Classical Reception for Modernists: An Update

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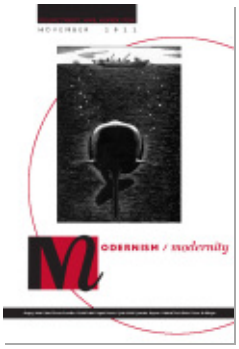

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Double Review

Classical Reception for Modernists: An Update

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***The Classics in Modernist Translation*. Miranda Hickman and Lynn Kozak, eds. London: Bloomsbury, 2019. Pp. 264. $130.00 (cloth); $39.95 (paper); $35.95 (eBook).**

***Virginia Woolf's Greek Tragedy*. Nancy Worman. London: Bloomsbury, 2019. Pp. 168. $120.00 (cloth); $40.95 (paper); $36.85 (eBook).**

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Over the last several decades, the field of Classical Studies has seen an exciting renaissance under the rubric of "Classical Reception." The two books I'm reviewing belong to an explosion of work—handbooks, companions, themed conferences, anthologies, book series—which often feature partnerships between classicists and literary scholars (or sometimes historians) who specialize in one or another later period or place.

No longer considered a dowdy second-best younger sister, or sidelined as embarrassingly subjective and presentist, "reception" is now taught at Oxford and Cambridge, and is a section of the Society for Classical Studies (formerly the APA). Translation studies forms one important strand within this field of inquiry; another is the study of performance. The movement toward "reception" has been accompanied by an intentional critique of the field's elitist biases—often referred to by the shorthand term "classics so white"—and by a departure from the hegemonic notion of Greece (especially Athens) and Rome as the great Western tradition that later writers struggled to live up to. For classicists who turn their attention to reception, this does not mean abandoning philological rigor. But philology becomes expansive rather than restrictive; having good Greek (and/or Latin) still matters, but it is not the only thing that does. Even the (wildly misconstrued) decision of the Princeton classics faculty to decenter traditional language study could be understood as an echo of this promising openness to new approaches and new ideas.

So what might the new(ish) classical reception studies have to offer specifically to the study of twentieth-century literature, and to the subdiscipline (or perhaps I mean "institution") of modernist studies, as represented by this and similar journals? Several essays in Miranda

Hickman and Lynn Kozak's anthology, *The Classics in Modernist Literature*, pose the question directly; Nancy Worman, a well-respected classicist herself, approaches it more obliquely in *Virginia Woolf's Greek Tragedy*, with a particular emphasis on feminist developments. My answer is that we can learn quite a bit from classical reception, not just from the particular knowledges it brings forward, but also from its methodology and its ideological stances.

While capsule summaries of what "classical reception" now means are provided in Eileen Gregory's "H.D. and Euripides: Ghostly Summoning" and Annett K. Jessop's "'Untranslatable' Women: Laura Riding's Classical Modernist Fiction" in the Hickman and Koszak collection, I would advise readers seeking a general orientation to the field to begin elsewhere. A good introduction to the theory at work is Lorna Hardwick's *Reception Studies*, and a generous sampling of its best practices is the Wiley-Blackwell *Companion to Classical Receptions*, edited by Hardwick and Christopher Stray, who describe their eclectic principle of selection as "cheerfully and creatively anarchic."[1] A range of thoughtful and deeply researched pieces fulfill the underlying aim: to show us something new about both the ancient and the modern, to shed new light on both.

The field's inaugural insight and abiding touchstone—Charles Martindale's observation that "meaning is realized at the point of reception"—ideally leads scholars to reflect on their own affective investments in what they study, rather than seeking to mask them.[2] Just as translation studies moves us away from assessing whether translations "correctly" or faithfully represent a source text in a target language—it's more complicated than that, as Walter Benjamin, and then Lawrence Venuti, have explained—reception studies asks us to replace censorious evaluations about "who got it right" with the understanding that all texts speak to and through other writers, in conscious and unconscious ways, always have and always will, and to see what we can see. Reception studies leads classicists to broaden both the methodological toolkit and the textual canon. Hardwick calls for a "broader cultural philology" (*Reception Studies*, 10) pointing out that hate and love are both forms of reception, and that the uses to which it is put may be terrible as well as wonderful (her book begins with the Nazi uptake of Sparta). She draws our attention particularly to the importance of studying reception *within* antiquity, to enable recognition of "the diversity of ancient culture" itself (10), and asks that we think about which parts of (a non-monolithic) "Antiquity" have been marginalized, versus which have been emphasized, by subsequent traditions, and why.

Readers of a certain age may remember a similar lung-expanding moment in our own field, when unidirectional wrangling about "influence" and "tradition" came to an end under the sign of "intertextuality": "Shakespeare's influence on T. S. Eliot," as David Lodge put it in *Small World* (1984).[3] He may have meant this as a joke, but that approach was enormously intellectually productive for everything that followed. But of course, when Hardwick says that "[r]eception is and always has been a field for the practice and study of contest about values and their relationship to knowledge and power", she is describing what "our" writers—especially H.D. and Pound—explicitly knew (*Reception Studies*, 11). Indeed, their awareness of themselves as "doing reception" perhaps was what distinguished them from the previous generations of Hellenists: they were peeling off Victorian ideas of erudition to see what might be underneath that they could use, but they were also self-conscious about their own interventions, and often explicitly marked their own interpretive choices. George Varsos's chapter, "Out of Homer: Greece in Pound's *Cantos*," in the Hickman and Kozak collection compares Pound and Benjamin. Varsos argues very cogently that, in understanding translation as production, both were theorizing, not just translation but language itself; that there was in Pound a certain productive tension between his theory and his practice, which "resolutely addresses the indeterminacy carried by the ancient text," thus "unsettl[ing] the usual antinomy between domestication and foreignization"; and that in both cases aporias of politics and metaphysics remain unresolved (24).

Massimo Cè's "Translating the *Odyssey*: Andreas Divus, Old English, and Ezra Pound's Canto 1" clearly demonstrates Pound's awareness of what reception studies tells us, that we are receiving through earlier receptions. What was modernist about Pound was that he foregrounded this, as a feature and not a bug, displaying the labor traces of translation, showing his work. In "Translation as Mythopoesis," Anna Fyta describes H.D.'s *Helen in Egypt* as a "meta-palinode" (65); she and other contributors show very clearly that H.D. was already meta-conscious (and meta-conscientious) about such layerings. As Eileen Gregory puts it in her essay, "H. D. and

Euripides: Ghostly Summoning," "H.D. seems always to have carried an awareness of the 'stratigraphic' character of any access to a classical text" (122). We can see this everywhere in H.D.'s work, from such poems as "Heliodora," to explicit theorizing in prose notes that are meant to give her readers access, to novels—most especially the "Hipparchia" section of *Palimpsest*, where the task of the translator involves "being Greek under Rome" (to steal the title of Simon Goldhill's book about the Second Sophistic), investigating the different translation practices demanded by the aesthetics of different ancient authors and by the pressure of different ancient situations.[4] Insofar as classical reception studies aims to show us something new and interesting about both ancient and modern worlds, in a nonhierarchical way, it does what *Ulysses* did; Woolf, too, was both an example of classical reception and an explicit theorist of it, in her essays and in novels like *Jacob's Room* and especially *The Voyage Out*, which takes up the question of how "we" are to read the Classics by putting various wrong ways of doing so hilariously and disastrously on display.

So we might be tempted to wryly observe that the Classics establishment has now caught up to the truth of the observations some (though not all) modernists had a hundred years ago, and finally figured out that Pound and H.D. were right all along. Steven Yao puts this more gently in his very brief preface to Hickman and Kozak's book, saying that the "persistent misunderstanding and mutual suspicion between scholars of modernism and classicists" (xvi) may now be coming to an end. But before we pat ourselves on the back about the late arrival of classicists at some of "our" insights about migrations and two-way streets, we need to ask ourselves how fully we are continuing to live by those insights.

Nancy Worman's book, while short and focused, is a brilliantly successful example of showing something new about both ancient and modern works. I learned new perspectives on texts I've read many, many times, texts by Sophocles and Aeschylus, as well as by Woolf, and I will never read any of this material in quite the same way again. This is a challenging task; in the Hickman and Kozak collection, some pieces bring it off more successfully than others.

While the title of Hickman and Kozak's book is *The Classics in Modernist Translation*, they construe "translation" in a very broad sense. Some pieces, like Varsos's, really do focus on translation *as such*: Elizabeth Vandiver's impressively meticulous archival excavation of the origins of Richard Alidington's Poet's Translation Series in "'Seeking . . . Buried Beauty': The Poets' Translation Series"; Massimo Cè's very close close reading of how Andreas Divus's interlinear version of Homer "both anticipates and motivates countless lexical, syntactic and metrical features of [Pound's] Canto 1" (35); and Demetres Tryphanopoulos and Sara Dunton's exploration of Pound's "prosodic allusions" (46) in their essay, "To Translate or Not to Translate? Pound's Prosodic Provocations in *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*."

Other contributors interpret "translation" more loosely, to include (for instance) the reworking of mythological stories in fiction. A number of pieces treat allusions, versions, and rewritings of various sorts. "Braving the Elements: H.D. and Jeffers," an impressionistic lyric essay by poet Catherine Theis—often luminous, sometimes puzzling—sketches out a relationship between H.D. and Robinson Jeffers through their different adaptations of Euripides's choral odes and their shared attachment to rocky landscapes. In Hickman and Kozak's own essay, "Re-inventing *Eros*: H.D.'s Translation of Euripides' *Hippolytus*," they see H.D. as developing "an ethically inflected critique of the reading of *eros* articulated in Euripides' play, toward developing an alternative" (106). This essay details H.D.'s translation choices (and her choices of what *not* to translate) in service of what is largely a thematic reading. Tracing the "Artemisian" strand of H.D.'s image repertoire throughout her writing, they focus on the importance she gives to sexual feeling for women, both as pleasure and danger, moving toward a more Sapphic vision and what they term "her emergent queer feminist thought" (105).

My favorite piece in the book, "Modernist Migrations, Pedagogical Arenas: Translating Modernist Reception in the Classroom and Gallery," co-written by literary scholar Marsha Bryant and classical archaeologist Mary Ann Eaverly, describes their feminist collaboration on both a team-taught course and a museum exhibit. They provide practical examples of the pedagogical "translation" necessary to bring both modernist and classical material alive for the students we have today, and to help them see that there were (and are) more possibilities than either rejecting the classical tradition as patriarchal, embracing it slavishly, or rewriting it through what used to be called "feminist revisionary mythmaking." "[W]omen writers' convergences with classical

materials involve much more than voicing women and reversing power dynamics" (191), as they show through a range of compelling examples. Theirs is the only interdisciplinary piece in the collection, as they include visual and material culture. This matters not only because, as they remind us, ekphrasis was an important mode for women writers, but also because the field of classics has made great strides toward inclusiveness by breaking with the near-sacred dominance of literary text over other available sorts of evidence. Bryant and Eaverly understand "translation" in the broadest sense possible, as culturally carrying over; to my mind it is also the most successful piece at speaking to the situation in which scholars and teachers of modernism find ourselves now.

Nonetheless, a little more precision about what "translation" means would have been welcome. The editors are right to say in their introduction that Hardwick's definition of translation is "capacious" and "elastic" (4); but in fact she proposes a taxonomy, and a set of technical terms. For Hardwick, not every "carrying-over" is a translation; and H.D., who really *was* engaged with classical scholarship in a way that Pound was not, seems to have agreed with this, as Vandiver's article indicates.

Several pieces gesture toward discussing this. Somers, in his piece on Eliot's "Sweeney," says that where Hardwick in *Reception Studies* offers the term "*correspondence*," he prefers "*transposition*" (162; emphasis in original). Catherine Theis calls *Ion* H.D.'s "highly idiosyncratic *aftering*" (a word I love) (92; emphasis in original). It would not be a good use of anyone's energies to create a rigid taxonomy of "afterings"—surely there is more of a continuum—but to refer to *Helen in Egypt* as a translation, which Fyta does, does not feel right to me, unless the term has become so elastic as to have lost all meaning. There is a difference between *Ion*, which really is intended as a translation, addressed to readers with a clearly pedagogical intention, and *Helen in Egypt*, which is—well, something else. The proper word to use for the prose in *Ion* is probably *commentary*; the prose in *Helen in Egypt* is more fully part of the poem. As Gregory says in discussing "Hipparchia," there is a desire to save, to preserve, to pass on, to keep the faith; there is also a passionate desire to create something new; and then too, a desire to simply pay tribute. But these are all slightly different things. The difference was important to H.D., and I believe we should also be as clear about this as we can, especially since our Greekless students have only us to rely on for what texts actually say.

More generally stated: classical reception tells us that all translation is reception, even when it aims for, and subscribes to an ethical ideal of, faithful transparency, scholarly rigor, and so on. But that all translation is reception does not mean that all reception is translation. To give an example from a modernist writer not discussed in the collection: *Absalom, Absalom* is certainly a reception of the *Oresteia*—one cannot understand it fully without noticing this. But is it a "translation"? Faulkner would hardly have said so, and I wouldn't either.

While Hickman and Kozak's definition of "translation" is very broad, they seem to construe "modernism" in an oddly narrow way. You can't tell from the title, but fully two-thirds of this book is about Pound and H.D. Apart from the teaching piece, which casts a very wide net, and one piece about Laura Riding, there is barely a gesture beyond the traditional canon (the other authors treated are Eliot, Joyce, and Yeats). "Classics" means Greece, not Rome; "modern" means, modern Anglophone; and even within that emphasis, the collection treads some very familiar ground, such as the beginning of Pound's Canto 1, and the best-known section of *Mauberly*. The book originated in a 2014 conference on "The Classics and WWI," and perhaps that more local focus would have been good to keep, since the broad and somewhat misleading title tempts me toward the reviewer's besetting sin of commenting on what is missing rather than on what is there.[5]

Now, there is something to be said—there is a great deal to be said—in favor of a community of scholars who all know the same texts intimately coming together to discuss them: this is a pleasure of scholarship that can sometimes get lost at a big conference like the MSA, where everyone seems to have read different things. Anyone working on these authors will without doubt want to consult this book. But in light of the importance of diversity to classical reception, and the excitement that has generated for the field of classics, I cannot help finding this odd.

Broadening the range of authors considered, even very slightly, suggests some missed opportunities. What did William Carlos Williams "make of" classical antiquity? (More than you'd think, actually.) What did Wallace Stevens make of it? (I have no idea.) What about Robert

Frost?[6] Or—if we want to stick with a narrower sense of translation—what about Mary Barnard? It might have been interesting to explore whether and how Greek and Roman "others" are treated differently from importations from other cultures, or to notice how the same classical texts were being received elsewhere at the same period.[7] Paradoxically, the anthology seems to be working with a narrower understanding of "culture" than the poets themselves did, and is considerably less cosmopolitan in outlook than Pound himself was. Perhaps an infusion of more unexpected comparanda, a more intersectional approach, might provide an invigorating jolt to the imagination, as it did, remember, for Pound.

I also found Hickman's claim that the issues treated in this book have been "underrepresented" and "marginalized" (1) a bit puzzling. There does seem to be a convention, in academic writing, that demands such claims to be breaking new ground, almost as a matter of routine; but I wish we could do without that convention, since after all, if a thing is worth doing it is worth continuing to do. But it seems to me that issues of classical reception have been front and center ever since Hugh Kenner accepted Pound's periodization and his own claim to be doing something "new" (a claim itself now in need of nuance, given the continuities that have since been delineated, especially for H.D., with Victorian and Edwardian writers).[8] Although they are now fully twenty years old, there are nonetheless already lucid, groundbreaking, and still essential books by Yao, who supplies a brief introduction, and Eileen Gregory, who has a nice piece here.[9] As Gregory tactfully says, responding to the four essays about H.D., "the essays here follow established critical emphases, while at the same time they extend and deepen them in distinct ways" (124). She is certainly right that "the participation of classicists like those represented among these essays gives depth and dimension to the study of modernist classical reception" (124). Insofar as scholars now recognize what her book taught us, that H.D. needs to be discussed by people who know as much Greek, and know as much *about* Greece and Rome, as H.D. herself did, that's all to the good. But she also reminds us here of the "felt urgency" with which the modernists invoked classical "ghosts" at a particular dangerous time and place (122). To what current "felt urgency" do the essays in this collection respond?

One might have expected an answer to this from the third and final section, titled "Modernist Translation and Political Attunements," which includes four articles, about Laura Riding, Joyce's Sirens, Eliot's *Sweeney Agonistes*, and Yeats's Oedipus, plus the good article on pedagogy I discussed earlier. The section ends with a response from classicist Nancy Worman. And here I find myself in the awkward position of agreeing with Worman's view that the understanding of "politics" expressed, especially but not only in Matthias Somers's "'Trying to Read Aristophane': *Sweeney Agonistes*, Reception and Ritual," is oddly "attenuated" (181) and rather unreflective. Somers wants us to recover a sense of Eliot as a comic writer, by taking his description of the poem as an Aristophanic melodrama at face value, and attending to its ritual and performance aspects. The problem with this is that *Sweeney Agonistes* actually is not very funny to anyone who does not share its racism and antisemitism, or anyone who *does* share Doris's sense that Sweeney's story holds menace for her, or the unease of the prostitutes who know they may be about to be murdered, and that if they are, no one will care. Aristophanes is filthy as hell, but he cannot be blamed for a certain angry misogyny which is all too modern.

Overall, the collection is refreshingly free of agendas other than those generated by the works themselves. This is the value of translating, and perhaps also of translation studies: in the end, one must stop being distracted by whatever has come in the day's post, and actually look at the words on the page and try to make something of them. On the other hand, we should be careful not to be doing to the modernists what the modernists complained the academic classicists of their day were doing to the Greeks themselves: losing ourselves in the weeds of philology. It's excellent and important to zoom in; I wish some of these pieces had remembered to then zoom out a bit further.

In her response, Worman explains, "The cultural politics of new nationalisms, with their shadings of racism and misogyny, make it all the more urgent that humanists call attention to such shadings in the traditions they study. . . . Perhaps this is the ultimate challenge of the reception of classical literature: how to engage with and re-inhabit its aesthetics without reproducing its political limitations or using it to promote those of one's own era" (187). If such awareness now needs to be urged on modernists by classicists—when it used to be the other way around—that seems worth noticing.

Worman's own book provides a satisfying example of what "classical reception" can bring to modernist studies. One might have thought there was little new to be said or discovered about Woolf, but by putting her into conversation with Greek tragedy, and especially with Sophocles and Aeschylus, Worman reinvigorates our thinking about both ancient and modern. Worman argues that what fascinated Woolf was Greek tragedy's "affective dynamics," its power to (as she says in "On Not Knowing Greek") "cut and wound and excite," its emphasis on embodiment, bodies in pain, excessive and excessively gendered bodies; on this account, tragedy struck Woolf as both "on the far side of language" and at "the extreme edges of the human" (59). The book mainly deals with Woolf's essays and novels of the 1920s, but also ranges more broadly, with a brief epilogue treating the uptake of *Antigone* in *Three Guineas* and *The Years*. Worman focuses particularly on "the challenge of the stylistic ruthlessness that Woolf perceives in Greek tragedy" —and especially the challenge of tragic *choruses*: "choral voice is hybrid, may be murderously inclined" (81, 86). I found Worman's reading of choral voicings in *The Waves* and *Between the Acts* particularly compelling.

Worman provides enough background that readers unfamiliar with the classical context will be able to follow her argument—for instance, she explains how choral odes worked in ancient performance. She also proposes a revision to canonical feminist readings of Aeschylus's *Agamemnon* and Sophocles's *Electra*, informed by her view of "the strange ontologies settled at the edges of the human around which Greek tragic aesthetics center" and her interest in tragedy as "vibrant matter," with a glance at Merleau-Ponty, and as "confronting the edges of the human" (80, 792). Many startling insights emerge: for instance, it seems absolutely right that the photos of "dead bodies and ruined houses" from Spain in *Three Guineas* operate on the reader like the body of Polyneices in the *Antigone* (111). And how did I never notice before that *Three Guineas* takes the form of a Platonic dialogue?

As one would expect from her comment on the essays in Hickman and Kozak's collection, Worman's own book takes up political questions in a very conscious way. She notes both the "primitivist slant" that marks Woolf's approach and "her positioning of a modernist rejection of triumphalist Hellenism (an essentially Victorian cultural product) with a feminist critique of imperialist adventuring", but holds them in tension, rather than seeking to resolve the apparent paradox (5). (It is a particular strength of Worman's work that she is not "in love with either/or.") Her approach to Woolf is similar to what Eileen Gregory did for H.D.: "Greece" is not a monolith, to be accepted or rejected, but a complex terrain on which a complex response was deliberately enacted, or to use Worman's term, "collaged" (5). Her attention to *genre* is particularly helpful in highlighting these "differences within," as with "the gendered face-off between Plato and tragedy" that she argues "shapes many of Woolf's engagements with ancient literature" (25).

Worman's book's resistance to determinisms, especially the determinisms of biography, is a helpful contribution to feminist literary criticism. She wants to move away from a certain kind of feminist focus on individual subjectivity, and she resists the lure of the archive, relegating Woolf's notebooks, letters, and drafts to an ancillary role as "layering or prostheses" (3). "Thus, for instance," she writes, "the fact that Woolf records that when she was ill she heard the birds singing in Greek should not be the primary thing there is to say about her use of that detail in Mrs. Dalloway, though scholars often seem to treat it as though it were" (3).

Perhaps the best thing about Worman's book is its capacity to spark new trains of thought, with which she might or might not agree. The book could easily have been longer—for instance, there is certainly more to say about how "Greece" connects to ideas about sexual freedom in Woolf's work, especially *The Voyage Out*. And it is tantalizing to realize that the Sophoclean ode Woolf singles out for praise in "On Not Knowing Greek" comes from *Oedipus at Colonus*, which she was working through at the time she was writing *Mrs. Dalloway*. *Oedipus at Colonus* is a very strange play, and the Antigone we meet there is very different from the Antigone we know from her eponymous play and its afterlife in feminist theory. The two are as far different as the Clarissa Dalloway who appears briefly in *The Voyage Out* is from the Clarissa of *Mrs. Dalloway*. And I find myself thinking also about how very differently H.D. and Woolf take up the same cultural paradigms at the same time—Cambridge ritualists, queer desire—within the same general "horizon of expectation" of what classical scholarship might do and be, at worst and at best (H. R. Jauss, quoted in Hardwick, *Reception Studies*, 7–8). That Woolf was relatively unmoved

by Euripides, who was H.D.'s deepest investment, might have something to tell us about this.

If classics survives as an academic field, it will survive through reception: not even the most self-absorbed pedant would now say, as Ridley says in *The Voyage Out*, "what's the use of reading if you don't read Greek?" But the Greeks themselves are in no danger of being lost—they continue to inspire poets, good, bad, and indifferent, as well as popular culture adaptations, even video games. Greek tragedy is more frequently performed now than at any time since antiquity. Modernism, on the other hand, is an increasingly tough sell in the classroom, and while the public's thirst for biographies of modernist figures appears unslakeable, this does not seem to translate to an interest in their actual works. (Woolf herself already noticed, in her essay on Elizabeth Barrett Browning, that people are fascinated by the life-stories of poets whose poetry they will not read.) At this juncture, the modernists are certainly not "us," and it is worth remembering that "modernism" is something we construct retrospectively and then lay claim to, something we "receive" in the same way Woolf or H.D. received Sophocles or Euripides.

Several contributors to the Hickman and Kozak collection discuss the barriers modernist writers (which is to say Eliot and Pound, and to some extent Joyce) set up deliberately for readers who lack the erudition to read the untranslated bits and unpack the allusions. Demetres Tryphonopoulos and Sara Dunton express a worry (perhaps one more broadly shared) that the level of commitment required to "get the point" of all this, the kind of thirst for inquiry our enjoyment of Pound or Eliot relies on and cultivates, might be vanishing from the earth. And paradoxically, the more we "help" our students with the former, by providing glosses, "skeleton keys" and the like, the less we're feeding their excitement about making such discoveries for themselves, or building their abilities to do so. And yet modernism is lost without commentary: to most of our students *Ulysses* might as well be written in Greek, and it is farther from them than the *Odyssey*.

How should we now "receive" modernism's own pedagogical intentions, especially Pound's, with his continual instruction to read this, don't read that (though there are less polite ways to describe it: one of my students memorably burst out, about *The Waste Land*, "he's just trying to show how smart he is and tell me I don't belong here"). Michael Coyle's response to this—that there is plenty to enjoy even if you don't get all the allusions—is a good commonsense rejoinder to pedantry, but it wouldn't have satisfied that student, and doesn't quite satisfy me.

I find more hope in Bryant and Eaverly's practical conclusion: while today's students may lack either the modernists' reverence for classical study, or our own reverence for modernist monuments, the persistent popular culture afterlives of classical heroes and motifs suggests the "relevance" of classics has not died out but merely shifted shape. Thus, they say, "As teachers in the twenty-first century, we should tap this potentially renewing quality of modernist migrations as we chart new interdisciplinary approaches" (200). As scholars, too, we need to be looking well beyond the boxes and frames we inherited from the Kenner generation, if modernist studies is to have a future.

In short, I agree with Stephen Yao that now is a very good time for scholars of modernism and classicists to collaborate, with old misunderstandings cleared away. I would add this: we may need them as much as they need us, or more.

Notes

1. Lorna Hardwick, *Reception Studies* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2003); Hardwick and Christopher Stray, "Introduction: Making Connections," in *A Companion to Classical Receptions*, ed. Hardwick and Stray (Malden, MA: Blackwell, 2008), 1–9, 2.

2. Charles Martindale, *Redeeming the Text: Latin Poetry and the Hermeneutics of Reception* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993), 3.

3. David Lodge, *Small World: An Academic Romance* (New York, NY: Penguin, 1995), 10.

4. Simon Goldhill, *Being Greek under Rome: Cultural Identity, the Second Sophistic and the Development of Empire* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2007).

5. The "conference" structure has been preserved in that each of the three main sections—"Ezra Pound in Translation," "H.D's Translations of Euripides: Genre, Form, Lexicon," and "Modernist Translation and Political Attunements"—is followed by a short piece from a senior scholar responding to the other papers.

6. For an illuminating discussion of Frost's reception of Virgil's *Ecologues*, see Stephen Harrison, "Virgilian Contexts," in Hardwick and Stray, *Companion to Classical Receptions*, 113–26, 117–22.

7. See Jinyu Liu, "Greek Tragedy in Early Twentieth Century China: Reception, Translation, and Function," *Translation Quarterly* 95 (2020): 47–63.

8. See especially Yopie Prins, *Ladies' Greek: Victorian Translations of Tragedy* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2017).

9. Steven Yao, *Translation and the Languages of Modernism: Gender, Politics, Language* (New York, NY: Palgrave Macmillan, 2002); Eileen Gregory, *H.D. and Hellenism: Classic Lines* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997).