



All Day Permanent Red: The First Battle Scenes of Homer's Iliad Rewritten

Christopher Logue

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*Setting down her topaz saucer heaped with nectarine jelly,
Emptying her blood-red mouth—set in her ice-white face—
Teenaged Athena jumped up and shrieked:*

*"Kill! Kill for me!
Better to die than live without killing!"*

Who says prayer does no good?

Christopher Logue's work in progress, his Iliad, has been called "the best translation of Homer since Pope's" (*The New York Review of Books*). Here in *All Day Permanent Red* is doomed Hector, the lion, "slam-scattering the herd" at the height of his powers. Here is the Greek army rising with a sound like a "sky-wide Venetian blind." Here is an arrow's tunnel, "the width of a lipstick," through a neck. Like Homer himself, Logue is quick to mix the ancient and the new, because his Troy exists outside time, and no translator has a more Homeric interest in the truth of battle, or in the absurdity and sublimity of war.

All Day Permanent Red: The First Battle Scenes of Homer's Iliad Rewritten Details

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From Reader Review All Day Permanent Red: The First Battle Scenes of Homer's Iliad Rewritten for online ebook

Michael says

Believe the blurbs: it is really that good.

Andrew says

"Blurred bronze. Blood? Blood like a car-wash: / 'But it keeps the dust down.'"

Panio Gianopoulos says

Stunning

Captain Sir Roddy, R.N. (Ret.) says

Update--December 12, 2011--

I have just learned that Christopher Logue died on December 2, 2011, at his home in London. I will miss his voice...

Fifty-one pages! Fifty-one pages of pure cinematic poetic perfection!

Okay, here's my challenge--

Take Homer's Books 4 and 5 of *The Iliad*, boil the plot down to the simple essence of Man's humanity as well as brutality to his fellow Man, add a dose of Honor and Integrity, and then throw in the gods and goddesses who want to be mortal, but can't be (and it really pisses them off, I think). Now repackage this in the oral tradition from whence *The Iliad* came nearly three-thousand years ago. Don't modernize it or "make it contemporary for our time"--but make it pulsate with life, with horror, with humor, make it 'thrum' with drama, make it drip with pathos, and evoke empathy; but most of all, make it scream to be read aloud on a street corner or the train on your commute home. Make it something so viscerally compelling and terrifyingly sublime that the Coen brothers sleep with it under their pillow at night and try and figure out ways to have Akira Kurosawa rise from the 'long sleep' and help write the screenplay and set up camera-shots with them.

This is what British poet Christopher Logue has exquisitely accomplished with his slim little volume, *All Day Permanent Red*.

The subtitle of the book is *The First Battle Scene's of Homer's Iliad Rewritten*, and boy are they ever! This is relentless stuff that grabs you by the throat in its large, hairy, grasping paw and squeezes tightly until your airway is nearly clamped shut and your eyes start bulging. Toward this end, Logue clearly understands the meaning of the ancient Greek term of *androktasia*--the vignette describing battle killings. If you've read *The Iliad* you know precisely what I'm referring to, for example--

"Antilokhos was the first man to down a Trojan soldier,
a brave man in the front line, Ekhepolos
Thalysiades: he hit him on the ridge
that bore his crest, and driven in, the point
went through his forehelm and his forehead bone,
and darkness veiled his eyes..."

(The Iliad, Book Four, Lines 551-556, Robert Fitzgerald translation, 1974)

That is an example of a traditional use of *androktasia* in Homer. Now let me share Logue's vision and his use of *androktasia* in the poem--

"To the sigh of the string, see Pandar's shot float off;
To the slap of the string on the stave, float on
Over the strip for a beat, a beat; and then
Carry a tunnel the width of a lipstick through Quist's neck."

Holy Crap! It is visual, it is palpably aural too. One hears the arrow leave the bowstring, and then watches it arc and soar over the field, and with growing horror you see it strike the poor fellow (aforementioned, Quist), but the brilliance of this is in the last line with Logue's use of the simple word "lipstick"--this one word not only tells you size of the wound, but it evokes the color RED.

And it just gets better and better. How about this terrifying description of the great Trojan Prince and warrior, Hector, as he charges into battle against a small group of Greek soldiers--

"See an East African lion
Nose tip to tail tuft ten, eleven feet
Slouching towards you
Swaying its head from side to side
Doubling its pace, its gold-black mane
That stretches down its belly to its groin
Catching the sunlight as it hits
Twice its own length a beat, then leaps
Great forepaws high great claws disclosed
The scarlet insides of its mouth
Parting a roar as loud as sail-sized flames
And lands, slam-scattering the herd.

"That is how Hector came on us."

Hector as a huge and ferocious male lion; "slam-scattering the herd" as he charges into battle. I gotta tell you that when I read that description for the first time, I damn near dropped the book, I was gobsmacked, completely and utterly gobsmacked! You just don't encounter poetry that lives and breathes like this every day. You have to read this, you just have to! But--yes, there's a 'but'--you do have to make sure that you have

your one prerequisite under your belt. In my opinion, you should have read Homer's *The Iliad* first. Then, and only then, are you fully empowered to step into this crazy dream that Logue has created.

Christopher Logue began working on *his* vision and interpretation of Homer in the 1950s, and slowly but surely he has let bits of it out for us to experience. I have three volumes of his *Iliad*, and they are not only stunningly amazing, but they just feel Homeric. If you're interested in collecting all of Logue's rewritten *Iliad* these are the titles to look for--

"War Music: An Account of Books 1-4 and 16-19 of Homer's *Iliad*" (1997),
"All Day Permanent Red: The First Battle Scenes of Homer's *Iliad* Rewritten" (2003), and
"Cold Calls: War Music Continued" (2005)

I have read the first half of the first book, *War Music*, after I re-read Books 1-4 of Robert Fitzgerald's translation of *The Iliad*. I did the same thing with *All Day Permanent Red* as I finished Books 5-6. Logue's *Cold Calls* generally covers Books 5-9. The last half of *War Music* is Logue's interpretation of the Death of Patroclus and Achilles' re-entry into the fray with all its attendant tragic results, i.e., Books 16-19.

So, if you're ready for some awesomely outrageously cool poetry, get these volumes. Take 'em home, and get ready. By "get ready" I mean put on a good Kevlar flak vest; because you're gonna need it. Logue will hammer you with repeated body blows that will leave you bruised, battered, and on the floor gasping for air. You'll also come away better understanding that war sucks and that nobody wins, but that Life does go on, and that good men can and do rise to the occasion and do the right thing. According to the legend, the Trojan War lasted ten years. Christopher Logue has significantly contributed to the written record of the legend with the weaving of his own poetic 'Bayeux Tapestry,' a rich and terrible tableau that tells the story of the last year of arguably the most prominent war in Human history.

When you're done reading this, walk over to your bookshelf and slide it in right next to your copy of *The Iliad*, for that is where Logue's works belong--they are companions, they are Brothers in Arms--and somehow I think Homer would completely concur.

Max Renn says

The Iliad re-imagined as a photo shoot for Vogue by Helmut Newton... and i mean this in the best possible way.

Mike says

A beautiful mix of the old and anachronistic. Similes are handled very well.

Alebriand says

At least one friend has laughed at me for how excited I've been over Logue's reworkings of Homer, but no matter because another friend I've been trying to get to read the Iliad for years ended up loving War Music enough to buy her own copy. I round that up to a personal victory.

I'm always a bit fearful of translations, especially of poetry and above all of poetry built in its own particular dialect. For Homer (in English) Lattimore has long been the only real option for point-by-point accuracy, but, as Logue himself notes in one of his intros, there's not much poetry left in what he produces, only stateliness. Then Fagles and the other popular options always seem to stumble up and down in tone a bit too much in the effort to balance accuracy with greater vitality.

If someone could do for Homer what Heaney did with Beowulf everything would be good, but in the absence of that we get Logue, who fortunately tosses everything out and makes it new and his own. He rearranges story elements, reshapes characters, laughingly tosses in anachronisms and modern imagery, and on the surface does just about everything that should lead to something as bad as that awful Troy movie from last decade. But it doesn't. It works and wins page after page in that mysterious 'you can't believe it until you see it' way that only the best writers really ever hit. Oddly yet fittingly enough it took a pacifist to produce an English Homer where the sorrows and horrors of war sit as comfortably next to its bloodlust and transcendence as in the original.

For lack of energy to do a systematic review I'll just post a few examples of Logue's work

Reworking Homer's various lion similes:

*See an East African lion
Nose tip to tail tuft ten, eleven feet
Slouching towards you
Swaying its head from side to side
Doubling its pace, its gold-black mane
That stretches down to its belly to its groin
Catching the sunlight as it hits
Twice its own length a beat, then leaps
Great forepaws high great claws disclosed
The scarlet insides of its mouth
Panting a roar as loud as sail-sized flames
And lands, slam-scattering the herd.*

"That is how Hector came on us."

*Despite the few who ran
Out from the rest to get at him and died
Or ducked and dodged his restless spear
And came away covered with blood and died,
Like shoppers trapped by a calamity
The rest pressed back onto the rest*

versus Lattimore's rendering of Agamemnon's charge at Iliad 11.130ish

*And as a lion seizes the innocent young of the running
deer, and easily crunches and breaks them caught in the strong teeth
when he has invaded their lair, and rips out the soft heart from them,
and even if the doe be very near, still she has no strength
to help, for the ghastly shivers of fear are upon her also
and suddenly she dashes away through the glades and the timber*

*sweating in her speed away from the pounce of the strong beast;
so there was no one of the Trojans who could save these two
from death, but they themselves were running in fear from the Argives.*

A battle scene from Logue:

*Slip into the fighting.
Into a low-sky site crammed with huge men,
Half-naked men, brave, loyal, fit, slab-sided men,
Men who came face to face with gods, who spoke with gods,
Leaping onto each other like wolves
Screaming, kicking, slicing, hacking, ripping
Thumping their chests:
"I am full of the god!"
Blubbering with terror as they beg for their lives:
"Laid his trunk open from shoulder to hip--
Like a beauty-queen's sash."
Falling falling....
"Left all he had to follow Greece."
"Left all he had to follow Troy."
Clawing the ground calling out for their sons for revenge.*

And finally Logue's prologue to the same battle:

*This is the moment when you understand
That there is nothing in between
You and the enemy
Too soon
You may be lying, one life less, seeing the past,
Or standing over someone you have known
Since childhood (or never known) beseeching you
To finish them,
Or on the run,
Or one of those who blindfold those who run,
Or one of those who learn to love it all.*

Which, probably inappropriately, reminds me of a Borges parable called A Problem:

Let us imagine that in Toledo someone finds a paper with an Arabic text and that the paleographers declare the handwriting belongs to that same Cide Hamete Benengeli from whom Cervantes took his Don Quixote. In the text we read that the hero — who, as the story goes, rambled about Spain armed with a sword and lance, challenging all sorts of people for any reason at all — discovers at the end of one of his many frays that he has killed a man. At this point the fragment breaks off. The problem is to guess, or to conjecture, how Don Quixote reacts.

.....

There is another conjecture, which is alien to the Spanish orb and even to the Western world and requires a more ancient, more complex and more weary atmosphere. Don Quixote — who is no longer Don Quixote but a king of the cycles of Hindustan — senses, standing before the dead body of his enemy, that killing and engendering are divine or magical acts which notably transcend the human condition. He knows that the

dead man is illusory, the same as the bloody sword weighing in his hand and himself and all his past life and the vast gods and the universe.”

Keith says

I first discovered Christopher Logue in the late 1980s with one of his titles in an ambitious series to render *The Iliad* into modernist verse. Back then, as a self-confessed traditionalist I was skeptical but two pages into *War Music* I was a blathering convert. Logue's genius is synthesizing the action to its most basic and there is no better artist at conveying the brutality and even more the mood of the Trojan War. With simple sentences Logue captures a page, captures a reader and frog-marches them toward his conclusion. The first book is *War Music* (subtitled "an Account of Books 1-4 and 16-19 of Homer's Iliad"). This was followed by *Kings: An Account of Books 1 and 2 of Homer's Iliad* and the present volume, *All Day Permanent Red: The First Battle Scenes of Homer's Iliad Rewritten..*

To appreciate Logue is to appreciate his succinct lines and his radical comparatives. Here is an example:

Headlock. Body slam. Hands that do not reach back. Low dust.
Stormed by Chylabborak, driven-in by Abassee
The light above his circle hatched with spears
Odysseus to Sheepgrove:

"Get lord Idomenen from the ridge."

He prays.

*"Brainchild Athena, Holy Girl,
As one you made
As calm and cool as water in a well.
I know that you have cares enough
Other than those of me and mine.
Yet, Daughter of God, without your help
We cannot last."*

Setting down her topaz saucer heaped with nectarine jelly
Emptying her blood-red mouth set in her ice-white face
Teenaged Athena jumped up and shrieked:
"Kill! Kill for me!
Better to die than to live without killing!"

Who says prayer does no good?

This quote also highlights the presence of the gods and the immediate role they play. Logue is inspired in

how he compares an action to something else, something often completely unrelated to an ancient text. Some examples:

As many arrows on his posy shield /As microphones on politicians' stands:

Who gave a farm the size of Texas for Cassandra

Hapless as plane-crash bodies tossed ashore /Still belted in their seats

His Porsche-fine chariot with Meep on reins

That these modern touches work is evident when seen in the context of a larger section, as with this astonishing rendering:

Drop into it. Noise so clamorous it sucks.
You rush your pressed-flower hackles out
To the perimeter.
And here it comes:
That unpremeditated joy as you
-The Uzi shuddering warm against your hip
Happy in danger in a dangerous place
Yourself another self found at Troy-
Squeeze nickel through that rush of Greekoid scum!
Oh wonderful, most wonderful, and then again more wonderful
A bond no word or lack of words can break,
Love above love!
And here they come again the noble Greeks,
Ido, a spear in one a banner in his other hand
Your life at every instant up for -
Gone.
And, candidly, who gives a toss?
Your heart beats strong. Your spirit grips.
King Richard calling for another horse (his fifth).
King Marshal Ney shattering his sabre on a cannon ball.
King Ivan Kursk, 22.30 hrs,
July 4th to 14th '43, 7000 tanks engaged,
". . . he clambered up and pushed a stable-bolt
Into that Tiger-tank's red-hot-machine-gun's mouth
And bent the bastard up. Woweee!"
Where would we be if he had lost?
Achilles? Let him sulk.

In essence this is cinematic poetry. Elemental but with a reality about it that I have never experienced before. I was happy to see while preparing this review that there is one last Logue Iliad (he died in 2011), *Cold Calls: War Music Continued, Volume 1*.

Note: I cannot quite figure out how to render the format of the quotes properly in GoodReads. The

indentations on various lines get stripped out.

Kirsti says

"Host must fight host, / And to amuse the Lord our God / Man slaughter man."

Gorgeous retelling of part of the *Iliad*. Logue throws in modern references, including power stations, Uzis, and bubblegum. In fact, the title is the name of a shade of lipstick. But it doesn't seem disrespectful because it's all so vivid and imaginative.

I became interested in Logue after reading his obituary, which is here:

<http://www.nytimes.com/2011/12/11/art...>

Christopher Logue Dies at 85; Modernized the 'Iliad'

By MARGALIT FOX

Christopher Logue, an English poet acclaimed for his multivolume modernization of the "Iliad" — a literary endeavor noteworthy for lasting four times as long as the Trojan War itself; even more noteworthy for its use of evocative anachronisms like Uzis, helicopters and aircraft carriers to conjure the world of Homer's Bronze Age warriors; and still more noteworthy for having been accomplished without his knowing a word of Greek — died on Dec. 2 at his home in London.

His death was announced by his publisher, Faber & Faber. Mr. Logue, whose life was a fittingly picaresque epic that also included being imprisoned in a Crusader castle, writing a pornographic novel, acting in films by the director Ken Russell and committing a modest armed robbery at the age of 8, was 85.

Though he wrote more than two dozen well-received volumes of original Modernist poetry, Mr. Logue remained best known for his English-language "Iliad," a project on which he embarked in 1959 and worked in intense fits and starts for more than 40 years.

He would come nowhere near to reworking the 24 books and more than 15,000 lines of Homer's epic, for, as the British newspaper The Independent pointed out in 1991, Mr. Logue "has accounted for one line every three days on average; at this rate he should be through by about 2080."

The sections of the "Iliad" he did complete were published as "War Music" (1981), which reworked Books 16 to 19; "Kings" (1991; Books 1 and 2); "The Husbands" (1995; Books 3 and 4); "All Day Permanent Red" (2003), which centers on the poem's first battle scenes and whose title Mr. Logue took from an advertisement for lipstick; and "Cold Calls" (2005), winner of the Whitbread Poetry Award, which continues the battle.

Mr. Logue, who used earlier English translations as points of departure and consulted frequently with scholars of Homeric Greek, took pains to stress that his "Iliad" was not a translation but an adaptation.

Wanting it to stand or fall on its merits as English poetry, he reordered and invented scenes, created occasional new characters and modernized language and imagery: his text includes references to Shakespeare, Venetian blinds and World War II. In "Kings," he writes:

Nine days of this,

And on the tenth, Ajax,

Grim underneath his tan as Rommel after 'Alamein,

Summoned the army to the common sand. ...

Not surprisingly, Mr. Logue's Homer loosed the wrath of scholastic purists and some critics. But it was overwhelmingly lauded — even by classicists — for the combined power of its luminous language, cinematic imagery and hurtling pace. These things, reviewers said, lent his account of the decade-long conflict between Greece and Troy in the 12th century B.C. a force heard in few other English versions.

As a result, Mr. Logue's "Iliad" seemed to capture truly the swift-footed immediacy of the original, which was composed and transmitted by generations of oral bards starting in the ninth or eighth century B.C.

Named a Commander of the British Empire in 2007, Mr. Logue had been described by The Independent two years earlier as "the greatest war poet in England."

Here he is, in "All Day Permanent Red," showing Greek troops rising for battle:

Think of a raked sky-wide Venetian blind.

Add the receding traction of its slats

Of its slats of its slats as a hand draws it up.

Hear the Greek army getting to its feet.

Then of a stadium when many boards are raised

And many faces change to one vast face.

So, where there were so many masks,

Now one Greek mask glittered from strip to ridge.

By his own account, John Christopher Logue was born a rogue — in Portsmouth, on England's south coast, in November 1926.

His father, a postal clerk, and his mother, a homemaker, were inclined to indulge his youthful high spirits, as when, at 8, he trained a pistol on a girl in the street and made off with her ice cream. That it was a toy pistol was at least partly mitigating.

The young Mr. Logue, whose formal education ended when he was 17, served with the British Army during World War II.

While stationed in Palestine, he helped himself to six blank Army pay books — official documents used to record a soldier's pay and establish his identity. After boasting idly that he planned to sell them, he was

court-martialed and served about a year and a half in Acre Central Prison, a 12th-century fortress built by Crusaders in western Galilee.

“It wasn’t so different from being at boarding school,” Mr. Logue told the newspaper The Scotsman in 1996. “In other words, it was bloody awful. It was during that time, though, that I got properly interested in poetry. So it was quite useful in the end.”

In London in the 1950s, Mr. Logue resorted to a time-honored refuge of impecunious writers by composing a pornographic novel, “Lust.” Written under the name Count Palmiro Vicarion, it was published in Paris in 1959 by Maurice Girodias, whose other titles included Vladimir Nabokov’s “Lolita.”

He wrote the screenplay for Mr. Russell’s “Savage Messiah,” a film about the life of the French primitive sculptor Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, which Vincent Canby, writing in The New York Times, called one of the 10 worst movies of 1972. (Mr. Russell died last month at 84.)

Mr. Logue had on-screen roles in Mr. Russell’s television movie “Dante’s Inferno” (1967) and his feature film “The Devils” (1971), in which he played Cardinal Richelieu. His other acting credits include small parts in “Jabberwocky” (1977), directed by Terry Gilliam, and “The Affair of the Necklace” (2001), starring Hilary Swank.

Mr. Logue’s survivors include his wife, Rosemary Hill, who is a historian and biographer.

His other work includes children’s picture books; a memoir, “Prince Charming” (1999); and “Selected Poems” (1996).

In 1959, Mr. Logue, already an established poet, was asked by the BBC to adapt a section of the “Iliad” for broadcast; his lack of Greek did not deter them. Four decades later, he found himself still embedded with Ajax, Achilles and their lot.

Long active in progressive politics, Mr. Logue was an original signatory of the Committee of 100, the British antiwar group founded in 1960 by the philosopher Bertrand Russell and others.

He often said he considered his sanguinary, loud-thundering retelling of the “Iliad” to be his deepest antiwar statement of all.

This article has been revised to reflect the following correction:

Correction: December 18, 2011

An obituary last Sunday about the poet Christopher Logue misstated, in some editions, the year that his “Selected Poems” was published. It was 1996, not 1997.

buffy says

THINK OF A RAKED SKY-HIGH VENETIAN BLIND

i read in colors & textures & sounds & this book helped me out so much I'm screaming

Steve says

Mad Max meets the Classics. There's a lot to like about a modern retelling of the *Iliad* that has Greeks with "Rommel" tans (War Music), and gods, such as Athena ("Holy Girl") sitting down to eat her nectarine jelly. Actually, this is the second time I've read this (I got it when it first came out). I had seen on Goodreads so many high ratings regarding Logue's effort, that I thought I'd give this installment another try. This installment is only 50 pages long (with lots of white space), most of which is battle poetry (charge, thrust, stab, chop, shout, etc). The last few pages (which are magnificent), tie this portion up in such a way as to justify, I suppose, its release. Still, it's a slender piece of Logue's overall effort. I hope he completes the entire *Iliad*, so that the reader can place such snippets like All Day Permanent Red into the overall context of the poem. (I'm giving a half star for the cool cover art.)

Dr. Carl Ludwig Dorsch says

Christopher Logue evidently died in December of 2011; perhaps there is more of this work yet to be published. I would be happy to see more, but would be happier to see it, and his already published *Iliad* work, in an extensively annotated form, binding it back to the existing texts, translations, and other Logue sources.

The work is remarkable as it stands, but it can hardly be argued that it stands entirely alone. I believe annotation would honor and envalue both Logue's appropriation and his originality.

[Simultaneous note for *All Day Permanent Red* and *War Music* by Christopher Logue.]

Laura Leaney says

I just finished re-reading this poem (it is not a translation).

It's like a spear through the eye.

Logue mixes the original images of Homer's *Iliad* with modern language and brings the war to vivid life in such a way that you can hear the marching of feet and the twanging of "Oriental bow[s:]," and see, taste, and feel everything else.

Here is a sample:

The armies hum
As power-station outflow cables do.

The Trojan's edge.
The light goes upright through the sky.
Downslope,
Child Diomed to those who follow him:

"Still."
"Still."

Read this after "The Iliad" and be struck anew with the beauty language can make of violence.

Brendan says

This book is fucking great.

Anyone familiar with Logue's *War Music* will know more or less what you're in for with this one. For those of you who aren't, Christopher Logue (1926 - 2011) was a British poet best known for his radical recasting of Homer's *Iliad*. He started with Patroclus's aristeia and death, and its aftermath (Books 16-19), then went back to the beginning with "Kings" (Books 1-2) and "Husbands" (Books 3-4). Those are all collected in *War Music*. *All Day Permanent Red* deals with Books 5 and 6.

Logue got his title for this volume from a lipstick ad. (Indeed, in the early pages we see an arrow "carry a tunnel the width of a lipstick" through a man's neck.) One section of *War Music* was called "GBH" — shorthand, in British legal jargon, for "grievous bodily harm." So anyway, one thing this book is *not* is a translation. What it is is awesome.

I'll quote a couple of standout passages, to give you the idea.

Headlock. Body slam. Hands that do not reach back. Low dust.
Stormed by Chylabborak, driven-in by Abassee
The light above his circle hatched with spears
Odysseus to Sheepgrove:

"Get lord Idomeneo from the ridge."

Then prays:

*"Brainchild Athena, Holy Girl,
As one you made
As calm and cool as water in a well,
I know that you have cares enough
Other than those of me and mine.
Yet, Daughter of God, without your help
We cannot last."*

Setting down her topaz saucer heaped with nectarine jelly
Emptying her blood-red mouth set in her ice-white face

Teenaged Athena jumped up and shrieked:

"Kill! Kill for me!

Better to die than live without killing!"

Who says prayer does no good?

Another, to illustrate Logue's much-commented-on anachronisms, which follow very much in the spirit of Homer, who described bronze-age warfare in iron-age terminology:

Drop into it.

Noise so clamorous it sucks.

You rush your pressed-flower hackles out

To the perimeter.

And here it comes:

That unpremeditated joy as you

— the Uzi shuddering warm against your hip

Happy in danger in a dangerous place

Yourself another self you found at Troy —

Squeeze nickel through that rush of Greekoid scum!

Oh wonderful, most wonderful, and then again more wonderful

A bond no word or lack of words can break,

Love above love!

I love the drive and the calibrated energy of Logue's lines — the way they range out from, and then are drawn back to, the English pentameter, like a falcon on a tether.

I am looking forward to reading Logue's next (and, apparently, last) installment, *Cold Calls*, which was never published in the US, but which *was* printed — in its entirety, I'm pretty sure — in *Poetry Magazine* back in 2004, in an issue that I still have on my shelves.

The energy, vitality, and intelligence in this poetry are intoxicating. It is bloody well done.

Hall's Bookshop says

Christopher Logue's "account" of the *Iliad* is a masterpiece, and, if you manage to listen to a recording of it, it will become impossible to disentangle Logue's brilliant declamation from the poetry on the page. I find myself coming back to *War Music* as a whole over and over again after long intervals - just mesmerizing.

*Edited.
