"Since life is a voyage or a battle, all stories are either the *lliad* or the *Odyssey*."

Raymond Queneau

Poems to Read for Week 2

"Archaic Penelope" by Joanna-Veronica Warwick (pp. 131 - 132)

"Hector's Return" by Carl Dennis (pp. 60 - 61)



The liad

Sing, Goddess, the wrath of Achilles

Week 2, Part 1



Brief Overview of the Epic

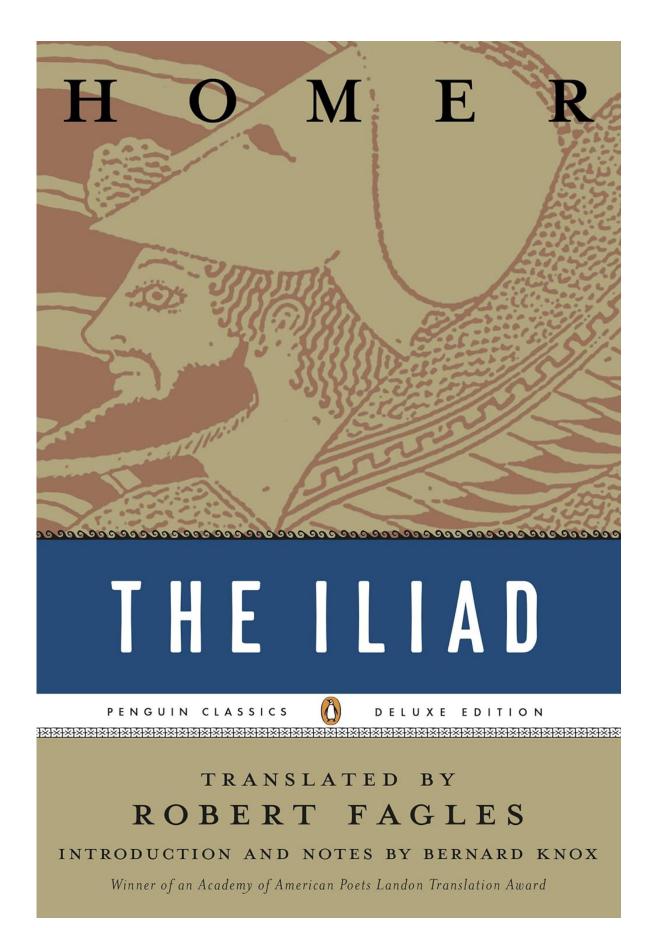
(I had begun the process of writing this out, as concisely as I could...but Homer's 15,693 lines defeated me). Consult https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-iliad/summary

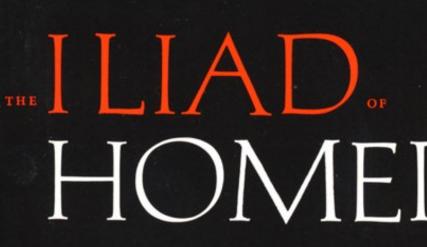




My Favorite Translations of The Iliad: Emily Wilson (W.W. Norton, 2023) Richmond Lattimore (Univ. of Chicago, 1951, 2011)

Robert Fagles (Penguin, 1998)



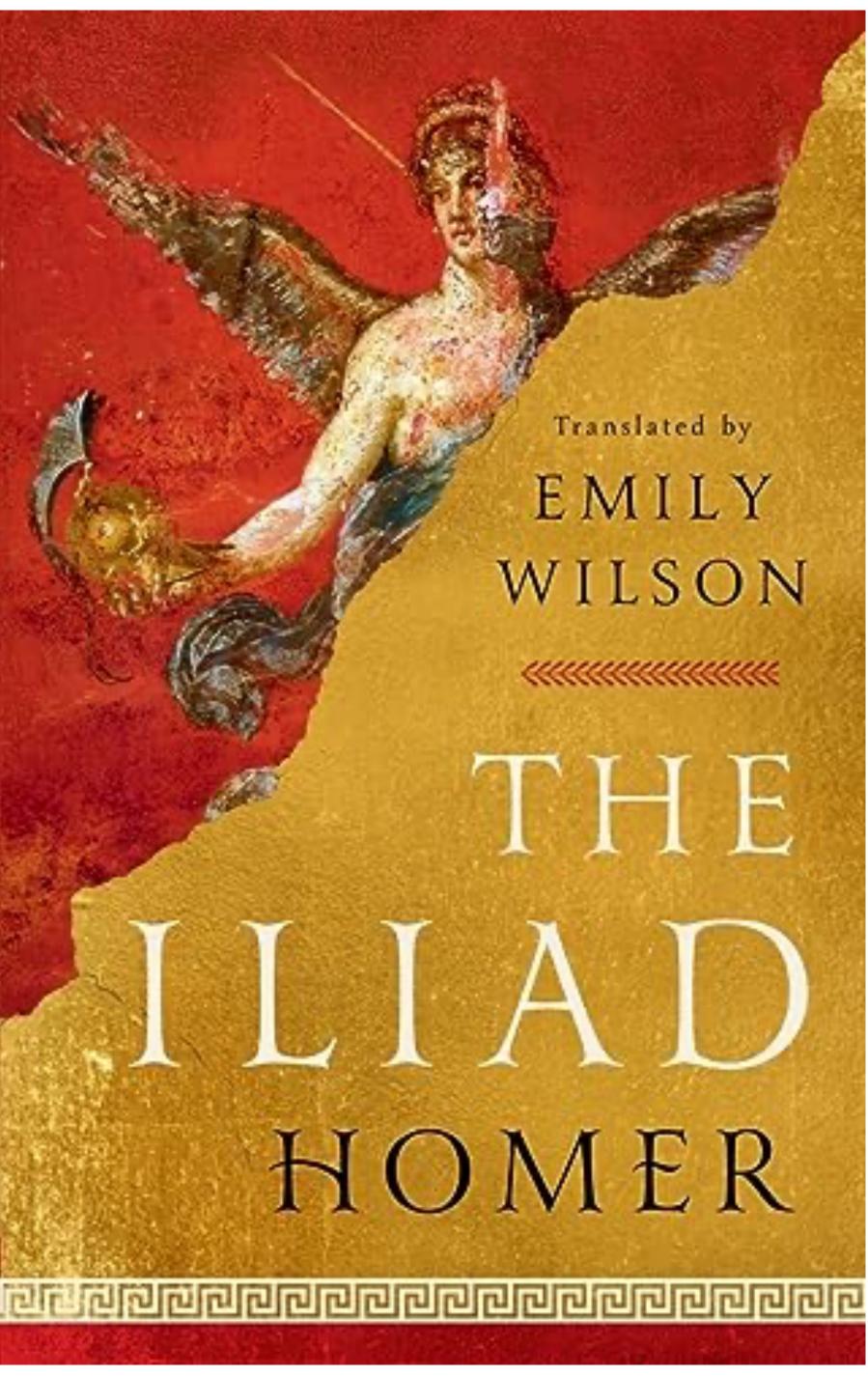


RICHMOND LATTIMORE



HOMER

Translated by EMILY WILSON



INTRODUCTION BY BERNARD KNOX

TRANSLATED BY ROBERT FAGLES

DELUXE EDITION

PENGUIN CLASSICS



Epic Poem of a Trojan Warrior-Prince and His Escape from Burning Troy

> Books 1 - 6 : "Odyssean" Books 7 - 12 : "Iliadic"

(30 - 19 BCE)



Medieval Versions of Homer

John Tzetzes (Greek: Ἰωάννης Τζέτζης, translit. *Iōánnēs Tzétzēs*; c. 1110, Constantinople – 1180, Constantinople): interpretations of Homeric theology.

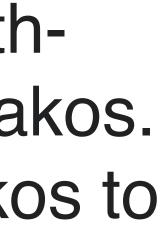
write a new version of this epic in the Greek vernacular language.

- Allegoriai on the *lliad* and the *Odyssey*, which are long didactic poems containing

The *Hermoniakos' Iliad* (Greek: Ἰλιάς Κωνσταντίνου Έρμονιακοῦ) is a 14thcentury Byzantine paraphrase of the *lliad* composed by Constantine Hermoniakos. The poem was commissioned by the Despot of Epirus, who asked Hermoniakos to

(Wikipedia)



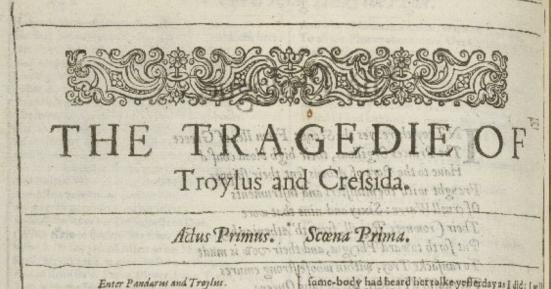


Chaucer, Troilus and Creseyde (c. 1385)





Shakespeare, Troilus and Cressida (c. 1602)



Troylus. Marrial So All here my Varler, 1le vnarme againe. Why fhould I warre without the wals of Troy Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe That finde fuch cruell batteil here within? Each Troian that is mafter of his heart, Let him to field, Troylas alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended ? Troy. The Greeks are ftrong. & skilful to their ftrength, Haudleft in thy difcourfet. O that her Hand ierce to their skill, and to their fierceneffe Valiant: But I am weaker then a womans teare; Tamer then fleepe, fonder then iguorance ; Leffe valuant then the Virgin in the night, And skilleffe as vapractis'd Infancie.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : For my part, lie not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will | Thou lai'thin every gaft that love hath givenne, have a Cake out of the Wheate, muft needes tarry the | The Knife that made it.

Troy, Haue I not tarried?

- Pan. I the grinding ; but you must tarry the bolting.
- Trey. Haue I not tarried ? Pan. Ithe boulting; but you mult carry the lean ing.
- Troy. Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leauening : but heeres yet in 'the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the on of her, and ill thought on of you : Gone beinterne a heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you must flap betweene, but finall thankes for my laborn the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips. Troy. Patience her felfe, what Goddefle ere the be.

Doth leffer blench at fofferauce, then I doe : At Priams Royall Table doe I fit ;

And when faire Creffid comes into my thoughts,

So(Traitor) then fhe comes, when the is thence. Pan, Well:

She look'd yelternight fairer, then ever I faw her looke, Or any woman elfe

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart, As wedged with a figh, would rive in twaine, Leaft Heller, or my Father should perceive me :

I have (as when the Sunne doth light a-fcorne) Buricd this figh, in wrinkle of a fmile :

But forrow, that is couch'd in feeming gladneffe,

Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to fudden fadneffe. Paus, And her haire were not fomewhat darker then

Heiens, well go too, there were no more comparifon be- [twicene the Women. But for my part the is my Kinfwo- When with your bloud you daily paint her that man, I would not (as they tearme it) praife it, but I wold | I cannot fight ypon this Argument

fome-body had heard hervalke yefferday as I did: [#] not dispraise your fifter Caffandra's wit, but-Andrey, Oh Pandarus ! I tell thee Pandarus ; When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drona'd: They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad In Creffide lone. Thou answer'ft fhe is Faire, Powr'ft in the open Vicer of my heart, Her Eyes, her Haire, her Checke, her Gate, her Voice, (In whole comparison, all whites are Jake) Writing their ownereproach aro whole loftleigure, The Cignets Downe is harth, and fpirit of Senie Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thoutelifine; As true thou tel'ft me, when I fay I houe her : But faying thus, inftead of Oyle and Balme,

Pan. I fpeake no more then truth,

Troy. Thou do'ff not fpeake fo much. Pan. Faith, lle nos meddle in't : Let herbeasther if the be faire, 'tis the better for her and the benot, I ha's the mends in her owne bands,

Trey. Good Pandarma Hownow Pandarm! Pan. I have had my Labour for my travel, ill theig

Tray. What art thou angry Pandarari what without Par. Becaufe the's Kinne to me, therefore thee's set to faire as Helen, and the were nor kin to me, the world be as faire on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. Bet win care I ? I care not and the were a Black-a Moore, 'usd one to me.

Troy. Say I fhe is not faire?

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe of no. She's Foole to flay behinde her Father : Let her to the Greeks, and fo lle tell her the next time I fee her : for soy part, meddle nor make no more i'th'matter

Troy. Pandarus? Pan. Norl.

Troy. Sweete Pandarus. Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will lesses

as I found it, and there an end. Sound ALATHIM.

Tro.Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude four Fooles on both fides, Helen muß needs be faire,

The Tragedie of Troylus and Crefsida.

is too flaru'd a fubicet for my Sword, But Pandarus : O Gods! How do you plague me ? I cannot come to Creffid but by Pandar, and he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe, As the is Hubborne, chatt, again & all fuite. Tell me Apallo for thy Daphner Loue What Croffid is, what Pandar, and what we : Herbed is India, there the lies a Pearle, Between our linn; and where flice (ecides Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood . Our felfe the Merchant, and this Tayling Pandar, Our doubtfull hope, our connoy and our Barke. Alarum. Enter Encat. Ane. How now Prince Troplus ? Wherefore not a field? Troy. Becaufe not there; this womans anfwer fosts. For womanish it is to be from thence: What newes e Eneas from the field to day?

Ane. That Parse is recurned home, and hurt. Tray, By whom Americ? Ane. Treylus by Menelaus, Troy. Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a fear to fcorne. Paris is got'o with Manelaus horue. Alarum Ene. Harke what good (port is out of Towne to day. Troy. Better at home if would I might were may : But to the iport abroad, are you boutto thither? Ane, In all fmift haft.

Trey. Come goe wee then togicher, Enter Criffid and hor man. Cre. Who were those went by?

Man, Queene Hecuba, and Hellen. Gre. And whether go they ? Maw. Vp to the Eaflerne Tower, Whole height commands as fubicet all the vaile,

ofee the battell : Flettor whole pacience, Isasa Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd : Hechides Andromache and Brooke his Armorer, 1 And like as there were husbandry in Warre Before the Sunne role, hee was harnest lyte, And to the field goe's be; where every flower Did as a Prophet weepe what it forlaw,

a Heiters wrath. Gre. What was his caufe of anger?

Man, The noise goe's this;

here is among the Greekes, A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to Heller,

They call him Asax.

Cre. Good; and what of him? Man. They lay he is a very man per fe and flands alone. fre. So do all men, vnleffe they are drunke, ficke or uc no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beafls of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churliffs as the Beare, flow as the Elephant ; a man into whom nture hath fo crowded humors, that his valour is cruthe into folly, his fally fanced with diferention : there is no man hath a vertue, that he bath not a glimple of, nor any man au attaint, but he carries fome ftaine of it. He is fo (is I amft confeffe) not browne neither, nelancholy without caufe, and merry against the haire, hee bath the roymes of everything, but every thing for out or inynt, that hee is a gowtie Briaress, many bacds and no vie; or purblinded Argue, all eyes and no fight. Cre. But how foould this mun that makes me finile, make Hellor angig?

Min. They fay the yefter day cop'd Hetter in the bat-

79 of hath ever fince kept Hellor faffing and waking. Enter Pandarus, Cre. Who comes here s Man. Madam your Voole Pandarus, Cre. Hectors a gallant man. Man. As may be in the world Lady. Pan. What's that? what's that ? Cre, Good morrow Vacle Pendaries Pan. Good morrow Cozen Creffid: what do you talke off good morrow Alexander: how do you Cozen ? when were you at Illiam ? Cre. This moraing Vucle. Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Heltor arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? Hellen was S adl save f qy son Cre. Heiler was gone but Hellen was not yp? Pan. E'ene log Heller was firring early. Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger. 3 Pan. Washe angry ? Cre. So he faies he Pan True he was fog I know the caufe too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's Troyless will not come farre behind him, let them take beede of Troylas; I can tell them that too. Cre. What is he angry too? Pa & Vho Troplas : Troylas is the better man of the two. Cre, Oh Inpiter; shere's no comparilon. Pan, What not betweene Trophy and Hellor ? do you know a man if you fee him? Cre. Lif I ever faw him before and knew him. Pan. Well I lay Troylast is Troylas. Cre. Then you fay as I fay. For I am fure he is not Heitor. Fan. No not Hellor is not Troplas in fome degrees. Cre. *Tis infl, to each of them he is himfelfe. Pan. Himfelferalas poore Troplus I would he were. Cre. Soheis, Pan, Condition I had gone bare-foote to India. Cre. He is not Heltor. Pan. Himfelfe ? n of hee's not himfelfe, would a were himfelfe; well, the Gods are aboue, time must friend or chilswell Troy has well, I would my heare were in her body: no, Helter is not a better man then Troylur. Cre. Excuse me. Pan, He is elder. Cre. Pardon me, pardon me. Pan. Th'others not come too't, you fhall tell me another tale when th'others come too't : Heller thall not have his will this yeare. Gre. He fhallnot neede it if he haue his owne.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. Nomatter.

Pan. Nor his beautic.

Cre. Twould not become him, his own's better. Pan. You haue no indgement Neece; Helles her felfe fworeth'other day, that Troyles for a browne fattour (fo

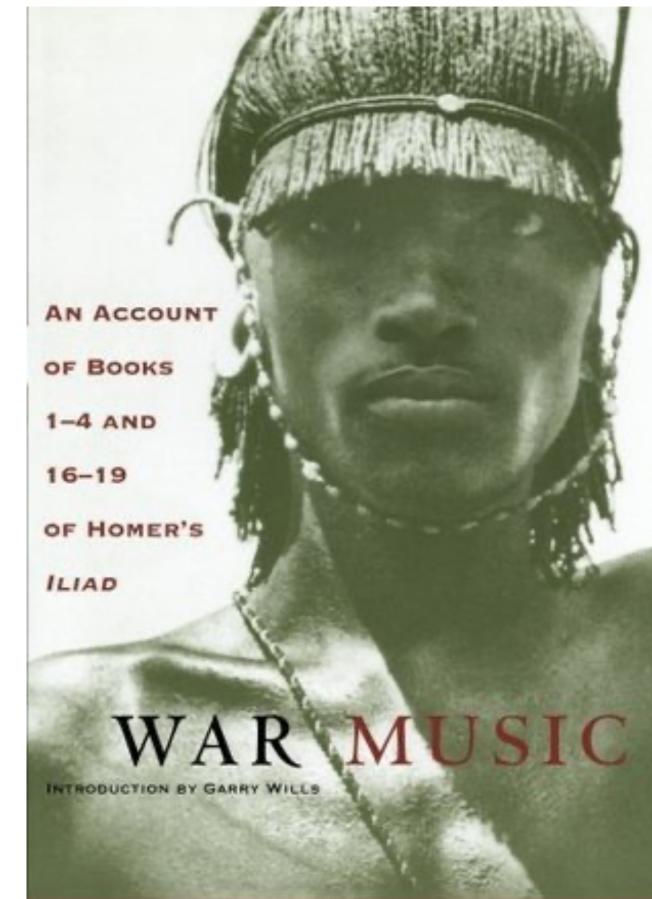
Cre. No, but browne, Paul Faith to fay truth, browne and not browne.

- Cre. To fay the truth, true and not true.
- Pun. She prais'd his complexion aboue Parie.
- Cre. Why Paris bath colour inough.
- Pan. So.hehas.

Cre. Then Troylus thould have too much, if the presi'd tell and flicke him downe, the difdsind & flame where- (him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he hauin

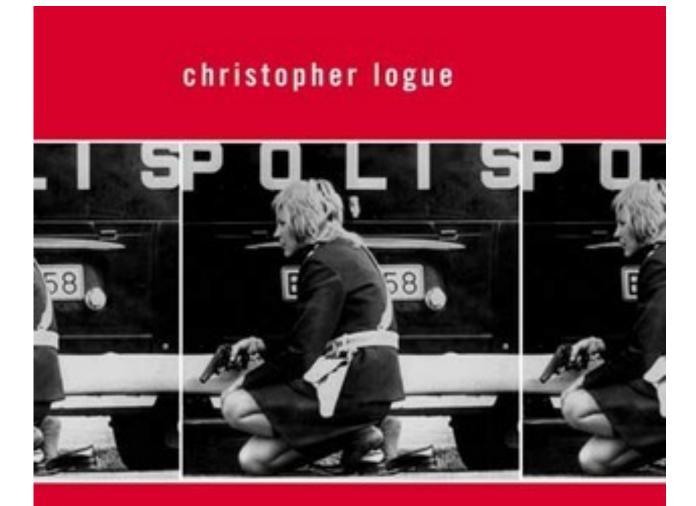






CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

- **Christopher Logue, War Music:**
- An Account of Books 1-4 and 16-19 of Homer's "Iliad"
 - (New York: Farrer, Straus & Giraux, 1981)
- and other volumes of his poetry, based on the *lliad*



all day permanent red

the first battle scenes of homer's iliad

rewritten

HOUSE OF

A NOVEL

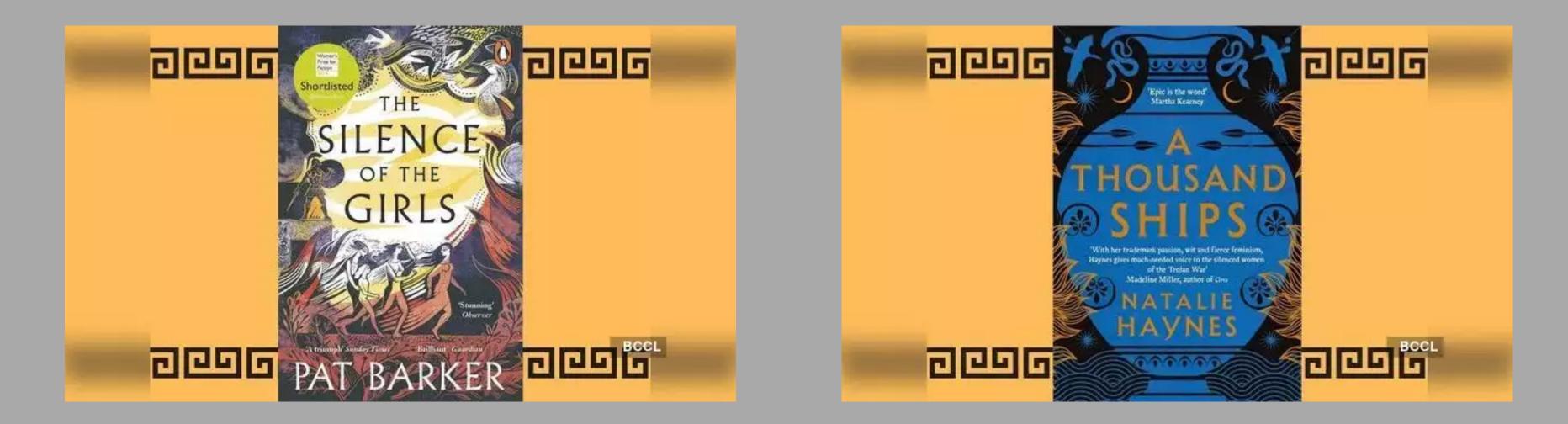
COLT

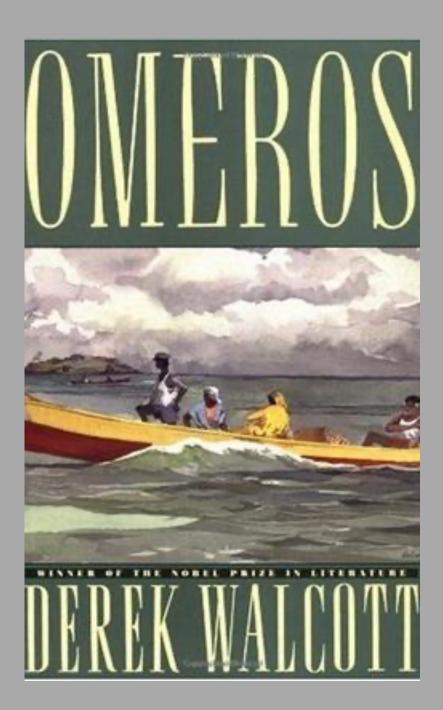
NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF NORA WEBSTER AND BROOKLYN

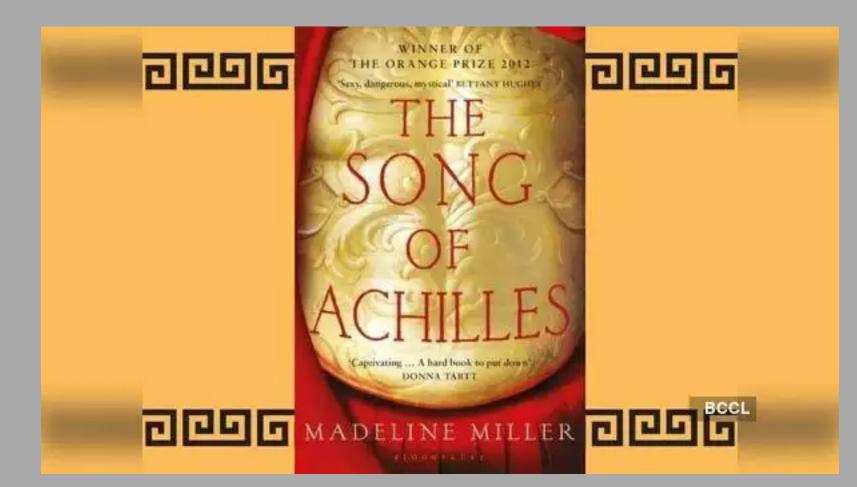


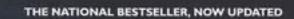
Clytemnestra's narrative of the the murder of her husband, originally presented in Aeschylus's Agamemnon







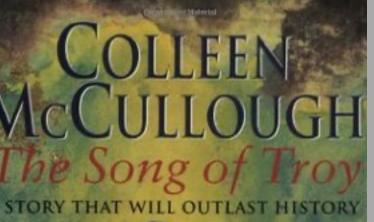


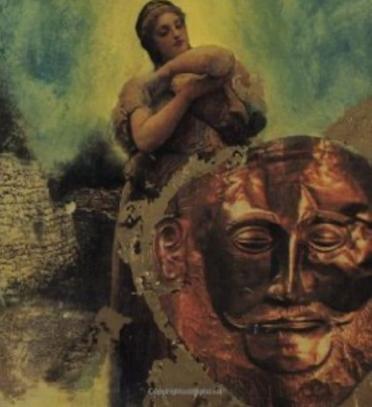


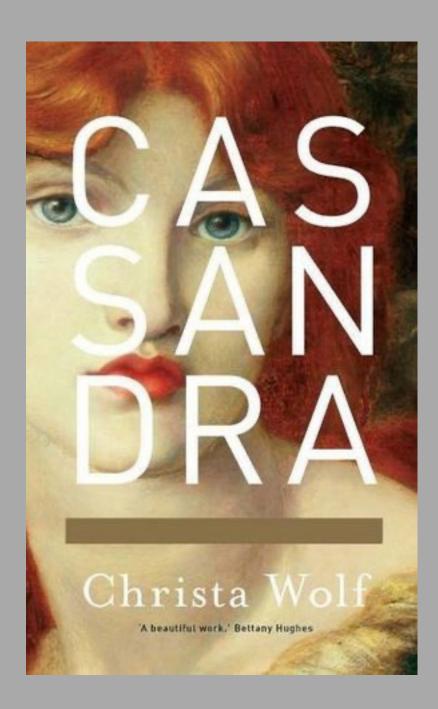
IN SEARCH OF THE TROJAN

MICHAEL WOOD "A dazzling and exhaustive analysis."

The Washington Post











Athena

Panathenaic amphora



Athena Restraining Achilles from Murdering Agamemnon

Roman mosaic Pompeii (1st century CE)





Duel Between Menelaus and Paris

Athenian red-figure wine cup (480 BCE)



Thanatos (Death) and Hypnos (Sleep) Lift Sarpedon from the Battlefield

> Athenian red-figure wine-mixing bowl

> > (C. 515 BCE)

Euxitheos, potter Euphronius, painter







Achilles Receives His Shield from Thetis

Attic black-figure *hydria* (C. 550 BCE)

from W. H. Auden's "The Shield of Achilles" (1952)



[click on text to hear Auden reading his poem]

Barbed wire enclosed an arbitrary spot

Where bored officials lounged (one cracked a joke) And sentries sweated for the day was hot:

A crowd of ordinary decent folk

Watched from without and neither moved nor spoke As three pale figures were led forth and bound To three posts driven upright in the ground.

The mass and majesty of this world, all

That carries weight and always weighs the same Lay in the hands of others; they were small And could not hope for help and no help came: What their foes like to do was done, their shame Was all the worst could wish; they lost their pride And died as men before their bodies died.



from Auden's Description of Hephaistos's Work:

But there on the shining metal

His hands had put instead

An artificial wilderness

And a sky like lead.

from Homer's 'Shield of Achilles' *Ekphrasis**: And on the shield he set a fallow field [....] Numerous plowmen worked [it ...] someone came to them and set a cup of honeyed wine into their hands. [...] it was made of gold. It was amazing.

a literary passage devoted to a detailed description of a work of art



Achilles Kills Hector

Athenian red-figure wine-mixing bowl

(C. 480 BCE)





King Priam Entreating Achilles for Hector's Body



La Caduta di Troia



1911 film by G. Pastrone and L.R. Borgnetto







[click image

for full

performance]



Max Bruch Achilles (1885)



Power-Metal Achilles (1992)

[it was even endorsed by a professor of Classics at University of Bologna!]





< click

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The Triumph of Steel







1956 film, Robert Wise

[click for trailer] viewer advisory: steamy!





the new Helen: Sienna Guillroy



(2003)

the new Cassandra: Emilia Fox





https://www.famousfix.com/topic/helen-of-troy-tv-series





####