

***IN AVERNO: A TRANSLATION OF BOOK VI OF VIRGIL'S AENEID***

by

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DEDICATIONS

For Kristina Chew, PhD

For *Pius Aeneas* /pi:əs ɪ ˈni:əs/

For Myself

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## PREFACE

My career in Latin, in theory, began at a very young age. I have a distinct memory of watching a television program at the age of seven about the mythology of ancient Egypt. As I sat there completely enthralled, eyes glued to the educational programming, I scribbled down the poorly spelt names of the gods and goddesses of the Egyptian pantheon and their corresponding domains on a notepad; these were, effectively, the first notes I would ever take. As the years passed, my interest in mythology only increased. I seized opportunities for my grade school book reports to be on C. S. Lewis' *The Chronicles of Narnia* or storybooks about various Greco-Roman or Nordic myths.

I attended high school at St. Peter's Prep in Jersey City, New Jersey. As a Jesuit institution, the school maintains a long-standing tradition of the study of Latin. As a fledgling freshman I, like every other student presumably, rolled my eyes in discontent at the prospect of two mandatory years of Latin. Latin, to me, was like any other subject. I understood the mechanics of declension and conjugation and, therefore, maintained high grades, but I was not captivated by it. When it came time to choose courses for junior year, one of the only choices available was whether to choose a science or Latin III as an elective. For some reason I was disinterested in the concept of having a free period and opted to take both. In Latin III my lifelong love for the *lingua Latina* was solidified. Not only was my budding interest in languages and linguistics beginning to take hold, but the subject matter chosen for the course was Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. In contrast to the bland introductory Latin texts and segments of Caesar's *De Bello Gallico*, I was at last translating something near and dear to my heart, mythology.

Coming to college, I knew that I would major in the Classics, and, after four years, that thought never once strayed from my mind. When it came time to write the Honors program's

senior thesis, I was elated to find that I could provide a Latin translation. Therefore, I chose to offer a translation of what I consider to be the most quintessential and important work of Latin mythology, the *Aeneid*.

After a bit of deliberation, I chose to translate Book VI. My favorite scene comes from Book I, wherein at Juno's request Aeolus unleashes the winds to devastate the Trojan fleet. I have translated Book I twice now for different classes and did not want to also devote my thesis to it. There are many other iconic scenes from the *Aeneid* that had crossed my mind, such as the sack of Troy in Book II or unrequited Dido's suicide in Book VI, yet I was drawn to the imagery of the underworld in Book VI. I would be able to translate Apollo speaking through the Sibyl, the landscape of the underworld, Anchises' description of the future of Rome, and the controversial gates of horn and ivory. Perhaps it was a memory from high school of translating the underworld and its more famous inhabitants in Book X of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, but Book VI's allure made my choice quite simple.

## ON THE TRANSLATION

The goal of translation is to make a work relatable to those who, due to language barriers, could not otherwise understand it. I feel that the most important and challenging aspect of translation is maintaining the essence and beauty of the work. Yet, doing so does not come without its fair share of obstacles. There will always be elements of the work “lost in the translation,” so translators have to make important decisions about how to best preserve the essence of the work and to best minimize how much lost in the translation process.

My ultimate goal for this translation is to have Virgil’s work be read and enjoyed by a modern reader. The first choice I had to make about my translation of the *Aeneid* was whether I should write in poetry or prose. The *Aeneid* is an epic poem, but written in a style that I find would be not easily related to in the English language. It is written in dactylic hexameter, wherein lines consist of six dactyls or spondees, yet English poetry is largely dominated by iambic pentameter. Many translators have offered poetic translation of the *Aeneid*, utilizing iambic pentameter or rhyming to preserve the notion that the *Aeneid* is, in fact, a poem.

I chose to translate the work into prose. My choice to not translate the work into poetry can be best summed up by Richard Caldwell in his translator’s note to his translation of the *Aeneid*: “A poetic translation may convey the idea that the *Aeneid* is a poem, but the translation itself would be another poem with another author” (Caldwell, xxii). I feel that dedication to the constraints of poetic meter limits the power of word choice, in that many words are lost or added or have their meanings warped to fit the skeleton of meter or rhyme. A poetic translation, then, becomes less about Virgil’s word choice, but more about the translator’s. My approach to the translation was to provide a descriptive narrative that captured the beauty and ideas of Virgil’s

work. His amazing word play seen in his use of alliteration and interlocking word order would be sacrificed in English, however, which is strict about word order and lacks grammatical case.

I wanted my translation to have the fluidity of a novel, but also to maintain the sense that an ancient work is being read. My idea for achieving this was to translate speech much more literally than the narrative. I translated the narrative with various liberties to fit the nuances of modern English grammar. Instances of speech, however, I translated more closely to the Latin grammar because I feel that the literal translation imbues in the reader a feeling that those talking were doing so thousands of years ago. Many examples of modern interpretations of the classical world in film or television have characters speaking with idiomatic “classicisms” in some attempt to capture the ancient setting. As such, I feel that translating a word extremely literally in speech, for example translating *his actis* as “with these things having been done,” conveys an idea that this is “dated” to the modern reader. It would be very rare for a modern English-speaker to say “with these things having been done” in quotidian speech.

I did not want to take many liberties with the translation. I wanted the metaphors and imagery of Virgil to be maintained and enjoyed by the reader without confusion. It is a convention of epic and mythic works to contain many epithets and numerous names for the same people. As much as I want this translation to be accessible to anyone regardless of how familiar they might be with the classical world, I could not bring myself to change all of Virgil’s words. This decision might cause a reader some confusion. For example, the words *Argives*, *Danaans*, and *Achaeans* all refer to those whom we would call “Greeks,” yet I did not translate them all as “Greeks.” Virgil chose to use all these words, and I chose to leave them all as they are. The same applies to other epithets and place names. In Latin *Inferno*, *Avernus*, *Dis*, etc. all refer to the

underworld, yet they all have their slight differences and should not all be translated as “the underworld” to make things easier for the reader.



though the men's hardened bones, but their king poured forth the prayers from the depths of his soul" (Carney).

"The flank of that Euboean cliff was carved  
 Into a hundred cavernous mouths, gaping orifices  
 That roar the Sibyl's oracular responses.  
 The virgin priestess greeted them at the threshold:  
 'It is time to demand your destiny. The god! Behold,  
 The god!' And as she spoke there before the gates  
 Her color changed, her hair spread out  
 Into fiery points, she panted for air,  
 And her breast heaved with feral madness.  
 She was larger than life now, and her voice  
 Was no longer human, as the god's power  
 Took possession of her: 'You hesitate  
 To pray, hesitate, Aeneas of Troy?  
 The great mouths of this thunderstruck hall  
 Will not open until you pray.' And she was silent.  
 Fear seeped like icy water through the Trojan's bones,  
 And their lord poured forth his heart in prayer" (Lombardo, ll 52-63)

"The cliff's huge flank is honeycombed, cut out  
 In a cavern perforated a hundred times,  
 Having a hundred mouths, with rushing voices  
 Carrying the responses of the Sibyl.  
 Here, as the men approached the entrance way,  
 The Sibyl cried out: 'Now is the time to ask  
 Your destinies!' And then: 'The god! Look there!  
 The god!' And as she spoke neither her face  
 Nor hue went untransformed, nor did her hair  
 Stay neatly bound: her breast heaved, her wild heart  
 Grew large with passion. Taller to their eyes  
 And sounding now no longer like a mortal  
 Since she had felt the god's power breathing near,  
 She cried: 'Slow, are you, in your vows and prayers?  
 Trojan Aeneas, are you slow? Be quick,  
 The great mouths of the god's house, thunderstruck,  
 Will never open until you pray.' Her lips  
 Closed tight on this. A chill ran through the bones  
 Of the tough Teucrians, but their king poured out  
 Entreaties from his deepest heart" (Fitzgerald, ll 66-91)

For this section, Lombardo takes multiple liberties, while Fitzgerald, on the other hand, is more similar to my translation in regards to his preservation of the Latin. Lombardo offers a very

liberal translation of line 45, for example. He decides to translate the verb as “greet.” In doing so, he then provides *virgo* as the subject of it, despite the feminine noun disagreeing with the participle *ventum*. The motion implied in the accusative construction of *ad limen* changes to the locative “at the threshold,” and the arguably removable temporal *cum* is neglected. Fitzgerald’s translation of line 45 is quite close to mine. We both provide “the men” as the absent subject of *ventum erat*, although it demands an accusative singular subject. The main difference in structure comes in the temporal use of *cum*. Both he and I use *cum* to emphasize the difference in tense between the pluperfect *ventum erat* and the perfect *ait* in the next line and accent that the men came then the priestess spoke.

In lines 50-51, Lombardo decides to reverse the passive aspect of the verb, making *numine* the subject and the Sibyl the object. He then offers a strong translation for the verb using “took possession,” which I very much like in that I feel it offers a very strong image of Apollo permeating and possessing the oracle. He is translating a poetic meaning of the text but not translating the words directly, which lends to a beautiful imagery. I am particularly fond of his translation for lines 54-55. While Fitzgerald and I relate literally the tremor “running” through the bones, Lombardo chooses to add the word “fear,” absent in the Latin though somewhat implied, and have it “seep like icy water” rather than run.

Fitzgerald uses the verb quite interestingly. *Adflata*, from *afflare*, primarily means to “blow” or “breathe on,” yet he uses *adflata est* here initially as “had felt,” ignoring the passive voice implied by the construction, while the ablative *numine* is used as a direct object. However, he then ties in the blowing sense of *afflare* as a compliment to the god’s power (*numine dei*) in describing it as breathing near. I decided to ignore the blowing sense of *adflata* and translate it as a vaguer “touched.” While I believe that the Latin constructions for *numine* and *dei* are more

similar to Fitzgerald’s translation of “the god’s power,” I decided to use *dei* in conjunction with *propiore*. With *propiore* in the comparative, I wanted to emphasize not only that the oracle is being touched by the power of the god because of his presence, but that through this “contact” she herself has moved toward the god and become somewhat more preternatural, as evidenced in the previous lines describing the near-metamorphosis resulting from her union with the deity.

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Spelunca alta fuit vastoque immanis hiatu,  
 scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris,  
 quam super haud ullae poterant impune volantes  
 tendere iter pennis—talis sese halitus atris 240  
 faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat:  
 [unde locum Grai dixerunt nomine Aornon.]  
 quattuor hic primum nigrantis terga iuencos  
 constituit, frontique invergit vina sacerdos;  
 et summas carpens media inter cornua saetas 245  
 ignibus imponit sacris, libamina prima,  
 voce vocans Hecaten, Caeloque Ereboque potentem.

“There was a cave deep and profound with a jagged, yawning mouth, sheltered by a black lake and the gloomy shade of the grove, above which no winged creature was able to safely make a journey in flight – so deadly were the exhalations breathed out from the coal-black throats above into the sky (the Greeks, therefore, called this place by the name “Without Birds”). Here the priestess first placed four young, black bulls, pouring wine upon their brow and plucking the topmost bristles from between their horns. She then set them on the sacred fire as the first libations, invoking in prayer Hecate, so mighty in both heaven and hell” (Carney).

“The cavern was profound, wide-mouthed, and huge,  
 Rough underfoot, defined by dark pool  
 And gloomy forest. Overhead, flying things  
 Could never safely take their way, such deathly  
 Exhalations rise from the black gorge  
 Into the dome of heaven. The priestess here  
 Placed four black bullocks, wet their brows with wine,  
 Plucked bristles from between the horns and laid them  
 As her first offerings on the holy fire,  
 Calling aloud to Hecatë, supreme  
 In heaven and Erebus.” (Fitzgerald, ll 331-341)

“There was a huge, deep cave with jagged pebbles underfoot and a gaping mouth guarded by dark woods and the black waters of a lake. No bird could wing its flight over this cave and live, so deadly was the breath that steamed out of that black throat and up into the vault of heaven. Hence the Greek name, ‘Aornos,’ ‘the place without birds’. Here first of all the priestess stood four black-baked bullocks and poured wine upon their foreheads. She then plucked the bristles from the peak of their foreheads between their horns to lay upon the altar fires as first offering and lifted up her voice to call Hecate, mighty in the sky and mighty in Erebus.” (West, pp 121-122)

Both translators take some interesting liberties with lines 239-240. The verb *tendere* is usually translated as “to stretch” or “to extend,” but in conjunction with *iter* it takes on the sense of “to aim” or “to direct (oneself).” Instead of translating *tendere iter pennis* literally as “to direct a journey with wings,” West decides to use “wing” as a verb and *iter* as flight more specifically instead of a mere “journey,” resulting in the beautiful “wing its flight.” Another such example of his wordplay comes from his use of *impune*. Adverbially, *impune* means “without punishment” or “without impunity.” Both Fitzgerald and I use the word “safely,” yet West offers the stronger translation of “and live.” I find that this strongly indicates just how lethal the fumes are made out to be. Fitzgerald devises an interesting use for *haud*. While West and I take it with *ullae* to mean “not any” or “no,” Fitzgerald chooses to translate it more by its “by no means” connotation in “never.” I think that the use of “never” accentuates the toxicity of the fumes released from the cavern.

I found it very important to maintain the imagery offered by *halitus* and *faucibus*, as “breath” and “throat” respectively. Both translators translate *halitus* as more breath-like than as vapor, yet Fitzgerald decides to forego the pharyngeal representation of *faucibus*, using “gorge” instead. I decided to take the metaphor one step further by translating *effundens* as “breathe” rather than a less biological term like “steamed” or “poured out.”

Unlike Fitzgerald and West, I decided to translate *Erebo* in line 247 as “hell,” rather than let it stay as a place’s proper name. I decided that to a modern reader the phrase “heaven and hell” would offer a stronger metaphysical contrast than “heaven and Erebus.” To me, the distinction of *Caelo* and *Erebo* is that of two, different physical locations: the sky and a region of the underworld. Hecate is a chthonic deity associated with witchcraft and curses. The Latin is stating that she is powerful both above and below the underworld, but I wanted to place an emphasis on the nature of that power regardless of where she is. Therefore, I used the modern idea of heaven and hell with its good-evil connotation instead of preserving Erebus as a specific location.

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quam Troius heros  
 ut primum iuxta stetit adgnovitque per umbras  
 obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense  
 aut videt, aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam,  
 demisit lacrimas, dulcique adfatus amore est: 455  
 “Infelix Dido, verus mihi nuntius ergo  
 venerat exstinctam, ferroque extrema secutam?  
 Funeris heu tibi causa fui? Per sidera iuro,  
 per superos, et si qua fides tellure sub ima est,  
 invitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi. 460  
 Sed me iussa deum, quae nunc has ire per umbras,  
 per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundam,  
 imperiis egere suis;

“The Trojan hero stood nearby and recognized her obscure form through the shadows, as faint as the newborn moon one sees, or thinks to have seen, rising through the haze. He broke down into tears and spoke with a saccharine love, “So the message sent to me was true, forlorn Dido, that you were dead, that you sought your own end with steel. Oh! Was I the cause of your demise? I swear by the stars, by the powers above, by whatever faith might exist beneath this most deep earth, my queen, that I departed from your shores unwilling. It was the command of the gods, which, in being set forth, now summon me to go through

these shadows, these brutal places, this profound night; those commands drove me with their divine injunctions” (Carney).

“As soon as the Trojan hero recognized her dimly in the darkness (as one sees, or thinks he sees, the new moon rise at month’s beginning), he wept and said with love, ‘Poor Dido, the message then was true that you had killed yourself by the sword. Was I the cause of your death? I swear by the stars, by the gods, by any faith that’s here under the earth, that I did not leave your land by my own free will. Gods’ orders drove me from you, just as they now force me to go through these shadows and moldy thorns and deepest night.’” (Caldwell, 106)

“When the Trojan hero stopped beside her, recognizing her dim form in the darkness, like a man who sees or thinks he has seen the new moon rising through the clouds at the beginning of the month, in that instant he wept and spoke sweet words of love to her: ‘So the news they brought me was true, unhappy Dido? They told me you were dead and had ended your life with the sword. Alas! Alas! Was I the cause of your dying? I swear by the stars, by the gods above, by whatever there is to swear by in the depths of the earth, it was against my will, O queen, that I left your shore. It was the stern authority of the commands of the gods that drove me on, as it drives me now through the shades of this dark night in this foul and mouldering place.’” (West, 127-128)

I deviated from the translations of Caldwell and West of line 453. They took *primo* and *mense* as “at the beginning of the month / at month’s beginning,” using *primo* as an adverb, not as the adjective “first,” and changing *mense* to a more genitive meaning to better suit English. I decided to take the poetic liberty to instead supply the adjective “newborn” describing the moon. The Kalends, or the first day of the month, signified the beginning of a new lunar cycle. Both translators supply the attribute “new” to the moon, but I felt that, because of how the Roman calendar was organized, the imagery of the newborn moon was stronger than that of the moon at the beginning of the month, even if someone is not necessarily aware of how the months correspond to the lunar cycle.

One line in particular that I found to be very interesting is 459. Aeneas swears by the stars and by the gods, but then he swears “*et si qua fides tellure sub ima est.*” Caldwell translates

this as “by any faith that’s here under the earth,” a simple and fairly literal translation, despite ignoring the adjective *ima*. The other thing he ignored, however, was *si*, which I find to be very important to the meaning. *Si* implies that there might not be any faith beneath the earth to swear by. I do not translate *si* as “if” but I do employ the conditional “might.” West, on the other hand, omits *fides* altogether and accents the relative *qua*. In doing so he also recognizes the implication that there might not be any faith, but he also adds the implication that these empty, solemn depths might have nothing to swear by with the use of “whatever.” I interpret this “whatever” as Aeneas saying that he would swear by anything, that is, if there is anything of worth to be found.

Caldwell then offers a very nice translation of *invitus* in line 460. I take the adjective directly as “unwilling,” and West takes it more adverbially to better suit English colloquialism as “against my will.” Caldwell translates the word as “not... by my own free will.” Though I am not certain whether or not he intended to do this, I feel as though his inclusion of the word “free” creates a stronger feeling in a modern reader because of the Biblical concept of free will. In contrast to free will, classical mythology is laden with the concept that one’s fate is unavoidable and fixed. Invoking the idea of free will serves to stress that Aeneas was forced by the gods to leave and, indeed, had no choice in the matter.

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Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur  
 cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;  
 altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,  
 sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia Manes.  
 His ubi tum natum Anchises unaque Sibyllam  
 prosequitur dictis, portaque emittit eburna,

895

"There are two gates of Sleep. One, they say, is horn, by which easy exit is given for true shades. The other glistens with brilliant, unflawed ivory, but through it the Manes send false dreams to the world above. Anchises with these words escorted his son and the Sibyl here and sent them through the ivory gate" (Carney).

"There are twin gates of sleep. One is said to be made of horn, an easy exit for true ghosts. The other is made of shining ivory, but here the dead send false dreams above. Anchises, having finished his account, took his son and the Sibyl to the ivory gate and sent them through it" (Caldwell, 116).

"There are two gates of sleep: one is called the Gate of Horn and it is an easy exit for true shades; the other is made all in gleaming white ivory, but through it the powers of the underworld send false dreams up toward the heavens. There on that night did Anchises walk with his son and with the Sibyl and spoke such words to them as he sent them on their journey through the Gate of Ivory" (West, 140).

Here are the controversial lines concerning the Gates of Horn and Ivory. The earliest reference to the gates comes from Book XIX of Homer's *Odyssey*. The use of horn and ivory comes from an instance of Greek wordplay which is sadly lost in both English and Latin. The word *κέρας*, "horn," plays upon the word *κραίνω*, "fulfill," as *ἔλέφας*, "ivory," plays upon *ἐλεφαίρομαι*, "deceive." There is no clear reason why Aeneas returns through the false Gate of Ivory instead of the Gate of Horn. Arguments for a reason why range from Anchises' prophecies being lies to the Virgil trying to say that the reality we inhabit is a lie. Not being particularly drawn to any one theory, I tried to preserve the ambiguity found in the Latin.

Comparing the other translations, I found the use of *Manes* to be interesting. The Manes were chthonic deities, the deified spirits of the dead, who were worshiped in various cults and often offered blood sacrifice. Caldwell, like many other translators, translates the word simply as "the dead," which I feel underplays their deification. I chose to leave the word untranslated as a proper noun. The Manes refer to specific deities and, in my opinion, should not necessarily need to be translated. West decides to translate the word, but I like how he does so. He translates it as "the powers of the underworld." Although this does not specifically refer to the Manes, I feel that "the powers of the underworld" at least relates their divinity as more than those of mere shades.

In translating, often various particles and conjunctions need to be added to make the English polished and neat. I think that West's translation of 897-898, however, illustrate how

these additions can change the meaning. Anchises leads Aeneas and the Sibyl to the gate and “spoke such words to them as he sent them on their journey through the Gate of Ivory.” His decision to use the word “as” implies that Anchises had been speaking while they were departing through the gate. This idea that both actions happened at the same time could be an attempt to imply that all that Anchises had said to his son was false, for he was saying it as he was sending his son through the gate of lies. Both Caldwell and I use the word “and” to link two, separate actions.

## Book VI: *In Averno*

Weeping as he spoke, Aeneas tempered the lines and, at long last, glided toward the shores of Euboean Cumae. As the anchor hitched the ships with its clasping cusped, the curved sterns fringed upon the strand, turning the prows seaward. A throng of yearning, young men thence surged onto the shore of Hesperia. Some sought the veiled seeds of flame in the veins of their flint; others harvested the dense forests for timber and discovered newfound streams. Yet pious Aeneas sought those places in which high and holy Apollo presides, the far off cave therein, home of the awful Sibyl, to whom the Delian prophet, inspiring her mind and soul, lays bare the future. They soon entered under gilded canopies into the sacred grove of Trivia. [1-13]

It is said that Daedalus, fleeing the Minoan kingdom, dared to entrust himself to the skies. He escaped through that untrodden path toward the Big and Little Bears and ultimately landed lightly upon this Chalcidian peak. Restored to these lands first, he dedicated his feathered oars to you, Phoebus, and established this vast temple. Depicted upon the doors was the death of Androgeus and the lamentable reparations weighed out for the Athenians. The urn stands waiting with the lots drawn; the lofty earth of Gnosis responds across the sea: Pasiphaë's fierce love of a bull set forth in secret, and its child, the Minotaur, the mixed stock, bifurcated progeny, a monument to atrocious lust. Here, too, was that labor of the house of Minos, that inextricable labyrinth. Here Daedalus, himself, having pitied the great love of the princess, unraveled the maze and led blind footsteps with a string. [14-30]

You too, Icarus, would have had your great place in that magnum opus, if your father's grief had allowed it. Twice an effort was made to illustrate your fall in gold, yet twice your father's hands regressed. Aeneas would have canvassed further, gazing upon every detail, yet

Achates, dispatched earlier, had now returned. Present with him was Deiphobe, daughter of Glaucus, a priestess of Phoebus and Trivia, who addressed the kin, “This moment does not call for sightseeing. Rather, it would be favorable for you to sacrifice seven young bulls from an unmarred herd and seven well-chosen sheep as well, as ritual prescribes.” She spoke, and Aeneas’ men were expedient in carrying out these sacred orders. Afterward, the priestess called the Trojans into her holy shrine. [31-41]

The enormous flank of that Euboean cliff was carved into a cave, in which there were a hundred doorways and a hundred mouths, from which tumbled a hundred voices, the echoes of the Sibyl. Aeneas had come to the threshold when the virgin said, “It is time to demand your destinies. The god! Behold the god!” At that moment, as she spoke before the gate, her visage and complexion transfigured, her combed hair fell into disarray, and her breast heaved as her feral heart grew in frenzy. She seemed to have grown in stature and she spoke no longer as a mortal, for she had been touched by the power, now closer to the god. “You are slow in your prayers and vows, Trojan Aeneas,” she resounded. “Do you hesitate? For the great mouths of this thunderstruck palace will not open but as dumb until you have prayed.” Having spoken, she fell silent. An icy tremor ran through the men’s hardened bones, but their king poured forth the prayers from the depths of his soul. [42-55]

“Phoebus Apollo, who guided Paris’ hand and the Dardanian shaft into the body of Achilles, you have always taken pity on the grave labors of Troy. Led by you, I sailed so many seas and came upon great lands, from deep within the secluded Massylian tribes to the extended plains of the Syrtes. Now, at long last, we seize the fleeing shores of Italy, if only the fortune of Troy would not follow to this point. You, too, you gods and goddesses, whom the great glory of Ilium opposed, it is now permissible to spare the house of Pergamum. And you, most sacred

diviner, foreknowing of those things that will come, I beg you, render only the kingdom indebted to me by the Fates. Allow the Trojans to settle in Latium with the homeless gods and harried powers of Troy. Then, I would establish a temple of solid marble to Phoebus and Trivia and hold feasting days in Phoebus' name. For you as well, a great shrine awaits in our kingdom, in which I shall set forth the prophesies and arcane declarations announced to my people and I shall consecrate your elite men. But do not commit such poetry to the leaves, such disorderly playthings that would fly in the seizing winds; sing them aloud I pray of you." [56-76]

She was not yet submitting of the god and convulsed like a maenad in the cave, immense and rabid, as if she would be able to cast the great god out of her breast. Yet, all the more, he fatigued her rabid mouth, domesticated her feral heart, and molded her with his pressure. The hundred huge mouths of the cavern opened of their own accord and bore the oracle's response through the air: "You are rid at last of the great dangers of the sea, yet on land await dangers greater still. The sons of Dardanus shall come into the kingdoms of Lavinia – dismiss that care from your heart – though they will wish they had never come. I see war, horrible war, the Tiber foaming with blood. You will find a Simois and a Xanthus and Doric camps there. A second Achilles has been born in Latium, himself progeny of a goddess. Juno will not stray from her afflictions on the Trojans, while you, destitute, would beg favor as a supplicant from cities and tribes throughout all of Italy. The cause of such misfortune will again be a wife foreign to Teucrian blood, an alien marriage once more. Do not yield; venture all the more boldly, in the way your Fortune will allow. The path to safety will unfold where you expect it least, from a Greek city." [77-97]

In these words the Cumaean Sibyl sang her supernatural ambiguities from the sanctuary, enveloping truth in obscurity, as Apollo, in her frenzy, shook the reins and wrenched the goad

beneath her breast. When her fit had ceased and her raving mouth had come to rest, the hero Aeneas began: “No new form of hardship stands as a surprise to me, O virgin. I have foreseen all and worked things through in my mind. I ask but one thing. It is said that here is the gateway of the infernal realm, the swamp from the overflow of gloomy Acheron. It would befall me to go to the sight and the words of my dear father, if you would show the way and unbar the sacred doors. I rescued him through the flames and thousand pursuing spears on these shoulders, rescued him from amidst the enemy. He accompanied me on my journey, with me through all the seas, bearing every peril from the sea and sky, decrepit as he was, beyond the strength and lot of an old man. Praying, he gave me the charge that I would aim for and come to these shores as a supplicant to you. I implore you, gracious one, to pity father and son. You have power over all, and it was not in vain that Hecate gave you authority over the Avernus groves. Orpheus was able to summon the shade of his wife, relying on the chords of melody from his Thracian cithern. Pollux ransomed his brother with interchanging death, going and return so often. And why would I mention Perseus or mighty Hercules? I, too, am from the stock of most high Jove.” [98-123]

Aeneas was still praying these words and embracing the altars when the prophetess began to speak: “Oh Trojan son of Anchises, sewn from the blood of the gods, the descent to Avernus is easy. Day and night the coal black gateway of Dis stands open, but to retrace your steps and to come out into the upper air, this is the deed, this is the labor. Few, whom righteous Jupiter has favored, or whom argent virtue has lifted up into the heavens, born from gods, were able. Forests comprise all the middle regions, and Cocytus encompasses it, flowing with its murky curves. But if your soul has such a yearning, such a lecherous ambition to twice float upon the Stygian waters, to twice gaze upon obsidian Tartarus, if it helps to regale in this mad endeavor, understand what must be accomplished first. A golden bough lies hidden in the shadows of a

tree, golden in leaves and of limber branch, said to be sacred to the Juno of the lower world. A hallowed grove conceals it on all sides, and shadows imprison it in a dusky valley. No one may enter the depths of the earth before he will have plucked the golden foliage from the tree. Fair Proserpina decrees this, her tribute, be brought to her. After the first is snatched away, another golden bough sprouts and the branch grows leaves of the same metal. So scour for it with your lofty gaze and duly pluck the discovery with your hands. It will come easily, itself willing, if the Fates call you. Otherwise, you will not overcome it with any other force; you will not be able to wrest it with hardened iron. Further, lies the lifeless body of your friend – ah you do not know – polluting the whole fleet with his death, while you seek counsel and linger upon our threshold. First, bring him to his resting place and bury him in the sepulcher. Then lead black cattle here; they will be your first sin-offerings, for not until then will you behold the Stygian groves and the kingdoms untrodden by the living.” She spoke and, with closed lips, fell silent. [124-155]

Aeneas, then, proceeded forth, leaving the cave with eyes downcast and a solemn visage, and contemplated these mysterious fortunes. His companion, faithful Achates, went with him stride for stride and with equal worries. They exchanged much between themselves in varying discourse. Who was the lifeless ally the seer spoke of? Which body was to be buried? As they came to the shore, they saw on the dry strand Misneus, taken by an undeserving death, son of Aeolus, to whom no other man was equal in rousing the men with brazen trumpet’s call and setting Mars aflame. He had been a companion of mighty Hector, going forth to combat at Hector’s side, as remarkable with a spear as with his horn. After the vanquisher Achilles had stripped Hector of his life, this stalwart hero joined himself to Dardanian Aeneas, not following any ally inferior. But one day he powerfully rattled the seas with a hollowed conch and, demented as he was, he called the gods into contest with his song. Envious Triton - if this is

worthy of believing - had drowned the man betwixt the rocks with foamy undulation. And so, they all clamored around his body with a great wailing, pious Aeneas in particular. Then, with no delay to the Sibyl's ordinances, they hastened in tears to heap up a sepulchral altar of trees and vied to raise it into the heavens. Into primordial forest, the deep abodes of wild creatures, they went. Pines fell down; the holm oak rang, struck with axes. Ashen timbers and split oak-wood were cleaved with wedges, and they rolled huge mountain ash trunks down the slopes. [156-182]

Aeneas urged on his comrades, armed with equal tools, himself first amongst such labors. Yet he contemplated in his melancholy heart, gazing upon the boundless forest, and said aloud in prayer: "Let now this golden bough reveal itself to us from its tree in such woodland. About you, the prophetess had spoken everything true, Misneus. Alas, she spoke too true." No sooner had he spoken, when twin doves had come flying, as if by chance, from the sky before his very eyes and settled upon the grassy ground. Yet, the magnificent hero recognized the birds as his mothers and, rejoicing, he prayed: "Be my guide if there is some way. Take wing on your course through the airs and into the forest, where the precious bough shadows the fertile ground. You, O goddess and mother, do not desert me in such dubious times." Thus spoken, he followed their path, observing what signs they would bear and to where they would continue to endeavor. The doves flew forth, foraging only so far as eyes would be able to maintain the pursuit. When they came to the rotting throat of Avernus, the swift birds ascended, gliding through the lucid air, and settled side-by-side upon their chosen perch above a tree, from which the noticeably-hued gleam of gold glistened amongst the branches. Just as in the woods in frigid winter mistletoe is accustomed to effloresce with young foliage and entwine the shapely trunks with its yellow spawn, the parasite of a tree not sewn from its own, such was the appearance of blossoming gold on the shadowy oak, the metallic foil rustling in the gentle breeze. Aeneas seized it immediately

and eagerly broke off the stubborn bough to bring it to the home of the Sibylline prophetess.

[183-211]

Meanwhile, the Trojans were still lamenting Misneus on the shore, performing last rites for thankless ash. First they constructed a huge pyre, dense with pitch-pine and split oak, and surrounded its sides with grim foliage. Then, they placed funeral cypresses before it and adorned the top with shimmering arms. Some prepared boiling water in bronze in order to clean and anoint the cold body. A cry then resounded. Then, they placed the lamented body on a couch and draped purple robes, his recognizable vestments, upon it. A group bore up the large bier, a sad duty, and, with eyes averted in our ancient manner, the torch was held below. The gifts heaped upon the pyre were consumed with flame – frankincense, bowls of poured olive oil, and the sacrificial feast. After the cinders collapsed and the flame died down, they bated the remains and thirsty embers with wine. Corynaeus sheltered the gathered bones within a bronze urn. He then thrice circled the group with pure water, sprinkling them with light drops, as dew from an olive branch, and said the final words. Pious Aeneas built an immense burial mound – the man’s arms, horn and oar – beneath a soaring mountain, which was thus called Misneus by them, and it will bear that eternal name through the ages. [212-235]

With the rites now performed, Aeneas hastened to carry out the Sibyl’s orders. There was a cave deep and profound with a jagged, yawning mouth, sheltered by a black lake and the gloomy shade of the grove, above which no winged creature was able to safely make a journey in flight – so deadly were the exhalations breathed out from the coal-black throats above into the sky (the Greeks, therefore, called this place by the name “Without Birds”). Here the priestess first placed four young, black bulls, pouring wine upon their brow and plucking the topmost bristles from between their horns. She then set them on the sacred fire as the first libations,

invoking in prayer Hecate, so mighty in both heaven and hell. Others drew knives beneath the bulls and caught the still-warm blood in saucers. Aeneas himself sacrificed by sword an ewe of black fleece to the mother of the Furies, Night, and her great sister, Earth. To you, Proserpina, was sacrificed a barren heifer. Then to the Stygian Lord he began the nocturnal altars and placed entire carcasses of the bulls on the flames, pouring rich oil upon the blazing entrails. But look, under the first light of the rising sun, the wooded ridges crumbled, underfoot the ground rumbled, and the dogs howled forth through the shadows as the goddess approached.

“Be gone! Oh, be gone, you unholy!” bewailed the seer. “Vacate from all the sacred grove! And you, Aeneas, rush the path and unsheathe your sword! Now is the time for the resolution of your courage in that steadfast heart!” Having said this, she plunged herself, raving, into the bare cave; fearless, Aeneas matched his coursing guide in stride. [236-263]

Gods of the realm of fallen souls, silent shades, Chaos and Phlegethon, the soundless regions in the wide night, let me be granted the right to say what I have heard and, by your will, divulge the events immersed in the gloom deep in the earth.

They went on, shrouded in the desolate night, through the shadows, through the vacant dwelling of Dis and his hollow dominion. As is the path in the woods under the pale light of the obscured moon, when Jupiter has drowned the sky in shadow, and black night has stolen color from the world. Just before the entrance, in the jaws of Orcus, Grief and the avenging Cares had their beds. Pale Diseases dwell there, sad Senility, Dread, the temptress Hunger, and putrid Poverty, shapes all terrible to be seen: Death and Toil, and Death’s kin Sleep, and the evil joys of the mind. On the threshold opposite stood War, bringer of death, the iron chambers of the Furies, and demented Discord, her serpentine hair bound with blood-stained filets. In the middle an

enormous elm tree extends its shaded, ancient branches and boughs, which hold the throne of Empty Dreams that cling beneath every leaf. In addition there were the many monstrosities of the multitudinous creatures stabled at the gates: the Centaurs, bi-formed Scyllas, hundred-handed Briareus, and the Lernaean Hydra hissing horrendously, the fire-breathing Chimera, Gorgons, Harpies, and the ghost of three-bodied Geryon. Aeneas, panicked by an abrupt terror, drew his sword and offered its narrow edge to the advancing hoards. If his learned guide would not have reminded him that these were meager and bodiless spirits flitting around under the hollow likeness of form, he would have rushed forth and cleaved the shadows in vain. [264-294]

From here there was the path which leads to the waves of Tartarean Acheron. Here a turbid whirlpool, seething thick with mire in the vast abyss, vomits its sand into Cocytus. The ferryman Charon, gruesome in his dreadful squalor, guarded these waters. Disheveled, hoary whiskers lie on his chin, and his eyes stand like flames. A sordid cloak is draped by a knot from his shoulder. All himself, he drove the boat by pole, trimmed the sails, and ferried the dead on his rusty barge. He was already aged, but old age for a god is hardy and fresh. The whole crowd rushed forth, cascading here to the banks - mothers and husbands, the bodies of magnanimous heroes finished with life, boys and unwedded girls, young men placed upon the pyre before their parents' eyes - as many as leaves that fall gliding in the forest at autumn's first frost, as many as the birds that migrate to the land from the open sea, when the cold year drives them across the sea to sun-baked lands. They stood begging to be first to be carried across; their hands stretched out in desire for the farther shore. The sad mariner received these and those, but kept the others denied passage at bay upon the sand. Aeneas, for he was astonished by this tumultuous riot, said, "Speak, O virgin, what does it mean, this bedlam towards the river? Why do they strive so? By what division do some forsake the shore while others sweep the lead-blue shoals with oars?" The

ancient priestess briefly replied, “Begotten of Anchises and most true progeny of the gods, you are gazing upon the swamps of Cocytus and the bogs of Styx, whose name even the gods are afraid to swear falsely against. All these, this crowd which you see, are the hopeless unburied dead. The ferryman is Charon, and these, whom he transports upon the waves, are the entombed. He may not transport them on the raucous currents to the dread shore until their bones rest at peace in the grave. For one hundred years they must wander fluttering aimlessly around these shores, not until then may they return admitted across these lusted after swamps.” Anchises’ son stood stopped in his tracks, pondering all this and lamenting in his heart their unjust lot. There he descried, despondent and destitute of the honor of death, Leucaspis and Orontes, captain of the Lycian fleet, whom the South Wind, smothering both ship and men in the sea, overwhelmed as they were carried through the windswept waters from Troy. [295-336]

Lo and behold, there came his helmsman, Palinurus, who just recently on the course from Libya had fallen from the stern while he was observing the stars. Aeneas barely recognized him, despondent in the many shadows, but then called forth, “Who amongst the gods, Palinurus, wrested you from us and plunged you into the open sea? Tell me. For Apollo, never once before found to be deceptive, deluded my soul with his one response in foretelling to me that you would survive unscathed from the sea and arrive upon Ausonian shores. Is this truly the faith promised me?” But Palinurus responded, “Phoebus’ cauldron did not mislead you, my captain, nor did any god engulf me in the sea. Duty bound, I was keeping straight the course when the helm to which I was clinging was, as luck would have it, torn asunder by a mighty force, and I, cast down, dragged it with me. I swear by the stormy seas that I had not as much fear for myself than for your ship. Stripped of its reins and shaken of its guide, it would sink in the swelling waves. For three wintry nights the cruel South Wind dragged me through the vast sea. On the fourth dawn I

saw Italy in the distance from atop the crest of a lofty wave. I swam little by little toward the shore; safety was now in my grasp. An unmerciful band ignorantly thought me as their spoils and ran me through, as I grasped the hopeless cliff of the mountain by the barb, burdened by my flooded clothes. Now the tide has me, and the winds toss me around on the shore. By the alluring light and breeze of heaven, by your father, by the rising hope of Iulus, I plead with you, Aeneas unconquered, wrest me from these misfortunes. Either pitch earth upon me – for it is within your power – seek again the Velian port, or, if there is such a way, if your mother shows you how – for I believe you would not sail over such waters, the Stygian bog, without the power of the gods – extend your hand to this miserable wretch and take me with you across the waves, so that at least in death I would find rest in a tranquil abode.” [337-371]

Thus he spoke, and the prophetess answered, “From where, Palinurus, did you receive this ominous desire? You look upon the waters of Styx, the austere river of the Furies, unburied, and approach the banks without command? Abandon your hopes that you could bend the will of the gods in praying. But, being heedful, take these words as relief of your hard fortune. Neighboring peoples, driven by heavenly signs through cities far and wide, will appease your bones. They will build a tomb, and to this tomb dedicate solemn offerings, and this place will hold the eternal name of Palinurus.” By these words his anguish was for a short time expelled, as was the beating pain of sadness within his heart, for he took pleasure in the land’s name. [372-384]

They continued their journey and drew close to the river. On the waves of Styx, the boatman now saw that they were walking through the silent grove and approaching the bank, so he addressed them first and rebuked the travelers unprovoked, “Whoever you are approaching our river in arms, cease your advance and state from where you are; speak of why you come.

This is the land of shadows, sleep, and somnolent night. It is sin that this keel would carry living bodies. In truth I am not delighted that I have received Hercules sailing on the lake, or Theseus, or Pirothous, progeny of gods and invincible in power though they were. One sought to enchain the Tartarean watchdog with his own hands from the throne of Pluto, and dragged the trembling hound away; the others assailed to abduct the queen of Dis from her chamber.” The Amphrysian seer duly responded, “Here there is no such treachery. Fret no more. Our weapons bear no force. The colossal door-keeper barking from its cave may terrify the lifeless shades eternally, and Proserpina may remain safe and chaste in her uncle’s threshold. Aeneas of Troy, renowned in arms and piety, descends to his father in the deepest shadows of Erebus. If no image of such piety moves you, this bough here (she uncovered the bough concealed by her robe) you must acknowledge.” His swollen heart then subsided from rage. Admiring the venerable gift of that fateful bough, now seen after such a long time, he turned the dusky stern and made for the shore. He cleared away the other shades, which were sitting across the long thwarts, extended the gangplank, and, at once, accepted towering Aeneas onto the bilge. The tattered boat groaned under his weight and took much of the swampy water in its cracks. At last, he set both the man and the seer unharmed ashore across the river on the shapeless mire and grey-green sedge. [385-416]

Monstrous Cerberus, lying in a cave there, resounds throughout the entire kingdom with barking from its three throats. The prophetess, close enough to discern its necks bristled with serpents, tossed to it a soporific morsel of honey and drugged meal. Thrusting its three, rabid necks, it snatched the morsel in hunger, and went slack, its enormous back brought down on the ground, and stretched out over the entire den. Aeneas seized the opening from the overwhelmed guardian and quickly embarked away from the bank of the waters of no return. [417-425]

Immediately voices were heard, wailing and loud, the crying souls of infants, torn from the teat at the very threshold of the sweet life they had no share of, whom a black day has hauled away and submerged into a bitter death. Nearby were those falsely condemned to die; yet these seats were not given without judge or jury. Minos, as inquisitor, shakes the urn, calls silent council, and reviews their lives and crimes. Next were those wretched souls, innocent but detesting the light, who discarded their souls, who authored their deaths by their own hand. How they would wish to now endure poverty and hardships in the upper air! However, divine law stands in opposition. Interposed, the forlorn and odious bog binds them and Styx surrounds them nine fold. Not far from here the Fields of Lamentation, as they are called, stretch into all the vastness. Here those whom pitiless love devours with a merciless decay are hidden by stony paths and covered all around by a myrtle forest. In this region Aeneas sees Phaedra, Procris, mournful Eriphyle, displaying the wounds received from her pernicious son, and Evadne and Pasiphaë; with them their companion Laodaima comes, and Caeneus, once a young man, then a woman, but by fate now turned back again into her original form. Among them Phoenician Dido, fresh from the wound, wandered in the great forest. The Trojan hero stood nearby and recognized her obscure form through the shadows, as faint as the newborn moon one sees, or thinks to have seen, rising through the haze. He broke down into tears and spoke with a saccharine love, "So the message sent to me was true, forlorn Dido, that you were dead, that you sought your own end with steel. Oh! Was I the cause of your demise? I swear by the stars, by the powers above, by whatever faith might exist beneath this most deep earth, my queen, that I departed from your shores unwilling. It was the command of the gods, which, in being set forth, now summon me to go through these shadows, these brutal places, this profound night; those commands drove me with their divine injunctions. I cannot believe myself to have brought you

so much grief in departing. Stop! Do not withdraw from our sight. This is the final exchange that Fate permits me to speak to you.” With these words Aeneas was trying to soothe her blazing soul, savagely glaring. He was moved to tears, yet she held her eyes fixed on the ground. As if her face were rigid flint or Marpesian stone, she was no more moved by his speech.

Acrimonious, she finally gathered herself and fled into the shade-bringing forest, where her former husband Sychaeus responded to her with care and returned her love. Nonetheless, Aeneas, shaken by her steep fall, gazed in tears and pitied her as she went. [426-476]

From there he strove down the given path. They came upon the farthest, secluded fields, in which those shining in war now populate. Here Tydeus met them, with Parthenopaeus, renowned in arms, and the pale shade of Adrastus. Here were many Trojans, fallen in war and lamented above. Aeneas moaned as he sifted through the long ranks: the three sons of Antenor, Glaucus, Medon and Thersilochus, Ceres’ priest Polyboetes, and Ideaus, still with chariot, still bearing arms. The shades crowded around him on the left and right. It was not sufficient to have seen him once, it delighted them to linger more, unite with him in pace, and learn the reasons for his coming. The Danaan leaders and the phalanges of Agamemnon with a great fear roused into panic as they saw the man and his gleaming arms through the shadows. Some turned back, just as they had at one time made for their ships; others raised their paltry voices, but the faint clamor disappointed their gaping mouths. [477-493]

He saw Deiphobus, son of Priam, his whole body mangled, his visage maimed most cruelly, his hands and his face both dismembered, with his ears ripped from their temple and his nostrils defaced with a dishonorable wound. Aeneas barely recognized the man, trembling and trying to hide his dire suffering. He addressed the man with familiar tones, “Deiphobus, mighty warrior of Teucer’s high blood, who delighted to treat you with such unmerciful punishment?

Flying Rumor came to me that on that night, fatigued from your vast slaughter of Greeks, you had fallen atop a heap of amalgamated carnage. On that occasion I set up an empty tomb on the Rhoetean shore and, with a great voice, thrice called upon your shade. Your name and arms guard that place. I was not able to find sight of you, my friend, or bury you in the fatherland before departing.” To which Priam’s son replied, “Nothing was left undone, my friend. You fulfilled all the rites due to Deiphobus, to a ghost. My own fate and the wicked acts of a Spartan woman plunged me into this hell; she left these memorials. You knew that we spent that last night in delusive revelry - it’s inevitable that you remember all too well. When that baneful horse came bounding above steep Pergamum and, burdened, brought armed soldiers from its depths, she, imitating a choral dance, led around Phrygians crying out in bacchic ecstasy. She held a bulky torch and signaled the Greeks from the top of the citadel. My unlucky chamber held me, worn out with cares and consummated in sleep. Repose, sweet and deep, pressed on me like gentle death. Meanwhile my incomparable wife moved all the arms from the dwelling; she had taken the trusty glaive from beneath my head. She called Menelaus within the abode, hoping, naturally, that this great service would be for her lover and that it could extinguish the old memory of her sins. They burst into my chamber; their companion, the ringleader of heinous acts, Ulysses, of the windking’s line, accompanied them. Oh gods, I again plea for vengeance, if I am with pious enough mouth, wreak comparable horrors upon the Greeks! But, go, speak now in turn, what causes have brought you here alive. Did you come driven in wandering upon the sea or by instruction of the gods? Or does Fortune so fatigue you that you would come to these gloomy, sunless homes, these disordered places?” [494-534]

At this point, Aurora had crossed the meridian in her ethereal course with her four-horsed chariot of rose. Perhaps they would have spent all their given time on all these matters, but the

Sibyl warned them and addressed them quickly, “The night hastens, yet we draw out our hours in weeping. Here is the place where the road is divided into two parts: the right road, stretching under the walls of great Dis is our path to Elysium; the left road oversees the punishment of the wicked, sending them to ungodly Tartarus.” Deiphobus responded, “Do not be angry, great priestess. I will depart and realize my tally. I return to the shadows. Go, glory of our race! Go and enjoy a better fate!” He spoke and, on that word, turned away. [535-547]

Aeneas looked back and saw a wide fortification beneath a cliff to the left, surrounded by a threefold wall, which a raging river – infernal Phlegethon - circled with roaring flames, propelling thunderous boulders. The towering gate was flanked by columns of solid adamantine, such that no force of men or of the gods themselves would be able to destroy them. High in the air stood Tisiphone, sitting atop a tower of iron, girded in a bloodstained mantle, sleeplessly guarding the entrance night and day. Groaning was heard; the harsh cracking of whips, the clanking of iron, and the dragging chains resounded. Aeneas drank in the tumult and stood affright, “Tell me, virgin, what forms of depravity are incited here and with which tortures? Why is there such a lamentation on the air?” [548-561]

So the prophetess began: “Glorious Teucrian leader, it is divine law that this defiled threshold may be tread by no virtuous man, but when Hecate placed me in authority over the sacred groves of Avernus she made me aware of the punishments of the gods and led me through them all. Rhadamanthus of Gnosus rules this merciless realm. He chastises the souls, hears them, and drives them to confess why they bear their incurred penance overdue into too late death, delighted in their empty tricks above the underworld. Vengeful Tisiphone, bounding forth, lashes the guilty with girded scourge forthwith, brandishing wild serpents in her left hand as she calls the unrelenting legion of her sisters. Then the Gates of hell are split open, grating at the hinge

with a horrid shriek. Do you see what sort of form would perch on the entrance in guard and tend the threshold? The monstrous Hydra, much more ferocious with its fifty gaping, black throats, holds a seat within. Then the pit of Tartarus itself unfolds beneath the shadows, opening straight downward twice as much the distance rising toward ethereal Olympus in the sky. Here the ancient brood of the Earth, the ripened Titans, torn down by the thunderbolt, writhe in the lowest depths. I saw the twin giant sons of Aloeus, who sought to tear open the great sky with their hands and drag down Jupiter from his kingdom above. I saw Salmoneus suffering severe punishment for counterfeiting the fires of Jove and the thunders of Olympus. On a four horse chariot he rode brandishing torches and rejoicing through the city of Elis and through all of Greece. Demented, he demanded the honors of divinity, for he had imitated the inimitable crash of thunder and rainstorms with the stomping of horse hooves on bronze. But the all-powerful Father launched his bolt – no firebrand, or smoky pitch-pine light – through the dense clouds and propelled him headlong with a mighty whirlwind. There was seen Tityos, suckling of all-mothering Earth, whose body stretched across nine whole acres. A monstrous vulture tears open his bowels fertile with agonies, shearing his immortal liver with its hooked beak, and lives beneath his chest, where with ever renewing flesh he is given no rest. What ought I recount of the Lapiths, Ixion and Pirithous, above whom a black boulder teeters ever about to fall, such that it seems to have fallen already. Before them, dishes are prepared with regal luxury, and golden legs gleam from the high conjugal couches. Yet, the eldest of the Furies lies nearby, and hinders them from reaching toward the tables with sinful hands as she roars and springs forth waving her torch. [578-607]

“Here reside those who in life begrudged their brothers, struck their parents, or cheated their dependants; those who alone hoarded newfound riches and did not impart any to their kin

(this is the largest group); those slain for adultery; those who sought unpatriotic arms and were not apprehensive in deserting the sides of their masters; all these await their punishment here. Do not seek to know what price or what form of fortune overwhelms these men. Some roll enormous stones, others hang outstretched on the spokes of wheels. Poor Theseus sits and will sit forever. Most wretched Phlegyas warns all, testifying with his loud voice amidst the shadows: ‘Learn justice! Do not slight the gods!’ This one sold his country for gold and instilled a tyrant; another ratified or nullified laws for a price. Another entered the chamber of his daughter for forbidden nuptials. All dared monstrous crime and received what they dared for. Not if I had a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues, and a voice of iron would I be able to consolidate the kinds of their crimes and describe the forms of their punishments.” So said the aged priestess of Apollo. [608-628]

“But come now, pick up your pace and complete the mission you have taken up,” she spoke. “Let us hasten. I see the walls edified from the Cyclopes’ forge and the gates in the archway opposite where we are to place our offerings.” She had spoken, and, having advanced through the shadows of the paths, they hastened through that middle ground side by side and came upon the gates. Aeneas stood at the portal, sprinkled his body with fresh water, and set the bough on the threshold before him. [629-636]

With these actions done, with his duty to the goddess now complete, they finally came to the joyful places, the enchanting, green fields, the blissful seat of the Blessed Groves. The more bountiful firmament adorned these fields in a lavender glow, and the land knows its own sun and stars. Some exercise their bodies and contend in sport, wrestling upon the grassy gymnasia or upon the beige sand. Others stomp with their feet a choral dance and chant a choral song. In long robes as a Thracian priest, Orpheus, accompanies them, plucking his seven-stringed lyre both

with hands and ivory pick. Here is the ancient race of Teucer, a most fair stock, great-souled heroes born in a better time – Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus, founder of Troy. From afar Aeneas marvels at these phantom men and their chariots and weapons. Their spears stand fixed in the ground and their horses graze, far and wide, unfettered through the plains. The passion, which was theirs in living, for chariots and arms and for pasturing horses with care remained with them buried in the earth. He sees others on his left and right feasting through the foliage or singing paeon hymns of praise among a fragrant grove of laurel, from which the broad river of Eridanus flows through the forest to the world above. Here were those who suffered wounds in fighting for their fatherland, those who in life remained morally pure as priests or were pious bards, and those who spoke their deserved words from Apollo. Also here were those who bettered life through invented arts, or those who made others mindful of their merit – for these things their brows were crowned with snow-white ribbon. [637-665]

The Sibyl addressed those who had gathered around, Musaeus especially, who stood towering shoulders above the others in the center of the crowd. “Tell me, blessed souls, and you, greatest of poets, which region, what resting place holds Anchises. For him we came and crossed the great waters of Erebus.” The hero responded to her briefly, “None have fixed homes. We dwell in shady groves, recline on riverbanks, and occupy meadows freshened by streams. But if the desire so fills your heart, go over this ridge and I shall point out an easy path.” He took his course forward and showed them the glistening fields below; then they departed from the lofty summit. [666-678]

Deep within a verdant valley, father Anchises was ardently reviewing a then confined group of souls about to go forth into the light above. By chance, he was now surveying the number of all his own beloved descendants, their fates and fortunes, their manners and their acts.

When he saw Aeneas striding toward through the grass, he stretched out both of his eager hands, tears shed on his cheeks, and spoke the words falling from his lips, “You have come at last! Has the devotion expected from your father conquered the hard journey? Am I to behold your face, son, to hear your familiar voice and reply with my own? Verily, I knew it in my soul. Counting the time, I calculated what was yet to be, and my faith did not deceive me. I receive you now, my son, carried through so many lands and across so many seas, thrown into so many perils! How I feared the Libyan kingdom would harm you!” [679-694]

Aeneas replied, “You, father, your sad image often met me and drove me to these thresholds. Our ships stand in the Tyrrhenian Sea. Give me your hands to hold, father, and do not withdraw yourself from our embrace.” As he was saying this his face grew wet with shed tears. Three times he endeavored to wrap his arms around his father’s neck; three times the captured image slipped through his hands in vain like a light wind, an airy dream. [695-702]

Meanwhile in that sequestered valley, Aeneas caught sight of a secluded grove with rustling stems and shrubbery, a peaceful place which the river Lethe flew past. Around it hovered the innumerable nations of souls – just as bees in a field on a sunny summer day settle upon the multicolored flowers and swarm around the alabaster lilies so that the whole meadow hums with buzzing. Aeneas was shaken by this sight and in his ignorance asked the reasons for it. What was this river afar, and who were these men crowding the banks as such a flock? Father Anchises answered, “These are the souls whom are owed another body by fate. In the waves of Lethe they drink the waters of forgetfulness and timeless oblivion. Truly, I have long desired to recount to you and exhibit before your eyes, to enumerate this progeny of mine so that you may rejoice with me at discovering Italy.”

“Are we to imagine, father, that some souls go from here to the skies above, returning again into their torpid bodies? What longing for the light do these poor souls bear?” [703-721]

“I will tell you, son, and not keep you in suspense.” Anchises answered and revealed the mysteries one by one. “A spirit within sustains the heavens and the earth, the span of the sea, the shining globe of the moon, and the sun and the stars. Mind, poured through all the members, drives the whole and merges itself with the great body. From there comes the race of men and beasts, of winged life, and of the monsters beneath the marmoreal surface of the sea. A flaming vigor, celestial in origin, is within these seeds of life. Noxious, mortal bodies hinder them so, and the moribund elements of terrestrial limbs deaden them. Thus they fear and desire, suffer and rejoice, and, confined in their blind prisons and gloom, never see the sky. Nor, when life departs from the last light, are all the ills and the corporeal plagues uprooted from the foundation, but deep within it is unavoidable that many corporeal taints grow in countless ways. Thus we aged supplicants are driven by our punishments and atone for our sins. Some souls are hung, spread out to the winds; the tinged crimes of others are purged beneath a raging abyss or consumed in flame. We each bear our own ghosts. Thereafter, we are sent through the ample fields of Elysium, and a few of us enjoy the Blessed Fields, while the long day, with the orbit of time completed, removes the corporeal stain and leaves behind the pure, ethereal acumen and the fire of uncompounded spirit. When they have rolled the wheel through one thousand years, god will call all these forth in a great assembly to the river Lethe, so that without memory they might look again to the vaulted world above and begin again to desire to be returned into bodies.” [722-751]

Anchises had spoken and he now led his son along with the Sibyl into the middle of the resounding commotion of the assembly. He chose a mound from which he would be able to scan all those in the long procession before him and scan their faces as they came.

“Come now! What glory awaits thence the Trojan race! I will reveal the noble children from the Italian race, the souls about to come into our name, and I will show your fate to you. That youth you see, who leans upon an unarmed spear, holding his allotted place nearest the light, who will first rise into the upper air intermingled with Italian blood, is Silvius, an Alban name, your last child, whom, in your twilight years, your wife Lavinia will rear in a sylvan home, a king and father of kings, from him our race will bear rule in Alba Longa. Next is Procas, pride of the Trojan race, then Capys and Numitor, and then he who will restore you in name, Aeneas Silvius, equally distinguished in piety and arms, if he ever succeeds to rule Alba. What young men! Such strength they exhibit; their brows shaded with civic oak. They will establish for you Nomentum, Gabii, and the town of Fidena; they will erect the citadels of Collatia in the mountains, and found Pometia, Cora, Bola, and the fortress of Inuus. These will then be names, now they are lands without name. [752-776]

“Then Romulus, son of Mars, *born* of Ilia with the blood of Assaracus, will place himself as companion to his grandfather. Do you see how the twin plumes stand upon his head and how the Father of the gods marks with the honors of his own? Lo, my son, by his auspices, illustrious Rome will commensurate her dominion with the earth, her spirits with Olympus. She will encircle for herself seven hills within one wall, blessed with the progeny of heroes, just as the crowned Berecynthian mother rides in her chariot through Phrygian towns joyous with the birth of gods, embracing her hundred grandsons, all dwellers of the sky, all occupying the heights above. [777-787]

“Now turn your twin eyes hither and gaze upon this race, upon your Romans. Here is Caesar and all the progeny of Iulus about to come beneath heaven’s great axle. Here is the man whom you often hear to be promised to you, Augustus Caesar, born of the gods, who will

establish a golden age again through the fields of Latium once ruled by Saturn and extend the empire beyond the Indus and the Garamantes: the earth cast beyond our stars, beyond the paths of the year's sun, where sky-bearing Atlas turns the axis, blazing with stars, on his shoulders. Even now the realms of Caspia and the land of Maeotia tremble and the sevenfold, trepid mouths of the Nile flow in disorder from the divinations of his coming. In truth, even Heracles did not range so much of the earth, though he could shoot the brazen-hoofed hind, pacify the groves of Erymanthus, or make Lerna grovel with his bow, nor did Bacchus, who, driving from the lofty heights of Nysa, steered yoked tigers with vine-leafed reins. And yet we still stagger to extend our force in valor, and that fear prevents us from taking a stand in Ausonia? [789-807]

“But who is that in the distance in crown of olive bearing sacred insignia? I know that hoary hair and beard. It is Numa, Roman king, who will establish the city on a base of laws, sent from the poverty in puny Cures to high command. After him then follows Tullus, who will fracture the leisure of the fatherland and rouse dormant, presently unaccustomed to triumph, men into arms. More ostentatiously, Ancus follows him in close proximity, delighting even now in popular winds. Do you wish to see the Tarquin kings, the arrogant spirit of avenging Brutus and the recovered *fasces*? He will be first to receive the order of consul and the fierce axes. He will call his own sons, stirring up new wars, to punishment on behalf of fair liberty. An unhappy man, for these deeds will seem smaller; love of country and a boundless desire for glory will prevail. Look upon the Drecii and Drusi in the distance, Torquatus ferocious with his axe, and Camillus bearing back the standards. Those, on the other hand, whom you see to glisten in equal arms, harmonious souls now while they are held by the night, oh what wars they will invoke against each other, what wars and carnage if they would ever come into the light! The father-in-law marches down the Alps from the stronghold of Monaco; the son-in-law draws up his opposing

Oriental troops. Do not accustom your souls to such wars, my sons, nor turn the vigorous avidity of the country into its own heart. And you, child of Olympus, be first to refrain; cast the weapons down from your hand, my flesh and blood. [808-835]

“There is the conqueror of Corinth who will drive his chariot to the top of the Capitoline Hill in triumph, marked by the felling of his Greek adversaries. There is he who will uproot Argos and Agamemnon’s Mycenae, Aeacides himself, descendant of armipotent Achilles, having taken vengeance for our Trojan fathers and the desecrated temple of Minerva. Who would leave you unsung, Cato, or you, Cottus, the family of Gracchi, or the twin Scipios, two thunderbolts of war and bane of Libya, or Fabricus, powerful in poverty, or you, Serranus, sewing at the furrow? Where do you tug my weary eyes, Fabii? You are Fabius Maximus, the one who will restore the state in delaying. Others will hammer out bronze breathing more delicately, no doubt, and draw living faces from marble. They will speak cases better and transcribe the motion of the heavens by its axis and the rising stars. Keep in your memory, Roman, that you are to rule that you are to rule the people with your command. For these will be your arts: to establish the custom of peace, to spare the humbled, and to battle down the arrogant.” [836-853]

Thus father Anchises, as they marveled, added: “Look how Marcellus comes with corpulent spoils; the vanquisher towers over all other men! He will stand upright the Roman state when it is made stormy with a great disorder, scatter Carthaginian horsemen and rebel Gauls, and consecrate to father Quirinus a third set of arms.”

Aeneas, for he saw an eminent youth in gleaming armor, whose brow was unhappy and whose eyes were downcast from his face, asked: “Who is this, father, who accompanies the hero

in going? Is he his son or another in his great line of descendants? What a commotion there is around his followers! So great an impression! Yet the shadow of dark night sadly flies around his head.”

And father Anchises proceeded with tears springing forth: “Son, do not seek the vast grief of your people. Fate will expose him to the earth for a brief while, but not let him go farther. Gods above, to you the Roman progeny seemed too powerful if these gifts would have remained. The fields of Mars will drive so many lamentations to the great city of Mars, or what funeral rites you will see, Tiber, when you flow over the recent burial mound. Not any boy of the clan of Ilium will raise the hope of his Latin forefathers so, nor will the land of Romulus ever be so proud of any son. Oh! Lament his piety, his old-world conviction, his sword arm invincible in battle! No man would have been borne themselves to meet him in arms unscathed, whether he came on foot or he dug his spurred heels into a frothing steed. Alas! If only you could rupture your inimical fate. You will be Marcellus. Let me scatter lilies and purple blossoms from filled hands; let me pile up these gifts at the least and execute hollow ritual for the shade of my descendant.” [854-886]

So they wandered the whole region in every direction and saw all there was in the wide, airy plain. When Anchises had led his son through each expanse and enflamed his soul with a love of what was to come, he thereafter spoke of the wars the man must next wage; he informed him of the Laurentine people and the town of Latinus and of how to face or flee each struggle. [887-892]

There are two gates of Sleep. One, they say, is horn, by which easy exit is given for true shades. The other glistens with brilliant, unflawed ivory, but through it the Manes send false

dreams to the world above. Anchises with these words escorted his son and the Sibyl here and sent them through the ivory gate. Aeneas made his way to the ships and rejoined his men. They sailed along the straightforward shore to the harbor of Caieta. The anchor was cast from the prow; the sterns stood upon the shore. [893-901]

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