 in Fraser's (1835); "The Genealogy of Glaucus," 6.145-211, "The Arming of Achilles" 19.357-end, "The Genealogy of Aeneas" 3.200-59, and "Nestor's First Essay in Arms" 11.670-761 in Fraser's (1840-1842); ballad-measure; later pub'd as Homeric Ballads.

1821

"A Graduate of Oxford". The Iliad of Homer. London. complete; prose; see Chapter Four.

1825

Blank Blank, Esq. Iliad: New Translation with Notes. London. books 1 & 2; *listed in Foster.

1827

Anonymous. Iliad: Book I: with literal translation on the plan recommended by Mr. Locke. London. *listed in Foster.

1831

William John Blew. The First Book of the Iliad. London. books 1 & 2; *listed in Bush.

1831

William Sotheby. Homer's Iliad. London. complete; heroic couplets. The subject of Wilson's series of essays in Blackwood's Magazine (1937), in which it is compared favorably with the Iliads of Pope, Chapman, Cowper, and others. One anonymous reviewer (Monthly Review 1831) also prefers Sotheby's translation over Pope's, whose "ambition seems to have been to construct a perfect poem, without reference to the defects or peculiarities of the original: Sotheby aims at giving us a faithful model of Homer" (97). Another anonymous reviewer (Westminster Review 1845) is less positive, though:

[Although] Mr. Sotheby's version is more literal than Pope's . . . Sotheby has sometimes altogether lost the spirit of a passage, or failed to see it in a clear light. . . . His line is sometimes slightly opaque. . . A stout thought is sometimes cased 'in too fat a bark.'" (340)

1831

John Wilson (Christopher North). excerpts; literal prose, line-by-line; in "Homer and His Translators."

1833

"A Graduate of the University of Cambridge." Iliad: First six books; with literal prose translation. Cambridge. *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1833

"A Graduate of the University." A Literal Translation of . . . Homer's Iliad. Dublin. *listed in Bush.

1834

Anonymous. Book 1; "literal interlinear translation"; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1834

? Tufts. Alexander's Casket. Lexington. *listed in Widener Shelflist.

1834

(Archdeacon) Wrangham. Homerics. book 3; verse; *listed in Bush.

1838

Edwin Guest. 1.1-47; accentual hexameters; in A History of English Rhythms. First pub'd example of Iliad in English hexameters.

1839

William E. Aytoun. "The Twenty-Second Book of the Iliad. Translated into English Trochaics." couplets; see Chapter Two.

1841

Anonymous. Homer's Iliad. *listed in Bush.

1841

Anonymous. The first six Books of Homer's Iliad, with an interpagged translation, line for line, and numerous notes. London. *listed in Bush.

1843

E. C. Hawtrey. "Helen on the Walls of Troy" 3.234-44, "Hector and Andromache" 6.394-502; accentual hexameters; see Chapter Five.

1844-45

Lancelot Shadwell ("Philhellen Etonensis"). The Iliad of Homer. London. books 1-9.371; accentual hexameters; *discussed in anonymous review (w/Sotheby) in Westminster Review.

1846

Anonymous. Homer's Iliad. London. *listed in Bush.

1846

Anonymous. excerpts; literal accentual hexameters, literal prose; in "Translators of Homer."

1846

T. S. Brandreth. The Iliad of Homer. 2 vols. London: William Pickering. complete; blank verse; see Chapter Three.

1846

William Munford. Homer's Iliad. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown. complete; blank verse; discussed in Little, and "Translators of Homer" and anonymous reviews in Christian Examiner, North American Review, and Southern Quarterly Review.

1846

Charles A. Elton. Two small excerpts; blank verse; in "Translators of Homer."

1846

John Gibson Lockhart ("N. N. T."). Books 1, 6.236-516, & 24; accentual hexameters; see Chapter Five.

1847

? Bryce. Homer's Iliad. London. *listed in Foster.

1850

Anonymous. The Iliad of Homer, the First, Second, and Third Cantos. London. "translated in a metrical version most comfortable, though not identical in construction, with the original Greek hexameter"; *listed in Bush.

1850

W. G. T. Barter. The Iliad of Homer. London. complete (1854); Spenserian stanzas; discussed in Little.

1851

Theodore Alois Buckley. The Iliad of Homer. London: Henry G. Bohn. complete; prose.

Although pub'd under Buckley's name only, this could be considered a revision of "A Graduate of Oxford" (1821). Buckley did revise an edition of the latter, according to Little (110), and this version is remarkably similar.

1851

Edward Hale. Excerpts; various verse forms; in "A Piece of Possible History" in If, Yes, and Perhaps.

1855-58

Hamilton & Clark. Homer's Iliad, with an interlinear translation. Philadelphia. *listed in Foster.

1856

F. W. Newman. Iliad. London. complete; ballad-measure.

Most famous as primary target of Arnold's "On Translating Homer." Also discussed in "The English Translators of Homer," and anonymous review in Atlantic Monthly.

1858

Ichabod Charles Wright. Iliad. London. complete (1865); blank verse; *discussed in "The English Translators of Homer."

1860

Anonymous. Homer for the English. London, Eton. books 5 & 6; verse; *listed in Bush.

1860

Anonymous. The Iliad. books 1-12 & part of 13; verse; *listed in Bush.

1861

Matthew Arnold. Excerpts; accentual hexameters; in "On Translating Homer."

1861

W. E. Gladstone. Homer, Translation from the Iliad. London: Strahan. excerpts; ballad-measure; *reviewed in London Quarterly Review (1875).

1861

F. H. J. Ritso. Books 1-3; hexameters; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1861

Philip Stanhope Worsley. Books 1-12; Spenserian stanzas; later pub'd with Conington 13-24 as The Iliad of Homer. 2 vols. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons, 1865, 1868. discussed in Little, and "Translators of the Iliad."

1861-82

(Rev. Dr.) Giles. The Iliad of Homer. London: James Cornish & Sons. complete; "construed literally and word for word":

Αειδε sing, θεα O goddess, μηνιν ουλομενην the destructive wrath Αχιλλος of Achilles Πηληιαδεω son of Peleus, η which εθηκε caused μυρια αλγεα ten thousand griefs Αχαιοις to the Achaeans [Greeks], προιαψε δε and sent before their time πολλας ιφθιμους ψυχας many valiant souls ηρωων of heroes Αιδι to Hades . . .

1862

Anonymous. London. hexameters; *listed in Foster.

1862

Anonymous. London. books 20-22; "literal translation"; *listed in Foster.

1862

John Murray. Book 1; quantitative hexameters; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1862

William Purton ("X. Y. Z.") Gradus ad Homerum; or, the A. B. C. D. of Homer; being heteroclitite translation . . . into English heroics. books 1-4; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1862

J. T. B. Landon. "Literally translated into English hexameters"; *mentioned in Arnold; listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1862

John F. W. Herschel. "Book I of the Iliad." accentual hexameters; also The Iliad of Homer. London: Macmillan, 1866; complete; see Chapter Five.

1862

James Inglis Cochrane. Book 1; accentual hexameters; also complete (1867); *discussed in Little, reviewed by Whewell, also excerpt in Bridges, Ibant Obscuri.

1862-65

J. Henry Dart. Complete; accentual hexameters; reviewed by Whewell, anonymous review in Christian Remembrancer, w/others in anonymous review in London Quarterly Review, also discussed in Little, Ruutz-Rees.

1862

C. W. Bateman. Books 1-8; "literally translated"; also complete w/Mongan (1879); *discussed in Little.

1863

Alfred, Lord Tennyson. 8.542-61, in "Attempts at Classical Metres in Quantity"; also "Achilles Over the Trench" 18.202-29 in Nineteenth Century (1877); 4.446-56, 6.503-14 (c.1863) unpublished by Tennyson, pub'd in Poems of Tennyson; blank verse; discussed by Redpath (107-10).

1864

Edward, Earl of Derby. The Iliad. 2 vols. London. complete; blank verse; see Chapter Three.

1864

T. S. Norgate. The Iliad; or, Achilles' Wrath; at the Siege of Ilion. London: Williams and Norgate. complete; "dramatic blank verse"; see Chapter Three.

1865

Edwin W. Simcox. The Iliad. London. complete; accentual hexameters; *discussed in Little.

1866

John Stuart Blackie. Homer and the Iliad. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. Vols. 2 & 3. complete; ballad-measure; see Chapter Two.

1866

"Omega." Book 1, 7.407-65, 8.542-61; heroic couplets; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1866

Charles Stuart Calverley. "Iliad, books 1 & 2," blank verse, and 1.1-129, accentual hexameters; found in Complete Works, London: Bell, 1901.

1866

C. S. Simms. Book 1; 14-syllable verse; also six books in 1873; *listed in Foster.

1867

Charles Chorley. The Episode of Hector and Androche. 6.369-502; accentual hexameters; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1868

John Conington. The Iliad of Homer. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. Vol. II. books 13-24; Spenserian stanzas; pub'd with Worsley 1-12; discussed in "Translators of the Iliad."

1868

E. L. Swifte. Homeric Studies. book 1 & other selections; "Early-English blank verse"; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1869

Arthur Hugh Clough. 1.1-32 & 121-218; accentual hexameters; in Poems.

1869

Charles Merivale. Homer's Iliad. London: Strahan and Co. complete; ballad-measure; see Chapter Two.

1869

William R. Smith. Diomede. book 5; also Key to the Iliad of Homer. Philadelphia, 1872. books 1 & 6 and parts of 5 & 2; *listed in Foster.

1870

W. Lucas Collins. Iliad. London. adaptation; prose.

1870

Anonymous. "Suggestive Renderings of the Iliad into English Ballad-Metre." in Tinsley's Magazine 7 (1871), 597-600; excerpts from books 1 & 2. Its regular, bouncy rhythm serves as an example of the ignoble tendencies of the ballad-measure:

The wrath of dread Achilles,
 To Greece the fruitful spring
 Of miseries unnumbered,
 Come, tuneful goddess, sing.

1870

W. G. Caldcleugh. The Iliad. Philadelphia. complete; blank verse; see Chapter Three.

1870

John Graham Cordery. Iliad. London. complete; blank verse; see Chapter Three.

1870-71

William Cullen Bryant. The Iliad of Homer. Boston. complete; blank verse; see Chapter Three.

1871

T. F. Barham. Iliad. Book I. London. hexameters; *listed in Foster.

1872-76

P. R. Johnson. Achilles' Wrath: Composite translation of Book 1 of the Iliad. *listed in Foster.

1873

Edward Simms. The First Six Books of the Iliad of Homer. London: Stanford. fourteen-syllable verse, "designed as a reading-book for colleges and schools"; *(source unknown).

1873

W. M. Adams. Iliad, Book 1. hexameters; *listed in Foster.

1873

E. S. Crooke. Iliad, Books XXIII and XXIV. London. *listed in Foster.

1874

J. B. Rose. Complete; blank verse; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1875

Anonymous. "Shield of Achilles." 18.483-608; blank verse; see Chapter Three.

1875

P. Roosevelt Johnson. Achilles' Wrath. Boston. book 1;
*listed in Foster.

1875

M. P. W. Boulton. Homer's Iliad, Book I. London. *listed
in Foster.

1876

M. Barnard. Iliad and Odyssey. London. complete; prose;
*listed in Parks & Temple.

1877

James A. Martling. The Iliad of Homer. St. Louis: R. P.
Studley. book 1; accentual hexameters, "verse for verse";
see Chapter Five.

1877

Charles Bagot Cayley. The Iliad, Homometrically Translated.
complete; quasi-quantitative accentual hexameters; discussed
in Little.

1879

H. Dunbar. "A few lines of an attempt to translate (as
nearly literally as possible) the first book of the Iliad"
and "The Deeds and Death of Patroclus." a few lines of 1,
all of 16; *listed in Widener List & British Museum
Catalogue.

1877

W. C. Green. The Similes of Homer's Iliad. London:
Longmans. blank verse; also Iliad (1-12), London, 1884.

1879

Roscoe Mongan. Iliad, Books IX-XXIV. London. pub'd with
Bateman in 1881; prose.

1880

Charles Wellington Stone. Iliad I. Cambridge. *listed in
Widener List.

1880

Herbert Hailstone. Iliad. London. complete; prose;
*mentioned in Little.

1883

Thomas Allen Blyth. Iliad, Books I-V. Oxford. *listed in
Foster.

1883

Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf, Ernest Myers. Iliad. London.
complete; prose; discussed in Crossett, Little.

1885

(A Graduate). Iliad, Books XXI-XXII. London. *listed in Foster.

1885

Henry Smith Wright. Iliad, Books I-IV. London. hexameters; *listed in Foster.

1885-1888

Arthur Saunders Way. The Iliad of Homer. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. complete; 6-beat rhymed couplet. Each line has from thirteen to eighteen syllables of iambs and anapests, with occasional falling feet at the beginnings of lines. The meter seems like a good idea in theory, but in practice it does not work so well. Each line stumbles along till it falls and rests heavily on the final--rhyming--syllable. Even though the line is nominally a "hexameter," its effect is far from homeric. One anonymous reviewer (Spectator 1886) thought the translation to be "accurate and spirited" (1055). To whatever degree those adjectives are accurate, they are surely overshadowed by the awkwardness of rhythm and diction:

The wrath of Achilles the Peleus-begotten, O Song-
queen, sing,
Fell wrath, that dealt the Achaians woes past
numbering.

1886

Augustus Constable Maybury. Iliad, Book XVI. London. "literal English"; *listed in Foster.

1887

R. M. Thomas. Book 24; prose; *listed in British Museum Catalogue; excerpt in Bridges.

1888

Henry Morley(?) "Introduction by Henry Morley"; *listed in Foster.

1888(?)

A. W. Bacher. The Iliad. book 1; "a metrical translation"; *(source unknown).

1889

Anonymous. Homer's Iliad, Books I-VI. New York. "Handy Literal Translation"; *listed in Foster.

1889

Richard Garnett. "The Encounter of the Hosts" 4.422-45, "The Trojan Camp at Night" 8.553-65, "Poseidon Going to the Aid of the Greeks" 13.1-31, "Achilles Recovers the Body of Patroclus" 18.202-38, "Achilles Arms Himself" 19.349-424,

and "The Gods Join in the Battle" 20.47-65; heroic couplets; in "On Translating Homer." In essay he calls for a new translation of the Iliad in heroic couplets to replace Pope's version, then supplies his examples.

1889

G. Howland. Homer's Iliad. Boston. complete; "metrical"; *listed in Foster.

1890

John Henry Freese. Cambridge, London. books 22-24; *listed in Foster.

1891

Joseph Cross. "A Daughter of the Gods. Ballads from the Iliad." selections from 1-3; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1891

John Purves. Iliad. London: Percival. complete; prose; excerpt in Bridges; discussed in Little.

1891

Hallam Tennyson. Book 6; prose; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1893

Richard Williams Reynolds. Iliad, Book XXII. London. *listed in Foster.

1894

Richard Moody Thomas. Iliad, Book XXIV. London. *listed in Foster.

1895

William Cudworth. Iliad, Books I, VI, and IX. Darlington. blank verse; *listed in Foster.

1898

Samuel Butler. The Iliad of Homer, rendered into English prose for the use of those who cannot read the original. London: Longmans, Green. complete; prose; discussed in Crossett, Little.

1900

E. Carpenter. Book 1; verse; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1900

W. J. Woodhouse. Iliad, Books XXII-XXIV. London. *listed in Foster.

1903

William Cranston Lawton. Excerpts; accentual hexameters; see Chapter Five.

1905-13

E. H. Blakeny. The Iliad. London: G. Bell and Sons. complete; prose.

1907

Edgar Alfred Tibbetts. The Iliad of Homer. Boston: Richard A. Badger. complete; ballad-measure; see Chapter Two.

1907

A. J. Church. Stories from the Iliad. abridged; prose adaptation.

1908

C. H. Prichard. Book 9; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1910

Richard J. Anderson. 13.1-38; *listed in British Museum Catalogue.

1910

Prentiss Cummings. The Iliad of Homer. abridgement; accentual hexameters; *discussed in Little, anonymous reviews in Catholic World, Nation, Outlook, NY Times Rev. of Books.

1911

Arthur Gardner Lewis. The Iliad of Homer. NY: Baker & Taylor. complete; blank verse; discussed in Little, "'The Iliad' in English," anonymous reviews in Dial, Independent, Literary Digest, Nation.

1912

Hugh Woodruff Taylor. "The Women of the Iliad: A metrical translation of the first book and of other passages in which women appear." New York. *listed in Foster.

1916

Robert Bridges. "Priam and Achilles." 24.339-660; quantitative hexameters; see Chapter Five.

1917

Anonymous. Homer's Iliad (Student's Interlinear Translation). New York. *listed in Foster.

1920

F. S. Marvin, R. J. G. Mayer & F. M. Stawell. The Story of the Iliad. London: J. M. Dent and Sons; NY: Dutton. abridged; prose adaptation; *discussed in Little.

1922

George Ernle. The Wrath of Achilles. London: Oxford U P.
1.1-536; 9.1-713; 16.1-277; 18.1-242; 19.1-424; quantitative
hexameters; see Chapter Five.

1922

C. D. Locock. "Thirty-Two Passages from the Iliad in
English Rhymed Verse." London: G. Allen and Unwin.
selections; "free heroic"; *discussed in Little.

1924

A. T. Murray. The Iliad. Cambridge, MA: Harvard U P;
London: Heinemann. complete; prose; see Chapters 2-7 for
excerpts.

1926

Marshall Macgregor. Selections; prose, iambic pentameter
couplets; in Leaves of Hellas, London: Edward Arnold, 1926.

1927

Frank Lowry Clark. A Study of the Iliad in Translation.
Chicago: University Press. selections from all books; prose
line by line. Covers entire Iliad, with translated passages
connected with summaries and commentary.

1928

Maurice Hewlett. The Iliad of Homer. London: Cresset
Press. books 1-12; blank verse; discussed in Little,
Horwill.

1929

Robinson Smith. The Original Iliad. London: Grafton & Co.,
1938. (unpublished version appeared 1929, U of MI library)
selections from most books, 3,423 lines; prose. Includes
all passages Smith deems uninterpolated.

1932

Henry B. Lister. "The Bride of Achilles, a garland of lines
from Homer." *listed in Widener List.

1933

Alexander Falconer Murison. The Iliad of Homer. London,
New York: Longmans, Green. books 1-12; accentual
hexameters; discussed in Little.

1934

William Marris. The Iliad of Homer. London: Oxford U P.
complete; blank verse; discussed in Little; excerpts in
Higham & Bowra.

1938

M. Balkwill. 12.277-89; loose verse; in Higham & Bowra.

1938

C. M. Bowra. 21.97-135; rhymed verse; in Higham & Bowra.

1938

E. R. Dodds. 17.735-61; verse; in Higham & Bowra.

1938

W. H. D. Rouse. The Iliad: The Story of Achilles. London: Thomas Nelson and Sons. complete; prose; see Chapter Four.

1944

William Benjamin Smith & Walter Miller. The Iliad of Homer. NY: Macmillan. complete; line-by-line accentual hexameters; see Chapter Five.

1945

H. N. Couch. 3.121-158; verse; in Beauty and Parting.

1945

Mary McCarthy & D. Macdonald. Selections; free verse; in McCarthy's translation of Simone Weil's essay "The Iliad."

1947

Kathleen Freeman. Selections; prose; in The Greek Way: an anthology, London: MacDonald & Co.

1950

Alex Anthony Blum (illustrator). Classics Illustrated #77; adaptation, comic book; *listed in MSU library catalogue.

1950

Alston Hurd Chase and William G. Perry, Jr. The Iliad. Boston: Little, Brown. complete; prose; discussed in reviews by Astley-Cock, Robinson, Rose.

1950

F. L. Lucas. Selections; loose six-beat couplets; in Greek Poetry for Everyman, Boston: Beacon Press, 1951.

Roughly three thousand lines of the Iliad, taken from most of the twenty-four books. The meter is much like A. S. Way's, in couplets of 13 to 18 syllables per line, with feet of anapests and iambs. And again the meter seems, from the author's explanation, to have good possibilities:

It is, roughly, as if the last syllable of a hexameter were simply shifted from the end of the line to the beginning. This slight change turns a falling rhythm of dactyl and spondee into a rising rhythm of anapest and iamb, to which the natural run of English speech takes far more kindly. (xxxiii)

In practice the work fails, however:

Of the wrath of the son of Peleus--of Achilles--
Goddess, sing--

That ruinous wrath, that brought sorrows past
numbering.

1950

I. A. Richards. The Wrath of Achilles: The Iliad of Homer.
NY: Norton. abridgement; prose.

1950

E. V. Rieu. The Iliad. Harmondsworth: Penguin. complete;
prose; see Chapter Four.

1951

Richmond Lattimore. The Iliad of Homer. U of Chicago P.
complete; free six-beat lines; see beginning of Chapter Six;
discussed more thoroughly in Crossett.

1955

S. O. Andrew & M. J. Oakley. Complete; prose; *listed in
Parks & Temple.

1955

James Maclean Todd. Selections; free verse; in Voices from
the Past, London: Phoenix House.

1955

Janet Maclean Todd. Selections; blank verse, prose; in
Voices from the Past.

1956

Jane Werner Watson. The Iliad and The Odyssey. adaptation
for children; prose; *discussed in "Topless Towers: Tall
Ships."

1959

Robert Graves. The Anger of Achilles: Homer's Iliad.
London: Cassell. complete; prose and verse; see Chapter
Six.

1959

John Cowper Powys. Homer and the Aether. London:
Macdonald. adaptation; prose; see Chapter Four.

1962

Christopher Logue. Patrocleia of Homer. London: Scorpion
Press. book 19; free verse adaptation; also War Music books
16-19 (1981), and Kings books 1 & 2 (1991), and excerpt from
book 21 in Songs; see Chapter Six.

1963

Enis Rees. The Iliad of Homer. NY: Modern Library.
complete; blank verse; discussed in reviews by Abbott,
Aldrich, Dimock, Jensen, Wilner, anonymous reviews in
Choice, Virginia Quarterly Review .

1967

William Arrowsmith. "Thetis and Achilles, Iliad 18, 1-147." in Arion 6, 346-51.

1968

Ian Fletcher. The Milesian Intrusion: a Restoration Comedy Version of Iliad XIV. Nottingham: Byron Press. 14.153-362; free verse; see Chapter Six.

1968

Edwin Morgan. "Two from Homer." 14.1-108, 17.626-761; in Arion 7: 102-09.

1969

Kenneth Cavander. Adaptation, radio play; *listed in MSU library catalogue.

1969

David Silhanek. Homer's Iliad and Vergil's Aeneid. abridgement; prose; *reviewed by Schettler.

1971

M. L. West. "Sing me, goddess; being the first recitation of Homer's Iliad." book 1; *listed in Widener List.

1973

Robert Lowell. "Achilles to the dying Lykaon." 21.122-35; loose blank verse; see Chapter Six.

1976

Bernard Evslin. Greeks Bearing Gifts: The Epics of Achilles and Ulysses. NY: Four Winds Press, 1976. prose adaptation.

1977

Elliot Maggin. The Iliad. Marvel Classic Comics #26. adaptation, comic book; *listed in MSU library catalogue.

1979

Robert Fitzgerald. The Iliad. NY: Anchor Press/Doubleday. complete; blank verse; see Chapter Six.

1979

Gregory Nagy. Selections; line-by-line, special form; in The Best of the Achaeans: Concepts of the Hero in Archaic Greek Poetry, Baltimore: Johns Hopkins U P.

1982

Denison Bingham Hull. The Iliad of Homer. Scottsdale, AZ: pub'd by author. complete; blank verse; reviewed by Dutra.

1984

Anonymous. The Iliad. Pocket Classics C54. adaptation, comic strip form; *listed in MSU library catalogue.

1985

G. S. Kirk. Excerpts from several books; prose; in essay "The Iliad," in Cambridge History of Classical Literature.

1987

Martin Hammond. The Iliad. Harmondsworth: Penguin. complete; prose; see Chapter Four.

1990

Robert Fagles. The Iliad. NY: Viking. complete; loose six-beat lines; see Chapter Six.

1990

Michael Reck. The Iliad for Speaking. Germany: Porpentine Press. complete; loose decasyllabic verse; *reviewed by Lloyd-Jones, with excerpts. Does not appear on OCLC

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- . Rev. of The Iliad, trans. Robert Fitzgerald. Atlantic Monthly 234 (1974): 123.
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---. Horae Hellenicae: Essays and Discussions on Some Important Points of Greek Philology and Antiquity. London: Macmillan, 1874.

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Brandreth, T. S., trans. The Iliad of Homer. 2 vols. London: William Pickering, 1846.

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Brien, Alan. "Hocus-pocus." Rev. of War Music, by Christopher Logue, and other works. New Statesman 13 April 1984: 23.

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Butcher, S.H. & Andrew Lang, trans. The Odyssey of Homer. London: Macmillan, 1927.

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