A LOG CABIN OUT OF STONE:

TRANSLATING HORACE'S EPODES

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For Matilda Price, with love.

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Introduction

This thesis is about the process of disassembling and reassembling a piece of poetry. I have been working with ways to take apart poems and reassemble them such that they more accessible to new audiences. By applying various translation theories during this process, I have explored the consequences of translating and the implications of a "translated" piece of work. The process also involved discovering the relationship between a translation and its original author, original audience, and new audience.

I focused on Horace's *Epodes*. Horace was born in Apulia to a freed slave in 65 BCE, and was educated in both Rome and Athens. At twenty, he joined Brutus's army and returned to Rome to discover his father had died and that his land had been confiscated. Facing poverty, he turned to poetry to earn money. After meeting people in the Roman circle of poets, he was introduced to Maecenas who later became his patron.[1]

The *Epodes* were written early in his career, between 41 and 31 BCE.[2] The work remains largely mysterious; it is a collection of seventeen poems with no clear organizational principle. In the Epodes, Horace jumps from politics, to love, to sex, to friendship, to hate. Also, the work does preserve a single metrical form. Horace combines many different meters throughout the collection, but manages to maintain iambics in all of them. Historically iambic poetry is invective—or angry—poetry. Yet, so much of this collection is not angry, but sad; one naturally questions the thematic cohesion of the group.[3] Certainly there are many poems in this collection that are attack poetry, but also there are poems about the loss of love, the ache of love, the search for

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[1] Cary, M, *The Oxford Classical Dictionary*, H.J. Rose, H.P. Harvey, A. Souter (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1949), 438.
[2] Cary, 438.

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love, Roman politics unraveling, social class being turned upside down, friendships failing.

I wanted to work with Horace's epodes because this collection speaks so loudly to me. While Horace discusses points in Roman history that I will never fully understand, I find some of his conflicted emotions to be relevant today. He writes about relationships where the power struggle is never clear and he describes an apocalyptic political situation, as if Rome were on the brink of extinction. Horace combines elements of friendship, celebration, and love with elements of fear, loss, disillusionment, and the pressing feeling that he writes at the end of an era. Horace's epodes can speak to us today, and while they may not say the exact same thing as they said to the Romans, they still inform us about relationships. Beyond their relevance to a modern audience, they are beautifully complex; Horace builds layers upon layers of themes and relationships. Translating this collection was both an exciting and a challenging task.

It was clear that I needed to work with translation theories. Originally when I was trying to understand the epodes, I felt myself trying to translate them and put them into more accessible terms. And through the process of translating I have come to a much more intimate understanding of the epodes. When translating a poem one must unclothe it to see it in its naked form, and then by translating, re-clothe it different materials. By researching translation theories I was able to understand the relationship between the original and the translated version. Furthermore, the various translation theories helped me to understand what it was that I wanted to do with my translations and how I could accomplish that.

I wanted to translate the epodes for an audience today. When we translate in Latin class, we often miss the essential elements of the poem because we are too focused on understanding the complex vocabulary and grammar. Only when we've translated the entire poem can we read it smoothly and work towards understanding the art of the poem. I wanted to offer translations that did not attempt to stand in for the originals, but ones that could stand on their own as poems and additionally offer a perspective on the originals.

This project contains four major components. The first part explores the history of translation theory and the uses of translation theory. The next chapter focuses on translations of Catullus's poetry as a way to explore how translation theory enters into the practice of translating. Then, there is a section defending my translation decisions on each of the epodes. These decisions have been guided by my work with the translation theories, my work with examining Catullus translations as well as literary criticism on Horace's own epodes. The final part of this project is the translations of the epodes themselves.

Chapter 1

In a typical Latin class, the students and the teacher will work to put a particular

Latin passage into a set of English words that the whole class can agree upon. The

English can often sound choppy and inelegant. For example, an ablative absolute must

be translated into English in a particular fashion to show that all students are aware of the

construction: "the city, having been captured." That is the *right* way to translate an

ablative absolute. It is difficult enough for the one small class to decide upon a

translation, so we forget that if we were to ask a totally different class how they were to

translate the same passage, we would see conflicting responses. So, what is the right

translation, if such a thing even exists? It is a myth that translation can be pure. What

are the boundaries of translation? What are the rules? Why do we do it?

For me, the purpose of translation is to give to give the original, inaccessible

author a voice in an accessible language. However in this set up, the translator is charged

with the power to shape the voice in the original author, and however the translator

decides to direct that power is crucial to how the translation will turn out. That is to say

that the role of the translator is mysterious. He or she is both completely present in the

translation, and completely absent. In his book The Translator's Turn, Douglas Robinson

introduces a preconception about translation. He explains that some people think

> the translator is only the vehicle through which the SL [source language]
> writer speaks, the cape through which the SL writer wields his power, or
> alternatively, that the translator gives the SL writer TL [target language]
> voice, that the translator speaks for the SL writer.   One of has to be the
> speaker, the owner of the TL words, after all, and if the translator is not
> introverted enough to let the SL writer speak through him or her, then the
> TL words become the translator's and cease (we believe) to be a
> translation.[1]

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[1] Robinson, Douglas, *The Translator's Turn* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press 1991), 237-238.

In other words, the role of the translator is basically to allow the author to speak through him or her. The piece should pass through the translator from the source language and come out in the target language as if it magically transformed and reappeared unadulterated.

However, that is not quite what happens. Robinson goes on to say that a translator isn't actually a neutral device and the magic black box theory where the piece mysteriously glides from the original language to the new language without any cuts or bruises is indeed magical. Translators are in fact fully present.

> Translators are never, and should never be forced to be (or think of themselves as), neutral impersonal transferring devices. Translators' personal experiences –emotions, motivations, attitudes, associations –are not only allowable in the formation of a working TL text, they are indispensable.[2]

It is possible to go too far in incorporating one's own emotions, motivations, attitudes and associates. It is impossible to have a translation that is entirely without judgment from the translator. So how do we compromise and formulate a translation that satisfies the readers without betraying the original?

For me, the problem is translating Horace while preserving the dynamics of the poem. That is, to bring these poems into an accessible form to modern readers without interfering with the problems that Horace frames. The biggest issue with the epodes is that they are full of ambiguous characters and situations that are difficult to understand, let alone translate, and the danger is that translation will solve the ambiguities. Certainly, this is not the goal. How do you translate without prejudging and deciphering the complexities of Horace? In my translations I am trying to address specifically the relationships between the

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[2] Robinson, 260.

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characters in his poetry. I would call these relationships the *inner dynamics.* Horace creates a specific dynamic in his epodes which, in my opinion, is the beauty of the ambiguity and the complexity. I want to replicate the dynamics of Horace's epodes and find ways to recreate them.

Translation and Sacrifice: You Can't Do It All

The first step in translating is to acknowledge that it is not possible to render every aspect of the poem at all times. The translator must make decisions. Even translators with complete fluency in both languages can only come close to an original. For this reason, translating is also an act of continually sacrificing certain aspects of the poem. Scholars have said that one meets far too many sacrifices in order to translate poetry.[3] That is, many scholars feel that there are far too many impediments in translating poetry which makes it impossible to find a translation that is fully satisfying in all ways; the translator must give something up. One cannot do it all.

In his essay "On The Different Methods of Translating," written in 1813, Friedrich Schleiermacher argues that the necessity to sacrifice comes about because we cannot think without language, and our language is what gives us a tool to think. Without the way we learn language we cannot learn how to think; thought and words are indelibly linked.[4] The words on a page are already a translation of a thought, so as translators we should be focusing on the thought and how this works in English rather than on finding word for word equivalents.

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[3] Yves, Bonnefoy "Translating Poetry," in *Theories of Translation*, ed. Rainer Schulte and John Biguenet, (Chicago: University of Chicago Press 1992), 186.
[4] Schleiermacher, Friedrich "On the Different Methods of Translating" In *Theories of Translation* Ed. Rainer Schulte and John Biguenet. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press 1992), 38.

An interesting example that I often find myself thinking about is the French

phrase "je ne sais quoi" which we use in English. In French it literally means "I do not

know what." However, that's not what the phrase means to us in English. When we say

something possesses a certain "je ne sais quoi" we don't mean that we don't know what it

possesses, we mean to say that it has an air of something pleasant, exotic, and rare. Or do

we even mean that? This translated phrase is retranslated for us. It is meant in our

language to remain distant. If we wanted to explain to a French person what the phrase

"je ne sais quoi" means to an American, we would have a very difficult time. Therefore,

to translate it, we would have to sacrifice the very aspect of the phrase that identifies it;

its power lies in its inaccessibility.

Range of Options

The next thing to do is choose a direction or a point of view. Schleiermacher lays

out two paths that the translator may take:

> The true translator, who really wants to bring together these two entirely separate persons, his author and his reader, and to assist the latter in obtaining the most correct and complete understanding and enjoyment possible of the former, without, however, forcing him out of the sphere of his mother tongue—what paths are open to the translator for that purpose?…Either the translator leaves the writer alone as much as possible and moves the reader toward the writer, or he leaves the reader alone as much as possible and moves the writer toward the reader.[5]

He approaches the problem of translation as one in which the reader and the author are on

different ends; the goal is to find a meeting point. He goes on to explain that the first

option, leaving the writer alone and forcing the reader to the writer, would be translating

as conservatively as possible—paying close attention to the grammar, the lexical and

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[5] Schleiermacher, Friedrich "On the Different Methods of Translating" In *Theories of Translation* Ed. Rainer Schulte and John Biguenet. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press 1992). 42

syntactical issues. The second way suggests a more liberal approach, one that could potentially involve reconstructing the poem in terms more accessible to the reader. To choose the first way and to be as conservative in the translation as possible is perhaps an unrealistic goal.

Difficulties with the conservative approach were already identified by Arthur Schopenhauer in 1800, in the essay "On Language and Words." He argued that translating words alone will not render the concept of the original. Mere translations of single words "all hit the meaning of the concept, yet not in a concentric manner." The words superficially get the meaning across, but they do not work towards any motivation of the poem. Simply translating the words of the poem gets at the meaning, but not fully or completely, and the words only allow a glimpse of the poem, not the poem's essence. Words translated by their lexical definitions "cause unavoidable imperfection in all translations."[6] Simply translating the words only presents a shell of the poem and misses important aspects of the poem. The implications and the connotations that surround the word to be translated are equally important as the lexical equivalent, if not sometimes more important.

More recently, as an alternative to a word for word approach, Eugene Nida offers a helpful concept which he calls "dynamic equivalence." Nida describes the difference between a 'formal' and a 'dynamic' equivalent and explains to us that "a translation of dynamic equivalence aims at complete naturalness of expression, and tries to relate the receptor to modes of behavior relevant within the context of his own culture."[7] In other words Nida is looking at the relationship between the original text and the original

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[6] Schopenhauer, Arthur "On Language and Words" In *Theories of Translation* Ed. Rainer Schulte and John Biguenet (Chicago: University of Chicago Press 1992), 32.
[7] Nida, Eugene "Principles of Correspondence." In *Toward A Science of Translating* (1964), 14.

readers. A dynamic equivalence would recreate that relationship. In a dynamic translation, "attention is directed, not so much toward the source message, as toward the receptor response."[8] Thus, in order to successfully translate *dynamically* the primary consideration is how the readers receive the test. In this approach analysis is a chief priority for the translator.

Nida's approach is helpful for me in thinking about what is important in translating. The dynamic equivalence refers to the dynamics between the reader and the original text; that is, the relationship that the original reader has with the original words. That is very important to me in my translations. However, when I say *inner dynamics*, I am referring to the dynamics within the poem itself. So the inner dynamics of Horace's epode 1 has to do with the ironies involved in the relationship between poet and patron. The way Horace describes Maecenas and his friendship with Maecenas are very crucial in bringing out the inner dynamics.

My approach was also influenced by Robinson's discussion of what he calls metonymic translation. With metonymic translation, the translator does not abandon the poem, but identifies an aspect of the poem and finds an available equivalent in the target language. This is a combination of analysis and translation that illuminates aspects of the original. A metonymic translation does not attempt to reproduce the entire textual sense but instead attempts to recreate the poem using different materials. The result, although markedly different has the same function.

Robinson also touches on the emotional aspect of word choice.

> We do feel words, and most typically guide our choice of words when we speak (and our interpretation of words when others speak) emotionally, by recourse not to an abstract cognitive system of rules but

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[8] Nida, "Principles of Correspondence," 14.

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to which *feels* right.   We roll words around on our tongues, looking for the one that has just the right feel for what we want to say.   We often have a gut-level sense that a word is wrong, off-base, inadequate, incorrect, or else perfect, exactly right for what we have in mind to say – and yet could not, if pressed provide a dictionary definition for it, let alone analyze its semantic field.   Words can evoke powerful memories in us, take us back in time to a moment when someone said those same words to us in just that tone.[9]

Each word carries its own set of connotations, a set that we are reminded of when we use them ourselves and also when we hear them being used. The difference in calling a *pater* "father" or "dad" is exactly what Robinson is referring to. Although both words, father and dad, are referring to the same family member, they have an entirely different set of connotations and tone. We make different assumptions about the speaker of each word, and furthermore, we could assume, just from knowing what we know about the English language in America, that the same person would not refer to her *pater* as both father and dad in the same breath. They are different words, used by different people to express different feelings in different contexts.

A translator whose work has also been translated, Vladimir Nobokov argues against translating metonymically. While he translated *Onegin* into English in 1955, he developed different views on translation.   He believes that it is "when the translator sets out to render the 'spirit' –not the textual sense – that he begins to traduce his author. The clumsiest literal translation is a thousand times more useful than the prettiest paraphrase."[10] To completely abandon the text of a poem and only concentrate on the nexus of the poem, one does not translate, but one rewrites, or edits, just in another language. Nabokov argues for one more deliberate choice: between "rhyme and

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[9] Robinson, 5.

[10] Nabokov, Vladimir "Problems of Translation: *Onegin* in English" In *Theories of Translation* Ed. Rainer Schulte and John Biguenet (Chicago: University of Chicago Press 1992), 127.

reason."[11] The "spirit" that Nabokov refers to is entirely subjective. Why would the

translator have a better grasp on what the original's author was really *trying* to say? Why

does the translator's interpretation win out over what the original author had said?

However, the translation that Nabokov supports may have a problematic result.

The word for word, formal equivalent, translation with lots of footnotes explaining the

decisions creates a translation that is not pleasurable to read. It is difficult and its only

use is really to help decipher the lexical aspects of the original. For myself, I am not

convinced that this mode of translation is helpful for any other purpose than to guide

someone reading the original. As Schopenhauer explained, word for word translations

can be superficial and could quite possibly mislead the reader. Moreover, reading this

type of translation requires a lot of work. The experience of reading the poem in

translation does not even approach the experience of what it is like to read the original.

Going Between Cultures

A further issue that must be addressed in order to translate is the culture clash.

We have to be concerned with not just what the words denote, but also the frame of

reference or the cultural baggage that comes with the words are also important. Some

words have business connotations, academic connotations, modern or theoretical

connotations.   The words that Horace chose to write in his original also may have the

same set of connotations.   Latin presents a particularly accentuated problem in this sense;

we will never fully grasp the way in which the Romans understood each word**.** We have

some idea, and the *Oxford Latin Dictionary* makes an attempt to put the words in

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[11] Nabokov, 135.

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historical context, but we do not know, for example, what a child's first word in ancient Rome was or the way people actually used slang.

In his 1911 inaugural lecture, <u>The Confines of Criticism,</u> A.E. Housman raises issues that are directly applicable to the issues in translation.

> When Horace is reported to have said *seu mobilibus veris inhorruit adventus foliis,* and when pedants like Bentley and Munro object that the phrase is unsuitable to its context, of what avail is it to be assured by persons of taste–that is to say persons of British taste, Victorian taste, and sub-Tennysonian taste–that these are exquisite lines? Exquisite to whom? Consider the mutations of opinion, the reversals of literary judgment, which this small island has witnessed in the last 150 years: what is the likelihood that your notions or your contemporaries' notions of the exquisite are those of a foreigner who wrote for foreigners two millenniums ago? And for what foreigners? For the Romans, for men whose religion you disbelieve, whose chief institution you abominate, whose manners you do not like to talk about, but whose literary tastes, you flatter yourself, were identical to yours. No: in this aspect we must learn to say of our tastes what Isaiah says of our righteousnesses: they are as filthy rags[12]

Housman challenges our assumption that we know Latin poetry. Our lives, our language, our beliefs have changed so much since the days of Horace that we have little capacity to truly understand Latin poetry, even if we've mastered the lexical understanding of the poetry as best as we can. This is the problem in translating Latin. Since we do not have any tangible conception of Latin poetry beyond our extrapolated understanding, there is an extra obstacle in assessing the work of Roman poets. We just don't have any detailed information about Roman literary tastes, assumptions, and attitudes, beyond what we learn from the poems themselves.

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[12] Housman, A.E, *The Confines of Criticism: the Cambridge Inaugural, 1911* (London, Cambridge U.P. 1969). Housman is specifically referring to the process of textual criticism (establishing an authoritative version of a Latin poem from manuscript evidence).

This is not to say that the task of translation is impossible, only that a good translation is not simple or obvious. Translating, like textual criticism, involves a great deal of analysis. We must first understand the voice of the poet, the ideas behind the poetry, the language, the methods, the meter employed by the poet. As Housman explains, we are in no position to be able to fully grasp the Roman poet, so this task is never fully realized. We can only translate as ourselves; we cannot hope truly to translate as a voice of the original author.

The Myth of Objectivity

Simply in reading the text, any text, we have already brought so much analysis to it. With respect to reading and analysis, Wolfgang Iser describes an "entanglement" through which the "reader is bound to open himself up to the workings of the text and so leave behind his own preconceptions." Iser then quotes George Bernard Shaw who said "You have learnt something. That always feels at first as if you had lost something." Iser explains the loss in reading "reflects the structure of the experience to the extent that we must suspend the ideas and attitudes that shape our own personality before we can experience the unfamiliar world of literary text. But during this process, something happens to us."[13] Our lives and our experiences inform our comprehension of literature. It is not possible to read objectively and therefore not possible to receive a text objectively.

No two people can really read the text the same way, and since translating first involves reading and understanding, no two translations of the same text will ever be

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[13] Iser, Wolfgang "The Reading Process: a Phenomenonolgical Approach" In *Reader Response Criticism* Ed. Jane P. Tompkins (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press 1980), 65.

identical.   Then, how can a translation truly be an adequate representation of the source

text in another language?   The translator is an integral component in how the target

readers will receive the new text. The Poetics of Translation by Will Barnstone takes us

through the history of translation of the most translated book in the world –the Bible. In

his 1993 book, Barnstone opens by clarifying the task of the translator. He likens the

translator to a 'carrier' of words and begins by stating that translation,

> If properly done is risk-free, is an innocent, tedious, and exacting task with
> no decorative frills…But the work of the singer, the poet, the Bible-maker,
> and scribe is different, and the carriers of the word stumble at every step
> on the road to revelation. Their way is as crooked as a butterfly's ruler.
> Losing their way, they must add and alter routes, And to cart their words
> out of the past they invent vehicles in which nothing fits exactly. They
> gamble with their talent, and in the end are condemned to surprise and the
> art and infidelity of re-creation.[14]

Wherever the translator chooses to go is how the text will be delivered**.** Consciously and

subconsciously as students and as translators we choose to present a text the way we have

read it.   We choose certain equivalents in English that will elucidate our own personal

reading of the text.   The inner dynamics being conveyed by the translation are

necessarily the inner dynamics as perceived by that particular translator.

   As a translator one must also have a clear idea of what sort of reading experience

one is trying to create. A translation can be written in such a way that it makes it possible

for American college students to realize how distant Horace's poetry is from them in

language, content and theme. Another translation might try to give readers an experience

closer to what the original readers of Horace's poetry had. For example, we can read the

epodes as Americans and this reading brings a level of richness to the poetry by keeping

the poetry so distant. Yet we can also read the poems as if we were Romans. Now this

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[14] Barnstone, Willis, *The Poetics of Translation: History, Theory, Practice.* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1993), 4.

does not mean that we become Romans, rather we read the poem as if it were intended for us. The Romans for example did not find the Latin a language barrier in understanding the poetry. The Romans were able to enjoy the discussion of words, the flow of the meter, and the sounds of the poetic devices. Reading a translation of this sort would give a modern reader the same opportunity that the original readers had. The words should feel natural and depict an accessible thought. But, how easy to understand was Horace's poetry to begin with? There is a chance of oversimplifying the poem. By making the translation above all else, an accessible rendition of Horace, are we sacrificing the richness we are trying to preserve? There must be a middle road. It is possible to render a poem in a new language without forestalling the reader's analysis of the poem. The task is in the transfer.

Substitution, Compensation and Creation

After the translator has identified the cultural chasms between the original and the target, the translator is forced to deal with the difference. Indeed, the name *Caesar* will never mean to me what it meant to Horace, but we have to try to push the poem to his level so that when we read *Caesar* in translation, we may not feel the way the author felt when writing it, but we may have a better understanding of how the author felt.

When confronted with emotionally and culturally significant items how far do you go? Even though we cannot be entirely certain how the Romans received poetry, we do have some idea based on extrapolation. Giving American readers the same experience as Romans involves a serious amount of rebuilding. For instance if one were translating a Latin poem that involved Spain, how would they translate this country? Our

understanding of Spain is entirely different from the understanding that the Romans had.

In ancient Rome, Spain represented the outer reaches of the empire. It was seen as

foreign, less civilized, far away. But how do you give American readers access to this

idea? Do you translate "Spain" as the "Caribbean?" This would be a misstep. The

Caribbean has its own set of connotations that just wouldn't fit in Horace. A translation

that helps the reader relate to the poem without abandoning the original is, according to

Schleiermacher, not a translation, but "the truest possible enjoyment of the works

themselves." For Schleiermacher that sort of translation "would become more and more

an imitation, and only the person who already knows these writers from somewhere else

could actually enjoy such an artifact or a work of art."[15] Yet, a liberal translation does

not ask the translator to translate a *taverna* as a Starbucks around the corner; it does angle

her to at least provide some ways that the reader may relate to the poem without seeing it

as antiquated. In Epode 12, Horace is talking to what we would call a prostitute.

However, the situation is historically lost on us. This woman is not the type of prostitute

or street walker we might imagine her to be; instead she is upper class and it is unclear

whether Horace has solicited her or she has solicited him. This kind of Roman sexual

network is difficult to translate. There really isn't any modern equivalent, so the only

choice is not to interfere with the situation, but instead provide in the poetry an

atmosphere that shows the dynamics of the two characters.

Because words carry so many connotations and emotions, it is important to realize

which of these connotations is cultural. Eugene Nida explains that

> We can say that the cultural event symbolized by a word provides the
> denotative meaning, while the emotional response experienced by the

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[15] Schleiermacher, Friedrich "On the Different Methods of Translating" In *Theories of Translation* Ed.
Rainer Schulte and John Biguenet (Chicago: University of Chicago Press 1992), 53.

speakers in the culture (and modeled by the culture) is the basis of the connotative meaning. Since there is no speech without speakers and no speakers without subjective evaluations (absolute objectivity is an illusion for we are parts of as well as students of culture), there are no words without some measure of connotation. Even apparent neutrality of meaning may be regarded as connotatively significant, by virtue of its apparent lack of emotional coloring. [16]

Because we cannot remove subjectivity from our reading, and we cannot strip words of their denotative meanings, or their emotions (what is a word without its emotion?), we have to translate knowing that these cultural differences exist as impediments in understanding the original text. Nida refers to the phrase "Old Glory" which has heavily weighted emotion for a certain kind of American patriot—but a non American must infer or assume the significance of the phrase without feeling the way the patriot feels himself. Yet, if the phrase appeared in a poem written for a Nuer of the Sudan, what would the phrase mean to this person?[17] It is not faithful to the nature of the phrase to translate it; the significance of the phrase lies in the emotion that it carries. If the translation fails to allow the understanding of the same, or similar, emotions in the new receptors as in the original, then the translation has betrayed the original. The reader of the translation does not have to emote; however, the translation should allow the reader understand the emotions that the original author presented.

There is a way to translate the *feeling* or the *inner dynamics* of a single word. Identifying first what the real implications of the word are will allow the translator to choose other words to create the same effect. So, to translate Spain as some other American equivalent is unnecessary, but choosing words that would give the impression

[16] Nida, Eugene. "Analysis of Meaning and Dictionary Making," In *International Journal of American Linguistics*. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press (1958): 283.

[17] Nida, Eugene. "Analysis of Meaning and Dictionary Making," In *International Journal of American Linguistics*. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press (1958): 283.

that Spain is considered far away would be an acceptable equivalent. To translate

taverna as a Starbucks puts the setting into another country and another time period. But,

if the translator were to create a mood equivalent to that of a coffee shop—or the cultural

equivalent—by careful word choice throughout the translation, the effect would be

consistent with the effect of the original. When I was dealing with how to describe the

relationship between Horace and his girlfriends, or boyfriends, there was no equivalent

that I could substitute. Instead my strategy was just to illustrate the dynamics of the

relationship through other aspects of the translation. In the case of epode 12, since it is

unclear who is the solicitor and who is the solicited, it made sense to create to columns

where both characters could speak and criticize without being concerned with who is in

what technical position. It is unnecessary to create a new substitute when the option of

compensating through other aspects of the poem exists.

My Method

As a translator, I do have a personal preference in translating these poems. I am

personally attracted to translating more for the readers than for the authors. Especially in

the case of the epodes where I am not the first translator to work with the epodes, I feel I

have some room to try and do something different with these poems.

Translators must determine what should drive their translations, and in order to do

so they must determine what is most important about the poem in their analysis. For

example, was the original poet thinking primarily of an immaculate and tricky meter? Or

was the poet more concerned with themes? Is it the voice of the poem that is most

intriguing? Everyone will have a different analysis of these issues. There are some

issues which are glaring and some that are more subtle. To translate a poem with a clear

alliteration motive into a new language that lacked any similar poetic device really

wouldn't capture the poem. Likewise, to translate a poem that was motivated more by

puns and dual meanings into a form that offered just one possible interpretation also

would be unfaithful to the original.

Translating from one language to another is like building a log cabin out of rocks.

It is impossible to make a log cabin out of stone, but it is certainly possible to find a stone

equivalent of a log cabin, one with the same purpose and uses, yet with a different set of

problems. The stone house will never be exactly like the log cabin, but one is able to see

the clear relationship between the two in the structure, the size, the way it stands and so

forth. The reason why this works is because a house is not defined by its materials, but

by its function. If we think of poetry in terms of its function we will be able to more

clearly figure out how to render certain issues. Although the function of the house is what

is being duplicated, we must break down the original log cabin in order to find out how

best to make an equivalent in stone.

Susan Bassnett-McGuire offers a similar approach in her 1980 book <u>Translation</u>

<u>Studies.</u> Out of all of the theories that I have read, this diagram is how I visualize my

translation process:[18]

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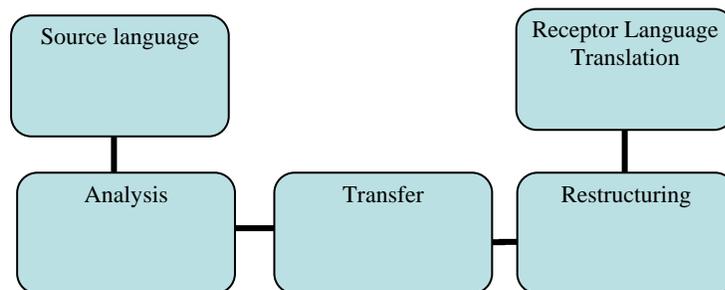
[18] Bassnett-McGuire, Susan *Translation Studies* (London: Methuen & Co, 1980), 16.

If I could add to her diagram slightly, I would only reshape it such that it would appear more like the analysis took you so much deeper and so far away from the original that getting back to it involved an equal amount of steps to climb. My method in translating involved layers of deconstructing the Latin and finally at arriving at just a few nebulous ideas, and then building the ideas back up again towards a final product.

Nida explains a similar diagram in his essay *The Science of Translation.* He describes the steps that the translator takes. He explains that the translator analyzes the "message of the source language into its simplest and structurally clearest forms, transfers it at this level, and then restructures it to the level in the receptor language which is most appropriate for the audience which he intends to reach."[19]

Translating Horace's Layers

In translating the Epodes, I have had to determine what is most important in my own reading of the poem. I have decided to focus on the complexities between the characters and their power struggle. Horace layers a series of different relationships between the characters upon one another and makes it very difficult for the reader to decipher who is in the power position and who is being attacked. These power problems involve sex, friendship, politics, social class, the role of the poet, and sponsorship. It is a translation issue because these relationships are ambiguous and complex. If we were to translate prejudging the relationships, the translation would not be faithful. We need to present the ambiguity accurately.

Most of the epodes have a strong invective element, so the unclear power structure makes the epodes a very interesting commentary on relationships between

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[19] Nida, Eugene "Science of Translation" In *Language.* (1969): 484.

friends, lovers, mistresses, and children. Horace makes his epodes not only a catalogue

of the power struggle but also a player in the struggle. In a play when a character speaks

to the audience, this is called breaking the "fourth wall." Horace speaks to us in the

poetry as the writer and he speaks as a character. Sometimes he even refers to himself in

the third person. The Horace in the poems is not always the Horace that is writing the

poem.

A central figure in the power dynamic is Canidia. Horace weaves in a story line

about a local witch, Canidia, who casts love spells on men and kills boys for use of their

livers. Throughout the poems Horace sets up different scenes with her, and ultimately

gives her the last word in his collection. The effect of this decision is puzzling. He is the

poet, he has constructed her in his poetry so he is in control—but then why does she

defeat him? Similarly in epode 8, Horace insults a woman because she is unable to give

him an erection. He claims that she is too unattractive. But is she really at fault for his

lack of performance? Why discuss this issue in a poem, and make it public? Is it

deprecating or indulgent, or both? Is this a lame attempt at covering up an embarrassing

situation? All are possibilities—the power dynamic in this epode is again, murky. These

issues of power and reciprocity seem to me very important to Horace's achievement in

the Epodes, and I feel it is necessary to convey them in the translation as well. The

challenge is to maintain a whole range of distinctively Horatian qualities while

elucidating the power struggle as a connective thread throughout the poems.

In many of Horace's epodes, the reader asks the question "who is the invective

speaker in this poem? " That is, who is supposed to be mad at whom? Trying to figure

out that problem is a huge aspect of why the epodes are so interesting. In the epodes,

Horace reproduces power struggle in life relationships. He offers many readings, and by the end of the poem it is impossible to decide which the right reading is. This is perhaps the most important aspect of the epodes: Horace makes the poem's illustration of power dynamics just as complicated as they really are. Thus to solely offer one solution in a translation, the easiest solution, would be a disservice to Horace and the reader. I will have to find a way to translate the epodes such that my analysis of each poem does not explain the poem, but so that the translations show the interplay of power that Horace sets up. The analysis is not used to present an easy answer to the reader, but instead to guide the translation such that it provides an equivalent experience to the new reader. For example, Epode 12 involves a dialogue between Horace and a woman. Both are disappointed in the other, and Horace gives both characters a chance to criticize and insult, and both are quite harsh. By eliminating the narrative qualities to the poem and setting up the poem in two columns allowing a column for each speaker or character, and constructing the columns so that they can be read as a dialogue or as monologues, I offer the reader options. The poem does not tell you which character is meaner, or which character deserves the insults more, it simply sets up the situation and allows the reader to diagnose the power struggle being played out. It could be argued that as a translator I do not have the authority to take out a narrative from a poem that I did not write; however, I am simply presenting one way to read the poems, not the only or the correct way. Furthermore, translating a narrative from Latin to English doesn't always result in an elegant transformation. In Latin, Horace can write a narrative that is three Latin words but requires six or seven English words to say the same thing. The elegance and the art of the Latin narrative do not work in English.

Translating the Invective

While the difficulties mentioned apply to any sort of poetry, there are further difficulties in translating invective. The difficulties begin at the verbal level with problems in rendering particular words and phrases, but extend into conveying a whole invective context. To understand and convey the peculiar power relationships among the all the various characters in the poems is very tricky.

First, translating an insult is at the core of invective poetry. Gregory Rabasa believes in translating the purpose of words, rather than the formal equivalences. In his essay No Two Snowflakes are Alike published in 1989, he says,

> In English when we insult someone's maternal descent, we call the person a 'son of a bitch.' While in Spanish he is an *hijo de puta,* 'son of a whore.' The closest in English to this latter is the archaic "whoreson," which even if understood, would not arouse much more than a ripple of indignation.[20]

Rabasa's understanding of insults is very important in translating the epodes. Because translating the words simply will not translate the insult, it is definitely not enough. Furthermore, we cannot translate the insult unless we understand what is being said. The problem that Rabasa raises with his example is that when calling someone a 'son of a bitch' we are not trying to say literally that we think they were born from a dog—we are trying to insult the person. Since in Spanish, people don't insult women by calling them bitches (female dogs), "whore" is a better term to choose. It really is less important what the words are, the phrase is what carries the meaning. Translating the *hijo de puta* into English would sound awkward if we were to call someone a "son of a whore" or a

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[20] Rabassa, Gregory "No Two Snowflakes Are Alike: A Translation as Metaphor." In *Craft of Translation* Ed. John Biguenet and Peter Schult, (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1989), 3.

"whoreson" but to someone a "son of a bitch" makes much more sense in an invective context.

Judith Butler, who wrote Excitable Speech in 1997, explains that "recent efforts to establish the incontrovertibly wounding power of certain words seem to founder on the question of who does the interpreting of what such words mean and what they perform."[21] That is, injurious words require a context, even a cause and effect. The situation in which the injurious words are spoken is vital to the understanding of the insults. She goes on to say that the

> controversies over rap music suggest that no clear consensus is possible on the question of whether there is a clear link between the words that are uttered and their putative power to injure. To argue, on the one hand, that the offensive effect of such words is fully contextual, and that a shift of context can exacerbate or minimize the offensiveness, is still not to give an account of the power that such words are said to exercise. To claim, on the other hand that some utterances are always offensive, regardless of context, that they carry their contexts with them in ways that are too difficult to shed is still not to offer a way to understand how context is invoked and restaged at the moment of utterance.[22]

Butler introduces a very important aspect of invective poetry. The words by themselves are not injurious; instead it is the words together with the context and the manner in which they are spoken. In invective poetry, there is usually some kind of a hypothetical situation. For example, in Epode 5, the witch Canidia is trying to kill the little boy and use his liver for a love potion. Both Canidia and the boy have invective speeches in the poem, and ultimately the boy has the final and most damning speech. If we assume that this situation was taken seriously in the Roman culture, these invective speeches carry a serious weight. So, in order to give the boy's speech the power that it needs, we will have to translate the context in a serious way. But, how on earth do you translate a witch

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[21] Butler, Judith, *Excitable Speech* (New York: Routledge 1997), 13.
[22] Butler, 13.

killing a boy for a love potion, for 2008 readers without making the poem sound like a campfire story? Indeed the tone of the poem may be equivalent to a campfire story, yet the content, the fear of witchcraft was a real fear in ancient Rome. We would not want to present it as a joke. Additionally, the fear involved in a love potion and falling in love without any control is real for Horace; this should not be treated in a silly manner either. We can write the poem in a creepy tone, without demeaning the content. In order to convey the full effect of the poem, one may actually have to leave out some of the narrative elements that sound to modern readers like a fairytale; otherwise the powerful hatred in the invective speech is defused.

In invective poetry, not only do the insult and context have to translate, but so too must the power relationship. Horace's invective is so overly complicated with the power dynamic that this is the most challenging aspect of translating the Epodes. There must be an equal balance, and a clear interplay between the characters. The epodes illustrate the feeling of being in power, while simultaneously being stripped of it. While the invective force must be retained there also must be an element of humor and sarcasm. For example in Epode 4, Horace insults someone by drawing attention to his heritage as an ex-slave. We don't really know what it means to be an ex-slave in Roman culture. It means something very different in American culture, and perhaps our associations with the word "ex-slave" are too strong to allow for any other connotation. Horace's insult is about social class and politics rather than about race. Yet, even then we can't understand fully how this kind of insult was received or how common it was. Recreating it involves a fair amount of compensation in other areas of the poem, such as adding "the emperor's new

clothes," a somewhat anachronistic reference that might have the same idea behind it as the insult.

David Slavitt's Approach to Translation

Another even bolder approach to translation is taken by David Slavitt. Vergil's Eclogue 1 describes the redistribution and confiscation of lands for returned soldiers. Vergil discusses the peacefulness and the countryside lifestyle. He uses two characters, Tityrus and Meliboeus, to portray the luxury of the pastoral life. The poem is presented as a conversation between the two shepherds during the time when confiscations were taking place. Meliboeus has lost almost everything but Tityrus still has his pastures and his flock. When questioned, he admits that he owes his good fortune to the intervention of a political figure in Rome whom he has visited. Today, it is one of the most widely taught poems in Latin class.

David Slavitt translated the Eclogues in 1971 and for Eclogue 1, about 15 lines into his translation, wrote:

> What Tityrus leaves out, what Vergil leaves out of the story
> because we know it, because we have been there too,
> is how he went to Rome, how hung around,
> stood in the elegant waiting rooms, went to parties,
> and burned to hear an easily given word,
> to see a careless nod, how he sweated it out
> until at the end he met someone who knew
> a friend of a friend, and –oh a great piece of luck –
> how he got to see the man who shafted him.
> What else do you think happens to farmers, to poets
> to country boys who haul their tender asses
> into a City to save the lives they know?

Following the next few stanzas he goes on to say that:

> Sixth formers read it now, sweat out the grammar

furrow their smooth foreheads to get it right,
but cannot know what we know, you and I
Tityrus says It all: "Fool that I was,
I used to think the city they call Rome
was like our market town, but bigger."

                         Its not.
A little later on, you can hear him groan,
Dead. The Latin dead, his groan is alive,
aloud, along the fields he saved for a while:
"What else could I do? There was nowhere else to go!
There was nobody else to turn to, no other way…"

          Tityrus old boy, we know how it is. We know.
And we have seen Meliboeus turn away,
polite, sympathetic, but walking down the road
with the precious little he's salvaged out of his ruin
into those hills where shadows have started to fall.

Clearly, this is not a typical translation. Or is it even a translation at all? I do

respect Slavitt for making no apologies –he is not and will never be Vergil, nor will he

ever be able to speak for Vergil. Instead he accepts fully that he can only translate this

poem from his own perspective, and that is not Vergil's. He asks us to read his poetry in

> an open, receptive way, letting ourselves be led, paying attention not only
> to the poem but to our own responses, which have been, after all,
> manipulated and programmed by the poet. That the expository material
> about agriculture doesn't necessarily seem like pretext and that it is
> convincing on its face only demonstrates Vergil's impressive proficiency.
> The magician's left hand is busy with flourishes and passes, and while our
> attention is thus distracted, the right hand is occupied with the production
> of the gold coin, or the endless handkerchief, or the live pigeon.[23]

Slavitt's approach to this translation is very bold. He strays tremendously from

the text, he barely even translates the original situation. Slavitt reconstructs the

entire setting of Eclogue 1. This is probably because he sees Vergil's poems to

represent something very specific to its original readers, and he chooses to

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[23] Slavitt David, *Eclogues and Georgics of Vergil Translated by David Slavitt,* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1990), xxiii.

recreate this aspect in his translation. He believes that "Vergil's ideal reader is likely to have a notion…of some better life, some simpler, truer, purer existence that is available elsewhere or that used to be possible in 'the good old days' but is now lost perhaps forever."[24]

This element of "forever gone" is certainly represented in Slavitt's translation. The way he chooses to highlight it is remarkable. That which was lost to Vergil, that beautiful life in the countryside, will never really be expressed to us, because we never knew it or thought about it. Thus, we would never really understand the loss or the nostalgia involved in Eclogue 1, especially since it is so clearly about losing land. We are likely to infuse severe political implications into our readings. Of course, the politics may be there, but Slavitt chooses to focus on the human loss that comes with losing one's home and the life they have loved forever. The nostalgia instead is reflected in the "Latin dead." That, we can understand. This Roman life that Slavitt alludes to is lost to us, and the sadness of that loss comes across quite well. In that sense, Slavitt did indeed translate Vergil's thought. The Roman life that we have so idealized about Vergil's experience as a poet is lost and dead to us, the language they used in that great empire is also gone. In order to read Vergil's poem as modern readers we must recreate the circumstance. Eclogue 1 is about a lifestyle lost, something gone far. Slavitt's poem is also about that, but his lost thing is Vergil himself.

Nabokov would not consider Slavitt's translation a translation at all. However, it could be a translation is the truest sense of the original meaning of translation. *Trans* in Latin is across, *latus* is from the verb *fero, ferre* which means

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[24] Slavitt, xii.

to bring. Thus, the word translation itself means simply "brought across." He has

literally brought Vergil's poem across, and perhaps his metaphorical translation is

the truest thing to Eclogue 1 that we will ever understand. This kind of translation

is more beneficial for the fluent readers of the original than for the readers who

are reading it as a substitute. Vergil wrote a poem about loss, and the end of a

beautiful existence. David Slavitt too has told us the narrative that Vergil has told

us, but he has also given us an equivalent feeling of loss, but loss for the Roman

poets. He has told us what Vergil told him, and then he has reconstructed the

poem based on Vergil's and given us something new. This approach to

translation is very bold, and of course, not everyone will agree about its merit.

Conclusion

David Slavitt said of Robert Fitzgerald's translation of *The Aeneid* that it

is a "fine translation, which is not merely a rendering into English of the Latin

text but a view of the poem, an act of criticism and vision of a consistently high

level."[25] A translation does not have to be the second best way to read a text.

Yes, it is probably always better to read the original, but a good translation can

open doors and provide a new way to look at something without writing an

entirely new poem. Translation is not only a way to give a reader access to a

foreign poem, but also a way to give fluent readers in the original language an

alternative way to read a poem.

I do not intend to mimic Slavitt's approach; however, I do identify with

his approach in trying to bring something new to reading the original. I am not

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[25] Slavitt, xi.

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intending that my translations should substitute for the originals. I don't think

that my translations will be helpful to anyone in a Latin class struggling to

understand complex word order, nor would they be helpful to anyone in English

class reading my translations as though they were the words of Horace. I do want

my translations to be versions of the poem that depict this particular moment in

time—translations of Horace that are meant to be read now. Hopefully they will

be translations that present a perspective of the originals that all types of readers

will be able to appreciate.

Chapter 2

Up until now, I have been working with theoretical issues involved in translation. I needed a link between the broader translation theories and the specific issues involved in translating a specific poet. In this chapter I will examine different approaches to translating Classical poets. I have chosen three poems of Catullus and have taken one conservative translation and compared it to another, more aggressive translation. After analyzing the more liberal translations of Catullus, it became apparent that translation involves a certain history of literary reception. The population for which the translation is written is very present throughout. David Slavitt had this type of approach to translating. The poem's meaning changes throughout the generations, and the way we present the poems artistically also changes.

Catullus is a particularly informative poet to work with for a few reasons. The first and most obvious reason is that Catullus wrote in the same language as Horace and wrote the same genre. Their poems are short and were written around the same time- maybe twenty years apart. Scholars suggest Horace's epodes were written between 41 and 31 BCE[1] while Catullus's poetry was written throughout his life between 84 and 54 BCE.[2] Catullus's poems are often invective, which is the subject matter that Horace chose for the epodes. Furthermore, Catullus's poems express powerful emotions connected with personal friendships or love affairs, two themes very important in Horace's epodes. The last reason, and maybe the most important, is that many translators have attempted to work with Catullus and because of that, there is a wide assortment of translations available that illustrate different theoretical approaches.

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[1]Cary, 438.

[2] Cary, 175.

I am looking at some specific issues in translations. First, I'm interested in how

translators deal with the voice or the personality of the poet. How do you translate a

poem into words that reflect the thought as thoroughly as the original words? Aside from

the imagery or the metaphors that characterize a poem, there are other qualities about a

poem that associate it with its author. I am trying to figure out how translators have dealt

with recreating such qualities. Another issue that I'm concerned with is how one

establishes a framework from an ancient culture into a modern culture. Every poem and

every poet has certain styles and forms that they can use, but we don't have the same

ones in English that the Romans had. There is a cultural divide between the role of the

poet in ancient Rome and the role of the poet today, so it is very difficult to see how to

find a way to incorporate both cultural frames. It is important for my work with the

epodes to see how other translators have compensated for this problem. The final issue

that concerns me with these translations is the way the translators have dealt with

omissions and developing the artistic merit of the poem. What kinds of sacrifice are

involved in polishing a translation, and what are the ethical implications of types of edits?

Frank Copley and Rendering the Personality

A clear example of translating *inner dynamics* by using Robinson's metonymic

technique is seen in Frank Copley's translation of Catullus 13 written in 1957. Frank

Copley focuses on translating the attitude of Catullus and keeps the language simple. He

does not interfere with Catullus's words but plays with other aspects that will make the

translation have the same kind of punch as the original. The poem reads in Latin as

follows:

Cenabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me
Paucis, si tibi di favent, diebus,
Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
Cenam, non sine candida puella
Et vino et sale et omnibus cachinnis.
Haec, si, inquam, attuleris, venuste noster,
Cenabis bene; nam tui Catulli
Plenus sacculus est aranearum.
Sed contra accipies meros amores
Seu quid suavius elegantiusve est
Nam unguentum dabo, quod meae puellae
Donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque
Quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis
Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

This is a very witty, snappy, informal poem to a friend at a dinner party. For the purpose of comparison, we can look at Bariss Mills translation from 1965.

You'll dine well at my house
one of these days, my dear Fabullus,
the gods willing, if you'll bring
a good dinner with you,
and plenty of it – not forgetting
a pretty girl, and wine and wit
and laughter of all sorts.
If, as I say, you'll bring
all this, my charming friend,
you'll dine well. For your Catullus'
purse is full –of cobwebs.

Nevertheless, you'll receive
the essence of true love
or something sweeter and finer
if that's possible. For I'll give you
a perfume the Venuses and Cupids
presented to my girl. And when
you smell it, Fabullus,
you'll beg the gods to make you
all nose![3]

Mills translates the Latin very closely. For instance he translates *"cenabis bene apud me"*

as "You will dine well at my house." He finds an English lexical equivalent for the Latin.

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[3] Mills, Barris *The Carmina of Catullus: A verse translation by Barriss Mills* (Purdue University Studies, 1965).

When Catullus writes *"Quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis /Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum"* Mills translates "And when/ you smell it, Fabullus, you'll beg the gods to make you/ all nose." A literal translation means giving a word in English with the same denotation for the Latin word. This is an ideal translation for help in a Latin class.

Now we can compare Mill's translation to Frank Copley's, which focuses on the humor:

> say Fabullus
> you'll get a swell dinner at my house
> a couple three days from now (if your luck holds out)
> all you gotta do is bring the dinner
>   and make it good and be sure there's plenty
> Oh yes, don't forget a girl (I like blondes)
> and a bottle of wine maybe
>   and any good jokes and stories you've heard
> just do that like I tell you ol' pal ol' pal
> you'll get a swell dinner
>   ?
>   what,
>   about,
>   ME?
> well:
>   well, here take a look in my wallet,
>   yeah, those're cobwebs
> but here,
>   I'll give you something too
>   I CANT GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT
>   LOVE BABY
> no?
> well here's something nicer and a little more cherce
>   maybe
> I got perfume see
> it was a gift to HER
>   straight from VENUS and CUPID LTD.
> when you get a whiff of that you'll pray the gods
> to make you (yes you will, Fabullus)
>   ALL
>   NOSE[4]

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[4] Bassnett McGuire, 85.

The first aspect of Copley's translation that catches the reader is the typographical devices; the capitals, the spacing, and the way the poem is set on the page. Additionally, he doesn't shy away from saying "baby" and poking fun at the gods with the "VENUS and CUPID LTD." I find this a very interesting touch. By adding LTD, Copley implies a high end perfume brand. That is a very contemporary reference, which reminds us that we are reading the poem in the twentieth century, and places us in history. It gives us a relationship between this translation and the original, which is a similar strategy to what Slavitt did in the Vergil translations. Just as Slavitt provided a cultural context for Vergil in our society today by giving us a way to read the poem as both a staple in learning Latin and also a poem of loss for the Roman poets, Copley provides us with a way to read this translation as a part of the history of the poem.

These minor additions enhance the poem and Copley skillfully keeps much of the Latin intact. For example, Copley transforms Catullus's "*sed contra accipies meros amores*" and says "I CANT GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT/ LOVE BABY" Copley's translation mirrors Catullus's original. He takes into consideration the time and place of Catullus, the attitude and the spunk. The translation remains a Catullus poem—if one were to read the translation it would be a clear reproduction of Catullus 13, easy to recognize and within Roman context. Copley keeps the names the same, he discusses the gods, and he reproduces the same jokes. However, Copley is also still present within the translation and so is the 1957 American culture specifically the Beat Generation poetry. You can tell that Copley is speaking to a specific population. There is a lot of personality in Copley's text which makes it fun and accessible, like his line "I CANT GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT/ LOVE BABY." Copley manages to stretch the cobweb joke to its

limitations: he paints Catullus as a man who loves good parties, alcohol, and women and has only his charms to take him through life. The attitude comes through even more with the capital letters. We are able to develop a conception of the character that says "BABY" and uses unconventional rhythm and typography.

Copley's translation offers an equivalently funny and edgy rendition of the original. His major strength is in the fresh rhythm. However, his decision to break up the lines in such a way is controversial. Catullus used an organized hendecasyllabic meter which consists of eleven beats. When a Latin poetry reader hears a dactylic hexameter for example, the reader automatically hears a heroic tradition. Similarly, hearing an iambic rhythm that reader would also have associations with invective. In English, we don't really have the same kind of associations with meter. However, English readers do have expectations of genre that a translator can use. By framing the poem within the beat poetry context, Copley compensates for the lack of meter. Although he does not use the same rhythm as Catullus he still manages to place the poem in a genre that suggests to an English reader some of what Catullus has suggested by using hendecasyllables. The result is that he catches more humor of the poem.

Billy Blythe and Finding the Cultural Frame of Reference

Another aspect of translation that a translator can focus on is establishing a cultural frame of reference. This method, or strategy of translating, is shown by a very recent translation of Catullus 16. In this poem Catullus threatens his friends for mocking his poetry. Translating this poem in a formal setting and using archaic or antiquated

words to make the poem seem ancient would be entirely incorrect. It is not at all a formal

or an academic poem; in fact Catullus threatens to sodomize his friends.

> *Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo,*
> *Aureli pathice et cinaede Furi*
> *Qui me ex versiculis meis putastis,*
> *Quod sunt molliculi parum pudicum*
> *Nam castum esse decet pium poetam*
> *Ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est;*
> *Qui tum denique havent salem ac leporem,*
> *Si sunt molliculi ac parum pudici*
> *Et quod pruriat incitare possunt,*
> *Non dico pueris, sed his pilosis*
> *Qui duros nequeunt movere lumbos*
> *Vos, quod milia multa basiorum*
> *Legistis, male me marem putatis?*
> *Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo.*

This poem is so invectively extreme that it is extremely hard to capture in a translation.

What is the voice of Catullus in this poem? Who is he embodying and what does he

portray?

Again, for comparison purposes let's look at a more conservative translation.

F.W. Cornish writing for the Loeb classical library offers a translation which is very

conservative. Cornish has given formal lexical equivalents and has focused on rendering

the word-for-word understanding of the poem.

> I'll bugger you and stuff you, you catamite Aurelius and you pervert
> Furius, who have supposed me to be immodest, on account of me verses,
> because these are rather naughty. For the sacred poet ought to be chaste
> himself, though his poems need not be so. Why, they only acquire wit and
> spice if they are rather naughty and immodest, and can rouse with their
> ticklings, I don't mean boys, but those hairy old 'uns unable to stir their
> arthritic loins. Because you've read of my many thousand kisses, do you
> think I'm less virile on that account? Yes, I'll bugger you and stuff you all
> right! [5]

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[5] Catullus, Gajus et.al. Catullus, Tibullus, and Pervigilium Veneris (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1988).

We can compare this translation to a rap version that was posted on the internet

by someone with a username of "Billy Blythe." The "Billy Blythe" translation is

remarkable for its energy and the depiction of its anger. While Cornish focuses on

reconstructing the language, the Billy Blythe translation focuses on rendering the

aggression.

> I'm gonna fuck you in the ass and make you suck my dick,
> Y'all punk ass bitches Furi and Aureli.
> Time's up, motherfuckers, listen good.
> I'm the new voice in this fuckin' hood.
> I hear Aureli an' Furi been makin' noise
> Sittin' round talkin' shit like little boys
> Sayin' my rhymes ain't fit for a real man
> Sayin' my rhymes ain't down wit' da gangsta plan.
> Maybe I don't wanna always rap about the otha G's.
> I'd ratha get down between yo' sista's knees.
> Sick an' tired of guns, rock, and fightin'
> Pour me my Hennessy and turn low the lightin'
> Getting busy wit' all the bitches on the block
> You still figurin' what to do with you cock.
> So, punks, here's how it breaks down,
> You wanna be big an' break bad here in my town?
> I know that fag Aureli be on the down low
> I know Furi love to give a homeboy a blow.
> You think my rhymes is soft , maybe smooth as glass?
> My rhymes is soft? Well I say so is your ass!
> Punk motherfuckers, betta get ready quick
> I'm gonna fuck you in the ass and make you suck my dick.
> I'll make yo' sisters ride my nine inch fuckstick.
> And then I'll fuck you in the ass and make you suck my dick.[6]

In the opening lines of his translation, Billy Blythe follows the Latin very closely.

"I'll fuck you in the ass and make you suck my dick," are a perfect example of how the

transformation has moved from one language and culture to another. Catullus's line

"*Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo*" is very powerful. He uses the first person and the future,

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[6] Killigan, *Comment Number 41716,*. January 2008,
<http://blogs.guardian.co.uk/books/2007/03/the_supreme_poet_of_spring.html>

and places the "*vos*" the object, right between these two acts of subordination. The way it has transformed "I'll fuck you in the ass" the first part "*pedicabo ego vos*" is faithful to the Latin in that it is forceful. The second part "*and make you suck my dick*" which translates "*irrumabo*" is equally strong. The translation indicates what "*irrumabo*" means and because the speaker says "I'll make you" the translation comes close to illustrating how a Roman would have received a demand for fellatio. The opening is angry, violent and subordinating, like the original.

However, the rest of the translation does not take the same linear approach. Rather the translator attempts to include the essence of the poem in each line. The translator has identified masculinity as the central issue of the poem. He is fighting for his masculine reputation after he has presented softer, more effeminate poetry. But there is a problem in bringing this over into our modern cultural context. Modern concepts of homosexual behavior may not be the same as ancient ones- the modern reader may not understand it as a threat of masculine aggression. Craig Williams explains that a Roman man was only expected to "play the insertive role in penetrative acts, and not the receptive role." [7] So, Catullus is not necessarily trying to comment on any sexual orientation, rather this is about domination and emasculating the object, since to penetrate the object and put him in the receptive position was to violate a certain sexual protocol that existed in Rome. However, we don't have these exact same conceptions today. Thus, the translator compensates for the potential confusion by adding the mention of Hennessy, a typically high end masculine drink. Also, the translator inserts two mentions of the sister, and how he wants to also dominate her. These compensations are particularly impressive since they fit so well within the genre of American rap. By placing the poem

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[7] Williams, Craig *Roman Homosexuality* (Oxford: Oxford University Press: 1999), 18.

into a specific modern idiom, the translator makes it easy for the reader to imagine the tone of voice in which Catullus is speaking. We can perceive the irony, the anger, and the aggressive relationship between the characters.

Much of this translation does fit with Catullus' voice. The invective quality of hip hop and rap seems to be a good form to recreate some of the Catullus poetry**.** The connection between Catullus's invective poetry with hip hop and rap is the casual use of sexual violence. The way rap presents sexual violence is more about power and masculinity than about some kind of sadomasochism. The focus is on the pleasure of being a perpetrator, a very scary concept, but something that many rappers present with casualness. Catullus employs that same mechanism in his invective poetry. The choice of rap as a frame of reference is an elegant way to transfer this poem into a modern context. Catullus has a very strong first person voice which rap can mimic, and rap is really the best option for a genre where the first person voice is so crucially aggressive. This type of intensity is very familiar to rap so the translation from Catullus to rap flows without too much work supplementation: the feelings fit, the intensity fits, the action and violence fits. The rap genre allows for an imaginary world where this type of violence is acceptable to discuss in this manner. Catullus or the speaker has no intention of actually going out and performing these acts of violence, rather the violence is part of an invective world.   The rap context allows the translator to include multiple aspects of the poem.

However, the genre itself has many implications. Rap is a form of expression used primarily by marginalized minorities. It originated in an urban setting and was made popular by urban communities. Even though rap is widely appreciated by many other diverse communities, the genre's roots are distinctly in the Black-American culture.

Much of the voice of rap music fights against societal hierarchies, the rap stars are proclaimed 'overcomers' whose raps emphasize the plights of Black-Americans; the typical rap superstar comes from a "ghetto" neighborhood with a lack of education, surrounded by gang violence and broken homes, all of which the rapper has overcome and now writes and sings about in his or her art. The key issue that the genre raises in translating Catullus is the class and origins of the author. Although Catullus complains of not having enough money to host his own dinner, and jokes about eating dinner at his friend's house, he does not represent the marginalized communities of ancient Rome. His company is quite aristocratic and he suggests in his poems that he takes part in a luxurious lifestyle: prostitutes, friends, wine. Many of the people mentioned in his poetry are known to be members of the upper classes.[8] To equate him to a rapper would be to mislead the audience. Catullus is not a gangster from modest beginnings. He represents mainstream Roman culture. His family was "notable enough to entertain Julius Caesar" and Catullus "himself was wealthy in spite of temporary embarrassments…made friends with fashionable society."[9] Catullus certainly was not on the outskirts of Roman high society- but very much a part of it.

There was a great deal of controversy surrounding Billy Blythe's translation. He had posted it on Wikipedia, but then someone with the username of Alexwoods took down the translation.[10] After Billy Blythe tried to defend his translation, and Alexwoods criticized it, Billy Blythe was eventually banned from ever posting on Wikipedia again. [11]

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[8] Wiseman, T.P. *Catullus & His World*, (London: Cambridge University Press, 1985).
[9] Oxford Classical Dictionary, 175.
[10] Billy Blythe, *Removing Gangsta Rap from Catullus 16*, (15 August 2006) January 2008, <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/User_talk:208.226.153.24>
[11] Wikipedia Administrators, *Archive 129*. January 2008, <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wikipedia:Administrators'_noticeboard/IncidentArchive129>

Although several people commented that Billy Blythe's translation was remarkable in its innovative style and accuracy to the Latin,[12] the translation still seemed, to at least one reader, to not be a legitimate translation.

If, as I suspect, this is because of the vulgarity, then I must disagree. Because Latin poetry is formal, it does not mean that a translation should not be vulgar. Therefore to argue that one cannot curse or be profane in a Latin translation fails to recognize the that an artistic translation in Latin must match the power of the original. When that can be accomplished there can be transcendence in the recreation of the poem. We want the translation to transcend the bounds that we think the original circumscribes; we want the translation to not be restricted by the original. Because we often can translate profanity into euphemism, we can find ourselves translating Catullus's profanity into English euphemisms. A primary obscenity in Latin should be translated as a primary obscenity in English, not a euphemism (a double translation) of the Latin. This is precisely the dynamic equivalence that Nida was explaining when he described "the relationship between receptor and message" which he says "should be substantially the same as that which existed between the original receptors and the message."[13]

Ann Carson and Rendering the Essence

Ann Carson's translations of Catullus's *Carmina,* published in 2000, characteristically focus on a single aspect of each poem. Her book is mostly her own poetry which acts as a framework for her Catullus translations, of which there are only a few in the collection. Carson's translations are less concerned with the linguistic details

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[12] Billy Blythe, *User Talk Catullus* 16, (23 August 2006) January 2008,
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/User_talk:Kgf0>
[13] Nida, Eugene "Principles of Correspondence." In *Toward A Science of Translating* (1964): p 6.

than they are with the attitude and the subject matter. By using interpretation, she

manages to convey the most essential aspects of the poetry.

One of Carson's more interesting choices is to include a translation of Catullus 17.

> *Non (ita me di ament) quicquam referre putavi,*
> *utrumne os an culum olfacerem Æmilio.*
> *nilo mundius hoc, nihiloque immundius illud,*
> *verum etiam culus mundior et melior:*
> *nam sine dentibus est. hic dentis sesquipedalis,*
> *gingivas uero ploxeni habet veteris,*
> *præterea rictum qualem diffissus in æstu*
> *meientis mulæ cunnus habere solet.*
> *hic futuit multas et se facit esse venustum*
> *et non pistrino traditur atque asino?*
> *quem siqua attingit, non illam posse putemus*
> *ægroti culum lingere carnificis?*

To compare Carson's translation to a more complete translation, we can examine Charles

Martin's work from 1979. He chooses a colloquial tone and opts for a casual mood.

> Really, I shouldn't have thought that it made any difference
>   whether Aemilius opened his mouth or his asshole:
> one wouldn't expect to find elegance wafting from either.
>   However, his asshole *does* show greater refinement,
> since it has no teeth. The teeth in his mouth are enormous,
>   set maladroitly in gums of saddlebag leather,
> and when (as he's wont to) he grins, one things of the gaping
>   cunt of a she-mule in heat, pissing profusely.
> He fucks a great many women & thinks himself charming,
>   but hasn't brains enough to walk a miller's donkey.
> Surely the woman who went with him ought to take pleasure
>   in licking clean a sickly old hangman's asshole.[14]

Martin's translation incorporates a lot of the original. He is careful to include an

equivalent for every Latin phrase, he doesn't leave any of the narrative out, and he

provides a very thorough translation. He also attempts to be witty and to capture the

humor and light tone of the poem. In so far as these requirements are concerned,

Martin's translation is very useful. However, while he manages to phrase the poem in

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[14] Martin, Charles *The Poems of Catullus,* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1990).

smooth English, the overall affect is not particularly elegant. The poem doesn't belong to

any recognizeble genre of English poetry and he mixes words like "maledroitly" with

"pissing." The result is unsettling and not effective as poetry.

Ann Carson, unlike Martin, only has one sentence and expects the reader to fill in

the rest of the poem. Carson manages to incorporate a limited version of the original, but

she is able to make the poem seem fresh and funny.

I've been looking up words for "anus" to describe Aemilianus's
Mouth.
Arse.
Ass.
Breech.
Bum.
Butt.
Butt-hole.
Buttock.
Caudal appendage.
Croup.
Crupper.
Dorsal root.
Fundament.
Hindgut.
Posterior opening of the alimentary canal.
Rectal redbud.
Rump.
Umiak.
Withers.
Umiak?
Smell it.[15]

Carson leaves out the narrative completely—but the poem retains Catullus's style. Ann

Carson's is certainly is not a translation, but more a reinvention, even a reduction.

Carson's translation is minimalist, leaves out the extraneous. Carson reduces the poem to

its most distilled version, and it makes me question whether all of what Martin has

included is really quite necessary. Furthermore, the translation is again elegant, and the

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[15] Carson, Ann *Men In The Off Hours,* (New York: Alfred Knopf. 2000).

final product is one that someone may enjoy reading on its own, not as the next best substitute for the original.

The striking difference between Carson's and Martin's translation is the form. Carson's poem takes the form of an alphabetized list rather than a lot of descriptions and metaphors. If the point of the poem is to show how incredibly disgusting Aemilianus's mouth is, that it is worse than a disgusting asshole, or any of these things which Catullus describes, Ann Carson certainly gets the point across simply from her list. She is also spared of having to spell out some uncomfortable metaphors.

One of the most troubling aspects of translating ancient poetry in general is how to make the poem seem both ancient as well as new. Martin's translation does not seem new, it just seems grotesque. Ann Carson takes what Catullus has written and reduced it to its most substantial points and renders the poem in a way that is new for the reader. The way she presents the problem and lists the solution is both witty and innovative. While we are aware that we are reading something that once was Catullus, we are also reading something that is astonishing as a poem on its own. Nabokov would object however. Catullus did not write a list of obscenities, Carson did. Catullus wrote a narrative. So, would Catullus say that this is a translation of his work? Carson herself doesn't even think it's a translation, so much as her own personal take on the poem.

Conclusions

The preceding set of Catullus translation variations helps identify a few issues in translating. The Frank Copley, Billy Blythe and Ann Carson translations are all really different and do very different things with the translations. However, they all have a few things in common. The first issue that all three translators deal with is sacrifice. Each

translator was forced to pick a driving force behind the translation and concentrate on that. The second aspect is that all of these translations fit in with a certain genre. These two similarities are highly correlated. The relationship between the driving force, usually a thematic principle, and the genre is very important. Copley was able to render the humor by using beat poetry, Billy Blythe was able to render aggression and masculinity by using rap, and Ann Carson was able to render the humor and the simplicity by employing a minimalist modern approach. These genres not only possess a symbiotic relationship to the themes that they help to convey, but also they place the translations in a specific place in the history of the poems.

Because the original poems mean different things to different groups of people throughout different times, it is the job of the translator to direct the interpretation in a specific way. It is the responsibility of the translator to decide what aspect of the poem is essential at this particular time for this particular population. Referring back to Housman's take on reading ancient literature, we do not and will not ever actually know what makes these poems so wonderful to the Roman people. We can guess, but we have no real way of knowing why these poems were the ones that lasted until today. Therefore, it is a worthless and impossible task to try and figure out why Catullus's imagery or Horace's allusions were so powerful. The translator's job is to assess what makes the poetry relevant to his or her contemporary readers and then develop that. Arguably, we would not be able to understand the translations fully without these editorial changes. There are aspects of the original that interfere with our understanding of the poetry. The translator makes these poems accessible by transcending the language and the "rules" of translating and literally carries the poem across time and culture.

These poems have lasted two thousand years and over those two thousand years they are represented differently in different contexts: that transformation of understanding and interpretation over time is the essential part of the translating ancient poetry. They speak to a specific generation and to a specific audience. The original is the source which remains unchanged; the translations are the more fluid and changeable aspects which offer us insight in how to receive this unchanging poetry in a constantly changing world.

Chapter 3

In this section, I have explained and defended my choices for translation. Some of my translations are close to the Latin, while others are bolder. I felt the need to explain these decisions in the context of translation theory. Furthermore, these notes should help explain my perspective on the epodes and show why my translations focus on the complex relationships that Horace discusses in his poetry. As you read the translations and the notes, my own analysis of the epodes as an ironic reflection on relationships should become clear. I have tried to present these translations in a historical context: the given political situations, the tumultuous times, the changing perspective on relationships and love.

Epode 1

Epode 1, the first of the collection, can be seen as a kind of introduction or a prologue to the rest of the epodes. The rest of the collection contains some iambic, invective and vulgar imagery. Epode 1 is a poem of friendship and serves as a bridge between the real world and the world of the poem. Horace uses this poem to ground us when we may find that the epodes get too horrifying or depressing. David Mankin, in his commentary on the epodes from 1995, explains the purpose of Epode 1 in relation to the rest of Horace's iambics and the iambic tradition:

> Some have wondered why a poem on friendship should introduce a collection of *iambi*. Besides dedicating the book to Maecenas, it could be intended to recall the importance of friends as the audience and context for early Greek *iambus*. There, too, friendship is defined through contrast with unfriendly or inimical behaviour and tested by moments of crisis…Horace's depiction of his friendship with Maecenas may thus serve as a kind of 'touchstone' for assessing the conduct of the characters, both friends and enemies, in the epodes that follow.[1]

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[1] Horace, *Epodes,* ed. D. Mankin (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1995), 32. ln 11-12

The poem also deals with friendship in the face of war. The context of the war,

the impact of the war, and his loyalty to Maecenas are inextricably linked in

epode 1. Furthermore, the following epodes are so over the top in their attack

quality that to have this much more intimate and lighthearted poem is refreshing

to the reader. It certainly helps to ground the reader after getting through some of

the epodes which are much more intensely depressing.

One problem with accessibility in epode 1 was the mention of the Liburnian ships.

This poem is also very much a political poem. Robert Carubba in his 1969 book about

the collection of the epodes explains that in epode 1 "we have Horace's direct and blunt

protestation of friendship for Maecenas in the setting of Caesar's peril."[2] In this way it is

impossible and unfaithful to the text to ignore the setting of Actium, and the meaning of

Actium throughout the epodes. Throughout the rest of the epodes, the civil war plays a

very important role in tracking Horace's view of the decline of humanity in this era.

Therefore, how do you construct the first reference to the war? The war was a turning

point in Roman history, this much may be known, however, what the war meant to

Horace before, during, and after it, is much more inaccessible to us.

To deal with this, I tried to allude to other parts of the epodes where Horace

mentions the civil war. For much of the time that Horace writes about, the civil war

meant horrible things for his way of life. Even though politically it may have ushered in a

new era, the experience was certainly not one of revolution and freedom, but rather one

of concern and as we can see from the rest of Horace's epodes, even disgust or shame for

his people.

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[2] Robert Carubba. *The Epodes of Horace. A study in Poetic Arrangement.* (The Hague, Mouton 1969). 38

Among the hardest decisions to make was what to include and exclude regarding the metaphors. I would have to say that as a reader the important part of a metaphor is that it gets the sentiment across; it likens one familiar experience to more distant experience and therefore allows the reader to better understand the sentiment. In the first epode, he likens the feeling of being nervous for a friend at war to the way a mother bird feels about her chicks when she's not at the nest. The parallel was very troubling for me because I think it misconstrues the relationship. A modern reader would find that kind of metaphor to be indicative of a different kind of relationship, one that is more complex than what Horace was trying to portray. The point of the metaphor here is to portray both Horace and Maecenas as more sarcastic than serious; the idea of Maecenas going off to war is funny to Horace, neither man is particularly suited for battle. Therefore, in Rome, knowing who Maecenas is and knowing who Horace is, the metaphor is funny and appropriate because it is so unusual to describe a friendship with these terms. As a translator I was at first hesitant to reconstruct the bird metaphor in epode 1 because I worried that it wouldn't be understood. However, I am not trying to disguise Horace's poetry. I decided to expand the metaphor and make it more explicit. I included the phrase "My own baby sparrow" to make it more humorous and bring out the sarcasm in the metaphor.

Another problem I encountered was how to render the story of Chremes the miser. In Horace's time, this was a very well known stock character and stock situation. To solve the problem, I took the name out and instead said "the idiot miser." I thought this was a compromise between a direct allusion to a classical situation and an accessible reference. The phrase "idiot miser" conveys the same to a modern reader what Chremes

means to a Roman. Only the name Chremes carries with it a cultural and even literary

tradition that I have been unable to convey in English.

Epode 2

Epode 2 is the first of a series of the epodes which begins in a certain way

but has a strange ending that turns the poem upside down. The inner dynamics of

this epode are indicative of how Horace continues to lose faith in the human

relationships. Alfius, the character, spends the entire poem day dreaming about

what it would be like to live in the rustic mountains. It seems like it's a beautiful

life, but in the end, Horace tells us that he only forsakes his city career briefly,

and knows that after just a couple of weeks on vacation, he'll return to his

business affairs.

The inner dynamics of Epode 2 are particularly interesting because of the

surprise ending. In his 2003 commentary on the epodes, Lindsay Watson explains

that this epode

> satirizes those who fashionably praise country life in the abstract,
> but have no intention of sampling it personally. Again, in an
> attempt to account for the stark difference in tone between line 1-
> 66 and 67-70, many have posited that Horace tempers at the close
> the enthusiasm which he genuinely feels for the country with a
> characteristic dash of self-mockery, which restores to the whole an
> emotional equilibrium.[3]

Indeed, the turn at the end of the epodes does present a kind of balance to the

enthusiasm that the rest of the poem expresses. However it is much more than

enthusiasm followed by equilibrium. I agree with Watson that the end of the

poem presents a characteristic self-mockery, but it also presents a mockery of

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[3] Watson, Lindsay. *A Commentary on Horace's Epodes*, (New York: Oxford University Press, 2003), 78.

human nature. It is not an uncommon idea to want to move away from the city

and into the country, and constantly finding an excuse not to do so. There is an

element of disillusionment or realization at the end. It serves as an affirmation that

Horace is losing faith in the people around him. This idea is repeated in different

forms throughout the rest of the epodes. In my translation I chose to deal with

this by exploiting the arrangement on the page. I put different voices in different

places on the page to emphasize the change in the poem. So, the narrative about

Alfius moving to the countryside is all the way to the right side of the page, as if

coming from a different voice and at the end much further down on the page,

there are a few lines about how Alfius of course moves back to the city and takes

his loans out again. This is coming from a different voice.

Epode 3

This poem is another one of the poems that has some weird turns. In many of the

epodes, Horace sets up a situation that is later contradicted or made ironic. In this poem

Horace is getting angry at a witch who has given him heart burn, but we later find out

that it was Maecenas the whole time. Immediately he alludes to mythology: Medea who

burned Jason's new fiancé with a poisonous ointment and Hercules's wife who also

poisoned a piece of his clothing. These stories of burning and fire have a very specific

view of evil women which Horace echoes. Even though we find out at the end of the

poem that it was Maecenas who played the joke on Horace, he still is eager to blame a

woman, namely Canidia. I tried to bring out Horace's distrust for women. This poem is

both humorous and serious. It is the first of the epodes to introduce Canidia, the issue of

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women and witches and curses, which will dominate many of the following epodes. I

translated this poem highlighting the issues between Horace and women.

Epode 4

This epode addresses class issues. Horace is getting angry at a freed slave for

acting like a noble citizen. He is wearing gaudy clothing, and acting like a politician.

This poem deals with a tradition of political attacks on the new social mobility in Rome.

Watson explains that "The prevalence of such attacks at this time reflects the confusion

of the Triumviral years, in which it was possible for individuals of humble origins to rise

to positions of prominence. Julius Caesar had admitted the sons of freedmen to the Senate

(Dio 43.47.4)."[4] It is important to realize that this kind of invective was standard for the

time period. Yet, what is doubly important, as Watson points out, is the "need to explain

the disturbing similarities between him [the ex slave] and Horace. The opening couplet

proclaims an implacable antagonism between the two, using as an analogy the proverbial

hostility of wolf and lamb species which are natural (sortito) enemies."[5] Horace wants us

to believe that he is distinct from his enemy, hence he uses the animal analogy. However,

this "expectation is nullified by the discovery of a disquieting convergence between

Horace and his target. The enemy is an ex-slave: Horace was a freedman's son."[6] Again,

the problem is in the power dynamics. Horace is criticizing Rome for allowing this kind

of mobility by attacking a product of this mobility, a slave who has turned into a noble

person. However, Horace himself is a product of the mobility, the son of an ex-slave

who has maneuvered his way into the upper crust of Roman society by writing beautiful

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[4] Watson, 149.
[5] Watson, 150-151.
[6] Watson, 151.

poetry. This is more than self-deprecating: this poem questions the foundations of

Horace's success, the virtues of his country, and the civil strife all at once.

Horace asks us in this poem, what has become of Rome. Horace makes it clear to

us that he is tracking some sort of demise throughout the empire. Beginning with the

slave who can now be a politician, he no longer feels that Rome is the country it used to

be. He is aware of a downward pattern in politics and concludes the poem with an

allusion to civil strife. In one form or another, Horace will ask us again why people are

fighting for Rome, and fighting each other. For this reason, the power dynamics of epode

4 are very important. Horace appears to be criticizing the slave, but really he is

criticizing Rome.

Again, I had to deal with how to include the animals. I felt as though the way

Horace used the image of the wolf and the sheep was a little bit outdated. Indeed, the

wolf and the sheep are important to include because they reappear throughout the

collection, however, the manner in which he uses the image is very difficult to understand.

The metaphor is too lyrical for this type of invective. I'm not sure that that people would

understand anger coming from a poet who is referencing the relationship between a wolf

and sheep. While most people might realize that a wolves always attack sheep, the spirit

of the metaphor is difficult to grasp. Instead, I decided to present the wolf and the sheep

as an accessible joke. The typical American joke starts out "Two guys walk into a bar." I

thought it would bring out the difference between the characters to instead say "A wolf

and a sheep walked into a bar" the way one might tell a joke about "a rabbi and a priest

walk into a bar…" It is a stretch and asks the reader to infer the Horace in that, but I think

it is the only way to maintain modernity in the poem. I thought that being explicit about this joke would signal the irony or the sarcasm in Horace's tone.

Another choice that I made in my translation of Epode 4 is to use of the word "emperor." Of course this is anachronistic because there was no emperor in Rome at this time. I wanted to allude to Hans Christian Anderson's classic <u>The Emperor's New Clothes</u>, which carries a similar theme. I thought this would make up for leaving out or toning down a lot of Horace's allusions.

Epode 5

This epode was among the most challenging to translate. The biggest problem was not the accessibility of references as in some of the other epodes, rather the problem was in the accessibility of the poem as a whole. I did not want the translation to come across silly, yet the idea of a witch kidnapping a little boy is far fetched and easy to be construed as silly. Although I doubt Horace was completely serious with every aspect of Epode 5, it remains that a witch and love potions were actually things that Romans feared. Therefore it is not so easy to construe this poem with an equal amount of fear.

One of the main reasons why the epode was difficult to translate while preserving the scary qualities was because of the economy of Horace's narrative style. It takes him three words to say "misit Thyesteas preces" but it takes us four words to convey "He prayed as Thyestes" and then to explain how this fits in with the rest of the culture is an additional few words. The shift between third person and first person in the Latin is much more elegant. Since the person is included in the verb form, we can see how the speaker changes. In English, this requires an extra explanation and narrative.

I did not completely eliminate the narrative, indeed I kept three voices throughout this poem: the boy, the narrator, and Canidia. However, I did not use quotation marks and instead I just used columns again. The boy was the furthest to the left, then the narrator and then Canidia, such that the narrator comes between the boy and the witch. Also, I think that this form visually shows Horace's construction. The boy speaks, then the narrator, then Canidia, then the narrator again and finally the boy closes. So, Canidia is sandwiched between the two narrations and the boy is on the outer edges.

In order to make the actual language of the poem scary, I chose to simplify. I didn't really use complete sentences, just phrases. I trimmed down each person's speech to the essentials so the pace of the poem is fast and actually sounds like a curse. The lines are so short so you have to read it really quickly, which also makes it sound scary because it's a little hurried.

Epode 6

Epode 6, more than any other epode, is an amazing window into the world of invective poetry. In this poem, Horace tells us what invective poetry is: he uses it as a weapon. The contents of this epode offset epode 1 in a way. While epode 1 warns us that Horace is going to joke around in the epodes, epode 6 reminds us that this invective is also serious. Horace places himself among the great Greek iambic poets, Archilochus and Hipponax. Mankin explains that "it has been suggested that Epode 6, despite its position in the collection, is a kind of 'programme poem' in which Horace indicates his relation to his predecessors and the nature of his own iambus."[7] I think that is a really

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[7] Mankin, 137.

important part of the poem, but I didn't think it could be conveyed to modern readers so instead I didn't name the same people that Horace named.

Mankin tells us there are many images in this poem that are important to the epode collection: "the last image provides a clue for the sequence that precedes it. Since it seems to evoke both the tortured boy of Epode 5 and the murdered Remus of epode 7, it may suggest that this poem is also concerned with curses, vengeance, and civil strife."[8] Bringing out the relationship between poems is also important because linking this poem with other epodes in the collection sets up a similar legacy to what Horace was doing with invective poetry overall.

I agree with Mankin but to bring his point further, the epode is concerned with poetry's relationship to all of these things. What is the role of the poet in civil strife? How effective is Horace in this time of turmoil? Where does an invective poem fall in relation to curses and vengeance? This poem defines for us Horace's vision of iambic poetry, and asks us to look at the rest of his poems in a greater context. The first context is poetry and the second context is Roman politics.

Of course, my challenge was conveying all of this without the distant references. Instead of naming invective poets as Horace does, I simply put in "I'm an invective poet." This simple statement of identification implies, even if the reader may not be familiar with the invective tradition, that the tradition does exist. I changed the dog to a puppy to make it more insulting and demeaning.

My advisor suggested that I allude to Samuel Taylor Coleridge's Kubla Kahn because of the similar image of the poet. My allusion came at the opening line of "Beware!" Again, this sort of compensates for not being able to set up a relationship

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[8] Mankin, 137.

between Horace and previous invective poets in the classical tradition. I was instead able to set a relationship between this translation and similar poems from an English speaking tradition.

Epode 7

The poem gives voice to the horrors of the civil strife. Roman history is very important in this poem because it alludes to the cursed Roman lineage beginning with Romulus and Remus. Horace is telling us that the curse is now coming into fruition. Now in the midst of civil strife, Romans are killing Romans. There is no solace. It is also important that he debases humans below even animals who wouldn't do such a thing.

There are striking parallels between the sentiment in this poem and the sentiments in American culture and politics right now. I intentionally wanted to keep the poem vague in order that the similarities would be a little easier to see. Some people see America now as an international villain and fear some kind of apocalyptic downfall regarding the environment, politics or even food. Horace taps into this fear; a fear of the future. The poem has ominous tones on its own, but read now in the context of twenty-first century Americans, the poem carries an extra weight. I made a very subtle allusion to Emma Lazarus's *The New Colossus* (the poem on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty) when I referred to the crowd that Horace is addressing as "huddled."

Epode 8

I chose to focus on physical sources of Horace's dilemma. The poem presents a scene where Horace, in a moment of sexual intimacy, experiences some trouble in his

ability to perform. In this poem, there are several levels at play that contribute to the tension that I would like to focus on. First, the fictional Horace who is the speaker in this poem would want the readers to believe that he is perfectly able to perform sexually, but the woman he is with is just too unattractive that he cannot help but be repulsed by her. However, this fictional Horace ends the poem by demanding that the woman attempt sex with him anyway, but to use her mouth to try and stimulate him. Although that type of sexual act was considered to be the most debasing for the performer, it remains unlikely that if Horace was so repulsed he would still ask the woman to attempt to enable him by, although humiliating, a sexual act. Perhaps the fictional Horace does have a sexual interest in the woman but is trying to excuse or explain his problem. Secondly, the question remains whether the fault of the impotency lies in Horace or the woman. The answer is unclear. The actual tone of the poem and the invective nature of it suggest that Horace of course is not to blame. The third level, which complicates the situation even further, is the distinction between the Horace speaking in the poem and the actual Horace who decided to write this poem and include it in a collection. If the woman is actually too repulsive for the fictional Horace to perform sexually, why would the actual Horace choose to advertise this mishap? It certainly fits with the way Horace has depicted women throughout the epodes. However, if the fictional Horace is simply trying to cover up his own faults or powerlessness by blaming it on the woman in this very clever and teasing way, the poem presents a very tricky dynamic: the actual Horace has chosen to write and publish a poem where he presents himself as impotent and a little bit silly. So, at the end of this poem, we are left with the dilemma, who has the last laugh? In order to bring out this irony, I just tried to make it obvious. I simplified and explained the

situation a little bit more than Horace and I also asked some of rhetorical questions such as "Can't get it up?" The situation is obviously funny and very confused.

Epode 9

Epode 9 deals with the same issues as before, civil strife and the decline of the Roman civilization according to Horace. Initially, Horace asks us to celebrate and describes the many reasons why we should celebrate. He discusses the various political parties involved in the battle, which we can infer is the battle of Actium. One of the issues that I wanted to focus on had to do with Cleopatra's army and Pompey's army. Horace is trying to show in this poem that their army was less civilized (they used slaves and eunuchs) than the victor's. However, with characteristic irony, Horace asks at the end of the poem, is this victor going to be any better at ruling Rome than before? Is the battle of Actium truly the end of suffering civil strife?

There is another problem in this epode. Watson explains that "No cognizance is taken of the awkward fact that a triumph could not, strictly speaking, be awarded to the victor in a civil war."[9] It is important to realize that Horace must have been aware of this. One of two things could be happening with this problem. Either Horace is affirming that he believes the war is against Cleopatra herself, not a civil war, and therefore a triumph could in fact be awarded; or Horace is drawing attention to the fact that it *is* a civil war and according to Roman tradition there can be no triumph literally and figuratively.

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[9] Watson, 316.

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In relation to epode 1 which is also about the battle of Actium, Carrubba notes that "there is a shift of emphasis. The intimacy and friendship are still present, but whereas in 1 Horace was prepared to go to Actium for Maecenas' sake even as Maecenas himself was prepared to go for Caesar's sake, in epode 9, the relationship of Horace and Maecenas is taken for granted and a victorious Caesar is at the core of the poem."[10] This is a transitional poem as the political poems will increasingly shift towards more skepticism regarding the greater political picture.

To the Roman, the battle of Actium was a seminal event in Roman politics. Every Roman would have a position on the matter and every Roman would be aware of it. However, not every twenty first century American has that perspective. In order to make the poem's politics more accessible, I tried to allude to parts of the Actium story that people would know such as Caesar's victory and the fact that it was against the Egyptians. Instead of naming Cleopatra and being so up front, I decided just to call her an "*Egyptian* woman" because Horace does not name Cleopatra.[11]

Epode 10

One of the few straightforward invective poems of the collection, it was important to me to make this poem really come across as angry. I want to balance the terror with a little bit of humor, the way Horace does. So, I thought it would be a good idea to open the poem with the lines "Stinky, smelly, rancid, rotten egg / Mevius is setting sail

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[10] Carrubba, 37.
[11] Mankin, 166.

today…" The rest of the poem, I tried to create terror using a lot of "s" sounds, for instance "Spray the sea salt on his rough face."

There is only one allusion that might be difficult and that is the reference to Ajax after the Greeks left Troy. I included a brief summary of the myth, enough to get the picture. It spells out something that Horace did not spell out himself. I think the reference itself has such gravity the explanation only enhances its impact.

An interesting part of the power dynamics in Epode 10 is the fact that Horace leaves out the cause for his curse. Horace would not curse Mevius simply for being smelly, would he? The fact that the poem is so purely invective and likewise so mysteriously so is important in the translation. I wanted to preserve these qualities as much as possible: keep the poem angry, mysterious and uncomplicated.

Epode 11

Epode 11 is a very revealing interpersonal love poem. I was inspired to translate channeling a little bit of Frank Copley's attitude towards Catullus. There is an element of humor and self-mockery and an awareness of the ridiculousness and cheesiness of the circumstance that I think is very appropriate for this poem.

One of the biggest problems I faced in this poem was what to do with the two different gendered love interests. At first, the poem describes Horace's past feelings for Inachia. These feelings were unrequited leaving Horace completely crushed. Here again, Horace chooses to put himself down and paint himself as a

victim of bad luck in love. There is another twist though, and that is that Horace ends the poem describing his love for a boy.

Unfortunately, there is no really accurate way to depict this. Ancient Rome did not have the same kind of sexual labels that we have in our society.[12] Horace would not be categorized as a bisexual, in fact, homosexual relationships in ancient Rome were not unusual. As long as the speaking male is the dominant sexual partner then there is no shame involved. There is also no sexual confusion. Horace is attracted to the same things a woman as he is attracted to in a man, therefore why should gender matter to him? It is just that he has fallen for a boy, he is not trying to shock us or throw the readers off balance with the introduction of the boy.

In translation, no matter how I was to introduce the boy, a modern reader would have to be alarmed by the boy. I looked to the Copley style translation to help remedy this. I thought the bold emotions would help calm the reader by trying to show that since Horace is completely comfortable and not confused by the boy's presence, the reader should not be.

Epode 12

In this poem, Horace again places himself in a compromising sexual circumstance. Once again he is with a woman and finds himself having trouble performing up to her standards. The situation is highly provocative. First of all, Horace defends himself again by criticizing the woman, who actually doesn't accept his defense but puts him down even further. Another important part of this

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[12] Williams, 18.

epode is that the sexual roles are reversed. The woman has solicited Horace as a sexual partner, not the other way around.

One of the challenges in this poem was how to deal with the dialogue. I completely reshaped the poem in order for it to make sense. The narrative in Latin works very beautifully in the original. Horace seamlessly introduces the woman's voice in the second half and gives her the last word. However, that kind of narrative seems contrived and overdone in English. In order to solve the problem, I had two columns. The left column represents Horace's thoughts or his part of the dialogue while the right column represents the woman's part of the dialogue.

I thought it was very important that Horace wanted to give the woman the last word in the poem. The power dynamic is very confused. Horace writing the poem is putting down Horace and inventing a character who should be beneath him, who is instead putting him down. This epode brings up the power problem; who is the invective against exactly? Is Horace getting mad at himself for not being up to par? Or, is he giving the woman a voice to put him down? Or lastly, is he using his own flaws to highlight other people's flaws? I think it is a combination of all of these things. In this epode, nobody looks good. Neither character is in the power position. Neither character has the power over the other, each is subordinated by each other.

Epode 13

As in Epode 9, Horace blends celebration with worry. I found that this poem was the most timeless of all the epodes. Horace asks his friends to rejoice and drink and have a good time, because the future is not certain. He doesn't even know if what he is celebrating is worthy of a celebration. Watson explains that "One reading might be defined as cautiously optimistic, the other as pessimistic, or at least as urging resignation in the face of unalterable destiny."[13] The highlight of the poem, the comparison to Achilles meeting his destiny in Troy, sheds light on what it is that Horace fears. Achilles knew that he was going to meet his doom in Troy, so Chiron the centaur told him while he's there to try and drink with friends as often as possible, because facing his destiny would get too be too intolerable.

Horace is not trying to equate himself with Achilles meeting his destiny. He is just trying to show that the future will bring a sad destiny, but now is the time to celebrate, maybe to curb anxiety. All Horace can do to combat the depression is to try and avoid it with his friends. This poem may involve the strongest feelings of the demise of the Roman civilization and the most uncertain, pessimistic view of the future.

One of the reasons why I find this poem so relevant today is because this feeling of helplessness and depression is much better defined today. As Horace faces the civil discord and his own personal anxiety regarding the future, we are facing a troubling time in American history. The political comparison is extremely important. Horace presents himself prophetically in the poem,

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[13] Watson, 421.

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foretelling ruin in the near future. The same feeling of frightful collapse

regarding American politics exists today, and therefore it was very important to

me in my translation to keep the references vague and open to interpretation. I

want the reader to be able to fill in the blank – after the reading the poem the

reader would be able to associate the feeling to a particular moment in their own

lives.

Epode 14

In this translation I chose to focus on the irony of this poem. Again there are so

many layers contributing to the sophistication of this topic. On the basic level, Horace is

writing a love poem. Yet, the love poem is actually not at all about love, and it is actually

all about the poetry. I find that indirectness to be somewhat humorous since in the Latin,

Horace laments his inability to finish poetry because of love—yet the topic is his inability

to finish the poetry, not his love for the woman. In lines 7-9, Horace actually names the

iambics, which is the collection we are reading, and he also refers to physical

characteristics of the book that the reader is reading out of:

> *Deus, deus nam me vetat*
> *Inceptos olim, promissum Carmen, iambos*
> *Ad umbilicum adducere.*

In fact he does not even mention the word love at all. The irony in the poem is twofold:

Horace is writing a love poem dedicated to Phryne, but Phryne has a very small actual

role in the poem; secondly Horace is writing a poem about the inability to write poetry,

yet he is writing the poem. There is a chasm between the actual power dynamic occurring

and the power dynamic that Horace is presenting. We are faced with the same problem,

why has Horace chosen to present himself as a weakened victim when clearly he has not been weakened at all?

I put the poem in a more casual verse form and wanted to highlight the referentiality. I picked up on those aspects in the lines "Now, I can't even write this poem! /Look, see! I'm barely getting the words on the page!" One of the more ironic aspects is that not only is Horace complaining about not writing poetry, and he is in fact writing poetry, he is writing good poetry, so I wanted to bring out that irony with the lines "Wrote ridiculous rhythms randomly / Placed pauses in his imperfect poetry!" The last line ends with the word "*macerat*" which Mankin explains means soak or drench, but "may also be felt here as a contrast to the earlier fire imagery…alluding to the idea of love as something 'liquid' or 'liquefying.'"[14] This word carries some sexual connotations, and maybe Horace means it in a debilitating way. The word may imply an arousal, or at least an effect. The last line has a similar impact. "She makes my once wet pen run dry."

Epode 15

Epode 15 was especially difficult to render in English because of two aspects: it was difficult to make the poem an effective an interesting poem, and it was difficult to render the situation. In order to keep with the tradition of love elegy that this poem is a part of, I wanted to try and put it into a sonnet form. Here is what I came up with:

> It was dark and cold, but with you in my arms
> The moon beaming at us, you made a false vow
> It was warm, and the stars were shining like charms
> Our love was to last as long as the wolves chase the cow
> And lonely ships get lost at sea. But now- it is done.
> If yours truly is a man at all, sure he could not endure

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[14] Mankin, 234.

Your adultery, and angrily, he would seek a new one
But still, any new rival of mine will tire of your lure.
Even if he's got fuller pockets, and a prettier face
Is superior to me in all ways but just this-
That you'll break his heart too in this particular case
And then dear sweet Neaera, worthless will be your kiss.
You'll see me laughing as you both weep,
And that chilly image is what calms me as I sleep.

I was not happy with this version. The rhymes seem overpowering, almost sing-songy. The words and the poem is hidden by the abrasiveness of the rhyme. In this way, the sonnet was unsuccessful. However, it did give me a lot of insight into how form moves and changes across languages. I then decided to try and construct the poem without the rhyme. This way was more successful, but I wanted to capture the beauty of the way Horace wrote it in the Latin. I focused on the final words of lines and tried to make them strong simple words in order to convey the coldness of the situation.

Epode 16

The first issue I'd like to address in Epode 16 is its relationship to Vergil's Eclogues 1 and 4. In the epode, Horace laments the civil strife in Rome. Vergil, in Eclogue 1, points to Octavian as Rome's savior, but presents the very complex and very sad issue of land reallocation.[15] In Eclogue 1 lines 67-73, Meliboeus discusses what will happen to his flock after he leaves. This particular passage is highly connected to Epode 16 in wording and theme:

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[15] Vergil, *Eclogues,* ed. R. Coleman (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003) 150. Coleman suggests 40-39 BC for the dating of Eclogue 1 while Mankin pg 244 suggests 36 BC as well as 42 BC. There is a possibility that Eclogue 1 was written before or after Epode 1, thus it is uncertain as to whether Horace could be directly referencing Vergil's work. However, for the purpose of the analysis I'm going to assume that the two poems were more or else contemporaries and that regardless of when the poems were circulated throughout Rome Vergil and Horace were both aware of each other's subject matter.

en umquam patrios longo post tempore finis
Pauperis et tuguri congestum caespite culmen.
Post aliquot, mea regna, videns mirabor aristas?
Impius haec tam culta novalia miles habebit,
Barbarus has segetes. En quo Discordia civis
Producit miseros. [16]

Oh, will it ever come to pass that I'll
Come back, after many years, to look upon
The turf roof of what had been my cottage
And the little field of grain that once was mine,
My own little kingdom. Have we done all this work
Upon our planted and fallow fields so that
Some godless barbarous soldier will enjoy it?
This is what civil war has brought down upon us. [17]

Vergil is addressing the issue of returning to his homeland to which he is so emotionally attached and to see how it has been changed by barbarians. Thus while Vergil's characters lament the end of their pastoral life and are literally forced out of their own paradise, Horace chooses to address the actual necessity to desert one's land before the "*barbarus heu cineres insistet victor et urbem/ eques sonante verberabit ungula*."[18]

Furthermore, the idyllic landscape that Horace illustrates in the second portion of his poem is in fact very Vergilian to me; specifically it relates to Eclogue 4.[19] He mentions the idea of "*refertque tenta grex amicus ubera*," recalling an image of pastoral landscape that Vergil often described. Horace's lines 43- 66 seem to respond directly to Vergil's Eclogue 4 lines 18-24 where he addresses a young boy and describes the future of Rome:

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu
Errantis hederas passim cum baccare tellus
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho.
Ipsae lacte domum referent distenta capellae

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[16] Vergil, (ed. Coleman).
[17] Ferry, David, *The Eclogues of Virgil,* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2000), 9.
[18] Horace (ed. Mankin) ln 11-12
[19] Mankin addresses the idea that Epode 16 and Eclogue 4 have been considered link pg 244

> *Ubera nec magnos metuent armenta leones;*
> *Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.*[20]
>
> Dear child, there will be new little gifts for you,
> Springtime valerian, and trailing ivy,
> Egyptian beans, and smiling ancanthus, all
> Poured out profusely from the untilled earth.
> The goats will come back home all by themselves
> Without being called, their udders full of milk;
> The browsing herds will have no fear of lions;
> Your cradle will be a cornucopia
> Of smiling flowers blossoming around you;[21]

Where Vergil foresees a golden age, Horace foresees destruction and terror. However, Horace ends the poem in agreement with Vergil in that there will be an escape for the pious people, and evidently the escape lies in the pastoral landscape that is represented in Vergil's poems. The escape is into poetry.

Horace is attributing the civil strife in Rome to no outside contagion, but in fact to Romans themselves. He suggests that the Romans are unnatural; no animals have the intense civil war and bloodshed as do the Romans. However, he is also giving the Romans a back handed compliment. If no other civilization could destroy Rome, but Romans could, aren't the Roman's the greatest civilization in the world? Indeed there is a problem that Horace is presenting: although it seems trite put into simple terms: with great strength comes great vulnerability. Just as we have seen the power shifting between individuals in Horace's other epodes, here Horace depicts a situation where vulnerability and power come from the same entity shifting back and forth to create destruction. In this sense this poem is essential to seeing the progression of power transformation and perception in the epodes.

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[20] Vergil (ed. Coleman).
[21] Ferry, 31.

In my translation I wanted to emphasize the paradoxical nature of Rome's situation. The line "Rome has conquered…Rome" brings out that tension. I also wanted to make explicit the allusions to Vergil, hence the mention of the "Vergilian landscape." In the original Horace tells us that there is an escape, he says "*secunda vate me datur fuga.*" The escape for Horace and for the Romans was into poetry. I want to keep that isolated for the Romans. That was poetry for Horace and for his readership. For us, escape could be very different. So, I wanted to keep Horace distant in that last line and instead of using the first person I called Horace by his name and kept him in the third person.

Epode 17

This is the final poem of Horace's collection and brings up several issues. In the fictional setting of the Epodes, epode 5 and 17 respond to each other, and the result is very troublesome. In epode 5 the young boy promised that he would torture Canidia for her wrongdoings, and haunt her until she was completely defeated. However, at the end of the epodes, Canidia does not seem defeated at all. The boy's promise appears to have gone unfulfilled. She is still practicing her evil witchcraft and her victims are unavenged. Yet, even though Horace is submissively begging for release from her spells, Canidia refuses in lines 56-59 because she sees herself as the victim:

> *inultus ut tu riseris Cotytia*
> *Volgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis,*
> *Et Esquilini pontifex venefici*
> *Impune ut urbem nomine impleris meo*?

So, Canidia refuses to release Horace from her spells because he has spread rumors about her and mocked witchcraft. The rest of the poem describes Canidia's revenge against

Horace's mockery much in the way the end of Epode 5 described the boy's triumph over Canidia. Moreover, the discordance of the fictional Horace and the actual Horace presents itself again. The fictional Horace has been defeated and broken by Canidia and in this poem he has debased himself in begging for his freedom from her. Yet the actual Horace has just finished a collection of poetry. Again, on a deeper analysis, Canidia seems unwilling to take back her spells because she still wants more revenge on the fictional Horace.

One of the major changes I made was to include a parenthetical reference to Varus, the man that Canidia pursuing in Epode 5. I wanted to make the link to Epode 5 more explicit. In Epode 5, Varus represents one of Canidia's failures as a witch, so in Epode 17, when ostensibly Canidia has defeated Horace without any doubt, we are reminded that Canidia is not as powerful as this fictional Horace or Canidia would like us to believe. With the inclusion of these parenthetical references to Varus, the reader can see a narrative developing.

Another huge issue for me was deciding how to end the collection. I wanted to leave the collection in the most ambiguous terms, as Horace would have liked. Instead of ending with a question, which is how I originally had the poem, I ended with the word "Poet" taking up the entire last line. I thought this was an interesting way to end it because it draws attention to the fact that Canidia has the last word, but also draws attention to the translation itself. I do not know which poet I am referring to, Horace himself, the Horace he writes about, or maybe even myself as the translator, but regardless I thought it was a very Horatian way to conclude the poetry.

Epode 1

Friend, Maecenas, off you go
You Navy Seal, to fight Caesar's enemies
Who split Rome into two—its people
Are fighting one another on the decks—
You among them, alone, in Caesar's defense.

But what about me?
Should I go on, pursuing pleasure, less pleasurable alone?
My pleasure would tell me instead to follow you
The rocky peaks of the Alps
The unwelcoming Caucausus…
The furthest bays in the West…

You ask what good am I?
I can't win a war, or fight an enemy,
I'd much prefer to rest with wine and poetry.
I am scared of battles and I find shields heavy.
Well, I probably wouldn't win the war for you,
But at least I'd be calmer at your side.

When a mother bird leaves her nest,
She is plagued by the thought of a snake
Crawling towards her chicks.
A fear evaded when she's there to see.
I would fear for you, Maecenas
My own baby sparrow.

If you can go, I can go, and
If you go, I will go.
Not for more money, oh my patron.
Not for more oxen, nor a villa.
I have no need for any more wealth
Which I'd no doubt squander like
The idiot miser who buries his fortune.

Epode 2

Happy is he who lives far away from business
Commerce, troubles and worry
He tills his father's field, free from interest rates
And free from the blaring trumpets,
That wake the soldier in deep sleep.
Unaware of the angry sea that might
Envelop mercantile ships.
He stays far away from the debates at the forum
And the haughty people of the city
Instead, he lives at peace, in this
World with no excess, no want for anything
A Golden age today…

He gazes as the vines grow long
On the tall trees in the field
Or, in a valley, he gazes at the wandering lamb
Nibbling with ease in his Vergilian landscape
Then in Autumn, he picks the fruits
And rests under an oak as his eyes
Drift to sleep to the sound of the crashing water
On the river banks.

He can press his honey, at his own leisure.
Thick: he'll slowly pour it into a clay vase
And save it for months, rejoicing in sweetness
Made sweeter because it was his own.
And he'll shear his sheep, whose
Fleece is soft for a blanket
When the weather blows a chill.

His garden will blossom grapes, and
Fresh herbs, flowers and leaves
And he will praise the garden god
For his fortune, this different kind of fortune.

Winter soon brings in rain and snow
 Time to hunt and trap
Chase, capture the game is his.
His loyal dogs surround the boar
Fresh pheasants supply a feast.

He easily forgets the love of evil women
Because there a modest women lives
And cares for her family, as she cooks

A meal with nothing bought.
Perhaps a Sabine woman, sunburned
From the fields, she works alongside
Her hunting husband. At home she
Keeps the hearth, a wood fire
Warming and crackling

You could not name a delicacy
Shellfish, exotic meat, foreign wine
That he would trade in place of the
Fresh olives that he plucked from the branch

And the chance to dine and rest
As he watches his sheep
Graze the field, chewing on grass
In a hot summer sky.
He, tired too, like the oxen with the
Plowshare hanging on their necks,
Falls into sleep, as peaceful as his day.

With the thought of this in his mind, Alfius
The investment banker with his grey hair
Decided to call in his loans on the Ides
But on the Kalends, he will seek again to put them out.

Epode 3

Ughhhhh Maecenas
Stomach, chest, fire
Piercing, exploding
Too spicy, too hot
Explosion!

Indigestion…

I'm burning like I've never burnt before…
It's a woman, indeed, it is Canidia
Witchery!

Did Canidia cook this food?
She's a goddamn Medea, smoothing Jason's
New girl over with that shit I ate…
And Hercules's wife who burned off his skin
Do they make all women read a handbook on how to
Torture men? Or is it just *these* women?
Who punish us for nothing, and then take off
Like a dragon, a winged serpent.

Maecenas, you really outdid yourself
If you try this out again,
I'll make it so the best girl you can get to kiss you
May actually be Canidia!

Epode 4

You've got to be a joke
Did you hear that one?
You know, a wolf
And a sheep walked into a bar…

Nice new clothes
Such fancy silk
Imported no doubt…
Only someone who came from low
Circumstance, nouveau riche
Could possibly want to put that on
You may have an emperor's newest clothes
But no matter what, you're still a slave
You can't hide those scars on your back.

What is Rome now?
I know it used to be a country made of citizens
Worth defending for freedom.

But now, why fight for this?
When fighting for this only means debasing it further
With the likes of you…
A slave then, now a politician.

Epode 5

Who are you lady?
Your eyes are piercing me like
Lasers, are you
Some kind of evil step mother?
But you are worse, worse
You would have stolen babies
Killed babies—

        Trembling lips
        Facing the woman, or witch
        Canidia, Medusa-like
        Hair intertwined with vipers,
        Vipers hissing, she's
        Digging weeds from gravestones
        Cypress plants for
        Funerals, blood and
        Owl feathers, frog's eggs,
        A bone ripped away
        From a gnawing dog, hungry.

        The boy to be killed?
        The ditch outside
        Almost his size
        His chin would stick out of the ground…
        His liver would be dried out…
        His marrow, cut…
        For a love potion for Canidia.

        Canidia, gnawing
        On her dark, dirty finger nail,
        Called Hecate—

                Turn your anger
                On my enemy, tired
                Woman beast
                Hidden in the frightful forest with
                Sweet sleep,
                Stop the dogs barking at adulterers
                Drenched with perfume
                My best perfume
                Inferior though to Medea
                Killed her
                Woman enemy

Poison
With a garment soaked in
Poison- and ate the bride
In fire. Could I be so powerful?

Ah, he must walk unbound
From a witch more knowledgeable
Will he return to me?
I'll pour out a stronger cup
For you. You will
Not fail to burn
With my love, dark and black
Pitch black like burnt ashes—

The boy trembles
Shaking
No soft words
To soothe him
He prayed as Thyestes—

Human revenge
The most powerful curse to
Drive at you
When I let out my last breath
About to perish
I will meet you in the night
Cold, and pale, as a ghost
I will rest above your face with
Claws as you close your eyes
And as your heart gently
Beats in your chest
I will bring you terror and
Fear so even in sleep
You can find no rest
You will be bruised
And after wolves and winged
Creatures tear your corpse
Into pieces…pieces…

Epode 6

Beware!
You scavenging little dog, you
Bark at scraps of food left
For beggars on the streets.
You've got a big bark—it
Sounds loud and violent to everyone
But a wolf, a wolf wouldn't flinch at that
Sound of your yelp.
You bark at what can't bark back.

Well, puppy, bark at me
I'd bite you and you'd run.
I'm an invective poet.

Beware! Beware! My arsenal is full with
Words like bull's horns
Charging, chasing.

You don't think for a minute,
That if someone were to bother me,
I'd just sit around and let it happen?
Like a crying little boy
In the face of a black toothed witch…
Do you?

Epode 7

Criminals- you hold a sword again
Tight in your right hand, the metal cold
Glistening, to defend (to lose) still more Latin blood.

Not to ignite the city of Carthage
Not to march in Britain.
War caved in, Rome caved in.
Rome will be ashes after its own flame.

A mass city suicide?
We choose death, before dishonor.
But we choose death, ourselves.
Lions and wolves would not kill their own,

But we do.
Romans kill their brothers, as
Romulus killed Remus

Tell me, you huddled crowd, blind, stupid…
Where—which of us is the enemy?

Epode 8

Repulsive.

I'll tell you, old lady, it is not me
That's the problem.
Your wrinkles are like deep tilled rows in the ground
But yours pour forth no sustenance, only ugliness.
Oh dear, your 'experience' has caused some problem,
You seem to be leaking from behind…
Like some old pig playing with its bum in the mud…
Now how can you wonder why that repulses me?
Can't get it up?
No. It is not me, it is you who are insufficient: unable
To make me able!
Now, I'm sure you'll have a fine life,
At least you'll have a nice funeral if not a life itself.
But here we are old woman, and as you know by now,
My desire has abandoned me at the sight
Of your wrinkled belly, so, if you want
Any sort of rouse from me
You're going to have to do it yourself,
And please, with your mouth.

Epode 9

When, Maecenas, will we let the wine
Fill our cups, our friends' cups, and raise
Our glasses in celebration of Caesar's victory?

We would drink the finest wines
And play the most exotic tunes.
A party to be remembered, like
The one we had, not so long ago
When Octavian defeated that
Self-proclaimed son of Neptune
Who fought with a troop of slaves…
Certainly no son of a god at all.

We have something to celebrate
For Rome threatened by the yoke of
A woman, an *Egyptian* woman
With her *Egyptian* ways
Who fought with an army of eunuchs…
We escaped that travesty!

It calls for a Triumph
A golden throne for this victor…

But what victor?
No hero like the one who rose against Jugurtha
Or the one who returned from Carthage
Triumphant and glorious.

This victor doesn't wear purple;
Instead, he wears sorrow and grief.
And now he sails somewhere
Against the wind.

So bring me a larger glass, and I'll fill it up
To the rim this time, maybe with
Something stronger, something more potent…

This victor has come to us from a
Bloody path, and he may bring more
Blood with him tomorrow…

Epode 10

Stinky, smelly, rancid, rotten egg
Mevius is setting sail today…

fNow, winds wind up, wrap around
And tangle up this putrid person.

Whip him with your force
Spray the sea salt on his rough face

Engulf his ship and body
Snap the boat in pieces

Then, let the night go black
And those trusty stars that

Skilled sailors use to guide
Fade into winding darkness

He'll meet the choppy ocean that
The Greeks met after Troy,

And the lightning bolt that chased
Ajax, the rapist, from the sea.

Go Mevius, pray, pray to Jupiter
Jupiter who doesn't care for you

You can howl and cry and beg
But still you'll meet your doom

In the cold angry waves
Growling in pain, spewing back

The shrieks of the men
It has swallowed up before…

And as seagulls gnaw on your
Rotting body, your flesh will blacken

On the shore, washed up
Dead, dark, in pieces

And when I see the remnants of your
Sorry life, your worthless death

I'll make gift of a lamb or a lusty goat
To the gods of the storm.

Epode 11

Pettius, Pettius, Pettius, my friend Pettius
Again, I've been captured by that terrible
Wicked, magnetic thing—LOVE!

And to me its my **kryptonite**, a real
Silver bullet, that hits me right in my core
I am like no other man in LOVE

I dance on a cloud and yearn for the soft
Touch of a young boy, and the sweet gaze
Of a young girl…

No- I do not even want to write anymore
This poem itself is annoying
I wish instead I could be with her…

Not since Inachia did this feeling seize me so
I was a mess, a drunken, mess of a man in love
With a bad woman.

I was the butt of every joke—I was unable
To work, to speak, or to make any sense
All I could do was drink and drink more.

You'd try to stop me, when I'd
Go to her door at night
Hoping to get in…

But I still went, and the door was
SHUT CLOSED
EVERY SINGLE TIME.

But now it's a young man who has my heart
And no matter how many times he refuses my advances
We will always have some kind of heat

Smooth skin, long hair
Pulled back or on the shoulders
Pinkish lips. Anything goes with me…

Maybe though, if some young girl
Came between us…
Or some other good looking guy?

Epode 12

What is it that you think you are doing?
You must know that your love letters
Your talk of what you may do with me
Your desperation, is not getting you anywhere.

> You are not so weak for Inachia.
> I've heard you through the walls o
> Once, twice, three times in a single night!
> You could have fooled me though!

You might do better if you'd try on a guy with
No nostril to smell you
No eyes to see you
And no hands to feel you…

> It was really Lesbia's fault
> She sent you to me, when I asked
> Instead for the kind of man
> I am used to.
> You're a bit of a disappointment, Flaccus—
> Horace.

I mean, you are so sweaty, and so smelly
Your wrinkled body is not at all
Making it possible for me to get started
Your flaccid hanging skin; and my flaccid hanging…

> I have had some legendary lovers
> Like Amyntas who never showed himself
> soft
> Instead, he was stiff and strong, and big.
> And never let down, in any way.

Ahem?

> I bought a new dress and new shoes
> With high heels and a peep toe!
> And still, you run from me, scared and
> stupid
> Like a dumb goat, away from a strong lady
> lion.

Epode 13

Grey ice and rain in sheets
Coming down over us.
Come around, everyone
And see if we can't find some solace.

Let's grab onto that grey sky. Now
We still can, while we still carry
Strength in our arms and legs…
Reach up and grab onto that grey sky

Someone get my fine old wines
We won't talk of the collapse
And maybe some grace will
Bring us back to simpler times

We'll burn a candle and delight
In good music, and lift
Our heavy hearts, and break away
From the present dread, and the coming turmoil.

Before Achilles met his destiny
That final battle in Troy
His teacher told him to greet it
With wine and laughter.

So I say the same to you now—
Comfort yourself, your friends
With something good to drink,
Something else to talk about.

Epode 14

Maecenas—I'm struggling, and you ask why?
Please stop doing that.
I'll tell you now, it is simply a divine love that has taken hold of me.
Now, I can't even write this poem!
Look, see! I'm barely getting the words on the page!
Love has thwarted poets before you know, and
I wouldn't want to be like Anacreon who
Wrote ridiculous rhythms randomly
Placed pauses in his imperfect poetry!
I have higher standards for my iambics, and
As you can see, I'm completely distracted.
Even when I try to write poetry, the poem isn't about
Poetry, it's about this woman who has kidnapped me!
Well, you should understand Maecenas, you being in love too.
But my love for Phryne is unlucky all around
And she will never be content with just one man.
She makes my once wet pen run dry.

Epode 15

The night was dark, you and I were wrapped together
The moon beamed down a bright light
We made a promise that we would love
As long as wolves pursue the sheep
And lonely ships get lost at sea.

If I am a man at all, Neaera, I could not endure
Your adultery, and I would move on too
This new rival with you will tire of you soon
Even if he's got fuller pockets, and a prettier face
Is superior to me in all ways but just this—

You'll ruin him when you cheat him like the rest.
You'll keep up the process as long as you can
You are worthless, worth nothing,
You betrayed me and so I move on.

Epode 16

In this next generation of
Apocalyptic discord, with
My people, countrymen,
It is now clear that Rome
Has conquered all.
Rome has conquered…Rome.

No, the Marsians could not
Rip down our walls
Porsena's Etruscans tried
And failed…
Capua, also utter failure
Neither Spartacus, nor the Allobrox
Had even hovered near domination
The terror of Hannibal might be
A blessing compared to the terror
Of the Romans.

This triumph? Our power?
Celebration—no, not that.

Animals with no masters, just animals
Primitive, will shit on our beloved lands.

Barbarians will till our soil
Scattered with our bones
The ashes wiping out the memory…

Remember Meliboeus? Abandon our homes.
This would be our oath to never return
Until the mountains thunderously fall to the sea
And the deer and tiger are forced together to mate.

We can find a place, encircled by ocean
Blessed fields, onward and westward
where the earth, untilled pours forth wheat
Vines, ungrafted, spring up grapes and
Olives and figs are permanent ornaments on their native branches,
Honey will drip from the hollow trees just as water
Leaps down the mountain with a splashing foot
A cascade into a rivulet
There in that place, farmers browsing pastures

Just as Melibeous and Tityrus had done

While the sheep take themselves to be milked with those
Vergilian stretched udders.

There will be no witch, no Canidia, no criminal in this land-
This ideal place, where no myth nor hero has ventured.

But, we will find this land!
Just as the Golden Age was ruined to bronze, soon too
Will bronze degenerate into iron.

Horace gave us this place to go
This poem to read
This escape from the end.
And so the pious people of Rome read.

Epode 17

Finally my last iambic—and what a journey it was!
My hair is white and my skin is sallow
My body is bony and weak
And why? Because of you, evil Canidia!
You probably faked all your childbirths.
Ah you, so powerful, as we've said over and over,
You're like Medea, or Circe, or Hecate, or Persephone
And yes, we know by now…
You are able to call down the stars from the sky itself
But please, you great supreme lady of power,
Reverse this spell!
I'm a shell of a man because of your
Oh-so-potent perfumes…
(I heard about Varus, better luck next time, I guess you win some, you lose some)
I can't sleep or think or write my poetry
My days press on my nights and my nights on days.
What more can you take from me Canidia?
Name your price; I will pay any penalty for my freedom from these spells.
Shall I sing your praises?
Here I will try:

>You lovely beautiful woman of
>Modesty and soft words
>You blush at any mention of your beauty
>And what a beauty it is!
>Ah! And your resilience, just after child birth, you spring up
>From your blood soaked sheets—twins? Triplets!?
>You're husband is a lucky man, your values of family
>And womanliness are unparalleled, my dear woman.

How's that?

>Oh Horace, save your praise
>For someone who cares.
>You called me a witch, and maybe worse
>And spread my blackened name around the city.
>All because I put a couple crippling spells on you-
>How could you?
>You, Horace have been conquered, and now a
>Slow creeping death awaits you, a fate far worse
>Than you desire.
>Your life,
>Tormented by unfaithful lovers

(I hope you realized that Phryne affair was strictly my
doing)
Tormented by your poetry
Tormented by Roman politics,
Will go on steadily and miserably.
Tantalus, Prometheus, Sisyphus,
These punished souls, pray only for a rest
But you will pray for death
As you fantasize about
Piercing your chest
By thrusting yourself off a
High tower onto a steel sword.
You aren't that heroic.
You'll try to hang yourself, in vain, too weak
To tighten the noose.
But I, triumphant, a cavalier
Will ride you, my horse.
You are right; I can draw down the stars and the moon
From the heavens
And I can make strong potions too (shut up about Varus)
I will conquer you,
Poet.

Appendix[1]

Epodes

EPODON Q. HORATII FLACCI LIBER

I

Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium,
    amice, propugnacula,
paratus omne Caesaris periculum
    subire, Maecenas, tuo:
quid nos, quibus te vita sit superstite
    iucunda, si contra, gravis?
utrumne iussi persequemur otium
    non dulce, ni tecum simul,
an hunc laborem mente laturi, decet
    qua ferre non mollis viros?
feremus et te vel per Alpium iuga
    inhospitalem et Caucasum
vel occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum
    forti sequemur pectore.
roges, tuom labore quid iuvem meo,
    inbellis ac firmus parum?
comes minore sum futurus in metu,
    qui maior absentis habet:
ut adsidens inplumibus pullis avis
    serpentium adlapsus timet
magis relictis, non, ut adsit, auxili
    latura plus praesentibus.
libenter hoc et omne militabitur
    bellum in tuae spem gratiae,
non ut iuvencis inligata pluribus
    aratra nitantur meis
pecusve Calabris ante Sidus fervidum
    Lucana mutet pascuis
neque ut superni villa candens Tusculi
    Circaea tangat moenia:
satis superque me benignitas tua
    ditavit, haud paravero

---

quod aut avarus ut Chremes terra premam,
    discinctus aut perdam nepos.

II

'Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
    ut prisca gens mortalium,
paterna rura bubus exercet suis
    solutus omni faenore
neque excitatur classico miles truci
    neque horret iratum mare
forumque vitat et superba civium
    potentiorum limina.
ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
    altas maritat populos
aut in reducta valle mugientium
    prospectat errantis greges
inutilisque falce ramos amputans
    feliciores inserit
aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris
    aut tondet infirmas ovis.
vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
    Autumnus agris extulit,
ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira
    certantem et uvam purpurae,
qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
    Silvane, tutor finium.
libet iacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
    modo in tenaci gramine:
labuntur altis interim ripis aquae,
    queruntur in Silvis aves
frondesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
    somnos quod invitet levis.
at cum tonantis annus hibernus Iovis
    imbris nivisque conparat,
aut trudit acris hinc et hinc multa cane
    apros in obstantis plagas
aut amite levi rara tendit retia
    turdis edacibus dolos
pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo gruem
    iucunda captat praemia.
quis non malarum quas amor curas habet
    haec inter obliviscitur?
quodsi pudica mulier in partem iuvet
    domum atque dulcis liberos,
Sabina qualis aut perusta Solibus

pernicis uxor Apuli,
sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
    lassi Sub adventum viri
claudensque textis cratibus laetum pecus
    distenta siccet ubera
et horna dulci vina promens dolio
    dapes inemptas adparet:
non me Lucrina iuverint conchylia
    magisve rhombus aut scari,
siquos Eois intonata fluctibus
    hiems ad hoc vertat mare,
non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
    non attagen Ionicus
iucundior quam lecta de pinguissimis
    oliva ramis arborum
aut herba lapathi prata amantis et gravi
    malvae salubres corpori
vel agna festis caesa Terminalibus
    vel haedus ereptus lupo.
has inter epulas ut iuvat pastas ovis
    videre properantis domum,
videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
    collo trahentis languido
positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
    circum renidentis Laris.'
haec ubi locutus faenerator Alfius,
    iam iam futurus rusticus,
omnem redegit idibus pecuniam,
    quaerit kalendis ponere.

III

Parentis olim siquis inpia manu
    senile guttur fregerit,
edit cicutis alium nocentius.
    o dura messorum ilia.
quid hoc veneni saevit in praecordiis?
    num viperinus his cruor
incoctus herbis me fefellit? an malas
    Canidia tractavit dapes?
ut Argonautas praeter omnis candidum
    Medea mirata est ducem,
ignota tauris inligaturum iuga
    perunxit hoc Iasonem,
hoc delibutis ulta donis paelicem
    serpente fugit alite.

nec tantus umquam Siderum insedit vapor
    siticulosae Apuliae
nec munus umeris efficacis Herculis
    inarsit aestuosius.
at siquid umquam tale concupiveris,
    iocose Maecenas, precor,
manum puella savio opponat tuo,
    extrema et in sponda cubet.

IV

Lupis et agnis quanta Sortito obtigit,
    tecum mihi discordia est,
Hibericis peruste funibus latus
    et crura dura compede.
licet superbus ambules pecunia,
    fortuna non mutat genus.
videsne, sacram metiente te viam
    cum bis trium ulnarum toga,
ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium
    liberrima indignatio?
'sectus flagellis hic triumviralibus
    praeconis ad fastidium
arat Falerni mille fundi iugera
    et Appiam mannis terit
sedilibusque magnus in primis eques
    Othone contempto sedet.
quid attinet tot ora navium gravi
    rostrata duci pondere
contra latrones atque servilem manum
    hoc, hoc tribuno militum?'

V

'At o deorum quidquid in caelo regit
    terras et humanum genus,
quid iste fert tumultus aut quid omnium
    voltus in unum me truces?
per liberos te, si vocata partubus
    Lucina veris adfuit,
per hoc inane purpurae decus precor,
    per inprobaturum haec Iovem,
quid ut noverca me intueris aut uti
    petita ferro belua?'
ut haec trementi questus ore constitit
    insignibus raptis puer,

inpube corpus, quale posset inpia
    mollire Thracum pectora:
Canidia, brevibus illigata viperis
    crinis et incomptum caput,
iubet sepulcris caprificos erutas,
    iubet cupressos funebris
et uncta turpis ova ranae Sanguine
    plumamque nocturnae strigis
herbasque, quas Iolcos atque Hiberia
    mittit venenorum ferax,
et ossa ab ore rapta ieiunae canis
    flammis aduri Colchicis.
at expedita Sagana, per totam domum
    spargens Avernalis aquas,
horret capillis ut marinus asperis
    echinus aut Laurens aper.
abacta nulla Veia conscientia
    ligonibus duris humum
exhauriebat, ingemens laboribus,
    quo posset infossus puer
longo die bis terque mutatae dapis
    inemori spectaculo,
cum promineret ore, quantum exstant aqua
    suspensa mento corpora;
exsucta uti medulla et aridum iecur
    amoris esset poculum,
interminato cum semel fixae cibo
    intabuissent pupulae.
non defuisse masculae libidinis
    Ariminensem Foliam
et otiosa credidit Neapolis
    et omne vicinum oppidum,
quae sidera excantata voce Thessala
    lunamque caelo deripit.
hic inresectum saeva dente livido
    Canidia rodens pollicem
quid dixit aut quid tacuit? 'o rebus meis
    non infideles arbitrae,
Nox et Diana, quae silentium regis,
    arcana cum fiunt sacra,
nunc, nunc adeste, nunc in hostilis domos
    iram atque numen vertite.
formidulosis cum latent silvis ferae
    dulci sopore languidae,
senem, quod omnes rideant, adulterum
    latrent Suburanae canes

nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius
    meae laborarint manus.
quid accidit? cur dira barbarae minus
    venena Medeae valent,
quibus Superbam fugit ulta paelicem,
    magni Creontis filiam,
cum palla, tabo munus imbutum, novam
    incendio nuptam abstulit?
atqui nec herba nec latens in asperis
    radix fefellit me locis.
indormit unctis omnium cubilibus
    oblivione paelicum?
a, a, solutus ambulat veneficae
    scientioris carmine.
non usitatis, Vare, potionibus,
    o multa fleturum caput,
ad me recurres nec vocata mens tua
    Marsis redibit vocibus.
maius parabo, maius infundam tibi
    fastidienti poculum
priusque caelum Sidet inferius mari
    tellure porrecta super
quam non amore sic meo flagres uti
    bitumen atris ignibus.'
sub haec puer iam non, ut ante, mollibus
    lenire verbis inpias,
sed dubius unde rumperet silentium,
    misit Thyesteas preces:
'venena maga non fas nefasque, non valent
    convertere humanam vicem.
diris agam vos: dira detestatio
    nulla expiatur victima.
quin, ubi perire iussus exspiravero,
    nocturnus occurram Furor
petamque voltus umbra curvis unguibus,
    quae vis deorum est Manium,
et inquietis adsidens praecordiis
    pavore somnos auferam.
vos turba vicatim hinc et hinc saxis petens
    contundet obscaenas anus;
post insepulta membra different lupi
    et Esquilinae alites
neque hoc parentes, heu mihi superstites,
    effugerit spectaculum.'

VI

Quid inmerentis hospites vexas, canis
    ignavos adversum lupos?
quin huc inanis, si potes, vertis minas
    et me remorsurum petis?
nam qualis aut Molossus aut fulvos Lacon,
    amica vis pastoribus,
agam per altas aure sublata nivis
    quaecumque praecedet fera;
tu, cum timenda voce complesti nemus,
    proiectum odoraris cibum.
cave, cave, namque in malos asperrimus
    parata tollo cornua,
qualis Lycambae spretus infido gener
    aut acer hostis Bupalo.
an si quis atro dente me petiverit,
    inultus ut flebo puer?

VII

Quo, quo scelesti ruitis? aut cur dexteris
    aptantur enses conditi?
parumne campis atque Neptuno super
    fusum est Latini sanguinis,
non ut superbas invidae Karthaginis
    Romanus arces ureret,
intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
    sacra catenatus via,
sed ut Secundum vota Parthorum sua
    Vrbs haec periret dextera?
neque hic lupis mos nec fuit leonibus
    umquam nisi in dispar feris.
furorne caecos an rapit vis acrior
    an culpa? responsum date.
tacent et albus ora pallor inficit
    mentesque perculsae Stupent.
sic est: acerba fata Romanos agunt
    scelusque fraternae necis,
ut inmerentis fluxit in terram Remi
    sacer nepotibus cruor.

VIII

Rogare longo putidam te saeculo,
    viris quid enervet meas,
cum sit tibi dens ater et rugis vetus
    frontem senectus exaret

hietque turpis inter aridas natis
    podex velut crudae bovis.
sed incitat me pectus et mammae putres
    equina quales ubera
venterque mollis et femur tumentibus
    exile suris additum.
esto beata, funus atque imagines
    ducant triumphales tuom
nec sit marita, quae rotundioribus
    onusta bacis ambulet.
quid? quod libelli Stoici inter Sericos
    iacere pulvillos amant,
inlitterati num minus nervi rigent
    minusve languet fascinum?
quod ut superbo povoces ab inguine,
    ore adlaborandum est tibi.

IX

Quando repositum Caecubum ad festas dapes
    victore laetus Caesare
tecum sub alta---sic Iovi gratum---domo,
    beate Maecenas, bibam
sonante mixtum tibiis carmen lyra,
    hac Dorium, illis barbarum?
ut nuper, actus cum freto Neptunius
    dux fugit ustis navibus
minatus Vrbi vincla, quae detraxerat
    servis amicus perfidis.
Romanus eheu---posteri negabitis---
    emancipatus feminae
fert vallum et arma miles et spadonibus
    servire rugosis potest
interque signa turpe militaria
    sol adspicit conopium.
ad hunc frementis verterunt bis mille equos
    Galli canentes Caesarem
hostiliumque navium portu latent
    puppes sinistrorsum citae.
io Triumphe, tu moraris aureos
    currus et intactas boves?
io Triumphe, nec Iugurthino parem
    bello reportasti ducem
neque Africanum, cui super Karthaginem
    virtus Sepulcrum condidit.
terra marique victus hostis Punico

lugubre mutavit sagum.
aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus
    ventis iturus non suis
exercitatas aut petit Syrtis noto
    aut fertur incerto mari.
capaciores adfer huc, puer, Scyphos
    et Chia vina aut Lesbia
vel quod fluentem nauseam coerceat
    metire nobis Caecubum.
curam metumque Caesaris rerum iuvat
    dulci Lyaeo solvere.

X

Mala soluta navis exit alite
    ferens olentem Mevium.
ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
    Auster, memento fluctibus;
niger rudentis Eurus inverso mari
    fractosque remos differat;
insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
    frangit trementis ilics;
nec sidus atra nocte amicum adpareat,
    qua tristis Orion cadit;
quietiore nec feratur aequore
    quam Graia victorum manus,
cum Pallas usto vertit iram ab Ilio
    in inpiam Aiacis ratem.
o quantus instat navitis sudor tuis
    tibique pallor luteus
et illa non virilis heiulatio
    preces et aversum ad Iovem,
Ionius udo cum remugiens sinus
    Noto carinam ruperit
opima quodsi praeda curvo litore
    porrecta mergos iuverit,
libidinosus immolabitur caper
    et agna Tempestatibus.

XI

Petti, nihil me sicut antea iuvat
    scribere versiculos amore percussum gravi,
amore, qui me praeter omnis expetit
    mollibus in pueris aut in puellis urere.
hic tertius December, ex quo destiti

Inachia furere, silvis honorem decutit.
    heu me, per Vrbem (nam pudet tanti mali)
        fabula quanta fui, conviviorum et paenitet,
in quis amantem languor et silentium
        arguit et latere petitus imo spiritus.
'contrane lucrum nil valere candidum
        pauperis ingenium' querebar adplorans tibi,
simul calentis inverecundus deus
        fervidiore mero arcana promorat loco.
'quodsi meis inaestuet praecordiis
        libera bilis, ut haec ingrata ventis dividat
fomenta volnus nil malum levantia,
        desinet inparibus certare submotus pudor.'
ubi haec severus te palam laudaveram,
        iussus abire domum ferebar incerto pede
ad non amicos heu mihi postis et heu
        limina dura, quibus lumbos et infregi latus.
nunc gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam
        vincere mollitia amor Lycisci me tenet;
unde expedire non amicorum queant
        libera consilia nec contumeliae graves,
sed alius ardor aut puellae candidae
        aut teretis pueri longam renodantis comam.

XII

Quid tibi vis, mulier nigris dignissima barris?
        munera quid mihi quidve tabellas
mittis nec firmo iuveni neque naris obesae?
        namque sagacius unus odoror,
polypus an gravis hirsutis cubet hircus in alis
        quam canis acer ubi lateat sus.
qui sudor vietis et quam malus undique membris
        crescit odor, cum pene Soluto
indomitam properat rabiem sedare, neque illi
        iam manet umida creta colorque
stercore fucatus crocodili iamque Subando
        tenta cubilia tectaque rumpit.
vel mea cum saevis agitat fastidia verbis:
        'Inachia langues minus ac me;
Inachiam ter nocte potes, mihi Semper ad unum
        mollis opus. pereat male quae te
Lesbia quaerenti taurum monstravit inertem.
        cum mihi Cous adesset Amyntas,
cuius in indomito constantior inguine nervos
        quam nova collibus arbor inhaeret.

muricibus Tyriis iteratae vellera lanae
     cui properabantur? tibi nempe,
ne foret aequalis inter conviva, magis quem
     diligeret mulier sua quam te.
o ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acris
     agna lupos capreaeque leones!'

XIII

Horrida tempestas caelum contraxit et imbres
     nivesque deducunt Iovem; nunc mare, nunc siluae
Threicio Aquilone sonant. rapiamus, amici,
     Occasionem de die dumque virent genua
et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.
     tu vina Torquato move consule pressa meo.
cetera mitte loqui: deus haec fortasse benigna
     reducet in sedem vice. nunc et Achaemenio
perfundi nardo iuvat et fide Cyllenea
     levare diris pectora Sollicitudinibus,
nobilis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno:
     'invicte, mortalis dea nate puer Thetide,
te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi
     findunt Scamandri flumina lubricus et Simois,
unde tibi reditum certo Subtemine Parcae
     rupere, nec mater domum caerula te revehet.
illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
deformis aegrimoniae dulcibus adloquiis.'

XIV

Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis
     oblivionem sensibus,
pocula Lethaeos ut si ducentia somnos
     arente fauce traxerim,
candide Maecenas, occidis Saepe rogando:
     deus, deus nam me vetat
inceptos, olim promissum carmen, iambos
     ad umbilicum adducere.
non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
     Anacreonta Teium,
qui persaepe cava testudine flevit amorem
     non elaboratum ad pedem.
ureris ipse miser: quodsi non pulcrior ignis
     accendit obsessam Ilion,
gaude sorte tua; me libertina, nec uno
     contenta, Phryne macerat.

XV

Nox erat et caelo fulgebat Luna sereno
    inter minora sidera,
cum tu, magnorum numen laesura deorum,
    in verba iurabas mea,
artius atque hedera procera adstringitur ilex
    lentis adhaerens bracchiis;
dum pecori lupus et nautis infestus Orion
    turbaret hibernum mare
intonsosque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,
    fore hunc amorem mutuom,
o dolitura mea multum virtute Neaera:
    nam siquid in Flacco viri est,
non feret adsiduas potiori te dare noctes
    et quaeret iratus parem
nec semel offensi cedet constantia formae,
    si certus intrarit dolor.
et tu, quicumque es felicior atque meo nunc
    superbus incedis malo,
sis pecore et multa dives tellure licebit
    tibique Pactolus fluat
nec te Pythagorae fallant arcana renati
    formaque vincas Nirea,
heu heu, translatos alio maerebis amores,
    ast ego vicissim risero.

XVI

Altera iam teritur bellis civilibus aetas,
    suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.
quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi
    minacis aut Etrusca Porsenae manus,
aemula nec virtus Capuae nec Spartacus acer
    novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox
nec fera caerulea domuit Germania pube
    parentibusque abominatus Hannibal:
inpia perdemus devoti sanguinis aetas
    ferisque rursus occupabitur solum:
barbarus heu cineres insistet victor et Vrbem
    eques sonante verberabit ungula,
quaeque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini,
    (nefas videre) dissipabit insolens.
forte quid expediat communiter aut melior pars,
    malis carere quaeritis laboribus;
nulla sit hac potior sententia: Phocaeorum

velut profugit exsecrata civitas
agros atque lares patrios habitandaque fana
    apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis,
ire, pedes quocumque ferent, quocumque per undas
    Notus vocabit aut protervos Africus.
sic placet? an melius quis habet suadere? Secunda
    ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
sed iuremus in haec: 'simul imis saxa renarint
    vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas;
neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
    Padus Matina laverit cacumina,
in mare seu celsus procurrerit Appenninus
    novaque monstra iunxerit libidine
mirus amor, iuvet ut tigris subsidere cervis,
    adulteretur et columba miluo,
credula nec ravos timeant armenta leones
    ametque salsa levis hircus aequora.'
haec et quae poterunt reditus abscindere dulcis
    eamus omnis exsecrata civitas
aut pars indocili melior grege; mollis et exspes
    inominata perpremat cubilia.
vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
    Etrusca praeter et volate litora.
nos manet Oceanus circum vagus: arva beata
    petamus, arva divites et insulas,
reddit ubi cererem tellus inarata quotannis
    et inputata floret usque vinea,
germinat et numquam fallentis termes olivae
    suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem,
mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis
    levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
illic iniussae veniunt ad mulctra capellae
    refertque tenta grex amicus ubera
nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile
    nec intumescit alta viperis humus;
pluraque felices mirabimur, ut neque largis
    aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,
pinguia nec siccis urantur semina glaebis,
    utrumque rege temperante caelitum.
non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus
    neque inpudica Colchis intulit pedem,
non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautae,
    laboriosa nec cohors Vlixei.
nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
    gregem aestuosa torret impotentia.
Iuppiter illa piae secrevit litora genti,

ut inquinavit aere tempus aureum,
aere, dehinc ferro duravit saecula, quorum
    piis secunda vate me datur fuga.

XVII

'Iam iam efficaci do manus scientiae,
supplex et oro regna per Proserpinae,
per et Dianae non movenda numina,
per atque libros carminum valentium
refixa caelo devocare sidera,
Canidia: parce vocibus tandem sacris
citumque retro solve, solve turbinem.
movit nepotem Telephus Nereium,
in quem superbus ordinarat agmina
Mysorum et in quem tela acuta torserat.
unxere matres Iliae additum feris
alitibus atque canibus homicidam Hectorem,
postquam relictis moenibus rex procidit
heu pervicacis ad pedes Achillei.
saetosa duris exuere pellibus
laboriosi remiges Vlixei
volente Circa membra; tunc mens et sonus
relapsus atque notus in voltus honor.
dedi satis superque poenarum tibi,
amata nautis multum et institoribus.
fugit iuventas et verecundus color
reliquit ossa pelle amicta lurida,
tuis capillus albus est odoribus,
nullum a labore me reclinat otium;
urget diem nox et dies noctem neque est
levare tenta spiritu praecordia.
ergo negatum vincor ut credam miser,
Sabella pectus increpare carmina
caputque Marsa dissilire nenia.
quid amplius vis? o mare et terra, ardeo,
quantum neque atro delibutus Hercules
Nessi cruore nec Sicana fervida
virens in Aetna flamma; tu, donec cinis
iniuriosis aridus ventis ferar,
cales venenis officina Colchicis.
quae finis aut quod me manet stipendium?
effare; iussas cum fide poenas luam,
paratus expiare, seu poposceris
centum iuvencos sive mendaci lyra
voles sonare: "tu pudica, tu proba

perambulabis astra sidus aureum."
infamis Helenae Castor offensus vice
fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece,
adempta vati reddidere lumina:
et tu, potes nam, solve me dementia,
o nec paternis obsoleta sordibus
neque in sepulcris pauperum prudens anus
novendialis dissipare pulveres.
tibi hospitale pectus et purae manus
tuosque venter Pactumeius et tuo
cruore rubros obstetrix pannos lavit,
utcumque fortis exsilis puerpera.'
    'quid obseratis auribus fundis preces?
non saxa nudis surdiora navitis
Neptunus alto tundit hibernus salo.
inultus ut tu riseris Cotytia
volgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis,
et Esquilini pontifex venefici
inpune ut Vrbem nomine inpleris meo?
quid proderat ditasse Paelignas anus
velociusve miscuisse toxicum?
sed tardiora fata te votis manent:
ingrata misero vita ducenda est in hoc,
novis ut usque suppetas laboribus.
optat quietem Pelopis infidi pater,
egens benignae Tantalus semper dapis,
optat Prometheus obligatus aliti,
optat supremo collocare Sisyphus
in monte saxum; sed vetant leges Iovis.
voles modo altis desilire turribus,
frustraque vincla gutturi innectes tuo
modo ense pectus Norico recludere
fastidiosa tristis aegrimonia.
vectabor umeris tunc ego inimicis eques
meaeque terra cedet insolentiae.
an quae movere cereas imagines,
ut ipse nosti curiosus, et polo
deripere lunam vocibus possim meis,
possim crematos excitare mortuos
desiderique temperare pocula,
plorem artis in te nil agentis exitus?'

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