

VIRGIL'S *AENEID*, BOOK 8: AN EXPERIMENT IN TRANSLATION

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A THESIS

Presented to the Department of Classics
and the Graduate School of the University of Oregon
in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of
Master of Arts

June 2019

THESIS APPROVAL PAGE

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Title: Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book 8; An Experiment in Translation

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Degree awarded June 2019

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THESIS ABSTRACT

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Master of Arts

Department of Classics

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English and Latin, though related, are very different languages, Latin with its inflections and small vocabulary, English with its overwhelming word order and expansive lexicon. Any translation from Latin to English will necessarily involve explanatory additions to the text. This is all the more true for Latin poetry, and above all for Virgil, who manages to create surprising and moving expressions line after line. Most modern translators have aimed for a literal version of the *Aeneid*, at the expense of mirroring in English some of the verbal magic and power of Virgil's Latin. Dryden and Surrey strove to imitate these Virgilian features and in so doing created living poetry in English.

This translation strives to render in English a hint of the power of Virgil's expressions. And Virgil's own treatment of Homer and Greek literature and the whole translation-orientated project of early Latin literature lend weight to such an approach.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank Professors Bowditch and Calhoon for their patient assistance and learned comments during the preparation of this thesis. I am especially grateful to Professor Bowditch, whose class on Virgil was the inspiration for the translation. And to Geri Doran, who was an unofficial member of the committee, I add my special thanks for attentively reading the translation as English verse. Without the help of these women and experts I might not have been able to complete this project straddling two worlds. I also would like to thank Mary Jaeger who offered incisive and helpful comments on the introductory chapter.

For my father, with whom I shared the dream of universities and scholarly books,
and for my mother who made my stay here possible.

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I. INTRODUCTION: VIRGIL, LATIN, AND ENGLISH

Ours is an age when the act of translation is the subject of intense, professional scrutiny, yet simultaneously literary translations proliferate, when one might expect caution and restraint. This dual phenomenon is enough to make one hesitate to undertake a translation, if not abandon the idea altogether. Why another *Aeneid*, when at least four versions have come out in the past ten to fifteen years? Why another, after Fitzgerald and the prose Loeb translations, which seem perfectly adequate?

Part of the problem is that Virgil, unlike Homer, demands translating. There could never be a Lattimore translation of the *Aeneid* because Virgil's Latin is too opaque. Dryden of course represents the poetic end of the spectrum of translation, whereas modern versions seem to inhabit a grey zone between a poetic and literal translation. There seemed to be room for at least an attempt in the realm of poetic translation, along the lines of Dryden but for the present age.

The following translation makes no claims to being anything other than an experiment in poetry. It is not meant to stand for a literal version, but it is an attempt to recognize, and try to imitate certain features in the text of Virgil which challenge the English language and poetry. It seemed to me that contemplating the difference between Latin and English, especially Virgil's Latin, by means of translation is a fruitful exercise for English poetry.

In particular, I have sought to preserve the feeling of oddness and uncertain perception that haunts the original. And I have done this through ways that attempt to be faithful to the ways Virgil does it, while yet remaining faithful to the demands of English poetry. More concretely, this means the following: maximum use of simple words, with

archaisms sprinkled in; energizing verbs that can be used in a variety of contexts; various forms and means of parataxis; and attention to effects of sound in vowel and consonant without overt rhyme and a loose metrical structure (iambic pentameter). I have proceeded by sentences, which scholars see as the Virgilian unit of meaning and perhaps composition. This has resulted in my shifting of the order of information in the original, which is necessitated by the demands of English and the inflections and hyperbaton in Latin, all in the interest of making a more engaging poem in English.

The intention is not to replace or displace the many excellent translations of the *Aeneid*. I wanted to try to give Virgil some latitude in English, to be as lively, curious, sonorous, and rich, as he is in Latin. Without these qualities, the poem can often seem lackluster, since the characters do not display vivid personalities as those in Homer, with the exception of Dido, of course.

Virgil's *Aeneid* is the quintessential poem of empire, or at least that is how it has been read until recently. It has been seen as the classic of western literature, as T. S. Eliot put it. A translation that plays more freely with words and tries to credit and bring out the linguistic ambiguities in the original would therefore be mildly subversive. A denser, more risky translation that tries to allow the language to wander into more 'surreal' effects (as Virgil's text does), at the risk of fast, easy surface intelligibility, would be to challenge the imperial, classical Virgil, and promote the poetry of the original which is often lost in English translations, because English and Latin tend in opposing directions: many words, no inflections vs few words, heavy inflections.

The following is an attempt to outline the unusual and startling effects Virgil is able to create with his style.

1.1. Inflection

One way to conceptualize and investigate the problems faced by translators is to look at the chief problems facing those who are beginning to learn the language. Problems at the very beginning of learning, as, for example, absence of articles, complex verb systems and the like, are not as revealing as the problems faced when the learner makes the transition to reading literature. In this realm, there are two things that beset the English-speaking learner of Latin: inflections and semantic range of words. As it turns out these areas were intentionally and movingly exploited by Latin poets, particularly Virgil.

Latin inflections demand that the reader hold attention for long periods of time between words. A Latin verb can occur several lines from its subject or an adjective can radically be displaced from its noun. Latin inflections usually demand that the reader, who in ancient as in modern times reads left to right, look backward to find a subject or to couple noun and adjective. Thus inflections create a special experience of space-time duration. The ancient Roman mind seems to have had less difficulty moving back and forth over a sentence than we do, whereas English readers go straight from A to Z. In English one rarely has to look back or retain words in suspension as one does in Latin, where the words eddy and flow backwards as well as forwards.

The poetic possibilities in this kind of displacement are obvious. The poet is able to create small groups of meanings within the larger pattern of the sentence without seeming affected or obscure or excessively mannered. The native English speaker finds these routine displacements difficult. English has trouble reproducing these small eddies of meaning.

1.2. Semantic Range

When one begins to learn Latin, especially as an English speaker, one is struck and often frustrated by the way in which Latin words do double, triple, sometimes quadruple time. Whereas in English we have a separate word for each new thing, Latin uses the same word in many senses. For example, *cornu* means ‘horn of an animal,’ ‘mountain crag,’ ‘bow,’ ‘point of land’, and ‘wing of an army’. *Acies* means ‘line of battle’ but also ‘line of sight, gaze’. The student of Latin takes a long time to become comfortable with this. One learns *ducere* as meaning ‘lead’, but soon meets it meaning ‘consider’, but then in a third context meaning ‘extend’ (as in extending a wall), without any apparent clue in the context to help one anticipate the shift in meaning. When learners meet *stringere* meaning ‘tighten’ in one place but then meaning ‘skim’ in another, panic is understandable.

This might be called a sort of ‘iceberg’ effect, where one meaning shows on the surface but a whole set of related semantic ideas remains under the surface (Knight, *Roman* 281). As a utilitarian user of the language, one tends to latch on to one dimension of a word, keeping the other meanings submerged. Some sort of membrane or film, as it were, separates one semantic field from another in the mind and this is a function of sanity.

Latin, unlike English, proves rich in such extensions. English has a massive and fast-growing vocabulary arising from complex relations with many languages over centuries, whereas Latin is a language known mostly from written literature with a very small vocabulary and very few loan words from languages not directly related to it.

Moreover, Latin even has many words that can designate contrary if not opposing concepts. Sigmund Freud, following the linguist Karl Abel, refers to these as ‘primal words,’ the theory being (whether right or wrong according to theoretical linguistics) that older languages have more words that have mutually exclusive semantic poles (Freud 239). The typical examples are words like *sacer* in Latin and ‘cleave’ in English. Though rarer in English, such words do exist and can be culturally quite pregnant. For example, at the moment ‘privilege’ is torn between two meanings, one positive, the other gaining negative moral connotations. Attic tragedy is made out of this sort of conflict within a single word.

Part of the issue is how words extend their meaning. For example, *fructus* does not simply mean ‘fruit’ but ‘proceeds, profit, income, produce’, but then also ‘enjoyment’, ‘enjoying’. The semantic range of the word encompasses the thing to be enjoyed and the act of enjoying. In other words, the extension of meaning here involves a species of division between active and passive or subject and object. Similarly the word ‘rich’ in English can signify what contains or possesses a great quantity of something (‘a rich man’) but also something that yields or gives a great quantity of a thing (‘a rich mine’). Virgil uses *laus* in the sense of ‘praise bestowed on one for a deed’ and of ‘the deed’ itself (see *Aeneid* 8.273). Both English and Latin have such words, but Latin has more and English has an opposing tendency to multiply words (lexically and syntactically).

2.1. Latin Poetry

These things apply to translating any piece of Latin. What about Latin poetry? Of course a translation from Latin will encounter the obstacles faced in translating from

any language: poetic history, poetic forms, meters, genres and traditions. The translator obviously needs to know about these things, but in Latin poetry the problem is complicated by the way in which its entire literature is in dialogue with Greek literature and the Greek language (Mendell 2). For Virgil, who set out to write a Roman Homeric poem, this means principally Homer (Camps 53; G. W. Williams 736). Everything Homeric was of some concern to Virgil, whether to dismiss or to modify or to accept by direct imitation or translation (G. W. Williams 255; Mendell 81; West 14).

Moreover, this tradition also involves previous translations and imitations of Homer in Latin, especially Ennius (G. W. Williams 260; Camps 62). And in a third complication, all of Greek culture in some degree or other comes filtered through or accompanied by Hellenistic revision (Knight, *Roman* 47). Homer also came to Virgil via Alexandria and the Hellenistic poetic tradition with its antiquarian predilection for Homeric minutia and simultaneously with its critique of Homeric prolixity and preference for shorter epics like the *Argonautica* of Apollonius Rhodius (G. W. Williams 374). Scholars of Virgil have many layers to tease out in order to be able to speak about his poetry accurately. For the purposes of translation these can be summarized. The following is a brief outline of problems in Latin poetry and Virgilian poetics, all of which will affect how the *Aeneid* is translated.

2.2. Latin Poetry And Greek Inheritance

From the start the Romans had to face a major difficulty: the lack of a native poetic (oral) tradition. The Romans had “no commonly recognized tradition of public poetry” comparable to the Greeks, whether Homer or local varieties of song and epos

(Mayer 1). This absence resulted in a lack of poetic language. Even in so rich a source as Cicero's speeches, there is a lack of poetical words (except *ensis, letum* G. W. Williams 737; Martindale 255). Without this tradition, Virgil had to invent just enough of a sufficiently convincing impression of epic grandeur (Camps 62; Martindale 265-6).

Virgil's task was eased by the precedent of Ennius who in his *Annals* went far to create a kind of Homeric Latin poetry. Through Ennius Virgil adopts many overt Homeric trappings, such as: plot elements, characters, mythic narratives, epithets, meter, repeated phrases, including direct translations of Homer (for example, in scenes of eating or sacrificing) and echoes of Ennius translating Homer and echoes of Ennius not translating Homer.

This Homeric veneer aimed to create the appearance or sensation of epic (G. W. Williams 736). Virgil colors his language without dominating it in a mannered way, sufficiently to convince contemporaries of an authentic epic feel or to create distance from common speech/modes of communication (G. W. Williams 737; Camps 62). This is primarily achieved by use of the same meter as Homer. To accompany the meter Virgil creates powerful packets of meaning and long verse paragraphs (Knight, *Roman* 185). He uses parataxis rather than the subordination, hypotaxis and argumentation used by Lucretius (Horsfall 225; Camps 62; Martindale 247). We find, for example in Book 8 of the *Aeneid*, a translation/imitation of a stock Homeric scene of feasting (8.184), of nightfall (8.26), and of Homeric epithets (8.521).

Virgil also uses various kinds of linguistic effects, chiefly archaisms. To give an antique flavor Virgil uses words and phrases from Ennius but also "lexical and morphological archaism from prayers and laws creating the impression of poetic

medium” out of the material at hand (Martindale 252; cf Knight, *Roman* 184). Virgil creates “archaic coloring” and uses archaisms echoing his predecessors, especially Lucretius and Ennius (Palmer 98-112; cf Camps 62). But he also echoes laws and texts like the Sibylline Oracles (Mayer 1; Martindale 252; Knight, *Roman* 184). We find Virgil using old Latin forms like *olli* for *ille*, *aquai* for *aquae*, *fuat* for *sit*, and *ast* for *at* (Camps 61; Martindale 255; G. W. Williams 737). We also see what scholars generally consider high poetic words like *ensis*, many of which are from Ennius. Virgil employed inherited imitations of Homer and created new compound adjectives or epithets in the manner of Homer’s Greek (Camps 61). We also find the following, which create a sense of poetic grandeur or a distant poetic realm (Camps 64): *-abilis* suffixes; “emotive” prefixes in verbs (*circumvolare*; *subremigare*); *-osus* adjectives; *-ax* adjective with quasi-participial force (*nidis loquacibus* of chirping birds or chicks in a nest; *ignis edax*); *-to* verbs (frequentative) and *-esco* verbs (inceptive). Almost all of these effects will not translate.

The result is that Virgil achieves a Homeric veneer but not a stiff archaic imitation (Martindale 254). He created a poem rich in “evocation of or dialogue with earlier poetry” specifically Homer and Ennius (Martindale 254). One is never sure what is an imitation, or what is a translation of Greek sources (lost or extant), and what is original to Virgil (Horsfall 228; Knight, *Roman* 224). While many things are known, it is a complex field of study. Latin literature is haunted by the ghostly presence of Greek but Virgil gains many fortuitous results from trying to be faithful to Greek but also questioning the Homeric model (Johnson 57). The struggle with Homer, the Greek language, and Greek literary precedent led Virgil to draw out latent aspects of the Latin

language in its ancestral connection with Greek (Knight, *Roman* 219; G. W. Williams 737).

Without going into the problem too deeply, it is necessary to outline some aspects of this relationship between Virgil's text and Greek literature and language. At least one scholar claims it is essential to know Greek grammar and syntax in order to appreciate Virgil fully (Horsfall 228). As noted above, Virgil translates and mimics Greek syntax and wording in Latin. These are usually called Grecisms. These often subtle imitations of Greek in Latin are not merely decorative devices but are in the service of compression and expressivity as well as imitating the original (Knight, *Roman* 222).

Grecisms are used to distance the reader from familiar usages (Mayer 65). We find a preference for Greek elements like the use of *-que...-que* (Knight, *Roman* 224; Horsfall 227-8; Lyne *Words* 16). According to at least one scholar, Virgil's Latin occasionally works in literal Greek (Horsfall 229). Virgil uses, in a Greek manner, oblique cases without prepositions or familiar governing adjectives to widen the range of values in language and reduce the number of words (Mayer 11; Knight, *Roman* 217).¹

The so called Greek or internal accusative is used as an aid to compression (*itaque reditque viam totiens*; "so often goes and returns his way" 6.122; Knight, *Roman* 217). However, the extent to which Grecisms are alien to Latin is questioned (Mayer 79). The natural tendency of Latin is to use the accusative case adverbially (Knight, *Roman* 219). It is hard to tell whether Virgil is just bringing out an old, latent aspect of the language or imitating Greek (Knight, *Roman* 219). For example, at first it seems strange that *tremens*,

¹ It is a vexing but open question to what extent imitating Homer creates the perspectivism or 'voices' noted in Virgil (Lyne, *Words* 42; for example, *Aeneid* 11.382 (Horsfall 245). The *locus classicus* for this reading is Parry, "The Two Voices of Virgil's "Aeneid".

which usually is intransitive meaning ‘trembling’ often takes a direct object (*Aeneid* 8.520; 8.665). This seems to be part of the overall meaning of the word. Latin seems to have many of these kinds of verbs which can have active/passive or transitive/intransitive duality.²

2.3. The Latin Aspect Of Latin Poetry

To create the impression of a special discourse for poetry, as we have seen, most Roman poets used Greek models. Some went to extremes of severe dislocation of word order like Catullus, often to imitate Hellenistic or Alexandrian sophistication (G. W. Williams 726). Not only does Latin lack a native poetic tradition comparable to Greek, but Latin also has a small and neutral vocabulary. Scholars agree that certain few Latin words have a high poetic sense but the list is very short and unimpressive (G. W. Williams 738). On the other hand, Virgil also uses demonstrably low/colloquial words, but again in small numbers (Knight, *Roman* 262). It turns out that the majority of Virgil’s words have no special register (Mayer 3). The style is unexpectedly prose dominated, even prosaic (Mayer 8). It is the combinations of these words in unexpected ways that is characteristic of Virgil (Camps 62; G. W. Williams 738). And yet scholars find that Latin “poets in most genres were more tolerant than orators or historians of usages across a wide stylistic spectrum from archaic to colloquial” and that an “archaic precedent may have been dropped from educated language while surviving in lower-class speech” and poetry (Mayer 9-10).

² Though it is probably useless speculation, one wonders if Virgil is not deliberately tapping into this level of the language because it allows him to problematize the whole idea of agency and individual efficacy (Knight, *Roman* 219).

Ninety-Five percent of Virgil's words are common to verse and prose (G. W. Williams 737); "No words were too prosaic to appear in even the highest poetic contexts" (Mayer 21). Therefore, Virgil had to invent ways to avoid sounding prosaic (G. W. Williams 737). Virgil has "an amazing 'nose' for the character and resonance of the individual word" in prose authors and uses flat colorless words but fuses them in pregnant and suggestive ways (Horsfall 221).

Literary scholars of a linguistic bent analyze the 'tone' of words by arranging schemes like the following as a test for acceptability. To discover "how deviant" a phrase is, Geoffrey Leech arranges Dylan Thomas's phrase "a wedding ago" in a series from acceptable to unacceptable (Leech 31):

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Many moons ago | 5. Three overcoats ago |
| 2. Ten games ago | 6. Two wives ago |
| 3. Several performances ago | 7. A grief ago |
| 4. A few cigarettes ago | 8. A humanity ago |

Where on the scale of acceptability would *it clamor* (*Aeneid* 8.595) and *it timor* (8.557) go? If soldiers rush to their destruction in battle (*in ferrum ruebant* 8.648), how startling would it be for a Roman reader to read of night rushing (*nox ruit* 8.369)? Can we even make such a chart for a language no longer spoken? It would be useful to attempt such charts but we have to face a dramatic lack of evidence in Latin.

While there is general agreement that Virgil uses colloquial language, some scholars take this use of colloquialisms as a shift in perspective marked by a shift in register of language (G. W. Williams 738). Lyne remarks that "Virgil intrudes a

questioning voice by discrete manipulation of invention and argument as well as imagery and we must not resist the implications” (*Further 27*).³

Generally, it is recognized that there is a difference in tone between certain words in Latin. The classic example is the common *gladius* over against the heroic *ensis* (Martindale 254). These near synonyms give the poet latitude and lend the poem a sense of grandeur, a “sense that the poem belongs to ‘a far off imaginary world’” (Martindale 254; cf G. W. Williams 737). Paradoxically, in Virgil, epic and “prosaic ordinariness” dovetail (especially in the *Aeneid* books 9-12; Martindale 254).

Virgil is using the resources of the language to carry the language beyond prose statement, and yet by means of prosaic language (Knight, *Roman* 191). He drops into pure prose even at dramatic moments (Knight, *Roman* 192) and uses simple verbs with vague meaning which is completed only with other words (Camps 63; Knight, *Roman* 263). We find the paradoxical combination of compression and copiousness with repeating variations of similar meaning (Knight, *Roman* 192) and a theme and variation, where two expressions near each other convey the same idea but require the reader to compare and resolve them (Martindale 248). Some scholars see this as Virgil’s interest in “looking at matter from more than one perspective” (Martindale 248).

Virgil has strings of repeating synonyms, for example in words for kill, die, ship, woman, man, shield, Trojan (Horsfall 224; Camps 62). He also uses the same word in slightly different senses, as, for example, *superbus* meaning ‘proud’ and ‘over proud,

³ Lyne sees shifting in the *Aeneid* between public and private voices and he calls these shifts “further voices” (*Further 217*).

arrogant'. He has alternatives for common words *fari-dicere*, *gemini-duo*, *superi-dei*, *planta-pes* (part for whole); *ensis-gladius* (Camps 64).⁴

Verbs in Virgil are often “remarkably poor in semantic content” in that they have no limited set of ‘expected objects’ as do more specific verbs (Knight, *Roman* 192; Mayer 15). Camps sees as a “specifically Virgilian” feature the poet’s “coining of expressive, original phrases out of extremely elemental words” (63). For example, *vim viribus exit* describes a combatant: “struggling with an armed assailant he eludes the other’s efforts” but the literal meaning of the sentence is ‘he leaves force with strength’ (Camps 63; Mayer 15). The verb *exit* is usually intransitive and would take an ablative with *ex* (‘out of’), a preposition which is left out here.

These phrases of Virgil have a meaning that is “apprehended rather than understood” (G. W. Williams 389), exploiting what Putnam calls the “lexical milieu” of a word (Putnam 166). Ambiguities in the *Aeneid* are “partly a result of the qualities of the Latin language which enable it to express more than might be expected, but neither the poet nor the language are different in kind from all other poets and languages” (Knight, *Roman* 204). The poet seems to use a purposefully limited vocabulary and have favorite words (Knight, *Roman* 192).

Horace appears to have noted something of this when he spoke of *callida iuntura* or ‘felicitous combinations’ (literally ‘clever junctures’ *Ars Poetica* 47-49; Martindale 254). Knight, uses the word “fulcrum” for the element “on which meaning swivels” from the dimension of one word to another; exploiting the power of words to do three things:

to induce in each other and make active meanings that are latent or potential; to

⁴ Some of these will have a further dimension as noted: historical-imitative as in an echo of Ennius/Homer, or of suggestive meaning, like *fari* which brings with it a string of important related words: *fas/nefas*, *fatum*.

make more than one meaning emerge in this way, and coexist simultaneously with sharp economy of expression for a larger context of meaning; and to make such meanings emerge and coexist, but not simultaneously, so that one meaning momentarily dies into another to create the larger system, perhaps exercising reflex action also that newly developed meaning is reflected back on to a word that has already helped differently in the process. (*Roman* 196-7).

Knight, adds that “external meanings are added to words through relations of other words to these internal meanings, actual and potential” (*Roman* 195).⁵

A related phenomenon is the frequent use of the same word in different forms (polyptoton), which Ovid so gleefully exploited in the *Metamorphoses*. For example, in book 8 of the *Aeneid* we find double uses of *similem... similem* (8.649); *labores... laborem* (8.378-380); *lustrans... lustrabat* (8.229-231; *impulit... impulsu* (8.239); *montis... montibus* (8.692); *tenebat... tenebant* (8.653-657).

Sometimes this repetition seems schematic and rich interpretatively, but just as often creates a puzzle.⁶ For example, Virgil uses *superbus* in several important places in Book 8 of the *Aeneid*: of Hercules (8.202), of Cacus (8.196 *superbis foribus*) of Mezentius (8.481) and then of Augustus (8.721 *superbis postibus*). He also uses *superbus* in proximity *tabo* (of Cacus 8.197; of Mezentius 8.487). It is as if Virgil creates a verbal echo tying Cacus and Mezentius (*superbus/tabo*) where *superbus* means ‘tyrannically arrogant’ but then what do we do with the echo with Augustus and his “proud doorposts” over against Cacus’ bloody “arrogant entrance way”?⁷

⁵ For example: Charon’s eyes; at 6.300 Virgil has *stant lumina flamma*, which Knight calls “strange,” where the literal meaning is “His lights stand with flames” (*Roman* 209).

⁶ Sometimes this pairing is very loaded: the verb *condere* (‘to bury, to establish’) opens and closes Virgil’s poem at 1.6 and 12.950 (James 623) and yet Virgil seems to avoid using *condere* for *sepelire* (James 628).

⁷ For *superbus* see note on 8.118 (Fordyce 218).

Virgil often uses intransitive verbs in a transitive senses. Scholars find these usages challenging if also a bit puzzling (Horsfall 227).⁸ Knight, remarks that Virgil seems to “exploit language by making verbs unexpectedly transitive or unexpectedly intransitive” especially passive participles (Knight, *Roman* 211). The verb *properare* (‘to hasten’) is used transitively (*Aeneid* 8.423; see Fordyce 254). Knight, goes so far as to call such effects “surrealist”, adding that “Virgil never meant to write like James Joyce [sacrificing rationality] but he prepared a way for him” (*Roman* 212). With such puzzles, “the alert reader is torn between wonder and exasperation” (Horsfall 227). One wonders again if this is not a result of Latin itself, and of Virgil’s simply pressing his medium. Latin contains many words which seem to have active and passive meanings in the same word (*rumpere* – ‘break/cause to break, burst (out)’: *rupta rima*, *Aeneid* 8.391-2).

Much has been written about the way Virgil seems to create a variety of perspectives in the poem. This phenomenon has been termed “deviant focalization” (Martindale 266-67) or “embedded focalization” (Martindale 254).⁹ The narrative will “shift from nearness to distance” (Mayer 279), or shift to a less familiar object of a verb, creating “an all-embracing picture” (Mayer 280) by shifting points of view.¹⁰ For example, motion is often seen in different directions. At *Aeneid* 8.62-63, the river Thybris/Tiber says:

ego sum pleno quem flumine cernis
stringentem ripas et pinguia culta secantem.

⁸ Knight says of *Aeneid* 5.673 (*galeam ante pedes poiecit inanem*) “The literal sense is almost absurd” (*Roman* 211).

⁹ See note 4.

¹⁰ Or is this but an imitation of Homer, whose *Iliad* shifts perspective from peace to war?

The literal translation is: ‘I am whom you see drawing the banks with full river/in the full river and cutting through the rich tilth.’ The word *stringere* is often used of drawing a sword; how does the river draw the river banks? It seems it is a description of an optical illusion.¹¹

Perhaps a change of perspective or logic is involved here. Scholars generally agree that Virgil’s style is puzzling but stimulating and suggestive, bizarre at times yet carried through on a surface that never allows one to dwell too long on oddities, such that one begins to forget and accept as normal this poetic surface.

As a summary of all these elements in Virgil, the following are to be found in Book 8 of the *Aeneid*:

Grecisms:

Hesiod; translation of *Theogony* 140; 8.425 (R. D. Williams 256)
Homeric line; 8.184 (R. D. Williams 240)
Troiugenas, Homeric epithet; 8.117 (R. D. Williams 236)
Nubigenas...bimembris epithets with double *-que*; 8.293 (R. D. Williams 247)
Amphitryoniadae, Homeric patronymic; 8.163 (R. D. Williams 237)
Homer-esque description of night; 8.26
repeated lines; 8.20-21; 4.285-6; (R. D. Williams 230)
insueta; ; 8.248; adverbial accusative (R. D. Williams 243)
expleri; middle voice; 8.265 (R. D. Williams 244)
inducitur artus; 8.457; “retained accusative” (R. D. Williams 259; cf 8.29; 8.265; 8.286; 8.662); or middle voice (Fordyce 257: ‘he clothes his limbs with a tunic’)
fervere; 8.677; archaic form (R. D. Williams 271)
omnigenum; 8.698; archaic genitive (R. D. Williams 274)
turbatus pectora; 8.29; Greek Accusative (R. D. Williams 236)
Panos; Greek genitive; 8.344 (R. D. Williams 250)
enim; 8.84; Archaic/Greek usage (R. D. Williams 234)
cernere erat; 8.676; Greek idiom (Fordyce 277)

Prosaic phrases or technical language:

diplomatic phrasing; 8.17 (R. D. Williams 230)
quin clause “common prose formula”; 8.147 (R. D. Williams 238)
it timor; 8.557 (Fordyce 264; a “Virgilian mannerism”;
spem custodita fefellit; 8.218: “the unusual relationship between the word meanings which constitute the phrase is typically Virgilian – ‘the cow kept captive

¹¹ Compare: *totumque adlabi classibus aequor* 10.269; “all the sea’s expanse aglide with shipping” the fleet goes by (Knight *Roman* 209; Mayer 279).

frustrated his hope' ie the captive cow frustrated his hope of keeping her so"; R. D. Williams 242)

tomenti genus; 8.487 (Fordyce 259; "the phrase is strangely prosaic")

Alexandiranisms:

Simile echoing the *Argonautica* of Apollonius Rhodius 3.756ff. (R. D. Williams 230-231; Fordyce 207)

Etymology; 8.64 (*caeruleus...caelo*; Fordyce 211)

Unusual diction:

quocuque; 8.74-5 (this pronoun used in early Latin prayers, R. D. Williams 234) "unusual diction"; 8.276ff; (R. D. Williams 244-5)

dare; 8.570; used in a causative (Fordyce 266; "Virgil makes very free use of the 'causative' sense of *dare*")

remigio= oarage, oarsmen, even rowing; 8.80 (Fordyce 214; Mayer 280)

Perspectivism:

double clauses; 8.85ff (the passage reflects Virgil's "practice of conveying a complex action under two aspects in two clauses connected by *et* or *-que* without regard to the order in which these aspects present themselves in time" Fordyce 214)

above/below; 8.243; shifting perspective (R. D. Williams 243)

cavus; 8.598; relativity of this word (Fordyce 267-8)

Virgilian inventions:

indubitare; 8.404 (R. D. Williams 255)

ignipotens; 8.414 (R. D. Williams 255)

Ennianisms:

flos...virum; 8.500 (R. D. Williams 260)

teque pater Tiberine tuo cum flumine sancto 8.72, with Greek vocative *Thybrī* (R. D. Williams 233)

tremulum lumen (Fordyce 207; cf 8.72 Fordyce 212; 8.150 Fordyce 221)

2.4. In Sum

Scholars have resorted to colorful phrases when generalizing about Virgil's style: "dense, teasing, often puzzling" (Lyne, *Words*, 18);¹² "The alert reader is torn between wonder and exasperation" (Horsfall 227); "real, serious, startling oddities" that give a kaleidoscopic, shifting surface with an alienating effect (Horsfall 227). We have far from understood Virgil's "verbal gymnastics" (Horsfall 226). Virgil's *Aeneid* is "rich in ambiguities of grammar, lexicon, syntax" (Horsfall 224). These "authentically ambiguous" phrases are not merely arbitrary but rather "dreamlike" in which there is

¹² *Aeneid* 3.418 prompts Horsfall to ask "is this a joke?".

access to surrealistic material in the unconscious mind (Knight, *Roman* 202-3 cf 205-6). But it is not as if every line of Virgil is full of ambiguities (Horsfall 224), nor is every meaning always relevant at each instance; nevertheless, it is true that “all possible meanings are there, and should be noticed, but that one is the main meaning and should be distinguished from the others” (Knight, *Roman* 204).

Virgil “achieved a general linguistic originality of such wide significance that his effect was nothing less than an alteration of the Latin language” (G. W. Williams 737). He “extended the range of poetic usage so that at one end of the scale he applied Greek syntactical rules to Latin words; at the other end, he allowed various forms of colloquial usage into epic poetry” (G. W. Williams 737; Knight, *Roman* 269). The greatest danger for the reader of Virgil is that one is “lulled into a sense of familiarity in which the originality escapes unnoticed” (G. W. Williams 738) or that one find ambiguity everywhere. Knight, concludes, “Virgil’s ambiguities are partly a result of the qualities of the Latin language which enable it to express more than might be expected. But neither the poet nor the language are different in kind from all other poets and languages” (Knight, *Roman* 204).

3. Translation And Cleaning Up

Most of these effects seem remote from English. But as Knight, observes above, all languages have such poetic resources; it is just they do not occur in the same place, or the same ways (*Roman* 204). Although, arguably, English with its headlong movement fosters a determined sense of prior and subsequent (perhaps also cause and effect) and its expanding vocabulary and small grammar fosters a tendency to literalism, we too have

our long lists of synonyms like Virgil. Though English etymology is nowhere near as rich as the cognates in Latin, we have many ways to make suggestive phrases out of simple words. For example, Chapman, in his *Odyssey*, has this fine passage which is arguably more Virgil than Homer (Chapman 108):

...fate would be paid
Grief's whole sum due from me, at sea, before
I reach'd the dear touch of my country's shore.

Here "touch" has resonance beyond its surface meaning, describing Odysseus 'touching' land but also the effect on Odysseus of this return to his homeland. Or this Virgilian and very poetic passage from Surrey's translation of Book 2 of the *Aeneid* (Surrey 43):

Out of the skie, by the dark night there fell
A blasting sterre, dragging a brand of flame,
Which, with much light gliding on the house top,
In the forest of Ida hid her beames;
The which full bright cendleing a furrow shone,
By a long tract appointing us thee way.

Often Dryden is very successful both in imitating Virgilian manners but also in making good English poetry. For example, this passage from Book 8 (Dryden 227; 8.559-570; Latin text 8.422-432):

Hether, the Father of the Fire, by Night,
Through the brown Air precipitates his Flight.
On their Eternal Anvils here he found
The Brethren beating, and the Blows go round:
A load of pointless Thunder now there lies
Before their Hands, to ripen for the Skies:
These Darts, for angry Jove, they dayly cast:
Consum'd on Mortals with prodigious waste.
Three Rays of writhen Rain, of Fire three more,
Of winged Southern Winds, and cloudy Store
As many parts, the dreadful Mixture frame:
And Fears are added, and avenging Flame.

Here Dryden has many words working double time. Even if “pointless” and “waste” mean something different to us (here meaning ‘without a tip’ and ‘destruction’ and in ‘lay waste’), Dryden has the curious detail of “brown” and resonant usages “ripen” and “writhen” meaning ‘entwined, subject to twisting’).

But at the same time Dryden’s less successful phrases, like the Augustan poetic cliché “sylvan scene”, result from trying to imitate Virgil. G. W. Williams suggests that Virgil’s original *silvis scaena coruscis* (*Aeneid* 1.164) is the source of this particular cliché (642). Virgil’s bold (‘visual’) use of *scaena* where the trees are the “backdrop” to a “sudden, striking vision” was not understood and so not imitated by later poets (G. W. Williams 642). These sort of phrases were picked up and reused without fully understanding the source, and in the process fossilized into clichés. The Modernist revolt freed poets from such poeticisms but it also brought about an ultimate impoverishing of English poetic resources, for it became harder to press words in this manner.

Modern translators in English have to struggle against this fossilization of poetic resource into cliché, but they also have to avoid simplifying and ‘cleaning up’ Virgil in order to make sense in English. Nearly all modern English translations present a clean, tame, version of the *Aeneid*, without much verbal daring. This can be shown with reference to three passages, illustrating three different kinds of ‘cleaning up.’

A) Cleaning up metaphors:

In her speech to her husband Vulcan, Venus asks for armor for Aeneas, and points out the nature and combatants in the threatening war in Latium:

aspice qui coeant populi, quae moenia clausis 385
ferrum acuant portis in me excidiumque meorum.

The passage is characteristically direct and clipped but full of richness. The sense is: ‘Cities close their gates, fortify their walls and sharpen weapons against me and this will result in or intends (the) destruction of/for my people.’ There is a series of equivalencies (cities=walls; iron=swords/weapons) and a metaphor (literally, ‘walls sharpen iron’). But the metaphor in *acuant* seems to apply to *exidium* too in a kind of zeugma yoking two disparate objects (‘walls sharpen iron and destruction’). Or the phrase means ‘they sharpen iron and sharpen it to the point of destruction of my people.’ Both meanings are present. This sort of double reading is so common in Virgil as to go unnoticed by commentaries.

Various translations show something of Virgil’s original, striking metaphor to remain:

(Humphries 221)

...behold what people
Unite against me, what cities sharpen weapons
Behind closed gates, intent on our destruction.

(Ferry 252)

How many nations now are gathered against me
And sharpening their swords against my people.”

(Knight, *Aeneid* 212)

And see what nations gather, what walled cities have shut their gates and sharpen
against me the blade which is to destroy my people!

(Day Lewis 191)

See, what people are mustering, what cities have barred their gates
And are sharpening weapons against me, to exterminate those I love!

(Sisson 217)

Look now, and see
What nations are assembling and what cities

Behind closed gates are sharpening their swords
Against me for the ruin of my people.

(Mandelbaum 200)

Just see what nations join, what cities shut
Their gates and sharpen swords for me and mine.

(Fitzgerald 243)

Look now, and see what masses throng together,
See what cities lock their gates and whet
The sword against me, to cut down my own!

(Johnston 180)

Look now at what forces are
Gathering, at what cities are honing their weapons behind
Gates closed for war, directed at me and the fall of my people.

(Ahl 196)

Look at those peoples coming together! See how many strongholds
Seal their gates tight, whetting blades to bring me and my loved ones to ruin.

(Lombardo 202)

See the nations mustering, the walled cities
Whetting steel to destroy my people.

(Fagles 254)

Look at the armies massing,
Cities bolting their gates, honing swords against me
To cut my loved ones down.

To turn back in time, chronologically, here are Morris, Dryden, and Gavin Douglas:

(Morris 204)

Look round, what peoples gather now; what cities shut within
Their barred gates are whetting swords to slay me and my kin.

(Dryden 226)

Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
Against the relics of the Phrygian kind,
With fire and sword my people to destroy,
And conquer Venus twice, in conqu'ring Troy.

(Gawin Douglas 387)
Behald what people, lo! Assemblit been,
What wallit towns, with yetts closit in teen,
Grinds their weapons against me and mine,
To bring us to destruction and ruin.

I have tried to keep some of the boldness of the conception in Virgil:

Consider who assembles there, what walls
Against me file the iron, close gates
And sharpen ruin for my people.

B) Cleaning up variation

Scholars describe the Virgilian sentence as parenthetical, additive and usually operating through theme and variation, where two expressions near each other convey the same idea but require the reader to compare and resolve them (Martindale 247-8). In the following example, a simile, there are three statements of nearly the same information with slight variation:

- Vulcan suddenly received a flame that he is used to feel
- A known warmth entered Vulcan's marrow
- The warmth ran through Vulcan's bones that had been made to totter or slip (by the warmth and a pun on his lameness)

The simile is very condensed. The basic sentence is: 'the crack runs through clouds' but the crack has three modifiers, and there are two ablatives which either add further description or offer circumstance or instrument. The literal meaning of the whole

passage is: ‘That man suddenly received an accustomed flame, and the known warmth entered his marrow and ran through his tottering/slipping bones not otherwise than when sometimes a fiery crack having burst forth by means of thunder/when it thunders runs through clouds with glittering light.’

ille repente
accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas
intravit calor et labefacta per ossa cucurrit, 390
non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta corusco
igne rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos;

Translations vary in quantity of detail and power of expression:

(Humphries 221)
The goddess flung her snowy arms around him
In fondlement, in soft embrace, and fire
Ran through him; warmth, familiar to the marrow,
Softened his sternness, as at time in thunder
Light runs through cloud. She knew her charms...

(Johnston 180)
Vulcan feels the old flame growing; the well-known fires
Burn and run through his bones, melting them – just as when, with a
Roar of thunder, a bright flash of lightning breaks through the clouds.

(Fitzgerald 243)
And instantly he felt the flame of love
Invading him as ever; into his marrow
Ran the fire he knew, and through his bones,
As when sometimes, ripped by a thunder peal,
A fiery flash goes jagged through the clouds.

(Mandelbaum 200)
At once
He caught the customary flame; familiar
Heat reached into his marrow, riding through
His agitated bones – just as at times
A streak of fire will rip through flashing thunder

And race across the clouds with glittering light.

(Day Lewis 191)

Of a sudden

He caught the familiar spark and felt the old warmth darting
Into his marrow, coursing right through his body, melting him;
Just as it often happened a thunderclap starts a flaming
Rent which ladders the dark cloud, a quivering streak of fire.

(Lombardo 202)

He felt the familiar heat flash through his bones,
Like lightning splitting a thunderhead,
A crackling flash in the rumbling sky.

(Ahl 197)

He felt the same old flame flare up, the familiar hotness
Surged through his bones' very marrow and raced through his loosened
Joints, just as sometimes a dazzling fracture of fire spurts brightness
Clear through a cloud when it bursts from a brilliant explosion of thunder.

(Sisson 217)

He felt the usual fire
And the familiar heat entered his marrows
And ran on till his bones seemed to be liquid;
It was like lightning racing through the storm-clouds
And bursting out with thunder.

(Knight, *Aeneid* 212-3)

And suddenly, as always, he caught the flame; the familiar glow penetrated into
his marrow and sped down his quivering bones; like the lightning-crack which
will sometimes dart gleaming and sparkling through storm-clouds bust apart by
the thunder-flash.

(Fagles 254)

And suddenly he caught fire – the same old story,
The flame he knew by heart went running through him,
Melting him to the marrow of his bones. As thunder
At times will split the sky and a trail of fire goes
Rippling through the clouds, flashing, blinding light –

(Connington; Grandsen 201-2)
The wonted fire at once he feels:
Through all his veins the passion steals,
Swift as the lightnings' fiery glare
Runs glimmering through the thunderous air.

(Morris 205)
Sudden the wonted fire struck home; unto his inmost drew
The old familiar heat, and all his melting bones ran through:
No otherwise than whiles it is when rolls the thunder loud,
And gleaming of the fiery rent breaks up the world of cloud.

(Dryden 226)
His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire'
And all the godhead feels the wonted fire;
Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
Or forked lightnings flash along the skies.

(Gawin Douglas 387)
...that het fire slee
Of love be kend anon receivit he.
The natural heat into the merch did glide,
Piercing the banes made soft in every side:
Nae other wise than as sometime we see
The shining broken thunder's lightning flee
With subtle fiery streams thought a rift,
Piercing the watery clouds in the lift.

In my version I tried to keep the variation and keep the variety of modifiers all working together:

A flame familiar to him,
A known heat takes and roots his spine awake,
And melting hidden bones, as when a crack
Of fire will burst with thunder's shining flash,
At times a tear of running light in clouds.

C) Cleaning up anacolouthon

Lastly, often the differences between English and Latin lead translators to smooth out breaks in thought. In Vulcan's speech to Venus, he is telling her that she need only ask and he will comply. In fact, he could have helped Troy much more if she had only mentioned. In the present case too, he is happy to grant Venus's wish. He begins to say that he will do what he can with his skills, give whatever the arts of metallurgy can effect, but then he loses track and returns to his first words to Venus, namely why do you beg and plead for reasons. The passage goes like this, with the breaks, or *anacolutha*, added for clarity: 'And [whatever we might have done in the past at Troy] now if you are prepared (for) war and your mind has this intention, {break} whatever concern I am able to promise/send forth in my art/skill, what is possible to be made/done with iron or liquid electrum, how much avail fires and breaths [from bellows], {break} stop doubting your power by your praying.'

The sentence begins with a present condition protasis but the apodosis is never given (first break). The sense is: 'If you are sure you want this, I can help with all that my skill can do.' Vulcan begins to enumerate the things he can do, each instance given in a more and more impersonal expression. Then suddenly he breaks off into an imperative, having lost all patience. There are no connectives, causal or temporal, and his impatient command returns to his first words *quid causas petis ex alto* ("why do you seek reasons out of the deep"). Most translations establish some causal or temporal or logical fluidity where there are breaks indicating Vulcan's mental state (see bold type).

et nunc, si bellare paras atque haec tibi mens est, 400
quidquid in arte mea possum promittere curae,
quod fieri ferro liquidove potest electro,

quantum ignes animaeque valent, absiste precando
viribus indubitare tuis.'

(Johnston 180)

If you are now preparing to
Fight, and your mind is set on this, **then** I can promise
Whatever careful skill my art allows –
All that can be made from iron and molten electrum,
All that fire and blasts from bellows are capable of – **so**
Stop beseeching me or doubting your powers.

(Fitzgerald 243)

If you are ready now
To arm for war and have a mind to wage it,
All the devoted craft that I can promise,
All that is forgeable in steel and molten
Alloy by the strength of a blast-fire –
You need not beg me for **these** gifts. Have done
With doubting your own powers!

(Mandelbaum 201)

And now if you prepare for battle, if
This war is what you want, **then** I can promise
Whatever care is in my art, what can
Be done by fire and steel, by bellows and
Molten electrum. **Now** do not entreat
Me **anymore** or put your powers in doubt.

(Day Lewis 191)

And now, if your purpose is to make all ready for warfare,
And effort that's mine to give in the exercise of my craft,
Whatever can be done with iron and molten alloys,
All work of furnace and bellows – **nay**, plead no more; why need you
Cast doubt upon your influence over me?

(Sisson 217)

And now, if you want war
And this is really what is on your mind,
Whatever help I can promise through my skill,
What can be done with iron or molten metals,
What fire and bellows can achieve, I'll do it,

So stop asking as if you doubted your powers.

(Knight, *Aeneid* 213)

So now, if you are making ready for war and such is your will, **why, then**, for any service which my craft can offer, for anything which can be made from iron or molten silver-gold, and for all might of the fires and the bellows-blast -- , give over begging, and doubting your own powers.

(Ahl 197)

Now, too, if you're preparing to fight, and your mind is set in this way, I will extend my art to its fullest potential to lighten Your cares: whatever one can forge from steel or from molten electrum, Pushing the limits of bellows and fire, I'll forge it. **But** your begging Shows it's your own power you doubt. Stop it now!

(Lombardo 202-3)

Now, if your mind is set on war,
All the care I can promise in my craft,
All that can be done with iron or electrum,
All that fire and air can avail – **well**, stop praying
And just trust your powers.”

(Fagles 254-5)

But now,
If you are gearing up for war, your mind set,
Whatever my pains and all my skills can promise,
Whatever molten electrum and iron can bring to life,
Whatever the bellow's fiery blasts can do – **enough!**
Don't pray to me now. Never doubt your powers.

(Morris 205)

And now if thou wouldst wage the war, if thus thy soul is set,
Thy longing shall have whatsoe'er **this** craft of mine may lend;
Whate'er in iron my be done, or silver-golden blend;
Whatever wind and fire may do: I prithee pray no more,
But trust the glory of thy might.

(Dryden 226)

And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
My skill I promise, and my pains engage.

Whatever melting metals can conspire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove,
And think no task is difficult to love.”

(Gawin Douglas 388)

And not, if thou thee graiths for to fecht,
And thereto be thy mind set, I thee hicht
All manner thing, with solist diligence,
That may be wrought in my craft or science,
Or yet me be forgeit in iron or steel,
Or molten metal grave and burnished weel,
Sae far as fire and wind and heich ingine
Into our art may compass or divine.
Therefore desist of they strength to have dreid,
Or me to pray in ocht that thou has need;
Am I nocht ready to fulfil thy behest?

I have tried to retain the broken thought of Vulcan:

But now, if war is your angle and intent
Whatever I am able, how much avail
The arts of iron and liquid running ore,
How so much the fire and bellow blasts,
Enough of prayers and doubts, now your strength
As suppliant prevails.”

4. Conclusion

The various virtues and vices of these translations demonstrate the truth of Knight’s observation that a translator can secure “some of the required correspondences, but certainly not all at once” (*Roman* 279). I have tried to preserve some of the “poetic surprises” in Virgil by using poetic language in English (Knight, *Roman* 279), which is the way I could best address opposing demands and come in some small way or in some different light a little closer to Virgil’s poem. Given these details of Virgil’s style and the history of literal translation in the modern era at the expense of poetical translation, I

thought it appropriate to attempt the poetical, keeping in mind the kinds of phrases Virgil most commonly uses. The result is an English poem “founded on” Virgil (Knight, *Roman* 279). Before this important question of translation and its loaded decisions, “whether the rendering is to be verbally accurate, or poetically like the original” (Knight, *Roman* 279), I risked the poetical, sadly aware how often I have failed, but not failing in my intention to evoke a side of Virgil that seems under-represented in modern translations.

II. CHAPTER 1: VIRGIL'S AENEID, BOOK 8, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

VERSE

From defensive heights Turnus runs the banners up
And bellowing trumpets simultaneous resound,
And Turnus claps his shield and snorting horse,
And all of Latium's mind alerted swears
An agitated oath while a rout of youths
Rages simultaneously there, whom chiefly
Messapus led and Ufens and Mezentius
Who ever flouted gods, and from the corners
Of their land together herd auxiliary troops
And fields are threshed of able-bodied husband-
Men. Off goes Venulus in embassy
To ask great Diomedes's city's help
By giving him the news: *Aeneas stakes*
The Latin shore, says he's the king the fates
Demand, his Teucrians and fleet import
Defeated gods, to him the people flock
And multiply his praises throughout the land; 14 in Latin
They ask, for Diomedes must clearer see
Aeneas, for Latinus never fought at Troy:

What rigs the Dardan man begins to forge,
What follows if fortune favors him.

Aeneas, descendant of ancient Laomedon,
On expanding tide of trouble, seeing all,
Wavers, sways his quick mind side to side,
Sifting, ponders pressing matters, his thought
Scouts the regions of an argument,
For, against, as when an agitated sun
Reflected from the liquid in a jar,
Or duplicate moon, strikes a maze
Of coffers on the ceiling, light shoots,
Quivers, plays along the distance here
And there.

It was night and later than
When animals of those that fly or herd
Weary sink in sleep. Father Aeneas,
His thoughts still spinning on the gloomy point
Of war, by the river bank stretched himself
Under the turning pole of gelid space,
Released his rest throughout his limbs at last.
To him it seems the very god of that place,
The mild ancient, Tiberinus river god
Is rising up into the knitted poplar branches,

30 in Latin

His bulk veiled with linen cape, his hair
With rushes shadowed green and blue, seems
To raise himself and speak and wick away

The cares of Aeneas with his words:

35 in Latin

‘O Sprung from race of gods, you return to us,
You save from enemies, eternal Pergama
Kept alive, you the gods of this very soil,
Laurentian loam and Latin ground,
Await you build a stable home amid
Unwavering local gods; don’t shrink in fear
From swollen threats of war, for wrath of gods
Here gives place. Don’t suppose your sleep invents
Some empty dream; already now you find
There under littoral oaks a giant sow
Delivered new of thirty young; and white
She’ll lie and at her teats her brood is white.

45 in Latin

[A city here found, and rest from trials assured.]
From that day of prodigy return
Thirty years when Ascanius will found Alba,
Of famous name. This oracular song
Of mine predicts assured no uncertain thing.
Now learn in short the plan by which
You extricate a victory from all

That presses you around: Arcadians,
A people whose first step Pallas made,
Allies on the move, following Evander and the signs
To these shores, established here a city,
Their chosen spot a mountain, the city called
Pallenteum after father Pallas first;
These apply assiduous war to the Latin people: 55 in Latin
To these Arcadians appeal alliance,
Join camp and pacts. And I myself unknot
The river bends and guide you by my banks
So carried under oars you win the place
Despite opposing currents. Come, rise,
Goddess-born son, offer prayers
To Juno first thing the falling stars dawn,
According to due rite and rise above
Her threats and wrath with vows of suppliants.
Your victory will pay to me all debt
And honor, me you see with full influx
Comb banks, cut through rich arable land,
Most dear to sky whose blue and green I wear.
My home is here, my headwaters rush
The rivulets down from cities and heights.” 65 in Latin

He said.

The night and sleep abandoned Aeneas who
On seeing light from atmospheric sun
Arose and cupping river in his palms raised
As ritual demands the water and his voice.
“Laurentian nymphs, o nymphs who animate
All rivers and you, O father Thybris, force
Of holy current, progenitor, receive
Aeneas, deflect away his last dangers.
You, who wear the horn, ruler of Hesperian streams,
My gifts, and always my offerings, will celebrate,
Wherever you pool your spring waters that
Have pitied us our baffled way, and from
Whatever ground your beauty issues un-
Surpassed, be near, intensify your force
By simply being near.” He spoke and chose
A pair of ships, outfitted oarsman and
Aligned remaining men in allied ranks. 80 in Latin

But first behold, an eye-arresting sight:
A sow and brood, their mass of blended white
Shows through branches in the shore’s green
Distance. These Aeneas sacrifices to you,
Greatest Juno, to you, standing at the altar
Wielding rites, offering sow and whelps.

Thybris unstrings his slowing swells all night;

86 in Latin

Reversing waters overlay a flat

Expanding slick like a brimming pool

So that oars slice resistless, free of strain.

Auspicious cheers speed on the ships at which

The waves marvel, the over-growing trees

Marvel at the strangely shining, the shields, the keels,

The bronze and paint make new swimming sounds,

Slip through a grove of water trees imaged

On the channel's surface. Their oars exhaust

The day and night and gently thread a myriad of trees.

96 in Latin

They see now wall and citadel and roofs

Of houses scattered under sun mid-course,

Hilltop houses of Evander's minor holdings,

Now the heights of Roman power equal to the sky,

Toward which they faster prow and reach the city.

It happened that day Arcadians, the king,
And Pallas his son, accompanied by the best,
The foremost youths and moneyless senate, give due
To the son of Amphytrion and the gods
In a stand of trees before the city, solemn,
When they see strange prows and oars
That lean in silent strokes, sleek boards

Slide into a cove beside the grove; the sight,
 Silent, sudden, starts them up; the feast
 Is lost, but Pallas forward bold himself
 Outrushed to forbid arrivars break the time
 Solemn and sacred, interposing spear from by
 The altar's mound, atop of which he speaks:
 "Shipmen, what cause has driven you here
 To probe this unfamiliar stream? Where aim? 113 in Latin
 What people, whence, what home? With arms or peace?"
 He spoke. Returns Aeneas voice from tall stern,
 Extending hand and peaceful olive branch.
 "A Trojan, born of Troy, a man with arms
 Now hostile to the Latins who slash at us
 With arrogant war, at us mere refugees.
 Evander we seek; to him let word report:
 A Dardan chief and chosen men have come
 To ask alliance and for arms." In awe
 At names so fabled young Pallas reverses words: 121 in Latin
 "Whomever you be, address in presence king
 Evander. Disembark, approach our gods
 As holy guests." He welcomes Aeneas ashore
 And hand embraces hand a lingering shake.
 They mount the grove and leave the river behind.

Aeneas greets the king with friendly words:

“O best of Greek-born men, god Fortune wished
I stretch a suppliant’s branching prayer dressed
In trailing fillets to you who are descended from
A common stem sapped by the Atride house.
I came myself, no fronting embassies,
No fear or thought Arcadian chief who led
The Danaans once would hate a Trojan man
At sight, but risking virtue and holy verse
Of oracular gods, related fathers and
Your wide fame, these things have drawn
Me to you joining cause acceptingly by fates. 133 in Latin
Dardanus, father-founder, established Troy,
Having reached the Teucrians by sail, ancestor born
To Electra, child of Atlas, as Greeks give out,
Great Atlas who uplifts the ethereal orb,
But I, myself, this head I risk and come
A suppliant to you and to your door.
The Daunians vex you the same as us
With bloody war, for they believe that if
They squeeze us from the land they subject
At a stroke Hesperia entire beneath
Their rule and rule peninsular seas from north

To south. Let us receive and give our trust.

We have the courage for this war, both mind

And heart, and youthful troops well seen in war.”

151 in Latin

Aeneas had voice, the while Evander sets

His eyes to limning mouth and face and looks

That speak, his body up and down, at last

Has some few words in answer thus: “Of all

The Teucrians, you bravest, how I welcome you,

How glad I recognize and recall

The voice, the face of great Anchises, for I

Remember him a guest at Salamis,

The kingdom of his sister Hesione;

He sought for Priam, son of Laomadon,

Fresh from his visit to cold Arcadia.

159 in Latin

The time was then first beards addressed my cheeks;

I dwelt in awe of Trojan chiefs, in awe

Of Priam, son of Laomedon himself,

But most, in stature above the rest walks

Anchises whom I longed my hand to join

His hand in youthful ardor and to speak;

I come forth at last, to lead the towering man

Beneath the walls of Pheneus. Departing he

Gave such gifts to me, Lycian bolts and quiver,

A cloak inwrought with gold, and double bridles which

Young Pallas now possesses. Right hand meets

Right hand allied, agreed, yours and mine.

The moment tomorrow's light returns itself

To us and to the land I will speed

You happy with my stores and welcome aid.

171 in Latin

Til then, come, celebrate with us the rites

We cannot postpone, auspicious arrival,

A friend and guest at annual sacred rites;

These tables of allies become your second home.”

Evander thus; he orders interrupted feasts

And cups be cleared and seats his men on grass,

Himself on lion skin, and Aeneas on

The throne of maple wood. Chosen youths

And altar priests bring meats and load the gifts

Of Ceres worked with skill in baskets,

And pour the wine of Bacchus, competing each

With each until both guests, Aeneas and the Trojan youth,

Are fed with abundant strips of roasted offerings.

183 in Latin

After hunger and pleasure of food had met,

King Evander spoke: “These acts, these feasts,

Solemnities of custom and customary rites,

This altar to so great a presence, divine

And efficacious, do not arise from superstition,
Objectless awe, or dread, or ignorance
Of ancient gods, no, these rituals mark
Our salvation from savagery and peril,
An offering of due, historic gratitude.
There, eye that cliff which tumbles down with rocks;
The distant hollow there, a den deserted,
Around it scattered rocks, a hillside wreck.
Within that hollow, hidden more, a cave
Receding from the tensile rays of light,
The home of Cacus, dire shape, half-
Human; the ground there ever swamps with blood,
His door and posts affixed with faces, pale
And dangling rot; his arrogance thus
Proclaims itself. His father Vulcan, he
A monster belching blackened fire, his bulk
A great Vulcanic paunch. One season,
A point within a span of time, brought help 200 in Latin
To our constant prayers, a god's advent;
The great avenger, son of Alceus,
For Hercules showed up, leading cattle fresh
From crushing Geryon, proud in herd
And spoils, a victor, pasturing bulls around

These hills and rivers, now their home.
These comely, irresistible bulls – so mad
Was Cacus he could leave untasted, unpulled
No morsel, no trick of wickedness and risked
His very person, fury savaged so
His mind, to steal these kine of surpassing trim.
Which he dragged into his hollow by the tail,
And made advance retreat and thieving tracks
Unreadable to any who would read.

The rustler holes up in his shady rocks.

212 in Latin

The son of Amphitryon meanwhile starts
To drive his pastured cattle from the field
Homeward when they bellow out departure.
Their moaning fills the grove and valley plaintively.
From deep within the pouch a bellow flies:
A sequestered cow returns a fellow voice
And deceives the hopes of Cacus, the deceiving guard.
This grievance fires Hercules with fury full
Of black bile. His hands fly to arms,
His club dense with heavy knots and oak.
He dashes forth, makes for the beetling cliff.
Here first our eyes witnessed Cacus tremble,
His dread and turmoil. Faster than

The eastern wind he flees forthwith into
His depths and den. Fear fledges his feet.

224 in Latin

When Cacus, once in his mew, enclosed himself
By casting down immense rock chained up
In irons with father Vulcan's craftiness,
And heaped and bolted shut the buttressed posts,
Already, look, the man of Tiryns scans
The scene, trying every access point,
He rages up and down, poking in
Head here and there, and gnashing teeth, his mind
At peak of rage. Boiling with wrath he doubles
Around the Aventine Hill three times, three times
He shoulders threshold stays, again as many
Times sits him down mid-valley spent.

Along the gorge (all sides are shattered rocks)

There stands a spar of sharp basalt, solid,

233 in Latin

Rising above the ridge of his cave, cloud-high

To eyes below, a welcome home to

The nests of filthy, omen-bearing birds.

This rock which leaned leftward of the river

Hercules, pushing from the right

Struck, loosed, plucked the missile out

From lowest roots, hurling it suddenly torn

Away, with impact such that highest air
Thundered, river banks leap aside,
The stream in terror lurches water up.
The massy palace cave appears unroofed, laid bare
His shadowy hollow, not unlike should earth,
By some force unlocked reveal Hades' seat
And show pale kingdoms hated by the gods,
A Gaping vision, immense abyss straight down,
Where Manes tremble at light thrown in.

245 in Latin

So Cacus caught by unexpected light
And shuttered in his dented rock roars
Outlandishly, as sudden Hercules
Is on him pressing weapons, calling down
All weapons handy, logs and branches; with
Dense grinding boulders he give press
Until escape from danger flees from Cacus
And he takes to belching plumes of rotten smoke
(Unbelievable to tell) and wraps his home
In impenetrable dark born from his jaws.
Condensing smoke walls the cave with clouds,
A night of smoke shot through with sparks and fire.

256 in Latin

This black cloud boiling noise and fumes;

He hurls himself with sprinting dash headlong
Into the densest wave driving from the grot.
Grabbing Cacus as he vomits void,
Empty conflagration in the darkness,
Hercules bears him with knotting arms,
And strangling, his hold prolonged and clinging, last
Throttles Cacus, whose eyes pop and throat
Cinched dry of blood. Forthwith the doors
Lept back, the black abode, the stolen cows,
The ravagement swearingly denied, all shown
To the sky; the baggy carcass dragged
Forth by the feet. Who could have enough
Of staring, hearts relieved yet terrified,
The terrible eyes, his mug and chest uncouth
With brambling hair, bristling semi-wild,
The fires extinguished lately in his jaws. 267 in Latin
From that time hence we've solemnized and made
These rites of offerings. Descendants now
Still keep the happy day established first
By one Potitius, founder and guardian
Of the Pinarian house of sacred Hercules,
By him was set the grassy altar of the grove,
Whichever will be called and be to us

The greatest. Wherefore, youths, in celebration
Of such great glories praiseworthy, encircle
With sprigs your hair, raise up right handed cups,
Invoke the god we hold in common, pour
The wine without the asking.” He had voiced,
When Herculean popular boughs had veiled
Their hair with dappled sun and shade, the leaves
Of poplar making interwoven bangs,
And filled right hands with cups. All happy they
More eagerly libations poured and prayed
Divinities.

And Versper leans and nears
In Olympus sky, already there as they
Proceed, the priests and Potitius first, enwrapped
In customary pelts; they carry flame.

282 in Latin

A second table and feasting rites resumed,
They bring these welcome gifts again and stack
The loaded plates on second loaded altar.
The Salii there are present encircling song
And the offerings and the burnt altar,
Who wear like poplar boughs. And present too
A chorus young and old, men to sing
The praise and deeds of Hercules, how his

Two infant hands cinch twin snakes sent
By stepmother Juno, squeezed life out;
How the same man threw down Oechalia
And Troy famous in war, and bore to the end
Unyielding trials, countless, set by king
Eurytheus, enforced and caused by fates
Of arbitrary Juno. “You, by hand,
Unconquered one, you overcame by hand
The cloud-born, mixed double bodied forms
Of Centaurs, Hylaeus and Pholus both,
You sacrificed the prodigy of Crete,
And outsized lion under Nemean rock. 295 in Latin
You sent all-trembling fear through Stygian lakes
And through the guard of Orcus gate who beds
On bones half-eaten in his bloody cave.
No shape frightened you, no, not Typhoeus
That tower of weaponry, nor Lernean snakes
Enwrapping you in heady turmoil froze
Your wits; to you our greetings, true offspring
Of Jupiter, supplemental honor to
Divinities; to us be present and
To our rites, that we proceed auspiciously.’
With hymns like this they celebrate, 303 in Latin

Eager to leave no point of Cacus out,
His cave, his very bulk that breathed with fire

These rituals performed they climb toward
The city; with Aeneas at his side,
Companion, king Evander, sown with age,
Keeps close his son and on the way diverts
Their walk with meandering converse.

Aeneas marvels and swivels eyes on all,
And brimming, smitten with the place, inquires
Of each thing one by one and hears of men
And earlier times. Then king Evander speaks,

The founder of the Roman citadel:

313 in Latin

“Indigenous Fauns and Nymphs once called this home,
A race of men born from fibrous oaks.
For these no cultivated arts, no bounds
Conventional, no knowledge yoking bulls,
Nor to amass a surplus nor to store
Spare grain, but fruit of branches and hard won food
Of hunting nourished them. This was the time
When Saturn first appears in these lands,
Olympian exile fleeing Jupiter,
Whose filial weapons stole his kingship sky,
And teaches the refractory and isolated

Clans to gather and have laws; promotes
The name of Latium, having hidden here
In margins safely. This was the age called gold,
In this calm peace Saturn ruled
For centuries until unnoticeably slow
A tarnished and declining age ensued,
And war's madness and insanity of greed. 327 in Latin
A band of Ausonians came and Sicanians then
As Saturn's name, the habit of its use
Faded; then came kings and rough Thybris vast
In body, after whom we Italians call
The river Thybris, later name among
Names lost, like that of ancient Albula.
Omnipotent fortune and unpersuadable fate
Have planted me here, from fatherland pushed out,
To follow farthest seas, here the god
And author Phoebus with tremendous signs
And warnings of Carmentis, mother, nymph."

He had hardly spoken thus, when next he points
The altar out and gate which Romans call
The Porta Carmentalis, honoring
From old the nymph Carmentis, prophetess
Who speaks the fates and spoke of how great

Aeneas becomes, how noble Pallentium.

341 in Latin

From here he pointed a massive stand of trees,

Which fierce Romulus retains to be

Asylum, indicates the Lupercal

Below the cold cave called by custom Pan's,

Lycaean Pan, the custom Parrhasian.

As well he shows the Argiletum grove,

Attests and teaches how to Argus guest

The place is lethal. Thence he leads toward

Tarpeian bedrock and the Capitolium

All golden now, then thick with forest brush.

Already then the peasant farmers felt

Religious awe and dread, fearful of

The place, and quaked before the rocks and trees.

350 in Latin

Evander spoke: "A god – which god unknown –

Inhabits holte and leafy peak here where

Arcadians say they see Jupiter himself

With right hand shake the blackening pelt,

The often aegis storming clouds. These towns,

Twin walls thrown down, you furthermore behold,

Remains and monuments of ancient men.

That citadel paternal Janus set

And this was founded by Saturn, that

Ianiculum and this Saturnia once
Had been and called.”

With such words said

Between themselves they mount up to the halls
Of scant Evander seeing cattle low
Scattered where the Roman Forum is
And fashionable strip of Carinae now.

361 in Latin

Upon arriving to Evander’s seat, he said
“This threshold Hercules to entered stooped,
A victor whom this palace overwon.
Dare despise, o guest, riches, make
Yourself likewise worthy of the god,
And undespising come to this place of want.”

Evander spoke and led Aeneas huge
Beneath steeply culminating rooves,
And settles him on bolsters stuffed with leaves
And blankets of Libyan bear: night pours
Embraces on the earth with wings obscure.

But Venus knows substantial fear in threats
Of Laurentian tumult hard to quell, which drives
Her aim the harder on to Vulcan in
Their marriage chamber; addressing him these words,
Which breathe the divinity of her love, begins:

“Those years the Argive kings were razing Troy,
Indebted Pergama set to fall to hostile fire,
All those years I asked for no help,
No weapons wrought by godly skill and brawn,
Asked nothing, husband most dear, nothing for
The downtrodden, no wish of mine to see
Your efforts vain, although I was indebted much
To sons of Priam, much, and wept the hard,
Unyielding trials of my Aeneas much.

380 in Latin

And now by Jove’s command Aeneas takes
A stand on Rutulian shores; therefore I come,
Same as I was, a suppliant now, to ask
Of your divinity, sacred to me,
A mother on her son’s behalf, for arms.
The daughter of old Nereus, the wife
Of Tithonus could both mold you with tears.
Consider who assembles there, what walls
Against me file the iron, close gates
And sharpen ruin for my people.”

She spoke,

And now she fondles him suspended in
Her soft embraces, arms divine and sleek
This side and that. A flame familiar to him,

A known heat takes and roots his spine awake,
And melting hidden bones, as when a crack
Of fire will burst with thunder's shining flash,
At times a tear of running light in clouds.

Venus felt it, happy in her tricks,

A wife conscious of her beauty's power.

393 in Latin

The father Vulcan chained by eternal love

Speaks: "Why go fish for reasons? Where has

Your trust in me, divine one, fled? If you

Had been solicitous as then as now,

No fates, no father omnipotent forbade

To us to arm the Teucrians so that

King Priam stand and live ten further years.

But now, if you intent on war angle this,

Whatever I am able, how much avail

The arts of iron and liquid running ore,

How so much the fire and bellow blasts,

Enough of prayers and doubts, now your strength

As suppliant prevails." These said, he gives

Embraces wished and pours himself into

The lap of Venus and there sought his sleep.

As when initial rest of night breaks sleep,
In middle course of dark when first awakes

The woman who endures the weaving life
And thin Minerva's art, by duty bound
She wakes a groggy fire from ashen bed,
The night's further work; at dawn she makes
The house and slaves thrum with the work of wool,
To keep chaste the bed and raise the boys.
Just so, no less dispatch, the god of fire
Arises in like hour from softer sheets
To work the ore.

There is an island near

416 in Latin

The flanks of Sicanian land and Aeolia
Which steep Liparen pushed up a smoking rock;
Under this thunder Aetnan caves,
Hollowed by Cyclopean forges out,
Corroded out by Cyclopean heat,
Where mighty strokes on stithes are heard and groans
Rebound reechoing, and ready ore
Throughout the caverns hisses, fires pant
In furnaces; this the house of Vulcan,
These lands Vulcania called. To here descends
The fire-bending god and leaves the sky.

The Cyclopes were working iron there,
Brontes and Steropes and Pyragmon bare

To the waist, under the cave's vast vault.

425 in Latin

A thunderbolt was in the works, in part

Already polished by their working hands,

Of kind the father showers down from blue

Onto the earth; to parts unfinished, three rays

They add of storm cloud's twisted strands, more beams

Of drenching clouds and more red fire

In fibers of the winging southern wind they add,

But at that moment they were mixing in

The terror-flash and clap of Fear and Wrath,

A work of dogging flames. In nearby nook

They knead out Mars' chariot and wheels

By which the flying god wakes men up,

By which he stirs the cities. Vyingly

They burnish in the aegis serpent scales

Of gold, horrific weapon of Pallas when

Disturbed; the interwoven snakes which shield

The goddess on her breast, the Gorgon's head,

Whose turning eyes jut from the severed head,

"Stop everything," he said, "Aetna's smiths,

My Cyclopes, and stow your started work;

A new job, attend: to forge the arms

For a fierce man; now use your strength and deft

Dexterity in matercraftsmanship,

Cast impediments away and sloth.”

443 in Latin

He said no more but all apply the more

443 in Latin

Alacrity to his request, and lots

Make equal distribution of the work.

Bronze flows in rivulets and golden ore

And wound-causing ready iron melts

In vast furnaces. They shape the mass

Of shield, one shield to face all Latin points,

Embedding seven ply circle on circle;

Some force the alternating breaths of bellows,

The others sink the screaming bronze in pools.

The cave groans with hammers laying on.

Between them all their many rhythmic arms

Pulse with heavy force and grapple and turn

The weight with tongs.

While on Aeolian shore

453/4 in Latin

The god of Lemnos hurries on these tasks,

The nourishing light and under humble eaves

The morning songs of birds wake the aged

Evander, who rising threads his tunic limbs,

Encases foot and sole in Tuscan straps.

He then ties under shoulder down his flank

Tegean sword and twists behind his back
A panther skin hanging from his left.
Twin dogs appear and run before their master,
As he steps down from his hilltop home. 462 in Latin

Remembering words from yesterday, his aid
And offering, the hero seeks his guest,
Aeneas, secluded in a private wing,
Who as early rises. The two approach companioned,
To one Pallas his son, the other Achates,
And join right hands. They sit in middle hall
And at last enjoy a lawful interchange.

First the king: "Greatest leader of the Teucrians,
With you safe never will I own the cause
And realm of Troy defeated. Strength in us
Is scant, for all our name, but meagre help
In war to offer you. From this side here
The Tuscan river cuts us off; from there

Rutulians press: our walls resound with bronze. 474 in Latin
But I'm prepared to join to you a mass
Of men and outposts stocked from royal stores,
Protection unexpected, which fortune shows
To you, who come at bidding of the fates.
Not far from here, founded on an ancient rock

The city of Agylina, Lydian settlement,
Inhabited by a people known for war,
Who flourished on their Tuscan slopes for years;
High-handed king then gripped them sore, the lout,
Mezentius cruel and violent – why mention his
Unspeakable acts of slaughter, why his deeds
Tyrannical, savage? May the gods return it all
On his head and family, each and every act.
Yes, he joined dead bodied to live,
Hand together hand and face to face –
This torment his signature and seal.
He murdered thus with lingering death; flowing gore
And rotten ooze, the miserable twins embrace.
At last fed up the citizens took arms;
Surrounding him within his den whose rage
Mounts to unspeakable acts, they volley fire
Onto his roofs and slaughter every friend.
But Mezentius escapes amid the blood,
Into Rutulian land where Turnus his host
Defends his safety with his arms and sway.
With ready war, those citizens demand the king
For punishment. To this multitude I graft
Your leadership; know our entire coast

489 in Latin

Is buzzing with compacted fleets, whose ships
Command the men to raise their flags. What holds
Them back? An aged seer who speaks the fates: 499 in Latin
'O choice Maeonian youth, heroic bloom
Of courage, righteous grief impels
You on the enemy; Mezentius fires
You with a justified wrath, but fates deny
Italian leader aid and join so great
A people: choose an immigrant.' The Tuscan lines
Of battle settled then on this plain,
In terror of the warning of the gods.
One Tarchon sent to me this kingdom's crown
And scepter, and entrusted war's insignia,
Through speeches of his legates, that I accede,
And head the camps and all the Tuscan realm. 507 in Latin
Old age in me, worn slow, cold
By decades, hates to rule. I would promote
My son did not his Sabine mother mix
A patrimony drawn from here. But you,
Whose years and heritage the fates approve,
Whom godly powers call, o brave, proceed,
O guide of Teucrians and Italians.
This lad besides, our solace and sole hope,

Our Pallas I conjoin to you to learn
From you endurance and the habits gain
Of military service under you,
His teacher, learn the heavy work of Mars,
And see your deeds, admire you with his youth. 517 in Latin
And I will add to him two hundred horse
As many more will Pallas give as peers,
The chosen mettle of Arcadian youth.”

 He'd hardly finished words, they held their gaze,
Aeneas son of Anchises and trusted Achates,
And ponder many difficult things with hearts
Disheartened, had not Venus goddess of
Cytherea shown sign in the open sky.
For lightning sudden in vibrating air
And sound cascades a sudden seeming fall
In everything and peals of Tuscan horns.
They look to sky; again the mountainous rumble,
Again. They see a set of armor set
Amid the clouds in calm quarter of the sky
And turning red in clarity and bright
And rolling peals of thunder as if struck. 529 in Latin
All were amazed but the Trojan hero knew
The sound and promises of parentage

Divine and spoke: "Don't ask, my friend, host,
Of this display, what chance the portents tell.

I am demanded by Olympus.

The mother divine foretold that she would send

This sign, if war break out, would bear as help

Through air the weapons Vulcan made. Alas,

How great the slaughter that will overwhelm

Laurentians miserably! What price to me

Will you pay, Turnus! Many, father Thybris,

How many shields and bodies of brave men

And helmets will you roll beneath your waves!

Let them demand the battle line and break

The pacts."

When he gave forth those words, he raised

Himself from the high throne and woke the fire

That slept on altars to Hercules,

Goes to delighted hearth and worship's place

Of yesterday, Penates low and Lar.

Evander equally with him and youth

Of Troy as equally make sacrifice

Of chosen animals as custom holds.

545 in Latin

And then from here he reunites with ships

And comrades, chooses from the willing youth

To follow him in war the topping brave.

Remaining men are borne downstream on flows

Of lazy flats and favoring water down,

A missive ship of news to Ascanius,

Of recent deeds and future and father on his way. 550 in Latin

The Teucrians heading for Tuscan fields

Are given horses; to Aeneas they

Give one above the rest, which tawny pelt

Of lion saddles over and shining claws

Of gold.

Immediately abroad rumor flies

Through settlement and city: Tuscan horse

Are flocking to the palace of the king. 555 in Latin

The fearful matrons pray in double time,

And fear advances; the nearer dangers come

More vivid now appear images of war.

Evander clasps a right and lingering hand;

As father weeping insatiably he says such things:

“If only Jupiter would remake me

Such as I was years past when I mowed down

Front lines beneath Praeneste’s height, when I

A victor set ablaze a heap of shields,

And this right hand sent under Tartarus

The king Erulus and his triple souls,
Which his Feronian mother gave at birth,
His triple set of armor to be swung
(Horrible to say), three times cut into death,
And yet this hand reaped all those lives and spoil. 567 in Latin

And so returned, I never would tear
Myself from sweet embrace of you, my son;
Mezentius would never cluck and spur
To death with savage iron multitudes,
As many dead as he voided the cities of,
Nor insult this neighbor's head of mine. 571 in Latin

But you, o gods above, and you, I pray,
O greatest ruler of divinities,
Pity the Arcadian king and hear a father's
Prayers. If your divine power, if fates
Keep Pallas safe and save him back to me,
If I will live to see us reunited,
I pray for life and suffer and endure
Whatsoever trials may come to me. 577 in Latin

If you impend, o Fortune, some unspeakable turn,
Now, o now, let me lawfully break from life,
From cruel life, while hope obtains, while I
Embrace you yet, dear boy, my only, late

Delight, lest worse news pierce my hears.” These words

The father pours forth at last departure.

He collapsed, was carried into the house.

584 in Latin

Already cavalry is halfway out

The gate, Aeneas first, and faithful Achates,

And other Trojan nobles; mid-column goes

Pallas himself, conspicuous in cloak

And painted armor, just as when the star

Of Dawn, which Venus cherishes beyond

The rest of firing stars, has lifted drenched

In waves of Ocean his sacred face

And dissolves the darkness in the sky.

591 in Latin

The matrons stand on pale and fearful walls,

And follow with their eyes a cloud of dust

That shines with the bronze of the troops, which stretch

Through thickets on toward the first goal of their way.

A shout goes up when columns form and hooves

Shake clod and ground in four beat time.

There is a grove, expansive, shady, near

The river of Caeres, held sacred anciently

By fathers far and wide, enclosed all sides

By hollow hills which lap the grove in furs.

The rumor flies that ancient Pelagians

Preserve this stand and day as owed the god

Silvanus, deity of cattle and field,

Who held the Latin territory once.

602 in Latin

Near this grove Tarcho and his Tuscan troops

Held camp in safety. From high hills the force

Entire that snakes broad fields appears. To here

Aeneas arrived with youth select for war;

They care for both tired bodies and their horse.

607 in Latin

But Venus was present, amid the airy clouds,

The shining goddess bearing gifts. Far off

She sees her son in fold of interval

By cold and bounding stream secluded there.

611 in Latin

“Behold my husband’s gifts, promised by his art

And wrought. Don’t doubt, don’t hesitate; demand

But soon in battle arrogant Laurentines

Or eager Turnus himself.” Cytherea spoke

And sought to embrace her son opposite whom

She placed the glinting arms against an oak.

Happy in the gifts of the goddess, in

617 in Latin

The magnitude of honor, that man cast

A wandering eye unquenchably around

The shield, scene on scene; his wonder turns

In hands, on limbs, the fate-bearing sword,

The helmet striking terror with its crest
That vomits flames, and cuirass stiff with bronze,
And blood-red, as when bluish clouds catch fire
With rays of sun and shoot light far and wide; 623 in Latin
In turn the greaves in smooth electrum cast,
And spear and shield arrayed with figures bossed
That wind about in ways beyond this craft.

 There he wrought the matter of Italy 626 in Latin
And Roman triumphs, god of fire's might,
Who had his knowledge of the age to come,
Not ignorant of prophets; there he wrought
The entire family and future, stock and stem,
Ascanius on down, and battles fought
In order. He'd there made the she-wolf
Who's lain down pregnant in the green
Cave of Mars, her twin boys hang and play
Around her udder; fearless mother licks
And fondles them, the one, the other, neck
Bent smoothly back to lick and form their limbs. 634 in Latin
Not far from this he'd added Rome and games,
Great gathering in hollow Circus seats
For races and Sabine women snatched
Away, all custom waved, and sudden war

Between the sons of Romulus and old
Man Tatius and dour Curii newly breaks. 638 in Latin
And after this the same kings standing armed
Before the altars of Jupiter;
Their struggles put aside, they offer wine
From bowls and join in pacts, once the pig
Was slaughtered up. And near this he'd wrought
Chariots each with four horses fast
That pull in different ways Mettus apart
(But Alban, you ought to have kept your word)
And Tullus drags the liar's guts through woods
And spattered brambles shine with bloody dew. 645 in Latin
Porsenna here was ordering Rome admit
Expelled Tarquin and was squeezing siege
With massive works on Rome; descendants of
Aeneas on behalf of freedom rush
Into swords; and here would you discern
In likeness that indignant, threatening man,
For Cocles dared pluck out the bridge; and here
Cloelia, her chains asunder, swims the stream. 651 in Latin
And here Tarpeian citadel and height
With Manlius its guardian before
The temple; he holds the lofty Capitoline

And new the Romulean bristling thatch
Of palace gables. Here the silver geese
In golden colonnades sing warning that
The Gauls attain the doorstep; present there
And through the thickets present here, they hold
The citadel, for darkness and the gift
Of night's opacity protected them.

658 in Latin

The Gauls sport long and golden hair and cloaks
All golden, shining, striped, and milky necks
Enwrapped with golden torques and Alpine spears;
They brandish these two to a hand, their long
Shields front their bodies. Here he'd hammered out
The leaping Salii and naked Luperci
With fleecy hats and there the buckler which
Had fallen from the sky; chaste matrons lead
The sacred rites in city litters soft.

Removed from here he added Tartarus,

666 in Latin

Deep seat and gates of Dis and punishment
The wicked meet; you, Catilina, here
From beetling cliff hanging, trembling face
The visage of the Furies; pious souls

Are set apart and Cato gives them laws.

670 in Latin

Between these scenes the image of the sea,

Brimming gold, spreads across the width,
Cerulean, and white with surging breakers foams;
Bright silver dolphins sweep the level salt
Into circles and cut the tide with tails.

674 in Latin

Midway, all there to scan, the bronze fleet,
The wars of Actium; there you would see
All Leucas boil with Mars in formation lined
And surging sea shine with gold. And here
Augustus Caesar leads Italy
To battle, senate and people both, and gods
Of house, the great and small; he stands
On towering stern, his happy temples spew
Twin flames, his father's star discovered at
The apogee. Nearby with favoring winds

680/681 in Latin

And gods, Agrippa looms and leads the line;
His temples flash with beaked naval crown,
Proud badge of war. Just removed from here
Comes Antony, a victor accompanied by
A particolored force, comes from the folk
Of Dawn, from the red shore with barbarian wealth;
He drags with him Egypt and eastern strength
And farthest Bactria and his Egyptian wife
Who follows him to war (a monstrous deed).

688 in Latin

All rush together; level sea torn up
 By working oars and trident beaks of ships
 Entirely foams. They seek the deep and flee;
 You'd think the Cyclades were dashed afloat,
 Or peak dashed tall peak so dense ships compress
 A mass of men. Hand-cast missiles fly
 With iron, flapping sails and pitch seed fire.
 New slaughter turns vermilion Neptune's loam. 695 in Latin
 Mid-fray the Queen calls to troops, rattling
 The sistrum of her native land, and hasn't
 Seen as yet twin snakes swimming in her wake. 697 in Latin
 Conglomerate gods, barking Anubis, freaks
 Hold arms against Minerva, Neptune, Venus.
 Embossed in iron Marvor rages in
 The middle of the fight and gloomy Dirae
 From the upper air and Discord cues, delights
 In torn clothes; next Bellona, whip and blood. 703 in Latin
 Sighting these Actian Apollo draws
 His bow above, whose terror turns all Egypt,
 Arabians, and Indians, and Sabaei to flight. 706 in Latin
 The Queen herself appears to set sail
 At summons of the winds, already now
 To pay out swelling sheets and rope. The god

Of bending fire had wrought her turning pale
Amid the slaughter, foreseeing death, and borne
By waves and Iapyx, the Apulian wind; 710 in Latin
Yet opposite her the god wrought mourning Nile
With massive body, spreading inlet folds
Throughout his cloak, and calling vanquished men
To his cerulean lap and hiding streams. 713 in Latin

But Caesar having entered Roman walls
In triple triumph, here makes deathless vow
To the Italian gods and consecrates
Three hundred shrines of first import throughout
The city. Happiness and games and clapping make
The roads uproarious. And matrons band
In every temple, in each an altar stands,
Before the altars bullocks lay cut down. 719 in Latin
On the threshold of shining Phoebus, white marble seat,
The victor himself reviews each nation's gifts
And fits them to proud doors; defeated foe
Proceed in filing line; as various the tongues,
So varied are the dress and weapons too. 723 in Latin
Here Mulciber had made appear all kind
Of foe, Nomadic tribes and ungirt men
Of Africa, here Lelagas, Carians

Geloni of the arrow, Morini remotest tribe,
And Dahae never overcome, pass by;
You would see here the Rhine with double horns,
Euphrates there more softly braids its waves,
And the Araxes outraged by the bridge.

727 in Latin

Such things on Vulcan's shield are wonders to
Aeneas, the gifts of his mother; he
Rejoices in the image not aware
What it imports, and lifts and shoulders all,
The fame and fates of sons descending on.

731 in Latin

APPENDIX: 'PRIMAL WORDS' AND SURREALISM

As recounted in Freud's short text "The Antithetical Meaning of Primal Words," the philologist Karl Abel found that ancient languages, such as Egyptian, have many words that bear contrary meanings, like 'cleave' in English, *sacer* in Latin, and *pharmakon* in Greek. The semantic range of these words contains a direct contradiction (as 'sanction' carries the idea of both permission and restriction). Abel's theory seems to have been that later languages draw distinctions between contradictory concepts and thereby contrary meanings are slowly mitigated as the language changes over time. For example, today our word 'freedom' does not also contain the meaning 'constraint' as would, say, an Egyptian word 'freedom-constraint'. We draw a distinction and employ two separate terms. 'Freedom' is not constraint, it is the state of 'non-constraint.' Furthermore, we add various degrees or states between, for example, 'responsibility.'

The connection between such words and the unconscious consists, according to Freud, in the absence of this faculty of distinction (Freud 236; 239). The unconscious has no 'no' of judgment. For Freud, knowledge, judgment and sublimation all involve negation (Freud 235). Concepts in the Janus-like unconscious have not been split by waking judgment into contrary meanings. Just as these words seem oblivious of contradiction, so dreams blithely disregard the logical distinctions of waking thought. The libido lives in the realm of affirmation where even direct contraries are not mutually exclusive (Freud 239).

The English logician Alexander Bain made similar observations (Tayler 202). In a passage quoted by Abel and requoted by Freud, Bain notices how all human concepts necessarily arise from conjunction or comparison with a contrary:

If everything that we can know is viewed as a transition from something else, every experience must have two sides; and either every name must have a double meaning, or else for every meaning there must be two names. (Freud 159)

Implicit in the remarks of Abel and Freud is the idea that a fluid, unified concept is prior to division into specific terms. At one point in human time contrary concepts lived more comfortably side by side. The primal state of a language or of a psyche would be monistic whereas the rise of consciousness and knowledge indeed adulthood and civilization divide this unity (Tayler 194). Distinguishing opposites can be said to be foundational in this limited sense. One term is elevated at the expense of another. It is clear such reflections are suggestive in regard to the *Aeneid*.

Perhaps this hinge movement between subject and object or active and passive is related to the freedom of combination found in dreams. Freud sees the faculty of negation as the core of the growth of judgement between related things (Freud 236, 239) and dreams suspend censorship. This idea appealed to Andre Breton. In *Surrealism and Painting*, Breton says the artist possesses this freedom of association “having detached objects from what was very often merely a conventional category....or a temporary category to create something new” (Breton 29-30). The Surrealist artist operates in a waking dream, free, supposedly, of the censorship wakers labor under, in order to

venture as far as he wishes and to bring back to us, from the unknown, images that are just as concrete as those we take for granted as being known.... What shall we seek at these spiritual frontiers, where mind rejects all external evidence, where man is determined to argue solely from his own experience (Breton 44).

Breton’s artist rejects “all external evidence” because it is this evidence that is the chief reinforcement of the censorship of waking life. Breton calls for a “purely internal mode” (Breton 4), which rejects empiricism’s insistence on the externally observed world.

As Aristotle and linguists recognize, the categories of a language are particular to a language; different languages might categorize entities differently at the level of objects (Akrill 120). The demarcation of boundaries is socially or socio-linguistically determined (Lyons 58) or what is more to the point here, boundaries of categories are a locus of the 'no' Freud found characteristic of judgment (Freud 236-9). When is a cat not a cat but a fox? If the artist is able to defuse this censorship mechanism, a cat and a fox are not to be clearly demarcated, and a book is a house is a grid is a calendar, and here is poetic associative virtuosity.

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