

noted the following mistakes: Mason Lowance's name is misspelled on page 101 and 314; typos occur on page 235 (*than* for *then*) and page 245 (*temp* for *tempt*—twice).

Paul Davis. *Translation and the Poet's Life. The Ethics of Translating in English Culture, 1645-1726*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008. xi + 324 pp. Review by ALAN RUDRUM, SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY.

Paul Davis begins his impressive book by commenting on the extraordinary amount of academic work on translation in the ten years that preceded it. He adds that two instances of stigmatization still obtain: translation remains discouraged by copyright law and exploited by publishers, corporations, governments and religious organizations. There is certainly evidence to support his case. Michael Henry documents a hair-raising instance of discouragement in the *The London Review of Books* (August 19, 2010). An instance of publishers in effect blocking access to an author's work by being overcautious in commissioning translations is put forth in a letter to the *Times Literary Supplement* (October 8, 2010) headed "Easy Modiano."

Davis points to the difficulties that editors of anthologies have had in deciding what is and is not a translation. He reports Steiner (1966) as permissive; Tomlinson (1980) as opting against the liberties of the imitation; Poole and Maule (1995) as adopting a rainbow policy, where the term "after" shows up frequently in the annotations. I was glad to be made aware of these. I especially enjoyed Steiner's small volume and would like to see it reprinted. None of these anthologies admitted one of my favorite imitations, Edgell Rickword's "The Encounter," which takes off, loosely but certainly, from Horace, *Satires*, I: ix.

Davis declares at the outset that probably no watertight theoretical distinction between translation and imitation is possible; nevertheless the distinction is important, since if imitations were included a study would become unmanageably vast. He aims to examine translation as a distinctive mode of imaginative conduct for the five principal Augustan poet translators; his concern is what the poets themselves thought they were doing.

Some philosophers had rejected metaphor as an impediment to the proper conduct of reasoning, as a form of words rather than as a form of thought. Aversion to metaphor was of course implicit in the Royal Society's resolution requiring its members to adopt a "close, naked, natural way of speaking." Following Poole and Maule, Davis points out that translation is "doomed" to metaphor, since "translation" comes from the Latin word for carrying something across, and "metaphor" from its Greek equivalent. This discussion, which occupies several pages of the Introduction, is enlivening, so that it seems amazing that a book should be needed which complains that "reviewers have no language for discussing translation," and often fall back on simply disregarding the translator's contribution (Grossman, *Why Translation Matters*). An impressive example of a writer who has a language for discussing translation is Julian Barnes, reviewing Lydia Davis's translation of *Madame Bovary* (*London Review of Books*, 18 November 2010).

Davis constructs each of his studies around a metaphor current in translation-discourse at the time and which had particular significance for the poet discussed: the translator as exile: Denham and Vaughan; the link between translating and the revelation of secrets: Abraham Cowley; translators as slaves: Dryden; the alignment of translation with trade: Pope. Then there are subsidiary metaphors: the translator as child: Vaughan, Pope; as agent of divine judgment: Vaughan; as victim of predestination: Dryden; translation as political loyalty: Denham; as personal friendship: Cowley, Pope; as sexual congress: Dryden; as transcendence: Vaughan, Cowley, Dryden; as horticulture: Cowley, Pope; as metamorphosis: Dryden. Some of these metaphors are virtually exclusive to the poet who uses them, such as the apocalyptic vision of the translator in Vaughan's rendering of Juvenal's *Satire 10*. Then there are metaphors such as "Life is a Journey," which distinguishes journeys from other kinds of activities but do not rule out any particular kind of journey. This metaphor splendidly informs Vaughan's poem "Joy of my life!" which I discuss in my Festschrift volume, *Of Paradise and Light*, edited by Donald R. Dickson and Holly Faith Nelson.

Davis makes the interesting point that translation was a "natural medium of self-examination for the poets who practiced it"; and he

suggests that for that reason Denham, Vaughan, Cowley, Dryden, and Pope all took up translating at moments of crisis or transformation in their lives: “when they were in dire straits or at a fork in the road.” He begins his discussion of them by suggesting that Charles I, under house arrest in 1647, was pleased by Denham’s aristocratic disdain for those who could not write themselves and resorted to translation (borrowing the words of others) in order to make themselves heard in the “regrettably democratized” public sphere of the English polity. This brought to mind that in the preface to the 1655 edition of *Silex Scintillans*, Henry Vaughan, himself no democrat, hoped that his poems would be as useful in the public realm as they had been to himself in private.

Davis rightly stresses the role of royalist defeat in instigating the golden age of poetic translation, though the association between exile and speechlessness ran deep in early modern English culture, recurring throughout the work of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists who witnessed the exoduses of their Catholic and Puritan countrymen. This is beautifully illustrated from *Richard II* (I.iii.153-63). Henry Vaughan’s “exile” in his native Breconshire after being forced from London by the outbreak of war brought forth his translation of Juvenal’s *Satire 10* and selections from Ovid’s exile poetry between 1647 and 1651. Incidentally, Davis describes Breconshire as being by this time a stronghold of radical Protestantism; it is worth noticing that it was also a stronghold of intransigent ultra-Royalism, as I make clear in my essay, “Resistance, Collaboration, and Silence,” listed in Davis’s bibliography but not engaged with at this point.

In the section on Denham I found especially interesting the observation that the word “faith” was integral to Cavalier ideology and linked with fidelity in translation. The former point is certainly borne out by Vaughan, since it occurs some thirty times in *Silex Scintillans*. As to fidelity in translation, where a Latin scholar would say that Vaughan is in error, one may be sure that the “error” is deliberate and signaling a contemporary allusion, as in lines 441-42 of his (very free) rendering of Juvenal’s *Satire 10*, the title-page of which indicates that he had no intention of being a “slavish” translator.

Vaughan is not Davis’s major concern, as he is mine. I shall now concentrate on his Vaughan chapter, which is bracketed with that on

Denham in a section headed *Wanting Voices*. It begins with an unfortunate error, attributed to my ODNB *Life*, which the Press should have picked up. Vaughan did not “at the age of seventeen,” leave South Wales for Jesus College, Cambridge, but for Jesus College, Oxford. “At the age of seventeen” seems to follow Wood’s assertion in *Athenae Oxoniensis* that he went up in the Michaelmas term of 1638, some months after his twin brother Thomas. This, which is also suspect, is dealt with in the second paragraph of the section *Education* in the ODNB *Life*. To this I would now add that the intended pun, or perhaps a secondary one, in Vaughan’s poem on the Bodleian library might be on Bodley and Bibliotheca.

Davis notes that editors assume that the language Vaughan spoke as an infant was Welsh, here citing a note at p. 497 of my *Collected Poems*. This rests on Thomas Vaughan’s assertion that “*English is a Language the Author was not born to*” (*Works*, p. 94), but Thomas in self-justificatory mode may well be unreliable; as stated in the ODNB *Life* their father “had a command of English, and they were probably bilingual.” What Davis has to say on this subject is interesting: “Silence was what Vaughan found most golden about infancy; children in his poems should not be heard but seen”; and he cites from “The Retreat” the lines “Before I taught my tongue to wound / My conscience with a sinful sound.” He backs this up with a splendid analysis of “The Burial of an Infant,” arguing cogently that the root meaning of “*infans*” (unable to speak) is “unspokenly present, an undocumented source of its widely admired unity.” “Abel’s Blood,” with its clear reference to current politics and to Vaughan’s attempt to imitate Jesus in avoiding hatred and bitterness, is, with its similar linking of speechlessness and watching, also interesting: “Aye, may that flood, / That proudly spilt and despised blood, / Speechless and calm, as infants sleep! / Or if it watch, forgive and weep / For those that spilt it.”

Davis’s chapter on Vaughan is both substantial and impressive. It makes an especially valuable contribution to critical work on the translations of Ovid and Ausonius in *Olor Iscanus*. I am not quite convinced that the translation of Ovid’s *ex Ponto* IV. iii (“To his inconstant friend”) is aimed at Thomas, in spite of Davis’s use of Stevie Davies’s writing on twinship; if it is, then surely in a half-joking, half-serious way. Is it not just as likely to refer to a former close friend distancing

himself when Vaughan's fortunes fell as a result of his uncompromising royalism? Readers who have never experienced such a situation have been fortunate. The section on the Ausonius poem, in which Cupid, rather than Jesus, is crucified, is original and convincing.

As Jonathan Nauman has pointed out, Louise Imogen Guiney—a pioneering student of Vaughan—wrote that “Whenever [Vaughan] falls to translating, it is time for the sympathetic reader to prick up his ears” as Vaughan “seeks often this oblique outlet for his inmost thought.” Paul Davis has “pricked up his ears” to good purpose.

Julie D. Campbell and Anne R. Larsen, eds. *Early Modern Women and Transnational Communities of Letters*. Surrey, England: Ashgate, 2009. xxii + 330 +18 illus. \$124.95. Review by COLLEEN E. KENNEDY, THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.

Kate Chedgzoy, in her article “The Cultural Geographies of Early Modern Women’s Writing: Journeys Across Spaces and Times” (2006), makes a call for larger, more interdisciplinary, and highly transnational studies of early modern women’s writing:

What I am imagining is a criticism concerned with the local, regional, national, and transnational dimensions of women’s participation in literary cultures. Requiring extensive new archival research and competence in several languages, it will have to emerge from the kinds of collaborative efforts that have in recent decades so dramatically reshaped our understanding of British and European women’s cultural production in the early modern period. (*Literature Compass* 3.4 [2006]: 893)

Julie D. Campbell and Anne R. Larsen’s edited collection of essays, *Early Modern Women and Transnational Communities of Letters*, beautifully and thoroughly answers Chedgzoy’s urgent, yet intellectually demanding, call. The contributors to this collection, scholars and professors from varied departments—History, Medieval and Early Modern Studies, English, French, Italian, Classics—around the United States, Italy, and Australia, create the very sort of cross-national, polyglot, and interdisciplinary community of female scholarship so deftly