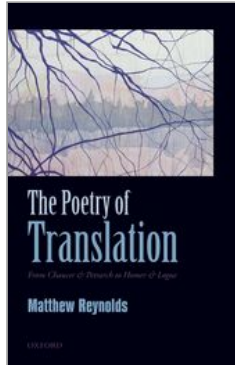


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The Poetry of Translation: From Chaucer & Petrarch to Homer & Logue

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Ezra Pound: 'My job was to bring a dead man to life'

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Abstract and Keywords

Since at least the time of Dryden, a 'dead' translation has been a bad one. But during the nineteenth century, poets became interested in the expressive possibilities of a dead style: Browning is one example. Pound's recorded statements on translation generally assert the need to 'present' a 'vivid personality' or 'bring a dead man to life'. But the idea that something from the past might become 'present' again is complex, and results in a poetry of translation which is as interested in deadness as in life. I trace this aspect of Pound's writing through his translations of Cavalcanti, *Cathay* and *Homage to Sextus Propertius*. The conflict owes something to wider modernist concerns; but it is fuelled by the activity of translation.

Keywords: dead, Dryden, Anne Dacier, Robert Browning, Ezra Pound, Cantos, Cavalcanti, Cathay, Homage to Sextus Propertius

'We murder to dissect', Wordsworth said of the analysis of nature in science and, more provocatively, 'Art'.¹ People have also murdered to translate. 'A good Poet'—Dryden wrote in the Preface to *Sylvae*— 'is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his carcass would be to his living body'.² Dryden's hope for his own translations, as we saw in Chapter 14, was that they would make dead poets speak as if they had 'been born in *England*, and in this present Age'. The corresponding worry was that a botched rebirth would leave an author, not only as dead as he was already, but deader. Untranslated, the works of Virgil or Ovid would be closed to many English readers; but at least they would still be themselves in their own languages. Their spark could be felt by scholars; it could live on through allusion and influence in the work of poets expert in the classics such as Jonson or Milton or Dryden himself; and it would remain as a goad to possible future good translators, a store of energy with the potential to be re-activated in a new place and time and language. A bad translation wasted that potential. It murdered a work by representing only those elements that tended to count as 'dead'—its narrative structure and the denotations of its words—without reacting to its poetry.

But to Madame Dacier it seemed that a 'carcass' was worth having. She felt something similar to the unease which (as again we saw in Chapter 14) was later to be voiced by Cowper. Since 'voice', 'life', and 'spirit' are difficult attributes to measure and compare, it is hard, perhaps impossible, to be sure that the voice or life or spirit you have embodied in your translation are more the source text's than your own. Opting to translate the *Iliad* into prose, Dacier turned away from key elements of what was thought of as poetic 'life', the sound and movement of verse. The result, she admitted, 'n'est pas Homere vivant & animé' ('is not the living, spirited Homer); 'mais c'est Homere' ('but it is Homer'):

(p.238) on n'y trouvera pas cette force, cette grace, cette vie, ce charme qui ravit, & ce feu qui échauffe tout ce qui l'approche, mais on y demeslera tous ses traits, & la symmetrie admirable de toutes ses parties.³

[you will not find there that force, that grace, that life, that charm which ravishes and that fire which heats everyone who approaches him; but you will be able to make out his features and the admirable symmetry of all his parts.]

Startlingly, verse does not count as one of Homer's 'traits': the reason is that, for Dacier, what is most him is not his 'expression' but his 'ideas', his 'subject', and his 'characters'.⁴ It is plain to see how this passage stimulated Pope: to a degree of emulation, via the metaphor of 'taking a

view'; and to fierce disagreement, via the metaphor of 'passion'. As we saw in Chapter 19, his verse translation aimed 'above all things to keep alive that Spirit and Fire'—that is, to do what Madame Dacier had not done.

When the metaphor of 'adherence' became dominant during the nineteenth century, translators generally committed themselves to achieving the sort of equivalence that mattered to Madame Dacier: prose translations of verse multiplied and the field became littered—as Dryden would see it—with carcasses. I explored some artistic consequences of this shift in Chapter 21; one more was that the imaginative deadness now so strongly associated with translation became interesting to poets.

An early, small example can be found in Byron's teenage volume *Hours of Idleness, a Series of Poems, Original and Translated* (1807). The section of original poems ends with 'Oscar of Alva', a ballad which recounts a murder and a haunting. Next, a new title-page announces the crossover to 'Translations and Imitations', beginning with 'Adrian's Address to his Soul, when Dying'. The Latin is given first:

ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

Then, over the page, Byron's English:

AH! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou, now, wing thy distant flight?
No more, with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.⁵

(p.239) Whatever may have happened to the actual 'sprite' of Adrian (i.e. the Emperor Hadrian), the spirit of his 'Address' has winged its flight an unforeseen distance into English translation where—the self-referential implication flickers—it cannot but be pallid, cheerless, and forlorn. The sequential arrangement of the texts allows readers to see the transformation happen: Hadrian's plain 'loca' ('place') deliquescing, as it finds its new English co-ordinates over the page, into Byron's numinous 'unknown region'; Hadrian ending on 'jocos' ('joke'), Byron ending on 'forlorn'. The tough, light humour of the Latin subsides into early Byronic plangency. Since it is placed as a hinge between Byron's own 'Poems, Original' and 'Poems...Translated', this layering of

Hadrian's original poem and Byron's version suggests a broader feeling about the comparative pallor and cheerlessness of translation. The young Byron holds to the eighteenth-century conception of translation of the 'spirit'; but the spirit which comes across is shown to be sadly changed from what it was.

Many of the translations collected in *Hours of Idleness* have to do with death: there is 'The Episode of Nisus and Euryalus' from *Aeneid* 9 (earlier and famously translated by Dryden—see above, Chapters 12 and 15); there is Domitius Marsus's epitaph on Virgil and Tibullus, and the sad demise of Lesbia's sparrow, and the 'temporary death' which afflicts the lover at the end of Catullus's 'Ad Lesbiam' (a version of the lyric by Sappho which I discussed in Chapters 16 and 17). Byron revels in the afflictions felt by Catullus's and Sappho's speaker while the youth and Lesbia chat so unconcernedly: he invents 'cold dews', 'deadly languour', and the heady thought that (with an echo of his Hadrian) 'life itself is on the wing'. Lesbia's sparrow too is sent to a considerably elaborated end, in a 'devouring grave', 'receptacle of life's decay'.⁶ These scenes of demise, when they are re-done in the posthumous medium of translation, give rise, paradoxically, to invention—the reason being that, as we saw in Chapter 18, Byron (or a part of him) feels forlornness to be a very poetical state, and death to be an occasion for the lively expression of feeling. It took Browning, half a century later, to find expressive possibilities in a style of translation that actually feels dead. In the transcript of *Herakles* within *Aristophanes' Apology* (1875), flat word-for-wordism suggests a stunned response to the horrors that are enacted:

Alas for me! these children, see,
Stretched, hapless group, before their father—he
The all-unhappy, who lies sleeping out
The murder of his sons, a dreadful sleep!⁷

And then there is the rebarbative materiality of his *Agamemnon of Aeschylus* which I described in Chapter 5. In *The Ring and the Book* (as (p.240) we saw in Chapter 20) Browning's conviction that 'the life in me' had abolished 'the death of things' releases an imaginative flight across the Italian landscape as the book in his hand takes on life in his imagination. But Browning also wants to represent the dead letters that are being shucked off during that transformation. In the poem's first chapter, this is done with a snatch of—as he says—'word for word' translation from the title page of the book that is inspiring him:

Wherein it is disputed if, and when,

Husbands may kill adulterous wives, yet scape
The customary forfeit.⁸

The implications folded into this act of translation are complex. First, since it focuses on literal meanings, close translation attaches itself to those 'things' which it is Browning's quest to pass beyond. So, here, the dogged style of word-for-wording grafts itself onto the finickiness of legal discourse. Faced with a human tragedy, the lawyers in the story see nothing moral, nor spiritual, but only an opportunity for dispute according to the letter of the law; and the passage of translation reproduces their line quiescently: it embodies 'the death of things'. Yet, by doing that, it starts a process of interpretive protest, almost of revulsion, which balloons into reimagining. Nevertheless (a further cross-current of suggestion) it continues to function as a kind of tether for the poem's predominant fictionality, a point of contact with the historical record. Browning's commitment to the redemptive power of imagination requires him to believe that something real is being redeemed in the retelling. And so his narrator maintains that the story he offers is not mere fantasy, but an alloy of 'fancy' with 'facts'.⁹

It turns out that this passage is the only instance of actual close translation in *The Ring and the Book*. But what does sometimes appear, as Browning gives himself over to creating voices for the various characters in the drama, is a kind of writing that sounds like word-for-word translation because it calques Italian or Latin constructions into English. The most startling example occurs when 'Tertium Quid', an everyman character known only by that Latin appellation, addresses a cardinal:

Highness, decide! Pronounce, Her Excellency!¹⁰

'Her' is a more-than-literal translation of the Italian formal pronoun 'Sua', which is feminine so as to agree with the noun 'Eccellenza' (I say 'more-than-literal' because there is no literal counterpart for this grammatical inflexion in English so Browning has to invent one). At the moment when the Cardinal is invited to 'pronounce'—to judge as to the rights and wrongs of the story Tertium Quid has told—readers are made aware that Tertium Quid's own voice, veering between Italian and English, is utterly unpronounceable. We need to imagine a voice if the poetry is to come alive for us; and perhaps in the lines running up to this point we have felt able to do so. But here Tertium Quid falls dead on the page.

The Ring and the Book is a laboratory for investigating both the possibility of imagining voices from the past and the dangers—of appropriation, delusion, and simple failure—by which that enterprise is dogged. At times, as with the wise Pope Innocent or the heroic Caponsacchi, Browning conjures up for his characters what feels like a hearable voice. But elsewhere in the work, the materiality of the foreign languages and the past culture reassert themselves so as to challenge and perhaps destroy our confidence in being able to understand them. The work worries massively at a paradox similar to that which we explored in Part II: the past needs to be imagined if it is to be understood; and yet if it is imagined it is no longer itself. Failures of imaginative resurrection must therefore be recognized no less than successes. The language of *The Ring and the Book* represents what can, and just as importantly what cannot, be brought to imaginative life out of the past.¹¹

As I showed in Chapter 21, Browning's writing in and around translation mattered to Pound. Part of what grew in him out of Browning's example was an interest in linguistic deadness. That translation from Andreas Divus's translation of the *Odyssey* which begins the *Cantos* concluded, in an early version, with this: 'Lie quiet Divus, plucked from a Paris stall'.¹² The thought is itself plucked from Browning, who had likewise plucked his source for *The Ring and the Book* from a 'Stall', though in a different, vividly-imagined European city: Florence. In Pound, the voice of Tiresias's shade, summoned by Odysseus, does not come quite fully over into the language of the living, any more than, in Browning, Tertium Quid's had quite fully settled into English:

"Odysseus
"Shalt return through spiteful Neptune, over dark seas,
"Lose all companions."¹³

It would need a pronoun and a little bit more syntax to become a fully articulated English sentence. Pound here picks out phrases from the Latin—Neptune is 'iratus'; 'nigrum pontum' comes a few lines later; 'perdens omnes socios' is over the page—and sticks them together into an utterance which feels interrupted: it suggests, perhaps, the elliptical quality of prophecy, or perhaps the halting utterance of the 'impetuous impotent dead' (as Odysseus calls them); perhaps both.¹⁴ But this interpretation is complicated by the fact that Pound's Odysseus, himself of course alive in (p.242) the world of the *Odyssey*, does not speak fully living English either. The accoutrements for his prayer, he says, were:

As set in Ithaca, sterile bulls of the best
For sacrifice, heaping the pyre with goods
A sheep to Tiresias only, black and a bell-sheep.¹⁵

This keeps continuously close to the Latin: 'profectus in Ithacam sterilem bovem, quae optima esset', and so on.¹⁶ But it is hardly less elliptical and strange than Tiresias's speech. Pound's version of 'The Seafarer: From the Anglo-Saxon' (1912) is commonly said to be a precedent for Canto I, and so it is.¹⁷ But the voice of that earlier poem of translation had, thanks to its alliterative pulse, seemed unequivocally vigorous, as though it were punching through the history of the language. The translation from Divus's translation of Homer is more uneven, and more searching. It is certainly 'alive' in the loose sense of 'compelling'; but what makes it so is its recognition of the difficulties of translation that come between us and Homer's Odysseus, its refusal to pretend that we can abolish 'the death of things'.

This stylistic deadness, created through translation, is at odds with many of Pound's recorded pronouncements. There is his protest, which I discussed in Chapter 7, that Browning in his *Agamemnon of Aeschylus* should have written for Klutaimnestra 'anything, literally anything that can be shouted...Anything but a stilted unsayable jargon'. And there are his mission statements for his own translations from Cavalcanti—to present the vivid personality of Guido Cavalcanti—and from Propertius: 'my job was to bring a dead man to life, to present a living figure'.¹⁸ As we will see, in his early endeavours to translate the lyrics of Cavalcanti, Pound tried out different tactics for presenting 'a vivid personality'. He came up against a paradox: that it is impossible to achieve vividness without a deadening happening in some other respect. His great poems of translation—in *Cathay* (1915) and *Homage to Sextus Propertius* (1919)—draw energy from the conflict between an explicit metaphor 'translation as bringing to life' and an implicit metaphor by which it is haunted: 'translation as deadening'. Just as with Dryden, the push to achieve life and presence brings with it an awareness of death and loss. But, for Pound, as for Browning, the airs of deadness and of absence which can hang around translation became, not difficulties to be overcome, but possibilities to be activated and explored.

Than Cavalcanti, Pound tells us in the 'Introduction' to his 1912 *Sonnets and Ballate*, 'no psychologist of the emotions is more keen in his understanding, more precise in his expression; we have in him no rhetoric, but always a true delineation'. A translator who wishes to 'present' his (p.243) 'vivid personality' should therefore work with similar precision, adopting (as Pound went on to explain in a letter to the TLS) a 'scholastic method' and 'setting forth' Cavalcanti's 'exact

meaning'. This, Pound says, is how his own versions differ from those put out by Dante Gabriel Rossetti in *The Early Italian Poets* (1861): 'he was as avowedly intent on making beautiful verses as I am on presenting an individual'.¹⁹ For instance, Cavalcanti's line 'Ch'a lei s'inchina ogni gentil virtute' means:

that "she" acts as a magnet for every "*gentil virtute*," that is, the noble spiritual powers, the invigorating forces of life and beauty bend towards her; not [as Rossetti had translated]

To whom are subject all *things* virtuous.

The *inchina* implies not the homage of an object but the direction of a force.²⁰

Rossetti had too much adapted the verse to modern assumptions, and so had lost the edge of Cavalcanti's individuality.

Not only the key words in that line, but much else in medieval Italian vocabulary—the medium of Cavalcanti's thought—required clarification:

Gentile is 'noble;' 'gentleness in our current sense would be *soavitate*. ...The *spiriti* are the 'senses,' or the 'intelligence of the senses,' perhaps even 'the moods,' when they are considered as 'spirits of the mind.' *Valore* is 'power.' *Virtute*, 'virtue, potency', requires a separate treatise.²¹

Just occasionally—Pound thinks—Cavalcanti's meaning leaps across so as to become present in an English word: '*Valore* is "power."' But more often there is a yawning non-correspondence:

It is conceivable the poetry of a far-off time or place requires a translation not only of word and of spirit but of 'accompaniment,' that is, that the modern audience must in some measure be made aware of the mental content of the older audience, and of what these others drew from certain fashions of thought and speech. Six centuries of derivative convention and loose usage have obscured the exact significance of such phrases as: 'The death of the heart,' and 'The departure of the soul.'²²

Those apparently translated phrases are in fact offered as stand-ins for what they have failed to translate. They are readily understandable; but what a reader understands from them is far different from what was meant by their medieval Italian counterparts. Pound is faced with a paradox: to 'present' Cavalcanti means making clear how un-present he actually is. The metaphor of 'presenting a vivid personality' is implicitly

shadowed by countervailing metaphors of failure and decay, of something more like exhumation than resurrection. This apprehension comes through, perhaps, in the phrases Pound chooses as examples: 'the death of the heart', (p.244) 'the departure of the soul'. Cavalcanti's heart, too, may be dead; his soul, no less than Hadrian's, irrevocably departed.

The short-circuit between achieving presence and recognizing absence brings Pound up against those uncertainties which translation theory (as we saw in Chapter 5) usually frames in terms of 'domestication' versus 'foreignization', or 'dynamic' versus 'formal' equivalence. Should one write something understandable (i.e. present to the reader) but misrepresentative?—or something better representative which risks being misunderstood? The forking possibilities goaded Pound to produce multiple versions of one of Cavalcanti's sonnets. 'Chi è questa che vien' ('Who is she that comes') describes the impossibility of describing a particular woman:

Chi è questa che vien, ch'ogni uom la mira,
Che fa di clarità l'aer tremare!
E mena seco Amor, sì che parlare
Null'uom ne puote, ma ciascun sospira?

Who is she coming, whom all gaze upon, / Who makes the whole
air tremulous with light, / And leadeth with her Love, so no man
hath / Power of speech, but each one sigheth? (Pound's 1910
translation).²³

The sonnet has some affinities with Sappho's Fragment 31, whose translation by Catullus was translated by Byron, and whose own fortunes in English I discussed in Chapters 16 and 17. The beloved cannot be described because she provokes inarticulacy in her admirers; so the inarticulacy itself must do as an indication of her excellence. In the Sappho, the beloved's power is suggested by her disruptive effect on the lover's body. But in Cavalcanti it provokes an intellectual response, a series of definitions of her undefinability. This push towards 'true delineation', is what excites Pound:

Non si potria contar la sua piacenza,
Ch'a lei s'inchina ogni gentil virtute,
E la beltate per sua Dea la mostra.²⁴

The middle line is the one that detained Pound in his introduction; and 'piacenza', 'beltate', 'Dea', and 'mostra' might well have been added to

his list of difficult words. Here is his first full stab at a translation, from 1910:

Her charm could never be a thing to tell
For all the noble powers lean toward her.
Beauty displays her for an holy sign.*

* "*E la beltate per sua Dea la mostra.*" The metaphysics of this line requires a separate treatise.

(p.245) The despair implied by the note is amply illustrated in a preliminary draft where there are five different attempts at the line:

Beauty hath founded her[e?] our cult of Her / Beauty disp[layeth]
in her [...] div[inity?] / Beauty shows her for an holy sign /
Beauty's godhead is in her displayed / And beauty shows her for
her /i.e. beauty's Dea / Goddess.²⁵

Selecting 'displays' and 'sign' from this menu, Pound gives a technical feel to his line, and so marks it off from emotional English analogues such as (say) Byron's 'She walks in beauty like the night'. The line, then, is readily grasped even though it feels unusual as a line of poetry—clearer, more straightforward, and therefore (Pound might like to think) so much the more like Cavalcanti. But 'signs' and 'displays' are commonly found outside pubs or in department stores: their conjunction creates an aroma of commerce which Pound's deployment of the adjective 'holy' cannot quite dispel. It may be that, if he noticed the incongruity, Pound would have thought that it might energize readers by making them realize that they are meant to shut it out. The translation was designed to be printed—as Pound's books of Cavalcanti translations always were—in parallel text; and since Italian is semi-comprehensible to most literate English people, the implied reader could look across at the Italian, see the word *Dea*, realize that it means 'goddess', and then take 'sign' as pointing to a functional, non-misty sense of 'Dea' which might otherwise be missed. Used like this, the translation calibrates the Italian, and is in turn calibrated against it—rather than being read in its place. Readers are to think their way out of 'loose usage' and towards what might be the 'exact significance' of the phrase, to drive their 'perceptions further into the original' than they would otherwise have penetrated (that was the hope Pound expressed for his later translation of Cavalcanti's canzone 'Donna mi prega').²⁶

Still, Pound was not wholly satisfied with this translation. In a collection of mainly original poems, *Provença* (1910), he printed a looser version:

Say, is it Love, that was divinity,
Who hath left his godhead that his home might be
The shameless rose of her unclouded heart?²⁷

This adopts the 'derivative conventions' of Edwardian verse so as to pass as a poem that could be read without parallel text. But something of the strangeness Pound relishes in Cavalcanti remains, and struggles against the vesture that is here pulled over it. The talk of Love making his 'home' in the woman's heart domesticates Cavalcanti's idea, bringing it too 'home' into bourgeois English preconceptions. But once it appears to have settled (p.246) down there it starts, or tries to start, a revolution: the word 'shameless' in English has always meant 'without shame', or 'wanton'; but here in Pound's Englishing of Italian it must be meant to mean 'without cause for shame', that is, 'pure'. Cavalcanti's poem asks a question about the woman: 'Chi è questa...?' Pound's poem asks a question about Cavalcanti's poem and the conception of Love which it expresses: is this really love, this state which causes no shame and which, though passionate, is intellectually clear, 'unclouded' by emotionality? What relation does it bear to what is usually meant by 'love' in modern English poetry and culture? Cavalcanti's own bafflement before the woman turns into the imagined bafflement of English culture before Cavalcanti.

When Pound at last published his parallel-text translation of the poem, in *Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti* (1912), he appears to have lost confidence in the provocative power of 'display' and 'sign': he replaced them with one of the more obviously poetical words chosen for the *Provença* version, 'godhead':

No one could ever tell the charm she hath
For all the noble powers bend toward her,
She being beauty's godhead manifest.²⁸

'Charm' is carried over from the draft and retains a tart immediacy which works rather in the way 'displays' and 'sign' had done before: Donald Davie, for instance, is shocked by its 'commercialized vulgarity'.²⁹ But 'godhead', especially in conjunction with 'manifest', is squarely in the idiom of Victorian religiosity: the words appeared side by side in verses by Bishop Christopher Wordsworth printed in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and in *The Altar* by the Tractarian Isaac Williams; and they were predictably paganized by Swinburne.³⁰ In conjunction with the clotted syntax of 'She being', the phrase is certainly dignified, and philosophical; but it suggests nothing of Cavalcanti's strenuous clarity.

So, when he returned to the poem in the late 1920s, Pound tried a startlingly different tactic:

No one could ever tell all of her plesauntness
In that every high noble vertu leaneth to herward,
So Beauty sheweth her forth as her Godhede.³¹

One difference from the 1912 version is—as Davie has pointed out—the metrically free (though rhyming) verse, usually with feminine endings, which replaces the earlier pentameters and better suggests the fluid movement of Cavalcanti's lines. Another is syntactic: 'Beauty' here is made energetic again, put in charge of an active verb as she had been back in 1910 with 'Beauty displays her'. But the consequent push to immediacy is (p.247) somewhat dissipated by the third big change: the more archaic vocabulary. To Davie, it seems that this 'much heavier archaism' is not employed 'for the sake of loftiness and ornateness'; 'on the contrary, it serves to cleave more closely to the sense as Pound perceives it' (Davie's own archaism, 'cleave', reveals his sympathy with Pound's endeavour). For instance—he goes on—'it is the archaism "to herward" that permits a precision, a hard definiteness of meaning',—for it captures the nuance Pound felt Rossetti had lost, that '*inchina* implies...the direction of a force'.³² But it has to be admitted that the archaism creates indefiniteness too. Pound said that he hoped, with this diction, to 'reach back to pre-Elizabethan English, of a period when the writers were still intent on clarity and explicitness, still preferring them to magniloquence and the thundering phrase'.³³ But to most modern readers, all that will be explicit about words such as 'plesauntness' and 'vertu' is that they must mean something other than 'pleasantness' and 'virtue'. All the same, they do open a space in which those other meanings can perhaps achieve some definition. Lawrence Venuti goes so far as to claim that 'Pound's pre-Elizabethan English could do no more than signify the remoteness of Cavalcanti's poetry'; but this loses sight of the work of interpreting and imagining-in which is nevertheless accomplished in the text and held out to its readers.³⁴ Pound's endeavour to 'present' the 'vivid personality' of Cavalcanti is challenged by the poem-translation's simultaneous recognition of his pastness; but not wholly done away by it.

Pound's turn to archaism in this last version of 'Chi è questa' owes something to the 'Wardour Street English' typical of Victorian translations from the classics (shops in Wardour Street sold antique and reproduction furniture). F. W. Newman, for instance, aimed, in his translation of the *Iliad*, to give his language 'a plausible aspect of moderate antiquity' so as 'to break off mental association with the poetry later than Dryden'.³⁵ But Pound's practice has a more specific

aim: as we have seen, it was the latest in a succession of dictional efforts to 'present' the qualities of the source. This expressive probing of the history of the language harmonizes with the metaphors of 'presenting an individual' and 'bringing to life' much more than with the visual metaphors which we explored in Part IV. When time is conceived as a landscape, translators can think of themselves as walking over it, or flying above. What they are moving towards or away from is, not so much an author or a text, as the events and characters described. A feeling of distance from those events tends to be expressed, not through archaism, but through abstraction, whether moral—as in Pope's 'Love, Duty, Safety, summon us away'—or geographical, as with Logue's 'picture the east Aegean sea by night'.³⁶ Closeness comes through visual detail (Logue: 'Observe his muscles as they move beneath his (p.248) skin').³⁷ Pope, in his Preface, announces his tolerance of 'some *Graecisms* and old Words', and his eschewal of '*modern Terms of War and Government*';³⁸ but his idiom in the poem is not at odds with that of contemporary poetry; and the same is true of Logue's idiom in *War Music*: it is not clouded with historical depth but clear like a lens which keeps in focus as it zooms in, here on a Homeric event, there on a modern point of reference. The style of Logue's poem-translation owes much to Pound in his imagist phase, with his advocacy of 'direct treatment of the "thing"', his idea that 'an "Image" is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time'.³⁹ But when Pound was translating Cavalcanti, what was to be made 'present' was a 'personality': a style of thought and corresponding way with language. Pound's words were matched, not against a 'thing' but against other, distant words whose distinctiveness could not be made present without loss. Of all the Cavalcanti sonnets, 'Chi è questa' is the one that most holds and troubles Pound's attention for the reason that becomes all-but explicit in the *Provença* version: it offers him a double of translation. Pound's perplexity before Cavalcanti is like Cavalcanti's before his beloved. And so the poetry of translation sparks.

Pound justified the dictional strangenesses of his translations from Cavalcanti by calling them 'interpretive': they are designed to guide a reader towards the 'treasure' of the source, by contrast with that '“other sort”' of writing in which 'the "translator" is definitely making a new poem'.⁴⁰ In this, they do indeed differ from the freer, apprentice-style versions from Provençal that had preceded them, texts such as 'Sestina: Altaforte' and 'Planh for the Young English King'. But Pound's mature writing in the vein of 'definitely making a new poem' is no less alert than his work on Cavalcanti to the losses that happen in translation and the deadness that can afflict it. *Cathay* (1915)—poems

made from Ernest Fenollosa's word-for-ideogram transcripts of classical Chinese—was welcomed by Pound's associate Ford Madox Hueffer (i.e. Ford Madox Ford) as an epitome of the imagist art, of the view that 'poetry consists in so rendering concrete objects that the emotions produced by the objects shall arise in the reader': the comment was repeated with approval by T. S. Eliot.⁴¹ And it is true that *Cathay* does not play with verbal textures in manner of the Cavalcanti translations. There is nothing like the dubious gleam of 'charm' or the puzzling antiquity of 'plesauntness': the words, for the most part, are plain. But there is strangeness in how the words are combined; and the result is that they do not always treat objects directly, nor make emotions present, in the way the Ford-Eliot description implies. Take, for instance, a famous opening line:

(p.249) Blue, blue is the grass about the river⁴²

We are presented with the river and some grass. But: 'blue'? Is this the blue of dusk? Or does it show that the Chinese colour spectrum is divided differently from the English? (Other translations say the grass is 'green'.)⁴³ Or is it rather because the person represented in the poem is miserable, 'blue' in that figurative sense which, according to the *OED*, goes back at least to the Renaissance? Because it is figurative, this last possibility feels specifically English: a reader is likely to think 'surely the Chinese cannot have that meaning of "blue"—I'd better shut it out'. But, just as with the cheapened connotations of 'display', 'sign', and 'charm' in the Cavalcanti translations, the need to shut a meaning out becomes part of what is created by the poem. The interference produces an awareness that what we mean by blue is somewhat at odds with what must have been meant in the Chinese poem.

Similar fade-outs of understanding happen repeatedly. There are recurrent Chinese place-names ('Jō-rin', 'Ku-tō-en') which must be off most readers' maps. And then there are cultural references which are similarly unplaceable. The speaker of 'Exile's Letter' is sent away to 'South Wai, / smothered in laurel groves', which means: what?—a specially poetic place, if it is smothered in laurels?—or specially sumptuous?—or specially gloomy? 'The City of Chōan' begins: 'The phoenix are at play on their terrace', a statement whose implications are again impossible to gauge. To 'The Jewel Stairs' Grievance' Pound appends an explanatory note: 'Jewel stairs, therefore a palace. ... Gauze stockings, therefore a court lady'—and so on.⁴⁴ This makes obvious how much is left unexplained in the other poems.

The puzzling bits in *Cathay* oscillate with lines which do feel readily comprehensible: 'We go slowly, we are hungry and thirsty'; 'I desired my dust to be mingled with yours'.⁴⁵ But such expressions do not present an object in order to provoke its concomitant emotion: they tell us what the emotion is. Reading, then, we are moved in and out of feeling that we know what is going on. An appeal for sympathy leaps across at us only then to be obstructed by some incomprehensible particularity in the foreign culture. This happens in a verbal medium arranged into decorous patterns of repetition which imply, as Hugh Kenner has put it, 'syllable by syllable, with cunning governance of pace, an alien poetic'.⁴⁶ T. S. Eliot said that through Pound's translation 'we believe...we really at last get the original',⁴⁷ and it is true that, in both form and tone, the poems in *Cathay* are closer to their sources than all earlier, and indeed most subsequent versions: Wai-lim Yip goes so far as to ascribe to Pound 'a kind of clairvoyance'.⁴⁸ Nevertheless, the poems also include an awareness of (p.250) what has been lost from their texture; of how much we cannot 'really...get'. Hueffer sidelines the poems' translatedness in the opposite way: 'the poems in *Cathay* are things of a supreme beauty. What poetry should be, that they are'.⁴⁹ Kenner, too, despite his sensitivity to the book's 'alien poetic', insists that 'its real achievement lay not on the frontier of comparative poetics, but securely within the effort, then going forward in London, to rethink the nature of an English poem'.⁵⁰ Both these claims reveal the assumption I have been combating throughout this book: that to admit a poem is also worth thinking about as a translation is to imply that it is something less than a poem, a 'mere' translation. Desiring (and rightly) to praise the work, Kenner feels he has to say that it is 'securely within' Englishness. The poems in *Cathay* differ from the translations of Cavalcanti in that they do not ask to be calibrated against the Chinese (which Pound in any case did not understand), nor against the Fenollosa cribs he worked from. Nevertheless, they ask us not to forget that they are mediating foreign texts, that they are poems of translation, as alert to what cannot, as well as to what can, be understood in the Chinese writing.⁵¹

As we have come to expect, the contradictory metaphors that are at work in the texture of the writing—of 'translation as presenting' and 'translation as loss'—find doubles in the scenes that are being written about. Repeatedly, the speakers of the poems wonder what will be made of them and their circumstances: 'who will know of our grief?' 'how shall you know the dreary sorrow at the North Gate', 'Who will be sorry for General Rishōgun...?' Times of togetherness and of easy communication are remembered: 'At fourteen I married My Lord you'; 'And she was a courtesan in the old days'; 'we all spoke out our hearts

and minds'. But in the moment of the poems' utterance, all this has gone by; separation has intervened, or is about to: 'At sixteen you departed'; 'And she has married a sot, / Who now goes drunkenly out'; 'Our horses neigh to each other / as we are departing'.⁵² According to one scholar, 'examination of Fenollosa's notebooks in relation to Pound's "translations" reveals that the Chinese poems Pound selected for *Cathay* were mostly the ones which present sorrowful or lonely figures who speak out as if to overcome their sorrow or loneliness'; she suggests that the choice 'may reflect Pound's own state of mind'.⁵³ Another concurs with the observation but not the explanation, proposing instead that Pound selected poems to suit his Imagist preferences—even though a few pages later she self-contradictorily admits that it was the nature poems in the Fenollosa manuscripts which most 'closely coincided with Pound's own theory of the Image', and that they were utterly ignored by him.⁵⁴ Another points to the 'fundamental importance of gender issues'.⁵⁵ The most compelling idea remains Hugh (p.251) Kenner's—that the war exerted a pressure on Pound's selection, which was done

by a sensibility responsive to torn Belgium and disrupted London; and as 'The Jewel Stairs' Grievance' is 'especially prized because she offers no direct reproach,' so *Cathay* essays an oriental obliquity of reference to what we are to understand as its true theme. ...The *Cathay* poems paraphrase an elegiac war poetry nobody wrote.⁵⁶

But there is another factor. The *Cathay* poem-translations are elegiac also for their own existence as poems in a culture where they stood a chance of being fully felt and understood. As with Browning's *Herakles*, it is this attenuation in their own being which makes them such compelling responses to the catastrophe that was going on around them. The singer of 'The River Song' knows something of great beauty: 'the gardens at Jō-rin are full of new nightingales'. His poem ends with a claim:

Their sound is mixed in this flute,
Their voice is in the twelve pipes here.⁵⁷

But their voice is not in the words that have been given to English readers. In her 'Letter', the 'River-Merchant's Wife' imagines a meeting:

If you are coming down through the narrows of the river
Kiang,

Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you
As far as Chō-fū-Sa.⁵⁸

But how far is that? A mad, romantic distance? Or the modest distance suitable for a decorous wife to travel? Or might it be a practical distance, as far as can be gone in daylight? English readers cannot come to meet the poem fully, cannot grasp its point. 'Exile's Letter' recounts a life of intensely lived companionship:

And I, wrapped in brocade, went to sleep with my head on
his lap,
And my spirit so high it was all over the heavens.

A life, also, of intermittent separations 'till we had nothing but thoughts and memories in common'; of travel through a sharply felt landscape, 'roads twisted like sheep's guts', of new pleasures—'eyebrows painted green are a fine sight in young moonlight'—and new disappointment: 'I went up to the court.../ And got no promotion'. When all this is listed in a letter, its presence is evoked and, simultaneously, its passing mourned. The talking that was so vividly experienced ('we all spoke out our hearts and minds') has given way to the figurative 'talking' of words on paper:

What is the use of talking, and there is no end of talking

(p.252) Talking with the voice is no use because it does not endure;
'talking' with the pen is no use because it cannot bring back the voice.
There is no end of talking because there is always more to talk about;
and because the voice-talking that has happened is remembered; and
because the pen-talking will never achieve presence:

There is no end of things in the heart.
I call in the boy,
Have him sit on his knees here
To seal this,
And send it a thousand miles, thinking.⁵⁹

The 'boy' cannot know what is meant and felt in the letter that he seals but does not read, for he has not yet lived the sort of 'thing' it describes. And how sealed is the Chinese poem to what can be made of it in English, by Pound, or by a reader faced with these English words? Throughout *Cathay*, pronouns are deployed with circumspection: 'we', 'you', 'I', 'here', 'this'. The sequence begins with words, 'Here we are', which establish characters unknown to us in a place where the English reader definitely is not.⁶⁰ Sealing 'this', 'here', so as to 'send' it and avert the 'end', the writer of the letter leaves readers wondering how

much of what is in his heart can come into theirs through the words of his letter as they have been represented in Rihaku's poem, and then travelled more than a thousand miles to reach Pound, via Fenollosa's crib and 'the decipherings of Professors Mori and Ariga', and been worked over by him into a poem of translation. 'Thinking' (that ambiguously poised last word) no doubt happens all along the line; but what the thinking is, exactly, gets sealed from one stage to the next.

Pound's own next stage in the poetry of translation, *Homage to Sextus Propertius* (1919), ends with a similar glance forward to an uncertain future of interpretation. Imagining that his verse will 'triumph among young ladies of indeterminate character', the speaker lists poets from the previous generation who had sung of women they loved: Varro who had sung of Leucadia (this is Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus, incidentally, not Varro the great scholar and historian), Catullus of Lesbia, Calvus of Quintilia, Gallus of Lycoris:

And now Propertius of Cynthia, taking his stand among these.⁶¹

In the Latin from which this comes, Propertius is establishing a genealogy for his own work, at least partly—as Francis Cairns has shown—so as to claim for himself 'the principal elegiac role' in the circle of Maecenas, the great patron of the arts under Augustus.⁶² Pound was (barring the lavish patronage) animated by something of the same desire. Propertius, (p.253) he said in a letter 'began to touch words somewhat as Laforgue did': translating him, Pound takes his own stand among those who can 'touch' words—i.e. pose them ironically so as to release a skittering of nuance and innuendo.⁶³ 'Logopoeia', he called it, with his ad-man's facility in branding.⁶⁴ T.S. Eliot, too, was implicitly of the company as he was much influenced by Laforgue. Yet, since the translation is reiterating words from two millennia earlier, the other aspect of Propertius's claim—not only whom he will be ranked with but for how long he will be known—is brought to the fore. Pound's word 'now' brings to mind its difference from the old 'now' in which Propertius had written. From the point of view of the early twentieth century, to stand next to Catullus is quite something; but to be like Varro or Calvus or Gallus—whose works are all lost—is a good deal less impressive.

Not only in its last line, but also from its first, *Homage to Sextus Propertius* worries at the possibility and modes of literary immortality, and therefore also at the ways in which it might and might not be

possible to 'bring a dead man to life, to present a living figure'. The poem begins:

Shades of Callimachus, Coan ghosts of Philetas,
It is in your grove I would walk,...
Callimachi Manes et Coi sacra Philetae,
in vestrum, quaeso, me sinite ire nemus.⁶⁵

Propertius's 'manes' means 'spirits'; his 'sacra' has much exercised scholars but must mean something like 'the sacred rites by which the poet, as a sort of priest, perpetuates an imaginative tradition'.⁶⁶ Pound's 'ghosts' and 'shades' nudge a little further into the open a question which is already implicit in the Latin. What is it that is perpetuated in literary recollection? Is it a 'ghost'? Or is it rather a 'shade'?—a word which, although long standard in translations from the classics as the term for whatever it is that persists in the pagan underworld, is still a touch weaker than 'ghost', and especially so when it appears in conjunction with 'grove' since trees cast 'shade' in an everyday, unspiritual sort of way. (The distinction casts its own shade towards Michael Longley's 'shadow or idea' in one of his lyrics from the *Odyssey* which I discussed above, Chapter 21.) And the plural, 'shades', which is already there in the Latin, layers the issue further. If Callimachus leaves, not 'a shade', but 'shades', then his afterlife will be, not the continuance of an identity, but a proliferation of modes of being, of 'shades of character'—as it was possible to say in Pound's English just as it is now. A few lines later, at the end of his first lyric, Pound's Propertius compares the immortality of literary writing with the bids for remembrance (p.254) made by the rich and grand, 'expensive pyramids scraping the stars', or 'the monumental effigies of Mausolus'. They are all vulnerable:

Flame burns, rain sinks into the cracks
And they all go to rack ruin beneath the thud of the years.
Stands genius a deathless adornment,
a name not to be worn out with the years.
aut illis flamma aut imber subducet honores,
annorum aut ictu pondere victa ruent.
at non ingenio quaesitum nomen ab aevo
excidet: ingenio stat sine morte decus.⁶⁷

Broadly speaking, this is a familiar thought; and in the Latin it appears to have been given a vigorous shine. Propertius's word 'quaesitum' ('obtained', 'won') echoes his request, 'quaeso', from right at the beginning of the lines Pound has translated: he has, it now seems, won full entry to the grove of Callimachus and Philetas, and the result is a confident claim to immortality. Paolo Fedeli notes that, with

an echo of Pindar, and the repetition of 'ingenio', this is Propertius's strongest assertion of his own genius ('il piú alto elogio del proprio *ingenium*').⁶⁸ But look what becomes of it in Pound's translation. Propertius's last word 'decus' ('honour, glory') subsides into 'adornment', a word which sounds odd in conjunction with 'deathless' and so gives a bathetic wobble to a line which seems at its outset to want to be resounding. The repetition of 'ingenio' has given way to a repetition of 'years'; and now it is 'years', not 'decus' that is the last word. The identical rhyme, of 'years' with 'years', creates another counter-current of uncertainty: it is asserted that the name of genius is what survives but it looks as though the years, repeating and enduring, are not to be so easily overcome. Here, just as with the echo of this moment in the *Homage*'s last line ('...taking his stand among these'), the fact of the translation bears out the claim made by Propertius's Latin: his name and his words have indeed not perished with time. But the manner of the translation pulls in the opposite direction. Is this really life, really the dead poet's spirit made fully present once more, these 'shades' of Propertius which Pound is summoning up for us? Just as with the soul-summoning that opens the *Cantos*, the loss of tone and meaning is as visible as their continuance. Pound translates so as to show the cracks that the rain has widened also in the monument of verse.

A concern with survival after death is already there in Propertius's Latin. But, as Michael Comber has pointed out, it is greatly focused, not only by Pound's style of translation, but by the lyrics he selected to translate. All are from the second and third of Propertius's four books of elegies, and 'almost all...are in some way life/death pieces with the conflict now being (p.255) played out on the stage of language'.⁶⁹ Beyond the figurative life of literary reputation, there is the possibility of dying for love in III and V; in VI a necrophiliac fantasy (from the point of view of the dead person) of 'moving naked over Acheron' while Cynthia places 'the last kiss' on the lips of his corpse; and, in VIII, Cynthia's grave illness which looks likely to result in an 'ornamental death'.⁷⁰ As the flicker of similarity between that phrase and the 'deathless adornment' of his own genius suggests, Pound's Propertius traces filaments of connection between the different kinds of demise. When Cynthia seems likely to die, the weather takes on a grimly orgasmic aspect:

The time is come, the air heaves in torridity,
The dry earth pants against the canicular heat.⁷¹

The giving-way that happens in writing, at least in the sort of writing done by Pound's Propertius, is no less sensual (though rather more fun): he touches words alluringly, in a teasingly cross-gendered sort of way. 'My genius is no more than a girl', he says, and: 'this soft book comes into my mouth', where the English suggests an innuendo which appears not to be in the Latin 'meus veniat mollis in ora liber' (at least not according to the *Oxford Latin Dictionary*).⁷² Reading too has a sexual frisson:

And in the meantime my songs will travel,
And the devirginated young ladies will enjoy them
when they have got over the strangeness.
gaudeat in solito tacta puella sono.⁷³

The standard prose version of Pound's time, the volume of Latin *Erotica* published in Bohn's Classical Library in 1854, gives 'that my mistress be touched by and pleased with the accustomed sound'—a fairer translation than the saccharine solution offered by our modern Loeb (1990): 'so that my sweetheart is thrilled by the familiar strain'.⁷⁴ Pound's 'enjoy' has been touched with the same louche glitter as 'come into my mouth'; and 'devirginated' is his contentious translation of 'tacta', from 'tangere' ('to touch')—a word whose scattering of appearances in the *Elegies* anchors his feeling that Propertius was a poet interested in 'touch' (of more than one variety). In this context of veering erotic suggestiveness, the claims to enduring appeal made by Pound's Propertius—'stands genius a deathless adornment', 'taking his stand among these'—start to bulge with innuendo. The nudge-nudge wink-wink meaning of 'stand' goes back many centuries: the tender care given by Venus to Paris in Thomas Bridges's *Homer Travestie* (1762) offers a helpful analogue to Pound's way with the word:

(p.256) She guides his weapon where she list;
Nay more, a touch of her soft hand,
If fallen down, will make him stand.⁷⁵

Here too, skilful 'touch' guarantees a 'stand'. The swirling *double entendres* of Pound's 'Propertius' pull two ways. They give the verse a fruity liveliness; but they also bring in the disenchanting, perhaps deadening thought that all the speaker's imaginings of personal and literary immortality may be no more than sublimations of eros.

For Comber, Pound's choice of 'life/death pieces' reveals his wish to prevent the classics from becoming mere objects of scholarship, and thus to keep them alive as a stimulus for poetry. 'The focus'—Comber proposes—'is now on a vital struggle between a dying, fading tradition and a living continuity. "My job," said Pound, "was to bring a dead man

to life, to present a living figure." ⁷⁶ Pound did certainly feel that he was engaged in such a struggle, more so than earlier poets because, as the twentieth century dawned, Latin was sinking into the unhappy status of a 'dead language'. Dryden's Latin had been as fluent as his English, or nearly so. To make Virgil speak modern English was, for him, less a resurrection than the transfer of a liveliness still present in the Latin: as I suggested at the start of this chapter, it was not so much that the classics were already dead as that they risked being killed by bad translations. The phrase 'a dead language' seems to have gained currency during the eighteenth century when Dr Johnson was one of the people who used it. ⁷⁷ But he did so (on at least one occasion) when discussing a poem written in Latin by Addison—a sign that Latin was still not yet so very dead; and of course Johnson himself wrote Latin verse. Even for Tennyson and Browning, Latin would have had an air of familiarity which had vanished from the world in which Pound moved.

As Latin faded from literary currency it became more established as an academic discipline. According to Christopher Stray 'between the 1870s and the 1920s, the relaxed classical scholarship of Anglican gentlemen gave way to the specialized, methodic activity of a community of professional scholars'. ⁷⁸ Pound himself, in an article published a year or so before he started work on the 'Homage', discerned and denounced a hazier change which went back—it seemed to him—much earlier:

We have long since fallen under the blight of the Miltonic or noise tradition, to a stilted dialect in translating the classics, a dialect which imitates the idiom of the ancients rather than seeking their meaning, a state of mind which aims at 'teaching the boy his Latin' or Greek or whatever it may be, but has long since ceased to care for the beauty of the original. ⁷⁹

Pound's feelings about the use of 'stilted dialect' in translation were complex. A couple of years after this essay he criticized Browning's (p.257) *Agamemnon* for being written in 'stilted unsayable jargon' (I discussed the point in Chapter 7); and yet, as we have seen, Browning's way with translation was a strong influence on him and he sometimes had recourse to the stilted and unsayable himself. But his hostility to Milton's syntax, diction, and beliefs was more settled and it leads him to misrepresent the dialect which had in fact become dominant in translations from the classics. Milton exerted his sway over some translators, for instance Henry Francis Cary in his *The Vision: or Hell, Purgatory and Paradise of Dante Alighieri* (1814). But translation from the classics in the nineteenth century was more commonly done either in prose à la Madame Dacier or, if in verse, in a manner inherited from

Dryden and Pope. Epic was often translated into couplets; and even lyrics—including those of Propertius—were made over into a broadly Augustan poetic diction. For instance, the lines represented by Pound's 'devirginated young ladies' etc., were translated by Sir Charles Abraham Elton, in his *Tales of Romance* (1810), like this:

So may the Lycian god my vows approve!
Now let my verse its wonted sphere regain;
That, touch'd with sympathies of joy and love,
The melting nymph may listen to my strain.⁸⁰

This talk of 'sympathies', 'love', and a 'melting nymph' is in a sentimental vein which had flourished in magazine verse throughout much of the previous century. Elton's versions were reprinted in the Bohn Classical Library's volume of *Erotica* (1854), along with similar offerings from John Nott's *Propertii Monobiblos* (1782), to titivate the main prose translation. And if you look into *The Cynthia of Propertius: Being the First Book of his Elegies Done into English Verse* by Seymour Greig Tremenhoe, one of H. M. Inspectors of Schools, 1899, or *The Elegies of Propertius Translated into English Verse* by Charles Robert Moore MA, late scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 1870, you will be met by similar tightly rhymed forms and the same eighteenth-century poetic diction in the bad Coleridgean and Wordsworthian sense of that phrase, all bright cynosures and vulgar throngs.

Pound's pursuit of what he took to be the beauty in Propertius shattered this stucco idiom: the vocabulary of his 'Homage' stretches from 'rack ruin' through 'grove' to 'canicular', and his voice moves rangily in free verse which slightly echoes the cadence of the Latin elegiac couplet.⁸¹ He also pushed against what had become established by scholars as a proper knowledge of Latin. Here is what W. G. Hale, a classicist (p.258) moved to scorn by early extracts of the 'Homage' published in *Poetry* magazine, had to say about the 'devirginated young ladies' who have to get 'over the strangeness':

Just possibly, though not probably, Propertius meant 'young ladies' rather than 'my lady'. But there is no hint of the decadent meaning which Mr. Pound read into the passage by misunderstanding *tacta*, and taking the preposition *in* as if it were a negating part of an adjective *insolito*.⁸²

Pound responded to the last point in a private letter:

Precisely what I do not do is to translate the *in* as if it negated the *solito*. IF I was translating, I [would] have translated *solito* (accustomed) by a commentary, giving "when they have got over the strangeness" as an equivalent, or rather emphasis of "accustomed." Absolutely the contrary of taking my phrase, as the ass Hale does, for the equivalent of *unaccustomed*. He can't read English.⁸³

His conviction is animated, first, by the simple desire to make his own 'Homage' interesting; and, second, by his certainty that Propertius thought of himself as being interesting: it seems to him implausible that Propertius would ever have referred to his writing with a phrase like 'the familiar strain'. And so his eye lights on that suggestive 'in'. He takes it, not as negating the 'solito', but nevertheless as exerting a pressure on that adjective so as to bring out a latent implication. If you are used to something, you must have got used to it, and so, once upon a time, must not have been. Like 'familiar', or 'usual', or 'accustomed', then, 'solito'—Pound thinks—includes a buried recollection of the unfamiliar, unusual, or unaccustomed.

The magnetic field of 'in' does not stop there. Goaded to write to the *Observer* in response to another precisian attack, this time on the whole 'Homage', Pound scorns the reviewer who can see, in 'gaudeat in solito tacta puella sono', 'no trace of anything save Victorian sentimentality':

All of which is beautifully academic; the carefully shielded reader, following Professor Mackail's belief that Propertius was a student of Rossetti and Pater, and filled with reminiscences of the Vita Nuova, is asked to read *one* word at a time and one line at a time.⁸⁴

(Professor MacKail was author of *Latin Literature*, a standard handbook that had been through several editions since 1895.) Pound goes on: 'if the division of *in* and *tacta* is *wholly* accidental, then Propertius was the greatest unconscious ironist of all time'.⁸⁵ Here again, he sees words connecting outside the pathways laid down for them by grammar. The proximity of 'in' and 'tacta' brings to mind the phrase 'virgo intacta'; and so 'tacta' takes on a corresponding innuendo.

(p.259) It is impossible to be sure how much this tonal flicker, like many others suggested by the 'Homage', really owes to the Latin. Virginia Woolf's apprehension about Greek, 'we do not know how the words sounded, or where precisely we ought to laugh', or Pope's about Homer 'we are not competent Judges of what Ideas Words might carry in

Homer's Time', are as true of Propertius's Latin.⁸⁶ For all the scorn with which Pound's 'devirginated young ladies' were greeted on their first outing, they have left at least one more recent classicist at least half convinced. J. P. Sullivan, noting an echo of Catullus 62 (a poem we lit upon in Chapter 17), confesses that the innuendo Pound saw there was 'conceivably intended'.⁸⁷ In one of his embattled self-justifications, Pound himself said:

As for my service to classical scholarship, presumably nil, I shall be quite content if I induce a few Latinists really to look at the text of Propertius instead of swallowing an official 'position' and then finding what the textbooks tell them to look for.⁸⁸

The enterprise of bringing a 'dead man to life' and presenting a 'living figure' here modulates into that of bringing a text to life, awakening its ambiguities so that readers realize they need to puzzle at them, even be shocked by them, if they are to gather from them for themselves the 'living figure' of an alert interpretation.

For Pound, then, the life of Propertius's text consisted principally in its poised double meanings: they feel alive because they are not stored in the coffins of dictionaries and grammar books but must be awakened by an imaginative reading. Typically, they are latent in the way words are juxtaposed (hence Pound's hostility to reading only 'one word at a time'). For instance, *testudo* means a 'tortoise', or 'a tortoise shell used as the sounding-board of a lyre', and so, by synecdoche, simply 'lyre'; while *doctus* means 'learned' or 'expert'.⁸⁹ Faced with a description of music made by fingers placed 'docta testudine', Pound thinks there must be at least some hint of incongruity in the collocation of those two words, and translates so as to exaggerate it: not 'upon his skilled lyre', but 'like a trained and performing tortoise'.⁹⁰ He brings the dead synecdoche—and the dead tortoise—to life. As we saw with 'in', 'solito', and 'tacta', such juxtapositions can exist independently of the official channels of grammatical agreement. Here is another instance (Pound's Propertius is speaking to his servant Lygdamus):

Dic mihi de nostra, quae sentis, vera puella.⁹¹

'Vera' may be an adverb qualifying 'dic' so as to give 'tell me truly': the punctuation of Mueller's edition—used by Pound—appears to support this reading. Or it may more probably (according to Fedeli) attach itself to 'quae sentis' so as to yield the meaning: 'tell me what you think to be (p.260) true'.⁹² Pound opts for the latter possibility; but he sees something else as well. 'Vera'—he thinks—must have an effect on the

noun that is next to it and with which it looks as though it might want to agree: 'puella'. And so he shows 'vera' reaching in these two directions at once by translating it twice, as 'truths', and as 'constant':

Tell me the truths which you hear of our constant young
lady.⁹³

This tactic of double translation recurs throughout the 'Homage'. One more example:

And one raft bears our fates
on the veiled lake toward Avernus
Sails spread on cerulean waters,...

Both 'veiled' and 'sails' derive from 'velificata', which agrees with 'ratis' ('raft') but is placed next to 'lacus' ('lake'); 'lacus' too is doubly translated as both 'lake' and 'waters'.⁹⁴

In one of his more embattled self-justifications, Pound declared: 'I paid no conscious attention to the grammar of the latin [sic] text'.⁹⁵ Perhaps not *no* conscious attention; but he does give at least as much room to flickers and swoons of meaning that do not obey the structures laid out in grammar books. His dress-down 'latin' is more chaotic and more relaxed than its upper-case cousin 'Latin'. He treats the text as though it were itself a veiled lake of signifying potential, a 'Sargasso Sea' like that to which he compared a person's consciousness in an early poem.⁹⁶ One current that guides these free-floating possibilities of meaning is verbal proximity; another is his conviction of Propertius's elegant impishness. But there are also swirls of simply what occurs to him. For instance, in the passage I have just quoted, the Latin for 'Cerulean', 'caerula', agrees with 'velificata': the raft is dark-sailed to signify death. But Pound hooks 'caerula' to 'waters' even though the corresponding Latin word is at the opposite end of the line. The reason? Well, presumably it felt better like that, and in any case the waters have to be dark if they are on the way to Avernus. Given this degree of translatorly wilfulness, the boundary between creative alteration and simply making a mistake breaks down. James Laughlin, in a re-appraisal two decades after the event, good-naturedly threw up his hands at:

The boners, real schoolboy boners, half a dozen of them:
'sitiens' (thirsty)—'sitting'; 'vota' (vows)—'vote'; 'fugantes
(putting to flight)—'fleeing'; 'vela' (sails)—'veil'; and the PRIZE,
the *grand* prize!

(p.261) Cimbrorumque minas et benefacta Mari

(roughly: 'the threat of Cimbrian invasion and Marius' public service and the profit of defeating them')

Welsh mines and the profit Marus had out of them

Believe it or not!⁹⁷

(The 'vela' that strikes Laughlin comes in the section before our 'velificata'.)

The Romans did mine for lead and gold in Wales, but not until well after Propertius's death. Pound's 'Welsh mines' are not his only frank anachronism. There is the 'frigidaire patent' which concludes a cascade of departures from the source in Section I; a reference to Wordsworth in XII; an echo of Yeats's 'The Withering of the Boughs' in IV ('because she had told them her dreams'),⁹⁸ and, in X, a delightful hit at Clive Bell who had famously launched the phrase 'pure form' in 1914 ('Who has not, once at least in his life'—he said—'had a sudden vision of landscape as pure form?'—i.e., 'as lines and colours', freed 'from all casual and adventitious interest...that it may have acquired from its commerce with human beings' so that 'he has felt its significance as an end in itself').⁹⁹ Pound's Propertius comes upon Cynthia alone in her bed:

I had never seen her looking so beautiful
No, not when she was tunick'd in purple.
Such aspect was presented to me, me recently emerged
from my visions,
You will observe that pure form has its value.¹⁰⁰

He feels, no doubt, a vivid appreciation of Cynthia's 'lines'; but perhaps not 'freed from all casual and adventitious interest'. (The point of the jibe at Fry, though it feels po-faced to spell it out, is to assert that forms can never be purified of associations, and that it is only thanks to their associations that people can respond to them.)

As we saw with Dryden in Chapter 11, and even more so with Logue in Chapter 22, anachronisms can flourish under the metaphors of 'translation as opening' and 'as zoom'. But, together with Pound's more inventive interpretations, they create a difficulty for the metaphor of 'bringing a dead man to life'. In themselves they might well be described as 'lively'; and indeed early reviews, even those hostile to the work, tended to concede that it had 'at least a live voice', or even was 'very much alive indeed'.¹⁰¹ The trouble is that this life came at the cost of Propertius's—or rather, of anything that could seriously be thought of

as a presentation of his 'figure'. In many of his discoverings of tone and innuendo—'devirginated', 'performing tortoise'—Pound was guided by an idea of how Propertius might have meant his words to be taken. But Propertius cannot have had an inkling of Welsh mines or Wordsworth or the doctrine of pure form. Extrapolating these from the Latin, Pound ascribes (p.262) to Propertius's text a 'life' which can emerge only when respect for authorial intentionality (conscious or unconscious) has been abandoned. This second kind of life can only be called 'Propertian' if we manage to accept Daniel M. Hooley's suggestion that 'Pound translates as he feels Propertius might have translated'.¹⁰² The idea does tally with some of what Pound said about his intentions, for instance that the 'Homage' was 'my development of a "germ" of Propertius'—of his 'soul' in the sense of 'that which he has which no other man, god, or creature has'.¹⁰³ Just as Pope engaged in sublime translation of Homer's sublimity, so Pound might 'touch' again, in his translation, words that were already 'touched' in the Latin. Propertius translated would be Propertius squared.

Pope's sublime mode of 'translation as passion' can, as we have seen, be quite precisely described. It includes a tendency to increase numbers and sizes, to double similes and metaphors, and to emphasize moments in the narrative when fire is spreading or characters are giving each other inspiration. All this fits the description 'sublime'; and it can be distinguished from the other dominant tendency in Pope's *Iliad* which follows the metaphor of 'taking a view'. Pound's style—or styles—of translating in the 'Homage' can also be delineated, as we have begun to see. There is the discovery (and invention) of innuendo; the tactic of double translation; the deployment of startlingly varied kinds of diction. But the trouble with calling all this a Propertian translation of Propertius is that these verbal tactics have only a very distant (if any) connection to his. The adjective 'Propertian' ends up being pulled a long way away from Propertius. This is a weakness with Pound's self-characterization too. In 'developing' what he takes to be specific in Propertius, 'that which he has which no other man, god, or creature has', he has ended up with something that other writers do in fact share, i.e. a disposition 'to touch words somewhat as Laforgue did'. The stylistic explosion which occurs in the 'Homage' not only 'develops' from an idea of Propertius but at times abandons it. A central question raised by the poem, then, is how far a style can be stretched and still be itself; and therefore, how far (if it all) it is possible 'to bring a dead man to life, to present a living figure'.

For instance, in Section I,

Annalists will continue to record Roman
reputations, Celebrities from the Trans-Caucasus will
belaud Roman celebrities
And expound the distensions of Empire,
But for something to read in normal circumstances?
For a few pages brought down from the forked hill
unsullied?
I ask a wreath which will not crush my head.
(p.263) And there is no hurry about it;
I shall have, doubtless a boom after my funeral,
Seeing that long standing increases all things
regardless of quality.¹⁰⁴

After the first three lines, this tracks the Latin quite closely, and so embodies a quality which is 'Propertian' in a precise sense: the mobility of judgement by which something that starts out seeming modest ('a wreath which will not crush my head') gives rise to what sounds like self-congratulation ('a boom after my funeral'), only for the boast to be dissipated utterly by the last full line and languid hemistich ('regardless of quality')—after which an unwritten thought may perhaps still flower: that this disenchantment with false valuations might itself be honestly worth valuing. There is an elegance in the way each claim morphs into its opposite; and also a vulnerability which comes through again in the way some of the words are poised: 'unsullied', for instance, which corresponds to the Latin 'intacta'. In Propertius it is the path down from Mount Helicon that is 'intacta' primarily in the sense of 'previously untrodden'; but Pound's displacement of the word onto the poems ascribes to them—especially given what he does with 'tacta puella' on the next page—the ambivalent quality of innocence, at once a virtue and a shortcoming. 'Long standing' too will be pulled into an unstable web of complexities once 'stands genius' and 'taking his stand' have come into the poem to connect with it.

But the first three lines of this passage are vigorous extrapolations. Here is the Latin, followed by the Bohn Classical Library's prose translation:

multi, Roma, tuas laudes annalibus addent,
qui finem imperii Bactra futura canent.

there will be many writers, O Rome, to exalt thy glories, and to
sing that Bactria is doomed to be the limit of thy empire.¹⁰⁵

Fedeli points out that Propertius makes a sardonic pun on the word 'annales' which can mean both the official record of a war and its celebration in verse: epic is diminished by being lumped together with clerkly note-taking. He also observes that the idea that Bactra, namely

Afghanistan, might become part of the empire was a pious hope, much repeated but never realized: the Parthians were unshiftable in the way.¹⁰⁶ Propertius, then, is giving the pretensions of epic poetry a clear, brisk slap. Pound's version has a similar target, but attacks it in quite a different style, for, with its hifalutin vocabulary and its pompous repetition of 'Celebrities', it goes much further in imitating the traits that it deplores. The 'Homage' is here being pulled away from Propertius by Pound's own (p.264) hostility to the distensions of the modern British Empire, his hatred of politicians and capitalists such as those he was later to damn in *Cantos* XIV—XV, for sins including a dislike of 'colloquial language'.¹⁰⁷ Clotted as they are with obvious Latinates, his lines look as though they might be awkward word-for-word translation, like Browning's *Agamemnon*, only a little less so. But in fact they veer wildly away from the Latin: the 'celebrities' are invented and the words which do derive from the source are vigorously distorted: 'annalibus' ('to the annals') becomes 'Annalists'; 'laudes' ('praises') becomes 'belaud'. This part of the passage is a sarcastic parody of Pound's bugbear, 'the Miltonic or noise tradition...a dialect which imitates the idiom of the ancients rather than seeking their meaning'. His personal investment in the denunciation is suggested by the signature engraved within it: 'expound'.

Here at the beginning of the sequence, it seems—just as Michael Comber says—that a conflict between death and life will be 'played out on the stage of language'. On the one hand, an erroneous, pompous, antiquated language associated with institutional inefficiency and violence—a dead language, we might call it, were it not that it continues to play a part in the distensions of empire. On the other, an alive, unpretentious, individual idiom, the voice of Propertius's 'soul', of sharp thought and quick feeling. Two translation metaphors would correspond, and would jostle in the text rather like the two metaphors in Pope's *Iliad*, only more aggressively. On the one hand, translation as the thoughtless perpetuation of verbal bodies: 'translation as deadening'—or even 'zombie translation'—resulting in lines which, though not wholly dead, are definitely not fully alive. On the other hand, translation fulfilling what Pound said to be his aim—'bringing a dead man to life', 'presenting a living figure'.

Throughout the *Homage*, Pound's ways with translation do at times gather themselves into these two opposing orders. But even then—as in the passage we have just been exploring—it is too simple to say that 'life' is fighting a battle against 'death'. After all, the satire on dead language is, as we say, 'lively': as Pound's concealed signature hints,

imaginative energy has gone into its creation. Elsewhere, styles that we might be tempted to label 'dead' and 'living' mingle more intricately:

Midnight, and a letter comes to me from our mistress:
Telling me to come to Tibur, *At once!!*
'Bright tips reach up from twin towers,
Anienian spring water falls into flat-spread pools.'
What *is* to be done about it?
Shall I entrust myself to entangled shadows,
Where bold hands may do violence to my person?
(p.265) Yet if I postpone my obedience
because of this respectable terror
I shall be prey to lamentations worse than a nocturnal
assailant.
And I shall be in the wrong,
and it will last a twelve month,
For her hands have no kindness *me-ward*.¹⁰⁸

The third and fourth lines, which appear to be quoted from Cynthia's letter, are in the manner of Imagism. A couple of 'live' lines, then, successfully brought into the idiom of contemporary poetry?—almost, were it not that the insistent alliteration and the tautology 'flat-spread' seem overdone and so create a feeling of pastiche. Held gingerly in the tweezers of their inverted commas, the lines seem to be a specimen, not only of Cynthia's language, but of the sort of thing people usually say about Tibur Imagism slackened into the language of the postcard. A little further on, primed as we have been by the celebrities from the Trans-Caucasus, we might set out to read the dictional swell that gets going with 'do violence to my person' as an infection of false, 'dead' language: here are many Latinates; here is pomposity; and here, just as with the earlier instance, is very obvious mistranslation, 'respectable terror' being cooked up from 'mandata timore', where 'timore' does mean 'fear' but 'mandata' is a noun meaning 'request'.¹⁰⁹ Perhaps, we might be tempted to think, this is the language of pusillanimity, an impediment that the real living energy of the protagonist needs to cut through. But this endeavour at interpretation will not cohere. 'Respectable terror' and 'lamentations' and 'nocturnal assailant' are not in contradiction with the colloquial blast of '*And* I shall be in the wrong', but join with it in a single curve of thought and feeling. So words that look to be alive turn out to have a falsity about them; and words that seem at first to be zombies turn out to be the vessels of true feeling.

And what of '*me-ward*', a swerve into something like archaism, reminiscent of '*to herward*' in the Cavalcanti? Where does it fit in the metaphorical scheme we have been developing? It does not. Rather, it

is a one-off solution for representing a feeling of bodily tenderness which Pound must discern in 'in me mansuetas non habet illa manus', where the clustering of 'm's and the repeated 'man' creates an eloquent stutter.¹¹⁰ Not quite a one off, in fact, for here is Pound's Propertius after a night of love:

Me happy, night, night full of brightness;
Oh couch made happy by my long delectations¹¹¹

For Donald Davie, 'Me happy' is 'an expression that has no home in English except in the schoolchild's painful transliteration in the (p.266) classroom'.¹¹² But surely it is, like 'me-ward', a phrase that expresses the tender inarticulacy of the body, here sated, verblessly replete with pleasure: 'me happy.' And, here too, simple words are in one expressive texture with a piece of diction that, taken by itself, might seem inescapably pretentious: 'delectations'. Elsewhere in the poem, clotted Latinates are made to express a knot of fear and pain:

Jove, be merciful to that unfortunate woman
Or an ornamental death will be held to your debit¹¹³

While a clear line, a line—one might think—of ordinary, living English verse, is again made to sound false (this ordinary line is the third one, beginning 'The gentler'):

There comes, it seems, and at any rate
through perils, (so many) and of a vexed life,
The gentler hour of an ultimate day.
Io mooded the first year with averted head¹¹⁴

Such an obstacle course of prevarications in the first and second lines, all to resist the conclusion that there comes 'The gentler hour of an ultimate day'. That line, whose rhythm is a melodious, rather Tennysonian modulation of the pentameter, is horrifying to Pound's Propertius because, as a platitude, it embodies what it announces: rest. There is no interference in the words, not 'touch', no zest. And so he charges on into a list of examples of metamorphosis; and Pound, translating, charges on with him, not translating 'versa' according to the book as 'transformed', but metamorphosing it into something more expressive: 'averted'. Pound's Propertius is doing everything he can to avert his head from death; and Pound, translating, does likewise, springing surprises out of a dead language.

As we have seen in all the chapters that have gone before, 'translation rigidly conceived' is too narrow a metaphor for the imaginative work that goes on in the practice of poetry translation. The metaphors that have guided my discussion are brought in by poets as more sympathetic

shapes for their activities. But all these metaphors, whether left inexplicit (as with Logue's 'zoom') or thoroughly theorized (as with Dryden's 'opening'), are still abstractions from the multifarious processes they partly guide. What is true, to varying degrees, of all the texts I have discussed is made blatant, and revelled in, by Pound in 'Homage to Sextus Propertius'. The explicit metaphors of 'presenting' and 'bringing to life' will do as rough summings-up, or as labels for what was perhaps an initial intention. But when they are brought into contact with the texture of Pound's poetry of (p.267) translation, they stretch, proliferate, and turn back on themselves. The wish to make 'present' brings with it an awareness of loss. The desire to bring 'a dead man to life' spreads into an enjoyment of kinds of textual 'liveliness' which go beyond and even contradict the personality that was meant to be resurrected.

This variety of the poetry of translation, in which metaphors of translation arise and then disintegrate, allows Pound to explore ideas about selfhood and the passing of time that mattered also to other modernist texts that are not translations. Subjectivity, in the 'Homage', is no less internally divided than in 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock'; time passes no more consistently than in *Mrs Dalloway*. But cultural circumstances are only part of the explanation. As we have seen, the metaphors of 'opening', 'desire', and 'landscape' (and other, narrower metaphors connected to them) all harmonize with translation because they include an awareness of, respectively, change, absence, and distance. But 'life' and 'presence' are so much at odds with the nature of text, and especially of translated text, that their role as metaphors of translation will inevitably be agonistic: the push to achieve 'life' will come up against the failure to achieve it; what is made 'present' will meet what has been lost. The idea that he was pursuing 'life' and 'presence' helped Pound to be so responsive to Propertius's Latin; but those metaphors gave way before the multifarious suggestiveness of what he found there to respond to. As we are about to see, it is not only in Modernist texts that metaphors of translation fracture and fragment.

Notes:

(1.) William Wordsworth, *The Poems*, ed. John O. Hayden, 2 vols (Harmondsworth, 1977), i, 357.

(2.) John Dryden, *The Poems*, ed. Paul Hammond and David Hopkins, 5 vols (1995-2005), ii, 239.

- (3.) *L'Iliade d'Homere, traduite en François avec des Remarques*, tr. Madame Dacier, 3 vols (Paris, 1711), i, p. xxxvii.
- (4.) Ibid., xxxv.
- (5.) George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Hours of Idleness, a Series of Poems, Original and Translated* (1807), 71–2.
- (6.) Ibid., 74, 77.
- (7.) Robert Browning, *The Poems*, 2 vols, ed. John Pettigrew, Supplemented & Completed by Thomas J. Collins (Harmondsworth 1981), ii, 303.
- (8.) Robert Browning, *The Ring and the Book*, ed. Richard D. Altick (Harmondsworth, 1981), 26.
- (9.) Ibid., 41.
- (10.) Ibid., 189.
- (11.) Further discussion is in Matthew Reynolds, 'Browning and Translationese', *Essays in Criticism* 53.2 (April 2003), 97–128.
- (12.) Ezra Pound, *Quia Pauper Amavi (Poems)* (1919), 31
- (13.) Ezra Pound, *The Cantos*, 4th collected edn (1987), 4–5.
- (14.) Homer, *Odyssea*, tr. Andrea Divo Iustinopolitano (Lugduni, 1538), 94r, 95v.
- (15.) Pound, *Cantos*, 3.
- (16.) Homer, *Odyssea*, tr. Divo, 93r.
- (17.) Hugh Kenner, *The Pound Era* (1991), 161, 361.
- (18.) Ezra Pound, *Pound's Cavalcanti: An Edition of the Translations, Notes, and Essays*, ed. David Anderson (Princeton, NJ, 1983), xviii; Ezra Pound, *The Selected Letters of Ezra Pound, 1907–1941*, ed. D. D. Paige (1971), 149.
- (19.) *Pound's Cavalcanti*, 12, xviii.
- (20.) Ibid., 14.
- (21.) Ibid., 12.
- (22.) Ibid.

(23.) Ibid., 42–3.

(24.) Ibid.

(25.) Ibid.

(26.) Ibid., xxi–xii.

(27.) Ibid., 44.

(28.) Ibid., 45.

(29.) Donald Davie, *Studies in Ezra Pound* (Manchester, 1991), 93.

(30.) Hymn 81 ('Songs of thankfulness and praise'), in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* (1889), 102; Isaac Williams, *The Altar* (1849), 404; Algernon Charles Swinburne, 'Grand Chorus of Birds from Aristophanes *The Birds*', in *The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne*, 6 vols (1905), v, 45. All found in Chadwick Healey's *Literature Online* (<http://lion.chadwyck.co.uk/> [accessed 4 September 2009]).

(31.) *Pound's Cavalcanti*, 46.

(32.) Davie, *Studies*, 96.

(33.) *Pound's Cavalcanti*, 250.

(34.) Lawrence Venuti, *The Translator's Invisibility*, 2nd edn (2008), 173. Venuti reads the successive versions of 'Chi è questa che vien' as illustrating a 'basic archaizing strategy' which 'did not alter'. Its point, he thinks, is to proclaim 'the impossibility of finding any exact linguistic and literary equivalent' to the source (170, 173). But that impossibility is a trivial truth, well-known to translators—as this book makes plain throughout.

(35.) *The Iliad of Homer*, tr. F. W. Newman (1856), x; *The Iliad of Homer*, tr. F. W. Newman, 2nd edn (1871), viii.

(36.) See above, Chapters 20 and 22.

(37.) Christopher Logue, *War Music; An Account of Books 1–4 and 16–19 of Homer's Iliad* (2001), 100.

(38.) Alexander Pope, *The Twickenham Edition of the Poems*, gen. ed. John Butt, 11 vols (1939–67), vii, 19.

(39.) Quoted in Kenner, *The Pound Era*, 178, 185.

- (40.) Pound's *Cavalcanti*, 251.
- (41.) J. P. Sullivan (ed.), *Ezra Pound: A Critical Anthology* (1970), 79.
- (42.) Ezra Pound, *Collected Shorter Poems* (1984), 128.
- (43.) See Kenner, *The Pound Era*, 195.
- (44.) Pound, *Collected Shorter Poems*, 130, 134, 138, 132.
- (45.) Ibid., 127, 130.
- (46.) Kenner, *The Pound Era*, 195.
- (47.) Ezra Pound, *Selected Poems*, ed. T. S. Eliot (1928), 14.
- (48.) Wai-lim Yip, *Ezra Pound's Cathay* (New Jersey, 1969), 88.
- (49.) Eric Homberger (ed.), *Ezra Pound: The Critical Heritage* (1972), 108.
- (50.) Kenner, *The Pound Era*, 199.
- (51.) Steven G. Yao points out that the complicated process of transmission culminating in *Cathay* was announced on the title page of the first edition: TRANSLATIONS BY EZRA POUND / FOR THE MOST PART FROM THE CHINESE / OF RIHAKU, / FROM THE NOTES OF THE / LATE ERNEST FENOLLOSA, AND / THE / DECIPHERINGS OF THE / PROFESSORS MORI / AND ARIGA (*Translation and the Languages of Modernism: Gender, Politics, Language* [New York and Basingstoke, 2002], 31.
- (52.) Pound, *Collected Shorter Poems*, 127, 133, 139, 130, 128, 134, 130, 128, 137.
- (53.) Kodama Sannehide, 'Pound and Fenollosa's Notebooks', *Paideuma* 11. 2 (1982), 207-40, 214.
- (54.) Anne S. Chapple, 'Ezra Pound's *Cathay*: Compilation from the Fenollosa Notebooks', *Paideuma* 17. 2-3 (1988), 9-46, 11, 23.
- (55.) Yao, *Translation and the Languages of Modernism*, 33.
- (56.) Kenner, *The Pound Era*, 202.
- (57.) Pound, *Collected Shorter Poems*, 130.
- (58.) Ibid., 131.

(59.) Ibid., 134–6.

(60.) Ibid., 127.

(61.) *Homage to Sextus Propertius*, quoted from the edition, which is printed in parallel with the Latin text Pound used, in J. P. Sullivan, *Ezra Pound and Sextus Propertius* (1965), 169–71.

(62.) Francis Cairns, *Sextus Propertius: The Augustan Elegist* (Cambridge, 2006), 319.

(63.) Pound, *Selected Letters*, 178.

(64.) Ezra Pound, *Literary Essays*, ed. with an introduction by T. S. Eliot (1954), 25.

(65.) Sullivan, *Ezra Pound and Sextus Propertius*, 114–15.

(66.) See Propertius, *Properzio: Il Libro Terzo delle Elegie*, ed. Paolo Fedeli (Bari, 1985), 42–4.

(67.) Sullivan, *Ezra Pound and Sextus Propertius*, 118–19.

(68.) Propertius, *Properzio: Il Libro Terzo*, 107.

(69.) Michael Comber, 'A Book Made New: Reading Propertius Reading Pound. A Study in Reception', *Journal of Roman Studies* 88 (1998) 37–55, 54.

(70.) Sullivan, *Ezra Pound and Sextus Propertius*, 139, 147.

(71.) Ibid., 147.

(72.) Ibid., 134–5.

(73.) Ibid., 116–17.

(74.) *Erotica: The Elegies of Propertius, the Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter, and the Kisses of Johannes Secundus. To which are Added the Love Epistles of Aristaenetus*, ed. Walter K. Kelly (Bohn's Classical Library, 1854), 76; Propertius, *Elegies*, ed. and tr. G. P. Goold, rev. edn (Cambridge, Mass. and London, 1999), 225.

(75.) Thomas Bridges, *Homer Travestie: being a new translation of the four first books of the Iliad* (1762), 189.

(76.) Comber, 'A Book Made New', 54.

(77.) *Oxford English Dictionary*, *ad loc.*

- (78.) Christopher Stray, *Classics Transformed: Schools, Universities, and Society in England, 1830–1960* (Oxford, 1998), 2.
- (79.) Ezra Pound, 'Notes on Elizabethan Classicists' (1917–18), in *Literary Essays of Ezra Pound*, ed. with an introduction T. S. Eliot (1954), 227–48, 232.
- (80.) Charles A. Elton, *Tales of Romance, with Other Poems, including Selections from Propertius* (1810), 131.
- (81.) Sullivan, *Ezra Pound and Sextus Propertius*, 119, 115, 147.
- (82.) Eric Homberger (ed.), *Ezra Pound: The Critical Heritage* (1972), 157.
- (83.) Pound, *Selected Letters*, 149.
- (84.) Homberger (ed.), *Ezra Pound: The Critical Heritage*, 169–70.
- (85.) *Ibid.*, 170.
- (86.) Virginia Woolf, 'On Not Knowing Greek', quoted in Jennifer Wallace, 'Elizabeth Barrett Browning: Knowing Greek', *Essays in Criticism* 50. 4 (2000) 329–53, 346; for Pope's remark, see above, Chapter 20.
- (87.) Sullivan, *Ezra Pound and Sextus Propertius*, 100.
- (88.) Homberger (ed.), *Ezra Pound: The Critical Heritage*, 164.
- (89.) *Oxford Latin Dictionary*, *ad loc.*
- (90.) Sullivan, *Ezra Pound and Sextus Propertius*, 170–1.
- (91.) *Ibid.*, 128.
- (92.) Propertius, *Properzio: Il Libro Terzo*, 207–8.
- (93.) Sullivan, *Ezra Pound and Sextus Propertius*, 129.
- (94.) *Ibid.*, 150–1.
- (95.) Homberger (ed.), *Ezra Pound: The Critical Heritage*, 169.
- (96.) Pound, *Collected Shorter Poems*, 61.
- (97.) Homberger (ed.), *Ezra Pound: The Critical Heritage*, 321.

- (98.) Sullivan, *Ezra Pound and Sextus Propertius*, 119, 169, 129
(compare Yeats, 'The Withering of the Boughs', 8: 'The boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams.')
- (99.) Clive Bell, *Art* (1914), 53.
- (100.) Sullivan, *Ezra Pound and Sextus Propertius*, 157.
- (101.) Ibid., 167, 161.
- (102.) Daniel M. Hooley, *The Classics in Paraphrase: Ezra Pound and Modern Translators of Latin Poetry* (1988), 48.
- (103.) Homberger (ed.), *Ezra Pound: The Critical Heritage*, 163.
- (104.) Sullivan, *Ezra Pound and Sextus Propertius*, 115
- (105.) Ibid., 114; *Erotica*, ed. Kelly, 75.
- (106.) Propertius, *Properzio: Il Libro Terzo*, 66.
- (107.) Pound, *Cantos*, 61.
- (108.) Sullivan, *Ezra Pound and Sextus Propertius*, 125.
- (109.) Ibid., 124.
- (110.) Ibid.
- (111.) Ibid., 143.
- (112.) Davie, *Studies*, 79.
- (113.) Sullivan, *Ezra Pound and Sextus Propertius*, 147.
- (114.) Ibid.

