

## Additional Passages for First CSAIR Session on Homer's *Odyssey*"

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### **P#1. Opening of the poem's 1st speech (given by Zeus): 1.32ff**

'Oh for shame, how the mortals put the blame upon us gods, for they say evils come from us, but it is they, rather, who by their own recklessness win sorrow beyond what is given...

VS

### **P#1A. Penelope in the recognition/reunion scene: 23.210ff**

... The gods granted us misery, in jealousy over the thought that we two, always together, should enjoy our youth, and then come to the threshold of old age.

### **P#2. Zeus on the limits of Poseidon's power: 1.76ff**

But come, let all of us who are here work out his homecoming and see to it that he returns. Poseidon shall put away his anger; for all alone and against the will of the other immortal gods united he can accomplish nothing.'

VS

### **P#2A. Zeus kowtowing to Poseidon in book 13: 13.140**

'What a thing to have said, Earthshaker of the wide strength. The gods do not hold you in dishonor. It would be a hard thing if we were to put any slight on the eldest and best among us.

VS

### **P#2B. Poseidon on the limits of Zeus' power in *Iliad*.15.185ff**

No, no. Great though he is, this that he has said is too much, if he will force me against my will, me, who am his equal in rank. Since we are three brothers born by Rheia to Kronos, Zeus, and I, and the third is Hades, lord of the dead men. All was divided among us three ways, each given his domain. I when the lots were shaken drew the grey sea to live in forever; Hades drew the lot of the mists and the darkness, and Zeus was allotted the wide sky, in the cloud and the bright air. But earth and high Olympos are common to all three. Therefore I am no part of the mind of Zeus. Let him in tranquillity and powerful as he is stay satisfied with his third share.

### **P#3. Story-telling scene at Helen and Menelaos' home: 4.219ff**

Now Helen, who was descended of Zeus, thought of the next thing.

Into the wine of which they were drinking she cast a medicine of heartsease, free of gall, to make one forget all sorrows, and whoever had drunk it down once it had been mixed in the wine bowl,

for the day that he drank it would have no tear roll down his face, not if his mother died and his father died, not if men murdered a brother or a beloved son in his presence with the bronze, and he with his own eyes saw it. Such were the subtle medicines Zeus' daughter had in her possessions,

[Helen now speaking]

I could not tell you all the number nor could I name them, all that make up the exploits of enduring Odysseus, but here is a task such as that strong man endured and accomplished

in the Trojan country where you Achaians suffered miseries. He flagellated himself with degrading strokes, then threw on a worthless sheet about his shoulders. He looked like a servant. So he crept into the wide-wayed city of the men he was fighting, disguising himself in the likeness of somebody else, a beggar, one who was unlike himself beside the ships of the Achaians,

but in his likeness crept into the Trojans' city, and they all were taken in. I alone recognized him even in this form, and I questioned him, but he in his craftiness eluded me; but after I had bathed him and anointed him with olive oil and put some clothing upon him, after I had sworn a great oath not to disclose before the Trojans that this was Odysseus until he had made his way back to the fast ships and the shelters, then at last he told me all the purpose of the Achaians, and after striking many Trojans down with the thin bronze edge, he went back to the Argives and brought back much information.

The rest of the Trojan women cried out shrill, but my heart was happy, my heart had changed by now and was for going back home again, and I grieved for the madness that Aphrodite bestowed when she led me there away from my own dear country,

[Menelaos now speaking]

Here is the way that strong man acted and the way he endured action, inside the wooden horse, where we who were greatest of the Argives all were sitting and bringing death and destruction to the Trojans. Then you came there, Helen; you will have been moved by

some divine spirit who wished to grant glory to the Trojans, and Deïphobos, a godlike man, was with you when you came. Three times you walked around the hollow ambush, feeling it, and you called out, naming them by name, to the best of the Danaans, and made your voice sound like the voice of the wife of each of the Argives.

Now I myself and the son of Tydeus and great Odysseus were sitting there in the middle of them and we heard you crying aloud, and Diomedes and I started up, both minded to go outside, or else to answer your voice from inside, but Odysseus pulled us back and held us, for all our eagerness. Then all the other sons of the Achaians were silent: there was only one, it was Antiklos, who was ready to answer, but Odysseus, brutally squeezing his mouth in the clutch of his powerful

hands, held him, and so saved the lives of all the Achaians until such time as Pallas Athene led you off from us.'

### **P#4. Kalypso on the Olympian double-standard: 5.118ff**

'You are hard-hearted, you gods, and jealous beyond all creatures beside, when you are resentful toward the goddesses for sleeping openly with such men as each has made her true husband.

So when Dawn of the rosy fingers chose out Orion, all you gods who live at your ease were full of resentment, until chaste Artemis of the golden throne in Ortygia came with a visitation of painless arrows and killed him; and so it was when Demeter of the lovely hair, yielding to her desire, lay down with Iasion and loved him in a thrice-turned field, it was not long before this was made known

to Zeus, who struck him down with a cast of the shining thunderbolt.

So now, you gods, you resent it in me that I keep beside me a man, the one I saved when he clung astride of the keel board all alone, since Zeus with a cast of the shining thunderbolt had shattered his fast ship midway on the wine-blue water.

**P#5. The 1st scenes with Odysseus on Kalypso's island: 5.151ff**

[she] found him sitting on the the seashore, and his eyes were never wiped dry of tears, and the sweet lifetime was draining out of him, as he wept for a way home, since the nymph was no longer pleasing to him. By nights he would lie beside her, of necessity, in the hollow caverns, against his will, by one who was willing, but all the days he would sit upon the rocks, at the seaside, breaking his heart in tears and lamentation and sorrow as weeping tears he looked out over the barren water.

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*[Odysseus now speaking]*

'Goddess and queen, do not be angry with me. I myself know that all you say is true and that circumspect Penelope can never match the impression you make for beauty and stature. She is mortal after all, and you are immortal and ageless. But even so, what I want and all my days I pine for is to go back to my house and see my day of homecoming. And if some god batters me far out on the wine-blue water, I will endure it, keeping a stubborn spirit inside me, for already I have suffered much and done much hard work on the waves and in the fighting. So let this adventure follow.' So he spoke, and the sun went down and the darkness came over. These two, withdrawn in the inner recess of the hollowed cavern, enjoyed themselves in love and stayed all night by each other,

**P#6. Odysseus at sea after leaving Kalypso's island: 5.300ff**

I fear the goddess might have spoken the truth in all ways when she said that on the sea and before I came to my country I would go through hardships; now all this is being accomplished, such clouds are these, with which Zeus is cramming the wide sky and has staggered the sea, and stormblasts of winds from every direction are crowding in. My sheer destruction is certain. Three times and four times happy those Danaans were who died then in wide Troy land, bringing favor to the sons of Atreus, as I wish I too had died at that time and met my destiny on the day when the greatest number of Trojans threw their bronze-headed weapons upon me, over the body of perished Achilles, and I would have had my rites and the Achaians given me glory. Now it is by a dismal death that I must be taken.

**P#7. The 1st song of the Phaiakian bard Demodokos: 8.73ff**

the Muse stirred the singer to sing the famous actions of men on that venture, whose fame goes up into the wide heaven, the quarrel between Odysseus and Peleus' son, Achilles, how these once contended, at the gods' generous festival, with words of violence, so that the lord of men, Agamemnon, was happy in his heart that the best of the Achaians were quarreling; for so in prophecy Phoibos Apollo had spoken to him in sacred Pytho, when he had stepped across the stone doorstep to consult; for now the beginning of evil rolled on, descending on Trojans, and on Danaans, through the designs of great Zeus. These things the famous singer sang for them, but Odysseus, taking in his ponderous hands the great mantle dyed in sea-purple, drew it over his head and veiled his fine features, shamed for tears running down his face before the Phaiakians;

**P#8. Odysseus requesting a 3rd song from Demodokos: 8.487ff**

'Demodokos, above all mortals beside I prize you. Surely the Muse, Zeus' daughter or else Apollo has taught you, for all too right following the tale you sing the Achaians' venture, all they did and had done to them, all the sufferings of these Achaians, as if you had been there yourself or heard it

from one who was. Come to another part of the story, sing us the wooden horse, which Epeios made with Athene helping, the stratagem great Odysseus filled once with men and brought it to the upper city, and it was these men who sacked Iliion. If you can tell me the course of all these things as they happened, I will speak of you before all mankind, and tell them how freely the goddess gave you the magical gift of singing.'

**P#9. Odysseus identifies himself and begins his narration: 9.1ff**

Then resourceful Odysseus spoke in turn and answered him: 'O great Alkinoös, pre-eminent among all people, surely indeed it is a good thing to listen to a singer such as this one before us, who is like the gods in his singing; for I think there is no occasion accomplished that is more pleasant than when festivity holds sway among all the populace, and the feasters up and down the houses are sitting in order and listening to the singer, and beside them the tables are loaded with bread and meats, and from the mixing bowl the wine steward draws the wine and carries it about and fills the cups. This seems to my own mind to be the best of occasions. But now your wish was inclined to ask me about my mournful sufferings, so that I must mourn and grieve even more. What then shall I recite to you first of all, what leave till later? Many are the sorrows the gods of the sky have given me. Now first I will tell you my name, so that all of you may know me, and I hereafter, escaping the day without pity, be your friend and guest, though the home where I live is far away from you.

I am Odysseus son of Laertes, known before all men for the study of crafty designs, and my fame goes up to the heavens. I am at home in sunny Ithaka. There is a mountain there that stands tall, leaf-trembling Neritos, and there are islands settled around it, lying one very close to another. There is Doulichion and Same, wooded Zakynthos, but my island lies low and away, last of all on the water toward the dark, with the rest below facing east and sunshine, a rugged place, but a good nurse of men; for my part I cannot think of any place sweeter on earth to look at. For in truth Kalypso, shining among divinities, kept me with her in her hollow caverns, desiring me for her husband, and so likewise Aiaian Circe the guileful detained me beside her in her halls, desiring me for her husband, but never could she persuade the heart within me. So it is that nothing is more sweet in the end than country and parents ever, even when far away one lives in a fertile place, when it is in alien country, far from his parents. But come, I will tell you of my voyage home with its many troubles, which Zeus inflicted on me as I came from Troy land. 'From Iliion the wind took me and drove me ashore at Ismaros by the Kikonians. I sacked their city and killed their people, and out of their city taking their wives and many possessions we shared them out, so none might go cheated of his proper portion. There I was for the light foot and escaping, and urged it, but they were greatly foolish and would not listen, and then and there much wine was being drunk, and they slaughtered many sheep on the beach, and lumbering horn-curved cattle. But meanwhile the Kikonians went and summoned the other Kikonians, who were their neighbors living in the inland country, more numerous and better men, well skilled in fighting men with horses, but knowing too at need the battle on foot. They came at early morning, like flowers in season or leaves, and the luck that came our way from Zeus was evil, to make us unfortunate, so we must have hard pains to suffer.