significance of the choices Theocritus actually made. Though the account of Theocritus is hardly now state-of-the-art, the book has attained a classic status, and the reprint is welcome. I note that on its original appearance, this journal's reviewer welcomed it as 'erudite, witty, and readable' (*G&R* 18 [1971], 104). I say 'this journal's reviewer' advisedly: from 1946 to 1971, E. R. A. Sewter contributed the subject reviews across the whole range of classical sub-disciplines. My new job looks a comparative doddle.

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*Latin Literature*

This collection starts with two editions of Plautine comedies, just as its immediate two predecessors did, but those were popular editions with text and facing Italian translation, whereas these are scholarly editions, one of the *Vidularia* and the fragments of lost plays,[1] the other of the *Asinaria*.[2] Both are very similarly presented. Neither has a significant introduction but both have nicely produced texts with testimonia and full apparatus criticus combining detailed reports of manuscripts, emendations, and discussion on the emendations (all in Latin). One rather strange decision made in both books was to arrange the astonishingly long lists of previous editions and commentaries in alphabetical rather than chronological order. But these editions will certainly need to be consulted by future Plautine editors. Amanda Hurley[3] is a Catullan enthusiast who has produced an attractive book in which she discusses a selection of his poems. The book starts with an introduction which treats Catullus' appeal in general terms. It is followed by chapters on Catullus' life, Catullan poetics, male friendship, Catullan self-address, 'Catullan Threshold' (an essay on 61–63), 'The Artist in a Fallen World' (an essay on 64), and the elegiacs. The author comes from a background in English Literature of which she takes advantage not as a substitute for classical scholarship but as a supplement to it. No doubt in an attempt not to intimidate Latinless readers she relies for her quotations from Catullus entirely on translations. One example will have to serve here for the unfortunate results to which this can give rise. On pages 33–4, she discusses Catullus 2.2-4, translating thus:

> Whom she always *plays with*, whom she *cuddles* in her lap,
> To whose eagerness she *offers up* her fingertips
> And *provokes* sharp bites

We are then told that the verbs are in 'my italics', as if anyone could suppose otherwise. We are then told that 'Play with; cuddle; offer up; provoke' suggest 'that the girl is playing a kind of love-game with her sparrow.' But there is nothing in Catullus' Latin to suggest 'always', Hurley's 'cuddles' is far less appropriate in the context of a bird than is Catullus' *in sinu tenere*, while the gratuitous substitution of the plural 'fingers' for Catullus' singular *digitum* makes for a subtly different picture. However, the conclusion seems sound even if the evidence and argument offered for it do not themselves persuade. This is a

[1] Titus Maccius Plautus. *Vidularia et Deperditarum Fabularum Fragmenta*. Edidit Salvator Monda. Sarsinae et Urbini, 2004. Pp. 122. Paperback €15.

[2] Titus Maccius Plautus. *Asinaria*. Edidit Rupertus Marius Danese, 2004. Pp. 97. Paperback €15.

[3] *Ancients in Action: Catullus*. By Amanda Kolson Hurley. Bristol Classical Press. 2004. Pp. 158. Paperback £10.99.

straightforward thought-provoking book that will help many to share the author's enthusiasm. Occasionally, however, it does seem that the determination to avoid Latin hinders more than it helps. A reader could be forgiven for thinking that there is no aspect of Virgil's *Aeneid* that has not recently attracted major investigation. Anreola Rossi, however, in a beautifully produced book,[4] has established a compelling case for examining battle scenes in general and Virgil's in particular. Modern accounts of warfare too, whether film, novel, song or poetry have established conventions which can be manipulated to produce a particular effect. So it was in ancient times. In the space available here, I can say only that this is a book likely to instruct and interest scholars interested in Virgil from almost whatever critical stance they come. In contrast to Amanda Hurley's book, this one, when citing Greek and Latin texts, offers consistently both the ancient text and a translation. This discipline helps to avoid wild claims by the author or misunderstanding by the reader. It cannot often happen that a reviewer has been asked to review in two consecutive editions of *Greece & Rome* editions of the same text by the same editor. I refer to Niall Rudd's contribution to Nisbet and Rudd's Horace *Odes* 3 and to Niall Rudd's new Loeb of Horace's *Odes* and *Epodes*.[5] It is many years since ownership of a Loeb edition was something one needed to be furtive about. The series has played a very large part in ensuring the health of the subject during the last century, but there is no doubt that many of the earlier volumes are beginning to look dated. If it were not so, it would be a sad indictment on the scholarship of the years since 1914 when C. E. Bennett's Loeb text of Horace *Odes* and *Epodes* first appeared. Bennett's brief account of Horace's 'Life and Works' is replaced by Rudd's 'Preface' which gives an account of the principles on which his translation and text are based followed by an introduction, much fuller and longer than Bennett's survey on the same issues. Both provide an account of the metres using the same terminology ('Third Asclepiad' etc.) but Rudd has replaced Bennett's analysis (based on dactyls, iambs, spondees, etc. which was the fashionable approach at the time) with a version more plausibly based on cretics, choriambs, bacchiacs etc. As for the translation, the reader must decide. I offer here Bennett's rendering of *Odes* 3.30:

I have finished a monument more lasting than bronze and loftier than the Pyramids' royal pile, one that no wasting rain, no furious north wind can destroy, or the countless chain of years and the ages' flight. I shall not altogether die, but a mighty part of me shall escape the death-goddess. On and on shall I grow, ever fresh with the glory of after time. So long as the Pontiff climbs the Capitol with the silent Vestal, I, risen high from low estate where wild Aufidus thunders and where Daunus in a parched land one ruled o'er a peasant folk, shall be famed for having been the first to adapt Aeolian song to Italian verse. Accept the proud honour won by thy merits, Melpomene, and graciously crown my locks with Delphic bays.

followed by Rudd's, also in prose:

I have finished a monument more lasting than bronze, more lofty than the regal structure of the pyramids, one which neither corroding rain nor the ungovernable North Wind can

[4] *Contexts of War*. Manipulation of Genre in Virgilian Battle Narrative. By Andreola Rossi. University of Michigan Press. Ann Arbor, 2004. Pp. viii + 223. Hardback £34.50.

[5] *Horace Odes and Epodes*. Edited and translated by Niall Rudd. Loeb Classical Library. Harvard UP, 2004. Pp. x + 350. See also *G&R* 52 (2005) 107.

ever destroy; nor the countless series of the years, nor the flight of time.

I shall not wholly die, and a large part of me will elude the Goddess of Death. I shall continue to grow, fresh with the praise of posterity, as long as the priest climbs the Capitol with the silent virgin. I shall be spoken of where the violent Aufidus thunders and where Daunus, short of water, ruled over a country people, as one who, rising from a lowly state to a position of power, was the first to bring Aeolian verse to the tunes of Italy.

Take the pride, Melpomene, that you have so well earned, and if you would be so kind, surround my hair with Delphic bay.

Neither editor comments on whether *dum. . .pontifex* belongs with what precedes it or with what follows. After 36 pages, setting out her theoretical position, Sara Lindheim, in her study of Ovid's *Heroides*,[6] finally offers an interpretation of the first letter, that of Penelope to Ulysses. On page 37, she draws our attention to Penelope's account of giving a letter for Ulysses to any passing sailor. She comments: 'In the process she creates a vivid and somewhat absurd image of an inordinate number of men, who, having at one time passed through Ithaca, now carry in their tunic pockets missives written by Penelope to Ulysses that they have been commanded to deliver (rather strong for *reddat*) should they happen someday to encounter him.' If this image is 'absurd' why is it there? Is Ovid incompetent, or is he depicting a foolish woman? And, in any case, what justification for this image is there? We might just as plausibly guess that the men threw the letters away as soon as they could without giving offence; we might even suppose that in her heart of hearts Penelope realized that that was what would probably happen, but that she persevered in the absence of any better plan *si te modo uiderit usquam*. None of this can be proved or disproved from the text. On page 39, we read on *nil mihi rescribas tu tamen; ipse ueni* (1.2): 'she sets up a clear polarity between herself, a letter writer, and her husband who, appearing in person, should make use of the opposite medium, oral communication.' This seems a very strained analysis of a common human situation. In the last twenty to thirty years there has been an explosion of interest in Ovid. The *Fasti* in particular has benefited greatly from casting off the shackles imposed upon it by those who thought its only value was as a quarry of information on Roman religion. The new but growing problem is that the material that might be helpful to a reader is scattered throughout the scholarly books and journals and thus largely unavailable to all but the most diligent of readers. That issue has now been significantly addressed by Steven Green whose edition of *Fasti* 1[7] is a model of what such a commentary should be. A two part Introduction aims first to establish what sort of poem the *Fasti* is and secondly to place the work and its probable Ovidian revisions in a chronology of Ovid's life. The evidence is carefully set out, modern scholarship is fairly presented and conclusions are thoughtfully drawn, though not in any doctrinaire fashion. The Commentary proper (there is no text) runs to just over 300 pages, just over two lines per page, with unflagging clarity and judgement, and will be the starting point for any serious treatment of the work. In 2002, there appeared the first volume of the revised Loeb of Seneca's tragedies edited by John Fitch. I should now report that the second volume has

[6] *Mail* [sic] *and Female*. Epistolary Narrative and Desire. By Sara H. Lindheim. The University of Wisconsin Press, 2004. Pp. x + 270. Paperback.

[7] *Ovid, Fasti 1*. A commentary by Steven J. Green. Leiden, 2004. Pp. xii + 365. Hardback.

appeared.[8] This is another welcome example of Loeb's policy of publishing fresh editions of works first published in their early years. Otherwise, I have nothing to add to or to subtract from my earlier review[9] except to confirm that the *Octavia* has indeed been transferred to the second volume. Students of Martial will welcome Fabio Stok's study on the *Cornu Copiae*,[10] the fifteenth-century commentary on Martial by the humanist scholar, Niccolò Perotti. It would be quite beyond the scope of this review to attempt a proper critique of Charles Martindale's *Latin Poetry and the Judgement of Taste*.[11] His own opening sentence, however, gives a clear picture of his preoccupations:

This essay issues from my long-standing concern about the apparently inexorable growth, in Classics as generally in the humanities, of what I shall here call 'culturism' or 'identity critique'. Characteristic of such work is a hostility to talk about beauty and to aesthetic criticism, usually coupled with an almost complete ignorance of the modern tradition of philosophical aesthetics.

That these are important issues will be denied by no serious critic. This particular study is very densely written and ranges widely and unpredictably from Latin poetry, especially that of Catullus, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Propertius, Ovid, and Lucan, to a whole panoply of artists (defined in the broadest possible way), critics, and philosophers from the earliest times to the present day. This book was not written in a hurry as the *Acknowledgements* alone make plain, and it cannot be read in a hurry either.

doi:10.1093/gromej/cxi027 D. E. HILL

[8] *Seneca, Oedipus, Agamemnon, Thyestes, Hercules on Oeta, Octavia*. Edited and translated by John G. Fitch. Loeb Classical Library. Harvard UP, 2004. Pp. viii + 654. £14.50.

[9] *G&R* 50 (2003) 248–9.

[10] *Studi sul Cornu Copiae di Niccolò Perotti*. Joseph Addison's Ovid. By Fabio Stok. Testi e studi di cultura classica proposti da Giorgio Brugnoli e Guido Paduano 25. Edizioni ETS, 2002. Pp. 237. Paperback €21.

[11] *Latin Poetry and the Judgement of Taste*. An Essay in Aesthetics. By Charles Martindale. Oxford UP, 2004. Pp. x + 265. Hardback £50.

*Greek History*

Simon Hornblower's friends and colleagues, he is frank in telling us, reacted to the news that he was writing a book on Thucydides and Pindar with open 'surprise and scepticism'.[1] 'Thucydides and *who*?', one American Pindarist replied. It was not always so, Hornblower replies: ancient critics were more open to the possibility of comparing poets and historians, bracketing his pairing as the supreme examples of the 'austere style'. Hornblower has now dedicated a major book to the relationship of the two fifth-century 'fascists' (George Forrest's description), arguing not only that 'the men Pindar wrote for are ... some of the men Thucydides talked to' (this on the basis of a breathless prosopographical gazetteer of the fifth-century Greek world), but that 'two hearts beat in Thucydides' breast and that the prose chronicler of warfare had something of the poet in him.' *Thucydides and Pindar* is a dizzying read. The long years of commentary-writing, it seems, have resulted in the footnotes leaking onto the main text: rogue

[1] *Thucydides and Pindar*. Historical Narrative and the World of Epinikian Poetry. By Simon Hornblower. Oxford UP, 2004. Pp. xv + 454, with 4 illustrations. Hardback £60.